

## MISCELLANY.

From Badger's Weekly Messenger.

### LOVE.

Life like a garden, all fragrance and flowers,  
Apparelled in roses and jessamine bowers?  
Though gorgeous exotics reach proudly above,  
Oh! sweeter than all is the Lilly of Love.

Do troubles come o'er us like clouds of the  
night,  
To shade the field heaven of peace and delight?  
How calmly—how soothing it beams from afar,  
Undimmed by the tempest, Love's beautiful  
star.

When hope is forgotten—when burden'd with  
care,  
The heart is o'erwhelmed in the sea of des-  
pair—

How bold and undaunted it floats on the wave,  
The barque of Affection—to rescue and save.

Pure, noble Affection—a charm to allay,  
The fever that wasteth the spirit away,  
A vision of gladness—its woe to destroy:  
To lighten its sadness—to temper its joy:

It filleth creation—unbounded by earth,  
Eternal its nature—immortal its birth—  
Aye, hark! 'tis the chorus of Angels above,  
Forever and ever—Jehovah is Love!

### TO JULIA.

Her I love whose eyes are brightest,  
Black as is the raven's wing;  
Her I love whose form is brightest,  
Soft as in the gale of spring.

Julia! fondest, best and dearest!

Would that I were now with thee;

Every joyous look thou wearst

Warms my heart and gladdens me.

When the world's dark troubles press me—  
Vex my soul with aspect ill—  
Julia! in thine arms carress me,  
There shall all my cares be still.

When the follies men inherit  
Sear my heart and mar my rest,  
Sooth my dark and troubled spirit,  
Chain me captive to thy breast.

There the thrilling joys come o'er me  
Nothing else on earth can give,  
There thine angel-form before me  
Bids my soul look up and live. Selected.

### Jonathan Bradford.

Jonathan Bradford, kept an Inn in Oxfordshire, on the London road to Oxford, in the year 1723. He bore an unexceptionable character. Mr. Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford, on a visit to a relation, put up at Bradford's; he there joined company with two gentlemen, with whom he supped, and in conversation unguardedly mentioned that he had then about him a large sum of money. In due time they retired to their respective chambers; the gentlemen to a two bedded room leaving, as is customary with many, a candle burning in the chimney corner. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen being awake, thought he heard a deep groan in the adjoining chamber, and this being repeated, he softly awaked his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing, as of one dying, they both instantly arose, and proceeded silently to the door of the next chamber, from whence they heard the groans; and the door being ajar, saw a light in the room, they entered, but it is impossible to point out their consternation, on perceiving a person wailing in his blood in the bed, and a man standing over him with a dark lantern in one hand and a knife in the other. The man seemed alike petrified as themselves, but his terror carried with it all the terror of guilt! The gentlemen soon discovered the person was a stranger with whom they had that night supped, and that the man standing over him was their host. They seized Bradford directly, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him with being the murderer; he assumed by this time the air of innocence, positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same humane intentions as themselves; for that hearing noise, which was succeeded by a groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defense, and had but that minute entered the room before them.

These assertions were of little avail; he was kept in close custody till the morning and then taken before a neighboring justice of the peace. Bradford still denied the murder, but nevertheless, with such an apparent indication of guilt, that the justice hesitated not to make use of this extraordinary expression, on writing out his mittimus, 'Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder.'

This extraordinary affair was the conversation of the whole country. Bradford was condemned over and over again, in every company. In the midst of all this determination, came on the assizes at Oxford, Bradford was brought to trial; he pleaded not guilty. Nothing could be more strong than the evidence of the two gentlemen; they testified to the finding of Mr. Hayes murdered in his bed, Bradford at the side of it with a light and knife, and the hand which held it bloody; that on their entering the room he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man, and that a few moments preceding, they heard the groans of the deceased.

Bradford's defence on his trial was the same as before the gentlemen, he had heard a noise; he suspected villainy transacting; he struck a light; he snatched a knife, (the only weapon near him,) to defend himself; and the terrors he discovered, were merely the terrors of humanity, the natural effects of innocence as well as guilt, on beholding such a horrid scene.

This defence, however, could be considered but as weak contrasted with the several powerful circumstances against him. Never were circumstantial evidence more strong. There was little need of comment, from the judge in summing up the evidence. No room appeared for extenuation!—And the jury brought in the prisoner

guilty, even without going out of the box. Bradford was executed shortly after, still declaring he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder of Mr. Hayes; but he died disbelieved by all.

Yet were those assertions not untrue! The murder was actually committed by Mr. Hayes's footman, who immediately on stabbing his master, rifled his breeches of his money, gold watch and snuff box, and escaped to his own room; which could have been, from the after circumstances, scarcely two seconds before Bradford's entering the unfortunate gentleman's chamber. The world owes this knowledge to a remorse of conscience in the footman, (18 months after the execution of Bradford,) on a bed of sickness; it was a death bed repentance and by that death the law lost its victim.

It is much to be wished, that this account could close here, but it cannot.—Bradford, though innocent, and not privy to the murder, was, nevertheless, the murderer in design. He had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr. Hayes had declared at supper as to his having a large sum of money about him, and he went to the chamber with the same diabolical intentions as the servant. He was struck with amazement!—he could not believe his senses! and in turning back the bed clothes, to assure himself of the fact, he, in his agitation, dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which both his hand and his knife became bloody. These circumstances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him after his sentence.

### KISSING.

We have just been looking over the first number of Tate's Edinburgh Magazine. It is very interesting, and almost equal to its rival Blackwood. We find only one article in it, however, of a peculiarly sporting character. This is an essay on *kissing*, which must be allowed to be the rarest and best kind of sport.

N. Y. Times.

He thus describes the *kiss anatomy*:—"On writing this word we feel our breast fluttering beneath a clogged weight of fear, just as it did—we care not to say how many years ago. It is a strange and beautiful thing—first, innocent love. There is that in female beauty, that delights merely to gaze upon; but beware of looking too long. The lustrous black pupil contrasted with the white of the eye or the carnated skin—the clear, placid blue, into which you see down—down into the very soul—the deep hazel, lustrous as a sunlit stream, seen through an opening to its willowy banks—all may be gazed upon with impunity ninety-nine times, but the hundredth you are a gone man. On a sudden, the eyes strike you as deeper and brighter than ever; or you fancy that a long look is stolen at you beneath a drooping eyelid, and at once you are in love. Then you spend the morning in contriving apologies for calling, and the days and evenings in playing them off. When you lay your hand on the door bell, your knees tremble, and your breasts feel compressed; and when admitted, you sit, and look, and say nothing, and go away determined to tell your story the next time. This goes on for months, varied by the occasional daring of kissing a flower with which she presents you—perhaps in the daring intoxication of love waiting it towards her; or in an affection of the Quixote style, kneeling with mock-heroic emphasis to kiss her hand in affected jest; and the next time you meet with her, both are reserved as ever. Till at last, on some unnoticeable day, when you find yourself alone with the lady, you quite unawares feel her hand in yours, a yielding shudder crosses her, and you know not how, she is in your arms, and you press upon her lips, delayed but not withheld,

"A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love."

A light sketch from low life, under the homely name of *L'Homme qui Bat sa Femme* has been produced at one of the Paris Theatres with general applause. An honest locksmith, suspected by his neighbors of the brutal offence against manhood indicated in the title, is eagerly watched by a lynx-eyed mother-in-law, in the hope of catching the culprit in *flagrant delicto*; at length she deems herself successful; finding the door firmly closed, and hearing sounds from within that bode a coming matrimonial tempest, she hastily betakes herself for an Agent of Police, and accompanied by the Mrs. Candours, etc. of the *quartier*, bursts in on the stormy tête-à-tête, and discovers—not what she expected—but that it is the lady who is in the habit of administering a little wholesome correction to her wretched half, a fact which completely turns the tables.

The physician at Warsaw wishing to make an experiment, proposed to a very robust man to lie in bed where a person had died of the cholera. As a considerable reward was offered to him for so doing, he agreed to the proposal; but the man was scarcely in bed when his imagination began to work, and made him uneasy; he felt all the symptoms of cholera, and died, notwithstanding the medical assistance that was afforded him. The physician afterward declared that no one who had died of the cholera had previously slept in the bed. This fact proves that the fear produced by the imagination has a share in promoting the disease.

He had been missing for the same period. The brother of Mlle. H. went to the apartment of his friend, but the porter assured him that he was not at home. On Sunday, further inquiries and searches were made with the same result. At length Mr. H. went again to the residence of his friend, and though he received the same answer as before from the porter, he persisted in going up to Mr. R's rooms. He knocked, but received no answer; he endeavored to find some means by which he could see into them, but every aperture was closed. At length, he was satisfied he heard a moaning. A Commissary of Police was called, and the door forced open, when Mr. H. found his unhappy sister on the bed, completely dressed as when she left her mother, but in the agonies of death. Mr. R. was also, with all his clothes on seated on a chair by her side, and suffering the severest convulsions. There were three braziers in the middle of the Chamber, and the cause of this terrible catastrophe was at once apparent. On Thursday, Mr. R. had got in a quantity of charcoal, and on Friday night a first attempt at this two-fold suicide was made, but it appears that the door did not shut sufficiently close to exclude the air and the dreadful resolution was postponed till the following evening. Next morning Mr. R. went out, and returned with a further supply of charcoal, and at night the preparations of self destruction were renewed by the lovers. Instantly after the scene was discovered, physicians were called in, and every remedy applied, but in a short time Mlle. H. expired. Mr. R. was sufficiently restored to his senses to become aware of what had happened, it being impossible to remove him before the fate of his companion was decided. He then sunk into a state of mental alienation, and was carried to the Hospital of Beaujon. Letters from these two victims to passion were found upon the table declaring that they were driven to the act they were about to commit from despair of ever being allowed to unite. A joint will, written by Mr. R. and signed by both, expresses their last wishes. Mr. R. affirmed by every thing held most sacred, that Mlle. H. died as virtuous and as pure as when she left her mother. They express their earnest desire that though they were not united in life they might be in death, that they might be placed in one coffin, or at least in one grave.

A revolutionary Soldier, residing in Virginia, complains in the Charlestown Free Press, of the injustice of government, in allowing him a pension of only eight dollars per month. He states that he is 77 years old, had three wives, raised and educated twenty children, and has three more under the age of seven years, the youngest of which is less than eighteen months. A man of such amazing physical powers must have been of vast service in the war of the revolution; and when we add his wonderful contributions to the national strength in after times—we say that none but hearts of flint could withstand his application for "double rations;" it would be wise in Congress to support a hundred such men at the public expense—if they could be found. We are sorry to learn that this veteran has been severely crippled within a few years past, but are consoled with the assurance that he still enjoys good health and spirits. We give him the Spanish salutation, "may he live a thousand years!"—Baltimore Chronicle.

The violence of the Jamaica writers in the newspapers of that Island against the sectarian preaching is so great it is nearly blasphemous. "Sectarianism," says one of them, "is a hydra headed monster, which has proved itself a traitor to the laws, and the institutions of the colony—a hypocritical, canting, roaring blood sucker."

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### To Printers.

The subscribers have commenced an establishment for the manufacture of Printing Presses from Super-Imperial to Medium size of approved construction, the workmanship and materials of which they warrant equal to any made in the western country and which they will sell on liberal terms. Persons wishing to purchase, are invited to call and examine, at the manufactory on 5th street, between Elm and Plum streets, Cincinnati.

DICKERSON & WILLIAMSON.

Cincinnati, June 8, 1832. 28-3mo

And for sale by JOHN P. DUNN.

March 17th, 1832. 9-



### MAIL COACHES.

THREE TIMES A WEEK BETWEEN

Lawrenceburg & Indian-  
apolis.

TO RENT.

TWO rooms lately occupied by the subscriber, on High street, between the stores of G. P. Buell and N. Sparks; they are suitable for a Dry Goods store, or for trading business of any kind. For terms, inquire of

SHAW & PROTZMAN.

July 10, 1832. 26

Boots, Brogans, & Shoes.

THE subscriber has a first rate stock of BOOTS, BROGANS, AND SHOES, (COARSE AND FINE.)

For Men, Women, and CHILDREN.

Which he will sell low for Cash.

JOHN P. DUNN.

March 17th, 1832. 9-

JUST RECEIVED!

per Steam Boat Arab,

700 pounds Loaf Sugar;

1 cask Pepper;

1 do. 4th proof Brandy;

1 do. Holland Gin;

1 do. Port Wine;

1 do. Tenerife Wine;

and for sale by

SHAW & PROTZMAN.

April 28, 1832.

### Notice

I hereby give to Polly Runyon and Absalom Runyon, her husband, formerly Polly Askew and widow of David Askew, dec'd, and to Margaret Francis, Sarah Ann, and Mary Askew, children and heirs of David Askew, dec'd, that I have filed in the clerk's office of the Dearborn Circuit Court, my petition praying the appointment of commissioners, under the act of the legislature of the state of Indiana, entitled an act to provide for the partition of real estate, to divide and set apart to me the one half of all that part of in lot, number 35, in the town of Lawrenceburg, contained with in the following boundaries, viz: beginning at the south-west corner of said lot No. 35, on the alley, thence running north-eastwardly with High street to the centre of said lot No. 35, thence running at a right angle with High street, on a line parallel with the alley aforesaid, through the centre of said lot No. 35, to within thirty eight feet two inches of New street, thence north-eastwardly at a right angle and with a line parallel with New street, to within twenty eight feet six inches of Doctor Jabez Percival's brick house, thence south-eastwardly on a line parallel with the aforesaid alley to New street, thence south-westwardly with New street to the corner of the alley aforesaid, thence north-westwardly with the line of said alley to High street, or place of beginning; and that said court will act thereon at the next term to be held on the 4th Monday of September next.

JAMES M. DARRAGH.

July 12, 1832. 26

E. H. NOTICE.

AMOS LANE, Attorney and counsellor at Law, will, in future, give his undivided attention, to his profession—may be consulted at his office, on High street, near the clerk's office, at all times, except when at Court—will attend the Circuit, Probate, and Commissioners' Courts, in the County of Dearborn. The Circuit Courts in Franklin, Switzerland, Ripley, and Decatur counties. The Supreme and District Courts at Indianapolis. And will attend to business of Importance, either civil or criminal, in any other courts in this, or adjoining states. He trusts that his long and successful practice, will insure him his former liberal portion of professional business, when the public shall be assured, that all business entrusted to his charge, shall receive his prompt attention, and best efforts, to bring it to a speedy and successful close.

AMOS LANE.

Lawrenceburg, June 13th 1832. 24.

Cash for Wheat.

At the Steam Flouring Mill, in

RISING SUN.

CASH, and the market price, will be paid for Wheat, on delivery at the Steam Flouring Mill at Rising Sun Landing, during the present Summer and Autumn.

The Mill will be open for business as soon as the 15th July, or sooner, should the new crop be ready.

Cash for Blacksmiths.

600 BUSHELS first quality Brownsville Stone Coal, the best description for Blacksmiths, for sale at the above Mill

Rising Sun, Dearborn Co (Ja.) July, 1832. 25

30 BAGS superior Coffee just

coined and for sale by

SHAW & PROTZMAN.

April 6, 1832.

FLOUR WANTED.

A large quantity of country Flour wanted, for which a liberal price will be given, by

SHAW & PROTZMAN.

Iron, Nails, & Glass.

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

NAILS, Assorted; IRON, Assorted

And GLASS—Also,