

MISCELLANY.

[Selected for the Palladium.]

THE FRENCHMAN AND PIGS.

A Frenchman in a luckless hour,
Sought shelter from a sudden shower
Beneath a gate way, where he viewed
A sow with all her motley brood
Of little pigs: 'ah! ah! quoth he,
Of colours quel diversite,
Beaucoup I admire these little things
Ma for the thought of eating bring,
En verite as I am one sinner.
'I would make a magnifique grand dinner!
But den de English laws so strict,
Dey people hang for such a trick;
And though de hungry' be bad thing,
Me rather dat than take one swing;
But no one see and if I scape,
And no fear come 'pon my neck cape,
Oh den I'ould be a charming treat,
Like gourmand, roasty pig to eat;
Ma for, ma foi, as I am one sinner,
'I would make a magnifique grand dinner!
The point t' us ardu d' one he seized,
And placed beneath his coat well pleased,
When piggy squeaked so long and loud,
As soon alarmed the neighboring crowd;
The mother sow loud grunted too,
And piglings to their brother true,
Soon gave the Frenchman cause to rue:
Swift off he ran but closely follow'd;
Stop thief! stop thief! the people halloo'd!
In vain alas! 'twas all his confession,
The pig was found in his possession;
Examined straight and guilty found,
The culprit humbly bowed around,
And said 'Messieurs entendez vous,
To what I now parler to you—
'Tis true each word vat I shall say,
Me be one gentelhomme francois;
Me not know vat you call de thief,
Hear de affair and den belof:
De mamma pig and children six;
Me own did my attention fix;
So to die little pig I say—
Come live with me a month, I pray;
Then English me did think he speak,
For he cried out—a week! a week!
Well, I reply, the time's but small,
I take you for a week, dat's all!'

The Parti-coloured Shield. We are glad again to meet with the old story which follows, and insert it with pleasure. In times of excitement like the present when it is fair to presume that persons travelling in different directions are equally anxious to ascertain truth, how necessary it is that they should examine both sides of a question, before they wrangle about what may be easily established, in many cases, if they really wish to know the facts, and are willing to submit to them!—[NILES.]

In the days of knight-errantry and paganism, one of the old British princes set up a statute to the goddess of victory, in a point where four roads met together. In her right had she held a spear, and rested her left upon a shield; the outside of this shield was of gold, and the inside of silver, on the former was inscribed in the old British language, to the goddess ever favorable; and on the other, for four victories successfully obtained over the Picts and other inhabitants of the northern island.

It happened one day that two knights, completely armed, the one in *black* the other in *white*, arrived from opposite parts of the country to this statute, just about the same time; and as neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to read the inscription, and observe the excellence of the workmanship. After contemplating on it for some time, "this golden shield," says the black knight, (who was strictly observing the opposite side) "why, if I have my eyes, it is silver." "I know nothing of your eyes," replied, the black knight, "but if ever I saw a golden shield in my life this is one." "Yes," returned the white knight, smiling, "it is very probable, indeed, that they should expose a shield of gold in so public a place as this; for my part, I wonder even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for the devotion of some people that pass this way; and it appears by the date that this has been here above three years." The black knight could not hear the smile with which this was delivered, grew so warm in the dispute, that it soon ended in a challenge; they both therefore turned their horses, and rode back so far as to have sufficient space for their career, then placed their spears in their rests, and flew at each other with the greatest fury and impetuosity. Their shock was so rude, and the blow on each side so effectual, that they fell to the ground, much wounded and bruised, and laid there some time in a trance. A good druid, who was travelling that way, found them in this condition. The druids were the physicians of those times as well as the priests. He had a sovereign balsam about him he had composed himself, for he was very skilful in all the plants that grew in the field or in the forest; he stanch'd their blood, applied his balsam to their wounds and brought them as it were from death to life again. As soon as they were sufficiently recovered, he began to enquire into the reason of their quarrel; "Why this man," cried the black knight, "will have it, that that shield yonder is silver." "And he will have it," replied the white knight, "what it is gold," and then told him all the particulars of the affair. "Ah!" said the druid, with a sigh, "you are both of you in the wright, and both

of you in the wrong; had either of you given himself time to look upon the opposite side of the shield, as well as that which first presented itself to his view, all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided; however, there is a very good lesson to be learned from evils that have befallen you on this occasion. Permit, me therefore, to entreat you by all our gods, and by this goddess of victory in particular, never to enter into any dispute for the future till you have fairly considered both sides of the question."

AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

In the midst of his noisy mansion sat Phil Sullivan, wielding his birch as if it had been a sceptre, while his little subjects were ranged around on benches formed of sods, that you may still see along the wall. The fire, when any was required, was made in the centre of the apartment, the fuel being furnished by each scholar bringing a turf daily with him. The door was formed of stakes interplaced with wattles a loop of which thrown over a crooked nail, served the purpose of a lock, and a rude table that the master sat at was all the desk in the school. As they came in at the door, the urchins were obliged to make their best bow, by drawing back the left leg, catching the tuft of hair that hung over the forehead, and bringing their stiff necks to the precise mathematical curve that constitutes politeness, whilst Phil kept sometimes talking English, sometimes talking Irish, to suit himself to the comprehension of his pupils. Of the manner in which he accompanied this, the following is a specimen: "Come up here Pat Greenham," said he to a red headed boy, dressed in a grey frieze coat, which came down to his heels, and a pair of old leather breeches, that only reaching half way down his thighs, exposed his red mealy legs—"Come stand up here on the table, and let the boys hear how well you can say your letters." Pat mounted with great confidence; but when his phiz, by being raised into the light, became more distinctly seen,—"Ubbaboo, tearin, Murder!" exclaimed Phil, "where have you been wid that face?" Why man alive, you've been kissing the praty pot, and your hair, too, stanning up for a price, like the bristles of a fighting pig. Is there no water in the stream? And it would have been no great trouble to draw your fingers through your hair any how." Pat very composedly lifted up the tail of his coat, and spitting upon it, gave his face a wipe that left it streaked like a brindled cow. "There, now," said Phil, "blow your nose and hold up your head like a gentleman."—What is this *aroon*, said he, pointing to the first letter of the alphabet. Pat scratched his head. "You don't know what it is; small blame to you, for your mother keeps you running after the cows, when you should be at your *larning*; but look up at the couples of the house, and try if you can't remember it?" "A," said Pat. "Well done! what's the name of the next one?" Pat hesitated again. "What do you call the big fly that makes the honey?" "B." "Och, you're a *genus*, Pat, Paddy made." Having arrived at the letter H:—"And what's that Pat?" "Be my showl, I don't know."—Devil d—n your showl, what do you mean by swearing here in school? a pretty *College* this indeed! What is it that looks like Squire O'Reilly's gate with all the bars knocked out except the one in the middle?" "Faith and its H." "Golden shield!" cried the white knight, (who was strictly observing the opposite side) "why, if I have my eyes, it is silver." "I know nothing of your eyes," replied, the black knight, "but if ever I saw a golden shield in my life this is one." "Yes," returned the white knight, smiling, "it is very probable, indeed, that they should expose a shield of gold in so public a place as this; for my part, I wonder even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for the devotion of some people that pass this way; and it appears by the date that this has been here above three years." The black knight could not hear the smile with which this was delivered, grew so warm in the dispute, that it soon ended in a challenge; they both therefore turned their horses, and rode back so far as to have sufficient space for their career, then placed their spears in their rests, and flew at each other with the greatest fury and impetuosity. Their shock was so rude, and the blow on each side so effectual, that they fell to the ground, much wounded and bruised, and laid there some time in a trance. A good druid, who was travelling that way, found them in this condition. The druids were the physicians of those times as well as the priests. He had a sovereign balsam about him he had composed himself, for he was very skilful in all the plants that grew in the field or in the forest; he stanch'd their blood, applied his balsam to their wounds and brought them as it were from death to life again. As soon as they were sufficiently recovered, he began to enquire into the reason of their quarrel; "Why this man," cried the black knight, "will have it, that that shield yonder is silver." "And he will have it," replied the white knight, "what it is gold," and then told him all the particulars of the affair. "Ah!" said the druid, with a sigh, "you are both of you in the wright, and both

wheel was stopped, just in season to prevent her being crushed against the bulk head. The young woman standing by, seeing her danger, involuntarily sprung upon the wheel, and was near the top of it when it was stopped.—*Worcester Spy.*

The Heart.—M. Larry, the well known French Surgeon, lately presented to the academy of Medicine in Paris, the heart of a man who, in a fit of derangement produced by grief, stabbed himself with a watchmaker's file. After having penetrated several inches, the instrument broke off level with the skin. The unhappy being was conveyed to an hospital, where it was determined that no operation could be attempted. He survived for twenty-one days, in but little pain, and without feeling any difficulty in changing his position. On opening the body, it was seen with surprise that the file had not only pierced the pericardium, and one of the coats of the heart, but that entering that organ at three inches, from the point, it had passed obliquely, from the left to the right, and from the lower to the higher part, crossing the left cavity, the middle membrane, and the right cavity.

In a town containing not more than 1200 persons, a minister has been raised and fitted for the performance of his duties, every year for 25 years! And not one of all these has yet been called to render an account of his stewardship. Southampton already furnishes pastors to feed the souls of 13 times her own population! while she has furnished but three to patch up the bodies or estates of her own 1200 inhabitants—a practical illustration that "but one thing is needful."—Had all the New England States followed her example, there would now have been a minister to every 500 persons in the United States and their territories! And none would have need to say to his brother, "know ye the Lord," for the Gospel would have been preached to every creature in all the extensive dominions.

Fam. Vis.

Something in a Name.—A professor of Alma Mater having purchased a horse for the purpose of paying a long projected journey into Wales, wished to give his Bucephalus a classical name, and applied to a friend to help him with a symbolic appellation. "Call him Graphy," said his friend. "Graphy!" exclaimed the professor; "do you think I am going to write upon his back?"—"Pshaw!" replied the collegian, "the name is perfectly applicable; first, you purchase the horse, and that's the *bi-o-graphy*; secondly, you mount him, and that's the *topo-graphy*; and lastly, you make your journey, and that's the *geo-graphy*!"

A Good Example. We are happy to learn that a resolution has been entered into by the fraternity of Free Masons, in one of the interior counties of Massachusetts, to exclude all intemperate persons from their lodges, and to discontinue the practice of introducing ardent spirits as a refreshment at their meetings. We hope that the example will be followed by the members of this numerous and respectable society in all parts of our country.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A cheap novel and expeditious mode of travelling.—The batteau men who carry produce from Kentucky, by the Mississippi, to New Orleans, although very rough in their appearance, are entrusted with large amounts of property. One of the most uncouth looking of these, after selling his property and batteau at New Orleans returned with a check of \$3000 dollars on the bank at Lexington. The cashier, when he presented it, thought by his appearance, that he might have come dishonestly by it, and proceeded to examine him in the following manner:—"My friend, where did you come from?" To which he replied, in a sulky manner, "I came from the moon." "You came from the moon, did you?" says the cashier, "pray, how did you get down?" "Why," answered he, "I slid down on a rainbow." It is almost unnecessary to add that the cashier paid the draft without further question.

The Devil.—In all ages the Devil has rendered great service to the learned, for whom he has always evinced particular regard. Scaliger was said to have entered into a compact with him. Socrates, Apuleius, Agrippa, Cardano, Caglistro, are reported to have had familiars who inspired them with knowledge. Roger Bacon was imprisoned because the Devil taught him mathematics. The Knights Templars, and Joan of Arc were accused of holding communion with demons. Our ancestors had so mean an opinion of the human mind, that they deemed it incapable of producing any thing without the aid of the Devil. John Faust, one of the inventors of printing, was suspected of holding open communication with the Prince of Darkness. In Switzerland, the common people entertain so high a notion of his talents, that they attribute to him the construction of several master pieces of architecture. Denis le Chartreux says that the Devil is a great geometrician; Milton asserts that he excels in the building of bridges; and Tertullian informed us, that the Devil is so good a natural philosopher that he can carry a sieve full of water, without spilling a drop.

In Virginia, a Dr. Gunn advertizes to cure nearly all diseases.—Dr. Gunn has been a famous Physician ever since the invention of powder. His cures are effectual—there are no relapses.

MUSEUM

OF FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE,

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E. LITTELL, PHILADELPHIA.

Contents of No. 9, for September.

Portrait of George Clinton

1. Pontoppidan's Natural History of Norway.

From the Retrospective Review.

2. Sketches of Portuguese Life, &c. From the Monthly Review and Literary Gazette.

3. Beckford's Thoughts on Hunting. From the Retrospective Review.

4. Scientific Institutions. From the Quarterly Review.

5. The Traveller at the Source of the Nile. From the Monthly Magazine.

6. Mr. McCulloch's Essay on the Rate of Wages and the Condition of the Labouring Classes. From the Edinburgh Magazine.

7. A Duge. From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

8. Captain Maitland's Narrative of the Surrender of Buonaparte. From the Edinburgh Magazine.

9. The Vudois Valleys. From the New Monthly Magazine.

10. The Theatre. From the Monthly Magazine.

11. A Wedding under Ground. From Blackwood's Magazine.

12. The Owl. From Blackwood's Magazine.

13. The True History of the Iron Mask. From the Quarterly Review.

14. La Belle Bordelaise. From the Monthly Review.

15. Observations on the Culture of Silk. From the Technical Repository.

16. Lines on Scene in Switzerland. From the Monthly Magazine.

17. Biographies) Notice of Von Weber. From the Monthly Magazine.

18. The Book Trade. From the same.

19. Miscellaneous Selections—Transparency of the Ocean—Boats—Recitation of Spirits—Metal Gold—Duble Stars—Faro Ayesha—Items.

20. Literary Intelligence—The History of the Administration of the right H. n. Henry Polham, from 1732 to 1754—Journey to Rome and Naples—Narrative of a Four Years' Residence in France—Selection of Sacred Harmony—The Romance of Sir John Chiverton—Martin's Illustrations of Milton—Austin's Matera Indica—Translation of Llorente's celebrated History of the I quation—Parry's third V. yge for the Discovery of a North West Passage—The Life of Carl Theodore Körner—Simpson's Anatomy for Architects—Wallem's Select Views in Greece—History of the Battle of Agincourt—Treatise on the Divine Sovereignty—Chronological Illustrations of the Ecclesiastical Architecture—The Bazaar, or the History of Armenia—Historical, Geographical, and Statistical Account of the City of Westminster—The Golden V. yle—The History of the Parish Church of St. J. he—A Grammar of the Persian Language, with a Vocabulary and Index—Translation of St. m. n. History of the Crusades—Institutions of Physiology—History of Ancient Mexico—History of France—Arnold's General and Medical Physics—Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps—New Vitruvius Britannicus.

21. New British Publications.

TAKEN UP

BY John Dougherty, in Delaware township, Ripley county, Indiana, on the 19th day of each last, a BRIGHT BAY HORSE, supposed to be six years old, four feet high, a star in his forehead, three white feet, never docked, a quirn in the hair back of each fore leg. Appraised to sixteen dollars, by Abraham Cline & Geo. Wiegert, this 4 day of September, 1826.

A copy from my book of estrays.

ADOLPHUS HUGGINS, J. P.

UNION HOTEL.

THE said owner is now fitting out a large and commodious Bank House, in which he intends to keep a

HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT, and will be ready to accommodate those who may see proper to give him a call, on or about the 1st of October next; and that nothing shall be wanting on his part to render their stay with him comfortable and pleasant. His table and bar will be furnished with the best that can be found in the western country. His stable will always be supplied with the best of provender, and a carefuloster. He has made arrangements for a number of the most interesting Newspapers from different parts of the United States.

DANIEL J. CASWELL,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Lawrenceburg, September 3, 1826.

DOCTOR PINCKARD

Our dear professional services to the 12th of us in Lawrenceburg and Dearborn county, Indiana, and to the 13th of us in Hamilton county, Ohio. Residence Lawrenceburg, at Mr. Hunt's Hotel. Office on High street below the M. K. C. house.

Lawrenceburg, May 11, 1826. 91-ff

JOHN SPENCER.

Lawrenceburg, September 3, 1826.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given, that I will attend

at the following places between 10 and 12 o'clock each day, to wit: At Wilmington on the 28th inst; at Mark M'Cracken's esq; on the 30th; at Black Smith Lawrence's, in Keltz, on the 21st; at J. H. Godley's esq; on the 1st Nov.; at C. A. Craft's on the 2d; at James Murray's on the 3d; at H. Ford on the 4th; at Lawrenceburg on the 6th; at Wright's Mill on the 7th; at Samuel Elvins's on the 8th. I hope those concerned will attend at the above mentioned times and places and make payment of their taxes, as on Monday the 13th November next, I will expose to sale, at the place of holding courts in the town of Lawrenceburg, all lands of residents or non-residents, by their Nos. of Township, Range, Section, Quarter Section, or part thereof, as they stand charged on the Duplicate of Taxes for the year 1826. JOHN SPENCER.

Collector D. C.

Lawrenceburg Oct. 21, 1826

THE editor of the Commercial Register, would, perhaps, benefit a number of his subscribers, who own land in this county, by stating that the Collector of Land taxes for Dearborn county will attend at Mr. Fox's tavern on the 10th Nov. for the purpose of collecting taxes due him by citizens of Hamilton county Ohio.

RAGS! RAGS!

THE highest price in CASH or writing paper given for clean Linen and Cotton RAGS at this office.

JOE-PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

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