

MISCELLANY.

SONG,

BY T. MOORE.

Who'll buy—tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?
We've toys to suit all ranks and ages;
Besides our usual fools' supply,
We've lots of playthings too, for sages.
For reasoners here's a juggler's cup,
That fullest seems when nothing's in it;
And nine pins set, like systems, up,
To be knocked down the following minute.
Who'll buy—tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?

Gay caps we here of fool's cap make,
For bards to wear in dog-day weather;
Or bards the bells alone may take,
And leave to wits the cap and feather.
Tetotums we've for patriots got,
Who court the mob with antics humble;
Alike their short and dizzy lot,
A glorious spin, and then—a tumble.
Who'll buy, &c. &c.

Here misers may their bones inter
In shrouds of neat post-obit paper;
While for their heirs, we've quicksilver,
That, fast as heart can wish, will coper.
For aldermen we've deals true,
That tell no hour but that of dinner;
For courtly persons sermons new,
That suit alike both saint and sinner.
Who'll buy, &c. &c.

No time we've now to name our terms,
But whatso'er the whims that seize you,
This oldest of all mortal firms,
Folly and Co. will try to please you.
Or should you wish a darker hue
Of goods than we can recommend you;
Why then—as we with lawyers do—
To knavery's shop, next door, we'll send you.
Who'll buy, &c. &c.

From the "Court and Camp of Napoleon."

Josephine.

Marie Josephine Rose, daughter of Joseph Gaspard Tascher de la Pagerie, was born in the island of Martinique, on the 23d of June, 1763, and married to the Viscount Alexander Beauharnais on the 13th of December, 1779.—Their marriage was an unhappy one, and they separated, but were again reconciled. On the 22d of July, 1794, he was executed. So cheerless were her prospects after his death, that her son Eugene, afterwards Viceroy of Italy, was bound apprentice to a joiner, while his sister Hortense, the future Queen of Holland, was sent to learn the business of a seamstress.

Napoleon thus explains the circumstance which had brought about his acquaintance with her. "While he commanded in Paris in 1795, a fine youth, about 12 years of age, presented himself to the staff, to solicit the return of a sword, which had belonged to his father, a general in the service of the republic, who had been murdered by Robespierre. This youth was Eugene Beauharnais. Bonaparte caused the request to be complied with; and the tears of the boy on beholding the relic, excited his interest. He treated him so kindly, that the next day his mother Josephine waited on the general, to thank him. Napoleon was struck with the singular gracefulness of her manners; the acquaintance became intimate and tender, and on the 10th of March, 1797, they were married. Josephine was one of those who put faith in presentiments and prophecies—there is a tradition at Martique, that, during her childhood, it was predicted by a celebrated negro sorceress, that she would one day raise to a dignity higher than that of a Queen, and yet outlive it.

Napoleon quitted his wife 10 days after they were married; the following are the extracts from letters he wrote her—

"By what art is that you have been able to captivate all my faculties, and to concentrate in yourself my moral existence? It is a magic, my sweet love, which will finish only with my life. To live for Josephine—there is the history of my life. I am trying to reach you—I am dying to be near you. Fool I am, I do not perceive that I increase the distance between us! What a time before you read these weak expressions of a troubled soul, in which you reign! Ah! my adorable wife, I know what fate awaits me, but if it keeps me much longer from you, it will be insupportable. I stop, my sweet love, my soul is sad—my body is fatigued—my head is giddy—men disgust me! I ought to hate them—they separate me from my beloved. Do not be uneasy—love me as your eyes—but is that enough—as yourself—your mind—your all. Sweet love, forgive me—I am sinking—Nature is weak for him that feels strongly—for him whom you love!"

She was present at the campaign against Wermser. When she saw the wounded, she was seized with fear, and wept bitterly on greeting Napoleon, who exclaimed "Wermser shall pay dearly for the tears he caused you to shed."

Junot endeavoured to excite Napoleon's jealousy. "I know not what I would give," (said Napoleon to Bourraine) "if what Junot has been telling me, should be untrue, so great do I love that woman. If Josephine be really guilty, a divorce shall separate us forever. I will not submit to be the laughing stock of the imbeciles of Paris. I will write to Josephine."

The following is a letter he wrote, which was taken from the Courier by Lord Nelson. "I think of being in France in two months. I recommend my interests to thee. I have much, much domestic chargin, for the veil is entirely removed. Thou only remaintest to me on earth; thy friendship is very dear to me. To make me a mere misanthrope, nothing is wanting but to lose thee, and see thee betray me. It is my sad position to have at the same time all the sentiments for the same person in my heart. Thou understandest me! Arrange it so that I may have a country seat at my arrival, either in the neighborhood of Paris or in Burgundy. I reckon on passing the winter there and shutting myself up. I am weary of human nature! I have need of solitude and retirement. Grandeur is irksome—feeling is dried up; glory is insipid. At nine and twenty years

of age, I have exhausted every thing; it only remains for me to become in sad sin-cerity, a creature wrapped up in selfishness. Adieu! my only friend! I have never been unjust towards thee! Thou understandest me!" She was remarkably extravagant. Her debts at one time amounted to 50,000/- of the article of shawls she had no less than 150 different kinds.

Whenever she could, she would accompany Napoleon on his journey. If he stepped in his carriage at midnight, to set out on the longest journey, he found her already prepared. "But (he would say) you cannot possibly go; the journey will be too fatiguing for you." "Not at all," she would reply—"Besides I must set out instantly." "Well I am quite ready." "But you must take a great deal of luggage." "Oh no! every thing is packed up," and Napoleon was generally obliged to yield.

Napoleon used to call her his memorandum book. He used to say "that she was grace personified. If I gain battles, it is she who wins hearts."

She hated every kind of restraint and ostentation, and would often say "how all this fatigues and annoys me! I have not a moment to myself."

In 1800 she observed, "Those were Napoleon's worst enemies who wished to inspire him with Ideas of hereditary succession."

On the 5th December 1809, Napoleon announced to the Imperial council, that at the expense of the sweetest affections of his heart, and devoted wholly to the welfare of the state, had resolved to separate from his well beloved consort. Josephine then

appeared, and in a speech interrupted by her repeated sobs, expressed her acquiescence.

Napoleon after the divorce, always treated the ex-empress with great respect; before he set out and whenever he returned from the wars, he always went to see her. He used to grasp her arm familiarly and say "come along and show me your pictures," with which request she always complied.

She sometimes called Napoleon "her Achilles,"—her Cid." On the 29th of May 1814 she died, from the sore throat. On the 2d of June she was buried in the Parish church of Ruel. Her body has since been placed in the magnificent tomb of white marble, erected by her two children, with the simple inscription, "Eugenet et Hortense, A. Josephine."

To APPRENTICES.—When serving your apprenticeship, you will have time and opportunity to stock your minds with much useful information. The only way for a young man to prepare himself for usefulness, is to devote himself to study all his leisure hours. First, be industrious in your business—never complain that you are obliged to work; go to it with alacrity and cheerfulness, and it will become a habit that will make you beloved by your master or employer; make it your business to see to and promote his interest; by taking care of his, you will learn to take care of your own.

Young men of the present day are too fond of getting rid of work; they seek for easy and lazy employments, and frequently turn out to be poor miserable vagabonds. You must avoid all wishes to live without labor; labor is a blessing instead of a curse; it makes men healthy, it procures them food, clothing, and every other necessary, and frees them from temptations to be dishonest.

Next to your hard labor, you should be constant in the labor of your mind. You can never hope to rise to a respectable standing in the world, without long persevering, and constant application to study. When you read, you must not throw away your time by reading novels and romances; you must study natural and moral philosophy, geography, history, and the arts. Let not a large book discourage you, or a long history or other work prevent you from reading it through. When you have read, reflect upon what you have perused, revolve them in your own mind, and endeavor to understand their meaning and utility, so that you may readily apply them to all the ordinary purposes of life. If you do not understand and comprehend what you read you may as well let reading alone. You must deny yourselves of the amusements enjoyed by most young men, if you would prepare yourself for being a respectable old man.

LOVER'S LEAP—

BY PROXY.

In Merrick's History of Haverhill, the following story is given as a historical fact. One Joseph Whitaker, who was quartered in the garrison of that town in its early settlement, had become smitten with the charms of one Mary W—, residing there.

Long he had wished to declare his passion to her, but he had not the courage. At length Joseph nerved his shrinking courage, and with a palpitating heart, and in broken accent, made a declaration of his love, and closed the harangue by offering her his heart and hand. Mary heard his story very attentively, and then flatly refused to have any thing to do with him. What a hard hearted creature! Joseph was somewhat staggered at so prompt a denial, but determined not to suffer her to escape so easily. He pleaded his cause most manfully; but all was in vain—she remained as stubborn and hard hearted as at first.

As a last resource, he told her that if she did not accept his offer, "he would go and jump into the well." This was truly a desperate resolution; but it had no effect on the cruel heart of the maiden—she still persisted in her refusal. Joseph then rose, probably from a kneeling posture, and casting a long and lingering look on the unfeeling girl, left the garrison. He went to the well; and looking into the "deep and dark abyss," anxiously weighed the matter before he took the final leap. It was a stern re-

solve, he thought of it earnestly—he wavered, and at last determined not to throw away his life for such a hard hearted creature.

While "casting himself about" to see how he could escape from his sad dilemma, and still preserve some appearance of having done the deed, a new idea happily flashed across his cranium. A large log was laying near, which he resolved should be the Joseph to jump into the well, instead of himself. Soon as this commendable determination was formed, he seized the log, plunged it into the "watery deep," and immediately concealed himself behind the curb.

But where was Mary all this while? She had been listening attentively at the door, half sorry that she had denied him so long, and hardly believing that he would commit so rash an act. But when she heard the heavy plunge of Wooden Joseph, her heart completely relented, and oh! how fervently she then wished she had not refused his offer! She hastily ran to the well, and bending over the curb with an agonising heart exclaimed, "Oh Joseph! Joseph! Joseph! if you are in the land of the living I will have you." Joseph saw and heard the whole, and his heart leaped for joy at this intelligence—immediately leaving the place of his concealment, he rushed into her arms, "Oh Mary! Mary! I will take you at your word!"

The long embrace—the mutual reconciliation—the many tears of joy—and long years of happiness that followed, we will not attempt to describe.

Treasures of the Deep.—When we reflect on the number of curious ornaments consigned to the bed of the ocean in the course of every naval war from the earliest times, our conceptions are greatly raised respecting the multiplicity of lasting memorials which man is leaving of his labours.

During our last great struggle with France, 32 of our ships of the line went to the bottom in the space of 22 years, besides seven

fifty gun ships, 86 frigates, and a multitude of smaller vessels. The natives of the other European powers, France, Holland, Spain and Denmark, were almost annihilated during the same period, so that the aggregate of their losses must have many times exceeded that of Great Britain. In every one of these ships were batteries of canon constructed of iron or brass, whereof

a great number had the dates and places inscribed upon them in letters cast in metal. In each there were coins of copper, silver, and often many of gold, capable of serving as valuable historical monuments; in each were an infinite variety of instruments of the arts of war and peace, many formed of materials such as glass and earthen-ware, capable of lasting for indefinite ages—when once removed from the mechanical action of the waves and buried under a mass of matter which may exclude the corroding action of the sea water. But the reader must not imagine that the fury of war is more conducive than the peaceful spirit of commercial enterprise to the accumulation of wrecked vessels in the bed of the sea.

From an examination of Loyd's Lists, from the year 1793, to the commencement of 1829, it has appeared that the number of British vessels alone, lost during that period, amounted, on an average to not less than one and a half daily, a greater number than we

should have anticipated, although we learn from Moreau's tables, that the number of merchant vessels employed at one time in the navigation of England and Scotland amounts to about 20,000, having one with another a mean burden of 120 tons. Out of

551 ships, of the Royal Navy, lost to the country during the period above mentioned, only 160 were taken or destroyed by the enemy, the rest having either stranded or foundered, or having been burnt by accident;—a striking proof that the dangers of our naval warfare however great, may be far exceeded by the storm, the hurricane, the shoal, and all other perils of the deep.

Lyell's Geology.

Which he Warrants for durability and workmanship, equal to any in the western country; which he will dispose of, on reasonable terms. Persons wishing to purchase, will please call and judge for themselves.

WM. N. ROGERS.

Feb. 11, 1832.

To the Public.

THE undersigned have just received from New Orleans, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, a large and general assortment of

GROCERIES, &c.

Which they are now opening, and offer for sale on very reasonable terms, consisting, in part, of

TEAS best quality;

Imported and Domestic Liquors;

Spices; Window-Glass,

All sizes; Nails, well assorted;

Iron; Sugar; Coffee;

MACKEREL, RASINS,

And many other articles.—All of which will be sold at Wholesale or Retail, at their House in Lawrenceburg, opposite the store of Enoch D. John.

THOMAS SHAW,

ISAAC PROTZMAN.

March 29th, 1832. 11-1f

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber has just received from Philadelphia, and is now opening, a splendid stock of

NEW GOODS

At his old stand; where he is prepared to wait on his Customers and all those who may think proper to give him a call.

JOHN P. DUNN.

March 17th, 1832. 9-

IRON, Nails, & Glass.

JUST received from Pittsburgh, per Steamer Lady Byron, a quantity of

NAILS, Assorted; IRON, Assorted

And GLASS.—Also,

TRACE CHAINS, MEAL AND

WHEAT SEIVES,

And for sale by

JOHN P. DUNN.

March 17th, 1832. 9-

Treasurer's Office,

Lawrenceburg, May 24th 1832.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given, to all tavern-keepers, grocery keepers, and vendors of foreign merchandise, who may be violating the revenue Law; by selling, trading, bartering, or deriving for money, or otherwise, any thing forbidden, without first having applied for and obtained a license or permit, according to law, that suits will be indiscriminately brought, as soon as such infraction shall be made known to the undersigned. Comment on the Law is un-necessary; a word to the wise is sufficient. With due respect, the public's humble servant,

W. ARMSTRONG, Treasurer

of Dearborn County, Indiana.

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NEW GOODS.

JUST received from Philadelphia a general assortment of

SPRING DRY-GOODS,

Groceries, Hardware,

SHOES, HATS, &c.

Also, from Pittsburgh, an assortment of

HEAVY GOODS,

SADDLERY, &c.

which will be offered (at the old stand of George Tousey,) on accommodating terms, by

TOUSEY & DUNN.

March 29, 1832. 11-1f

NEW GOODS.

30 BBL.S. first quality New Orleans

Sugar received and for sale by

SHAW & PROTZMAN.

April 6, 1832.

BLANK DEEDS,

Mortgages,

Executions, & Subtenures,

To be sold at this Office.

20 BBL.S. first quality New Orleans

Sugar received and for sale by

SHAW & PROTZMAN.</