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SELECT TALES.

THE BRICKLAYER'S LABORER.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Most people have heard the history of the Bricklayer's Labourer, who told a weary wight of a boy's in the same trade, "that he would carry him on his back, to the summit of a five-storied house in perfect safety." The feat was accomplished; and the delighted carrier exposed with glee at his triumph. "Ah, he said" exclaimed the chuckled, "the most unquestionably would have rather dashed to know if the other had made a false step." "Ah, he did! I had great hopes once, while, a little more than half way up, he made a stumble!" It is impossible not to laugh at this recklessness of consequence, so very characteristic of my poor countrymen. The story may be ridiculed as a jest, or jest; at but there is no mistaking the nationality of its detail and its moral. Paddy's whole body and mind is fashioned with a "leap of fun;" no matter what the hazard may be, he will have his fun out; he never could, never can, never will, trim his barque safely, and sail quietly down the stream of life. Not he, indeed! He will feather his oar with the breakers ahead, and single death and laughter together. Not that he is unfeeling; oh, no! When away from the influence of either of the three excitements that, united, may be termed the *Black Shamrock* of Ireland—the excitement of whiskey, sectarianism, or politics, Paddy's heart is full of the most generous sympathies and affections. He will weep at the misfortunes of others, but laugh at his own. I remember once, of hearing of a young countryman, Alick Grace by name, who had lost his all by the failure of a provincial bank. A gentleman overtook him as he was returning to his home, and perceived that he was laboring under some strong feeling; he was running, springing, and whirling his shillalah; at last, his animal spirits sunk, and leaning his head against a tree, the poor fellow burst into tears. "For shame, Alick," exclaimed the gentleman—"for shame! bear up against your troubles like a man; you have youth, health, strength, and good character; there is no fear of your doing well, Alick Grace—none in the world."

"I'm well a year, sir; I know that, *now that I come to think of it*—but some little right that a person like myself would have to think of himself, and trouble over this poor cabin-keeper like a thunderbolt pouring down destruction on him and his—and the thing that crushes my heart most, is the picture of, Mary Mulvany—God look down on her!—standing like a statue opposite the bank door, pressing her small children to her bosom, and the thrifle her young husband left gone, and nothing *but the road to take to.* I never thought of my own share when I looked at her, until I thought if I had it back, it's to her I'd give it—the darlint!"

"Marry her, Alick," said the gentleman.

"Be dad, I would, sir! and take poor Larry's children into the bargain; but I would not distress her feelings by naming the like in her hearing; for well I know *her heart's in her husband's grave!* I wonder at ye, sir, to think Alick Grace could *cry for the loss of his own money!*"

This little episode may, perhaps be considered, out of keeping where it is the writer's duty to portray but one object; a thing I and it difficult to do when treating of the inhabitants of the "green isle," because obliged to select out of an abundance, not a dearth of subjects. At least, forty Bricklayers' Laborers pass our garden-gate every morning and evening; the sound of their brogue, sacred, though their is neither saints nor quarreling, amongst them; for the Bricklayer's laborer is a peaceable person, except, perhaps, on Sundays; when he loses his identity exchanges his cap for a hat, his jacket for his national long coat, his hod for a shillalah, and becomes, instead of an inoffensive, down-coming, mortar-making machine, a genuine son of the sod. Dwelling, most likely, in the neighborhood of Saffron Hill, Seven Dials, Paddington, or Jew's Row, Chelsea, there, on a Sunday morning, he sometimes indulges in certain outbreaks which certainly create much amusement in the police-offices—except then, he is a well-ordered machine as to his labor; careful and circumspect, well knowing that his lot is cast in an enemy's country; knowing that every laboring Englishman would be most happy that he remained in his own island to starve, so he did not trench upon what he considers his exclusive property. The Bricklayer's Laborer lives upon one-third of what is required to support an Englishman, and he does a third more work—he eats his mid-day meal, brought to him by a fair haired *colleen* or a rosy boy, under the wall he is building; he does not heed the weather; he does not, if he can help it, heed the reproaches flung in his teeth, by those who feed on bread and bacon, while he is content with a herring and potatoes; he sacrifices (without thinking it a sacrifice) a portion of his earnings to keep his old mother from the parish.

His charities are voluntary; an Irishman, no matter how poor, is generous; if he has not money to bestow, he gives his sympathies, his time, his affections; his heart is never closed, though his pocket may be empty. Them is Lawrence Larkin, or, as he is called, Larry Larkin—I cannot select a better specimen than Larry—whom I have known long, and whose virtues I honor—I do not care whether a man's shoulder bears an epaulette or a hod, if he has a generous and feeling mind—I honor it, and not the badge he wears. Larry, in his calling, is a genuine Bricklayer's Laborer; a creature perpetually moving between earth and heaven, continually ascending and descending; whose existence depends on the soundness and safe placing of a ladder, and the balancing of a hod. See him as he stands in the very act of preparing for his ascent, his hod heavily laden with its usual freight; he puts his hands together to rouse their dormant circulation; then weighs it, as it were, but the motion is to accustom if the bricks are securely in, and then, having found all right, places it on his shoulder, which he jerks so as to fit on the hod as it were a part of his dress; all this is done carefully, treating the hod as if it were a badge of honor; and so it is, Larry—the badge of honorable industry.

The hod being fixed, up he goes, firmly and lightly, rapidly too, considering the load he carries—but now observe him: his figure is not very tall, but it is muscular and compact; has he not less of the gay hearted Irishman in his manner, while at his work, than say not-door laborers? those who labor within doors are always more silent, more shut-down, as it were, by the roof that covers them—less buoyant—less gleesome than those around whom the fresh, free air, even of a city, blows, during the hours of toil; but Larry Larkin's business, though out of doors, is both laborious and careful; a false step, on the ladder, would be his destruction, and he knows it; he does not sing at his work, though he is happy; his jacket of white flannel is powdered with the mingled dust of lime and brick; his stockings are of white worsted similarly spangled; his breeches, pulless of blacking, and his cap, a low, flat, round cap, of gray skin, does not descend low on the back of his head, so that you see his thick, bushy, lime-powdered hair, curling beneath it; his great bodily attribute is strength—his mental one, patience; there is no variety in his occupation, no change; consequently the Bricklayer's Laborer is the most steady of all Irishmen.

Sometimes when the wind blows the smoke in an opposite direction, and the clouds disperse, he leans his arms for a moment on the hod which he has rested on the corner of the parapet wall of that tall house, turns up his face to the clear, blue sky, and fills his ample lungs with a long draught of heaven's elixir. We can't tell, within the compass of a few moments, the torrents of ideas, the floods of precious memories, that rush back into his heart; he does not know how they come—those mysterious visiters—but they are there, winged by the western wind from his own isle; not redolent of abundance; that idol of a mind pierce green than the poor Irishman's, but laden with dreams of the affections of his youth, his mother's blessing, his father's advice, the parting words of some "little Colleen," whom his own faggin' faithful Peggy, would just as soon he did not remember; the dance, the jest, perhaps the fight at the last fair, or the memory of some love-lay rises above the turmoil of the noisy street, though the lips that breathed it may have long been cold; he gazes upon the expanse of sky with his imagination has converted the very smoke, hanging like a pall over the great city of the world, into his native hills; and if the notes of a captive bird rise upon the air, his heart swells within his bosom; the carol of the wild lark, the blackbird's whistle, the thrush's chaunt, the plover's lonely pipe, the music of early peasant life, ring in his ears—and all this passes within the compass of a minute; before you can read half what I have written: the dream of his country is over, the romance is past; he is the poor, patient, plodding Bricklayer's Laborer, descending with his hod, again to second, but not again to dream; those visions are few and far between;" but, like the mountain rill, rushing into the bosom of the silent lake, though its identity is lost in the tranquil waters; it has purified, in some degree, the stagnant pool; it has disturbed the weeds; it has brought the freedom of the hill into the valley; the spirit of the poor man is revived within him, and his step, in descending, is more firm, his eye more bright than it was.

I have observed that the relaxations of the country, the walk on the hill side, away from town, the stroll in the fresh air, the game of cricket on the broad green common, send him back to their work with renewed cheerfulness, and an increased disposition to labor, while they are at it,—but the feverish and unhealthy relaxations of the town—the pint and pipe of the hot tap-room, the fever of the cheap theatre, dissipate without amusing. Our legislators would do well to encourage the occasional migrations of our working classes, to the neighborhood of London; where strictly rural sports could be enjoyed under regulations conducive to health and mental cheerfulness.

No one, to repeat it, is more able to recognize a Bricklayer's Laborer on Sunday; he wears his hod, his coat, and his carefulness together, so a snake does his skin; he is on Sunday like any other Irishman, ready for a spree or a fight, or a frolic or a quarrel. On Sundays, even Larry Larkin is a complete Irishman; on other days, he is a Bricklayer's Laborer.

Larry occasionally, when out of work, does a small job for his neighbors; he will come over hours, repair a drain, mend a wall, or even dabble in what he calls "*Repairs Carmint*—God bless it!" The great-house due has been "touched up" by Lawrence half-a-dozen times; and the last time he came "to look alive," he was reproached with the fact, "that it smoked as much as ever—that the plants were suffocated!"

"See that now!" he replied; "how that now! didn't I know it? I said to Peggy, "Peggy," says I, "I'm sent for to the Rosery, and I'll go bail it's that vagabone fire again. Sorra a plant I'll be alive with it by Lady Day!"

"But that is your fault; you assured me you would cure it."

"*And so I did; but divil get bad again!* It's bad what the Doctor calls a relapse, and how can it help it—the craythur! Sure the air o' London would smotheriate any shimbley that ever was built; has'nt it mothered myself, and Peggy, and children all out—bad cess to it for air! sure its thick enough for mate and drink, though bad as times are, we're not beholden to it; God be praised."

"Who do you work for now, Larry?"

"A grate gintleman entirely, a grate builder, though don't he wan't much bitther off than myself. I heard tell he come to London with little to cover him but the care of the Almighty; and he wan't altogether a gorsoon (little boy,) but a fine lump of a young man; and he went to a gentleman, who (the heavens be his bed!) was mighty good entirely to the poor Irish, and he axed for work, and there was a big heap of stones at the corner of the court yard; and the gentleman said, "If ye want work, my man, carry them stones to the opposite corner;" and the poor stranger set to and did as he was bid; and when he had done, he told the master, and axed him what he should do next; and the master said, "Take every one of the stones back to where ye found them;" and he did so, and told the master again when he had done; and the master was pleased; ye see, because he did exactly as he was bid, neither more nor less," and axed no questions; and the master said, "You'll do for me," and gave him constant employ; and from that day hame, sir, sir, like a house a fire; and grate sense, and grate luck he had; he knew the tongues of the English—quiet, hard working, holy going, and no bother, nor blarney." During the latter part of these observations, Larry had been investigating the state of the flue, and, despite the sigh, again declared he could cure it.

"For how long, Larry?"

"Ah, thin, what doctor could answer such a question as that? we'll get rid of the disease for the present, any how; and then I must go home, where I'm wanting; for ye see I'm rathur tired to-day, and I'll tell ye how it was." When I quitted the sod (left Ireland) I left no one at home with my poor mother but my little brother, Barney, a slip of a boy, and her heart and soul was in the child; but he turned out wild, and left the country. It's little I could do for the poor lone mother; and she so far off, but I often thought of her, and would send her a trifle now and again, and a word, telling how I was treading the ladder of life—now up, now down, the same as the quality, who many of them are done up, like the houses, with the *Roman Cimint*—God bless it—to look like what they aint; but that's not my business; only there's nothing like the rale lime and stone, after all. Well, my wife says to me one day, or rayther night—It was of a Saturday, and I had earned a power that week, for it was task-work, and I had slaved over hours, and felt work in myself, and she was making me a sup of punch, and I had taken out my money, and laid a couple of shillings together for a throwel for the morrow's job, and another thrifle for a pair of shoes, besides the gint; and there was a little over; and Peggy says to me—"Larry," says she, "you Hannaly Father's very good to us in a strange country," says she, (for she was always a God-fearing woman;) "and ye's a good husband, and a good father, and the quietest man in no end of Ireland, when the drop's not in," she says (I'd be ashamed to be praising myself, only them was the words she spoke;) "and I often see ye sit silent a-pilah, looking out of yer eyes, straight forward, saying and seeing nothing, until yer eyes, avourneen, swim in tears; and thin, Larry, I know you do be thinking of your cold mother, and she alone in her lathter days; and here," she says, taking out the remnant of a leather purse, tied into a bag—here is what will bring her over what I've saved out of my washing at the laundry; and put that thrifle to it; I haven't touched a drop of beer, nor would't, for the last four months; and ye'll be happy all out, than, Larry, and we'll make the ould woman happy; and sure she'll take delight in the grandchildren. Often, when I've been putting the bread in my mouth, I've thought that your mother had nothing, maybe, but a *sect paytaties!* And do, Larry, send for her, in God's name; we'll be nothing the poorer for it, *for a mother's broth is a blessing in a poor man's house.* Well, I had Peggy in her young days; and at first her two cheeks were like two roses, and now they're as white as lime; but I thought I never saw any thing look so handsome as she did then; and while her poor, sad, slaving hand trembled in mine, I could'n speake, but I hid my face in her apron, and tried as much tame as would make a bed of praiter, the poor craythur! denying herself—and for my mother!

"Well, the ould woman came, and we would have been very happy, only the poor mother could not forget Barney, the boy that left here; and this very morning, we say mighty busy entirely with the new houses—and the master gives a hand's turn to many a boy. (God bless him for it!)—and I see two or three strangers among them—the labourers, I mean—and one poor looking fellow I and I observed him mighty wake. "My man," says I, "go an fill the hod for ye, and I'll take care it's safe and keep steady," I says, "and I'll go behind ye." With that, he shoulders it mighty awkwardly like a young soldier with his musket on best drill, and with a laugh, "I never could keep steady," he says. "Well, he laugh, and the look of his pale, rowling, bright eyes, dull and starved looking made my flesh creep." Death is bad enough to look at when it is cold and still; but just as much life left as keeps fire in the eye while every thing else is all around as dead, is shocking to see; and somehow, as I followed him up the ladder, it felt as if I was following a corpse.

"He had not gone up six rungs of the ladder, when he stumbled; but I let my own load go, and catched him just as he went over the side. I carried him down; he was as light as a child of two yeirs ould—no weight in him. With that, one of our half-gentlemen, who was passing, looks at him—"He's drunk," he says, I could n't make him no answer, for I was choked *with the infusion of the world (the boy's breath, had been on my cheek not three minutes before, and was as innocent of spirits as a new born babe!)* but Jerry Clure—a bad tongue has Jerry, when he lets it go, and fine education—makes sport of it. "He is drunk from the fullness of wan; sure a bit or sup has passed his lips these twenty-four hours; and it is a sin and a shame for the like of you, who have plenty, to turn such a sport on a stranger." If a poor boy reels with the weakness of starvation, *he is drunk*; if a rich one reels after a dinner that would satisfy a wife and five children, *he is excited*—then war his words; and at the same time, just as we war all gathered about him, one with water, another with whiskey—all according to their ability—my poor mother comes up with the bit of dinner. "What's the matter?" she says; and some one told her; and with that, she makes into the throng; for she's a feeling woman. "Give him air," she says; and as they drew back, she looked in his face; and then—my grief!—the shriek of her would pierce the heart of a stone. She just threw up her arm to the air, with one wild cry, and fell upon the poor stranger.

"I know who it war then," said Larry, turning away to conceal an emotion which does honor to a man, and which, nevertheless, he is always ashamed of; "I knew the poor boy was—my own mavourn!" He paused, and then added, "I wonder has any of the grate people made out, till these improving times, what it is that draws people's hearts together without a reason or a knowledge. I'm too dull to take much to strangers; but I felt my heart turn to that boy from the minute I seen him—a something stir in my breast to him—little thinking what it was. It's nature, I suppose; turn it which way they will, it's nature; they can't go beyond it, nor get past it, with all their larning; it will have its own way—why not?"

I asked how he was.

"A wild life, ma'am; but I hope the end will be peaceful; he can't live, he's too far gone; but sure his mother and people are with him—and the Lord is merciful!"

Lawrence Larkin shouldered his hod—the usual steady expression of his features returned—he, as I have said, shouldered his hod, and departed. Few, if any, who pass him in the street, will vouchsafe a thought upon him. During the week, he is a Bricklayer's Laborer; a creature born to the destiny of carrying a hod and making mortar—and that is all!—on Sunday, he is confounded amid the hosts of "poor Irish;" "disorderly Irish;" "laboring Irish;" "dirty Irish!" hated with a bitter, but most unworthy and undeserved, hatred by his own class of English fellow-subjects, while the more refined consider him as a disorderly being, to be either feared or laughed at.

Does Larry Larkin, the Bricklayer's Laborer, deserve to be so looked upon? Believe me, English reader—you with whom justice is always a duty—believe me, amongst the class you either overlook or despise, Larry is by no means an uncommon character.

THE BAG OF GOLD.

BY A. BOURNE, ESQ.

There lived a lady, in the fourteenth century, a widow lady of the Rimbaldini family, called Veronica Lorenzo, who in a revolution of the State, had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread; receiving from day to day, like a pilgrim, at the *Cold of the Cathedral*, her rosary in her left hand, and her right held out for charity; her long black veil covering a face that had once adorned a court, and had received the homage of as many nobles as Petrarch has written to Laura.

But fortune had at last relented; a legacy from a distant relation, had come to her relief, and she was mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Appennines—where she entertained as well as she readily could, and where those only stopped who were contented with little. The house was still standing, when in youth I passed that way; though the sign of the White Cross, the cross of the Hospitallers, was not any longer to be seen over the door—a sign which she had taken, if we may believe the tradition there, in honor of of the maternal uncle, a grand master of that order, whose achievements she would sometimes relate. A mountain stream ran through the garden, and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which a lamp was always burning before the picture of the Virgin, a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her, when an event occurred, which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noon day, in September, when three foot passengers arrived, and seated themselves on a bench under a vine-trellis—were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico, by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venitian, and his beard was short and pointed, after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanor he affected courtesy; but his look inspired little confidence; for it smiled, which he did confidentially, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongue was many a pleasant word. On their hats there was a scallop shell as in ancient days was then distributed in war; and they were evidently pilgrims; in one of those bands which are always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was no more than a mockery, and the slain, as an open stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their burdensome cloaks, and with their gloves tucked under their belt, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length they arose to go, and then the Venitian thus addressed the hostess:

"Excellent lady, may we leave under your roof, for a day or two, this bag of gold?"

"You may," replied she, gaily; "but remember, we fasten our doors only with a latch. Bars and bolts we have none in our village; and if we lay, where would be your security?"

"In your word, lady."

"But what if I died to-night, where then would it be?" said she, laughingly. "The money would go to the church, for there would be none to claim it."

"Perhaps you will favor us with an acknowledgment?"

"If you will write it."

An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bertolo, the village physician, who just at that moment called by chance to learn the news of the day; the gold to be delivered when applied for, not to be delivered, (these were the words,) to one, or two, but to the THREE, words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia, and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows were no sooner departed, than the Venitian returned, saying, "Give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done," and she immediately placed it on the table before him. But at that moment she was called away to receive a cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse; and when she returned, it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible, and the man and the bag of money had vanished together.

"Wretched woman that I am!" she cried, as in an agony of grief, she fell on her daughter's neck, "what will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the wide world? Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!" And all that day long she bewailed; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in refusing to claim their days and there was no listing of the thief; he had flit away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun at Bologna, and what defence could she make—how release herself from the obligation of that bond? Wilfully or negligently she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her.

"Go Gianetta," said she to her young daughter, "take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. But if he will not, go from door to door—Messalti cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but forget not the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer."

Alas! she went—but in vain. Those were retained against them; others demanded more than they had to give, and every one bade them despair. What was to be done? No advocate, and the cause was to come on to-morrow!

Now Gianetta had a lover, and he was a student at law, a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently; under that learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas, who, though of little stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries, was called the arch doctor, the rabbi of doctors, the light of the age. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter, Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars, when she was not otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts, a precaution in this instance unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another.

To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He had just taken the place at the bar; but he had never spoken, and how stand up alone, unprectised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced? "Are you ready?" "Ready!"

"Were I as mighty as I am weak," said he, "my fears for you would render me as nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta, and may the Friend of the friendless give me strength for that hour. Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loof to share, you and your mother shall not want. I will beg through the world for you."

The day arrived, and the court assembled. The claim is stated, and the evidence given—and now the defence is called for; but none is made, not even a syllable is uttered—and after a pause and some minutes in consultation, the Judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in court, when Lorenzo rises, and thus addressed them.

"Reverend Seignors—Young as I am, I venture to speak before you. I would speak in behalf of one who has no one else to help her, and will not keep you long. Much has been said—much on the sacred nature of the obligation, and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the very last letter. It is what we solicit—what we required. But to whom is this bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one!—not to two!—but to the three! Let the three stand forth and claim it!"

From that day—for who can doubt the issue?—none were sought, none employed but the eloquent, and subtle Lorenzo. Wealth followed fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage feast, or who sat with him.

SELF EXERTION.

"What! you are not going to give up your house and live up stairs, are you, cousin Caroline?" exclaimed Kate, a young, giddy girl, to her cousin, Mrs. Wilmont.

"Oh, yes, Kate, I do not think it is any hardship to live up stairs and rent the lower part of the house, if by that means I can help my husband out of his difficulties."

"Well, but do you not feel ashamed to have it known that you are poor? Are you not afraid your former friends will desert you?"

"No, Kate! I am not ashamed that any body should know that we are poor. Our poverty is not the result of imprudence or vice. Mr. Wilmont has conducted honorably in all his transactions; yet, with all his efforts, he has been unfortunate, and has not been able to satisfy all his creditors as he anticipated. And do you not recollect what Washington Irving says? "Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." As to being afraid of *former friends* will desert me, I am really glad to have an opportunity to test their sincerity. Adversity is the only true test of friendship. I shall now know whether they love me for myself alone, or for the enjoyment which it is in my power to afford them. I have often told Mr. Wilmont that our *summer* friends were numerous, but among them all, there were but two or three who would stay by us in the winter of misfortune."

"Oh! happiness, dear cousin Kate, never depended upon wealth, fine equipage, and great display. I have found more true pleasure in the society of my husband, and in the cares of my family, than amid all the fawning and sickening professions of my gay and fashionable acquaintances. Indeed, I have found by actual experience, that the pleasure arising from a conscientious discharge of the duties of life, is of infinitely superior to the glittering of wealth and the gew-gaws of fashion, as any thing you can imagine. *Poor*, indeed, must be the individual whose *mental resources* will afford no antidote to the loss of fortune."

Kate listened with astonishment to the feeble sentiments expressed by her cousin, and wondered how it could be possible that one who had been so long accustomed to ease and affluence, could conform thus humbly to her altered circumstances. The fact was, Mrs. Wilmont possessed a heart of the most feminine sensibility, united with a mind of energy and perseverance. Loss of property in her estimation, was a mere trifle, compared with health, reputation, and domestic comfort. She was a philosopher in the true sense of the word. She had learned the great art of living, viz: to conform to her circumstances, and to make the best of all the vicissitudes which are incident to human life.

Shortly after the above conversation, she found herself occupying the second story of her house, busily engaged in painting. Although simply qualified to teach it as a department of her school, that she could more conveniently devote a little time every day to this accomplishment, than to leave her family and engage in a school. Besides, she painted most exquisitely, and she now determined to turn the art to some practical use—for she had long since learned that neither education nor accomplishments answered the end for which they were designed, unless they are subservient to every day use and experience. The articles she painted were designed for sale, and the profits were to be available to her own support, and thus relieve her husband of some expense. Well she knew that some of her acquaintances would ridicule the idea of painting *for sale!* *To* short, earning their own livelihood in any way, what ever, would be degrading and disgraceful.

Mrs. Wilmont was a genuine lady, and one who had been too close an observer of human nature, to be surprised at the dissertion of many, who, but a few months since, had been proud to my they *visited at Mrs. Wilmont's.* Neither did it mortify her pride that she exerted her ingenuity and talents to her own support. Self-exertion is praiseworthy, let it be exerted in what form it may. We are beings designed for higher and nobler purposes than mere sensual gratification and luxury. For what has the author of our being endowed us with faculties and mind, if not the great object of doing good? She did not sit down and groan over her situation, and find fault with her husband, by alluding to what she used was, and what he had brought her to. Neither did she fold her hands in listlessness and idleness; but by the constant, energetic exercise of her own powers—by the kind and affectionate treatment, anticipating his wants, and by ever wearing a cheerful countenance in his presence, she was instrumental in dispersing the gloom which might have otherwise preyed upon his spirits, and acted as a more powerful incentive to exertion, and all the urgent and pressing solicitations about worldly fortune, and its loss.

Through their united efforts, they have long since regained all they have lost—and live in good style in Albion-Place, New York; yet they have both secured me that the happiest days of their lives, were their days of adversity and poverty. Never shall I forget the expression of countenance with which Mr. Wilmont told me, that the noble conduct of his wife he owed his all. Had she wrung her hands in despair, he too would have given up. But by her efficiency, mildness and fortitude, she not only saved him from depression of spirits, but perhaps from profligacy and vice.—How many men have been driven by loss of fortune and the reproaches of an imprudent wife, to degradation and disgrace. How much misery might be prevented, and how much happiness insured, did all women, under similar circumstances, act upon the same principles as Mrs. Wilmont.

Woman is neater in her own sphere and in the sphere which nature designed her to move, unless she is alleviating the cares of others, and exercising the talents with which she is endowed, for higher purposes than glittering in the kaleidoscope of fashion; and no independence is so truly great as that which induces her to rely upon her own resources. How utterly beneath every contempt is the individual who, from false pride, will continue under pecuniary obligations, rather than engage in some calling, by which dignity of character is preserved, which is so dear to a noble and sensitive heart. The foolish pride which shows personal effort, when necessary, is generally associated with weakness of mind, want of efficiency, and decision of character. Among the virtuous and good, those who estimate people in proportion to their moral worth, nothing is a surer passport to respect and attention, than proper exertion for our support. Every woman, let her situation in life be what it may, should never be above depending on herself. We should have sufficient independence of feeling and respect for ourselves, to feel happy rather than ashamed, that we are giving full capacities and abilities by which we can secure ourselves from the miseries of dependence, and feel that we are living for others as well as ourselves; instead of sporting our lives away in idleness.

Let every one consult his own talents, and follow the calling for which he has the greatest taste. One may have a talent for teaching the solid abstruse sciences, another for the gay and ornamental—and some whose feelings are quite refined, may from choice, cultivate the needle, or divine. All are equally deserving of respect and attention in all their proper spheres. One thing, however, is certain, that every female should be mistress of some occupation to which she can resort, in the day when riches take wings and fly away!

Such were the feelings with which Mrs. Wilmont imbued her children. She taught them to feel that none were exempt from the reverse of fortune; and that virtue and worth are entitled to respect, let them be found in what situation they may. Act above all things, to be honest, and happy to do something for the relief, when ever circumstances should require it. Character and conduct, in her estimation, were the legitimate marks of distinction. Long since had she learned to exclaim with Pope,

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

THE EULOGY!—

Never could a portion of Holy Writ be more appropriately applied to any individual than to Gen. Harrison. We have before us the Eulogy pronounced on the 14th of May, Past day, by E. D. Mansfield, Esq., on the "Life and Character of WM. HENRY HARRISON," late President of the United States. He was called upon by a committee of his fellow citizens to perform that duty, and most faithfully has it been discharged. He has introduced no fulsome adulation, no sycophantic panegyrics in his remarks. He has delineated the character of his subject by historical and other facts, drawing upon truth, and not fiction, to embellish his discourse. It is, indeed, one of the best Eulogies we have ever read. We were not disappointed in its merits or perusal, when we first heard to whom that honorable task was assigned. We felt well satisfied it would be done in a manner and style to elicit, as it has done, the admiration and praise of all classes of people.

When we first commenced reading, we thought to make some choice extracts from it for publication; but we found it altogether so highly interesting, that there was no place to commence but at the beginning, and no stopping place but at the end. We have, however, made a few extracts, which must interest the general reader.

The Eulogy has been very neatly printed in a pamphlet of 22 pages, and is for sale by Mr. U. P. James, bookseller, Pearl street, Cincinnati; price 25 cents; which we pronounce cheap.

"Yesterday the young Hamlet entered yonder fort amidst the thick shades of uncultivated nature. To-day he is gone to his grave, the Chief of a great nation, and that spot is alive with a panorama of arts, and men, and busy life, such as Fancy herself would not have dreamed! He entered it, in the forest; he left it, the city. He entered it a subaltern; he left it a President! The country and the man run parallel together. He grew with its growth, and he strengthened with its strength."

* * * * * * *

"If was a thousand years, from the colonization of Greece, before any great growth or glory appears in its history. It was hundred years from Saxon England, before our mother country attained any strength in civilization; and it was one hundred and fifty years, from the landing on the Atlantic coast, before the whole population of the United States reached the present numbers of the North Western Territory alone. The fifty years past, in the life of William Henry Harrison, have been fifty years of wonderful events—so wonderful that we have ceased to regard them much and dazzled by their multitude, ceased to distinguish.

In this trans-Alleghany region, he stood literally on the confines of two empires. One was the dark shadow of savage dominion; the other was that brilliant civilization, which has been commissioned from the dawn of time to take possession of the earth. There, he saw that Barbarism made its last struggle. On the banks of the Wabash, he met it eye to eye, in the person of its Prophet-King. He saw it again in the clouds of battle; and seemed to hear its wild voice above the storm, crying farewell to these its native woods. On the other hand, he sees, *that* CIVILIZATION, robed in its gorgeous arts, coming down upon these plains to take possession. It covers them like a flood—it makes him its favorite child—it seizes him in its strong embrace—it bears him aloft amidst the conflict—it seats him on the mountain's brow, and cries, from the midst of the people—*take thou the Axe!* He took it—and the red belt of heaven struck it from his hand. Farewell to the Pioneer Chief! The storm spirit may rustle its wings by his grave; but their noise disturbs no more. He hears them not!"

* * * * * * *

"All the habits of intercourse, manner of life, and modes of thinking in General Harrison, were republican in form and substance. He realized the spirit of his age and his nation; and if, in after times, the secret of his great public success should be sought, it will be found in that fact. He was *of* the people, he sympathized with the people, and he acted with the people."

It is for such a merit, that looking back three ages past, we love to trace a Cincinnatus at his plough, and trace the republican simplicity of his manners with the splendor of his deeds. So we delight to dwell on the beautiful character of Alfred, who sought the welfare of his country by the firesides of the people. And so, in after times, it will be a beautiful truth of history, that the commander of the North-western Army, was in fact the Farmer of North Bend.

In his Inaugural Address, you observe that the late President thought it a proper occasion to testify his profound respect and regard for the Christian religion. There is no reason to doubt that this expression was the sincere conviction of his heart. Nearly twenty-five years ago, he was one of the few who assisted in organizing the first Episcopal church in this city. He aided and co-operated freely and gladly with the pastors of his neighborhood, and he conversed ingenuously with them on his own spiritual condition. Of late years, he had read and reflected with deep interest on the concerns of eternity. "He looked back, with grateful pleasure, to the prayer of a pious mother, and he enjoyed the inestimable pleasure of a pious and devoted companion. From a letter to that companion, I am permitted to take a sentence, of interest to the whole people, because a record of history, as to the manner in which such, at least, of the Presidents of the Republic commenced his high official functions. It was written on the 4th of March, 1841, early in the morning.

"I have risen just at the dawn of day, and after having paid my devotions to my Maker, and asked his blessing on my endeavors to perform these important duties, which this day devolve upon me, I have sat down to write to you."

"It was thus President Harrison commenced his duties; and who can imagine a better or a nobler way? In the dawn of the Inauguration day, surrounded by splendor and by power, he acknowledges his dependence on the Almighty, and forgets not the lovely duties of family affection.

Having studied religion, in his last years, with care and comprehension, he gives the world a public declaration of his own faith, and of its solemn and blessed importance. This testimony is now recorded, and its salutary influence will be felt by the youth of distant posterity. It will be hailed, that in the paths of glory, there is no light like that of Holy Truth—no peace like that which the Saviour alone can give. With that light and that peace shining down before him, we trust that from these mortal scenes his spirit ascended to the assembly of the just made perfect."

Four New States.—During the next Congress, the territories of Iowa and Wisconsin, and the two Floridas, will probably ask for admission to the family of the American Union.

"A Liberal Donation.—Edmund Walls, Esq., who lately died at Richmond, Va., left to the Female Orphan Asylum of that city, one half of his estate. The value of the donation is said to be fully $15,000. Mr. Walls was for several years, sheriff, inspector of Richmond, and is said to have been, during his whole life, a very charitable man.

Time is the cradle of hope, and the grave of existence. It deprives beauty of its charms, while it transfers them to her picture.

A humble man is like a good tree, the more full of fruit the branches are, the lower they bend themselves.

"If youth were to come again," said an aged gentleman, "I would be a scholar." Aye! and how many more would be! What a useful hint this is to youth. If every youth would keep in view the fact that his actions may be an hour, how much wiser than the passed would be the present generation.

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The following Table is the first official account of the Census of 1840, yet published. It was furnished to the Senate, by the Secretary of State, in obedience to a resolution of that body, and ordered to be printed.—*Nationian.*

STATEMENT,

Showing the aggregate in the population of the several States and Territories and in the District of Columbia, under the last Census, distinguishing the number of whites, free persons of color, and all other persons, as nearly as can be ascertained at this time.

States and Territories.	*Whites.*	*Free Colored.*	*All others.*	*Total.*
Maine,	500,438	1,355	0	501,793
New Hampshire,	284,036	537	1	284,574
Massachusetts,	731,020	8,668	1	737,699
Rhode Island,	105,587	3,238	5	108,830
Connecticut,	301,856	8,105	17	309,948
Vermont,	291,218	730	0	291,948
New York,	2,378,890	50,027	4	2,428,921
New Jersey,	351,588	21,044	674	373,308
Pennsylvania,	1,676,115	47,854	64	1,724,033
Delaware,	58,561	16,919	2,605	78,085
Maryland,	317,717	69,020	89,495	476,231
Virginia,	740,968	49,845	448,987	1,239,797
North Carolina,	484,870	22,732	245,817	753,419
South Carolina,	259,084	8,976	327,038	594,398
Georgia,	407,695	2,753	280,844	691,292
Alabama,	335,185	2,039	253,532	590,756
Mississippi,	179,074	1,366	195,211	375,651
Louisiana,	153,983	24,358	165,919	344,570
Tennessee,	640,627	5,524	183,059	829,510
Kentucky,	587,542	7,309	182,072	776,923
Ohio,	1,502,122	17,347	0	1,519,467
Indiana,	678,698	7,165	3	685,866
Illinois,	472,354	3,598	331	476,183
Missouri,	323,888	1,574	58,240	383,702
Arkansas,	77,174	465	19,935	97,574
Michigan,	211,560	707	0	212,267
Florida Territory,	27,788	280	25,559	54,107
Wisconsin do.	30,560	178	8	30,752
Iowa do.	42,664	153	18	43,035
District of Columbia,	30,658	4,961	4,694	43,713
	14,181,575	386,069	2,483,526	17,051,180
Lafayette Parish, Louisiana, not included in the above,				17,051,180
Estimated population of Carter county, Kentucky, not included,				7,832
				3,000
				17,062,012
Seamen in the service of the United States, June 1st, 1840,				6,100
Total population of the United States,				17,056,112

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

FACTS FOR PHILOSOPHY.

The recent Census of the United States is the sixth, taken at intervals of ten years each, since the adoption of the Constitution. That instrument wisely provided for the uniform taking of the enumeration of the people of the United States, as the basis of representation and taxation.

The census has now been taken through a period of time sufficiently long to determine, with great accuracy, the laws of population in the United States. They present some curious facts.

1. The population of the United States increases exactly 34 per cent. each ten years, and *which doubles every twenty-four years.* This law is so uniform and permanent, that when applied to the population of 1790, and brought down to the present time, it produces nearly the very result as shown by the census of 1840. And thus we may tell, with great accuracy, what will be the census of 1850. It will be nearly *twenty-three millions.*

2. But though this is the aggregate result, it is by no means true of each particular part of the country; for New England increases at the rate of 15 per cent. each ten years, while the North-Western States increase 100 per cent. in that period.

3. The *Slave population* increased at 30 per cent.; but since, at less than 25 per cent. The *Free population* have, however, increased at the rate of 36 per cent. At this rate, therefore, the difference between the free and slave population is constantly increasing. This is a very interesting result, and one which shows the laws of nature will at last prevail, and give the balance to that system which is founded on the truth of nature.

3d. Another fact is, that the colored population increase just in proportion to the distance south; and that slavery is certainly and rapidly decreasing in the States bordering on the free States.

This state of things continued would, in half a century, extinguish slavery in these States, and concentrate the whole black population of the United States on the Gulf of Mexico, and the adjacent States on the Southern Atlantic.

There are important inferences to be drawn from these facts, which we leave for future consideration.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

CASE OF M'LEOD—LAW OF NATIONS—TRADE OR WAR.

The decision of the Supreme Court of New York, in the case of M'Leod, was not to us, in any way, unexpected.—The doctrine of the Court is the same which we have held from the beginning of the controversy; and it is founded, as we believe, both upon the law of nations and that common sense upon which the law of nations is founded. The opinion pronounced by Justice Cowen is an able one, and well supported by authorities and illustrations.

We may premise here, that we consider the entire case as involving only points of high constitutional law, and not as one concerning national interests; for, in American independence, we assume, that strict legal justice is to be done all parties, without reference to ultimate consequences.

It is said, that a Writ of Error is to be immediately taken out to the Court of Errors, and that, if unsuccessful there, it is again to be appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. It is doubtful whether these Writs of Error will result in any useful purpose; for it can scarcely be supposed the New York Court of Errors will decide differently, for is it quite probable that even the Supreme Court will. These bodies are not moved so much by political, as by judicial reasons. Before them, it must clearly appear that a public criminal—or one charged as such—should be released from the jurisdiction of the Courts. Why should he be released? Because, say many, his *Government has assumed the crime.* This may be a good reason for declaring war against his Government; but is none whatever for discharging him from the effects of that crime.

It is an incontrovertible principle of the law of nations, that no foreign Government can, in time of peace, execute any process, civil or military, or authorise any act within the territory of this country.

It is an equally incontrovertible principle, that the civil jurisdiction of the United States extends, in time of peace, to all crimes and persons committing them within its own territory.

Within the territory of the United States, a band of marauders, under the command of a Canadian Colonel, commit, it is said, the crimes of arson and murder. The prisoner is charged with these crimes, and now, it is said, he must be discharged, because the British Governments assume his acts. Had the British Government any jurisdiction within the State of New York? Does a Canadian militia officer acquire any right to execute British orders with the sword, merely through an assumption of Lord Palmerston's, *made three years after the event?*

The truth is, the law of nations gives no color whatever to such a position. But there is another assumption, that the destruction of the Caroline is a quasi act of war, and as it must be settled by the British Government, M'Leod should not be held liable, but the subject be left to the issue of peace or war.

This position is answered at once, by pointing to *the fact.* We were *not at war.* There was not the semblance of war. On the contrary, nobody dreamed of it; and every body was trying to prevent the slightest occasion for it. It was a time of deep peace, when—no matter for what cause—a vessel is burned, and part of her crew destroyed. Shall it be said, we must wait, as an era, to receive a dozen notes, on gilt-edged paper, from the noble British Secretary, before we right such wrongs as these? Did we hesitate to allow our mistaken citizens, who had wrongly invaded Canada, to suffer under the sword of British justice?

But not only does the law of nations show no reason why the release of M'Leod should be granted, but common sense reduces such an application to an absurdity. For if it be in the power of every militia Colonel or Justice of the Peace in Canada or Texas to do (in pursuit of an imaginary duty) an act of justifiable violence within the American territory, because he is a public officer, then the causes of war will never cease. It is the very way to originate interminable wars. Each officer may fancy a crime in an American citizen, and seize him accordingly.

We say, in conclusion, that the laxity on the part of our Government in not demanding satisfaction for the violation of territory, is probably the cause of the whole difficulty. As it is, it must be treated with great tact to avoid further irritation. We see, for ourselves, no sufficient cause of war in the events which have transpired, and we do not believe the peace of the world is now to be disturbed. But, at the same time, it must be acknowledged, that our Government has now, for several years, been wretchedly inefficient in its foreign policy. We have suffered foreign luxuries to be imported, till the nation has grown effeminate, and its finances utterly deranged. We have suffered our navy to fall into decay. We have built fortifications, but we have not armed them. And, in the midst of party bickerings and plans of personal aggrandizement, we have neglected the great sources of national strength and stability—virtue and independence.

The late decision in M'Leod's case seems to have occasioned less excitement on the sea-board than here. By the annexed extract, it will be perceived that the reports of Mr. Fox having demanded his passports, &c. were premature, and that there is no reason to apprehend any immediate trouble on this question. Mr. Fox is willing to await the action of the New York Courts on the merits of the case. M'Leod is anxious to have his trial before a jury at once, without appealing the question of law; and the probable result will be an acquittal—inasmuch as it can be proved clearly, it is said, that he was one hundred and fifty miles from the scene in which he is charged with being concerned, and there is nothing but his own foolish boasting to substantiate the charge!

The New York Herald announces the receipt of private intelligence from Washington, to the effect that matters connected with the case of M'Leod wear a pacific aspect. The Herald says—

The opinion of the Supreme Court was received, unofficially, in advance of the regular mail, at Washington, on Tuesday; and we learn that Mr. Fox, the British Minister, has given assurances to our Government that no further steps will be taken by him until the case goes through the Courts of New York in the regular way.

It is true, that in certain contingencies, Mr. Fox was directed by his Government to demand his passports; but there is now no probability that these contingencies will ever happen. The first step taken by the British Government, and the debate in Parliament, consequent on M'Leod's arrest, were rather forced upon them by the Tory opposition and the popular impulse there, than by any unfriendly disposition of the ministry. It is not at all likely, that any further difficulty will take place, unless, perhaps, a popular ferment should break out in England, on the arrival there of the opinion of the Court, stimulated by the Tory opposition to the Government in the approaching elections. For the present, at least, there is a perfectly good understanding between Mr. Webster and Mr. Fox, and the latter will demand no passports, but wait the issue of M'Leod's trial, which the Minister thinks should take place as soon as possible, without any attempt to carry it to a higher court.

Such being the amount of our information, we therefore assure our readers and the public, that NO WAR OR DIFFICULTY CAN TAKE PLACE WITH ENGLAND AT PRESENT—that M'Leod will probably be tried in a few weeks, in some other county than Niagara, probably in Utica, where he is now.

At all events, there is nothing to disturb the peaceful relations of the two countries.

M'Leod Again.—The Counsel of M'Leod have abandoned the idea of taking his case to the Court of Errors. The Supreme Court have ordered a change of venue in the case, to the county of Oneida, where he will be tried in September. In the meantime, he is detained at Utica, in the custody of the sheriff.

From the National Intelligencer.

THE LATE MAJOR GENERAL MACOMB

We have a melancholy pleasure in transferring to our columns the following biography of Major General Macomb, whose funeral is this day to be solemnized, in whose death this city has to mourn the decease of a virtuous and beloved fellow-citizen, and in whom the nation laments the loss of the distinguished and gallant commander of its military forces.

Major General Alexander Macomb was born at Detroit, April 3, 1782. The city of Detroit, at that time, was a garrison town, and among the first images that struck his eyes were those of the circumstances of war. These early impressions often fix the character of the man.

His father was a fur merchant, respectably descended and connected. He removed to the city of New York, while Alexander was an infant. When he was eight years of age, he placed him at school, at Newark, New Jersey, under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Ogden, who was a man of mind, belonging to a family distinguished for talents.

In 1798, while Macomb was quite a youth, he was elected into a select company, which was called "The New York Rangers." The name was taken from that Spartan band of rangers selected from the provincials, who, from 1755 to 1763, were the elite of every British commander on Lake George and the borders of Canada. At the time he entered the corps of New York Rangers, Congress had passed a law receiving volunteers for the defence of the country, as invasion by the French army was soon expected. This patriotic band volunteered their services to government, which were accepted; but he soon left this corps, and obtained a cornetcy at the close of the year 1798, and was commissioned in January, 1799. General North, then Adjutant General of the Northern army, soon saw the merits of the youthful soldier, and took him into his staff, as deputy Adjutant General. Under such a master as the intelligent and accomplished North, Macomb made great progress in his profession, and in the affections of his brother officers of the army. The young officer that Hamilton noticed and North instructed, would not fail to be ambitious of distinction. He visited Montreal, in order to observe the discipline and tactics of the veteran corps kept at that important military post, and did not neglect his opportunities.

The thick and dark cloud that hung over the country, passed away—a great part of the troops were disbanded, and most of the officers and men returned to private life; a few only were retained; among them was Macomb, who was commissioned as a second lieutenant of dragoons, and sent forthwith on the recruiting service; but it was not then necessary to push the business; and as he was stationed in Philadelphia, he had fine opportunities to associate with the best informed men of the city, and found easy access to the Franklin and other extensive libraries, which advantages he did not fail to improve.

When his body of recruits was formed, he marched with it to the western frontiers to join Gen. Wilkinson, an officer who had been left in service from the Revolutionary war. In the company of Wilkinson, and of Col. Williams, the engineer, he must have gathered a mass of materials for future use. With him, he went into the Cherokee country, to aid in making a treaty with that nation. He was on this mission nearly a year, and kept a journal of every thing he saw or heard. This was a good school for one whose duty it might hereafter be to fight those very aboriginines, and, in fact, these lessons of the wilderness are not lost on any one of mind and observation. The corps to which he belonged was disbanded, and a corps of engineers formed; to this he was attached as first lieutenant. He was now sent to West-Point, where he was by the code there established, a pupil as well as an officer. Being examined and declared competently he was appointed an adjutant of the corps at the post, and discharged his duty with as much spirit and intelligence, that when the first court martial, after his examination, was convened, he was appointed judge advocate. This court was ordered for the trial of a distinguished officer for disobeying an arbitrary order for cutting off the hair. Peter the Great could not carry such an order into execution; but our republican country did; and the veteran, Col. Butler, was reprimanded for not throwing his white locks to the wind, when ordered to do so by his superior. The talents and arguments exhibited by Macomb, as judge advocate on this court martial, brought him into very great notice as a man of exalted intellect, as well as a fine soldier. He was now called upon to compile a treatise upon martial law and the practice of courts martial, which, in a future day of leisure, he effected, and his book is now the standard work upon courts martial for the army of the United States. In 1805, Macomb was promoted to the rank of captain in the corps of engineers, and sent to the sea-board, to superintend the fortifications which had been ordered by an act of Congress. By this service he became known to the first man in the country, and his sagacity were duly appreciated from New Hampshire to the Floridas.

In 1808 he was promoted to the rank of major, and acted as superintendent of fortifications until just before the war, when he was advanced to a lieutenant-colonelcy. He was again detailed to act as judge advocate, on a court martial, for the trial of Gen. Wilkinson, who had called the court on Col. Butler. He added to his reputation in this case. Wilkinson was his friend; but Macomb discharged his duty with military exactness.

At the breaking out of the war of 1812, he left the seat of government, where he had discharged an arduous duty, in assisting to give form and regularity to the army they just raised by order of Congress. All sorts of confusion had prevailed; from the want of a uniform system of military tactics; he was fortunate in his exertions. When there was honorable war, he could not be satisfied to remain, as it were, a cabinet officer, and wear a sword only to advise what should be done, which seemed to be the regulation of the army in respect to engineers; he therefore solicited a command in the corps of artillery that was to be raised, and was gratified by a commission as Colonel of the 3d regiment, dated July 6, 1812. The regiment was to consist of twenty companies, of one hundred and eighteen men each. It was, in fact, the command of a division, except in rank. His reputation assisted in raising the body of men, and in November of that year, he marched to the frontiers with his command. Macomb and his troops spent the winter at Sackett's Harbor. He contemplated an attack upon Kingston; but was defeated in his plan by the fears of some and the jealousies of others; but he soon distinguished himself at Niagara and Fort George; at the same time Com. Chauncey was endeavoring to bring the enemy's fleet to battle on Lake Ontario. The next service performed by Col. Macomb was under Gen. Wilkinson; and if the campaign was not successful, Macomb was not chargeable with any _____ of _____ure.

In January, 1814, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and was appointed to a command on the east *slip* of Lake Champlain. Nothing of importance in the history of Gen. Macomb transpired, although he was constantly on the alert in the discharge of his duties, until the coronal of his fame was won at the defence of Plattsburg. This defence, our limits will not permit us to describe with any minuteness; but, suffice it to say, that, in the summer of 1814, Sir George Prevost, Governor-General of the Canadas, had received a great augmentation of his regular forces, by detachments of the army which had fought in Spain and Portugal, under the Duke of Wellington. These were among the best in the world; and he now determined to strike a blow upon our frontiers, that should be decisive of the war, and bring our nation to terms at once. His fleet on Lake Champlain was considered superior to ours, and he was well informed that we had not than any army of consequence. Early in September, he pushed on towards Plattsburg, and met, for several days, with little opposition. His error was delay; but he wished to move safely, and saw nothing to prevent his progress.

Previous to the 11th, there had been some smart skirmishing, in which the British found more courage and efficiency than they expected, from troops so hastily called out. Early on the 11th, the British grove battle by land and water—fifteen hundred of the regular army, and uncertain bodies of militia, made up Macomb's army. The enemy was fourteen thousand strong. The battle was a decisive victory on the part of the American force; and Macdonough captured the British fleet, and Sir George returned to Canada the next night. The victory was as brilliant as unexpected. Honors were voted Macomb in every part of the country. New York and Vermont were foremost in their tributes of respect. The President promoted him to the rank of Major-General, dating his commission on the day of his victory. The event had a happy effect on the negotiations then going on at Ghent, and unquestionably paved the way for a treaty of peace.

After the close of the war, he commanded at Detroit, his birth-place. He was received at his military post with distinguished honors. Many remembered his person, and all kept his reputation in view as reflecting honor upon the territory in which he was born. He continued at that post attentive to his duty, and devising liberal things for the people of that region, without confining his exertions to any particular portion of territory, until, in 1821, he was called to Washington, to take the office of chief of the engineer department. On the receipt of this information, he was addressed by all classes of the people of Detroit, in the most exalted language of friendship and regard. On repairing to Washington, he assumed his duties of the bureau to _____ called to, and discharged them to the satisfaction of the Government and the Army. On the death of General Brown, commander-in-chief of the Army, General Macomb was appointed to that station, which he has ever since held, and in which he died.—*Abridged from the National Portrait Gallery.*

From the Louisville Journal.

HUGE BONES FOUND AT BIG-BONE LICK, KENTUCKY.

The Missourium outdone.—An examination of the remarkable skeleton lately exhibited in our city, called up to our recollection a similar exhibition made here in January, 1831, of a portion of the bones of some most huge and stupendous animal or animals, found at Big-Bone Lick in this County. They were dug up by Captain Benjamin Finnell, and were found about twenty-two feet beneath the surface, imbedded in soft black marl, largely impregnated with saline fluids. These bones were but the fragment of a skeleton; but from their enormous size, they must have belonged to some animal as much superior in bulk to the huge Missourium, lately exhibited here, as that animal was superior to the common elephant. This we should infer from the size of the spinal canal alone, it being of the incredible bulk of seven inches in diameter, the bones of the head were very little larger; if any, than those of the Missourium—and we think it more than probable, that the tusks and other bones of the head exhibited at that time belonged to a different animal from those of the spine.

By turning to the columns of the Journal, in January, 1831, we find some notice of these bones, furnished by a scientific gentleman, from which we are able to refresh our memory with regard to their remarkable dimensions. As his account of them may be new to most of our readers, we will give the substance of his statements and conclusions respecting them. After describing the locality of these bones, he says:

Most conspicuous and wonderful among this collection, is a cranium, with its defences or horns, superior maxillary bone, and molares of colossean formation. These bones are all in the cranium, and evidently belonged to some monstrous quadruped, whose vast magnitude greatly transcends any on record. The cranium, though very small in comparison with other parts of the skeleton, weighs upwards of four hundred pounds, and the molares, having high double coned processes, and interlocking fangs, weigh ten or twelve pounds each. The defences, (tusks,) two in number, are fifteen feet in length, two in circumference, and eight inches in diameter. Together they weigh six hundred pounds. They are fixed in the side of the head, about a foot and a half apart at their bases, though they diverge greatly as they proceed, and run in the form of a spiral volute. The os maxillare inferior, (lower jaw bone,) with its high double coned molares, [back teeth,] the cervical, [neck,] dorsal, [back,] and lumbar [loins] vertebræ, the sacrum, os coccygis and ischium, [haunch bones,] the femoral [thigh] and tibial [leg] bones are all of corresponding dimensions. From the diameter of the spinal canal, the medulla spinalis [spinal marrow] must have measured, in thickness, seven inches, a size incredible, unless attested by personal observation. But above all, the bones of the feet strike us with amazement. The size and shape of the os cuboides, [heel bone,] the proportions and general anatomy of the other bones composing them, indicate that they must have been the paws of some prodigious unknown, of carnivorous habits. When clothed with cartilage, ligaments, fascia, tendons, muscles, skin and hair, it is not exaggeration to think that they may have covered three or four feet of ground.

From comparative anatomy, and from the peculiar and general osteology of this skeleton, from the dimensions of its cranium, of the superior and inferior maxillary bones, and their immense teeth; from the many and huge size of its femoral and tibial bones, and its prodigious feet, or paws; but more especially from the magnitude of its vertebræ, and consequently of its medulla spinalis, we may rationally infer, upon the principles of philosophical induction, that the animal to which these bones belonged, must have been upwards of sixty feet in length, and twenty or thirty in height!

It is evident that a portion of this collection of bones belonged to a genus of animals much larger than either the mastodon or the Missourium. An animal with a spinal marrow seven inches in diameter, or twenty-one in circumference, as large as a thirty young cedar of thirty years growth, must certainly have been a mammoth among mammoths, and could have rived a king among megatheria, mastodons, and Missouria. The poetical conceptions of the well known Shawnee tradition concerning a mighty race of animals, which roamed through the western forests, long before the coming of the pale faces, and carried terror and destruction in their path, crushing the forests beneath their feet, and drying up the streams when they slaked their thirst, seemed to have been almost realized in the species of animals to which these huge bones belonged.

The Indian tradition, to which we have referred, is so beautiful, that we cannot do better than to quote it as a basis to our conjectures and reflections on "big-bones."

Ten thousand moons ago, when naught but gloomy forests covered this land of the sleeping sun, (long before the pale men,) with thunder and fire at their command, rushed on the wingers of the wind, to ruin this garden of nature, when naught but the untamed wanderers of the wood, and men as unrestrained as they, were masters of the soil, a race of animals were in being, huge as the frowning precipice, cruel as the bloody panther, swift as the descending eagle, and terrible as the angel of night. The pines crushed beneath their feet, and the lake shrunk when they slaked their thirst. The forceful javelin in vain was hurled, and the barbed arrows fell harmless from their side. Forests were laid waste at a meal; the groans of expiring animals were heard, and whole villages, inhabited by men, were destroyed in a moment. The cry of universal distress extended even to the regions of peace, and the Good Spirit interposed to save the unhappy. The forked lightning gleamed all around, and loudest thunder rocked the globe. The bolts of heaven were hurled upon the cruel destroyers alone, and mountains echoed with the bellowings of death. All were killed, except one male, the fiercest of the race, and him even the fury of the skies scathless _____ ended the tallest summit which shades the source of many waters, and roaring aloud, bid defiance to every vengeance. The red lightning scorched the lofty firs and rived the knotty oaks, but glanced on the enraged monster. At length, maddened with pain, he leaped over the waves of the west, and at this moment reigns the uncontrolled monarch of the wilderness, in spite of Omnipotence itself.

It will be recollected by our readers, that Indian tradition, not only preserved a knowledge of the existence of the skeleton of the Missourium, but even designated the precise spot where it lay imbedded, some twenty feet below the surface.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

Charles Anthony, Attorney of the U. States, for the District of Ohio.

Gervais Fontenot, U. S. Marshal for the Western District of Louisiana, vice Dennis.

Dennis Adams, for the District of Ohio.

William D. Blackburn, for the District of Kentucky.

John B. Dade, Warden of the Penitentiary, in the District of Columbia.

Joseph Eve, Charge d'Affaires to Texas.

Isaac Rand Jackson, Charge d'Affaires to Denmark.

Walter Forward, First Comptroller of the Treasury of the United States.

Elisha Whittlesey, Auditor of the Treasury for the Post Office Department of the U. States.

Paul Romignol, Superintendent of the Branch Mint at Dahlonega, in the State of Georgia.

Elisha H. Huntington, Commissioner of the General Land Office of the United States.

Philip R. Fendall, Attorney of the U. States for the District of Columbia.

Brigadier General Winfield Scott, Major General by brevet, to be Major General June 25, vice Major General Alexander Macomb, deceased.

Peleg Sprague, Judge of the United States for the District of Massachusetts.

DIPLOMATIC NOMINATIONS.

It is understood that the following nominations for foreign missions have been confirmed:

To England, Edward Everett, of Massachusetts.

To Russia, Col. C. S. Todd, of Kentucky.

To Austria, Daniel Jenifer, of Maryland.

To Portugal, Gen. W. Barrow, of Louisiana.

To Brazil, John S. Pendleton, of Virginia.

To Sardinia, Dr. Baber, of Georgia.

LICKING VALLEY REGISTER.

E. C. LANGDON, EDITOR.

COVINGTON KY.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1841.

OUR PAPER.

☞ Persons holding subscription papers will please forward the names of such persons as may be subscribed, at as early a day as possible, it being important that we should have their names.

☞ Those not receiving their papers by the Carrier, will please notify us to that effect.

THE BANK BILL.

Has passed the Senate by a vote of 26 to 23.—Messrs. Rives and Archer of Virginia, voted against it, by which they have proved themselves unworthy of the confidence of those who supported them. There is now no doubt of its passage through the House, and will shortly become a law; when we may look for better times.

The Cincinnati Enquirer of the 31st ult., says: "In the case of "the *State vs. Cornelius Burnett*," indicted for resisting officer Black in attempting to arrest the runaway negro of Joan McCall, which was tried yesterday, the jury returned a verdict of *guilty*."

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

On Thursday evening last, "The Covington Temperance Society" held a meeting in the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was numerously attended. It was expected that the Baltimore delegation of reformed inebriates would have addressed the meeting; but from some cause or another, they did not come. Short and pertinent addresses were made by several gentlemen present; after which, the Constitution and By-Laws of the Society were read, and invitations given to all who wished to join in the laudable and praiseworthy cause of lessening human ills by promoting temperance. And what was our gratification to witness many of our most respectable and influential fellow-citizens, ladies and gentlemen, join the total abstinence temperance society. The Society is now composed of about one hundred members.—A most favorable augury for the future well-being of Covington.

He who would have peace of mind, and a conscience well at ease, must be temperate in eating and drinking. Snares are every where laid to entrap the intemperate to the commission of crime. In an act of desperate criminality to be perpetrated, the bottle is produced as the inspirer of courage to brace up the nerves to the daring deed. The brain once phrensied with intoxication, and the heart thus fired, the armed inebriate goes forth to slaughter and destroy. The dagger and the blazing torch he employs without remorse, and often without consciousness; until aroused from this dreamless trance, by the strong arm of Justice, pointing to the waste, and desolation, and horrid atrocities he has committed. But we are wandering from the first purpose we had in view.

The strictly temperate man, has a clear head, a steady hand, and a good appetite—his temper is under his control;—he saves time;—he saves money;—he is respectable, whatever be his station in society. But the man who drinks but little, is in the high road to ruin. Of the vast multitude of our race who have lived the drunkard's life, and filled the drunkard's grave, the beginning of their downward course was drinking a little.

The saving of the money usually expended for spirits without estimating any other advantages that arise from total abstinence, will in a few years produce a handsome competency.

Should a mechanic read this who is forty years of age, and who has expended 12½ cents a day for spirits, who is feeling the bitterness of poverty—by saving this sum, he might, since he was 21 years of age, have accumulated about 1,000 dollars—if he is 50 years of age, 1,500 dollars—60 years of age, 2,000 dollars—and 25 cents a day would produce twice the above amounts—and he who drinks habitually, is sure to spend 25 cents a day, either in money or time, and often more; then by the time he shall be 60 years of age, he will have saved in money, $4,000, besides his reputation and peace of mind. Let us pursue this figure a little farther.

Is there a mechanic who finds it difficult to provide food and raiment, and other comforts of life for his family, but who is in the habit of spending 12½ cents a day for spirits? This sum of 12½ cents a day will in one year, purchase nearly fifty dollars worth of comforts and necessaries for his family.—These are things worthy of reflection.

Tippler! just look at this! Make your calculation, and see how much of comfort you might realize by abstinence, both in property, in domestic happiness, and in the good example placed before your children.

☞ Since putting the above in type, a temperance meeting was held on Saturday evening, at which fifty more members were added.

PROFANE SWEARING.

Whilst the moral world is undergoing an important change through the influence of temperance societies, and the heart of the philanthropist made glad, another class of moral lawbreakers present themselves before us in a most formidable phalanx. The profane swearer calls forth our pity, our commiseration and disgust—and of all vices which sinful man falls into, there is for this the least excuse; and there is nothing that so strongly indicates a thoughtless and depraved heart, as profane swearing. How awful—how horrible it is to hear a worm of earth, a mere child of dust, call upon the Almighty Ruler of the universe, in cool blood, and common conversation, to damn their souls, and send them to eternal perdition—to unutterable torments. To call thus irreverently on that Almighty Being whose tremendous voice is heard amidst the roar of conflicting elements! To call that lirreligiously on the awful dispensor of life and death, fills the christian's soul with horror and sadness. If the profane swearer would reflect but for a moment, that if the Almighty God was governed by like passions with themselves, what would be the consequence of their rash profanation? What would be the dreadful condition of those who thus imprecate anathemas on their own souls and blasphemes the sacred name of the Most High?

Could he who so freely and impiously indulges in profanity and indecent language—in fine, could he swear, but behold himself in a glass as others behold him, he would shrink from his own image as from a thing of contamination. In other vices, more or less, may be found some kind of excuse. The gratification of some passion, or the indulgence of some appetite, may be pleaded as a palliation; but in this vice, are no mitigating circumstances to be found; no plausible pretext for such folly. How often is the name of the Great Supreme appealed to on the most trivial occasion, to test the speaker's truth, when, at the same time, his veracity could justly be called in question, and his statements proven false. Suppose he should be taken at his word, with his impious imprecations upon his tongue, what horror would seize his guilty conscience, what sensations of unutterable despair overwhelm him—and yet history furnishes many instances of speedy retributive justice being awarded for the blasphemer. Such appeals are therefore wicked and absurd, as manifesting a great degree of moral depravity. How weak and how wicked are the idle remonstrances of man; to revile, to outrage his fellow man is wicked—to revile, to outrage and defy his Creator is horrible!

"WHY WILL PEOPLE DIE?"

This question heads a nostrum advertisement in one of our exchange papers; to attract the notice of the reader. It is a question, however, we cannot answer, unless, indeed, it is owing to a stoppage of breath, which naturally kills people. We believe it has been customary from time immemorial, for persons to die when they can breathe no longer; at least, such has been our own observation. The fact is, their dying at all has astonished us not a little; if we could believe all we read to be true of *Life Preservers, Health Restorers, Balsams of Life*, and all the *et cetera*, embracing a *balm* for every wound, and for every pain and disease to which the mortal part of man is subject. "Why will people die?" of old age, with so many *renovating elixirs*, before them, which only need be swallowed to make an old man, bowed down with the weight of years, *palsied* and *paralytic*, in the twinkling of an evening star, young and bounding as a roebuck. Again, there are *specifics*, for old maids, sere and dried up as an autumn leaf, whose teeth are decayed, or turned black, with thin gray locks, which will restore them, instantaneously to the blooms of rosy sixteen, with glossy ringlets and ivory teeth. On what a heart-consoling result is this! After feeling old age, like a cold, clammy snail, creeping slowly over one's flesh, and drizzly withering the very soul, to be young again. Aye, to be young! Once more to receive the bows, the smiles and flatteries of the beaus—to ogle and coquette with love-sighing swains. Oh, how delightful—how cheering! Yet so it is—such is the FACT.—At least so say inventors and vendors of the *genuine alteratives and specifics*. Why do so many pericranioms go naked all the day—smooth and shiny as a polished cocoa-nut—so many sightless eyes—eyeballs gone or bleared? Nothing is more plain—simply because they don't use the right kind of remedies, or they would have heads of hair as thick as a Mississippi cane-brake, and eyes as keen as hawks!

It only wants *faith* to believe that a limping, squinting, stammering, and every way deformed creature, even without a nose, by modern process, can be transformed into a perfect Adonis, a paragon of beauty, by only "following directions *with care*." Aye, there's the rub. People will stand in their own light—they won't buy—and if they do, they won't *follow directions*, which, to prove efficacious, must be done to a hair.

For every disease there is a cure—for every pain an anodyne—for every deformity or defect a remedy—for every ill of life a specific, which never has nor never will fail of performing their several wonderous operations; *provided always, nevertheless*, the applicant possesses the purchasing propensity and *unwavering faith*—these, in all cases, are essential.

A Sample—or Certain Cure for Hard Times. Punctilliously follow directions—sleep on the naked floor, eat saw-dust, work hard, and dress in Choctaw style. "A Man wants but little here below"—and it makes but little odds how little he has.

HARD TIMES—AND WHEREFORE.

The world is filled with groanings and complainings. Hard times is uppermost in the mouths of almost every one. The fact they fully realize at the moment, without once reflecting on the causes which have engendered this alarming state of things, or the means within their reach of mitigating or ameliorating them. An ambition to outstrip their natural speed, or to go beyond the means of an honest income, has occasioned an accumulation of responsibilities not easily shaken off or overcome. To meet these *unavoidable* contracts, new obligations are entered into, and an exhorbitant interest paid. This course has produced what they emphatically call *hard times*—being self-produced, they should be borne with patience; or at least, they should not be placed to the account of others not actually concerned. The real wants or necessities of life are but few, and may be easily and cheaply gratified; going beyond these, is superfluous, and amounts to luxury not warranted by wisdom or economy. The fewer wants we gratify, the less we shall have occasion to want. Man is an anomalical being, replete with contrarieties and absurdities, husbanding his pennys with great care at one time, and throwing away *dollars* at another. Excessively vain of his public charities, which often go to the assistance of the unworthy and the designing, yet, in his private acts, where he might perform a real benefit, he exhibits the greatest parsimony. Instead of allowing a liberal price for the labor of the poor and necessitous, thereby rendering, in some degree, their situation above pauperism, advantage is taken of his imperatived circumstances to reduce his wages, and purchase the products of his skill and labor at a cheaper rate. The actual wants of life compel the laborer to obtain the means of subsistence by the sweat of his brow: the necessities of his family, if he has one, pray more deeply upon his feelings than those of his own, to relieve which, he is obliged to accept the pitiful stipend, offered by him who has money enough to spare, although by no means equal to his merits, whilst at the same time more than the same amount thus unjustly withheld is squandered away in an unprofitable manner, in useless extravagance or dissipation. *The laborer is worthy of his hire*, is a maxim, notwithstanding its justness, is not often properly considered. Not only is the price of his labor reduced to the lowest point, but payment is often made in articles which could be purchased for cash at a reduction of at least one third. We have many laboring men among us, not thus needy, who always get a fair price for their work, though nowise superior to the other in point of skill and industry, yet they are not compelled by the griping hand of necessity to accept low wages.

Was a different policy pursued towards the laboring class by those who require their services, and whose circumstances in life are such, that they should rather raise than depress the needy, and who could pay a fair price without feeling it—was justice—*bare justice* meted out to them, and a just equivalent paid for their labor, it would considerably diminish the amount of human misery; lessen the inducements to crime and temptations to vice, and place the industrious poor in circumstances above immediate want, and thereby preserve them from the necessity of applying to charity for relief. Let the funds which are ostentatiously subscribed on the books of some *misnamed* charitable institution, be applied to private acts of justice, or well ex benevolence, many a poor and worthy fellow creature would be saved from the humiliating alternative of asking charity from the hands of the cold and calculating.

Man, by his *profession*, is the greatest friend of man—by his *acts* the bitterest enemy. In which of these lights shall we view him? Man is the friend of him only who stands the least in need of friendship. The wealthy fool is courted, whilst needy worth, unheeded, pass along. With the most vindictive feelings, we see him pursuing his fellow-man, even unto death. He would fain strip another of his garments to clothe himself—he would deprive his neighbor of his possessions in order to add to those of his own. He would throw a shade of the deepest hue over the fair character of others, lest it should appear more bright than his.

Are we not all of the same parent earth?—did not one Almighty Being create and fashion us? What then, by nature, has one man to pride himself above another? Surely, we are all brothers, and should aid and assist each other through this fleeting existence. The strong should uphold the weak, and the erring brother should be so admonished as to reclaim the wanderer back to the path of duty. Thus would brotherly love be cherished in the heart; harmony prevail, and *hard times* be forgotten.

PARTY FEELING.

When suffered to take possession of the mind, produces, in many cases, the most unhappy results. By some, they are carried to a criminal extent, dissolving ties of the most sacred nature, entering into the social compact of families, and disturbing the harmony of long established friendships.

This is all wrong, however men may differ on the great leading political topics of the day; or on measures of general policy; or in their opinions of the states and qualifications of men for places, yet each party possesses a love of country and a zeal for its prosperity. And their *honesty of motive* and purity of intention, ought not to be impugned. We speak of the common yeomanry of the land, who seek not office for themselves, but for those in whom they have confidence, for such, we have much charity; but toward the office seeker, we cannot, in conscience, extend the same kind of charity. They grasp at power with eager hand, regardless of principle or of consequences. Having once departed from the line of moral rectitude, and lost that self-respect which honorable and high-minded men hold most dear, they become reckless and bold in their iniquitous courses, and like the prototype of old, seduce men to eat of that fruit which produces death and sorrow, or in other words, go for those who have brought ruin and destruction over this fair land.

For our own part, we have on all occasions, both by *speaking, writing*, and *voting*, set our face against carrying party questions into private circles, or to operate on local or other minor elections. The interests of neighborhoods, townships, corporations, and even counties have suffered from this reprehensible course, and we always regret to see party named on such occasions.

We have near and dear friends that support the party to which we are opposed; also, those with whom we are in the habit of daily intercourse, for whom we have a warm attachment as men, honest and high-minded, and feel happy in their acquaintance. Shall *party* feelings blust these warm affections—dry up the fountain of friendship—and poison those social enjoyments so highly prized by every genial bosom? What is to be gained by it—what benefit derived? Does it even advance the objects we have in view? Most surely not. But, alas, for human nature, the prospects of defeat render desperate, men of weak minds with strong prejudices; and will ultimately work their overthrow.

Washington Woodward, a stupid looking idle lad, about 18 years old, was examined before the Mayor yesterday, on a charge of robbing the U. S. mail, between Cincinnati and Lexington. He states that he left his parents in this vicinity, about a year since, and went to Louisville. Finding nothing to do, he walked to Frankfort, thence to Lexington, and afterwards started for Cincinnati. On the road near Georgetown, he overtook two men, and soon after picked up a Mail Bag in the road, which they took into the woods, and rifled, and divided the plunder. For his share, he got about $90 in money, a Draft on the Covington, Ky. Branch Bank, in favor of Wright & Swormstedt of this city, and a Draft on the Grand Bank at Philadelphia. The money he had foolishly squandered for trifles, and had made some clumsy attempts to sell the Drafts, but as they were not endorsed, he was suspected, arrested, and on examination, confessed the above facts, on which the Mayor felt it to be his duty to remand him to Frankfort, Ky. for trial.—*Cin. Republican.*

Lightning in a Clear Sky.—The Baltimore Patriot, in reporting the arrival of the schr. Alicia, Capt. Moore, from Havana, adds the following:

On the 24 inst. at 2 P. M., off Cape Hatteras, was struck with something like lightning, although there was not a cloud to be seen, and a fair S.W. breeze—it struck the foretopmast head, and descended the foremast, shivering both the foremast and foretopmast, carrying away the top sail yards, tearing to pieces topsail and foresail, and doing much other damage. It was considered a most unaccountable occurrance.

EDITORIAL COURTESY.

We copy the following complimentary notices from our exchange papers.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

Licking Valley Register.—This is the name of a very neat paper, which has just been established at Covington, by our old friend Richard C. Langdon. Mr. L. has experience in the ways of the press, and is one of the best informed political editors we know. He is, moreover, a good practical printer, who can wield his stick with as much facility as his pen, and, when occasion requires, go into his press-room, with sleeves rolled up, and make *impressions* there that shall not pass away without doing good. This is the right sort of a man for a country press, and we rejoice that so many such are now taking charge of our western papers. We congratulate our neighbors over the river. Mr. Langdon is a thoroughgoing Whig, and will render good service in the "Southeastern District" hereafter. He is also a good miscellaneous writer, and will furnish an entertaining sheet for the family circle.

From the Cincinnati Republican.

Licking Valley Register.—This is the name of a new paper published at Covington, by our friend R. C. Langdon, and a most excellent paper it is—well printed, and full of good material. Success to this effort! We shall refer again to it, and to his notice of the changes which have occurred since he left Covington nine years ago.

From the Warsaw Patriot.

New Paper.—We received, last evening, the first, or specimen number of a paper published in Covington, Ky., called the "Licking Valley Register," by Richard C. Langdon.—It is very neatly printed, on an imperial sheet, and edited with much ability. In fact it is, in many respects, just such a newspaper as all others should be. Mr. Langdon is a practical printer, as clever an old soul as ever lived; and if the citizens of Covington do not extend to him a liberal support, they ought never to see another newspaper.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

We welcome to our ranks the Licking Valley Register, a semi-weekly, from Covington, put to circulation yesterday, by R. C. Langdon. We like the appearance of Mr. L.'s sheet—we like what he says of Covington, and we should like to see his spirit and enterprise appreciated by our neighbors over the way as they deserve.

From the Cincinnati Daily Times.

Licking Valley Register.—This is the title of a handsome weekly, the first number of which has been issued from our enterprizing little neighbor across the river, the city of Covington. It is published by Richard C. Langdon, late of the "Troy (Ohio) Times, and formerly connected with the press in this city. Mr. Langdon is one of the old veterans in the art of letters, and a man of much experience in the arduous profession which he has followed for so many years of his life. He returns to Covington, after a nine years' absence, to note the improvements and rapid increase of that place; and in taking a look around him, there is no other point upon which he congratulates himself more than the interest exhibited upon the subject of Education, and the facilities offered for the instruction of youth. We are pleased to hear so good an account of our neighbors; and it augurs well for the character and future prosperity of the place,—for there is no manner by which a stranger can obtain insight into the character and prospects of a place in less time and with more certainty than by entering the school house. Institutions of learning are always the surest indications of public prosperity. Educate the people, and the press will be sustained—laws will be respected—mob violence frowned down, and virtue cherished.

The Register is neatly printed, and under the management and control of the present proprietor and editor, will be ably conducted, and no doubt ably supported by a community alive to the advantages to be derived from the location of such a print amongst them.

BANK NOTE TABLE.

Cincinnati, Aug. 4, 1841.

BANK NOTES, CERTIFICATES, &c.	
OHIO—Life and Trust, on demand,	6 premium
Urbana Certificates,	2 premium
Lafayette, Cincinnati,	par.
Commercial, do	par
Franklin, do	par
Cincinnati, do	3 discount
Exchange, do	do
Mechanics & Traders,	2 do
Miami Exporting Company,	2 do
Lebanon Miami Banking Co.	— do
West Union,	— do
New Bank of Steubenville,	5 do
German Bank of Wooster,	5 do
New Bank of Circleville,	— do
Farmers' Bank of Canton,	5 do
Whitewater Canal,	40 do
Manhattan,	50 do
Gallipolis,	broken'
All other Banks, 5's and upwards,	par.
do do Small notes,	24 discount
Ohio Post Notes, generally,	2 do
KENTUCKY—All Kentucky Banks,	1 premium
Louisville Savings Institute,	24 discount
INDIANA—State Bank & Branches,	par
State Scrip, 50's,	14 discount
do do 5's,	24 do
ILLINOIS—State Bank & Branches,	1 a 2 d's
Shawneetown,	1 a 2 do
Cairo,	5 a 6 do
MICHIGAN—Bank of St. Clair,	2 discount
Bank of J. O. & H. Smith,	2 do
Other Banks,	no sale
MISSOURI—State Bank & Branches,	2 premium
TENNESSEE—All Banks in the State,	5 discount
ALABAMA—All Banks in this State,	5 discount
LOUISIANA—New Orleans Banks,	par
Municipality Bills,	5 discount
GEORGIA—All solvent Banks,	10 a 25 discount
NORTH & S. CAROLINA solv. Bks,	par.
EASTERN BANKS—New York city,	8 premium
Boston,	7 do
Philadelphia,	4 do
Baltimore,	4 do
Penn. and N. Y. County Banks,	3 a 6 do

EXCHANGES.

SELLING RATES BY THE BROKERS.

On New York,	9 premium
Boston,	9 do
Washington,	6 do
Baltimore,	6 do
Philadelphia,	6 do

SPECIE.

BUYING RATES BY THE BROKERS.

American Gold,	7 premium
English Gold,	6½ premium
Other Foreign Gold,	6 premium
Silver,	5 a 6 premium

LEGAL VALUE OF GOLD.

Eagle, before '34,	$10.66	Forty Francs,	7.85
Eagle, since '34,	10.00	Georgie, $5 br. m't	5.00
Sovereign,	4.85	N. Carolina do	5.00
Napoleon,	3.85	Pistareen,	16
Doubloon, Spanish,	15.53	Guinea,	5.00
do Patriot,	15.53	Ducat,	2.00
V Thaler,	3.92½	German Crown,	1.00
X Thaler,	7.85	French Crown,	1.06
X Guilder,	4.00	Louis d'Or,	3.85
Frederick d'Or,	3.92½		

Bank Notes received and paid out by the Covington Branch Bank.

Kentucky Banks:
Indiana State Bank and Branches:
Commercial, Franklin, and Lafayette Banks of Ohio:
Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Co.:
Virginia Banks;
Notes of all Solvent Eastern Banks.

KENTUCKY ELECTIONS.

FIRST DAY—*After closing of the Polls.*

THE SENATE.

CAMPBELL COUNTY.			
Newport,	74	147	44
Alexandria,	76	26	189
Belmont,	9	32	62
KENTON COUNTY.			
Covington,	94	148	5
Independence,	127	20	14
Bayley's,	125	8	4
Piner's,	42	13	2
PENDLETON COUNTY.			
Falmouth,	65	74	64
Grassy Creek,	33	33	36
Flower Creek,	1	9	57
Calen's,	36	4	10
Total,	603	514	487

SECOND DAY—*Closing of the Polls.*

Covington,	1	Newport	1
Bennett,	217	Bennett,	190
Goodson,	126	Goodson,	4
DeCourtney,	19	DeCourtney,	57

CINCINNATI PRODUCE MARKET.

Flour, from City Mills, per bbl.	4.75 a	5.00
by Canal,	4.50 a	4.62½
Wheat, from boats,	cts. 174 a	180
Beef, Mess,	bbl. 9.00 a	10.00
Prime,	6.00 a	7.00
Dried,	lb. 8 a	9
Tongues,	dpz. 5.00 a	6.00
Pork, Mess,	bbl. 10.00	
Clear,	11.00	
Prime,	8.00 a	9.00
Ham and Chine,	7.50 a	8.50
Jole,	6.00	
Hog round,	lb. 4	
Jole,	2	
Shoulders,	2½	
Sides,	4 a	4½
Ham,	6	
Bacon, Hog round,	4½ a	4½
Jole,	2½	
Shoulders,	3 a	3½
Sides,	4½	
Hams,	6 a	7
Canvassed Hams,	7 a	7½
Sugar cured & extra do,	11	
Lard,	4½ a	6½
Wheat,	bush. 70 a	
Corn, in ear,	30 a	37
Meal,	37 a	50
Oats,	28 a	33
Feathers,	75 a	81
Oil,	gal. 1.12 a	1.25

WHEAT WANTED.—Cash will be paid for any quantity of wheat, delivered at the Covington Steam Mill; by
Cov. Aug. 4, 2tf H. FORD, & CO.

DENNISON HOUSE,

Corner of Main and Fifth Sts., Cincinnati.

Entrance on Fifth.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having occupied this fashionable establishment for the past season, and intending to continue for a term of years, begs leave to return thanks to his numerous friends and a generous public for the liberal patronage he has received.

The location of the House is one of the best in the city, being on the highest level, and about equi-distant between the river and the canal. The view of the city and surrounding country, from an observatory on this House, is one rarely equalled, and never surpassed.

As for accommodations, and all the luxuries of the land, enquire of my old customers.

Bills reasonable—suited to the times.

A fine lithographic drawing of the establishment is presented to the public, on a large scale.

JOHN NOBLE.

Formerly of Columbus, Ohio.

Cincinnati, Feb. 9—2 tf.

CARD.—READY MADE COFFINS.—W. H. Scott would respectfully inform the public in general, that he has commenced the *Undertaking business* on Market space, Covington, Ky., where he will keep a general assortment of ready made coffins, constantly on hand, that persons can have an opportunity of making a selection, and obtain a coffin in ten minutes' notice. He will also make Coffins of mahogany, cherry, black walnut, or any wood that may be selected. Silver plates with engravings, furnished, and glass faces inserted, &c., at a short notice.

A Hearse can be had at all times, by applying to W. H. Scott, at his residence, on Market space.
August 4, 2-tf.

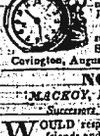
FURNITURE WARE-ROOM.—FRANCIS DABACHER respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the shop formerly occupied by W. H. Scott, on Market Space, Covington, Ky., where he intends manufacturing all kinds of *Furniture and Chairs*: such as mahogany Bureaus, Bofas, Toilets, and Dining Tables, Dressing Stands, &c.; also all kinds of Chairs, such as French and Grecian mahogany, black walnut, curled maple, painted and ornamented cane seats, and windsor, all of which he will sell low for *cash, or approved credit, or barter*. Call and see for yourselves.
August 4 2tf

J. D. RUFF,
MANUFACTURER OF MOULD AND DIPT CANDLES,
AND DEALER IN SOAP.

Factory at the corner of Greene and Front Sts., Covington, Kentucky.

RESPECTFULLY begs leave to announce to his friends and the public in general, that he continues at the above factory, to manufacture *Candles*, and makes *Moulds* hard and pure for sale—and being so manufactured, are much better for either summer or winter use, as they are by a great difference, far more durable and brilliant, having the oil separated by a new process for the purpose.—He has always on hand a constant supply of CANDLES thus prepared, and SOAP of the best quality, for wholesale demands; and being thankful for past favors which have been liberally *bestowed* him, he respectfully *solicits* a continuance of the public patronage. Orders for *Candles or Soap* from any distance, will at all times meet with prompt attention, and be faithfully fulfilled, and the articles delivered in the best order.

N. B.—The highest price at all times given in Cash, for country tallow, and immediate information respectfully solicited.
Covington August 4; 2-tf.



CLOCKS & WATCHES Of every description, repaired in the most careful manner, by WILLIAM GALLUP, Jr. Old Scott street; three doors south of Gedge & Brothers' Store.
Covington, August 4,—2tf.

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 assurances 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.

TEMPERANCE MEETING

Tonight, in the Methodist Church.—J. C. Vaughan, Esq., of Cincinnati, will address the meeting. Wednesday, Aug. 4th.

Business Directory.

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

J. 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 & CIFANDLER,

Wholesale and Retail 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 *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 other ly.

GEDGE & BROTHERS,

Tobacco Manufacturers and dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, and Country Produce—Scott street, between Fourth and Fifth.

JOHN CLEMONS,

Stone Cutter, carries on the stone cutting business generally—Tomb-stones, Monuments, and Building stones, furnished on a short notice.—Greene st., opposite the Public square.

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 McCowan, A M	
Rev Charles Elliot, D D	
Rev L L Hamline, A M	Cincinnati, Ohio.
Rev E W Sehon, A M	
Col Respass,	Maysville Ky.
Doctor J Frazer,	Cynthiana, Ky.
Rev John James,	Millersburg, Ky.
J L D Morrison, Esq.	Hopkinsville, Ky.
Mr A L Greer,	
James G Arnold, Esq.	
Rev H E Pilcher,	
Rev William Montague,	
P S Bliss, Esq.	Covington, Ky.
Maj John Colvin,	
Rev Jos T Robert, A M	
Geo M Southgate, Esq.	
Maj J Phelps,	

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, 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 always found, when not professionally engaged.

He lies in the night will reside at the residence of Maj. 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

DR. C. BARNES.—*Office up stairs, two doors east of the Exchange Hotel, Cincinnati*—residence 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:

Alterative 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

WILKINSON & BIRD,
DRUGGISTS AND APOTHECARIES,
Covington, Ky.

Have for sale—

DR. TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT has been used successfully for eight years in the cure of these diseases.—☞ Remember! 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 any 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 consumptive cases, cannot fail exciting a deep 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; now, 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 as 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 timesince 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. Rea, 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.

POETICAL.

THE LAPSE OF TIME.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Lament, who will, in fruitless tears,
The speed with which our moments fly,
I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.

Look, how they come! a delighted crowd
Of bright and dark, not joyful days!
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes its gaze.

What I grieve that time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on!
As day might I weep at noon,
To see the blush of morning gone.

Could I forget the hopes that glow,
In prospect like Elysian isles;
And let the charming future go
With all her promises and smiles?

The future!—cruel were the power,
Whose doom would rear then from my heart,
Thou sweetener of the present hour!
We cannot—no, we will not part.

Oh, leave me still the rapid flight
That makes the changing seasons gay;
The grateful speed that brings the night,
The swift and glad return of day.

The months that touch and add with grace,
The little prattler at my knee,
In whose arch eye and speaking face
New meaning every hour I see.

The years that o'er a sister land
Shall lift the country of my birth
And nurse her strength till she shall stand
The pride and pattern of the earth—

The younger commonwealth, for, sid,
Still cling about her ample robe,
And from her frown shall sink afraid
The crown'd oppressors of the globe.

True, time will seam and blanch my brow,
But I shall sit with aged men,
And my good glass will tell me how
A grisley beard becomes me then.

And should no foul dishonor lie
Upon my head when I am gray,
Love yet shall watch my fading eye,
And smooth the path of my decay.

Then, haste thee, Time, 'tis kindness all
That speedy thy winged feet so fast—
Thy pleasure stay not till they pall,
And all thy pains are quickly past.

Thou fleet and bearest away our woes,
And as thy shadowy train depart,
The memory of sorrow grows—
A lighter burden on the heart.

From the United States Gazette.

GIVE ME THE WILD WOOD.

"There is a serene and settled majesty in Woodland scenery, that enters into the soul, and dilates and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations."
W. IRVING.

Give me the wild wood dark and gray,
And call it not solitude,
Give me the free wind's wholesome play;
Kissing the mountain, field, and flood.
I'd not live where the thousand things,
That cause poetic imaginings,
Are known not by the whispers dear,
That in the wild wood greet the ear.

Each bough that waves its foliage green,
Sings of manhood's glowing prime,
While guaded limbs above them seen,
Tell stories of departed time!
Even on these chroniclers of years,
A moral is the moss appears,
As it flounts its tresses in the sky,
And sags the arms that lift it high.

There's not a wind but has its tones,
Waking up some treasured thoughts,
Whether it come from frozen zones,
Or from the burning south is brought,
The zephyr's soft and soothing breath,
The east wind, with its damps and death,
Each is a herald numbing plain,
A host of spirits in its train.

There's not o'er head a rushing wing,
When fogs rest on the frozen hill,
But breathes gild tidings of the spring,
Fast hurrying to the northern hills,
But tells that she, with songs and flowers,
Will cheer once more the leafless bowers,
And round each trace of wintry death,
Shed warm again her quick'ning breath.

There's not, when sabbath morn is flush
With summer brightness, and the grove
Is sounding with the tuneful thrush,
A heart but thrills with holy love;
And when the blue bird's parting note,
In the fall breeze is heard to float,
It is a sound that plainly tells
Of chines, where sunshine ever dwells.

There's not a bird that wings the air,
Nor wind that lifts the curling cloud,
Nor tree, that spreads its foliage fair,
Nor flood, nor field, nor mountain proud,
But tells the wanderer wild and free,
Of him who caused these things to be,
But has a voice, where'er he roam,
Such as neither cares from fretted dome.

Give me the wild wood—I can bow,
With reverent heart, in house of prayer,
Can hear the organ breathing low,
And feel high tho'ts when mingling there,
Yet, still I love the untamed scene,
Where nought but God's own fingers been,
Where every thing can make us feel,
And mocking pride ne'er comes to kneel.

J. R. C.

DEATH AND THE YOUTH.

Not yet—the flowers are in my path,
The sun is in my sky—
Not yet my heart is full of hope—
I cannot bear to die.

Not yet—I never knew till now
How precious life would be;
My heart is full of love—oh! death,
I cannot come with thee!

Hai love and hope, enchanted twain,
Passed in their falsehood by:
Death came again and then he said—
"I am ready now to die!"

L. E. L.

AGRICULTURAL.

Our agricultural department is in a great degree composed of extracts from that valuable periodical, the "Western Farmer and Gardener," published in Cincinnati, and we take this occasion, by way of parenthesis, to recommend it to our farmers generally, as being an ably conducted and very useful work, and very cheap.

The extracts we make are of interest to the Farmers of Kentucky, and claim their serious attention.

MEDIUM SIZED, VERSUS LARGE HOGS.

Mr. Editor—You are aware that I am now, and have been ever since 1830, extensively engaged in pork-packing in this city; and I feel that I may without presumption, lay claim to not a little experience in the business. It is fully as much to my interest, and that of every one else engaged in curing pork for the market, as to the interest of the farmer that the very best breeds of hogs should be scattered over the country.

When I first entered into it, the pork brought to us, was produced from the most miserable race yet to be found through much the greater part of the West. It yielded us little lard, and the sides were unfit for bacon. The first improvement we had was the little chunky Chinas, produced a large mass of hams, light and lean fat—though the waste of offal was trifling. The next we had was the large Warren county hog, requiring years to mature, and then coming to us of an enormous weight—great waste of offal (the hams fit for large and hefty tastes as was also the shoulder—and the sides, nevertheless of their great size, were thin in proportion. They were still a great improvement. The crosses of these and the Russia and Bristol, in the hands of some of the most judicious breeders, produced a very excellent hog—and we who were the purchasers, were anxious for any improvement on the unprofitable woods hogs usually raised.

Though as I have remarked, so long engaged in the business of packing, I had paid but little attention to the breeding of hogs, though always keeping a few of the best I could find on my farm, and improving them to the best of my ability—I had until some of the Duch-and-Berkshires were brought to us from Butler and Warren counties, that I was struck with the great improvement they were on any thing I had yet seen. The perfect manner in which they were fattened—their extraordinary length of body, and the thickness of the side meat—their small, yet thick, fleshy shoulder—the great weight and handsome form of their hams—the great yield of lard; and little waste of offal, either of inside or of head and bone, proved to me that they were a something entirely different and altogether superior to any breed within my knowledge. On making further enquiry respecting them, I found them equally advantageous to the farmer and owner, as to the packer. Prolific and easily kept; maturing early and fattening kindly to as great weights as were desirable; stamping their own character strongly on any other breed with which they might be crossed; and travelling well to any reasonably distant market.—Nourvi, vi. 4.

I had before this been breeding hogs for sale, and seeing at a glance, the great advantage it was going to be to me in my packing business, to have such a hog as the Berkshire in general use, I at once engaged in it largely.

True it is that I cannot give up my farm, and my attention and capital, to the breeding of fine stock, without a prospect of money-making by it; but that was the necessity which I had in view—my pork-packing business was of the first importance to me. I saw and dreaded the efforts that were made to introduce an extremely large hog into Kentucky, for I had about this time transferred my pork-packing to that state, and had gone to very great expense in erecting an extensive establishment back of Covington, and intended making my entire purchases in the State. We can make no use in this market, of animals weighing from 400 to 500 lbs., even though they may be well fattened. A hog of the proper form and quality of the meat, that matures at ten or twelve months old, so as to fatten properly, and then weighs from 200 to 300 lbs., is the only for which we will give the highest price, because it yields us the greatest profit. And most assuredly it will also pay the farmer best. We have no population to supply, that will consume large, coarse, indifferently cured meat. Our local demand is for city and family use, both here and in the cities of the south and east. The ham is with us the most valuable part of the hog, and the celebrity of those cured in Cincinnati is now great. The part most in demand is that which is fine-grained, thick and plump; the flesh, though principally lean, yet marbled with fat. Next to the ham the lard and side meat yield us the greatest return—the former must be abundant in quantity, and the latter quite thick, and in the case with any hog until he is somewhat matured—the latter must carry its thickness throughout, having no thin flanky parts; and must be fat—and last we rank the shoulder and the jowl.

Many of the Boston and Richmond dealers, and those from the other cities in the East and South, come hear annually to have meat packed—they all prefer such a hog as I have described and will buy no other if they can help it. How the demand for hams are represented in the cities of Richmond and Charleston, and as preferring the largest sized hogs, can possibly dispose of such animals there, I cannot understand. Nor how meat of a size that I know from experience, cannot be cured, even with the aid of cool cellars here, can be kept there, surprises me. On hold of a pair of hams, Mr. Editor, weighing 148 lbs., in the climate of Charleston or Richmond or Baltimore! They indeed require to be cut in two—and then what a slightly object!

Still some portions of country, may require a larger hog than others; and to supply those who may think so, Mr. A. R. Allen, now on his way to England, will import for me some of a size sufficient to suit my taste. For my own part, and for my trade in packing, I want neither a gigantic hog, nor yet a very small one. A hog that has to be fed two winters, never will pay first cost; if he can be had of a sufficient size without wintering a stall, so much the more profitable. A spring pig kept in the fall at 200 lbs., will evidently pay better than if the same hog had been kept over winter and reached the second fall 500 lbs. nett.

I have been speaking—now as a pork-packer, not as a breeder—and what I have said, I say in all sincerity. I have no desire to injure the business of any other breeder of improved hogs, nor to prevent their continuing their improvements as high a point as they please. I but do regret that the results of science and experience going back to a large, coarse hog, such as the Woburn, Irish grazier, or Leicester, when they can procure a breed so infinitely superior—the *improved Berkshire*.

JOHN MAHARD, JR.,

Cincinnati, July 5th, 1841.

MY LAST REMARKS,

ON THE TREMBLES, MILK-SICKNESS OR PUKING COMPLAINT.

I am as well satisfied in my own mind as to the cause and cure of my disease, as I have ever. About five years ago, I furnished Dr. Daniel Drake (then of Cincinnati) with a specimen of three vines; the poison ivy, as the yankees call it, or poison oak of the southern; *the poison vine*, the cause of the puking complaint; and the creeper, or trumpet flower. Except a poisonous grass recently discovered, these are the only poisonous vines growing in the West. The *creeper*, however, is not thought to be poisonous.

I am grateful to dear old Dr. Drake, our distinguished western citizen, has traversing my *old* district, (the Virginia military district of Ohio) and has called public attention to the *poison oak*: (*Rhus toxicodendron.*) This is like coming to the point, and Dr. D. has at one step further, he will fix on the *real cause*; and I will withdraw my hand *sayings*, as to the *faculty* and *professors* of colleges mounting so wide of the mark.

The truth of the case is, that the vine in the West, producing the *trembles* and milksickness, is a *nondescript*, and for the last thirty-four years I have been ferretting it out.—I do not believe that it grows east of the mountains.—If it did, it has been destroyed by pasturage, as it will be in the West, if Dr. D. and myself have travelled so far to find it. He could have found it in the valleys of Silver creek hills, Indiana; in Henderson co., Ky.; Ohio co.; Scott co.; on Eagle creek; on Bank Lick creek; Kenton co., where Wm. Tompkins was killed; Kenton co., where Wm. Fowler was the first victim, about 1795.

I have not seen Dr. D's book. I have, however, the most unquestionable vouchers as to facts; and from a man who *eats* the rice, and was ill with the disease, and laid on Dr. Beedham's hands at Springfield, Ohio, one month before he recovered. The disease was attended with the *usual smell*, peculiar to those cases.

The nondescript vine is described by *Hasels Guide*—Twelfth, page 289; also Michelist' Questions at Voyageurs Dandis," No. 64; and is found in the vineyards of Palestine; and in Egypt; also in other parts of the East. It is known to the Arabs, who call it "aneh el dib"—wolf grapes.

Dr. D. is correct in stating that pasturing destroys it. The *shrubs* are destroyed, and the *vine* ascends the trees beyond the reach of cattle—blue grass farmers are the best.

Having both the poison ivy, or poison oak, and the nondescript, wolf grape, so common and so hard to distinguish, under cultivation in my garden—shown to many gentleman, (having proclaimed the fact) in the last and many years ago in Ohio—especially in the Mad River country, where the people are pretty well satisfied as to the cause) and, as you have a most excellent draftsman, I have with a pencil drawn two *fair samples* of the vine on the annexed sheet. By giving publication to such a draft, it will be better than any description that I can give by words.

Prompted solely by a desire to do good, I have made this my last publication on the present subject, having been heretofore *disgusted* with the wild conjecturing of many who pretended to know so *much*, and had seen so *little*. I think that Dr. Drake is now bringing the matter to a point.

I am yours very respectfully,

THS. S. HINDE.

Mt. Carmel, Ill., May 22d, 1841.

(Accompanying the above, were sketches of the *outlines* of the leaves spoken of, engraved copies of which we shall shortly insert in our paper, if Mr. H. will forward us specimens of the *plants themselves*. For though the *outlines* sent are admirably drawn, they show *only the outlines*; and the cost of a complete and minute engraving of the *leaf* will be but little more than that of the sketch sent us, and will be much more satisfactory. We could procure specimens in the neighborhoods designated, but would prefer them from Mr. H.'s own hand. A single leaf of the *Rhus Toxicodendron* will suffice, but we should prefer a complete specimen of our friend's *nondescript*, root and branch sent to us by the first convenient opportunity. Mr. H. adds the following proscript:)

The Hebrews called it "bushim," *noxious grapes*—so says Rabbi Chai Moses, distinguished it from the wild vine—Nourvi, vi. 4. It is asserted to be the poisonous shrub—2 Kings, iv; 39, 42—procured by the prophets, when they exclaimed "There is death in the pot!" when Elisha by a miracle remedied the effects of the poisonous food, or almost *think & feel* the effects of this vine on my finger ends by pressing it on the paper—by taking it in the mouth, it affects the glands *instantaneously*!

T. S. H.

The following receipt is suitable for the finest kind of work. We presume the ingredients may be varied to suit the coarser kinds, such as fences, stables, &c. Every one will find it to his advantage to cut this out of the paper and paste it in some book, for future reference.

BRILLIANT STUCCO WHITEWASH.

Many probable have often heard of the brilliant and lasting whitewash upon the east end of the President's House at Washington City. The following is the receipt for making it.

RECIPE.

Take clean lumps of well burnt lime (say five or six quarts,) slack the same with hot water in a tub (covered to keep in the steam,) pass it in a fluid form through a fine sieve; add one forth of a pound of white or pearl alum, pulverized; when well mixed, the same proportion must be observed in preparing. Coloring matter may be added to give any required shade.

COOL WATER.—Speaking of cool water, the Philadelphia Farmer says: "We can suppose it within the reach of every person. Let the jar, pitcher or vessel used for water, be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly wet. The evaporation of the water from this will carry off the heat from the water inside, and keep it to the freezing point. In India, Africa and other tropical regions, where ice cannot be procured, this practice is common. Let every mechanic or laborer have at his place of employment two pitchers thus provided, and he can always have a supply of cold water in the hottest weather.—Any person can test this by dipping a finger in the water and holding it in the air, on a warm day.—After doing this three or four times, he will find his finger uncomfortably cold."

RENOVATION OF THE PEACH TREE.—The editor of the New England Farmer says that a gentleman of his acquaintance, informs him that *charcoal* placed around the roots of a diseased peach stock, was serviceable.—He immediately removed the soil from that around the trunk of a sickly tree in his garden, supplied its place with charcoal, and was surprised at its sudden revival and subsequent rapidity of its growth, and the tenacity with which the fruit held on to the branches, and the unusual richness of its flavor when matured.

A TIMELY HINT.—The editor of the Cultivator reminds his readers that *caterpillars* should be attended to in season, and that when this is done, the labor of extermination will be trifling. He says, "one easy mode of destruction is to apply strong soap-suds to the nest—if the tree is large, a swab tied to the end of a pole will accomplish the purpose effectually.—Suds which have been used by the wash woman are as good as any, and by rubbing a wash on the nest—after it has been dipped into the suds—the worms are quickly destroyed."

EARLY RISING.—The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years; amounts to 20,000 hours, or eight years 121 days and 16 hours, which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years; so that if we should make our profession to go one step further, we shall command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds, &c.

THE BIBLE.—The first edition of the Bible ever published in this country, was in one of the Indian dialects. The most was in German, printed in Germantown, Pa.; the next was in English, at Boston, in 1752; next English edition was in Philadelphia, in 1782.

Diogenes, in his tub, was as proud as the vain glorious Alexander. Even in the United States, your common brawler against aristocracy, is, for the most part, the most intolerant and conceited of real aristocracy.

MORAL DEPARTMENT.

VANITY OF LIFE.

"I would not live always."

Life, with its brightest enchantments—with all its flowery fields and sunny spots, has its shades so dark and cares so corroding, that the Christian looks forward with an anxious longing, and a confiding hope to its termination. All the attractions of this world, with its pomp, and gaiety, and dazzling splendor are not sufficiently powerful to bind us forever on earth. Domestic ties, the happier the stronger, with its halo of blissful enjoyment, embrace in extent an immeasurable bound, are yet too weak to confine us perpetually here. A more glorious world has beamed upon our spiritual vision; fairer fields, and landscapes more picturesque have been painted upon the canvas of celestial promise.

A heavenly Canaan, with its never-falling rills; The holy city, placed upon a thousand hills—with all the beauty and glory and hallelujahs of the Lord's redeemed, singing loud hosannahs to his name, is the fond, the cherished hope of every true believer. With an eye of faith, his final resting place, his last eternal home, is thus kept constantly in view—the promised heaven is in his daily thoughts, his theme of secret, fervent prayer, there all his treasures lie. Then wherefore should we cling so closely to the fast receding charms of an earthly existence? why so loth to break our chains, and set the undying spirit free?

"I would not live always." I would at last pillow my aching head upon the cold lap of mother earth—I would rest this care-worn frame even below the clods of the valley—I would that tired nature should repose, should sleep in death's marble arms—I would withdraw the dark mysterious curtain that enshrouds eternity, and unveil the beauties of, to me, an unexplored and an untried world.

In sorrow we came into this world, and sorrowing we pass through it; and was not a brighter world in prospect, our miseries would be insupportably great; but, thanks be to God, he has prepared for us a mansion, eternal in the heavens, where the weary shall find rest, and the wicked cease from troubling.

Like the deep caverns of the sepulchre, where no ray of light penetrates, my soul, for a season, sojourned in the dismal valley of sin: conscious guilt, like a spectral host, with its myriads of shades, was continually arrayed in terrible review before me. Horrible indeed were the nightly visions that haunted my lonely hours: but that dread scene is closed, is changed; that awful curtain is rolled up, and the sun of righteousness has arisen in my horizon, with healing in his wings; a star more bright, more magnificent than that which guided the shepherds of Israel to the birth place of our blessed Redeemer, invites me, with transporting promise, to an infinite world of unspeakable rapture. But I cannot go. I cannot at pleasure throw off this mortal clog. I must await my master's bidding; yet I would fain go, where temptations do not assail, and where the soul's enemy is finally and forever subdued. Many are the pangs of the most favored mortal; many are the sorrows of the gayest heart; many are the tears of the most smiling eye; many are the pains of the most healthy body; sin has made it so—has brought about our direst calamities. It is the common lot of man. But beyond the grave the Christian has a hope where no unhallowed objects mar his sight—no bitter pangs to destroy his perfect state of unfading glory.

—Again, "I would not live always," in this cold avaricious world, where man continually wars against his fellow-man, and seeks his frailties to disclose—his virtues hide. Avarice, and its twin-born attendant, envy, swells the deplorable catalogue of human infirmities, breaks the social compact which should unite in bonds of strongest cement our fallen race, destroys that confidence and affection which gives to life a radiant tint, and sweetens its bitterest cup. The turmoils of existence I would allay—the agitated billows of life's eventful sea I would lull to rest—I would calm its stormy tide, and quell the throbbings of an aching heart. Death is the portal, the grave the only avenue, that leads to the consummation of the Christian's long-cherished hope—his heart's devoted expectation—the fulfilment of his most earnest anticipations.

R. C. L.

RELIGION ENHANCES EVERY.—We may see how completely religion is adapted to the nature of man, by observing that even the elements of enjoyment (and they are many, though fleeting,) which this world contains, are never fully tasted but by religious persons.—Those abundant sources of pure delight which are to be found in the heart, the intellect, and the imagination, are never received in their fullness but by them; and why? because they are the germs of their future and more glorious being, and can only flourish in a soil akin to that ultimately destined for them. In a worldly mind, like plants removed from their original soil and climate, they exist, indeed, but with a blighted existence;—but how degenerate is the imitation! Every thing that wants religion wants vitality. Philosophy without religion is crippled and impotent; poetry without religion has no heart-stirring powers; life without religion is a useless and unsatisfactory riddle; the very arts which address themselves to the senses, never proceed so far towards perfection, as when employed on religious subjects. Religion, then, can be no object to enjoyment, since the only sources of it which are confessedly pure, are all enhanced by its possession. Even in the ordinary commerce with the world, what a blessing awaits an exemption from the low and sordid spirit, the petty passions and paltry feelings which abound in it!

GOOD SENTIMENTS.—Agriculture is the nursery of patriotism.

Agriculture, aided by science, will make a little nation a great one.

Science must combine with practice to make a good farmer.

A wise government will not be slow in fostering an agricultural interest.

Let every farmer who has a son to educate, believe and remember that science lays the foundation of everything valuable in agriculture.

The opposition against book-farming rests on the shoulders of two monsters, ignorance and prejudice.

If you separate science from agriculture, you make a nation of its principal jewel.

All the energy of the hero, and all the science of the philosophers, may find scope in the cultivation of one farm.

Kings never hear the voice of truth until they are dethroned, nor beauties until they have abdicated their charms.

A gentleman observed upon an indifferent pleader at the bar, that he was the most affecting orator he ever heard—for he never attempted to speak but he excited general sympathy.

—The most foolish thing in the world, is to bow to the rich till you're unable to stand before an honest man.

MISCELLANY.

THE BOY AND THE MAN.

A few years ago, there was, in the city of Boston, a portrait painter, whose name was Copley. He did not succeed very well in business, and concluded to go to England, to try his fortunes there. He had a little son, whom he took with him, whose name was John Singleton Copley.

John was a very studious boy, and made such rapid progress in his studies, that his father sent him to college. There he applied himself so closely to his books, and became so distinguished a scholar, that his instructors predicted that he would make a very eminent man.

After he graduated, he studied law. And when he entered upon the practice of his profession, his mind was so richly stored with information, and so highly disciplined by his previous diligence, that he almost immediately attained celebrity. One or two causes of very great importance being entrusted to him, he managed them with so much wisdom and skill as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation.

The king and his cabinet, seeing what a learned man he was, and how much influence he had acquired, felt it to be important for them to secure his services for the government. They therefore raised him from one post of honor to another, till, at last, he was created Lord High Chancellor of England—the very highest point of honor to which any subject can attain; so that John Singleton Copley is now LORD LYNDHURST, Lord High Chancellor of England. About sixty years ago, he was a little boy in Boston. His father was a poor portrait painter, hardly able to get his bread. Now, John is at the head of the nobility of England; one of the most distinguished men, in talent and power, in the House of Lords, and regarded with reverence and respect by the whole civilized world. This is the reward of industry. The studious boy becomes the useful and respectable man.

Had John S. Copley spent his school-boy days in idleness, he would probably have passed his manhood in poverty and shame. But he studied in school, when other young men were wasting their time. He then adopted for his motto, "*Ultra pergere*," (*press onward*)—and how rich has been his reward.

J. S. C. ARGUS.

YANKEE MODE OF TRYING COURAGE.—It is well known that in the time of the old French war, much jealousy existed between the British and Provincial officers. A British Major deeming himself insulted by General (then Captain) Putnam, sent a challenge. Putnam, instead of giving a direct answer, requested the pleasure of a personal interview with the Major. He came to Putnam's tent, and found him seated on a small keg, quietly smoking his pipe, and demanded what communication, if any, Putnam had to make. "Why, you know," said Putnam, "I am but a poor miserable Yankee, that never fired a pistol in my life, and you must perceive that if we fired with pistols, you would have a due advantage of me. Here are two powder kegs; I have bored a hole, and inserted a slow match in each; if you will be so good as to seat yourself there, I will light the matches, and he who dares to sit the longest without squirming, shall be called the bravest fellow." The tent was full of officers and men, who were heartily tickled with the strange notion of the "old man;" and compelled the Major by their laughter, to squat. The signal was given, and the matches was lighted. Putnam continued smoking quite indifferently, without watching at all the progressive diminution of the matches—but the British officer, though a brave fellow, could not help casting longing and lingering looks downward, and his terrors increased as the length of the matches diminished. The spectators withdrew, one by one, to get out of the way of the expected explosion. At length the fire was within an inch of the keg, the Major, unable to endure longer, jumped up, and drawing out his match, cried out, "Putnam, I'll be d—d if I stand this, draw out your match, I yield." "My dear fellow," cried Putnam, "don't be in such a hurry, they're nothing but kegs of onions!"

ASSUMPTION.—To attempt to borrow money when one is in extreme poverty. To make a show at play and then fly in a passion about it. To ask the publisher of a new periodical how many copies he sells per week. To ask a wine merchant how old his wine is. To make yourself generally disagreeable, and wonder that nobody will visit you, unless they gain some pecuniary advantage in it. To get drunk, and complain the next morning of a headache. To spend your earnings on liquor, and wonder that you are ragged. To sit shivering in the cold because you won't buy a fire till November. To complain that reviewers generally read more than the title-page of the works they praise or condemn. To judge of people's piety by their attendance at church. To keep your clerks on miserable salaries and wonder at their robbing you. To get up to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy, because "it is not bed-time." To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves. To tell your own secrets and before you have done with them, wonder at your want of discretion. To be angry with people will give you long credit if they generally see you in shabby clothes. To arrive at the age of twenty, and be surprised at any, vice, folly, or absurdity, their fellow creatures may be guilty of.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—We find the following account of a strange affair in the London Globe of the 12th of March, which, if true, furnishes a very striking illustration of the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence, and the terrors, surpassing all of which imagination can conceive, that envelop the miserable wretch doomed to a public execution:

The morning paper called the Audience, contains a letter from a private correspondent, dated Carlisle the 28th ult., which states that an opulent British merchant, named James Boswell, long resident there, had been tried and convicted of the murder of his daughter, on circumstantial evidence, and that on his way to execution the convict saw in the crowd, another Englishman, named John Keats, who had been extremely active in collecting evidence against him. The convict expressed a desire to die in peace with all mankind, and to pardon this person whom he had considered his greatest enemy. When the convict reached the scaffold, the executioner was preparing to execute the sentence of the law, when a voice was heard in the crowd exclaiming—"It is I that am guilty, and not the convict!"

This exclamation was made by John Keats. He confessed that it was he who had carried off James Boswell's daughter; that he who had cut her her during her sleep, and stolen one of his razors, which he stepped in blood; and that the generous pardon granted to him by his victim had caused him to reflect on the enormity of his crime. The executioner immediately withdrew the rope from the convicts neck, and the cap from his face, when it was discovered that he was dead from the effects of terror. The atrocious John Keats was conducted to prison amidst the execrations of the populace, who wished to tear him to pieces.

"What I give is *nothing to nobody*," as the miser said, when asked how much he gave to benevolent objects.

THE RURAL FARMER.—Two of the legislators of Philadelphia stated in their respective charitable during sermon, on the 11th inst., that recently in Southwark, a poor woman lost her child; her kind neighbors prepared a decent coffin for it and wound, and had the child prepared for interment; they had no sooner left the house, than the mother removed the child from the coffin, disapproved of the shroud, and then went out and pawned both articles for rum.

—Farmer no man is gain his favor, for by so doing you add falsehood to hypocrisy, and lay yourself under an obligation to yield him respect which he does not merit, and which you are to give.

Never marry a woman who keeps a lap-dog—for she who can bring her mind down to love so contemptible a being, can never elevate it to that dignity which man will require.

CLERICAL RELIGN.—The minister of the town of A., by some strange concatenation of events, became somewhat unpopular among his people; and they, to show their spunk, on a certain Church meeting, elected him hog-reeve. The gentleman slept happening to be present, rose and addressed the moderator thus: Sir, I was chosen a year ago, as Pastor of this flock, but as my flock have turned into swine, I think this change is office exceedingly appropriate. I will, endeavor to serve according to the best of my abilities.

An Innkeeper lately complaining to a gentleman, that his house was greatly infested with rats, and that he would willingly give a considerable sum to get rid of them, was on the following morning thus accosted by a Frenchman, who he had received his bill. "Well, mon ami, you have paid your bill, you shall get rid of rats, it will be much obliged to you if you can," replied the landlord. "Well den, only charge fifty as you charge me, and I'll be hanged if de rat ever come to your house again!!!"

Good humor is the close, blue sky of the soul on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounters no vapors in his passage. "Tis the most exquisite beauty of a fine face; a redeeming glance in a homely one. It is the sun in the landscape, harmonizing with every color, mellowing the glories of the light, and softening the hues of the dark; or like a flute in full concert of instruments, a sound, not at first discovered by the ear, but softening up the breaks in the concord with its dulcet melody.

WITCHES.—Sheridan has thus taught us how to know one of this formidable class, which it is our misfortune to come within the range of. When we find a fair face, a beauty's enchanting speak, When the bright eye is dangerous power displays, Though modesty restrain its softest rays—
When words polite and sentiments refined
Are vouchers for the beauty of the mind,
Or, said, or sidon—be she poor or rich,—
My heart in terror whispers, "There's a witch!"

PROSPECTUS

OF A NEWSPAPER, TO BE PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY, IN THE CITY OF COVINGTON, KENTUCKY, UNDER THE TITLE OF THE

LICKING VALLEY REGISTER.

BY R. C. LANGDON.

Its leading features will embrace the general interests of the community, the diffusion of knowledge; the promotion of universal education, and the extension of mechanical and agricultural science.

Its location should at once bespeak for it an extensive circulation; being surrounded by a rich country, with a population remarkable for enterprise and industry, and having no press within this and the neighboring counties to supply their want of information. A community thus circumstanced, with a ready and rapid mutual communication with each other, and every effort will be made to render the REGISTER interesting to all classes of citizens. No labor will be spared to make it a welcome FAMILY VISITOR 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 favor of the people, and in defence of its rights, 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; and to withhold it when it is marked by a contrary spirit of disaffection; but insto out justice, and award praise where praise is due—neither should they shrink from the responsibility of animadverting upon the conduct of public functionaries fraught with evil to the community—"Our country, our whole country," should be the polar star to guide them through the political labyrinths that mark their path.

The editor will not be the champion of party, merely for the sake of party; nor obstinate in political ear of any individual, further than a being the most efficient to carry into operation measures the most salutary and most conducive of the general good.—Speaking of men or measures, he will be governed by the dictates of reason to just principles: whilst bestowing applause where it may be due, he will fearlessly expose abuses and corruptions wherever they exist.—The mantle of power and authority shall not shield the delinquent; for unrestrained power is dangerous when placed in the hands of the bad, the ignorant and ambitious, and there is to them no terror so great as the voice of a free and dauntless PRESS. We shall firmly and steadfastly oppose every association of individuals, under whatever name or guise, whose object is to rear up a PRIVILEGED CLASS, to the exclusion of unprejudiced sentiment, and whose use and *ends* are the perversion of patriotism for the elevation of intrigue. We shall advocate the cause of *pure, unmixed* democracy—not that kind of democracy which is ever ready to bow the knee to the dictates of party and partisan 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 intimate association, to nominate their own leaders and prescribe their own measures of government; unaided by directory, and uninfluenced by leaders.

In conducting our course, we are not aspiring to knowledge, in any form whatever, but in others, as 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, dissimulate 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 principles on 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 their patriotism and disposition to maintain a *Press 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 new type, and embraces 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.