

# INDIANA PALLADIUM.

By V. M. Cole & E. Curtis.

VOL. XI.]

Terms—\$3 PER YEAR.....33<sup>1</sup> PER CENT. DISCOUNT MADE ON ADVANCE, OR 16<sup>1</sup> ON HALF YEARLY PAYMENTS.

LAWRENCEBURGH, (IA.) SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1835.

NO. 38.

COMFORT.  
I'd like to have a little farm  
And leave such scenes as these,  
Where I could live without a care,  
Completely at my ease.

I'd like to have a pleasant house  
Upon my little farm  
Airy and cool in summer time,  
In winter close and warm.

I'd like to have a little wife—  
I reckon I know who;  
I'd like to have a little son,  
A little daughter too.  
And when they'd upon my knee,  
I'd like a little toy,  
To give my pretty little girl—  
Another to my boy.

I'd like to have a little chaise  
That we might take a ride,  
I'd like a little pony for  
My boy to jump beside.  
I'd like to have a little cash,  
And owe no little debts;  
There's nothing in the world so much  
An easy temper frets.

I should not like my wife to shake  
A broomstick at my head,  
For then I might begin to think  
She did not love her Ned;  
But I should always like to see  
Her gentle as a dove;

I should not like to hear her scold,  
But be all joy and love.

If I had these I would not ask  
For any thing beside,  
I'd be content thus smoothly through  
The tedious world to glide.

My little wife and I, would then  
No earthly trouble see,

Surrounded by our little ones  
How happy would we be!

In the tempest of life, when the waves and the gale,  
Are around and above, if thy footings should fail;  
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,  
Look aloft and be firm, and be careless of heart.

If the friends, who embraced in prosperity's glow,  
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,  
Should betray thee when sorrow like clouds are array'd,  
Look aloft to the friendship which shall never fade.

Should the visions that hope spreads in light to thine eye,  
Like the tints of the rainbow, be swifter to fly,  
Then turn and through tears of repentance regret,  
Look aloft to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the sons of thy heart;  
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart;  
Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,  
To the soil "where affection is ever in bloom."

And oh! when death comes in his terrors to cast  
His fears on the future, his poll on the past,  
In the moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,  
And a smile in thine eye, look aloft and depart.

## IMPROMPTU

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG BLUE-EYED LADY.

The stars that gem the midnight sky,  
Exalt our thoughts to joys above;

The beams that lighten from thine eye,  
Bring heaven to earth, for heaven is love.

[N. Y. Knickerbocker.

## THE BEDEVILED DOCTOR.

He was one of the politest men you ever saw; and as he smiled and talked, smiling and talking as though his heart was brimful of kindness, and his head of ideas, you could not have dreamt that at times he was such a mad-man as we all know him to be. I presume, however, that the truth, that he was now and then so very kind, and so very sensible that he got out of his stock prematurely, and then he was beheaded indeed.

I met him in the Park one day, in the most savage state of mind imaginable. His beard was as long and black as a patent shoe-brush, and as stiff; his eye was like a lighthouse under a perfect tempest of brow; his shirt collar was as stiff and upright as a judge, and looked as if it would act the wife's part, and take his ears off; and his coat was so beheaded that the whole street sneezed as he walked through it.

My eyes watered as he came up; and when in his medical manner, he seized my arm, making an impudent patient of me, I felt my courage ooze out—not at my pores, but my nostrils.

"I want your advice," said he, and he swept me away into his studio.

"She's an angel," said the Doctor, putting on his study coat—an old veteran of the hall-room and promenade minus one skirt—"She's an angel," said he, "and I'm beheaded with her!"

"An angelic effect, truly," sneezed I.

"Sir!" resumed the M. D. man—"I'm possessed to have that girl."

"That is," interjected Ego, "you're possessed to possess her, or have a strong prepossession for her."

"Be done," said he—"She was destined to be my wife—she longs to be my wife—and the Grand Sultan shall not prevent her."

"Probably not, but perhaps the father may; now Doctor dear lend me your ear, and I'll put you in the way of being a husband—or, what is the same thing—put the old man out of the way of your beheading so."

"Say on."

"You tend the family, I think."

"True, I own to being their medical tender, tho' it's a tender subject."

"She can lie, can't she?"

"How! Speak false! By Galen, sir, I've a lancet at hand, and will bear no such questions."

"Nay, dea Doctor, but she can sham for your sake, surely; be very sick, for instance, sick abed on the father's side; but quite well and able to run away—on your side!"

I saw his nostril dilate, and the white of his eye diminish; it was evident his conscience was easier.

"It shall be done," said he.

"What?" asked I, most lamp-like. The scavenger of the human system smiled grimly through his beard.

"Meet me here this evening at nine," said he.

"At nine I was there. The professional slate lay

"Now, sir," said the shaven and shorn mediciner, flourishing his lavender handkerchief—"Now, my dearest friend, do you engage the father while I snatch the daughter—play the ass with the old man, while I play the horse with the young woman, by running away with her."

"Done," quoth I, and we started.

The back stood at the door. "I shall be out presently," said the groom expectant to the groom actual—"and mind you, drive to Judge Smith's, as though you'd a corpse in the coach."

We found the old man moping over the grate. "Doctor," he groaned, "I wish you'd cure the gal of these turns, once for all. One'd most think she was crazy, to make such a mess about a small headache. If she'd the rheumatics like I have, 'twould be worth while to talk of pain."

Who could blame the Doctor for wishing to cure the poor child "once for all" of such a father?

"Pray, sir," asked I, as the Doctor followed the maid from the room, "do you suffer much from the rheumatism?"

"Pray, sir," said he, sliding his glassy eye over me, "who are you?"

That's a yankee answer with a vengeance, thought I. "I—I, sir—I'm a friend of the Doctor's, sir—met him in the street, and stepped in, hoping to have an introduction to you, sir. My name, sir, is Sam Brown, the dentist's son."

And by great wheeling I shoved the old man off into an ocean of talk, where I thought he might float till morning.

Half an hour past by, and suddenly the ancient mariner stopped. "That Doctor's mighty long any how," said he; and he forthwith proceeded to gather up his limbs for an inspection of this intricate case in the back parlor. I saw that I must put out as soon as his back was turned; for, if I waited till it was up, he would shoot me as an auxiliary to the noun substantive that had sought an adjective in his domain, and gently I stepped down stairs.

The hack was still at the door. "Haven't you seen the Doctor?" The coachman said, no. I was at a stand. If I ran, my medical friend might Burke me for cowardice; if I stayed, the father might doctor me with a charge of buckshot. As I stood boubting, a man rushed down the stairs; and by my side. I fell at that moment as an onion must feel when running to seed—very slim, all head, and no heart; but my pursuer touched me, not, and shouting to the driver to drive on, threw himself into the corner, ignorant of my presence.

Now I knew it was not the Doctor, for he wore a cap; and this man had a hat on. Was it the father? Probably it was that enraged old serpent; and my heart went pit-a-pat, like any baker in town.

And away whirled over the stones; shot round the corners, and slayed by the lamp-posts in a manner most miraculous; men glanced by us, and dim seen houses gleamed for a moment in the distance—presently we stopped.

"Where are we?" cried my companion.

"At Judge Smith's."

"Out upon you—to Doctor Spooner's, you fool—quick—quick; every minute's worth a mine of gold."

The astonished driver, who had taken my comrade for the Doctor, cracked his whip, and away we whistled again. The plot began to thicken; where the lovers were, what the old one was after, what the result would be, and what would be the end of my share in it—were queries that made my brain spin and hum again. And still away, away runned our carriage as if it meant to prophesy rail-road locomotives; a corner was turned, and we were running down a narrow street; presently I heard a shouting, a sprinkling of curses—horses hoofs—and then came a terrible shock which threw me upon my face, on the forese— and lastly, an overthrow.

Kicks, licks, broken glass—desperate lunge—and batless and bambooled. I stood in the open air under the sickly gas lights. Two carriages lay prostrate before me, the horses struggling for release—then out shot from the other coach a female head, with streaming locks and—alas! a streaming nose; and then up started a man, wild, dusty, and like myself, beaverless. I knew him at once, though his calm and loverlike air was defunct; it was the Doctor!

I had just seized his arm, when a shout from before turned us upon a pivot—half disengaged from the back from which I had eloped, appeared the venerable and most irascible form of John Spooner. The lady shrieked anew,—the watchman wound his rattle—windows were up—doors flew open—the dogs howled; it was no time for delay, and seizing again the Doctor's arm, I hurried him through an infinity of streets.

"And now," cried I, "explain!"—and I threw my battered clay helmet into an arm-chair. He did so; they had mistaken coaches; the elopers had driven to the Rev. Robert Spooner's in John's coach, and he to Judge Smith's in their's; each had discovered his error, and in the rush to rectify it, had met—and the plot had been unmasked.

"And what next?"

"I must go to the springs and recruit."

I engaged his passage for the next morning.

It was night—and I was walking up Broadway—when to my horror, I saw my friend with two non-medical attendants from the police office, crawling along the flags. He had been arrested for an attempt to kidnap a patient at the point of death, with view of dissection.

I obtained an interview with him. "And who, I asked, "is to prove this absurd charge?"

"The patient herself."

"Ann Spooner!"

"The same."

I was thunderstruck; but at his request, undertook the cause, and of course gained it; chiefly by my eloquence and legal knowledge—partly from the total want of proof. But the Doctor could not withstand the subsequent slow fever of ridicule. To be prosecuted for such a crime by his Dulcinea—fall in love at first sight—run away in a hockney coach—upset in the mud—give the lady a bloody nose, and be made a Barker in revenge—was too much. He moved into the country.

Two years after I saw him again; he was a bachelor still; fancy free to the length of the chain of mortality—and I suspect he will never again suffer himself to be beheaded by any angel of them all.

Cin. Mirror.

THE WAY TO SUCCEED.—"I owe my success in business chiefly to you," said a stationer to a paper-maker, as they were settling a large account; but let me ask how a man of your caution came to give credit so freely to a beginner with my slender means?" "Because," replied the paper-maker, "at whatever hour in the morning I passed to my business, I observed you without your coat at yours."

Wiscasset Int.

CLEARANCE EXTRAORDINARY. Cleared the 1st inst., large two story Dwelling House, for the port of Edgecomb, where it arrived the same day, and was safely landed. The house was taken off a wharf in this town, and put upon two large gondolas. It was rather a novel sight to see so large a building crossing our harbor.

Phil. Gaz.

## THE POST OFFICE.

LETTER POSTAGE.—Single letters consisting of one piece of paper, are carried by the mail 30 miles for 6 cents.

From 30 to 80 miles, 10 cents.

" 80 to 150 "12<sup>1</sup> "

" 150 to 400 "18<sup>1</sup> "

Over 400 miles, 25 cents.

Double, triple, and quadruple letters, in the same proportion. A letter weighing less than one-ounce, pays but triple postage. An ounce always paying as four letters.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.—For each newspaper carried not over 100 miles, 1 cent.

Over 100 miles 1<sup>1</sup> cent.

But if carried to any office in the state in which it is printed, whatever is the distance, the rate is 1 cent.

PAMPHLET POSTAGE.—Magazines or pamphlets published periodically, not exceeding 100 miles, 1<sup>1</sup> cents per sheet. Over 100 miles, 2 1-2 cents per sheet.

Pamphlets not published periodically, not exceeding 100 miles, 4 cents per sheet. Over 100 miles, 6 cents per sheet.

PERIODICAL PAPERS, where religious or irreligious, if not in pamphlet form, pay as newspapers.

MAIL-PRACTICES OF POST MASTERS, in opening, defacing, or refusing to deliver papers, should be immediately reported to the post master general, but sent from another post office, to prevent mistake!!!

POST MASTERS are to furnish intelligence to publishers, gratis, when subscribers either refuse, or neglect, for an unreasonable time, to take the papers. Penalty for neglecting this duty, is the subscription money.

POST MASTERS are liable to a penalty, for opening papers, without license from the owners.

CELEBRATION AT CONCORD, N. H. A letter from a friend at Concord informs us that the Centennial Celebration on Saturday was in every way grand and satisfactory.—The crowd of people was immense, in the Old Meeting House, the frame of which seemed to feel as if all its audiences of two hundred years were again risen to sit there. The Oration was elegant and interesting. The musical performances in the Meeting-House consisted of Mr Pierpont's Ode, written originally for the Boston centennial celebration—the 107th Psalm of the Old New England Version—Mrs Hemans's Ode. The Pilgrim Fathers—and a Hymn, written for the occasion, by B. D. Winslow, of the late senior class in Harvard University. Four hundred gentlemen dined together, after the services in the meeting-House, among whom were His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, Judge Davis, Mr E. Everett, Mr J. Phillips, Mr Alden Bradford, and Mr Phillip Hone of New York. Five hundred children, from the public schools were in the procession, and partook of refreshments after the exercise; and from five to six hundred ladies assembled at a public collation. Bos. Cour.

IMPROVEMENTS. The improvements in our city within a year have been very great; the resurrection of the college, the birth of the banks, the completion of the Fourth-street church, and the growth of the many neat school-houses which have risen in several of the wards,—give us something to show strangers with a reasonable and modest degree of pride. In some of the eastern cities, during this same period, changes have been made more curious than any of ours. Many new and beautiful stone buildings have been torn down by the owners merely to be built over again; for it has been found, in many cases, that buildings might be so altered as to make the consequent increase of rent far more than pay the interest of the cost of alteration.

NEW YORK an immense stone university has been built, and a hotel is nearly up, in which the whole city may sit down to dinner; it is of Quincy granite.

Cin. Mir.

BANK OF AUGUSTA, Augusta.—This Bank redeems, at the Bank of America, in New York, such of its notes as may be received by the receivers, or of proceeds of sales of Public Lands.

PLANTERS' BANK, Natchez.—This Bank has, in no instance, since it became a selected Bank, refused to receive from Public Receivers a note of any one of the Deposite Banks. It will continue to receive on deposit, from the Public Receivers, the notes of all such Banks which are at par in either of these cities.

BANK OF MARYLAND, Baltimore.—This Bank redeems its notes unlimitedly, in New York, at the Merchants' Bank; and in Philadelphia, at the Philadelphia Bank; and it receives on deposit, and in payment of all dues, the notes of all good Banks which are redeemed in those cities.

BANK OF THE METROPOLIS, Washington.—This Bank redeems its notes unlimitedly, in Philadelphia, at the Girard Bank; and in N. York, at the Bank of America, Mechanics' Bank, and the Manhattan Co. It receives on deposit the notes of all such Banks as are at par in either of these cities.

BANK OF VIRGINIA, Richmond.—This Bank redeems its notes, unlimitedly, in Philadelphia, at the Girard Bank, and the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank; and in New York, at the Mechanics' Bank; and Manhattan Co. It receives the notes of all banks, above the denomination of ten dollars, which redeem their notes in either of the above cities.