

MISCELLANY.

[SELECTED.]

TO MY DEPARTED CAT.

Farewell to thee, Puss! thou art gone to thy rest;
Of all the cat nation the wisest and best;
And my heart strives with feelings too painful to utter,
When I see thee cast out in the desolate gutter.

When through the rat-people, the tidings were spread,
That thou their most fatal destroyed wast dead;
Not a mouse thought of smiling, but all spoke with feeling,
Though so long thou hast kept them from picking and stealing.

Thy manner was playful, but courteous and sage:
'Twas the lightness of youth, with the wisdom of age:

Thy kind heart regarded each cat as a brother, And ne'er said one word to disparage another,

How long didst thou sit by my low, beating fire,

Wrapt up in the musing the hour would inspire! They said, thou wast sleepy and dull: I know better:

Thou'rt the spirit of thought, though not versed in the letter.

Not far hadst thou gone, on life's wearisome way;

And yet care and thinking had made thy hair gray;

The toils thou wast heir to had worn on thy beauty;

For till thy last hour, thou wast faithful in duty.

Oh, shame on the cats! 'twas their duty to meet,

And in sun'ral procession to move through the street;

While ev'ry one, mournfully mewing and weeping,

Should have wailed, that the pride of their nation was sleeping.

But couldst thou have spoken, thou oft wouldst have said,

That cat's love, like man's love, outlive not the dead:

Thou hadst seen, when they died, there was none to deplore them,

Nor poetical kitten sung monodies o'er them.

Well! let the cats go: though ungrateful they be,

There is one will be faithful to mem'ry and thee;

And, while they o'er thy relics unfeelingly trample,

Will charge them, in wrath, to improve thy example.

Oh! couldst thou have furnished some viol a string,

That viol above thee a requiem should sing;

And beastly's gay toe half suspended its light motions,

Thy mem'ry to bless in her ball-room devotions.

But now, thou must hasten to hopeless decay:

The worm and the insect shall bear thee away;

While its head, as in wo, shakes above the thistle,

When through thy worn frame the cool summer gales whistle.

Farewell to thee, Puss! since creation began.

Thus, has death been the portion of cat and of man:

The strongest of bands its cold hand will soon sever,

And cats to their fathers be gathered for ever.

THE WANDERING JEW.

Most of our readers have heard of the popular legend of the "Wandering Jew" the foundation of so many singular stories. In a work, entitled "Queen Mab," privately circulated in London by the deceased Percy Bysshe Shelly, in 1814, we find the following powerful and most extraordinary fragment, on the same subject, which Mr. S. says he translated from a German book he picked up, dirty and torn, some years before, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the title of which he had vainly endeavoured to discover:—

"Ahasuerus, the Jew, crept forth from the dark cave of Mount Carmel. Nearly two thousand years had elapsed since he was first goaded by never-ending restlessness to rove the globe from pole to pole. When our Saviour was wearied with the burden of his ponderous cross and wanted to rest before the door of Ahasuerus, the unfeeling wretch drove him away with brutality. The Saviour of mankind staggered, sinking under the heavy load, but uttered no complaint.

"Lord Gardenstone has an odd way of expressing himself. 'I have remarked,' says he, 'that the men and women and also the horses, are larger and handsomer in Champaigne and Burgundy than any where else.'

"Home, the celebrated author of Douglas, seemed to have been very partial to alliteration; for example:—

"My father feeds his flock a frugal swain—

But when the master matched his mighty mind—

But with the forward he was fierce as fire.'

"Sailors say, we carried away our misery; a thing they are in no way inclined to do particularly in a storm.

"Statesmen and lawyers are sometimes peculiar in their modes of expression.

The Rev. Commissary Blair, who projected the college in the province of Virginia, and was in England to solicit benevolents and a charter, relates, that the queen (Mary), in the king's absence, having ordered the Attorney-General (Seymour) to draw up the charter, which

was to be given with 2000l. in money,

and these, and these were my children! They could die; but I! Dreadful beyond conception is the judgment that hangs over me. Jerusalem fell.—I crushed the sucking babe and precipitated myself into the destructive flames. I cursed the Romans—but alas! alas! the restless curse held me by the hair and I could not die.

"Rome the giantess fell—I placed myself before the falling statue—she fell and did not crush me. Nations sprang up and disappeared before me, but I remained and did not die. From cloud encircled cliffs did I precipitate myself into the ocean; but the foaming billows cast me upon the shore, and the burning arrow of existence pierced my cold heart again.

"I leaped into Etna's flaming abyss, and roared with the giants for ten long months, polluting with my groans the mount's sulphureous mouth. The volcano fermented, and in a fiery stream of lava cast me up. I lay down torn by the torture of snakes of hell amid the glowing cinders, and yet continued to exist. A forest was on fire. I darted on wings of fury and despair into the crackling wood. Fire dropped upon me from the trees, but the flames only singed my limbs; alas! it could not consume them.

"I now mixed with the butchers of mankind, and plunged in the tempest of the raging battle. I roared defiance to the infuriate Gaul, defiance to the victorious German; but arrows and spears rebounded in shivers from my body. The Saracen's flaming faulchion broke upon my skull: balls in vain hissed upon me: the lightnings of battle glared harmless around my loins: in vain did the elephant trample on me; in vain the iron hoof of the wrathful steed!

"The mine big with destructive power burst upon me and hurled me high in air: I fell on heaps of smoking limbs, but was only singed. The giant's steel club rebounded from my body; the executioner's hand could not strangle me;

the tiger's tooth could not pierce me; nor would the hungry lion in the circus devour me. I cohabited with poisonous snakes and pinched the red crest of the dragon. The serpent stung but could not destroy me; the dragon tormented but dared not devour me. I now provoked the fury of tyrants.—I said to Nero, Thou art a bloodhound! I said to Christiern, Thou art a bloodhound! I said to Muley Ismael, Thou art a bloodhound! The tyrants invented cruel tortures but could not kill me. Ha! not to be able to die—not to be able to die—not to be permitted to rest after the toils of life to be doomed to be imprisoned for ever in this clay-formed dungeon—to be for ever clogged with this worthless body—its load of diseases and infirmities—to be condemned to hold for milleniums that yawning monster Same ness, and—Time—that hungry hyena, ever bearing children and ever devouring again her offspring! Ha! not be permitted to die! Awful avenger in heaven, hast thou in thine armoury of wrath a punishment more dreadful? then let it thunder upon me; command a hurricane to sweep me down to the foot of Carmel, that I there may be extended; may pant, and writhe, and die!"

MODES OF EXPRESSION.

Authors are sometimes extremely careless in expressing themselves; others pride themselves on a quaintness or an oddity, which is 'more honoured in the breach than the observance;' for example,

Roger Ascham, describing Lady Jane Grey expresses himself thus:—"At the time," says he, "that the rest of the company were gone out a hunting, and to their other amusements, I found, O Jupiter and all the Gods! this divine young lady reading the *Phœda* of the divine Plato, &c. Surely there was no occasion to disturb Jupiter and the conclave of Olympus, by calling on them thus abruptly.

The reformer Calvin's mode of expression was rather coarse. Luther had in one of his writings called him a disclaimer; and Calvin, to justify himself from such a title, breaks out thus: "Your whole school is nothing but a stinking sty of pigs. Dog! do you understand me? Do you understand me, madam? Do you understand me, you great beast!"

Lord Gardenstone has an odd way of expressing himself. "I have remarked," says he, "that the men and women and also the horses, are larger and handsomer in Champaigne and Burgundy than any where else."

Home, the celebrated author of Douglas, seemed to have been very partial to alliteration; for example:—

"My father feeds his flock a frugal swain—

But when the master matched his mighty mind—

But with the forward he was fierce as fire.'

Sailors say, we carried away our misery; a thing they are in no way inclined to do particularly in a storm.

Statesmen and lawyers are sometimes peculiar in their modes of expression.

The Rev. Commissary Blair, who projected the college in the province of Virginia, and was in England to solicit benevolents and a charter, relates, that the queen (Mary), in the king's absence, having ordered the Attorney-General (Seymour) to draw up the charter, which

was to be given with 2000l. in money,

he opposed the grant, saying, that the nation was engaged in an expensive war, that the money was wanted for better purposes, and he did not see the least occasion for a college in Virginia. Blair represented to him, that its intention was to educate and qualify young men for the ministry of the Gospel much wanted there, and begged Mr. Attorney-General would consider, that the Virginians had souls to be saved as well as the people of England. "Souls!" said he, "d—n your souls! plant tobacco."

The gentle Doctor South could, in argumentative allusion, use such terms as hell and d—nation proof! which is certainly going as far as a point can well be carried.

How came the strange expression of "enjoying a bad state of health?" of all enjoyments this is one we are most anxious to get rid of; yet Giles Jobbins said his wife enjoyed a bad state of health for many years.

By the bye, one of the most common queries of all, made in the way of salutation is very uncouth, however idiomatic it may be; we mean that of "how do you do?"

I have heard of a general officer," says Walpole, "who may be classed with the Archbishop of Grenada." When he was about ninety years of age, he was disturbed by the noise of some young officers diverting themselves with some girls. "Is this, gentlemen, the example that I gave you?"

The Integrity of a Christian and the Generosity of an Infidel.—Compan, a French merchant, having embarked in Egypt, in the prosecution of his business, had the misfortunes to be captured by a pirate of Tripoli, and sold to a rich individual. Though treated with great gentleness, the prospect of hopeless separation from his family and relatives plunged him into deep melancholy. His master having vain endeavoured to comfort him, at length allowed him to revisit his native country, and settle his affairs, on a promise that he would return within a limited period. Compan passed a few months in the bosom of his family, and, like another Regulus, fulfilled his engagement with the generous barbarian. On his arrival at Tripoli, he found the latter overwhelmed with grief on account of the dangerous illness of a beloved wife. "Christian," said he, "you return most opportunely: you see my sufferings. Pray to your God that he would take pity on my wife and myself;—for the prayers of the righteous avail much." Compan instantly fell on his knees, blending his supplications with those of the Moslem; and the fair patient was soon restored to health. Her grateful husband would no longer have an unhappy person in his presence. "Cease," said he, to lament your fate. Gladly would I retain you under my roof, pass my days in your society, and give you my daughter in marriage: but the law of the prophet forbids the union. Accept, then, the only worthy present that I can give, nor thank me till I have merited your gratitude. Receive your freedom,—and take your passage in the vessel which I have loaded.—The cargo is your own; for I would not restore you empty handed to your friends. Go in peace; and may Heaven protect and bless you!"

Improved method of exploding Fire Arms.—The ingenious little instantaneous light machine, in which an air-tight piston moving in a cylinder, the air contained therein becomes so much compressed as to give out its calorific in the state of sensible heat or fire, has recently, says the London Monthly Magazine, been substituted for flint and steel, or detonating locks, for the purpose of exploding fire arms, and a patent obtained accordingly; the cylinder is concealed in the stock of the piece, and the piston is moved by a powerful helical spring.

TO BE LET.

ON the most reasonable terms my lucrative TAVERN and FARM in the town of Napoleon in Ripley, county. It consists of a large HOUSE, BARN, STABLES & SMOKER-HOUSE, together with eighty acres of highly improved Land, an orchard now bearing of 200 fruit trees. The Tavern stand is one of the best in the state, being at the intersection of eight public roads leading to every part of the state. To an industrious man the rent will be extremely moderate. Possession to be had the first day of March next. Application to be made to

Wm. WILSON, Postmaster.

Napoleon, Dec. 8, 1826. 49-1f

John Columbia, vs. Elizabeth D. Jones, an infant, and heir at law of John Jones, dec'd, & John Reedy her Guardian.

WHEREAS the above named John Columbia has filed in the clerk's office of the Dearborn Circuit Court his petition, praying the said court to appoint a commissioner to convey real estate therein described to him. This is to notify the aforesaid Elizabeth D. Jones and John Reedy, her guardian, who are made defendants to said petition, that they be and appear before the Judges of said court, on the first day of the next term of said court, to be held on the 1st Monday in April next, in the town of Lawrenceburg, and there to make answer to said petition, or that the said court will proceed to act thereon in their absence.

G. H. Duno, atty.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

Dec. 29, 1826. 51

FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.

STOLEN from the stable of the Subscribers living in Caesar Creek township, Dearborn county, Indiana, on Sunday night last, a large CHESTNUT SORREL MARE, fifteen hands high; some white in her face; blind of the left eye; about seven years old; hind feet white.—The above reward will be given for the Mare and Thief or \$10 for the Mare alone.

TETRARCH FOHL.

January 13, 1827. 1-tp.

DANIEL J. CASWELL, COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Office on Front Street, Cincinnati, near the Hotel Hamilton and Butler, and in the District and circuit courts of the United States, for the District of Ohio; also, in the county of Dearborn, and in the Supreme court of the state of Indiana.

April 15, 1825. 15

N. G. HOWARD, COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Lawrenceburg, Indiana, will faithfully attend to professional business intrusted to him. He will attend the courts in the 3d circuit, also the Supreme and U. States courts at Indianapolis. Office on High Street, opposite the Clerk's Office.

Feb. 25, 1826. 8-1f

DOCTOR PINCKARD,

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Lawrenceburg and Dearborn county, Indiana, and to those of Boone county, Ky and Hamilton county, Ohio. Residence Lawrenceburg, at Mr. Hunt's Hotel. Office on High street below the Market house.

Lawrenceburg, May 11, 1826. 91-1f

DOCTOR H. J. BOWERS

OFFERS his professional service to the citizens of Lawrenceburg and its vicinity, to practice

PHYSIC, SURGERY, AND MIDWIFERY.

Any calls in the line of his profession will be punctually attended to. Office on High Street, opposite the Palladium Printing Office.

October 28, 1826. 42-t

DISSOLUTION:

THE PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between JOHN SPENCER, D. V. CULLEY, & Co. in the Palladium printing establishment, is this day dissolved by mutual consent of the parties. The business of his office will hereafter be conducted by M. Gregg and D. V. Culley, to whom all debts due the said office are payable.

JOHN SPENCER,
M. GREGG,
D. V. CULLEY.

Lawrenceburg, Jan. 8, 1827.

MUSEUM

OF FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE,

Just published by
E. LITTELL, PHILADELPHIA.

Contents for Number 11, for November.

Portrait of Nathaniel Chapman, M. D.

1. Lingard's History of England. From the Edinburgh Review.

2. The Mourner for the Bramcides. From the New Monthly Magazine.

3. Wilson's American Ornithology. From Blackwood's Magazine.

</