

# American

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. VOL. 37. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1850. AT \$200 PER ANNUM. NO. 28.

### THE BOOK OF THE NATION.

#### GODDY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1851.

THE LADY'S BOOK is an Art Union in itself. The universal voice of the Press has pronounced the publication at the head of American magazines. The publisher in obedience to the public voice, means to keep it there; he has the ability and inclination to do so. As long as advertisements are sold round the publisher of the Book means to be as brief as possible. By reference to an advertisement published on the cover of the Book, (a specimen of which will be sent to any person requesting it, postage paid) it will be seen what is to be done in 1851. It is found in

Stipple, and Mezzotint Engravings, and Colored Plates. A list of plates advertised by us, are all steel, and will be sent to any person who sends us a list of plates selected— inquire what they are before you subscribe. It will have undeniable

#### AMERICAN FASHION PLATE IN EACH NUMBER.

No lady can make dress to suit our more refined taste, and be in the fashion, excepting from "Goddy's Ladies' Fashion."

#### THE MODEL COTTAGES.

Will be continued, and in every No. will be something new for

#### THE LADY'S WORK TABLE.

Such as knitting, netting, crochet, patch work, leather ribbon, chenille, and lace collar work; children's and infant's clothes, caps, dresses, chemises, and in fact everything that will please the ladies.

#### UNDIVIDED RECEIPTS AND NEW RECEIPTS.

Will be given regularly.

#### AMERICAN AUTHORS.

Male and female, will grace the work by their contributions. In fact, performance, not promise, is the popular talent of the Publisher of the only Lady's Book published in America. The Proprietor of the Book has conducted it for nearly twenty years, his authority over the work is not to be questioned, as a caterer for the amusement, and instruction of the ladies of his own country.

#### A FEW NOTICES.

The great encouragement to American Writers, and the best of every family in Ohio, Western Empire.

Of all the magazines that have come under our notice, this is decidedly the handsomest and the best.

The Lady's Book is the best and most highly prized magazine of the kind in the country.

Mr. Goddy is evidently in the van of the publishers of his class of magazines—Times, Mirror, &c. His beautiful engravings and choice literary matter, render it to the friends of every cultivated family it visits—Times, Chronicle.

Goddy's Lady's Book is certainly one of the most handsome, and complete publications of the kind, in any other country.

It is splendid, useful, and unapproachable.

It has the most superb engravings, and contains better literary matter than any other magazine in the world.

It is the most complete and useful family companion for the wife and the mother.

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### Poetical.

From Graham's Magazine.

#### ABSENT BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

BY FRANK M. STRETT.

Absent but not forgotten! Oh, how glowing  
These wretched words seem through the papers!  
A holy spirit and a bliss bestowing,  
Hushing all thoughts of sinfulness into rest.  
But to the lover whose name is on the page,  
Joy to his heart as if again he were  
The one to whom his dearest hopes are given.

No, not forgotten, though the eye may rest  
Upon the heart that throbs with wild delight;  
No, not forgotten, though the heart may rest  
Upon the heart that throbs with wild delight;  
No, not forgotten, though the heart may rest  
Upon the heart that throbs with wild delight;

#### THE AMERICAN GIRL'S SONG.

Our hearts are for our native land,  
Our eyes are for her smiling face,  
Our lips are for her sweetest words,  
Her lot is ours, and ours is hers,  
And like a rainbow sign is seen  
Her smile, her voice, her love, her care,  
For every ocean range.

#### Miscellaneous.

From the Home Journal.

#### DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE.

FROM A FORTHCOMING WORK BY J. G. BRATTON.

Napoleon had become very strongly attached to his little grandchild, the son of Hortense, and his brother, Louis, the King of Holland. The boy was extremely beautiful, and developed all those noble and spirited traits of character which delighted the Emperor.

Napoleon had apparently determined to make this young Prince his heir. This was so generally known, that Josephine was quite at ease, and serene days again dawned upon her life.

Early in the spring of 1807, this child, upon whom such fondles were depending, fell with the croup, and in a few hours died. The blow fell upon the heart of Josephine with most appalling power.

The world has never seen a more devoted mother. She was grief-stricken, and she wept over the body of her child, and she wept over the body of her child, and she wept over the body of her child.

conciliating the royalists of France. A prince of Saxony was proposed. Some weighty considerations urged an alliance with the majestic empire of Russia, and some advances were made to the court of St. Petersburg, having in view a sister of the Emperor Alexander. It was at length decided that proposals should be made to the court of Vienna, for Maria Louise, daughter of the Emperor of Austria.

At last the fearful day arrived for the announcement to Josephine. It was the last day of November, 1809. The Emperor and Empress dined at Fontainebleau alone. She seemed to have a presentiment that her doom was sealed, for all that day she had been in her retired apartment weeping bitterly.

At length the mournful silence was interrupted by the opening of a door and the entrance of Josephine. The pillar of death was upon her, and the exhibition of despair never had a more temporary effect.

As soon as the reading of the act of separation was finished, Josephine turned to her husband, and, with a look of agonizing grief, she said, "I have no more to say to you, but I will be true to you as long as I live."

Josephine and Hortense retired with the attendants, and the Emperor, who had been standing by, stepped forward, and, with a look of agonizing grief, he said, "I have no more to say to you, but I will be true to you as long as I live."

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#### WATERLOO AT NOON.

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

On a surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying dead. The luxuriant crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle, was reduced to stony and barren soil. The earth and the surface, trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewn with many a relic of the fight.

Such were the sentiments which were expressed in public. But in private, Josephine surrendered herself to the unrestrained dominion of her anguish. No language can depict the intensity of her woe. For six months she wept so incessantly that her eyes were nearly blinded with grief.

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#### A Good Joke.

We remember hearing a story of a fellow, who roused a venerable doctor about 12 o'clock on a winter's night, and on coming to the door, inquired, "Have you lost a knife, Dr. Brown?" "No," growled the doctor. "Well, never mind," said the wag, "I thought I'd just call and inquire for I found one yesterday!" We thought that rather cool, but the following story of Neil McKinnon, a New York wag, surpasses in impudence anything within our recollection.

When the celebrated Copenhagen Jackson was British minister in this country, he resided in New York, and occupied a house in Broadway. One night, at a late hour, in company with a boy of rough rig, while passing the house, he noticed it was brilliantly illuminated, and that several carriages were waiting at the door.

"What!" exclaimed Neil, "Jackson has a party, and he is engaged at a game of whist?" "No," said the boy, "he is not." "So stopping up to the door he gave a ring which soon brought the servant to the door.

"I want to see the British minister," said Neil. "You must call some other time," said the servant, "for he is engaged at a game of whist." "Well," said Neil, "I will call some other time." "You must call some other time," said the servant, "for he is engaged at a game of whist."

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#### The School Mistress and her Canine Friend.

One of the most touching instances of canine attachment, of which we ever heard, was related to us the other day, by a matron of the neighborhood where the finale of the melancholy event transpired.

A young lady, one of the northern towns of this country, who engaged in teaching school the past summer, a few miles from her home, was singled out towards the close of her engagement, without any apparent inducement, by the dog of one of her pupils.

The dog, which was a fine specimen of the breed, was named "Fido." He was a very affectionate animal, and was very fond of his mistress.

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