

Our journeyman being sick, we are under the necessity of issuing a half-sheet.

Beaumont county seat.

The law-abiding citizens are very sensitive upon the subject of their county seat, and especially so in Beaumont, who are not for their own sake. On the information of the U. S. Marshal, we mentioned that the county seat had been located at Amana—this, set a little while the Beaumont government, quite a number of the citizens, has subsided, since we corrected the error. We care not three groves, where their court-house stands; but the Beaumont citizens are candid enough to admit the fact, that their place has many advantages that cannot be removed, and we are not prepared to say that Amana, Williamson or the Rising Sun possess greater advantages. For a river location, Lawrenceburg, is a central point on the eastern boundary of the county, & can be—but the idea of being cut off occasionally from the main land, and, as it were, banished to an island, is a most objectionable objection, to us Beaumonters.

First session, in ascertaining a cause for the unusual visitation of Providence to that place, we were informed of the facts stated in our paragraph, by one of the oldest and best informed residents of the borough—one, who has much of the same in his property.

As we had no disposition to meddle with the internal concerns of Beaumont county, we hand over the business of the "Palladium" to him of the "Times" to be dealt with as seemeth meet to him.

The Beaumont informs its readers, that one of the following commissioners will be unable to attend the meeting of the committee on the second Monday in May next, and the third Monday has been named for their next meeting.

United States Senator.

It has been reported, that Oliver H. Smith declines being a candidate for congress in Mc Carthy's district, but will be a candidate for the U. S. senate, at the expiration of Mr. Hendricks' term. If Mr. Hendricks is to be superseded, which we think very probable, why not select Noah Noble, to that office?

First Congressional district.

The present and ex-comittees in this district, are Rufus Bann, Judge Goodlett, Judge Hall, Thomas Posey and John W. Payne. The contest will be, finally, between Posey and Goodlett.

A SKATING MATCH.

Sergeant Joel Downing writes to his cousin Jack, under date of the 10th, the following interesting account of a skating frolic on the Potomac, between himself and the President:—
Dear Jack.—The Potomac has been all frozen over and most capital skating; equal to what we used to have on the pond in Downingville. When I see the ice look so slick and glary, it seems as if I could keep my feet off it.

One night after Mr. Blair and Mr. Kendall had been talking with the General pretty late in the evening about having a scratch along with France, and after they had gone out I stood looking out down towards the Potomac, and the moon was shining as bright as daylight on things, and it made me think so much of the good times we used to have on the old pond in Downingville, that I had to take out my handkerchief and wipe my eyes. And the General see me and he come along and slept me on the shoulder, and says he, Sargent Joel, my dear fellow, what's the matter? Are you afraid of this scratch that we are going to have with France? Never mind a word about it, we shall whip em as easy as I whip the British at New Orleans. But come, says he, wipe up, you needn't fight a single blow if you're afraid. Says I, General, who's afraid? I ain't. I wouldn't rally fighting the whole French nation if I could only go and have a good skate down there on the river for about an hour. At that the General hapt right up and caught hold of my hand and gin it a real shaking, and says he, give me you yet Sargent Joel, you're good-spunk as ever your cousin the Major was. Now says he, Joel, I'll tell you what 'tis, I haven't had a pair of skates on my feet these twenty years; but if you'll run down to one of the shops (here's the money) and buy a couple of pair, we'll go and give our legs a stretching. Agreed says I, General, though I think it would be a useless job to go stretching your any more, for they're more than twice as long as mine now. Well off I went and bought a couple of pair of complete Holland Skates, and we rigged up and put on our great coats and hats, and mittens, and the General took a couple of bottles of good wine with him, for he said he would have something with us to keep us comfortable; and I took a hand sled, for I told him I always like to haul a hand sled, when I was skating, and it was good fun to take turning hauling each other on the sled; and then we went down to the river.

It was just cold enough to keep us knocking about quick steps to keep warm, and we on skates, and all we went down the river like a stream of chaff. I was so long since the General had skated any, that I could not get him first, as easy as could be, but after he got his hand in a little—I don't mean exactly his

hands neither—but after he got his feet in a going up through Washington this cold morning, he began to get thawing out, he made his long legs stretch off like a race horse: I couldn't keep any where near him. He'd play round me, and cross backwards and forwards like a young colt. Says I, General, I've seen a good many swift skaters in my day, but I don't know as ever I see one that could scout it off equal to you. Well, says he, Sargent Joel, when I was a young man I never used to let any body go before me, but I am getting old now; I ain't what I was once.

We jogged along down the river a few miles where we found a capital smooth place, and we left our sled by the shore with the bottles of wine on it and went to skating across. The General said he could skate across and back a gain twice while I could once. So while we were skimming about in this way, there was a bout half a dozen great long legged two-wheeled chaps come skating up the river from Alexandria. They came up on the side of the river where our sled was, and before we could get back they had got down every drop of our wine, and we skimming about as lawless as if they didn't care for nobody. The general was awful mad, and says he, Sargent Joel, I want put with that. I am determined I never will submit to any thing that is wrong; and if them fellows don't pay over pretty well for that wine I'll make reprisals upon 'em.

Says I, General, I don't know about that; here's six to two of us, and they are real shabby hard-fisted fellows into the bargain. I don't care for that, says he, that's no reason why I should submit to any thing that's wrong; and if you are Sargent Joel Downing, and are a true friend to Andrew Jackson, you'll off coat and go and help me take it out of them fellows. Well, says I, General, you know I'm a friend of yours and stand ready to do any thing you say, let it be what it will; but I can't help telling you what I think about it.

My rule is never to throw good money after bad. And I am kind of thinking if them fellows ain't honest enough to pay for the wine we might as well let em go, for I don't believe we shall get any thing out of em if we go to making reprisals upon them. At that time the General began to grow a little weary; and, says he, Sargent Joel, I thought you had some sense before; what's all that to the purpose? Is that any reason why I should submit to any thing that's wrong? Very well says I, General, I'm ready to do any thing you say about it. Well then, says he, off coat, and we'll have a brush, but what we'll get our pay. So we took off our great coats and laid em on the hand sled, and took after em full chisel. We soon got in a mong em, for they didn't seem to try to keep out of our way any; and the General told them if they was a mind to pay for the wine it was well and good, if not he should take his pay pretty quick. Some of em laughed, and some said they guessed they'd pay for it some of these days, and some said they found the wine and had a right to it, and would never pay a cent for it, and if we wanted any pay we ought take it where we could catch it.

At this the General rared right up, and says he, Sargent Joel, there's nothing left for us to do but to make reprisals upon these fellows, so go ahead. They've got two or three hand sleds among em, and an axe or two, and some biscuits and cheese, and one notion and another; let us take what we can catch. So he pulled foot after one of the fellows that had a sled, and I after another.

We got hold of em and begun to have a tussle for em, and all the other fellows came round and begun to kick up a real row. As the General was tugging away at one of the sleds, a fellow came up behind him, and knocked his hat off and caught it and run. At this I took after him to try and get the General's hat again, and buckled to it so sharp that I fell down and the wind blew my hat off, and before I could get to it, along came another chap and caught my hat and run. Then the General dropt the sled that he was scrambling after and come to help me, but before he could get up with them that had the hat, they all got pretty near together and swinging their axes and their sleds round at such a rate, that I didn't think it was safe to go nigh em. And I told the General that I thought they was too many for us, and we better retreat. No, says he, Sargent Joel, that's what I never to; I tell you that I will never submit to any thing that is wrong. And while we were parleying about it we happened to look away over to the shore where we had left our sled, and there was one of the chaps that had sled away off while we were tussling about the hats, and was pulling foot down the river with our hand sled as fast as a horse could run.

Now, says I, General, we are nicely dished, for there goes our hand sled, great coats and all. We both sprung to it, and pulled after him a spell, but he'd got such a start of us we found he would get clear to Alexandria before we could overtake him, and so we give up the chase; and when we come to turn back after 'other chaps, for the General declared he'd have it out of some of 'em they had all cleared out and had got ashore and were out of sight. And then we stood and stood and looked in each other's faces as much as five minutes, and never said a word. It was bitter cold, and there we were a number of miles down the river, and no hats, nor great coats. At last the General put on a queer kind of pocky look and says he Sargent Joel, what do you think is best to be done? Well says I, General, if you want my opinion about it, the best advice I can give, is to tie our pocket handkerchiefs over our heads and make our way home as fast as we can, for I believe its getting towards morning and I'm sure I should feel ashamed to be seen

going up through Washington this cold morning bare headed and without any great coat on. The General stood about a minute considering at last says, he Sargent Joel, I don't know but you are about right in this case; but I don't give up my choice doctrine yet; I never will submit to any thing is wrong, when I can help it. At says I, General, that's well put in; there's where I agree with you.

So we took and tied our pocket handkerchiefs over our heads, and skated along up the river as fast as we could, and got home and crept in to the house and went to bed as still as we could, so as not to wake any body up, and got considerable of a little nap before breakfast time.

Since that time, whenever the General gets talking pretty large about giving France a thrashing, and that he won't submit to any thing that is wrong, I just step along up to the side of him and whisper in his ear, and ask him if he don't remember the night we went skating. At that the General will turn all manner of colors, but he most always turns away and goes to talking with somebody else, without answering me a word. But I can't help thinking he is cooling down a little about this French business. The general sends his love to you, and wants you to remember him to uncle Joshua whenever you have a chance.

I remain your lovin cousin,

SARGENT JOEL DOWNING.

We request particular attention to the following pithy address, which we extract from the Boston Liberator. Most readers will find in it something touchingly interesting—at least so thinks the PRINTER.

Come, A. R. C. D. E. F. G.

And pay your bills, sirs, honestly, Both for the old year and the new— Then, sirs, a happy year to you.

H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O.

We want our money—don't be slow; Pray do not let us ask again, Or spend our time and ink in vain.

P. Q. R. S. T. U. and V.

Our cash we would be glad to see; If you our just demands will pay, We'll wish you well on New Year's day.

W. X. Y. Z. and all the rest,

Come forward now, and do your best; Come, pay the Printer all you owe— He'll happy be and wish you so.

Take Notice—If you do not pay, May you be troubled every day; May conscience never give you peace, Till you, to be our debtor cease.

But if in answer to our call,

You promptly pay us, one and all— May you most prosperously thrive, In eighteen hundred and thirty five.

The Green Mountain Democrat, says the following article of intelligence may be relied on:—
Divorced, by the Supreme court on Friday, 20th Feb. 1835, for intolerable severity, Mrs. Nancy Tyler from Mr. Samuel Tyler. Married, on Monday the 23d of Feb. 1835, Mr. Samuel Tyler and Mrs. Nancy Tyler.

THE ASSAULT ON MR. EWING

The National Intelligencer of Tuesday contains the report of the Select committee appointed by the House of Representatives in the case of the assault on Mr. Ewing by Lieutenant Lane. The following are the facts of the case:

It appears that on Thursday evening, the 26th ult. immediately after the adjournment of the House of Representatives, as Mr. Ewing was passing from the Capitol to his lodgings, he was encountered on the Avenue by Lieut. Lane, who accosted him, apparently in an unfriendly spirit, with the simple observation that he wished to speak with him. After a moment's pause, and an intimation from Mr. Lane to Mr. Ewing that his object in seeking him was to punish him, (his hands being in his pocket at the time), and a retort couched in warm language, from Mr. Ewing he was struck by Mr. Lane, while in the act of returning a bundle of papers to his pocket. The blows were repeated, and an array of some little duration succeeded between them. The instrument with which the first blow was inflicted by Mr. Lane was an iron cane covered or wrapped with thread. The wound inflicted upon Mr. Ewing appeared from the testimony of the attending physician Dr. Blake, to have been severe. At the moment of separating, and after the conduct was over, Mr. Lane, in the act of retreating from the crowd attracted by the occurrence, observed that his object was accomplished; that his intention was publicly to degrade Mr. Ewing, and that he had succeeded.

For this assault no cause is assigned by Lieutenant Lane, nor has he introduced any testimony relative to a personal difficulty or individual offence between himself and Mr. Ewing. The committee have been unable to discover any cause, throughout the investigation, other than that assigned by Mr. Ewing in his deposition, and that is, an irritated and unpleasant controversy which occurred some time back, in the House of Representatives, between the Hon. A. Lane, the father of Lieutenant Lane, and which is within the recollection of the House. The committee have no other grounds for supposing, this to have been the cause of the assault, than the supposition of Mr. Ewing, and the absence of all apparent cause besides. No previous difficulty had occurred between the parties, that is known; but, upon the contrary, when warned by the Hon. William Hendricks, of the Senate, against intertizing in the controversy alluded to, between his father and Mr. Ewing, Lieutenant Lane directly disclaimed any such intention, or participation in the unpleasant feeling which had been excited.

Ames Shovel Works in Massachusetts.—There is a great deal of Yankee enterprise in old Massachusetts. Perhaps no state goes before her in the extent and variety of manufactures computed with the amount of population.—There are many instances of individuals in that state starting from small beginnings and rising to wealth and eminence by their enterprise in manufacturing establishments. A striking instance of this kind is found in the shovel works of Oliver Ames. A correspondent informs us that he commenced manufacturing shovels when young, and carried on the business in quite a humble style. When he had finished a few dozen shovels he would pack them into a one horse wagon and carry them off to market. Now he has three extensive shovel factories one at Easton, where he resides, one at Braintree and one at West Bridgewater, and gives employment to three four-horse teams to carry his shovels to market. He has in his factories nine tilt hammers, which weigh about four tons a piece, and each cost from \$1500 to \$2000.—His works turn out about forty dozen shovels a day, and that is not sufficient to supply all the orders he receives. He employs about sixty workmen constantly. Each shovel goes through about twenty different hands. He pays his workmen from twelve to fifty dollars a month. His works cost upwards of \$75,000. The profits are probably from 15 to 20,000 a year. So much for individual enterprise. Yankees of Maine go and do likewise.—Portland Daily Courier.

Robbery and Lynching. We learn a robbery was committed on the line of the canal during the last week. The circumstances as far as we have heard them, are as follows: Mr. James B. Johnson, one of the canal commissioners, had in possession several thousand dollars, which, with his saddle bags, he left in charge of a merchant on the line, to be kept until they were called for. On calling for his saddle bags and examining, he discovered that a package containing about eight thousand dollars, was missing. Suspicion rested on three individuals and a court of the contractors, &c. was called and after several hearings, suspicion centered on Dr. Pomroy, a person who slept in the room where the money was deposited. He, of course exhibited, great indignation at being accused of such a crime, and attempted to throw it on Mr. Johnson, but so confident was the court of Mr. Johnson's innocence and Pomroy's guilt, that Pomroy was sentenced to be lynched or whipped, until he confessed his guilt and gave up the money. The sentence of the court was carried into execution, and after a severe and long trial of Lynch's infliction, which he bore with manly fortitude and resignation he yielded up the ghost, on the conditions, that no questions should be asked, and a horse, saddle, bridle and \$50 be given him to make his damned eternal escape. The conditions were accepted by the court, the package was produced, and Pomroy decamped with a striped and flagellated back. So eager was the package seized, and so little did they suspect that it had been opened, that the money was not counted until not even a grease spot of Pomroy was to be seen when it was counted and five hundred dollars came up missing. So the result was, that Pomroy got a good lynching and about \$650 in the bargain for one night's work.

Hushab Mercury

Six Months in a Convent. Russel, Odiorne, & Co. HAVE IN PRESS, and will publish in a few days, a new work with the above title, being a narrative of miss Rebecca Theresa Reed, who was under the influence of the Roman Catholics about two years and an inmate of the convent on Mount Benedict, Charlestown, nearly six months in 1831-2. The book furnishes a concise history of the rules and regulations, the employment and ceremonies of the Ursuline order, and as it is the first account ever given in this country of a similar institution, the writer has confined herself strictly to a narration of facts, that transpired under her own eye, and that were noted down after her escape. It will make a volume of 200 pages, 18mo, rich and bound in the neatest manner. Boston, March 3.

List of Letters.

Remain in the Post Office at Mount-sterling, Ia., on the 31st of March, 1835, which if not taken out before the 1st of July next, will be sent to the General Post office as dead letters.

B. Wm. Brandon	James Bennett
C. Rufus Crane	Sarah Jane Cole
D. Daniel Day 2	Thomas David
E. Sara Elston 2	
H. James Heady	
L. Francis Lonsdale	Webster Marsh
M. John Murphy	
O. Livi Orem	
P. James Porter	Harvey Pease
R. Howes Redd	W. A. Rifer
S. David Shull	Francis Schoonover
T. Ezekiel Thomas	

E. PERNET, P. M.
Mountsterling, March 31, 1835.

List of Letters.

Remain on hand at the Printer's Retreat post-office, on the 31st of March, 1835.

John Rutles,	Rev. Samuel Elder
Moses Porter,	George Romeley
Captain Thomas,	Moses Wily
Joel Wilson,	Rosbie G. Watson

WILLIAM C. KEEN, post master.
Printer's Retreat April 1.

List of Letters.

REMAINING in the Post office at Vevay Indiana, on the 1st day of April 1835, which if not taken out before the 1st day of July next, will be sent to the General Post office as dead Letters.

Address Jonathan A.	Armor Catharine
Armstrong Irwin	Anderson Charlotte
Brown Joseph	Edlany Samuel
Craig Jain M.	Cane David
Campbell Elizabeth	Campbell Jane
Degraw John	Dickson Griffith
Dufour Andre	
Fagg Richard	
Green John	Guest Sarah
Gullion Henry	Graham John
Gray James	Gray John
Hagan Nathan	Hatton Elizabeth
Hamilton Elizabeth	
King David	Krall Samuel
Kelso Daniel	
Lewis C. M.	Lindley Francis F.
McKay Zachariah	Miller Jacob
Magruder Norman B.	
Neal William A	Newkirk Barnibus
Northcot William	
Potton Morgan	Pickett Thomas
Philips James	Page John H.
Price William	
Richards John	Rogers John
Richards Isaac	Romerel Ph.
Smith John	Spencer Samuel or Emily
Stewart Anna	Slanson Lanson
Stevens Jane	
Smith Thomas	
Twincham Arthur,	Tilley George
Taylor James N.	
Vanbriggles Eliza	
Whitcom Francis,	Warden Jesse 2
Weaver John	Weaver Jacob
Wilson William C.	

JOHN F. DUFOUR, P. M.
Vevay, April 1st 1835

FRESH GOODS.

J. M. KING, takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he is now receiving his supply of

SPRING GOODS,

and respectfully invites his former customers, and others wishing to purchase, to call and examine his goods and prices, and then judge for themselves

His Stock consists in part of

Super blue, black, and brown cloths, Satinets, red, green, and white flannel, American blue, Sup rich French, Fancy Fali River, and Fancy London prints, Concord and Ashton tickings, Apron and furniture checks, 4-1 bleached and unbleached muslins, Bleached and unbleached Suffolk drilling, Superior white Gros de Naples, Black and brown Italian lustring, superior black Gros de Swiss, Florences of assorted colors, Black silk and black tabby velvet, Irish linens, barred muslins, 6-1 and 4-1 white cambric, 6-1 Jacket, Plain and figured book muslins, Bobinets and Swiss muslins, Grecian footings, and 4-4 buckram, Black Italian cravats, and superior stocks, Colored tulle ribbon &c. &c

Also, a variety of Shoes.

Men's coarse pegged brogans, Men's pegged shoes, Fine kip brogans, Fine sewed shoes, pumps, and dancing do. Children's morocco boots, Men's fine nailed boots, Ladies morocco boots, and walking shoes, Ladies pumps, and lasting springs, Ladies slippers, and garter boots, Ladies pegged leather boots, Youth's fine boots, Men's coarse pegged boots, Fine sewed shoes, Boy's fine shoes, Children's pegged boots,

ALSO, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, Glass, Nails, Iron, White Lead, &c. &c. Also, Copper, Tin, & Wooden WARE.

He has on hand, a large stock of Juniata bar and round iron, all of which will be sold low for cash, or approved acceptances.

JOHN M. LAUGHLIN KING.

N. B. Rags, Leather, Beeswax, Tallow, Flaxseed, Flax, Wheat, Oats, and Corn, will be taken in payment of debts, or in exchange for goods.

J. M. K.

Vevay, April 2, 1835.

BLANKS.

Of all kinds, neatly printed at this office.