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THE LICKING VALLEY REGISTER.

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BY BENJAMIN C. JAMESON.

THE LICKING VALLEY REGISTER,
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☞ Letters must be post paid, or they will not be taken out of the office.

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[illegible] tion, [illegible] national aspect. [illegible]

Its location should at [illegible] for it an extensive circulation, being surrounded by a fertile country, with no population [illegible] enterprise and industry, and having no press within 15 miles of it, and the nearest in the adjacent counties to supply the want of information. A community, [illegible] intelligent, [illegible] a medium of [illegible] communication with each other, and every effort will be made to render the REGISTER [illegible] of citizens. No labor [illegible] will be spared to make it a welcome FAMILY visitant in the city parlor and by the farmer's fireside, and an acceptable companion to the man of letters, the artist, and politician. The great and general interests of the West will be among its prominent objects. In its political course, the Editor will take a decided stand in the cause of the people, for he is of them, and with them. It is the duty of the conductors of the Press to yield to the Administration of their country cordial support, when its course shall be marked by wisdom, and a true regard to the public good. They should not censure merely for the sake of indulging, as is too frequently the case, in a deformed spirit of dissection, but criticise out justice, and award praise where praise is due—neither should they shrink from the responsibility of admadverting upon the adoption of measures fraught with evil to the community. "Our country, our whole country," should be the polar star to guide them through the political labyrinth the that mark their path.

The editor will not be the champion of party, merely for the sake of party; nor chained to the political car of any individual, further than adhering the most efficient to carry into operation measures the most salutary and most conducive of the general good. In speaking of men or measures, he will be governed by a strict allegiance to just principles: whilst bestowing applause where it may be due, he will fearlessly expose the mantle of power and authority shall not shield the delinquent; for unrestrained power is dangerous when placed in the hands of the unprincipled and ambitious; and there is to them no terror, so great as the voice of a free and dauntless press. We shall firmly and fearlessly oppose every measure of a tendency to bolster up any one man to place, take out of his sphere, to party management, the full expression of enlightened sentiment, and when we are made to see the perversion of patriotism for the elevation of a demagogue, we shall arraign the [illegible] which [illegible] a blind and [illegible] obedience to the dictates of party and political leaders, without enquiring into the propriety of their motives or the propriety of their counsels; but that which teaches the right and capacity of the people themselves, in their own primary assemblies, to nominate their own rulers and prescribe their own measures of government, unaided by directors, and uninfluenced by leaders.

In conducting our cause, as we do not acknowledge, in any form the right of dictation in others, so we hold ourselves alone responsible for the correctness of our doctrines. If they should come in conflict with those of our brethren laboring in the same vocation, we shall not for that reason simply, disguise or suppress them, for, opposition of sentiment must always lead to an examination of principles, and an examination of principles to the development of truth.

With this brief and imperfect outline of the manner in which the REGISTER will be conducted, the Editor submits his humble claims to a generous community for patronage and support, not doubting for a moment that patriotism and disposition to maintain a *free press*, devoted to their immediate interests, within their territory.

TERMS.

Two dollars a year, payable in advance, or within six months, or three dollars, if not paid until after the end of the year.

It will be published twice a week on a medium sheet, with small type, and embrace as much reading matter as is usually found in the larger papers of the day.

The latest intelligence, whether foreign, domestic, or Congressional, will be laid before the reader. Price current of Covington, Cincinnati, Louisville and New Orleans will be regularly and correctly published, together with a Bank Note list.

Covington, Ky., June 24th, 1841.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as it is cloudy.

Good Maxim.—Keep up your spirits by good humor. Shun the company of your best friends; but in all enjoyments, be temperate. Learn the art to be preferred before all others of being happy when alone—which consists in the encouragement of good hopes and rational pursuits—in leading an industrious life, and in converse with the world, be ever careful, for the sake of peace, to speak ill of no one, to treat a known enemy with civility, and shut our ears against all evil report of all kinds.

Life is a flower-garden, in which new blossoms are ever opening as fast as others fade. Nature is the mirror of the Invisible One.

Judicial Advice.—Lord Chief Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend, asking his opinion as to the propable success of a son, "Sir, let your son forget his grand father—marry, and spend his wife's, and then he may be expected to apply himself with energy to his profession."

A Chance for Life.—A fogget man, carrying a load, by accident bumped against a doctor. The doctor was very angry, and was going to beat him with his fist. "Pray doctor don't—the poor, precious hand, good sir,—kick me and welcome." The by-standers asked him what he meant. Says the woodman, "If he kicks me with his foot, I shall recover, but if I put my head under his hands, it will be all over with me."

SELECT TALES

From the London Monthly Magazine for March.

THE WIDOW'S WIDOW.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

Many years before I retired to the county of [illegible] which I subsequently fixed upon for my local habitation, two young women, whose beauty was their only dower, but it was of so rare a quality that they had scarcely emerged from girlhood before each was besieged by competitors, and some [illegible] suitors, for her hand. They [illegible]

[illegible] The relative position of the two young women as far as worldly circumstances went, was greatly altered by their marriage; but no diminution of [illegible] followed the change, and although comparatively speaking, one lived in a palace and the other in a cottage, their intercourse was as free quiet and cordial as heretofore. Time wore on; Benson became the father of two children, a boy and a girl, while Holcroft's family consisted but of a son, whom he only lived to age attain the age of fifteen years. The calamity that made Mr. Holcroft a widow, appeared to have the effect of binding Mrs. Benson yet closer to the friend of her youth; and thus it happened that young Edward Holcroft and Emma Benson were brought up together, almost as brother and sister. I know not that there was any *natural* similarity of tastes between these young persons—indeed, from what I have heard, I am inclined to a contrary opinion; but affection—such affection as that to which their constant companionship gave rise, begets a similarity of taste, if it does not imply it. Thus it happened, that before long, before it may be—the young people had attained their respective ages of sixteen and eighteen, their hearts were linked together by an affection, to which even year or their acquaintance had added strength, without diminishing its purity.

Three years more elapsed, and Edward Holcroft attained the age of twenty-one, and with it the patrimonial estate, which, small though it was, was yet enough to make the country a fatal privilege to the poor fellow! as the event proved for an election occurred shortly afterwards, and, unfortunately, he and Mr. Benson took opposite views of the respective candidates. That each voted according to his conscientious convictions I believe there was no doubt in the minds of any but who knew them; and Edward, who carried good humor with him to the hustings, brought it away with him. Not so, however, Mr. Benson; who argued at the inefficacy of his arguments in gaining the other over to his views, and still farther exasperated by the defeat of the candidate whose cause he had espoused, proceeded to the extremity of forbidding Edward the house, and interdicting any communication between his wife and her friend.

It would have been well had the mischief stopped here; but Benson, although, when unopposed, was what is usually termed a good, quiet sort of a man, was a perfect fury when aroused by what he conceived insult or injury. There was a certain field which had been purchased by Mrs. Holcroft, since she became a widow, and which she cultivated, in addition to her husband's patrimony and the land she had rented. Edward, it should be mentioned to his honor, had, notwithstanding his coming of age, treated the widow, in all respects, as he had done before that event, so that no division of the farm took place, but he continued to manage the whole, as the agent of his mother. The field in question was a very valuable one, and had been purchased at a lower rate than the average price of that quality of land, in consideration of there being, as was supposed, a link wanting in the title. As, however, the right of possession could never, even under this supposed defect, be challenged, except by Mr. Benson, compared with whose estate it was a drop of water to the ocean, the risk was considered as next to nothing, and the purchase was completed.

It has been well said, but there are few occasions of quarrel which conduct persons to such extremes of temper as political differences; and thus it was, that Benson, not content with the comparatively passive means of showing his resentment, to which he had, as we have seen, resorted, determined on enabling himself of the defective title, as an engine for consummating his vengeance. Notices of ejectment were accordingly served, and the usual batallia of the law arrayed against the widow, who was compelled to throw herself into the hands of an attorney; and he—would he had been the only disgrace the profession has known!—was a scoundrel, who, having led her to the threshold of a court of law, and drawn every shilling from her purse, there abandoned her, because she could no longer satisfy his rapacity. It is unnecessary to dwell upon, for the reader will readily imagine, the grief of Mrs. Benson at the persecution to which the friend of her youth was thus subject from the husband of her bosom, as well as the still more bitter anguish which pierced the bosoms of Edward and Emma, and rent the heart of the widow.

Matters were at this pass, when the rent of Mrs. Holcroft's farm became due, and the money which had been laid by to discharge it, was in the pocket of the lawyer; while, to add to her calamities, the county assizes were at hand, when, as the cause would be undefended, the triumph of her persecutor would be complete; and the widow's tears would pass into the hands of the spoiler. The "rent day" passed over, and Mrs. Holcroft was in daily expectation of the dread summons to "The Hall," which awaited defaulters, for it was the custom of Lord Dalebury to see his tenants upon such occasions. At last the memorable case, and the widow prepared herself to pay it. She had a very seen his lordship, except at a distance; he had the reputation, with many who professed to know him, of being a cold, haughty nobleman, who, reserved and exclusive in his bearing, that it was said of him, that "he was as the left than [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] "Rent, my lord," faltered the widow.

"Rent!" he thundered, "that the rent, which has, I understand, been tithe-to punctually paid by your late husband and yourself, is not forthcoming on the present occasion! I am told that your crops have been abundant, and the price of corn is higher than it has been for years."

The cold, equable tone in which these words were delivered, struck like ice to the heart of his auditor: who at last, however, summoned firmness enough to tell her story, which, when she had finished, his lordship referred again to his notes and then said:

"And so the last years' harvest has found its way into the pocket of the lawyer, instead of into that of the landlord?" As he spoke he rang the bell, and ordered that his steward might be sent to him, when quick as thought, that functionary was in attendance.

"Henderson," said the nobleman, "take this good woman to your office, and give her a receipt for the rent in arrear, and then see that the papers relative to an action of ejectment which has been brought against her by the person up at the grange yonder, be transferred from her solicitor to mine, and bid him be prompt, for, as I gather, there is no time to lose."

The steward hesitated; and venturing a step or two nearer to his master than the prescribed distance, he said, "Your lordship is aware that Mr. Benson has a vote for the county—and my young lord—"

"And if he had twenty votes, it would not affect the justice of this poor woman's cause," retorted the peer, in a somewhat sharp key, which however, he softened, as he added, more mildly, "Henderson, you will see to this matter for me." His lordship then, with something approaching to a smile upon his lip, dismissed the matter, and keeping his eye against the newspaper, resumed its perusal as if nothing had occurred to interrupt it.

The result was, that in the cause, "Benson, *versus* Holcroft," the plaintiff was defeated, and in addition to the privilege of paying his own costs and the defendant's, had the satisfaction of knowing that instead of ruining the widow, his prosecution had been the means of raising up for her a powerful patron in Lord Dalebury.

The mortification of his pride however, was not the only punishment which Benson was doomed to undergo for his unholy persecution of the widow and the fatherless. With all his faults—and they were not a few—want of natural affection was not of the number; and, if he loved one being more than another, it was his daughter Emma. For some time she had been drooping; but her father attributed the change that had come over her to the circumstances which had separated her friends, the Holcrofts; nor perhaps, in the first instance, was he very wide of the mark. At last, however, his fears became awakened; professional advice was resorted to; and then, after some weeks spent in medical experiments, there fell upon his heart, with almost benumbing force, the terrible—ay, terrible is the word—announcement; that death had set his seal upon her brow, and there was no hope! Alas, it is on occasions like these, when our worldly prosperity is at the flood, and we add house to house, and field to field," and when we say to our soul "Soul thou hast much goods laid up for many years," that we feel the arm of the Lord is not shortened, that it can smite as well as save. O! what is wealth, what is fame, what the smile of the world, or the world's kings, to the father who gazes upon the deathbed of his child? O! would he not freely resign all that calls him master, to redeem his darling from the grave—nay, would he not gladly give "his own life for the life of him?"

It was at this juncture that I was called unexpectedly to play my part in the drama. I was sitting alone one evening after dinner, when my servant announced a visiter in the person of Edward Holcroft. The purport of his mission I could not conjecture; but, as from the little I knew of him personally, and from more that I had heard of his exemplary life, I had long felt an interest in him, I desired that he might be admitted immediately. He explained to me the purport of his call, under great excitement of feeling: it had reference to the melancholy condition of Emma Benson, of whom, although he had not been permitted to see her, he had, by some private means, daily intelligence; and he now came, to implore of me to endeavor to obtain an opportunity of forming an opinion on her case, as he had no confidence in the medical man by whom she was attended.

I told him it was a matter in which I could not come forward, unless requested to do so by her parents, with whom I was not upon such terms as would warrant a voluntary call; neither did I know, even by name, the practitioner in whose hands she then was.

The young man confessed to me that he was not blind to the difficulties in the way of my compliance with his wishes; and further acknowledged that those difficulties were greatly increased by the jealousy of the family practitioner, of any interference which might supercede his services, or expose his want of skill; while on the other hand, Mr. Benson was so entirely swept up" in him, that he would listen to advice from no other quarter. In conclusion, he told me that he had come to me as a forlorn hope, on the bare possibility of my being able to devise some method of getting an interview with the patient.

"I would willingly—gladly," I said, "do any thing to relieve your anxiety on the subject, but I [illegible] Who is the name of the [illegible] called him—[illegible]

[illegible] "It is he, the man upon that name calls herself, I am still in a quiet way, on a par with his principles, and I am not very likely to get an interview with the young lady. If he can prevent it, he will, and, if he can prevent it, he will make an effort—we can but fail, after all—so if you will be my guide, for the road is a strange one to me, I will order my horse, and we will go forthwith."

My first visit was to the village Æsculapius, whose house I caused to be pointed out to me by my guide, of whom I took leave for the present, having appointed a rendezvous at which we should meet, before I quitted the place. I found the doctor *en dishabille*, plying his own pestle with extraordinary perseverance and power. He was a little "taken aback" by an unexpected and unannounced visit; but soon regaining his self-possession, he threw aside his apron, and, under the impression that I came to consult him, ushered me into a little room adjoining his shop.

Undeceiving him as to the purport of my visit I told him, without disclosing my name, that I was greatly interested in the fate of a patient under his care, and should feel obliged by his favoring me with his candid opinion of her case.

"As clear a case," he replied, with oracular confidence, "as ever came within my practice—the heart;—affection of the heart."

"Organic or functional?" I asked.

"Organic, beyond a question," was his reply; which he followed up by inquiring, "Are you one of the profession, sir?"

I acknowledged that I was.

"Then, sir," he rejoined, reddening with anger, "you must pardon me for saying that this conduct is extremely unprofessional, and whoever, or whatever you may be, I will admit of no interference, on the part of a stranger, with a patient under my care. It is unprofessional—very unprofessional"—he added, his wrath was so warmer as he spoke, "and let me tell you, sir, unpleasantly unlike the gentleman."

"So it the one or the other, or both," I answered, "I am quite willing to take upon myself the consequences; but in the mean time, am I to understand that you object to my seeing the young lady?"

"Decidedly," was his reply.

"I am sorry for that," I said—"I must see her."

"What?" inquired he, "do you mean to say that you will visit her whether her parents consent or not?"

"Nay, you will obtain their permission—that is, you will recommend them to call on me," I rejoined coolly, but with difficulty suppressing a smile.

"Curse your impudence!" he exclaimed.

"Don't swear, it is unprofessional, very unprofessional, and ungentlemanly into the bargain," returned I, quoting his own words.—"And," I added, "that you may not be at no loss to announce me, here is my card." As I spoke I shifted my position, so that the light from the window fell upon my face, and thus confronting him, I waited the result of my manœuvre.

He looked at the card and then at me, with an air in which perplexity and fear were mingled. "If you have any doubt of my identity," I resumed, "I will bring to your mind one or two circumstances which occurred on the eve of your quitting a metropolitan for a provincial practice, and which you will perhaps recollect are known to only one person besides yourself, and he stands before you."

Every vestige of the fellow's effrontery and hardihood vanished in an instant; he quailed beneath my somewhat sarcastic look, like a whipped hound, and instantly expressed his willingness to do all I wish it; thus the desired interview was managed by himself, who, as I had suggested, advised my being called in.

If I had not been previously interested in the girl's case, her appearance would have made me so; her illness—and she was very ill beyond all question—had touched, but not impaired the surpassing beauty which she had inherited from her mother, and there was a repose in the style of her loveliness which [illegible] sweetly with the simple grace of her manners, apparent even through the langor of disease.

I gave the case a long and most attentive consideration, and when I had formed my opinion, I retired with the apothecary into an adjoining apartment, the door of which I had no sooner closed, than he exclaimed, "Well, doctor, I think you'll agree with me—the poor thing's heart is diseased."

"As much as mine is," I replied; and before he could rejoin, I added, "Mr. Enterwick, we understand each other, I think: and therefore ceremony on an occasion like the present would be superfluous and a waste of time. That you have mistaken the cause I have no manner of doubt, and thus the means you have adopted to diminish the circulation have aggravated the disease, which, whatever might have been its origin, is a general debility, the result probably of mere functional derangement. Now I will let you down as easily as I can, and you may make the best story that you can to the young lady's friends, but you must leave the case on my hands."

I next adjourned to the apartment in which the parents were anxiously awaiting my report; and on my entrance, was greeted by the eager inquiry from the father, "tell them was of the disease of the heart?"

"I think it more than probable there is," I answered with a smile; "although not of the kind you apprehend."

"Then," exclaimed he, catching a gleam of hope from the cheerfulness with which I addressed him, "you can save my darling?"

"My dear sir," I rejoined, "it is the province of one only, "to kill and make alive;" yet I trust that, with His blessing on my endeavors, your daughter may be restored."

"Bless you! Heaven bless you for those words of comfort!" cried the agitated parents, almost in a transport; and both of them wept, for the first time for many a weary week, tears of thankfulness and joy.

Their joy, great as it was, scarcely surpassed that of Edward Holcroft, when I [illegible] to him the news of my interview [illegible] long my story, I will add, in brief, that my skill justified my prognostic, and the disease was cured. I was leaving the house for the last time, when I was followed by my hosts, Mr. Benson, who after repeating his regret that I persisted in refusing the customary acknowledgement of my professional assistance, implored me to name, either then or thereafter, any means by which he could show his gratitude.

I had intended to open my mind to him on this occasion, and was not sorry that he himself paved the way for my doing so. Accordingly, passing my arm through my horse's bridle, I took Mr. Benson's arm with the other, and as we walked slowly up the lane which led from his house, I said, in reply to his remark:

"Yes, Mr Benson, there is one point in which you could gratify me far beyond what any pecuniary compensation could effect. You are at enmity with the widow Holcroft—nay, hear me out—but for her son, I should have never interfered in the matter of your daughter; who I have no hesitation in saying, would have sunk under the erroneous treatment to which she was subjected, had it been persevered, in a month longer. Now I put it to you, whether under those circumstances, and looking to the signal mercy for which you have had so recently occasion to be grateful, it would not be an acceptable act in the sight of God, and a grateful one in the eyes of men, if you were to receive once more to your bosom the widow and her son, who will be but too happy to forget all that has passed?"

Mr. Benson paused a few moments, passed his hand over his eyes, and then said, "Doctor, believe me when I say that my heart has softened towards them, and I have repented of what I have done; but pride and shame—the false shame of confessing my error—have restrained me.—Will you add to the favors you have heaped upon me, by being the messenger of reconciliation?"

"I need not say that I joyfully undertook the office, and with such success, that before two months had elapsed, the families were bound together by a firmer tie than ever, namely, the union of Edward Holcroft and Emma Benson.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

"Let your first care be to give your little girls a good physical education. Let their early years be passed, if possible, in the country, gathering flowers in the fields, and partaking of all the free exercises in which they delight. When they grow older, do not condemn them to eight listless hours a day over their books, their work, their maps, and their music. Be assured that half the number of hours, passed in real attention to well-ordered studies, will make them more accomplished and more agreeable companions than those commonly are who have been most elaborately finished, in the modern acceptation of the term. The system by which young ladies are taught to move their limbs according to the rules of art, to come into a room with studied diffidence, and to step into a carriage with measured action and premeditated grace, are only calculated to keep the degrading idea perpetually present, that they are preparing for the great market of the world. Real elegance of demeanor springs from the mind; fashionable schools do but teach its intimation, whilst their rules forbid to be ingenious. Philosophers never conceived the idea of so perfect a vacuum as is found to exist in the minds of young women supposed to have finished their education in such establishments.

"If they marry husbands as uniformed as themselves they fall into habits of insignificance with much pain—if they marry persons more accomplished, they can retain no hold of their affections. Hence many matrimonial miseries, in the midst of which the wife finds it a consolation to be always complaining of her health and ruined nerves. In the education of young women, we would say, let them be secured from all the trappings and manacles of such a system; partake of every active exercise not absolutely unfeminine, and trust to their being [illegible] to get into or out of a carriage with a light and graceful step, which no drilling can accomplish. Let them rise early, and retire early to rest, and trust that their beauty will not need to be coined into artificial smiles, in order to ensure a welcome in whatever room they enter. Let them ride, walk, run, dance, in the open air. Encourage the merry and innocent diversions in which the young delight—let them, under proper guidance, explore every hill and valley; let them plant and cultivate the garden, and make hay when the summer sun shines, and surmount all dread of a shower of rain, or the boisterous wind; and, above all, let them take no medicine except when the doctor orders it. The demons of hysteria and melancholy might hover over a group of young ladies so brought up—but they would not find one of them upon whom they could exercise any power."

However unfortunate we may think ourselves, yet let us remember there is an eye watching over us; it is a heavenly will, not blind fate, that guides the world.

The best lotion to improve ladies' complexions is to wash in the morning dew from fragrant flowers.

MISCELLANY.

Early Piety.—It is a most delightful thing to lay the foundation of piety in early life, in the belief, you give your children. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Teach them to seek everything with their Maker; but never allow them to be idle. I never visited a family where the [illegible] economy was observed; yet nothing [illegible] uncomfortable. It is the [illegible] way to be as [illegible] can be [illegible]

[illegible] children bad, notwithstanding all [illegible] in the place. From the Mirror.

Integrity.—Integrity is a most commendable virtue—a man of integrity is a true man,—he is to be trusted and relied upon. No bribery can corrupt him, no fear daunt him. His word is slow in coming, but sure. He shines brightest in the fire, and his friend hears of him most when he most needs him. His courage grows with danger, and he conquers opposition with constancy. As he cannot be flattered or frightened into that he dislikes, so he hates flattery and temporizing in others. He runs with truth and not with the times—with right and not with might—his rule is straight.

Fenelon.—Fenelon was remarkable for his charity and kindness. In one of his walks he met with a poor peasant, who was mourning for the loss of his only cow—the support of his destitute family. Fenelon comforted him, and gave him money to buy another cow. But still the man mourned for his loss. Continuing his walk, Fenelon found the peasant's cow, and drove her back himself, in a dark night, to the door of the poor man's cottage. The peasant's heart was overjoyed.

Dear youth, do you wish to be beloved by your friends—to your parents? Be them good! Be charitable and kind. Be willing to do them any favor, and like the good archbishop Fenelon, when you are dead, your memory will be held in grateful remembrance. Should your companions meet a loss, use your best endeavors to make it good to them. We have always noticed, that those persons who are kind to their friends, do the greatest amount of good. A confidence is reposed in them, which cannot be placed in those who are unkind and disobliging.

Genuine Eloquence.—Leitch, in his "Travels in Ireland," says:—In my morning rambles, a man sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a look of senior in his appearance, which I had rarely before observed, even in Ireland. His clothes were ragged to indecency—a very common circumstance, however, with the peasantry, and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I passed by, but having gone a few paces, my heart smote me, and I turned back. "If you are in want," said I, with a good degree of peevishness, "why do you not beg?"—"Sure, it's begging I am," was the reply. "You did not utter a word!" "NO! Is it joking you are with me, sir? Look there!" holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat. "Do you see how the skin is speaking through the holes in my trousers; and the bones crying out through my skin? Look at my sunken cheeks, and the faming that's starting in my eyes!—Man alive! is'nt it begging I am with a hundred tongues?"

Generosity.—A young man on the point of marriage was drawn for the militia in Lorraine. In despair, he applied to the Count de Mitry, captain of the regiment, who, in compassion, gave his word that the person could not exceed one year. The term expired, the captain explained to the colonel, and requested the man's discharge, which the colonel flatly refused, as he said the subject was an excellent soldier, and did credit to the corps. Next day he was surprised, when the captain waited on him in the soldier's attire, knapsack and musket, with this address: "My colonel, as the word of a gentleman is sacred, and I have pledged mine that man shall only serve for a year, here is my commission of captain, which I resign, and I am ready to serve in his place."

The good Merchant of Philadelphia.—A Philadelphia merchant, many years ago, whose wealth and importance were only equalled by the goodness of his heart and the purity of his principles, rescued a mechanic from the clutches of poverty, and, what was worse in those days, the hands of the sheriff. The son of the mechanic was young, but old enough to know his father's benefactor. Many years after this, the merchant fell into difficulties, and at the most trying moment, when all his former friends had forsaken him, the mechanic's son, now comparatively wealthy, stepped forward to his relief. "I am much indebted to you," said the reduced merchant. "By no means," said the other; "I have only paid the debt which my father contracted at the corner of Chestnut street, thirty years ago, when I was just old enough to know the cause of my poor mother's tears." The merchant grasped his hand, and burst into a flood of tears. *Saturday Courier.*

City of Washington.—When this city was pretty much in its infancy—and it has not yet arrived at man's estate—a Frenchman, who had heard much talk of "the city," and who had formed his ideas of our metropolis somewhat on the plan of London, or Paris, or at least Dupre or Canterbury, was seized with a desire of visiting his eyes with a sight of "the city"—and went in the stage to the seat of the General Government. When he arrived there, and saw the scanty supply of houses, and the wide extent of streets, crossing each other at right angles and dingonally, he was lost in wonder at the great disparity, and cried out: "My God, what a great city! It only wants houses and inhabitants to be the greatest city in the world!"

Pleasure.—The phantom pleasure may appear before our eyes, in the most brilliant of all glowing colors, within the reach of our extended arms, and ever and anon inviting us to clasp it to our bosoms; but the moment we attempt to seize it, the vision flies, and we embrace a void. And, alas, the disappointment leaves no less a void within the aching breast!—a void which often drives away all taste for life, sickens the heart, and forever disturbs reflection; still at least, it insensibly draws over its victim a careless insipidity of the world, which ever destroys the energy of the mind, and finally gives the disabused soul a prey to gnawing apathy.

When the heart is corrupt there will naturally follow an incredulity respecting religious affairs. We are not ever anxious to credit that which will overturn favorite pursuits; and we would rather encourage our criminal passions than frame the mind to goodness.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

The late anniversary of our National Independence was celebrated in this place, in a very appropriate and becoming manner. The citizens met at the Methodist Church, at the hour previously appointed, where the usual ceremonies were performed. An impressive prayer was offered up by the Rev. Dr. Rogers. The Declaration of Independence was read in a distinct and forcible manner, by Mr. J. L. Kemp. After which, the audience were entertained with an excellent and beautiful Oration, which reflects great credit upon its author.

Covington, July 13, 1841.

H. J. Groesbeck, Esq.

Dear Sir—The Committee of Arrangements take this occasion to express their approbation of the excellent and appropriate Address delivered by you in this city, on the late anniversary of our National Independence.

In compliance with the wishes of your fellow citizens, and in accordance with our own earnest desires, we respectfully request that you will do the favor of furnishing a copy for publication.

Respectfully yours, &c.

B. S. Leathers,
M. M. Benton,
A. H. Jameson,
H. J. Poor,
Wm. Lowery,
} *Committee.*

Covington, July 13, 1841.

Messrs. B. S. Leathers, M. M. Benton, &c.

Gentlemen,—In compliance with the request contained in your note of the 12th inst., I most cheerfully furnish you with a copy of the Address delivered by me "on the late anniversary of our National Independence."

Yours, very respectfully,

H. J. Groesbeck.

ADDRESS.

Time, on ceaseless wing, has brought around another anniversary of our National Independence. The man of the palace, the dweller in the humble cottage, the aged and the young, the beautiful and the wise, have this day turned aside from the ordinary pursuits of life, and have come up to lay their offerings on the altars of Patriotism. To-day the car of commerce is stopped, the hum of the great city hushed, and all classes and conditions have gone out to mingle their sympathies in the general festival. To-day the noble and brilliant minds of your Congress, but yesterday engaged in high and spirited discussion, and bent in intense study upon the objects of legislation, have cast aside their plans, that they might, in memory, commune with the mighty minds of our forefathers, and acquire from them the true meaning of our institutions, and the means of their perpetuity. To-day, the spirit-stirring anthem fills the consecrated walls of a thousand temples, and resounds over many a hill and valley. Fellow citizens, a free people are this day rejoicing over the birth of their freedom.

All nations have their days of celebration. It is the pride of human nature to boast of ancestry. And surely, if the virtues of an ancestry have given birth and glory to a people, the recollection and influence of those virtues should ever be cherished. The barbarian chief, to preserve the strength and valor of his race, keeps alive in their minds the spirit of their forefathers. The constant study, by her youth, of the actions and achievements of the illustrious dead, constituted a main feature in the legislation of Sparta. Indeed, national recollections are the basis of national greatness. We have a rich lesson of the importance of the celebration of this day in the memorable letters of Adams and Jefferson; the fathers of our independence. Amid the countless events which grace the annals of the world, we shall find none more deserving of celebration, or of a deeper manifestation of gratitude to the Deity. Its remembrance is wise and salutary. It rekindles the fires of patriotism, and renews our respect and obligations for our government. It arouses and gratifies the noblest emotions of the human heart. It brings before us in review the heroes and sages of the past, and testifies the respect we bear for their memories. It impresses upon us more deeply the principles upon which our government was originally founded, and upon which its glory and happiness depends. It teaches us to endure all things; martyrdom itself, rather than submit to the iron rule of oppression. It is a school of virtue to us, to our children, and to coming generations.

The causes which induced and consummated our country's independence compose the theme of the present occasion. Its field is wide and fruitful. Time will not permit me to go back to the origin, and trace, step by step, the events which led to the declaration of independence, and the happy results of the revolution. The band of genius has already sketched them upon the living page of your literature.

The chief, among the glorious results of the Reformation, was the origin of the doctrine, that all men are created equally free and independent. The divine right of kings, made sacred by custom, and sanctioned by superstition and ignorance, began to lose its influence on the minds of men, and to give way before the *premier* light of that age. The idea of social equality and equal rights, hitherto unknown to mankind, began to move and convulse the mighty mind of England. Various political and religious sects sprung into being, and with the unconquerable spirit of liberty herself, proclaimed their principles. They contended for freedom of thought and action. Not rebellious they petitioned the throne for redress; but the proud *Stuarts* treated their petitions with contempt, and laughed their principles to scorn. They were persecuted throughout the whole empire. But oppressed, like their descendants, they rose superior to oppression. War followed. The contest was severe and bloody. Charles I. was beheaded, and the crown of victory fell to the persecuted. They now, under the rule of the mighty and matchless Cromwell, enjoyed universal toleration. But the day of his reign was short. After his death, they were deprived of all power, and again cruelly persecuted. Unable to resist the royal power, inflamed with the vengeance of the king, and dreading the return of the honors of revolution, they now left their native soil for the wilds of America.

Let us follow them on their dreary voyage from the shores of their nativity. We behold them launched on the wide ocean, guiding their barks to the shores of the new world. For many long and comfortless months they face the storms, their little barks trembling upon the mountain wave, or sinking in the almost engulphing sea; the tempest howls through their tattered rigging, and the billows dash and break against their leaky sides; but amidst the tempest and the storm, and all privations and sufferings, they ride upon the waves triumphantly. At length, under the guidance of that Being whose hands they sought to plant on the rock-bound shores of America, they land in poverty, but noble and self-sustained in soul. We admire the orator who nobly espouses the cause of liberty, and by the brilliant flashes of his eloquence, stirs up his countrymen to noble action; the statesman, of comprehensive mind, who dispenses throughout society the blessings of wise legislation, and exalts his country among the nations high in grandeur and fame; the philanthropist who, in the warm, gushing benevolence of his heart, devotes his time and energies to the amelioration of his fellow men; the warrior, who has won for himself glory's immortal chaplet on the field of battle; and our admiration is pure, intense and lasting; but when we behold men, men who we know to be our ancestors, whose blood, coursing in our veins, imparts to us the spirit of our great men, struggling with such patience and fortitude against such trials and adversities, language itself falters, fails to depict our feelings—it is a sight worthy of the angels.*

The same feelings and principles which compelled them to leave the unhallowed shores of their native land, influenced them in their new home. They soon converted the wilderness into the favorite abode of freedom, and, with a broad cast, sowed the seeds of virtue and liberty. Dangers they saw not; obstacles vanished before them; their course was onward in strength and prosperity.

The mother country, exalted by a successful war, but exhausted in resources, at length turned upon them her jealous eye; and again the heavy hand of tyranny was laid upon them. An ignorant ministry, a king seduced by the syren song of flattery, with no knowledge of political science, much less of the condition of their American subjects, endeavored to replenish their empty treasury, and provide a fund for royal extravagance, by a system of oppressive taxation. The endearing ties of kindred, which connected the parent country with the infant colonies, were dissolved in the desire to swell the pride and vanity of royalty. A stupid and insolent ministry looked upon the colonists as miserable outcasts, upon whom they might impose the heaviest burdens with impunity. Born and educated in the halls of royal eminence, they imagined themselves superior in nature to our fathers. Tax followed tax. The odious stamp act came, and the spirit of liberty began slowly to move the minds of men. It was repealed; and the colonists, with feelings of the liveliest gratitude, anticipated a cessation of oppression. But its repeal was quickly succeeded by other acts equally severe. Oppression followed oppression. Our fathers as yet submitted, unwilling to raise the arm of resistance. The idea of building up a separate nation, with a separate power and glory, did not even enter into their dreams. While the chains were forging for them, and preparations were making to rivet them on their limbs, unsuspecting, as the stranger in a distant land, they turned their eyes towards their native country, and felt the full gush of love and sympathy. They sent their dutiful petitions to the throne; they respectfully remonstrated against the acts of Parliament. With the affection of the child for the parent, they pleaded for the violated rights of freedom. Their petitions were slighted. To their remonstrances came insult; their appeals were turned into ridicule. The spirit of liberty was now impelled to action, and resistance began to show itself. A military force was sent over to hold the rod of terror and subjection over the colonists. A mercenary and rapacious soldiery was located in their midst; in the land which the pilgrims had sought for peace and liberty, where they might think and act unawed by kings, untrammelled by power. Reciprocal hostilities commenced. The Boston massacre took place. Then came the battles of Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill; and then was shed the first blood of the heroes and martyrs in Freedom's holy cause. Noble shades of our ancestors, how shall we estimate your virtues and your glories! History affords no parallel. You poured out your rich blood, like water, for a country, the greatness and grandeur of which were unknown. You offered your lives a sacrifice on the altars of Liberty, that Liberty might live, and your children enjoy the fruits thereof. No selfish feelings, no sordid calculation stimulated you to action. Firm and undaunted, conscious of the purity of your feelings, and of the rectitude of your principles, you gave the banner of freedom to the breeze, and waved defiance at the combined force of England! Venerated fathers! how shall your posterity honor you! Let the monument be raised until it reaches the skies, and let the sons of liberty, from climes and climes, kneel at its base, and there offer up the morning and evening devotions. But the monument may decay in Time's mouldering embrace. But your deeds, they name. Warren, the first noble martyr in Freedom's cause, shall live forever "in story and in song." Where liberty dwells, or where a patriotic heart can be found, your immortal spirit will claim a home.

With the battle of Bunker Hill the war of the Revolution began. The spirit of liberty, like an electric spark, pervaded the whole country. The eloquence of Patrick Henry had already aroused the patriotism of his countrymen, and the death-knell of tyranny was sounded throughout Virginia. Everywhere, the high-minded men of that momentous age, had determined to sacrifice their lives, their fortunes, rather than resign their rights, and become the servile subjects of a perfidious ministry and a weak king. The parent country continued her persecutions, and the colonists, with patience and fortitude, their resistance, until the cords which bound them together were severed, never to be united again. In the meanwhile, the Congress of 1776 assembled. In this Congress, as you know, the momentous question of independence was to be discussed; a discussion fraught with slavery or death to the colonists, and, as events have shewn, with the happiest results to all mankind. The men of this assembly trembled not at the consequences; but met the fearful crisis manfully. The example of their forefathers was before them. The question to be solved was this, and this only, whether the hopes of freedom and man's political and religious regeneration from the thraldom of despotism should brighten and brighten as the rising sun of the morning until its illumination should spread over and light up the dark places of the world, or be blasted forever, and the people of America remain forever in monarchical vassalage. We are told that the debates were spirited, eloquent and overful; but of the particulars we have no accurate knowledge, the deliberations being conducted with closed doors. Jefferson has said that "John Adams was the Colossus of that Congress—the great pillar of support to the Declaration of Independence, and its ablest advocate and champion on the floor of the house;" that his was the eloquence which "moved his hearers from their seats." Others have awarded the palm of intellectual greatness to Richard Henry Lee. Be this as it may, both were superior lights; both earned immortal laurels; both are deserving of the praise and memory of posterity. Finally, the resolution of independence was moved. The youthful Jefferson was appointed at the head of the committee to draft the Declaration. How I tell you how the sublime task was accomplished? Need I dwell upon the boldness, strength, and truth of its sentiments, the grace of its style, the beauty and force of its language? Of all the resplendent efforts of genius, ancient or modern, there is none, none, its superior. To what greater honor, what greater fame, what greater glory, could mortal mind aspire, than its authorship? It was discussed and adopted. Upon its adoption were pledged the lives, the fortunes, the sacred honors of its illustrious signers. All political connexion with the mother country was dissolved, and these states declared to be free and independent. The die was cast; the fortunes of freedom launched upon the wide sea, with a firm reliance upon Him who "rules and overrules the destinies of nations."

Fellow citizens, let us for a moment indulge in the pleasing contemplation of the origin, and character of the founders, of our nation. It is our good fortune to know, with the minutest detail, who were our founders, and, with honest exultation, to boast of their virtues and patriotism. The principles which we hold, they held, and maintained with their lives and treasures; the foundations of the institutions which we now enjoy, so full of promise, they laid with their hands, amid hardships and trials. From the fruits of the tree which sprang from the seeds which they planted, watched over, and watered with their tears and blood, we gather our political sustenance. Who, who shall measure the gratitude which we owe our forefathers!

You at once perceive that the same feelings and principles which led our ancestors to leave the old world, and to unfold the gates of liberty, and erect its temples in the new, likewise gave birth to the event which we this day commemorate. In the new, as in the old world, schooled in hardships, their minds developed into the full vigor and strength of manhood, they were able to discern and to discuss the proper relations which should exist between the rulers and the ruled. They claimed that the obligations which existed between the throne and the people were reciprocal, and contended for the equal protection and favor of the parent hand. They saw nothing in the designs of Deity, or the nature of man, created after his own image, which should constitute the right of the few divine, and the millions their vassals. The violation of the principles of eternal justice, and that alone, caused them to raise the giant arm of opposition in both hemispheres. England either knew not the character of her colonists, or flattered herself that they were, in comparison with her own strength, too weak for resistance; and when it came, she still flattered herself that she could fetter the steps of freedom in this new land, with a few chains. Vain hope! To the first appearance of tyranny in their hitherto peaceful land, they anticipated its results, and showed the most determined resistance. Strfull of the unconquerable spirit of liberty, shaped by the principles of virtue, were they, that they would not suffer even an experiment upon their liberties. They might have paid the tax upon paper and glass and tea, and set apart their property to support the staggering greatness of British aristocracy, and yet have lived and died, as the great mass of mankind before them. But a new spirit animated their being, and shaped their destinies otherwise, higher, nobler. Men of tried virtue and patriotism, and in the full pride and power of intellect, they resisted tyranny, because of the results of tyranny itself. They were weak and powerless, without fleets or armies; but they were not disposed to shuffle off responsibility upon their children. Like the young psalmist of Israel, with scarcely a weapon, they went forth to battle with the gigantic power of Great Britain. The feelings of John Adams, after the adoption of the Declaration, when he wrote his memorable letter, in which he prophecies that his country shall rise and rise in grandeur and power, until she shall become the beacon-light of all nations, were the common feelings of all our patriot fathers. Selfishness formed no part of their motives or actions. They knew and felt that the hour of separation had come. They knew and felt that, under Providence, they were marked out as the champions who were to strike the blow upon which was staked the fate of popular governments. They fought and died for their children, for us, and succeeding ages. They conquered, gloriously conquered. They have passed away. Alas! not a single pillar which supported the majestic arch of the Declaration, now stands. Our fathers have gone to brighter worlds. We, their posterity, live in the enjoyment of their patriotic labors and trials. Is there a heart so ungrateful, that does not hail with joy the annual return of this day, that as a nation we may come forward, and for one short hour commune with their mighty spirits, and lay our humble offerings upon the altar of their memories!

It is nonecessary for me, at this time, to go through, in detail, the many events of our revolutionary struggle. The faithful historian has preserved them; and they have become familiar to every mind. It was a struggle, as you know, of trials and sufferings—a struggle which continued when the star of hope went down—a struggle such as which the records of history furnish no parallel. I will but refer you to the mournful scenes of Long Island, when our little army stood undismayed by defeat—to the gloomy field of Trenton, when despair pervaded our broken ranks; to the blood-covered plains of Brandywine and Monmouth—to the hard fought battle of Saratoga, when victory perched upon the banner of independence—to the plains of the Eutaws, when the gallant Greene led on our forces—to the sufferings amid ice and snow of that dreadful winter, when our half-clothed and half-starved army, was quartered in Valley Forge—finally, to the seige of Yorktown, when the lion of England crouched at the feet of the eagle; and the dark clouds broke away, and the sun of independence streamed to his meridian in the heavens.

But what shall I say of him, the greater leader of our armies—of him, who, when others faltered, stood firm—of him, in whom was centred the hopes, the fears, the fate itself of liberty? Happy, thrice happy fortune, that Washington was chosen to lead on the forces of freedom! In him the nation trusted with full faith; upon his giant energies they relied for safety and support. How he executed his great commission, and how, when the struggle was over, with a magnanimity such as the world had never before seen, he returned his sword to those who had given it in his charge, is well known to you all. It is difficult to praise such a man as Washington. The highest eulogy cannot do justice to his merits. What he was, and what he achieved, is best testified by the grateful remembrance of our hearts, by the blessings we enjoy, by the greatness and promise of our institutions, by the love and gratitude of the good all over the world. The sculptured marble will moulder away, nations will pass into forgetfulness; but his fame, unfading, will shine on through all coming time.

Nor let us, on this occasion, forget the noble men, who came from other lands to aid us in the hour of peril. The news of a young nation contending in deadly strife with a gigantic power, was carried across the ocean, and the noblest sympathies of our nature beat with new life amid the despotisms of the old world. The youth and chivalry of France came over in crowds, and joined our feeble ranks. They came not to enrich themselves; for they brought their wealth with them, and with it clothed our destitute soldiery. They remained not to reap the laurels of victory, but when the strife was over returned to their own homes. Interested they were; but it was that interest which the magnanimous mind feels when the arm of the strong is raised to strike the weak. Ambitious they were, but it was that ambition which stimulates to virtue and patriotism, and gains for its possessor a name high on the roll of fame. Many fell, nobly fell, on the field of battle, and their uncoffined bones enrich our plains. A few survived, and lived to witness the fruits of their valor, and to receive the gratitude of freemen. Kosciusko, who had shone among the leaders of many a hard fought field, returned to his much loved country, impressed with the lessons here taught him, and attempted to break the chains of slavery in that deserted land. He fell—

"Oh! heaven, he cried, my bleeding country save!"

prematurely fell, and with him expired the last hope of Poland. What heart does not lament over his fall? Who will not shed a tear for him and his prostrate country? Let us cherish his memory, and on every return of this eventful day proclaim his virtues and his glory. But the chief among that band of noble strangers, who turned from the endearments of home, and came to our shores, was the beloved Lafayette. He came a youth of nineteen, when the visions of his youth were bright, and Liberty appeared in her most enchanting forms. He was among the first to enter the breach, and the first to dye his maiden sword in our behalf. Associated in arms, it was his happiness to become the beom friend of Washington. As brothers they fought together—as brothers they held counsel with each other. He saw justice triumphant, and a country redeemed. He returned to witness all the vices and terrors of licentious *liberty*. How great the contrast! When fifty years had elapsed, he came to visit the land of Washington, which with him he had helped to deliver. At his coming, the nation, in mass, rose up to bid him welcome. Joy, deep-felt joy, filled the hearts of the old and the young, of the gay and the beautiful. And his great and good mind bowed down in gratitude. But, alas! he too has fallen—

"And ne'er to the chambers where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest"—

too soon for liberty; but not too soon for his undying name. With Washington's, it will perish only with time.

When the general joy, upon the successful termination of the revolution, which pervaded all minds, and held in peaceful confidence and union the states, had subsided, the body politic was found to be relaxed and debilitated, burdened with a heavy debt, powerless. Bitter and jealous contention sprung up in different sections, and began to agitate the country. The confederation, which had been formed in the hour of danger, was found to be wholly insufficient for union and government. The reign of misrule began; and all that had been purchased, liberty itself, by so much blood and treasure, was about to be lost. Fortunately, the minds which had projected the revolution, and brought it to so glorious an end, yet stood pre-eminent in the affections of their countrymen. The difficulties were great, and patriotism trembled at the danger. But that wisdom and patriotism which had signalized them in the first great cause, yet lived; and they came forward in the second great cause of liberty boldly, nobly. They proposed a convention of the states, for the purpose of establishing a constitution; in the words of the preamble, "to secure more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity." The convention was held at Annapolis, 1789, and the present federal constitution adopted. Blessed hour! The country was saved, and the foundation of popular government was laid, never to be undermined. Search the annals of time, and where will you find an instrument like this, so full of wisdom, so pregnant of the truths which pertain to the rights and happiness of man, so perfect, and so highly calculated, under wise administration, to insure enduring prosperity? The unanimous and exciting voice of the country called upon him who had led them on to victory, to be the first great pilot who should take the helm of state. In him, the ideas, interests, and feelings of the country were fully represented. In him the people saw themselves personified. He was himself the people. They sympathized with him, confided in him, to him committed their all. From out the dangerous port, beset by rocks and quicksands, Washington safely steered the ship of state into the wide ocean of political being. It is our lot, our duty, to stand a sleepless watch on that ship; to avoid the rocks upon which ancient republics foundered; to preserve its original beauty and majesty, and, with unwavering purpose, to maintain its onward course.

The influence of the great event which we celebrate upon the nations of the world is worthy of our attention. The American revolution was a contest between the sovereign and the people, involving the elementary principles of government. It was no spasmodic effort to throw off the yoke of slavery. It was a struggle between the mother country and her colonies, in which it was to be decided, whether the latter should submit to the tyranny of the former. The Declaration of Independence set forth certain unalienable rights, as self-evident, and declared, that to secure these rights was the great object of all governments. It was claimed, that the people are the source of all power, and that governments owe their origin and existence to the consent of the governed. These were new principles in the world. The ancient republics boasted of the rights of freemen; but these great truths they either knew not, or dared not put in practice. When the revolution was ended, and hope became reality, there was a silent rejoicing in the minds of many of the old world, who had looked upon the contest with fearful anxiety. A spirit of enquiry was awakened. Men began to reflect upon their rights; and as the truths evolved in our revolution flashed upon them, they at once saw that their situation was that of compulsory servitude. The "divine right" they saw was no more than a sheer fiction, which the iron will of Despotism had forced upon mankind. The conviction, deep and powerful, began to be felt, that the people are the source of supreme power. The thrones of despotism began to stagger; old customs, based upon tyranny, to lose their magic power; the pageant of aristocracy to crumble to atoms. Eminent minds came forward, and discussed the principles of government. The power of the press became enlisted, and its written eloquence, bearing the important truths which had grown out of the revolution, was scattered all over Europe. A zeal for reform became the spirit of the age. The noble men, who had fought with us the battles of freedom, returned to their own countries, exasperated against the hoary oppression of despotism. The work of revolution began. France dethroned her king, and declared for popular government; but, unprepared, she went into the momentous struggle—too soon for herself—too soon for liberty. With the "man of destiny" as her leader, and Mirabeau as her orator, France, like a maniac released from confinement, plunged into all the excesses of blind enthusiasm and unfettered passions. Terrible were the scenes which followed. By the teachings of her doctrines, the influence of her example, and the glory of her arms, she overspread and subjected to her sway the greater part of Europe; until, finally, met by the Colossus of the North, she fell a victim to her own mad career. The spirit of reform was now checked in the old world; but only checked. Under the influence of our institutions and example, it again revived, and has steadily progressed. As the happy and splendid results of our institutions have become better known and felt, the charms of monarchy have faded away. The universal cultivation of mind, a thing unknown in the feudal ages, began to attract, and now fully engrosses the attention of all Europe. As the intercourse between us and other countries increases, the seeds of liberty are bountifully sown; and however barren the soil, or unpropitious the climate, such is the nature of the plant, that it will eventually spring up, bearing the richest fruits, and throwing afar the loftiest branches. May we not hope that the work of reform will continue to progress, with tenfold force and momentum, until despotism throughout the world shall crumble and fall to dust, and the mild genius of liberty triumphant, reign in its place? Is there not something in the present deep and powerful agitation of the mind of England—something ominous, tell us sublime, in the petition of 1,300,000 Chartists—something in the general dissemination of light and knowledge in the world, that give us assurance of this hope? Inspired prophecy warrants the conclusion. Yes, the mind of man must, shall be free. Brilliant among the nations will be that "bright clime of battle and of song," for which the immortal Byron labored and suffered. The spirit of liberty has already stepped upon her shores. At its approach, methinks I behold the shades of philosophers, poets, and statesmen rising from their consecrated tombs; methinks I behold her mounts and groves and temples repeopled with the mighty spirits of other days; methinks I behold those great and good men, Socrates, Pericles, Plato and Aristides coming to bid it welcome. Yes, Greece shall be "living Greece" again; shall arise in new beauty and strength; and become as she was in days past, the delight and admiration of the world.

To our own country, the effects of the revolution have been yet more glorious and wonderful. Every nerve of the body politic seemed to receive a new and living energy. From comparative weakness, we have grown, almost suddenly, to a strength and power unrivalled. Vast forests have been cleared, and in their place we behold flourishing cities, luxurinat fields, and gardens of beauty. From a soil naturally rich, we gathered the richest harvests; and in agriculture we rank first among the nations of the world. The star spangled banner waves on every sea and lake and harbor, and our commerce embraces the civilized globe. In arts and manufactures American genius has eclipsed all that has gone before; before it other lights have disappeared, as the twinkling star, when the magnificent orb of day throws upon the world his full effulgence. We have explored the truths of science, and all nature is bound in tribute to our enterprise. There is no undertaking too great for our genius and industry. Holding out the same inducements and protection to all, all, every class and condition of men, have partaken of the fruits of the general influence. With our growth in commerce, agriculture, and the arts, it is our pride to assert that the mind of the nation has, with equal rapidity, developed in all its fair and beautiful proportions. Whatever is great in eloquence, ennobling in morals, sublime in truth, our mind has acquired. Possessing materials as various, more abundant, richer, nobler, what shall prevent the temple of American literature from having an arch more majestic, ornaments more graceful, beauties more attractive, splendors more dazzling than any other known to the world? In all this, you have but a faint sketch of the day we commemorate upon ourselves.

Now, the virtues and patriotism of our fathers reared the institutions from which these blessings have flowed in such copious streams. I repeat it, for what we are, and enjoy, and behold around us of greatness and power, we are indebted to the virtues and patriotism of our fathers. They are gone from us forever; but their example remains, a living testimony of their greatness. The work of their hands is committed to our care, and a voice, all-eloquent, from the tomb, commands us to preserve it in its original purity, and to hand it down, as we received it, pure and undefiled, to our children. To do this, we must follow their example. To do this, we must be virtuous and patriotic, as they were virtuous and patriotic. No new fashioned virtue or patriotism will answer the purpose. There must be a close imitation. No people ever fell, who held in sacred memory their illustrious ancestry. The moment a nation forgets its great and good men, she begins to degenerate. From the origin and nature of our institutions, the same causes which gave them being must continue their existence. Let us then endeavor to be like Washington, Jefferson and Adams, like them in virtue, like them in patriotism. And as a precious means of study and remembrance, let us hail with joy, deep, heart-felt joy, the annual return of this day. Remember, when we become careless about its commemoration, and its glories begin to fade upon our minds, we have taken the first fatal step of our downfall. But if we shall cherish its remembrance, and walk in those paths which the stars of the American constellation—Washington the chief—light up before us, ours shall be the fortune, kind heaven has so decreed, to reap the immortal honors, the imperishable rewards, of virtue and patriotism.

* This portion of the address was published by the author about ten years since, in the Cincinnati Mirror, in an essay on the "Puritans."

Superseeding the Law.

It will be remembered that not long since, an attempt was made to rob and commit murder, by the notorious scape-gallows, Smith Maythe and his accomplice, Lyman Couch, on the person of a Mr. Utterback, a drover from Bourbon county. He was left by them for dead, having cut his throat and otherwise wounding him. Shortly after, he was found, but not quite dead. The robbers were pursued and overtaken, and committed to the jail of Grant county, to await their trial. The wounded man was able to identify them; and they themselves confessed the fact. Had Utterback died, they would have been hanged by due course of law, but as it was probable he might recover, the punishment of the guilty would have been the Penitentiary!—Maythe had been an old offender, and at various times, had been sentenced to about *fifty years* imprisonment, upon different indictments; some of which he served out, and for the others received Executive pardon. He had become so bold and daring that the people were determined to have him out of the way; besides he had made many threats of vengeance, should he escape, which it was thought he might probably effect. They, therefore, deemed it expedient to put them to death by hanging, which was done in a cool, deliberate manner, an account of which will be found in the subjoined letter directed to the Postmaster at Cincinnati, as published in the Cincinnati Gazette.

Williamstown, Ky., July 11, 1841.

"*To Postmaster, Cincinnati*—Dear Sir:—The unfortunate men, Lyman Couch, and Smith Maythe, were taken out of jail, on Saturday, about 12 o'clock, and taken to the ground where they committed the horrid deed on Utterback, and at 4 o'clock were hung on the tree under which Utterback lay when his throat was cut. The jail was opened by force. I suppose there was from four to seven hundred people engaged in it; resistance was all in vain. There was three speeches made to the mob, but all in vain. They allowed the prisoners the privilege of Clergy for about five hours, and they observed that they happened peace with their God, and they deserved to die. The mob was conducted with coolness and order, more so than I ever heard of on such occasions. But they were never witnessed in our little village, and I hope never will be again. They were buried on the ground. Couch requested his friends to take him to Cincinnati and bury him. A Citizen."

DR. P. D. WILSON,

SURGEON DENTIST,

HAS permanently located in Covington—He performs all operations necessary to arrest decay of teeth and restore diseased gums. Also sets on pivot or plate, from one to a complete set of semi transparent porcelain teeth.—Fills with gold, silver, or tin foil, and extracts on a safe and expeditious plan.

Ladies will be waited on at their respective residences when required, or at his dwelling, on Scott street, opposite Messrs. Gedges' store.

The first stages of disease of the teeth are generally disregarded, until considerably advanced; the ravages of caries, or the agonizing pain of the toothache, to apply to the Dentist for remedy, who, however skilful he may be, is oftentimes compelled to extract a valuable tooth, beforehand prevention and relief can be afforded, which by early attention might have been preserved.

The many diseases to which the first dentition, or teething, subjects Children, ought to admonish every parent to attend to the state of their teeth. And it also proves the universal sympathy that exists between the teeth and every other important organ of the human system.

Dr. Thomas Bell, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, in his Anatomy and Physiology of the teeth, pages 68, 69, and 70, states, that Scrofula and many other malignant constitutional diseases, deep seated affections of the brain, of the stomach, and of the intestines, often terminating in a state of idiotcy or death, are only a few of the diseases consequent upon the irritation produced by teething.

The shedding of teeth is no less worthy of attention. As extracting the transient teeth too early, may injure or destroy the germ of the permanent teeth, which is forming in the jaw; and on the other hand, by leaving said teeth too long in the mouth, may give a rong direction to the permanent teeth, and consequently deform the mouth, and be a source of pain and regret through life.

Owing to the sympathy that exists between the teeth and the brain, stomach, and lungs, and also the whole nervous system, proves that a diseased state of those organs must be deleterious to the general health of the system in adults as well as children.

—Office with Dr. Davis, on Market space, Covington Kentucky.

July 21, 1841-tf

LICKING VALLEY REGISTER.

E. C. LANGDON, EDITOR.

COVINGTON, KY.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1841.

☞ The first number of the Licking Valley Register is put in circulation with a view to obtain subscribers. Those with whom it may be left or sent to, are requested to read it, and then send in their names.

☞ ADVERTISEMENTS.—Every man in business, whether mercantile, mechanical or professional, should advertise, and that too, continually. It is his own interest—to the interest of the people at large, by informing where they can get what they want, or dispose of what they have for sale—one good customer obtained in this way more than pays all the expense—besides it is to the interest of the printer, encouraging him to perseverance, and to make a good paper.

☞ This number is issued under many embarrassing circumstances not important for the general reader to know. It is put forth as a specimen of what the paper is intended to be and to do. In the absence of exchange papers it cannot be expected of us to give a quantity of general news or the passing occurrences of the day; a short time will serve to remove this difficulty, when an extensive summary shall be regularly dealt out.

In this undertaking, the Editor has embarked his all of worldly wealth, with a full determination of spending his days here, *if the people so will it.* If he shall be patronised in proportion to the ability of his fellow-citizens, he will in a short time be remunerated for his undertaking, both in a pecuniary point of view, and in the gratification of his feelings.

The Editor is placed in somewhat of a peculiar situation. Several attempts have been made to establish a paper in this place; from some cause or other, the undertakers have failed of success. Why things have thus turned out, we know not; but this we know, the confidence of the people is greatly impaired in relation to such an establishment, which, consequently, will operate as a great hindrance to our immediate progress. Many say they will not pay in advance because they have been deceived by others. We will not, therefore, ask advance payments—all we will ask is a *liberal* subscription, advertising and job printing patronage; with these, we will scuffle along until confidence shall be restored.

COVINGTON.

When we left this place some nine years since, it contained less than one thousand inhabitants—and here we are again, in the midst of a flourishing and enterprising little city of about three thousand peoples—fully determined never to "pull up stakes" again, unless driven to it by causes we cannot control.

There is no place in the west more desirable for private residence—or one where capital can be safer invested, either in property or business. The people are industrious, thrifty, and so far as we are concerned, morningly healthy.

We have fine air, pure water, good society; and religion and science and the arts, all moving onward, giving character and stability to our people. There is no spot in Kentucky blessed with so many flourishing schools as Covington; and none presenting so many advantages for a thorough education, to the sons and daughters of the sunny south. We have two female schools—in both of which, all that belongs to a complete and accomplished, and polished education, under the charge of superintendants and professors, eminently qualified, can be attained. The high schools for boys, are under the charge of good scholars, and moral and accomplished gentlemen—and besides a number of primary and public schools. The Baptist Theological Institute and College, now building in the suburbs of this city, will be opened in a few months, offering to the ambitious and aspiring young man all the advantages of ripe scholarship in science and religion.

We have a Rolling mill, Cotton factory, Flouring mill, Hemp-bagging factories, Rope walks, Brewery, Slaughter houses on a large scale, and Packing houses in which are slaughtered and packed upwards of twenty thousand hogs per year. And then comes our great staple, tobacco—It is almost incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that [illegible] been, and will be manufactured in this city, in the year 1841, upwards of fifteen thousand kegs and boxes of chewing tobacco—equal in value to two hundred thousand dollars; besides, we ship hundreds of hogsheads and boxes of leaf, to all parts of the chewing and smoking world. And then we have a Bank—but we never see any of her notes—they are strangers even in the place of their nativity.—

We have a fair market six days in the week, well supplied with good and choice meats and fowl—but badly sustained with vegetables,—and we mention this fact by way of inducing some enterprising gardners to locate in our vicinity, and make an easy fortune and educate their children. Our streets are all well paved—and McAdamized in the centre; but the side walks we shall not speak of, because they are not here—And then what a place for children—fat, plump, rosy, cheeked chaps, with plenty to eat, and no fever or ague—and last, but not least, as confirmed by myself, no man or woman ever goes away but they come back again—and few, very few, die—and it is no wonder we are growing in wealth and population.

M'LEOD.

For the last few months public attention has been drawn to this individual and the probable consequence likely to result from his arrest and detention in prison. He was taken out upon a writ of Habeas Corpus, which was tried before the Supreme Court of the State of New York on the 12th inst. The opinion of the Court, says a correspondent of the Cincinnati Chronicle, was delivered by Judge Cowen, by it McLeod's release on Habeas Corpus, *is refused, and he was remanded for trial on the indictment for murder.*

The opinion of the Court was very able and quite long. The facts alleged by McLeod's counsel as ground for his immediate release, viz: that he was absent at the time the murder was committed, and that if present, he was acting under authority, were set aside as not available in habeas corpus, even as an argument for letting the prisoner to bail, much less for ordering his unconditional discharge. The plea that the act was committed during the existence of hostilities between the two governments, was answered by saying that so far from, the two governments being at war, both were struggling to avoid such a turn of the excitement as should furnish the least occasion for war. An *ex post facto* war for the benefit of McLeod could not be got up by his counsel even with the aid of England. The whole transaction of the destruction of the Caroline belongs to the law of peace, and it is impossible even for diplomatic ingenuity to make it a case of legitimate war.—

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE LICKING VALLEY.

The character of a people is generally known by its institutions. The French, for instance, are considered light-hearted, and fantastic; and their nation abounds with theatres, operas, and those gay amusements which a sober Englishman would condemn. He goes in for missionaries, and missionary establishments—to reclaim the heathen land, and to improve, generally, the condition of the human race. Science, in its most extended operations, and religion in its various forms, mark the character of the English and their descendants. Their churches, colleges, halls of learning, and public institutions, bear evidence of this. In America, different traits of character are clearly delineated in each, and in almost every section or portion of the country; and however variegated may be the pursuits of the people, yet in their local position, in some one thing or another they excell: to point them out particularly, would be tedious in the extreme; and *might* be invidious, but in order to bring our figure to bear where we wish it to, we will name Kentucky as bearing the character of one of the most chivalrous and gallant states in the Union: none can excel her in patriotism or love of country, and the nerve to defend it. But in many things she is deficient, and far behind her sister states. In her school system and other institutions for the culture of the human mind she is, for instance, surpassed by Ohio. Although bordering, as we are, on the most polished and enlightened portion of that state, and within the radius of the Queen City, we lack somewhat in literary taste, and intellectual refinement.—This, as we conceive, is the result or consequence in a great degree, of the extreme diffusion, and extensive PATRONAGE OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS. Within a circle of thirty miles, exclusive of Cincinnati, there are no less than six newspapers—including those of the city, upwards of twenty-four, besides several monthlies of wide circulation, tri-weeklies and dailies: Thus, within the short distance of thirty miles may be enumerated more than thirty regular publications of various kinds, calculated to instruct, amuse, and gratify the mental appetite and taste of man. What is the condition of society there? The moral field is in a high state of cultivation, adorned with the choicest flowers of literature, and richest gems of religion and science.—Their children are bright in learning; their youth, in knowledge, have grown up to the full stature of men and women, and still improving. Now we hold that our Licking Valley, abounding as it does with wealth, vast resources within itself, and populated as it is with industrious and enterprising people, if it should not come quite up to the standard of its more favored neighbor, yet it could do a vast deal towards mental improvement, and would ultimately succeed in acquiring an enviable rank in moral and intellectual acquirements.

A kind Providence has cast his smiles over this goodly portion of our fair land, blessing us with an healthy climate and fertile soil, and crowning the labors of the husbandman with wealth and independence. Our citizens do not lack the means, nor the enterprise to accomplish what they purpose, but their attention has not been particularly directed to this important subject. It may be they have not viewed this matter in the light they should have done, and we now call upon them to give to it their cool deliberations and calm reflections.

By SUPPORTING THE PRESS, Ohio has arrived to her present eminence—we trust Kentucky, by the same means, will come up to the same exalted standard of her neighbor,—the first step to which will lead to the patronage of the newspaper press. Her fields for culture are broad, and much labor must be expended to bring them into usefulness; every man, blessed with health and strength, can do something—not one can be found who is not able to pay *two* or *three* dollars a year for a newspaper, from which he would derive more than a double interest in the means of improving his time, and whiling away, what might otherwise be, a tedious hour.

We have said that our field for operation is extensive—and so it is;—embracing no less than seven counties in which there is no newspaper publication. In fact, in this whole congressional district, composed of nine counties, there are but two newspapers printed—none near this place. Is it because the people are not able to support an establishment of this kind? Surely not. Is it because they are indifferent to the welfare of their country, or do not take an interest in its prosperity? Not so. Is it because they have not the facilities of obtaining intelligence? Our post roads are numerous, and the mails afford every convenience of transportation. Is it because our citizens *cannot read*, and are devoid of intellect? This we know is not the case. Hence then the cause of this stolen indifference to the diffusion of intelligence through the newspaper channels? Let us examine into this important matter, and if possible, correct the evil. No people can become eminent without the labor of the press; and none can remain ignorant with it.—

The man who does not read the newspapers is, in knowledge, far behind his neighbor who does; he is ignorant of passing events, and of the doings of the nation, or what our legislators of the general government are about. Then the great benefit that must result to the youth of Kentucky, in the cultivation of their minds.—Look to the families in which newspapers are taken, and mark the difference in their condition. They will be found intelligent, and possessing an accurate knowledge of our country and its public affairs.—In fact, they will be found to excel in almost every branch of learning.

With these benefits in view, we now appeal to the *patriotism* of Kentuckians to support at least one press, devoted to their interests, their wants and their wishes. We appeal to their PRIDE.—Let it not be said that the fifth congressional district of Kentucky cannot, or rather *does* not support more than two papers. If they will but do their part, the Editor pledges himself to furnish them a valuable FAMILY NEWSPAPER.—What he shall fall to do in himself, he will obtain the aid of others of greater ability, which will secure to the readers of the LICKING VALLEY REGISTER a "feast of reason," and a full flow of interesting matter.

THE NEWSPAPER.

The importance of the newspaper press is not properly estimated by the community at large, in reference to the influence it exercises on society in the varied pursuits of life. Some, who have not reflected upon the matter as deeply as they should do, deem their money but little better than thrown away in patronizing the press. These entirely mistake its character, and, in addition, their own character as citizens of a free country. A newspaper, divested of its political bias and acrimony, when conducted by men who feel a moral responsibility resting upon them, exerts an influence, which, though noiseless and imperceptible at the first, is powerful and lasting in its results. Let us turn our attention to those countries where the press is shackled by despotic power: Ignorance, superstition, bigotry and licentiousness mark the character of the people. Tyrants dread its power, and the wicked quail before its searching eye. Take our own free country, aye, even our backwoods' wilds, and it is easily to be discovered, whether or not they have among them a press, and in what manner that press is managed. By it the improvements and refinements of society are defined—its moral character developed, and held up to public admiration. Whatever may be said against it, the newspaper is the great medium of intelligence to the public. Without it, our country would not be what she is; it is to the press, more than to any other means, we are indebted for our greatness as a free, happy and intelligent people; and were it possible to suppress or destroy it, no doubt can be entertained that with it would fall also the liberties of the country.

Whenever encroachments are projected by tyrants on the rights of the people, the first attempt is to destroy those means of intelligence that would enable the people to detect their unholy ambition. History has shown us that an intelligent people cannot be enslaved, as plainly as it has shown us that an ignorant people cannot continue to be free. Nothing more than this is necessary to prove the great importance of the press: without it there cannot be intelligence, and without intelligence there cannot be freedom. If, then, the press be of such vast importance as to be considered the very palladium of our liberties, it is but a just source of complaint, that the great mass of our citizens do not sufficiently cherish and protect that which, in return, renders to them so much of good.—It is true, that, compared to other nations, we are the friends of the press; but still that high opinion of its merits, and that liberal patronage which justly are its due, seem to be withheld from it, at least to some extent. Many of our citizens take no paper whatever, seeming content to plod along without making themselves acquainted with any of the important affairs of their country. They forget, or disregard that as citizens of the only true republic on earth, that they have political *duties* to perform, of more than common import: They forget or disregard the immense cost of that government which confers on them so many blessings, and utterly heedless are they of that maxim that tells them that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!"—How can such men as these have claim on the support of the government they are themselves regardless of supporting? How claim the rights and privileges of American citizens when they do not perform the duties? Will they answer, that in recording their votes at the ballot boxes at stated periods, they do all that duty requires of them? If this be their answer they are in error: Their country requires action of them, but it is intelligent action. Certainly it were better that they refrained from political action entirely than to exercise the right of the elective franchise in entire ignorance of political subjects. Yet, notwithstanding this, there are numbers of our citizens who not only are ignorant of the politics of their country, but who can boast that this is the fact with them, taking to themselves no small share of merit for their indifference and their ignorance. It is an every day occurrence to hear a citizen boasting that he "is not a politician nor cares he any thing for political subjects." How unworthy of a freeman, how unworthy of an American is such a boast! What! is it possible he cannot care for that which confers on him all his prosperity and happiness—which secures to him his freedom an independence, and makes him the envy of a world that suffers under oppression! Oh, monstrous ingratitude! oh, shameful ignorance! As well, as rationally might he—let that he cared not for the light of the sun, nor the genial productions of the earth whereby he lived, as declare his disregard of that government which protects himself and his dearest rights. It is the duty, as it should be the glory, of every citizen of a free government to understand well her institutions, attentively watch the progress of her political affairs, and to be ready with his counsel, and with his vote to direct or correct her course, as he is with his arms to defend her cause against a world, should she be attacked.

This brings us to our position in regard to the newspaper press: It is the only medium through which public opinion can be known, and is in itself a lever whose power can overcome the greatest obstacles. So long as our government remains one of public opinion, so long shall the newspaper press be of vast importance to our people. We critique this not to discharge his duties without its aid, nor would he deserve his title should he fail to cherish it, identified as it is with the cause of liberty and our country. In these times, most especially necessary is it, that all our citizens turn their earnest attention to the political affairs of our country, and also to the aspect of political affairs abroad. It is therefore necessary that all citizens READ and THINK before they counsel and act. The press is the only means by which our citizens can qualify themselves for a proper discharge of their political duties.

Progress of Society.

The zealous advocates of human liberty and the friends of human improvement, have held much about the progress of society and the "march of mind." As their sanguine hopes are apt to outrun greatly the tardy progress of the multitude, in intelligence and virtue, they are liable to many and great disappointments, and they are continually compelled to encounter the chilling ridicule and withering sneer of the phlegmatic and selfish, who take a pleasure in damping those feelings of philanthropy, in which they have not the virtue to participate. Scarcely is there a blunder of ignorance committed, in these days, but some wag takes the pains to publish it with the ironic title of—"March of mind." By this and similar means, it is continually intimated that the supposed progress of society is all a pretence, and that the world is neither growing wiser nor better.

That the progress of society is slow, very slow, must be admitted by all; and that, for a time, it may even make a retrograde movement, must also be granted; yet it is equally undeniable that there is an actual and general progress for the better. It is this steady hope, this unshaken confidence, which has sustained the spirits of good men and philanthropists in all ages, enabling them to endure present ills, in view of brighter prospects in behalf of those to come after them.

A glance at the history of the world ought to settle this question. Look at the progress of society in regard to religious observances. Formerly, even the most enlightened tribes of men, served to regard the Deity as a vindictive tyrant, whom they endeavored to conciliate and appease by the sacrifice of the choicest of their flocks and herds, and other valuables. Nay, they sometimes attempted to please him, by the immolation of human victims. Instead of judging for the future by analogies drawn from the past, and from the obvious tendencies of the present, they vainly endeavored to discover future events by consulting pretended oracles—by examining the entrails of animals—observing the flight of birds—and many other silly omens. Even after the Founder of Christianity had taught mankind that the best way to show our love to God, was to be just and merciful to our fellow-men; that the Author of the Universe should be regarded as our Father, and that we should love each other as brethren: Still the idea of a vindictive Deity kept possession of the minds of men: an even Christians believed that they could propitiate the wrath of Heaven by self-inflicted torture—by penance, privation and voluntary wretchedness. It is not two hundred years ago, since that grand assembly, the British parliament, were busying themselves in defining a means by which a witch might be detected and known, and in passing the most sanguinary laws for the punishment and extirpation of those found guilty. It is not so long a time since, in our own country—in New England, the region of schools and "steady habits," the prosecutions, the hanging, and the burning of ignorant and harmless old women, for the crime of witchcraft, made the land look pale!

Have society made no progress towards rationality and true virtue in their religious sentiments? Have not their superstitions faded away before the growing intelligence of the age, as the thick mists of morning vanish through the influence of the sunbeams? It may be said, that we still have our superstitions; and that many things which we now hold sacred, may hereafter be classed with the oracles, omens, and witchcraft of antiquity. It may be so; but this only favors our leading view, that there is a progress of society, and that the world not only has made some advancement, but is likely to advance in time to come.

Look at the progress of mankind in their moral sentiments. In ancient times, force—physical force, was the great ruling power, and the Gordian knot of human rights was generally untied by the sword. Then men were distinguished, not so much for their intellect and moral qualities, as for their physical energies and personal prowess. Hence the fame of daring warriors and "mighty hunters"—of such men as Nimrod, Sampson, Hercules, and Theseus. The splendor of power obscured the beauty of virtue. Nay, the very word *virtue* itself, if we may judge from its etymology, seems in ancient times to have meant *strength* or *manhood*, rather than uprightness. To say that some of these evils still prevail, and that the word still places an extravagant estimate on military glory, and that right must often give way to power, is only to say—that we are still far from perfection, and have vast room for improvement.

Even jurisprudence, one of the most tardy of sciences, because its votaries have generally been inclined to look backwards for the "wisdom of ages," and the perfection of reason," has nevertheless gained something in the lapse of time. According to the famous law of the Twelve Tables of Rome, if we are not mistaken, parents had the power of life and death over their children; husbands unlimited authority over their wives; and defaulting debtors, historians affirm, were liable to be given up to their creditors to have their bodies carved out, and a part allotted to each claimant, according to the extent of his demand. We know that some have denied that this law was to be taken literally; but if not, we have never learnt what was the purport of the barbarous figure. At a later day, in the same government, it is known, that debtors were liable to be sold into slavery, until their debts were discharged by their labors. Here, again, we may be told, that imprisonment for debt is no better than slavery, and that this law still exists in some of the States in the Union. True; but it is a remnant of ancient barbarism; State after State is abolishing it; and even where the law is in force, it is, we trust, but seldom put in execution, being under the condemnation of public opinion.

The relative situation of females in different ages, marks the progress of society. In very ancient times, they were made mere drudges of, as they are now in savage tribes; in the age of chivalry they were worshipped, but not properly estimated; they were made idols, but not equals of. The elevation which was given to ladies of quality, (and chivalry paid little or no regard to the humbler class,) was factitious and unnatural, and not calculated to inspire them with correct notions of themselves, and of true excellence. By the Common Law of England, a husband had the right to whip his wife, provided he did it in moderation, and with a rod of moderate size. This right, Judge Blackstone says, began to be called in question during the reign of Charles II., but the common people, he adds, who were greatly attached to the Common Law, still continued to claim the right, and exercise it. And if such is not the law of this country, even now, it is because public opinion, rather than legislation, has repealed it. The existing laws in regard to females, are still, in an eminent degree, iniquitous and unjust.

We cannot, indeed, look around us, or examine, in the slightest degree, the texture of society, without perceiving that many, and great evils still exist among us, which, in the progress of society, are to be removed. Perhaps it is some evidence of improvement, that these evils are clearly perceived, although some of them may be such as we cannot speak of, or write of, with perfect freedom.

There is another subject in connection with these views, and which we had principally in our eye, indeed, when we began to write; but we must reserve it for another article, as we think this one is already quite long enough.

The old adage, "Charity begins at home," is applicable to all our business transactions, and should be taken into consideration by every business man. He should not go to distant parts, and among a strange people to purchase what his neighbor manufactures, or can supply him with: He should not go to Cincinnati market, when he can obtain what he wants here, provided, even, it should not be quite so good; and so cheap at all times.—Encouraging your own markets would bring competition, and thereby improve the quality, increase the quantity, and regulate the price of the commodities offered for sale. We cannot expect to compete with Cincinnati, or other older settlements, in all things; but there are many things, again, which can be done just as well here as there.—Our mechanics generally, can do their work as well and as cheap here as any where else. Then why not give your neighbor the money you have to appropriate in that way, and keep it in circulation among ourselves. Surely it would be more to your own interest, and the interests of our city.

We do not wish to see our American merchants run off to England or France, for what we can make or manufacture within ourselves; neither do we think it good policy for western people to patronize eastern newspapers and publications in preference to our own. Nothing is wanting but the fostering hand of encouragement, and the countenance of leading men, to make our western periodicals of as much general interest, and to western people more so, than those from abroad.—Let it then be borne in mind, that *business*, as well as *charity*, should begin at home.

The late President.

The National bereavement which has recently been inflicted upon our country in the death of our illustrious fellow-citizen, WM. H. HARRISON, is known and felt by every intelligent person.—We shall therefore only make mention of the last tributes of respect paid to its remains.—The proceedings we have copied from the Cincinnati Gazette of July 8.

Our citizens, yesterday morning, rendered their last honors to the earthly remains of their late friend and fellow-citizen, William Henry Harrison.—The hearse which bore the body from the residence of Colonel Taylor to the steamboat that conveyed it to North Bend, was preceded by the Grand Jury of Hamilton, and the several military companies which arrived from the Louisville Encampment in time to join in the procession, and followed by relatives and personal friends of the deceased, by the Committee which had brought it from Washington, the Committee of Forty which had been appointed to make arrangements for the Obsequies, the City Council, Officers and Soldiers of the Late War, Judges and officers of the Superior and Common Pleas Courts, members of the Bar, Odd Fellows, Firemen, other Associations, and large numbers of citizens in an individual capacity.

The procession moved, to solemn music, from the residence of Col. Taylor on Sixth street west to Race, thence south to Fourth, thence east to Broadway, thence down Broadway to the wharf, and on the wharf to the steamboat Raritan, which lay at the foot of Main; and the pavements, and doors and windows of houses, for the whole of this distance, were crowded with people, numbering doubtless from 18,000 to 20,000, who had assembled to have a last look, as it passed, of the coffin which enclosed the body of the venerated dead.

The boat left the wharf for the Bend about 9 o'clock, bearing with the remains the Committee of the detachment of United States Marines, and relatives of the deceased. By special invitation, the Rev. John T. Brooke went down, to perform the funeral service of the Church of England at the tomb.

THE ENTOMBMENT.

It was the wish, and the request, of the family and relatives of General Harrison, that his body should be entombed as privately, and with as little ostentation as possible. In consequence of this, many thousands of our citizens, who else would have followed it to North Bend, contented themselves to remain away. The feeling of the nearer neighbors and acquaintances of the late President, however, could not be thus restrained; and on the arrival of the steamboat at the place where the remains were taken ashore, the committee found an assemblage of several thousand persons, who had collected from the farms for miles around, and from the nearest towns of Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana, anxiously awaiting the appearance of the boat. Although this circumstance was to be regretted, it affords a strong evidence of the deep and abiding hold which General Harrison had upon the affections and respect of his immediate neighbors. For many miles around the Bend, he had, with nearly every person who was worthy of his regard, had a nay, almost be called an *intimate* acquaintance, and in reference to this relation between himself and his neighbors, it may truly be said, that they who knew him best, loved him most.

The Raritan landed about a mile above the Harrison Dwelling. Here the remains of the General were taken ashore, and the relatives and committee formed in procession after them. As they wound slowly and solemnly towards the tomb, many of those who were assembled fell into the line. Others, more anxious to get a last look at the coffin which incased the body of *their late friend*, took positions ahead, where it was known the funeral train would pass, and thus skirted the entire way. The lowering procession was followed up by the Rev. Joshua Wilson, of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, and the burial services of the Episcopal Church read by the Rev. John T. Brooke, of Christ Church.

The tomb is a simple vault, without anything ornamental for show, and none of the decorations of art. Its situation is very beautiful, with reference to either the river or the country in its rear. A few trees, of the original growth of the forest, stand around it. By another year, the grass will be creeping up its sides, and the *wild flowers* be bending towards it. These, from the hand of Nature, will be its first decorations. But the admiring hearts of a grateful people will not long let them remain alone.

DR. C. BARNES, *Office up stairs, two doors east of the Exchange Hotel, Cincinnati*—residence on the corner of Scott and Sixth streets, Covington Ky.—N. B. He keeps on hand, Medicines for the cure of those diseases common to the Valley of the Mississippi, viz:

Alexiter Pills, a Cathartic for the cure of all bilious affections, Dyspepsia, and Liver disease.

Ague Pills, a certain cure for Ague and Fever.

Diarrhœa and Dysenteric Pills, a cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentary, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus.

Elixir of Life, a complete remedy for the Summer complaint in children.

Restorative Mixture, a cure for the diseases of the Mucus Membrane of the lungs and Urinary organs. July 21 1841-tf

Business Directory.

ADVERTISEMENTS similar to those which follow, will be inserted one year for three dollars and fifty cents, with such alterations as shall be necessary.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

The office of the REGISTER *is supplied with a great variety of Job type, for printing* BILLS *of* EXCHANGE, BLANK NOTES, STEAMBOAT BILLS, *&c.—Office on the corner of Market space and Scott streets, Howell's Building, second story.*

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

I. COOPER & CO.

Wholesale Grocers, &c., Market space, dealers in a general assortment of Groceries, Liquors, &c., which we offer to exchange for Kentucky Tobacco, Bacon, Lard, Wheat, and Country Produce generally, or low for Cash.

MOOAR & CHANDLER,

Wholesale Grocers, and dealers in Produce—Market space, 3 doors east of Scott.

HOLDEN & LOWRY,

Wholesale & Retail Grocers, keep constantly on hand, a large and well assorted stock of Groceries, for which they will sell low for Cash, or in exchange for all kinds of Country Produce—corner of Scott and Fourth.

DRY GOODS MERCHANTS.

A. L. & T. GREER,

Wholesale and Retail dealers in Dry Goods, Hardware and Groceries, which they offer low for Cash or Country Produce, such as Wheat, Corn, and Tobacco. Store corner of Scott and Market space. Highest price, cash, paid for Wheat, at their Union Mill.—Fresh Flour always on hand, by the barrel or otherwise.

CLASSICAL AND MATHEMATICAL ACADEMY, COVINGTON, KENTUCKY.

J. L. KEMP, *Principal.*

REFERENCES:

Rev J S Tomlinson, D D	Augusta Col., Ky.
Rev H B Bascom, D D	
Rev B H M'Cowan, A M	
Rev Charles Elliot, D D	Cincinnati, Ohio.
Rev L L Hamline, A M	
Rev E W Sehon, A M	
Col Respass,	Maysville Ky.
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Rev John James,	Millersburg, Ky.
Jas D Rumsey, A M	Hopkinsville, Ky.
Mr A L Greer,	Covington, Ky.
James G Arnold, Esq.	
Rev H E Pilcher,	
Rev William Montague,	
P S Bush, Esq.	
Maj John Colvin,	
Rev Jos T Robert, A M	
Geo M Southgate, Esq.	
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TERMS:

English Grammar, Geography and Arithmetic, revised, $8,00 per quarter of eleven weeks.

Classics and Mathematics, $10,00 per quarter.

Commencement 2d quarter 19th July.

July 21, 1841.

DR. W. D. HOLT,

HAVING permanently settled in Covington, I will devote his attention exclusively to the practice of MEDECINE, SURGERY, & MIDWIFERY.—He flatters himself, from an experience of ten years, and a strict attention to the duties of his profession, to merit and receive a liberal share of patronage.

Office on Market space, adjoining the store of Mr. G. B. Marshall, where he may be always found, when not professionally engaged.

☞ Calls in the night will be made at the residence of Mr. Kelley, on Third street, second door west of the Council house.

N. B. All diseases of the eye will be particularly attended to.

July 21, 1840-tf

NOTICE.

MACKOY, LEATHERS, & CO.

Successors of Levis & Mackoy.

WOULD respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they continue to keep a general assortment of *Dry Goods, & Groceries*; also, constantly on hand, Kanawha Salt; of the best quality, and would solicit patronage, with assurance that each article in their line will be sold at low prices, for CASH, WHEAT, BACON, TOBACCO, &c.

Covington, July 21, 1841. tf

All persons indebted to the late firm of Levis and Mackoy, are requested to come forward, without delay, and make settlement, as they are bound to close their business as speedily as possible. Call at the old stand on Market space.

Consumption and Liver Complaint.

DR. TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT has been used successfully for eight years in the cure of the diseases of the Throat and Lungs; the original and genuine is made only at 375 Bowery, N. Y., all others are spurious and unauthorized.

CONSUMPTION AND LIVER COMPLAINT.—As a general remedy for these diseases, I am fully satisfied, from long experience, there is no medicine equal to Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort. Being purely vegetable, it can be used with the utmost safety by all persons in every condition. It cleanses the lungs by expectoration, relieves difficult breathing, and seems to heal the chest.—There can be no question but this medicine is a certain cure for chronic coughs and colds. I have used it for four years in my practice, and always with success. A. F. ROGERS, M. D.

☞ CONSUMPTION!—The following remarks were taken from the last number of the Medical Magazine:

"The surprising effect produced by Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort, in consumption, cannot fail astonishing the learned and thrilling interest throughout the world. We have so long believed this disease (consumption) incurable, that it is difficult to credit our senses when we see persons evidently consumptive, restored to health. Yet this is a fact of daily occurrence; how then can we question the virtue of the above medicine? In our next we shall be more explicit; meantime we hope physicians will make trial of this medicine and report its effects to us."

☞ NERVOUS DISEASES AND WEAKNESS.—Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort, made at 375 Bowery, is assuredly an excellent remedy for these diseases. My wife has been more or less ill for ten years. She was extremely nervous, and at times so weak that she could not attend to her domestic duties. By the use of this medicine, her strength is wholly restored, and she is in healthy as I can wish her to be. My address is at Dr. Taylor's office.

☞ CURE OF CONSUMPTION.—Mrs. Martin, a worthy member of my congregation, was taken ill some time since with a cold, pain in the breast, and some difficulty of breathing, and in a few days thereafter she had a violent cough, pain in the sides, which no medicine would relieve.—She continued in this way for a long time under the medical care of Dr. Hess, but finally became consumptive, and was evidently near the end of her earthly sufferings, when her brother persuaded her to try Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort.—When she commenced this medicine it did not seem to agree with her for a few days, but by lessening the dose, she found it answered admirably: It relieved her cough and her difficulty of breathing instantly; and we had the pleasure of witnessing her happy recovery to health. Rev. WILLIAM SMYTHE.

For sale by WILKINSON & BRO, *Apothecaries and Druggists*, Market Space, Covington, Ky.

July 21, 1841.

POETICAL.

From the Old Countryman.

WHY SHOULD MORTALS BE PROUD?

Oh why should the spirit of mortals be proud?
Like a fast-fleeting meteor a fast-flying cloud—
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade—
Be scattered around and together be laid,
The young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The hand of the king that a sceptre hath borne—
The brow of the priest that a mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The maid on whose cheek, or whose brow, in
whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by,
And the memory of those who beloved her and
praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climb'd with the goats to the
steep—
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven—
The wise and the foolish—the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bodies in the dust.

We are the same things that our fathers have been—
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same
sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking on they too would
think,
From the death we are shrinking from they too
would shrink,
To the life we are clinging to, they too would
cling,
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on its
wing.

Yea hope and despondence, and pleasure and
pain—
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain—
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the
dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye—'Tis the draught of a
breath,
From the blossom of youth to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud
Oh! why should the spirit of mortals be proud!

From Blackwood.

HOME IN THE SKIES.

When up to nightly skies we gaze,
Where stars pursue their endless ways,
We think we see from earth's low clod
The wide and shining home of God.

But could we rise to moon or sun,
Orpath where planets daily run,
Still heaven would spread above us far,
And earth remote would seem a star.

'Tis vain to dream, those tracts of space,
With all their worlds approach his face:
One glory falls each wheeling ball—
One love has shaped and moved them all.

This earth, with all its dusts and tears,
Is his no less than yonder spheres:
And rain-drops weak, and grains of sand,
Are stamped by his immediate hand.

The rock, the wave, the little flower,
All fed by streams of living power,
That spring from one Almighty will,
Whate'er his thoughts conceive, fulfil.

And is this all that man can claim?
Is this our longing's final aim?
To be like all things round—no more
Than pebbles cast on Time's gray shore?

Can man, no more than beast, aspire?
Is know his being's awful Sire?
And, born and lost on Nature's breast,
No blessing seek but there to rest?

Not this our doom, our God benign!
Whose rays on us unclouded shine!
Thy breath sustains you fiery dome,
But Man is most thy favored home,

We view those hills of painted air,
And own thy presence makes them fair:
But dearer still to thee, O Lord!
Is he whose thoughts to thine accord.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY J. R. DRAKE.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with the gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light,
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances drive,
When stirs the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free—
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And find its bleedings shine star,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbinger of victory.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet;
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor-glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthing loud,
Heave, in wild wreaths, the battle shroud
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shouts of fame on midnight pall!
Then shall thy victor-glances glow,
And towering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes the blow,
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack;
The dying wanderer of the sea—
Shall look at once to Heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free hearts! only home!
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in Heav'n.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where first it met the light of day,
Fast fields and fleets and battlements
Will Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming on's us!

MORAL DEPARTMENT.

YOUTH AND AGE.

When the summer day of youth is slowly wasting away into the night-fall of age, and the shadow of past years grow deeper and deeper, as life wears to close, it is pleasant to look back through the vista of time, upon the sunrows and delicties of our earlier years. If we have a home to shelter us, and hearts to rejoice with us—and if long tried friends are gathered together about our cheerful fireside, then the rough places of our wayfaring may have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful.

Happy, indeed, are they whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their boiler feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender, and touching, in the evening of age. As the current of time winds slowly along, washing away the sands of life, and wasting the vigor of our greener years, like the stream that steals away the soil from the sapling upon its banks, we look with a kind of melancholy joy at the decay of things around us. To see the trees, under whose shade we sat in earlier years, and upon whose rind we carved our names in the light hearted gaiety of boyhood, as if these frail memorials of our existence would survive us—to see these withering away, like ourselves, with the infirmities of age, excites within us a mournful, yet pleasant feelings for the past, and prophetic sensations for the future. The thoughts occasioned by these frail and perishing records of our younger years, when the friends that are now lingering around ourselves upon the brink of the grave or have long been asleep in his quiet bosom, were around us, buoyant with gaiety of youthful spirit, are like the dark cloud, when the storm is gone, tinged by the farewell rays of the sun.

In these recollections of former times, the past and the present meet together. We go back again into the valley of youth—we gaze upon the vestiges we left behind us then, and tread in the footsteps we stood in before. We recall the thoughtlessness and hilarity—the summer and the sunshine of boyhood—the hopes and fears, the aspirations and reveries of youth—and we may remember, too, that those whose hearts were lightest and most elastic, and whose hopes were the fairest, were sooner than others summoned away to the desolate and voiceless halls of death.

Of those who were around us in the spring time of life, and went hand in hand with us through the summer journey of youth, all, perhaps, have parted from us, each to pursue a separate path towards his destination. This parting may have been the last time we beheld them, from whom we never before parted. We recollect the forever pressure of the hand—the countenance of hope and sadness—and the melancholy voice, whose tones we *now* think had something prophetic in them, that told us that we were never to meet again. They had gone to foreign climes—become strangers in strange lands—felt the chastenings of adversity, and found rest from the cares, perplexities and toils of the world, in the repose of the tomb.

When we hear of the death of friends—when we know that those who loved and were loved by us, have gone before us into the vale of death, and fallen asleep upon the bosom of the earth, never again to waken, the thousand endearments and tenderness that wound unnoticed around our hearts, and strengthened by the lapse of years, have broken and Withered away, though hardly without severing the cords of life with them, recall to mind their gentleness, their forgiving kindness, and their benevolence towards us—and with these come the recollection of our own pride—our unmerciful thoughts, and the swellings of our hearts against them. But our repentance is too late—our sorrows unavailing, our tears unnoticed! The flame of their being is unquenched—and they have passed to that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns—to that shoreless and fathomless ocean, whose waves still roll on, undying, immortal as the being who inhabits eternity.

The feeling comes over us at such seasons, which a distinguished poet describes as thus standing by the grave of his friend in the opening of spring. He looked upon the vernal trees around him—he listened to the myriads of voices which in this our longing's final aim? To be like all things round—no more
Than pebbles cast on Time's gray shore?
Can man, no more than beast, aspire?
Is know his being's awful Sire?
And, born and lost on Nature's breast,
No blessing seek but there to rest?
Not this our doom, our God benign!
Whose rays on us unclouded shine!
Thy breath sustains you fiery dome,
But Man is most thy favored home,
We view those hills of painted air,
And own thy presence makes them fair:
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The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light,
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She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

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Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances drive,
When stirs the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
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To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
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Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
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Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor-glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
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Heave, in wild wreaths, the battle shroud
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Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
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The dying wanderer of the sea—
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YOUTH AND AGE.

When the summer day of youth is slowly wasting away into the night-fall of age, and the shadow of past years grow deeper and deeper, as life wears to close, it is pleasant to look back through the vista of time, upon the sunrows and delicties of our earlier years. If we have a home to shelter us, and hearts to rejoice with us—and if long tried friends are gathered together about our cheerful fireside, then the rough places of our wayfaring may have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful.

Happy, indeed, are they whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their boiler feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender, and touching, in the evening of age. As the current of time winds slowly along, washing away the sands of life, and wasting the vigor of our greener years, like the stream that steals away the soil from the sapling upon its banks, we look with a kind of melancholy joy at the decay of things around us. To see the trees, under whose shade we sat in earlier years, and upon whose rind we carved our names in the light hearted gaiety of boyhood, as if these frail memorials of our existence would survive us—to see these withering away, like ourselves, with the infirmities of age, excites within us a mournful, yet pleasant feelings for the past, and prophetic sensations for the future. The thoughts occasioned by these frail and perishing records of our younger years, when the friends that are now lingering around ourselves upon the brink of the grave or have long been asleep in his quiet bosom, were around us, buoyant with gaiety of youthful spirit, are like the dark cloud, when the storm is gone, tinged by the farewell rays of the sun.

In these recollections of former times, the past and the present meet together. We go back again into the valley of youth—we gaze upon the vestiges we left behind us then, and tread in the footsteps we stood in before. We recall the thoughtlessness and hilarity—the summer and the sunshine of boyhood—the hopes and fears, the aspirations and reveries of youth—and we may remember, too, that those whose hearts were lightest and most elastic, and whose hopes were the fairest, were sooner than others summoned away to the desolate and voiceless halls of death.

Of those who were around us in the spring time of life, and went hand in hand with us through the summer journey of youth, all, perhaps, have parted from us, each to pursue a separate path towards his destination. This parting may have been the last time we beheld them, from whom we never before parted. We recollect the forever pressure of the hand—the countenance of hope and sadness—and the melancholy voice, whose tones we *now* think had something prophetic in them, that told us that we were never to meet again. They had gone to foreign climes—become strangers in strange lands—felt the chastenings of adversity, and found rest from the cares, perplexities and toils of the world, in the repose of the tomb.

When we hear of the death of friends—when we know that those who loved and were loved by us, have gone before us into the vale of death, and fallen asleep upon the bosom of the earth, never again to waken, the thousand endearments and tenderness that wound unnoticed around our hearts, and strengthened by the lapse of years, have broken and Withered away, though hardly without severing the cords of life with them, recall to mind their gentleness, their forgiving kindness, and their benevolence towards us—and with these come the recollection of our own pride—our unmerciful thoughts, and the swellings of our hearts against them. But our repentance is too late—our sorrows unavailing, our tears unnoticed! The flame of their being is unquenched—and they have passed to that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns—to that shoreless and fathomless ocean, whose waves still roll on, undying, immortal as the being who inhabits eternity.

The feeling comes over us at such seasons, which a distinguished poet describes as thus standing by the grave of his friend in the opening of spring. He looked upon the vernal trees around him—he listened to the myriads of voices which in this our longing's final aim? To be like all things round—no more
Than pebbles cast on Time's gray shore?
Can man, no more than beast, aspire?
Is know his being's awful Sire?
And, born and lost on Nature's breast,
No blessing seek but there to rest?
Not this our doom, our God benign!
Whose rays on us unclouded shine!
Thy breath sustains you fiery dome,
But Man is most thy favored home,
We view those hills of painted air,
And own thy presence makes them fair:
But dearer still to thee, O Lord!
Is he whose thoughts to thine accord.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY J. R. DRAKE.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with the gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light,
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances drive,
When stirs the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free—
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And find its bleedings shine star,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbinger of victory.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet;
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor-glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthing loud,
Heave, in wild wreaths, the battle shroud
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shouts of fame on midnight pall!
Then shall thy victor-glances glow,
And towering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes the blow,
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack;
The dying wanderer of the sea—
Shall look at once to Heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free hearts! only home!
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in Heav'n.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where first it met the light of day,
Fast fields and fleets and battlements
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming on's us!

It may seem right to a man—to put off every thing which ought to be done to-day, until to-morrow, but the end thereof is—such things are not done at all.

It may seem right to a man—to attempt pleasing everybody, but the end thereof is—he pleases nobody.

It may seem right to a man—to excel his neighbors in extravagance and luxury, but the end thereof is—he ruins them in folly.

It may seem right to a man—to take no newspapers, but the end thereof is—that man and his family are totally ignorant of the ordinary occurrences of the day.

It may seem right to a man—to obtain his money by borrowing and stealing of his neighbors, but the end thereof is—fraud upon the printer.

It may seem right to a man—to pay every body before he pays the PRINTER and the MINISTER, but the end thereof is—he pays the most needy last, if he pays them at all.

It may seem right to a man—to worship the creature more than the Creator, but the end thereof is—an idolater.

It may seem right to a man—to be incessantly complaining of the hardness of his fate, but the end thereof is—he has none in the world to come.

It may seem right to us—to further extend this discourse, at the expense of the patience of the reader; but the end thereof is—here.

THE INFANT KNOWLEDGE SYSTEM.

BY A MAN BORN OUT OF SEASON.

"Oh! the sunny, sunny hours of childhood,
How soon—how soon they pass away."

Very! There was a time when we had children. The time is past, or fast passing. The boys are premature mockeries of men—The girls are premature dolls and a stunted female woman. The schoolmaster is abroad, also the schoolmistress, besides tutors and governesses.

Shortly after the children are weaned, they commence educating them. While the brain is yet in a soft, pulpy state they load it with heavy facts and hard names, to its serious detriment during the remainder of its mundane existance. The ancient Grecian commenced with carrying a calf upon his back a few hours every day, and when the calf gradually grew into a bullock, he carried the bullock with as much ease as he had done the calf. This is now the education principle. They lay a few leaves of Cyclopedia or Encyclopedia on a child's tender brain, and adding thereunto day by day, expecting that when he is a man, he will carry the thirty volumes with perfect ease, without considering that in the attempt they may crush all sap and freshness out of that brain, rendering it as flat as a pancake, and *dry* as the remainder of a biscuit.

Now is this wholesome—Is it natural? Is it fair—is it humane, that a child should be cheated out of his childhood, and sent to learn the fuse of the globe before he has learnt to play at marbles? Or is it to be expected that this early forcing and hot-bed system can produce a healthy plants as if they had been allowed to grow in the free air and open sunshine? Oh! in place of sending a child to school three or four years, let him enjoy three or four years more of healthy ignorance. Curb not its young freedom; abridge not its first holidays; cage not the pretty bird too soon.

Change not the free air of heaven for the pent up atmosphere of the seminary; the gentle murmur of the winds for the dull hum of the prison-house. We were children ourselves once. Let us have a fellow feeling for the young rogues. Let kind dame Nature nurse them a few years longer—Let there be fewer sickly limbs and rickety intellects.

And does a child learn nothing because it has not its primer in its hand. Certainly it does. Every hour of its little life it is learning; it cannot help it. The flower that blows, the springing grass, the withered leaf, the running water, the birds that hop across its path and the thousand sights of the fields and woods, or even the squares or suburbs of a city, cause it to think and to question. The wind as it blows—the falling rain, the fleecy snow, the sharp frost making firm the unstable water, the thunder peal, the sun that shines by day, and the moon that steals into the dark sky by night, all and each arouse in its innocent wonder and young curiosity. Let it then have a few years of pleasant natural education before it commences its painful artificial one. Let it, as St. Paul says, when it is a child, "and in due and proper season, no doubt of it, it will put away childish things."

It makes one sad to see a fine little fellow sent to study Euclid at the age he should be reading Robinson Crusoe; and equally does a man good to see such a one enjoying his young manhood in a appropriate manner. Few times are who cannot enter into the feeling so finely given in the very beautiful lines of an American poet, commencing—

"There's something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
His dread of care, and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepressed by sadness—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I had its very track,
And felt its very gladness."

Then let the children have their play out.—*New York Mirror.*

ANECDOTES.

As well, says Plutarch, happening to put his head into a hut where some shepherds were regaling themselves upon a leg of mutton, exclaimed—Ah! what a clamor you would have raised had you caught me at such a banquet.

A man who was apparently more of a wit than a gentleman, but who nevertheless was confined to a madhouse, being asked how he came there, answered; Merely a dispute of words; I said that all men were mad, and all men said I was mad, and the *majority carried the point.*

A learned clergyman in Maine, was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher who displayed education—"Sir—you have been to college, I suppose?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," rejoined the farmer, "that the *Lord has opened my mouth to preach without any learning.*" "A similar *recital*," replied the learned, took place in *Balaam's* time, but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

A good woman called on Dr. B. one day in a great deal of trouble, and complained that her son had swallowed a penny. "Pray madam," said the Doctor, was it a counterfeit?" "No sir, certainly not," was the reply. "Then I will *pass* of course," rejoined the facetious physician.

"I wonder how they make lucifer matches," said a young married lady to her husband, with whom she was always quarrelling. "The process is very simple—I once made one," replied he. "How *did* you manage it?" The husband preferred to leave the reply to her imagination.

A married lady, who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day, to be late, and early ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a short distance, but soon returned, exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

LAW AND EQUITY.—"Pray, my lord," said a gentleman to a late respected and rather whimsical judge, "what is the distinction between law and equity?" "Very little in the end, my dear," replied his lordship; "they only differ so far as time is concerned. At common law you are done for at once; in equity you are not so easily disposed of. The former, is a bullet, which is instantaneously and most exactly effective; the latter, is an angler's hook, which plays with its victim before it kills it. The one is prussic acid, and the other laudanum."

"Recollect, sir," said a tavern keeper to a gentleman who was about leaving his house without paying the reckoning, "recollect sir, if you loose your purse you didn't pull it out here."

A RETORT PROFESSIONAL.—A physician passing by a stone mason's, bawled out to him, "Good morning, Mr. W——, hard at work, I see; you finish your gravestone as far as the memory of ——, and then you wait I suppose to see who wants a monument next?"

"Why, yes," replied the oldman, resting for a moment on his mallet, "unless somebody is sick and you are doctoring him, and then I keep right on."

"The following anecdote was told to me by a Senator of Berne. "Two neighboring farmers had a dispute respecting the right of some adjoining property, which they could not compromise; and an action was brought to determine it. On the day appointed for the trial, one of the parties having dressed himself in his Sunday clothes, called upon his opponent to accompany him to the Judge. Finding his neighbor at work on his ground, he said to him 'is it possible you can have forgotten that our cause is to be tried to-day?' No, said the farmer, 'I have not forgotten it; but I cannot well spare time to go. I know you would be there, and I am sure that you are an honest man, and will say nothing but the truth. You will state the case fairly and justice will be done.' And so it proved. The farmer who went to the Judge stated his neighbor's claims so clearly, that the cause was decided against himself; and he returned to inform his opponent that he had gained the property."

"They manage—— things quite otherwise said I, in"——some places.—*Chr. Reg.*

BLUE LAWS.—The following interesting items are copied by the Essex (Mass.) Register, from some of the records of that commonwealth:

Oct. 27, 1647.—The General Court enacted, that if any young man attempt to address a young woman without the consent of her parents or the *County Court*, he shall be fined 5*l.* for the first offence, 10*l.* for the second, and imprisonment for the third.

PUNISHMENT.—Sept. 11, 1649.—Matthew Stanley was tied and fined for declaring the affections of John Tarbox's daughter, without consent of her parents.

"In the same month three *married women* were fined 5*l.* each, *for scolding.*

A heavy loaded loafer "fetched up" the other night against the side of a house which had been newly painted. Shoving himself clear of the house, he then enjoy three or four seconds of painful effort, he took one glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, a third at his hands, and exclaimed, "Well, that's a darn'd careless trick in whoever painted that house to leave it standing out all night for people to run against.

The following is the best definition of a *loafer* that we have yet seen.

"A person who begs all the tobacco he uses—knows more people than he is acquainted with—when he meets them—often looking at his borrowed watch to see the time—*and takes the paper about six months, and then tramps.*

A COQUETTE.—When I hear of a coquettish maiden, I am reminded of the dogish custom of marrying Venice to the sea, which, spite of the ceremony, is free to all dogs as before.

BRIBERY.—Do not blame a judge if he sells justice. It is too rare a commodity to be given away for nothing.

AVARICE.—How absurd is avarice in an old man! It is like a man scraping money unceasingly together to pay his turnpikes, after he has got to the end of the road.

AMATEUR AUTHORS.—Some dilettanti authors profess that they write and publish only for their own amusement. This is patriotically correct; for it certainly is not for other people's.

UNDUE SENSIBILITY.—A woman who is always shedding tears must have a good deal of water in her head.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.—Falsehood flies swift as the wind, and Truth creeps behind her at a snail's pace. But Falsehood makes so many twistings and turnings, that Truth, keeping steadily on, looking neither to the right nor the left, overtakes her before long.

HASTY JUDGMENTS.—If you must form harsh judgments, form them of yourself, not of others, and, in general, begin by rectifying your own deficiencies first. If every one would sweep up his own walk, we should have very clean streets.

METAPHYSICIANS.—The speculations of some of our metaphysical writers are as fine and delicate as spiders' webs; like them, too, unfortunately, they catch nothing but flies.

SELF-PRAISE.—When you hear any one making a noise about himself, his merits and his good qualities, remember that the poorest wheel of a wagon always creaks the loudest.

CONTENTED POVERTY.—Do not sigh for this world's goods, nor lament thy poverty. Out of the meanest hovel thou can'st get a sight of heaven.

EXPERIENCE.—Experience is the most eloquent of preachers, but she never has a large congregation.

THE GOLDEN AGE.—We live not in the golden age indeed, but in an age of gold, it is all-powerful.

ADVERSITY.—We never read of any saint in heaven, who did not have to endure sorrow and suffering in this life.

GENERAL POPULARITY.—Never aim at universal popularity, for know, that fools, like nobody but a fool, like themselves.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS.—A blind man had a wife whom he loved to excess, though he was told that she was very ugly.—A physician offered to cure him of his blindness—he would not consent to it; "I should lose," said he, "the love for my wife, and that is my happiness."

YANKEE NOTIONS OF A ROYAL MARRIAGE.—Nearly one whole page of the New York Express of Saturday last, is filled with a detailed account of Queen Victoria's marriage to Prince Albert. In casting our eye over it, we involuntarily ejaculated "*fudge!*" and the more we think of it, the more we exclaim, "*fudge!*"—We plain, unsophisticated republicans do this kind of business in another way. We first find a "fair one" that we are willing "to have," and then ascertain whether she will "*have us.*" If so, the day is appointed—a few friends invited—the ceremony performed without display—and then—and then—well, what then? Why, the simple fact of marriage is announced—the couple start on the journey of life—are happy—get rich—grow fat—bring up half a score of sturdy young democrats, not to wear crowns, or coronets, or stars, or *garters*—but to wear the livery of honest, independent freemen, a distinction far more enviable than they enjoy, where claim to honor is founded on *birth.*

THE SLANDERER.

Minion of envy, demon of death,
Thy tongue is destruction, asperion thy breath!
Detracting thine office, and madness thy heart,
Dissention's promoter, affliction's worst smart.
I've seen thee and noted thy terrible frown,
Before thee the greatest and purest come down,
E'en virtue will tremble when thou casest forth
Thy venom malignant to poison her worth.

AGRICULTURAL.

AGRICULTURE is the first and most noble science taught to mankind. All the patriarchs of old were husbandmen, and the greatest men of all ages have been tillers of the soil. From the bosom of mother Earth her children draw their sustenance. "*All flesh is grass,*" says Holy Writ, which plainly indicates the important fact, that to the vegetable kingdom we are indebted for our daily subsistence. Agriculture, then, is of the first importance to the human family, and the science of tilling the earth to the best advantage, of increasing its productiveness with the least possible labor a matter of the greatest moment. "The employments of agriculture, independently of their profit, are most congenial and pleasing to human nature. An uncorrupted or untainished mind sees in the progress of vegetation, and in the habits, and dispositions, and uses of those animals which man has subjected to his sway, charms and beauties which the objects of art can seldom afford. The occupations of husbandry are most favorable too, to health, to plenty, to repose, and to innocence. Can pursuits of low and vicious gratification, can luxurious indulgences, can the restless cares, the fears and anxieties of the ambitious, be compared with the labors and enjoyments of him whose days are spent in superintending the culture of the soil his nights in quiet and refreshing sleep? Such a life is not inconsistent with a highly cultivated mind. It is by no means necessary that they who engage in rural labors should contract a coarseness of manners or vulgarity of sentiment.

"Agriculture is one of the most important occupations in which man can be employed. It was among the first commands that he received from his Maker to "replenish the earth and subdue it." Yet how lightly most men think of agriculture! To be a Physician, Lawyer or Divine, requires years of assiduous study and anxious thought; to become even a mechanic requires time, application and experience; but a farmer may be made in a day! It is but recently that any thing like an agricultural education has been thought of in this country; and even now few consider it of any importance—Agriculture is of itself a science, of as deep and abiding interest, of as much intricacy, and a thorough knowledge of which is as hard to be acquired and understood, as any of the sciences. It is the primary importance as affording food and raiment to the human family.—It is the great hinge on which hang Commerce and Manufactures.

Had our forefathers properly estimated the importance of agricultural knowledge, we should not at this day have witnessed such a succession of useless, uncultivated and worn-out lands as are to be seen through most of the Southern States. What patrimony can a father leave his son equal to a correct agricultural education, connected with habits of industry and temperance formed by his father's precepts and examples!

Let us set about an improvement. A little labor and money skilfully applied, shall restore the lost energies of our barren wastes, and "make the wilderness blossom like the rose," while Ceres shall bless the labors of the husbandman, and smiling plenty fill his well-stored garners with the precious fruits of his industry."

LIME AS A MANURE.—We have long since known that Lime, was one of the most important items of manure that farmers could use. It would unquestionably answer a valuable purpose in the culture of Wheat on rich bottom lands. The application of which would undoubtedly so temper the soil, as to give to the straw greater strength thereby preventing it from falling or lodging, so destructive to the farmer's prospects of a good crop. We copy a most excellent article on that subject, from a prize essay by DR. HORTON of Maryland, published in the American Farmer, of the present year. The entire article is too long for this number of our paper, but we shall make such extracts from it as shall be deemed applicable to our own soil and climate.

LIME.

Of all the blessings bestowed on the husbandman by the beneficent hand of an all-wise Creator, next to pure water perhaps should be placed LIME. It has been well observed that those substances most essential to the life of man, have by the goodness of a divine providence been distributed in the greatest abundance, and over the greatest extent of the globe.—This is certainly the case with water, which covers a great portion of it, and without which man could not long exist. So with lime, which forms whole chains of mountains, is a component part of all soils, is a constituent part of most grain, and enters essentially into the formation of man, as well as the lower grade of animals. So far as chemical science has developed the resources of nature, lime is believed to be the only article that can give permanent fertility to soils; and from the most accurate experiments that have been made, on very fertile soils, they have been found, to contain at least one-tenth part of lime. In a soil containing the other essential ingredients of silex, alumine, and vegetable matter in due proportion, with one-tenth lime, as above stated, nothing can be easier, on the part of a good husbandman, than to keep it in a state of fertility any given length of time.

This is the only substance that can be obtained by agriculturists, generally, in such quantities and at such prices as will admit of its use as a manure, for a restoration of the soil. It may be applied in various ways; but that which has been found best is to spread it on a grass sod, soon after it is slacked, and while in a state of fine powder. This part of the process is more essential than at first view may occur to casual observers. If the lime be permitted to get so wet, after being slacked, as to form lumps, it will do but little good, as will appear more plain from what we shall say presently. The lime should, as a general rule, be spread in the fall that it may lay through the winter to be dissolved by the cold rains; lime possessing the singular property, perhaps different from any other substance, of being dissolved more readily in cold than in warm water.

It requires I think, about 600 pounds of cold water to dissolve one pound of lime, hence the impropriety of putting a large quantity on the soil at once, as a considerable portion would in that case, by absorbing carbonic acid from the atmosphere, become what it was before it was burnt—lime stone or a carbonate of lime.

The quantity proper for different soils must of course vary from 50 to 150 or even 200 bushels; but I would recommend the application of but 50 bushels at once, which quantity may be repeated until the requisite fertility is obtained. Let it be observed that I speak of unslacked lime when I mention these quantities.

Let no one however be too sanguine of great and immediate profits; they will come somewhat slow, but sure. In some instances the advantages of liming have been made in such an almost imperceptible manner that farmers have been discouraged.—Generally, however, those who have used lime are pleased, and regret that they have not the mohm of doing it more extensively.

Lime, like all other alkaline manures, should be kept some time on the surface, for the purpose above mentioned, that it may be dissolved, and that the soil may become saturated with the ley. It should not be wet and lumpy when spread; or it will not be dissolved; but become a carbonate and do but little good. It never lons any thing by evaporation, and in that respect it is unlike the two former kinds of manure, which we have noticed.

Ashes after they have been used by the soap boilers commonly called spent ashes. Although ashes, strictly, are vegetable manure, yet on account of the similarity of principle and mode of action we have thought proper to arrange them with the mineral manures. The essential salt of ashes is well known in commerce under the name of potash and pearlash. It is the vegetable alkali; and bears in its properties a strong resemblance to the mineral alkali or soda.

Like lime, this manure loses nothing by evaporation; but its tendency is to sink. One hundred bushels of these to the acre, serve as an excellent dressing for wheat, and will last for five or six years. Ashes are prompt in their action, and are therefore by some preferred to lime. It is probable that more advantage is to be derived from using the two together than from using either separately.

For corn a compound of three parts ashes and one part plaster, a handfull put in each hill, is found to answer an excellent purpose.

COMPARATIVE VALUE OF HAY, VEGETABLES AND CORN.—The following excellent extract is from Mr. Colman's late agricultural Report for Massachusetts.

"I wish briefly to draw the attention of farmers to the value of hay, compared with other crops, for the feeding of stock. An acre of hay yields one ton and a half of vegetable food. An acre of carrots or swedish turnips, will yield from ten to twenty-two tons, which is by no means an exaggerated estimate. It has been ascertained by experiment that three working horses, fifteen and a half hands high, consumed at the rate of two hundred and twenty-four pounds of hay per week, or five tons one thousand and forty-eight pounds of hay per year, besides twelve gallons of oats each per week, or seventy-eight bushels by the year. An unworked horse consumed at the rate of four and one quarter tons of hay in the year. The produce, therefore, of nearly six acres of land is necessary to support a working horse by the year; but half an acre of carrots at six hundred bushels to the acre, with the addition of chopped straw, while the season for their use lasts, will do as well if not better. These things do not admit of doubt. They have been subjects of exact trial.

It is believed that the value of a bushel of Indian corn in straw and meal, will keep a healthy horse in good condition for work a week. An acre of Indian corn which yields sixty bushels will be ample for the support of a horse through the year. Let the farmer, then, consider whether it be better to maintain his horse upon the produce of half an acre of carrots, which can be cultivated at an expense not exceeding the expense of half an acre of potatoes, or upon half an acre of ruta baga, which can be raised at a less expense than potatoes, or upon the grain produce of an acre of Indian corn, or on the other hand, upon the produce of six acres of his best land in hay and grain; for six acres will hardly do more than to yield nearly six tons of hay, and seventy-eight bushels of oats. The same economy might be successfully introduced into the feeding of our cattle and sheep.

These facts deserve the particular attention of farmers who are desirous of improving their pecuniary condition.—Inquiry how much would be gained by the cultivation which is here suggested; how much more stock would be raised.—How much the dairy produce might be increased; and how much the means of enriching the land, and improving the cultivation, would be constantly extending and accumulating—but when we find on a farm of two hundred acres, that the farmer cultivated only two acres of potatoes, one acre of ruta baga, and perhaps a quarter of an acre of carrots, we call this "getting along" in the common phrase but we can hardly dignify it with the name of farming. I am aware that labor of a proper kind is in many cases difficult to be procured, and with our habits, as difficult to be managed. Farming, likewise, can in few situations be successfully managed, unless, the farmer has capital to employ, equal at least, to one year's manure, and one year's crops. A large portion of our farmers also, from the nature of their habits and style of living, are so prosperous and independent, they have no occasion to extend their cultivation beyond what it now is, in order to meet their wants; and to incur all the trouble, vexation, and risk of employing more labor, expending more capital, and increasing their cares.

TO REMOVE PAINS OF GLASS.—It is said that if soft soap is put on the putty for a few hours, it becomes as soft as if just put on, though the putty had become as hard as stone.