

MISCELLANY.

THE LOUD CALL OR, THE DISINTERESTED PARSON.

There lived a Person, as we're told,
But when, or where, we know not,
Who oft his nodding dock would scold,
Threatening that they to Heaven should
go not,

But down to Hell be hurl'd,
If they would not abjure the world,
And count as dross its filthy mammon, gold.

It chances at length, this godly wight,
Who stoutly fought the Christian fight,
Elsewhere received a louder call;

What though the stupend was a trifle more?
To one, who placed in wealth so little store,
This had no weight you know, at all!

'Twas not the cash—Ou no—
But 'twas the Lord command'd—
And though 'twas hard to go away,
Should he refuse the Lord's obey,
And be a careless servant branded?

No, sure—so he must go?

The parting Sabbath now arrived,
And all his simple flock contrived
To hear their Priest's farewell;
He plied them long in righteous strain,
Bade them from darling sins refrain,
And in sweet concord dwell;

To hate the world, in holy ways be bold
And shun the soul's seducer—glittering gold.

The service o'er,
Before the door,

The parish gentry gathered round:
Smiling, the good old man came among them
Seized on their off red hands, and wrung them,
A saint on earth—the grooms cried.

Then rolled their eye-bliss up, and sighed.
And dropped their farewell cur'ties to the
ground

Behind the rest,
To bid the priest good bye,
In nature's sooty juchen dress.

Old Caesar came—a wug, and mighty sly.
Bowin, the stick of ebony began—
A confab with the good dispensing man—

'Abt how good massa Parson do?
I hope he find him berry well?

'Well, Caesar, well, and how do you?
And massa, Caesar hardly tell;

'Dis good long twenty year,

'Wid you he worship here

And now he sorry from your flock you go?

'Abt honest Caesar yes, it must be so;

Poor, poor, too;

'That I am forced away;

'But then, you know, I would never do,

The 'Lord's loud call' for me to disobey.

Who, massa, who you say,
The Lord call you away?

Massa, how many poun a year.

Do people pay for preaching here?

Two hundred?—Toder ole give any more?

Why—wear—yes, I think they offer four?

Abt Massa, may be 'tis d. Lord who call

But don't you talk more loud you let him
bawl,

Aye, call and call till all be blue,

Then you come back from four to two?

De Lord, he bolla till he duob,

Fore massa Parson eber come?

From the Christian Inquirer.

THE QUAKER AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Petilian had an only son, who disgraced his family, wasted his property, half broke his father's heart, and fled, all profligate and diseased as he was, abroad. Petilian never forgot that he had a son, often wept at recollecting it, and grew gray with hoping against hope that he should live to clasp his penitent son in his arms.

After 25 years, in which he had often been informed that his son was alive but become worse and worse, Rufus, a rough but honest and benevolent Captain of a ship, came to pay Petilian a visit. Par-

don me, Petilian, if I ask when you heard of your son. The old gentleman took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

I can give you some intelligence of him, added Rufus, and on the whole not unpleasant. Petilian looked hard at him, his jaw quivered, he drew himself forward, and sat on the edge of the front of his chair. Rufus added, he has become a Quaker. Petilian lifted up one hand, the tears ran down from both his eyes, and he exclaimed, Is he alive? He is alive and well. My Son! Yes, your son, I have seen him and conversed with him, and what I tell you is true. Petilian fainted. Rufus recovered him, and when he was cool, told him: I have been abroad. One day, a shipwright, a rough blunt man, came on board and told me that he had reproached your son with his conduct, in a manner so forcibly that he could not resist it, and that, in consequence of the remonstrances of his own conscience, excited by his conversation, he had laid aside the practice, and quenched the love of vice, and that he now, for four years past, had lived a life of devotion, temperance and justice. After his reformation, he had gone to work with the shipwright, and had married his daughter, and was led by that family into that mode of Christianity which we here call Quakerism: for the shipwright himself was a Friend, and held forth, on the nature and practice of virtue, in a little assembly of his own people. I was curious to see him, and went with my informant on shore. There I found him, with his broad brim, eating his morsel with his Abigail, one of the neatest of women, and two children, the eldest of whom is a picture of yourself, and called, friend Petilian, after thee. I

proposed an interview with you which I refused, with tears of the most unaffected repentance for his sins, and expressions of esteem for your virtue. He said, I ought to ask pardon of my father and I would, but recollect, Captain, my father, is a man of birth, fortune, and fashion, and of the Roman Catholic religion. Thou wilt forgive me, if I say, I fear the prejudices of a very virtuous man will not allow him to take pleasure in me now that a change so barbarous has taken place in me—for virtue, unaccompanied with the gayety of the world and the ceremonies of the church, hath not being, much less beauty in the eyes of such men. I think therefore, on the whole, that it would be an act of cruelty to disturb the peace of my father; perhaps he hath long ago buried me in imagination, and it would revive his grief to raise me from the dead. I trust at the resurrection of the last day, the infinite mercy of God will make the sight of me an addition to his joy. Rufus paused. Petilian wept and exclaimed—Ou! that I could see him; probably I might engage him to lay aside his garb of virtue without endangering his virtue itself. O no, said Rufus, it would be dangerous to make the experiment; besides, I can tell you he is an inconvertible man. You must either see him as he is, or never see him at all. Is it possible to see him! It is; I have prevailed with him, and brought him and his family over. Holy Virgin! exclaimed Petilian; where is he? I must see him; I feel I love him; I long to embrace him; I have already forgotten, and I will never recollect, the impropriety of any means, made use of to recover a sinner from the error of this way and to fill a father with a joy like that of God when he embraces a long lost, once prodigal, but now penitent son. Come then, said Rufus, give passage to the finest emotions of the human heart. Your son, saith, in language canonized by both your churches, Father I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants. And he is now saying this, all bereft as he is, in a room in this house, where I have desired him to wait. You have compassion, Petilian—go, run fall on his neck and kiss him, and then let us all, in spite of forms, eat and be merry; for

•Pleasure and praise run through
God's host,

To see a sinner turn:
Then Satan hath a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born."

Begging.—We overtook (says a traveler) many settlers migrating to the west; for when a man gets a little under the weather in affairs, off goes he to the back woods to sun himself. One man started with his whole family of little children, in a hand-barrow, and finding it excited the sympathy of the people, and was profitable, he kept on thus the whole way, and collected two thousand two hundred dollars on the pilgrimage, with which he bought a plantation and is now become a Squire.

A poor, little, short, brown, hog!—A gentleman had five daughters, all of whom he brought up to the useful and respectable characters in life. These daughters married one after another with the consent of their father. The first married a gentleman by the name of Poor—the second a Mr. Little—the third a Mr. Short—the fourth a Mr. Brown—and the fifth a Mr. Hogg.—At the wedding of the latter, her sisters with their husbands, were present; and after the ceremonies of the wedding were over the old gentleman said to his guests—“I have taken great pains to educate my five daughters that they might act well their part in life; and from their advantages and improvements, I fondly hoped that they would do honor to my family; but I find that all my pains, care and expectations have turned out nothing but a Poor, Little, Short, Brown, Hogg!

It seems that ladies were ladies in Jewish years. Isaiah III. By Loxhi's version—“walk displaying the neck, and falsely setting off their eyes with paint; nancing their steps as they go, and with their feet lightly tripping along; the feet-rings, and the net-works, and the crescent; the pendants, and the bracelets, and the thin veils; the tires, and the fetters; the zones, and the perfume-boxes, and the amulets; the rings, and the jewels of the nostrils; the embroidered robes, and the tunicks; and the cloaks, and the little purses; the transparent garments, and the fine linen vests; and the turbans, and the mantles; the well-girt raiment, and the high dressed hair.”

A laundress, who was employed in the family of one of our early governors, said to him, with a sigh, “only think your excellency, how little money would make me happy.” “How little, madam?” asked the governor. “O, dear sir, fifty dollars would make me perfectly happy.” “If that is all, you shall have it;” and immediately presented it to her. She looked at it with joy and thankfulness; but before the governor was out of hearing, “I wish I had a hundred.”

[Boston Galaxy.

Use of a Ghost in a Wine Cellar.—A day or two after my first arrival at Hatton, the Doctor took me into the library, and with the utmost gravity of countenance said to me, “An impression prevails among my servants, that my wine cellar is haunted by a ghost. Now, I don't pretend to say whether there is any foundation for the idea or not; but I do know that it protects my wine; and, therefore, I must insist, on your never alluding to it with any levity.” Then, after a pause, he emphatically added, “If you do, you must take the consequences. You understand me.”—A Pepp's Recollections of Dr. Parr.

AFFECTION.—One of the prettiest specimens of Hindoo poetry relates the history of a youth, who soon after his marriage, being compelled to take a long journey, takes leave of his bride in the garden belonging to the house; there he plants a spikeboard, and enjoins her to watch over it with the most assiduous care. As long as this plant flourishes, said he, all will be fortunate with me, but should it wither away some fatal misfortune will assuredly happen to me. Business of an important nature detained the bridegroom from his home for several years; on his return he assumed the garb of a Hindoo mendicant, in order to see whether his wife had been faithful or no during his absence, thus disguised he calls at his house, and being admitted into the garden, he beholds his wife lost to every pleasure, but that of weeping over the spikeboard, which still flourished under her care.

The following advertisement is copied from a recent number of Ligon's Messenger, an English newspaper published in Paris:

Marriages.—M. Blanet, known during a number of years for facilitating marriages, equally advantageous to the two sexes and whose extensive relations with society warrant the confidence reposed in him, begs to inform that there is at present to marry—1. A young lady, aged 22, of a most agreeable countenance, having 300,000 francs. 2. One, having 150,000 francs. 3. One, having 17,000 francs. Also, three widows, aged 25, 30, and 33, having 10, 15, and 25,000 francs of yearly income. Apply to M. Blanet, No. 29 Rue de Sine, St. German. No letters received unless post paid.

A genuine one.—A lady in this city preceding her maid, a raw Irish girl who had arrived only a few weeks before from her own sweet land, throwing the end of a rope into the cistern and moving it to and fro, went into the yard to enquire the cause, and found that she had lost the pail and was trying to recover it. The lady told her to take the cistern pole and she would soon get it.—“Och, madam!” said she, “I know better nor all that sure, for on my pass go from my own country, Pat Daugherty fell overboard, and sure they did nothing at all, but just throw the end of a rope to him, and he took a hold directly and jumped aboard again.” N. F. E. Post.

A young Cockney lady, whose ideas of country life were formed from reading Thompson's Seasons, received an invitation to spend a few weeks with her aunt, about fifty miles from London; and was completely disappointed at the total absence of that Arcadian simplicity which she pictured herself in a country life. One day however, she considered herself fortunate, by encountering a shepherd returning from the fields, with a crook in his hand. “Youth?” said she, “why have you not your pipe with you?” “Because, madam,” answered he, “I haven't got no backee.” (Cobacco.)

During the late Assizes for Somersetshire, a witness in his examination in chief, described himself as a shoemaker. On being cross examined however, as to the nature of his occupation, he replied that he was a blacksmith.

Who is this Sir? said the Counsel. Did you not tell us that you were a shoemaker? I know I did you! replied the witness, and I say a blacksmith is a shoemaker—vor horses!

In this Court, by a shoemaker is understood a mechanic who makes shoes for men and women, rejoined the lawyer.

Nos, zur! rejoined the witness, that heant right, think there be a cordwainer!—The learned Counsel was completely nonplussed.

When Queen Elizabeth, in one of her processions, soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, visited Shrewsbury, the mayor, on congratulating her on the memorable event, said—“When the King of Spain attacked your Majesty, ergo, he took the wrong side by the ear.” The queen could not help smiling at this and her admiration was further heightened, when, at her departure, he begged permission, “to attend her majesty to the gates!” which stood a mile out of town.

A Scotch preacher lately used this simile in a sermon. “My friends, the steps to free grace are like the fish-market stairs, very slippery, and not easy to get up, even when you get your feet on them for the first time.”

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given, that I shall expose to sale at public vendu, at the town of Aurora, in the county of Dearborn, on Saturday the 18th day of November next, the right, title, interest, claim and demand of York Baker, a vessel, in, over and to inlets No. 164 and 165 in the town of Aurora and in lot No. 7 in the town of Wilmington and county of Dearborn, to take place at the house Mrs. Vanadiums worth, at 12 o'clock on that day—at which time the terms of sale will be made known. By order of the court of probate and court for the settlement of decedents estates in and for Dearborn County. Said estate will be solvent.

WILLIAM TURNER, Adm.

October 21, 1826. 42-3.

MUSEUM

OF FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE,

Is just published by

E. LITTELL, PHILADELPHIA.

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New British Publications.

UNION HOTEL.

THE HOTEL is now fitting out a large and commodious Bunk House, in which he intends to keep a

HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT,

which 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 in his power to render their stay as comfortable and pleasant. His stable will be supplied with the best of provender and a carriageoster. He has made arrangements for a number of the most interesting Newspapers from different parts of the United States.

JOHN SPENCER,

Lawrenceburg, September 8, 1826.

DOCTOR PINCKARD</