

MISCELLANY.

TO BE AN EDITOR.

A PARODY—BY HERODOTUS NIB, ESQ.

Att—“I’d be a butterfly, born in a bowser.”

I’d be an Editor, mew’d in a garret,
Where cobwebs in dusty manificence hang,
With a sturdy chair, & no rivals to share it,
And a hat full of politics, verses and slang;
I’d never fret about talents or merit,
I’d never cawskin, or challenge, or flout;
I’d be an editor mew’d in a garret,
Ready to wear my coat either side out;
I’d be an editor—I’d be an editor,
Luck to the coat, be it inside or out.

O, I would pilfer the wit of my betters!
Scissors should minister all to my needs;
Then I should look like a rare man of letters,
If duns did not warrant the title indeed.
He who has wealth, must be watchful and wary,
He who has office look out for his nose;
I’d be an editor, here high and airy,
Rock’d on sublimity—when the wind blows.
I’d be an editor—I’d be an editor,
Rock’d in my garret, and safe in repose.

What thou’st you tell me that more kicks than
dollars
Fall to the venter of typical lore,
Yet are the purses of gentlemen scholars
Free to the bottom—and who could ask more?
Some in life’s winter may toil to discover
Favors for fortune which never will rust,
I’d be an editor living above her:
Seeking for nothing but glory and—trust.
I’d be an editor—duce take the creditor,
Writing for glory and printing on trust.

From the Providence Patriot.

FEMALE MUTABILITY.

I gave her a rose—and I gave her a ring,
And I asked her to marry me then;
But she sent them all back—the insensible thing,
And said she’d no notion of men.
I told her I’d oceans of money and goods,
And tried her to fright with a growl;
But she answer’d she wasn’t brought up in the
To be scared by the shade of an owl. [woods,
I called her a baggage and every thing bad—
I lighted her feature and form—
Till at length I succeeded in getting her mad,
And she raged like a sea in a storm.
And then in a moment I turned and I smiled,
And I call’d her my angel and all;
And she fell in my arms like a wearisome child,
And exclaimed—“we will marry next fall!”

From the New York American.

THE FIRST SHOT.

A HISTORICAL FACT.

“By Jove,” cried little Jules, one bright morning in July, “if I only had a gun,”—and he pushed away with indignation the chesnut ringlets that clustered round his youthful forehead, struck the table with his clenched fist, his young blood boiling in his veins, at the sight of friends and brothers murdered in cold blood: then he approached the window, and leaning his smooth and burning cheeks against the panes, which shook with the firing of the royal troops, his eyes filled with tears of grief and indignation as he beheld the terrible massacre in the street, and gazed on the results of a monarch’s stupidity and a court’s corruption. “Mamma, mamma!” he exclaimed, “only look; there are some poor fellows carried off on a litter; they must be dead or dying.” “Oh my God! Jules come from the window.”—“And look, there are some who have just fallen, bruised and wounded. By Jove, if I only had a gun.” His mother alarmed at Jules, extreme agitation, drew him from the window, and endeavored to divert his mind; but he escaped from her kind solicitude, ran up the stairs, four steps at a time, into the garret, where, among other antiques, he found an old, and rather rusty, musket, and little Jules clapped his hands in ecstasy and exclaimed, “By Jove, I have got a gun at last.” It was rather heavy for so youthful and inexperienced an arm—but what is impossible to a generous and intrepid heart, though it beat in the bosom of a boy of twelve?—Little Jules raised the musket which just suited him, stepped down stairs with his precious burden, “paede suspenso,” for fear of alarming his anxious and watchful mother. But when Jules got into the street he found his rusty and heavy musket not loaded.—Luckily, as he thought, a grocer’s store stood next to his mother’s house; he ran into the shop and exclaimed, “Do not be alarmed, I am your friend Jules; load my gun, good fellow, and make haste, by Jove, I will give it to them yet.” “What!” cried the astonished grocer; “you too?” “Load it, load it, and don’t talk to me,” replied Jules. “But you are too young to fight,” remonstrated the friendly grocer, “they will kill you, Jules: do you not hear the cannons, and the dreadful firing? just listen.” But Jules stamped his foot and answered only, “By Jove old man, do not chatter so, but load my gun;” and the grocer finding all entreaties vain, did as he was commanded, and loaded the gun. Jules, after casting one lingering and affectionate glance at the windows of his mother’s house, rushed into the street, already strewed with dead bodies. “Oh my God!” he murmured to himself; though even at this dreadful sight the courage of the boy failed him but for a moment. Just in front of him was a regiment of the King’s household troops. An officer in glittering uniform, with a drawn sword, and threatening gestures, was leading them on to a new and ruthless charge. Jules gazed for a moment at

the terrific scowl, and imperious voice, with which the officer encouraged the massacre, and murmured once more to himself. “By Jove, I have got a gun!” He posted himself behind a low wall, rested his musket on the top of it, took a long and deliberate aim, and fired. The officer in brilliant uniform fell from his horse, shot directly through the heart. Jules rushed into his house, ran to his mother’s room and told her in triumph how he had killed “his country’s foe.” And the trembling mother pressed him in silence to her beating heart; and had engraved on the old musket these few but expressive words: “Paris, July 23, 1830.”

Long Dip.—An accident lately happened to a commercial gentleman, who in the course of his business, had occasion to enter a soap and candle manufactory in Change Alley, London, which as it has been unattended with serious consequences, may be repeated for amusement. The gentleman alluded to was descending some steps adjoining the melting vat, when his foot slipped and he was precipitated into the agreeable liquid. A workman who was standing by, seized him as he rose; but from the unctious nature of his covering, he was again consigned to the vat. A second pull extricated the sufferer, in the shape of a tremendous candle, the whole outward man being encased with tallow. *London paper.*

Mechanics’ Wives.—Speaking of the middle ranks of life, a good writer observes—There we behold woman in all her glory; not a doll to carry silks and jewels, not a puppet to be dangled and flattered by fops, an idol for profane adoration; revered to-day, discarded to-morrow, always jostled out of the place which nature and society would assign her by sensuality or by contempt; admired, but not respected; desired, but not esteemed; ruling by passion, not affection; imparting her weakness, not her constancy, to the sex which she should exalt; the source and mirror of vanity;—we see her as a wife partaking the cares, and cheering the anxiety of a husband; dividing his labors by her domestic diligence, spreading cheerfulness around her; for his sake sharing the decent refinements of the world without being vain of them; placing all her pride, all her joy, all her happiness in the merited approbation of the man she loves. As a mother, we find her the affectionate, the ardent instructress of the children she has tended from their infancy; training them up to thought and virtue, to meditation and benevolence; addressing them as rational beings and preparing them to become men and women in their turn.—Mechanics daughters make the best wives in the world.

When Captain Perry was preparing for his first expedition to the pole, sage conjectures were afloat, both from the learned and unlearned. To reach the Pacific through a region of ice was certainly deemed impracticable and every attempt has, as yet, demonstrated the fact. Two honest farmers in our neighborhood had received a newspaper giving all the particulars of the intended expedition, and long, long they tried to conjecture what the pole was, and the reason why all this bustle was going on.—“Stop,” says Peter Davidson, “I see it now; just look at that grunstone—that’s the yearth and the iron axletree is the pole.” “Well,” says Rab Scott, “what o’ a’ that; what can Perry do wi’ the axletree of the yearth, can he make it any better?” Our geographical hero, not the least daunted, immediately replied, “He canna make it better, Rob, that I ken; but you know we have had some severe weather these two winters back, and something maun be wrang and sae ye ken, Perry’s just gone to oil the pole, to make it go round better.”

Greenock Adv.

Young Welding outdone! In the coffee room at the Bush Tavern, Bristol, the conversation of the company touched on the subject respecting the real or imaginary existence of Mermaids, when one of the party declared in favor of the affirmative: “Oh! real beyond doubt; I have seen seven or more at one time, the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld, with long black hair, and their young ones sucking at their breasts.” The worthy and facetious host of the Bush replied, “Sir, Capt. —, of the —, informed me that one Sunday morning a Merman had suddenly appeared to his men, dressed in gay attire, with his hair frizzled and powdered as white as a full grown cauliflower, and demanded to know if the captain was on board. The captain soon appeared on deck. The Merman addressed him as follows: ‘Sir, I shall feel particularly obliged by your giving orders for your anchor to be taken up, as it lays against my street door and prevents my family from going to church.’”

Matrimony. Governor Pope, of Arkansas, was recently complimented with a public dinner by the citizens of Washington in that territory. According to an Arkansas paper, the Governor delivered a speech, in which he descanted on the importance to a new country of early matrimonial connexions. The following account of that part of his Excellency’s speech is highly entertaining.

“At the muster the other day, in the general aspect of the people in this quarter, the Governor said he had been reminded of old Kentucky—of open, generous Kentuckians—but he had discovered in this country, to his great grief and mortification, a larger proportion of single men and bachelors than he had ever seen elsewhere, and a greater aversion or indifference to matrimony. This seems to be (continued the Governor) an evil of serious magnitude, and to demand radical reform. According to the best estimate he had been able to make, there had been born in Arkansas, within the last twelve months, from 1000 to 1200 children—and if the single men and bachelors would marry, and do their duty to God and their country, this territory would soon become a state without the aid of strangers. In a country where the means of subsistence are so easily procured, there is no apology for remaining single. Many gentlemen are reluctant to encounter the trouble and expense of a wife and family—but a man who will not bazzard much to make himself and a fine girl happy, can hardly be relied on to meet the toils and perils of war when his country is in danger. Permit me to tell you, gentlemen, that the ladies are ardent in their attachments, and grateful for a faithful return; and if a husband will only prefer the company of his wife to the grog shop, gaming table, or other place of idle amusement, and convince her that she is, of all things, nearest to his heart, she will work her fingers to the quick to sustain him, if he should be even a little lazy and worthless. Woman is the best gift of heaven to man, and he that does not accept it, hardly deserves a seat in heaven. I have (continued the Governor) passed two days in this town, and rarely been cheered by the appearance of a lady. It seems to be a town of bachelors. On Saturday he supposed the ladies were too much occupied with their domestic concerns to be visible, but hoped that on Sunday he should see in this respectable, wealthy, and populous county a numerous assemblage of both sexes at church, in the town, or near it; but, to his surprise, he was informed, on Sunday morning, that there was no preaching in the town or neighborhood, and that the preachers rarely came to Washington, because there were so few ladies in the place. The Governor said the idea was novel to him, but, on reflection, he did not censure the preachers, for how can they expect that the glad tidings of the Gospel will penetrate the hearts of sinners who are insensible to the charms of woman?”

The marriage ceremony is encumbered with some old fashioned burdensome regulations in the State of Delaware, while in Pennsylvania the ceremony is performed as easily as putting a halter on a horse. This occasions many a fond couple to ride over the State line, in Pennsylvania, till Marcus Hook and Chester, have become like Gretna Green. A short time since, a couple stopped at a tavern a few miles this side of the line. The lady looked timid, and the man looked anxious. “Is there a minister here?” said he. The tavern keeper being a wit and a wag, he said, “I’ll bet you a dollar you want to get married. Send for a squire, he’ll do just as well and a—deal quicker.” A squire was sent for, who was a novice in the business, having just got his commission. Never was there such a marriage since Isaac took Rebecca. There were more mistakes and corrections than among novices in a country dance. But at last the worthy squire finished the ceremony by saying, “I denounce you as man and wife.”

A Snorer.—In days of yore, when it was fashionable to wear the hair in a queue, a countryman was heard one Sunday snoring most sonorously at church. As he very much annoyed the congregation, the minister despatched the deacon to awaken him. The deacon approached on his tip-toe, and was about to give him a smart jog, when, what was his astonishment to find his eyes wide open. “My gracious!” exclaimed the deacon, “who ever seed the like? a man snoring with his eyes open! Surely it is a judgment upon him for sleeping at church.” A crowd gathered around, and various were the remarks made on the subject of the miracle, when it was finally discovered by an old lady in specs, that the poor man’s hair was tied so close to his head as effectually to prevent him from closing his eyes.

New York American.

The Duke of Montague, from whom the Duke of Buccleugh inherits so large a portion of his fine estates, was a great humorist. Among other original modes in which he contrived to minister to his own amusement, he had a defective looking-glass hung in his own drawing room; so that all the noble guests who chanced to dine at Montague House were induced on passing the treacherous mirror, to adjust their wigs awry. In that day a full dress wig was as essential as a full dress coat; and his Grace’s dinner table commonly presented an assemblage of noble lords with their perukes dragged down into the right eye; each wondering at his neighbor’s disorderly appearance, and congratulating himself that by having settled his wig in the drawing room he had escaped from the absurdity disfiguring the rest of the company.

Two bloods recently entered a tavern, where they had frequently resorted, and calling for a supper and two bottles of champagne, informed their host that they had laid a wager of such a repast as they had ordered, but as it was not yet decided, they hoped he would wait for his pay until the decision, and then charge the amount to the loser. The landlord assented, and they sat down to a hearty supper. When they had finished, *mine host* had the curiosity to ask what was the nature of the bet, and he was not a little chagrined when he received for answer that it originated in a dispute as to the direction the brick meeting house steeple would take, should it ever fall. The one bet it would fall east and the other west.

Martyrdom at the Stake.—Wm. Martyn, a clergyman settled in Buckfield, Virginia, was travelling with two friends a short time since, and passed through the pleasant town of Bennington, Vt. At dinner, a beef steak was placed before Mr. Martyn, who was so much engrossed in attending to the call of his appetite, that he uttered not a word during the meal. One of his companions remarked that he was very sorry to be a witness to so melancholy a spectacle as *Martyrdom at the stake*.

When Dr. Franklin was first presented to the Queen of France, it was in company with several distinguished foreigners who, according to etiquette, knelt before her majesty, and kissed her hand. When the Doctor’s turn came he walked up, and suddenly putting his arm around her majesty’s neck, gave her a hearty smack on the cheek, at the same time exclaiming, “That’s the Yankee fashion!” It is said the Queen was highly pleased with the salute, although so different from that to which she had been accustomed to receive from foreign ministers.

A Hot Place.—A preacher in this city who is famous for the fiery nature of his discourses, during the late excessive warm weather, is said to have described hell as being so much hotter than any thing of which his audience had any knowledge, that if a man who had been there long enough to get thoroughly inured to it, should be suddenly transported into a furnace glowing with the hottest Lehigh, he would freeze to death in five minutes.

N. Y. Constellation.

A sailor looking serious in a chapel in Boston, was asked by the clergyman if he felt any change? the tar put his hand in his pocket and replied, I have not a cent.

A sailor being on the eve of his departure on board a man of war, which was going on a cruise, halloo’d to some of his shipmates, and enquired “if they had seen an empty bag with a clean shirt in it.”

Chaps and Lips.—A pretty girl was lately complaining to a friend that she had a cold, and was sadly plagued in her lips by chaps. “Friend,” said Obediah, “thee should never suffer the chaps to come near thy lips.”

The following facetious anecdote is copied from the Pendleton Messenger: **Convention—Nullification—Disunion.**—We heard the following anecdote a few days ago. A fellow who had come off victorious in a street fight was accosted by an acquaintance, “Why, John what have you been doing?”—“Nothing only Mike and I have just had a Convention—I was about to Nullify him, but he cried out, Disunion.”

A French lady of quality, seeing the funeral procession of her husband exclaimed, “Ah, how happy would my poor husband be if he could see this sight, as he was remarkably fond of ceremonies.”

At Hartford, a family named Cherry, lies interred—and three grave stones record the dates, &c. of their interment as follows:—
Learn, readers—all who now pass by,
Near to this spot three cherries lie;
Beneath this turf they’ve placed their bones,
And for them they raised three cherry stones.

OHIO REFORMED MEDICAL COLLEGE, WORTHINGTON.

BY and with the advice and consent of the Reformed Medical Society of the United States, the New Reformed Medical Institution has been located in Worthington, an interesting and flourishing town on the Whetstone river, eight miles north of Columbus, on the northern turnpike. This site has been chosen because it presents the greatest advantages to facilitate the researches of the Botanical student—the country around it abounding with every variety of medicinal plants; and the situation being the most healthy and delightful in the Western country—and because the occupancy of the large College Edifice, together with ground of every variety of soil for an extensive Botanical Garden has been presented to us by the Board of Trustees of Worthington College.

There will be attached to the Institution, a Dispensary for analyzing and preparing Vegetable medicines; and an Infirmary, where persons from the neighborhood or a distance, labouring under Fevers, Consumptions, Dyspepsia, Liver complaints, Gravel, Ulcers, Fistulas, Cancers, &c. &c. will be successfully treated, without bleeding, mercury, or the knife, and from which the student will acquire a correct knowledge of the nature, operation, and superior efficacy of vegetable agents in removing disease.

The necessity for an Institution of this kind, in the West, to be under the direction of competent Professors is strikingly evident. It is an institution that is designed to concentrate, and disseminate, all the knowledge and discoveries of Doctors of Medicine and empirics, sages and savages; and that will demonstrate to the student and the sick that Vegetables alone, afford the only rational, safe, and effectual means of removing disease, without impairing the constitution, or endangering life or limb. That the present system of Practice, which treats diseases of every form, with Metallic minerals, the Lancet or the Knife, is dangerous, inefficient—the lamentable facts which every day present too fully illustrate. Nor is this truth more clearly exhibited, than the fact, that Vegetable substances alone, are void of danger, and powerfully efficient when properly administered; a reference to the success of our New York Infirmary, and the success of ignorant Botanical physicians, prove this fact.

The College and Infirmary will be opened the first week in December, where students from all parts may enter and complete their Medical education, and where persons labouring under every species of disease shall receive prompt and faithful attention.

The course of study to be pursued, and which will be taught according to the OLD and the REFORMED systems, by Lectures, Recitations, Examinations and suitable text books, is, 1. Anatomy and Physiology. 2. Old and Reformed Surgery. 3. Theory and Practice of Medicine. 4. The old and an improved system of Midwifery, with the diseases of women and children. 5. Materia Medica, with practical and general Botany. 6. Medical & Botanical Chemistry and Pharmacy. 7. Stated Lectures on collateral Science—Moral and Mental philosophy—Phrenology—Medical Jurisprudence—Comparative Anatomy—Medical History, &c. &c.

By attending this Institution, the Student will acquire a correct knowledge of the Present practice of physicians—a knowledge of the use, and abuse, of Minerals, the Lancet, Obstetrical Forceps and the Knife, and a knowledge of a new and improved system, that supercedes their use, with ten fold more safety and success. There will be no specified time to complete a course of study; whenever the student is qualified he may graduate and receive a Diploma—some will pass in one year, others will require more.

REQUISITIONS FOR ADMISSION.

1. A certificate of good moral character. 2. A good English education.

TERMS.—The price of qualifying a person to practice, including a Diploma, and access to all the advantages of the Institution, will be \$150 in advance, or \$75 in advance, and \$100 at the close of his studies. Every advantage given, and some allowance made to those in indigent circumstances. Board will be had at \$1.00 per week, and Books at the western city prices.

Every student on entering Worthington College, will become an honorary member of the Reformed Medical Society of the U. S. from which he will receive a Diploma, and an Annual Report of all the doings and discoveries of its different members, and be entitled to all its constitutional privileges and benefits.

* Those wishing further information will please address a letter (post paid) to Col. G. H. Griswold, or the undersigned, and it shall receive prompt attention.

Students and others, had better beware of the slanders of the present physicians, who know no more about our institution, than they do about Botanical Medicine.

J. J. STEELE, President.

Worthington, Ohio, Oct. 1. 1830. 46-lyr.

ADMINISTRATOR’S NOTICE.

THE subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been appointed administrator for the estate of DANIEL DAVIS, deceased, late of Cincinnati, and has had his authority as such recorded in the probate court of Dearborn county. All persons owing said deceased are required to make payment to the subscriber; and all persons having accounts against said deceased, will present them duly authenticated within the time prescribed by law, at the subscriber’s place of residence in Cincinnati, or by depositing them in the clerk’s office of the Dearborn probate court. It is believed that said estate will be solvent.

Israel Wilson,

Administrator of the estate of Daniel Davis, dead.

December 9, 1830, 49-3w*

INDIANA PALLADIUM,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

DAVID V. CULBERT,

Publisher of the Laws of the United States.

TERMS. The Palladium is printed weekly, on super royal paper, at THREE DOLLARS, per annum paid at the end of the year; but which may be discharged by the payment of TWO DOLLARS in advance, or by paying TWO DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS at the expiration of six months.

Those who receive their papers by the mail carrier, must pay the carriage, otherwise it will be added to their subscription.

Two cents per pound, in CASH will be paid for any quantity of clean Linen and Cotton RAGS, at this office.