

LICKING VALLEY REGISTER.

RICHARD C. LANGDON, EDITOR.

COVINGTON, K.Y.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1843.

"We call the reader's attention to a communication in our paper of today, signed a *Western Farmer*. The writer is what he says he is, a plain, bonhappin Farmer, with good sense, and an acquired knowledge of public events. His Note will be fraught with interest."

"This is the first week in which the Weather has had any appearance of spring. The month of March has been one of pecuniary change; snow, sunshine, hall, and rain. With April we trust spring will cheer the hopes of the husbandman."

"ATTENDED HERE.—A few days since we received a letter, a response to be from a man residing near Florence, Boone county, relating a horrid vision, or ghouly visiter, that met him in a nocturnal ramble through the wild woods, "near by." The whole affair is evidently a hoax of some kind or other. Some wicked—wold-be-wag, has either attempted, to play a trick, on the person whose name is attached to the letter, or perpetrated a hoax on us, or, on the public, through our columns. But the thing won't take. The subject is one of too serious and solemn a character to be made the jest of fools, or sport of knaves and the writer, whatever he may be, for we have no hostile opinion in saying that it was never written by the person whose name is signed to the communication, may yet learn from experience its awful reality. If the man, however, really thought he saw a "ghost," it must have proceeded from the horrors of a disturbed conscience for not having paid his two year arrears for the Licking Valley Register. We advise all our faltering subscribers to pay up, least they, too, see something right."

"The Presidential Question...."

This is a matter in which the American people feel a deep interest; hence it is almost always, as we think, prematurely agitated. Many believe that every thing depends upon getting the first start, therefore it is that one race is but fully over, when another is put in motion; thereby keeping up a continued political excitement, which is neither producible to the country, nor beneficial to themselves. We have, therefore, deemed the subject of the new Presidency premature, and have acted upon that principle, but the time has arrived when a few remarks in reference thereto, can not be improper, so far ready has the great conflict begun. Little groups of partisan zealots, in order to get first start, have erected their standard, and spread their banner to the breeze, such fan-typing their will be the people's favorite. In this, there is one thing very evident, they are either very short-sighted themselves, or think the people do. Notwithstanding the little goals, here and there gathered together, there are but two great political parties, between whom the contest will be carried on. The Whigs and the Democrats will take the field, the rest will be mere spectators, unless they attach themselves to one or the other of the combatants."

The Democratic party, although now having the appearance of diminution, with a number of aspirants, when the great campaign opens, will, have but one champion in the field. Calhoun, Johnson, Cass, Buchanan, and Van Buren, must throw their chances into their great National Convention, and the name of Martin Van Buren will, therefore, be seen to head the column of every democratic newspaper in the Union. The Calhounites, Johnsonites, and all the otheries, may indeed kick for a while, but the Party will soon bring them into blotted and subjection. The Whigs will have but little difficulty in making their choice. Hixay Cox stands first in their estimation, and will receive their united support. Under him, with them rally, and under him will they conquer.

But, says one, you have forgotten that there is a third party. No, we have not forgotten that John Tyler, with his office holds alone, have hoisted a separate flag, but they are not the people. It is true he is setting his wits to work, and putting his energies in motion, and his aysophantic hatter, and so feeding his vanity, which by-the-by is prodigious, that he is in fact a man of consequence, and most of course, be elected. But we will venture this remark, and defy his honest contradiction, that there is not a single man of intelligence among Mr. Tyler's friends, who has the smallest particle of hope for his success. They well know that it is utterly impossible that he can get one solitary electoral vote in the Union. Not a state will go for him. Having forfeited the confidence of the Whig Party, which unfor-tunatly placed him where he is, and the esteem of his friends, he is trying to throw himself on to the democrats, vainly hoping to purchase their favor, by bringing out of every honest whig, and placing a stamp on him, that can be found indiscrepant enough to accept him under his, in his

own eyes.

We are by no means disposed to take up this subject generally, or state into broad fields to explain its vastness, we shall only make a few remarks on the evil propensity many have to criticize on what they cannot properly comprehend. Critics may be proper in many instances, but we cannot conceive it very profitable to those, who attend public worship, to go to the house of God, more for the purpose of criticizing upon the preacher and his sermon, than with a view to seek for those truths, which are essential to the soul's salvation. Instead of giving with a humbly, and an inquiring heart, after the Word of life, and with an aim to obtain some spiritual food with which to purify the soul, we see them deeply engrossed in picking out the defects of the preacher, smirking at his language, and ridiculing his manner. Such persons, generally go away more barefaced of virtue or of goodness than when they first went. Many of our church members are greatly at fault in this; they appear to listen with great devotion and attention to the discourse of the day, drawing in, apparently, its excellencies and beauties, and passing over its defects with their characteristic marks so conspicuously the character of the true and blameless believer. But how deceitful are appearances; their minds are employed in the ignoble business of culling out the chaff and rejecting the wheat; or rather like flies, passing over the sound and healthy part of the body, and lighting on the sores. Has such a listener made a Sabbath's day's journey heavenward? The church is not the only place where these criticism's are practised and felt. Our prayer meetings are too frequently made the theatre of these observations, the aspirations of the heart, holding communion with the Most High, if not clothed in such studied language as a phrase might use, is made the subject of some tea-party ridicule, and master for an amusing conversation. This goes to say, I can pray better, or more fluently, than you; can better please, the people, and not make so many blunders. But does it go to convince us, that you have more heart-felt devotion, more real piety, or more grace in the heart? Are your thoughts on Heaven whilst you select the defects or count over the inaccuracies of your fellow worshiper? This is not only uncharitable, but especially employment, thereby having the effect to deter young christians or converts, from taking part in our religious and social exercises.

DEMOCRATIC COURTESY.—A writer in the last "Visiter," over the signature of "O. D." has the following paragraph:

"Marion and Tyler were chosen on the principles of the old party, and their party friends, to be deceived. Will the people walk up to the polls like cattle, making a dumb show of their privilege, without regard to the important issues of the day? We Democrats question our candidates, and require them to represent our wishes; the Whigs vote with their eyes shut, and obey the will of their servants."

How unfortunate, with the rest of his party, is this democratic champion. One poor old citizen is all they have to vibrato, and that echo'd but in the range of their own fancy. "Conciliation?"—The Whigs conceal their principles and will not disclose them. "It is the worn-out, time-and-again theme of their song." What are the facts?

Every Whig speech during the last canvass, and every Whig press in the country, proclaim'd with stentorian voices, the principles of our party.

It is a hard master, set himself to understand them, i.e., it is equally difficult to paint the hues of the rainbow to the blind, or give tones of music to the deaf.

The democrats are so blind and deaf, that they can neither hear nor see, what is perfectly plain to every one else.

The Locofoco's have been so long accustomed to associate themselves with porters or the "whole-bog family," that their minds run altogether in a beastly channel, hence their comparison of the "whole to cattle." To reverse the closing part of "O. D.'s" article, and let locofoco's for wags, would come nearer to the truth.

Religious Notice.

The Rev'd George C. Lightfoot Foster II. Blaikie will, by Divine permission hold a protracted meeting in the brick Church, four miles from Covington, on the Bank-lid road, commonly called the Universalist Church, to commence on next Sunday, April 11, at 11 o'clock A.M.; and is expected to continue several days.

NOTARY.

Drawn this 16th day of the 1st month,

Mrs. NANCY, wife of Mr. Wm. H. Cox,

at his residence in this city.

She many years ago united herself to the Methodist E. Church, of which she continues a worthy member till she was removed to the Church triumphant. She shared largely of the trials and afflictions incident to this state, but grace was sufficient for her. She was frequently visited during her last illness, (which lasted about five weeks) and sbt at all times evinced perfect resignation to the will of God.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Licking Valley Register.

The Crisis—No. 1.

That deep and universal distress pervades the wide extent of our country, there can be no diversity of opinion. No nation has ever made, in time of profound peace, so rapid a transition from happiness and prosperity, to misery, woe, and want. The result of chance, or loss of judgment, from an adequate, and pernicious cause? The civil crisis in our affairs has resulted from the untrue and destructive policy of the General Government. Here originated the dire evils that afflict the people, and here the remedy will have to be adopted. The states may come in, for a share of the center, but their action has been prompted and superinduced by that of the other. To unfold the political condition of the country, to place in a proper light the principles in accordance with which the whigs and democrats will be acting, is the object of this paper.

I will not pretend to disguise the fact, I am a whig—not of a recent date—but one of the old stamp—not a particle of Jackson's bold runs in my veins, or ever has. For principles I have always combated strongly and earnestly—for men I care nothing.

Some, therefore, of the most execrable vice in society; those who have done most to build up the country, are in a state of embarrassment and they must sink. Every thing is working to their disadvantage. The appreciation in the value of money, and the consequent depreciation of the value of money, with two-edged sword, to both of these the enemy. In this deplorable condition, we must stand upright, forward, and say to the people, "We are right." We are in a mess, of our own making. My opinions of political questions have been formed in the calm of retirement, by the tranquil fireside of domestic life, remote from the fierce strife and contention of public life! I am content to keep "the noiseless toner" of my way, and it is with the greatest reluctance that I come before the community, diffident in my own abilities, the task I would gladly shun, and confide to others; but, still the political errors into which we have fallen, are so glaring, and the consequences so fatal, I feel my self constrained to trespass occasionally upon public attention. I shall direct myself to the plain understanding of the people—my appeal to their sober good sense.

It is my purpose to slay not, to irritate party strife. We are one people, and have an identity of interest. Unfriendly enemies, if we on Whigs and Democrats alike, none escape.

Hence we should all common desire to arrive at the cause or causes of the distress, and unitely apply the proper remedy. Congress is at an end—the power is returned to the people, and upon the choice now to be made in the elections of new members, will the fate of the country for the next two years depend. A mistake in this matter may be irreparable, the day may come when a team of evils beyond endurance may fall upon us. Never before did our people had such a trial of their moral and physical strength, and of their justice.

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and devoutly received him. Not so with us. We are a ruined and impotent race, and such is our lot, whether whatsoever we may, no ray of hope abides upon us.

The dark cloud of adversity is still increasing in density, woe-yielded may be in reverse; no relief can come to the oppressed. Those who have been so unfortunate as to run in debt, will have to fall victims to the severity of the creditor. The debts, along with the debts, will increase, and the debts will be multiplied, namely robbery, will be the expression of destiny, of law. Nothing will save them, from utter desolation. Kentucky, if she had the power, is opposed to me in my efforts that would benefit the debtor, and will turn a deaf ear to his cries, with a heart as impervious as adamantine, plus fiero sympathy for the unfortunate.

Why should this class be so much discredited?

What are they? Why, persons of industrious habits, of energy, and perseverance.

Who could obtain credit? Not

any longer.

Our western

states, which were

so brilliant

in the

days of

prosperity,

are now in

the

days of

misery, and

despair.

What is to be done?

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and,

