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The Crowded Street.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Let me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an everlasting train.
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.
How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face!
Some bright with thoughtless laughter, some
Where secret tears have left their trace.
They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest,
To halls in which the feast is spread,
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some in happy homes repair,
Where children pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses still declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.
And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its dawer, its light, is seen no more.
Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
Goest thou to build an early name,
Or early in thy task to die?
Keen son of trade, with eager brow,
Who is now fluttering in my snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melts the glittering shape in air?
Who is this crowd, to-night shall tread
The dance till daylight gleams again?
Who sorrow at the untimely dead?
Who writhe in the mortal pain?
Some, famine stricken, shall think how long
The cold dark hours, how slow the light!
And some who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each, where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass and heed each other not.
There is who heeds, who holds them all
In His large love and boundless thought.

The struggling tides of life that seem
In stilling, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its predestined end.

All things perish save Virtue.
BY THOMAS POWER.

Sweet morn—so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose—whose fragrance now I crave,
To glad my sense and joy mine eyes,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring—so full of shine and showers,
It makes the weary spirit sigh,
To think, with all thy herbs and flowers,
That thou must die.

Sweet music—'en the lovely song
Which from my harp, in window nigh,
Is floating on the breeze along,
Even thou must die.

And all the bright and glittering train
Of stars that stud the deep blue sky,
Meet they all perish—none remain
To glad the eye?

And vales, and fields, and roaring streams,
And mountains that invade the sky,
Are they as baseless as our dreams?
And must they die?

And all that's beautiful and fair
On Nature's face—lovers melody,
That makes sweet music of the air,
And all must die!

And man, frail form of senseless clay,
Though now his glance is proud and high,
Perchance upon this passing day
He too may die!

But the bright soul—MAN, shrined within,
The quenchless light in mortal form—
Though dimm'd by misery and sin,
Defies the worm.

When all the stars shall fade away,
And suns in their own blaze expire,
And trackless comets cease to stray
With wand'ring fire!

The soul shall ever live, nor know
The tapes of time, but dwell on high,
And share—in endless joys or woe—
Eternity.

My Mother's Voice.

BY J. VRAY.

My mother's voice, I hear it now;
I feel her hand upon my brow
As when in heartfelt joy,
She raised her evening hymn of praise,
And call'd down blessings on the days
Of her lov'd boy.

My mother's voice! I hear it now;
Her hands is on my burning brow,
As in that early hour,
When fever throbbed in all my veins,
With healing power.

My mother's voice! It sounds as when
She read to me of holy men,
The Patriarchs of old;
And pacing downward in my face
She seemed each infant thought to trace
My blue eyes told.

It comes when thoughts unhallowed throng
Woven in sweet deceptive song,
And whisper round my heart;
As when at eve it rose on high,
I hear and think that she is nigh,
And they depart.

SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's World of Fashion for May.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

The cold wind moaned along the street;
The keen, sharp frost came, bitingly,
To sting his small, uncovered feet,
As the poor beggar boy crept by.

They sat together—the widow and her boy—wretched, hungry, and desolate. A few pine shavings had just sunk into a handful of black ashes on the broken hearth, and one lingering spark of fire darting like a tiny serpent through them, was all the promise of warmth afforded by that yawning and empty fire-place. Yet the day was bitterly cold; the bleak wind gushed down the chimney, scattering the ashes over the floor with each chill blast. It came through the crevices and pierced the ill-fitted windows, till the snow, which lay embanked against the glass, drifted through from the area and lay in ridges around the sash. The boy had been crouching close to his mother, and, as the fire went out, she drew him nearer to her side, and strove to shelter him beneath the old shawl which but scantily protected her own shoulders. The boy nestled to her bosom for a moment, but it was not to seek shelter from the cold. The poor woman felt his arms gieling her waist with an affectionate clasp, and his warm lips were pressed to her cheek again, till the tears that stood half frozen there vanished beneath the loving caress. Alas, for the widow! rare those young lips there was no warmth in the world for her!

"Mother, are you very hungry?" inquired the boy. The winter twilight filled the room or the pale, furnished face of that poor woman had been answer enough. She turned away her head and murmured,

"No—not very."

"Oh! mother," cried the boy, drawing back his head and looking in her face through the dim light, "if we could but get a shilling—one little shilling—I saw four pig's feet lying close by the door at the grocery, this morning; one of them was almost out on the pavement. You don't know how I tried to earn a shilling, or sixpence, or only three cents, that I might bring one for your supper; but no one would give me work, and you told me not to beg."

The poor mother burst into tears, and kissed the face lifted with such touching earnestness to hers.

"Your father, little thought his son—his and mine, would ever have thoughts of begging," she said mournfully.

"But he did not know how hungry we should be," said the lad meekly, while his eyes drooped beneath their thick lashes, and a look of shame stole over his features, for he understood his mother's words as a reproach. "He had not seen you shivering with cold in the dark here."

"Oh! if he could have foreseen it!" The poor woman rose to her feet as she spoke, and gathering the shawl about her, took an old quilted hood from her chair, and seemed preparing to go out. The lad turned his eyes anxiously on her.

"May I go with you, mother?" he said, buttoning the scant jacket round his finely moulded person, and taking a leathern cap from the floor he stood ready to go forth.

"I will try again," muttered the unfortunate woman; "yes Joseph, we will go once more to Mrs. Henry's. It is but ten cents, and she may have forgotten it; but even then it is nothing to her, everything to us; we will, try, surely we cannot starve, boy, starve when food lies before us in such quantities."

As she spoke the woman lifted her finger and pointed to a baker's shop across the way, where the windows were just lighted, and loaves of bread lay heaped on the counter beyond.

This conversation had led the suffering pair into the street, and they walked forward facing the wind and the driving snow with desperate energy.

"Mother," said the lad, as the two paused before the high granite steps of a proud dwelling in Broad street. "Will ten cents be enough to buy the pigs feet and fire to cook them?"

"Do not begin to think of it," said the widow, "I have been here again and again, but could never see the lady; it may be so now: try and think of something beside food, my boy, for I have little hopes of any to-night."

"I would think of something else if it were not for you, mother. I can do without eating a long time, but—"

The widow quietly wiped the tears from her eyes, and descending into the area of that princely dwelling, knocked at the door. The steps above sheltered her from the cutting wind, and she waited long and patiently.

A pampered cook, who sat comforting her crimson face before the kitchen fire, heard the knock, and after a few minutes deliberation, arose to answer it, muttering sullenly at this call to perform drudge out of her place, as she went through the lower hall. She opened the door, a gust of wind came through and put out her lamp, but not till she had seen the poverty-stricken creature standing there.

"We have nothing for you," she exclaimed, setting down the lamp, and using both large hands to force the door against the wind; "no cold victuals for beggars—such a night as this—you ought to know better than to come when the snow drifts into a gentleman's hall in this way," and taking up her lamp, the overfed cook made her way to the well heated kitchen range, and sat down to regale herself on the best part of a tannest back duck which she had put away for her own benefit between two plates, with cranberry sauce, before she went up her master's dinner.

The widow turned to her son, his hand was clasped in hers, and the look of mute despair which lay upon his young face was fully revealed by a street lamp that stood close by; she did not know that her own thin features were still more faded and ghastly.

"What shall we do? She would not even hear what we had to say."

"Let us go to the front door," said the boy; "ring the bell, and ask for Mrs. Henry.—You are a lady as well as she."

It was a bitter and sad smile which flitted across the trembling lips of the widow.

"I am a lady," she said, "a proud one—but put now, not under these garments, want and hunger crush our feelings, so—come, boy, come. Why should we not go in at the front door?"—The two passed hurriedly up from the area and stood upon the pavement.

"How warm it looks," said the boy pointing, to the drawing-room windows, where the light of a chandelier came streaming, like a flood of wine, through the crimson curtains that fell in voluminous folds over them.

The mother made no reply, but grasping his hand lighter, led him up the steps. She rang the bell boldly and with energy. Her eyes had been mocked with luxuries once familiar; she was starving, she and her foul born, and felt, wronged, as if the inmates of that house were insulting her destitution.

It was indeed a scene of luxurious splendor—that spacious drawing-room—beds of glowing anthracite flashed in grates of glittering steel and silver. The crystal pendants on the chandelier took a rainbow tinge from the wax lights that burned among them. Rare pictures hung in glittering frames on the walls; a soft, glowing light fell upon them, and swept all around on the Aubusson carpet, the silken ottomans, and tables of rich mosaic. There was but one person in the room—a young girl of magnificent beauty and queenly presence. A harp stood before her, and as she stooped to draw forth music from its strings, the muslin drapery which shaded her arms fell loosely; her thick, black hair caught the light, and the color on her round cheek grew deep and rich as a warm sunset. What was it to her that the wind blew chill and sharp without? It could not penetrate the depths of those damask curtains. It touched not the cluster of tea roses, and that snow white japonica that stood on the sofa table, and shed a bland perfume over the couch of embroidered silk which the lady had just occupied: it touched not the rare prints and the last magazine, which lay half concealed beneath the crimson cushion. Her dress was that of summer, and like summer was the atmosphere of these beautiful rooms. Her hands wandered among the harp strings, and the color deepened in her cheek as the music which they threw forth, rose and swelled around her; but, as if the discord had startled her with a pleasant surprise, she turned her head as the ringing of the door bell broke through the low notes which the harp was that instant whispering; her white arm rested motionless against the array her lips were slightly parted, and the color on her cheek was like the crimson side of a peach. She lodged to steal toward the door and listen if it was indeed Ada voice.

When the footman opened the door, saying that a woman and boy wished to speak with his mistress, he could see the beating of her heart through the folds of pure muslin crossing her bosom, and there was a meaning smile on his lip when he observed the look of annoyance and disappointment which settled on her beautiful face.

"Who are they, John? go ask what they want. You—— not I was engaged," she said, impatiently; "I am engaged, and mamma is out."—The man went back to the hall door, where the widow and her son stood shivering in the cold night—he inquired their business sharply, for the wind, which swept through the opening, deranged his temper.

"We only wish to see Mrs. Henry for one moment," said the poor woman, meekly.

"Mrs. Henry has gone out."

"The young lady, then, can we see her?"

"I tell you she is engaged—if you have any message speak out; you cannot expect a gentleman to stand here all night," replied the dignitary of locks and bluges.

"Will you be so kind as to tell Miss Henry that there was ten cents due on the linen I made for her—she could not make the exact change, and—"

"A heavy business, that!" interrupted the footman, sneeringly.

"I would not have traveled here to-night, but——"

——a gentleman, who had alighted from a close carriage to the pavement, while they were disputing, came hurriedly up the steps, and interrupted the widow in her humble appeal. She shrunk back and allowed the visiter to pass, for now the door was flung wide open, and the footman obsequiously rendered his help to relieve the young man of his furred cloak.

"Will you speak to Miss Henry—indeed, we shall suffer terribly, if she does not give us the money," persisted the woman, placing her hand in desperation against the door, as the man came back to close it against them. He hesitated a moment, and then went to the drawing room door again, just in time to see the small hand of his mistress snatched from the clasping fingers of the young gentleman who had just entered, and her radiant form covered with blushes as if was turned toward the door.

She advanced to the footman, and as he spoke in the undertones of a well tutored servant, her companion leaned against the harp and gazed smilingly upon her while he passed his fingers idly along the strings.

Miss Henry turned from the servant, went to a little work box of rich mosaic and took out her purse. It contained nothing but bank notes.

"Tell her to come again; I have no small change; I don't remember that anything is due, but that is no matter, *tell her to come again.*"

The young girl turned away as she spoke, and gliding to the side of her lover, began trifling with the harp strings close by his hand, till her arm was once more imprisoned in his clasp, and they forsook the instrument and sat down, content with the musical beating of their own young hearts, and there, upon the door steps, stood two fellow beings perishing with want, famishing from lack of a few pennies, which that beautiful girl thoughtlessly withheld. Alas! when will the rich and prosperous learn the value of trifles to the poor?

"Who were the two persons I found at the door?" inquired the lover of Miss Henry, as he playfully turned the turquoise ring on her finger. "The woman's face struck me as peculiarly intelligent as I hurried up the steps."

The lady smiled and answered in a quiet voice that it was a sewing woman, whom her mamma sometimes employed out of charity.

"It is a dreadful night for any female to be out," said the young man thoughtfully; "and the face I saw beneath that old hood was strangely wan and sorrowful."

"Is it very cold?" enquired the young lady, beginning to look serious, "I have not felt it the least."

"Go! forbid that you should ever feel the inclemency of a night like this!" said the young man, earnestly, "and yet, my girl, the poor woman who stood at your door a few minutes since, may have been forced as tenderly, and nurtured gently as you are; nothing but terrible destitution would have called her out on such a night as this!"

"Do you think so?" replied the young girl and the color grew faint on her cheek, "I am sorry—"

The young man looked in that speaking face with some surprise, it became still more troubled beneath his glance, and tears stole into her into those dark eyes.

"What is the matter, Frances?" he inquired suddenly, "you are too sensitive, my sweet girl."

Frances Henry covered her face and wept—"I have been cruel, careless," she said in a low voice, "they poor woman asked for a little, change that she, *she* is in dire her. I expected you, my heart was full of you, and I sent her away."

"To suffer!" said the young man, seriously, though his voice was still affectionate.

"It was so little—such a mere trifle—I could not think ten cents of the least consequence. It was only that, but she will come again to-morrow and I will give her *forty times* the due!" added the really kind girl with sudden animation, for she was only thoughtless, not cruel.

"Let *his* try if she cannot be found to-night," replied the lover, still very seriously. The footman was summoned, but he knew nothing of the poor woman. She was standing on the steps when he closed the door against her, perfectly mute, but the boy had insisted on coming in, had rung the bell violently twice after he was shut out, and for some minutes the sound of his voice was heard above the wail of the tempest. Perhaps he was there yet, as Frances Henry and her lover went eagerly to the door, and looked out; no one was visible; the steps were covered with sleet, and drops of frozen rain fell like a storm of pearls over the dark tresses and muslin drapery of the young girl, while the keen wind almost took away her breath.

"Does say one know where she lives?" inquired the young man, taking upon his cloak—Frances turned anxiously to the servant, who did know something of the widow's residence; but the night was tempestuous, and John had no idea of leaving it for the benefit of any one; so he expressed himself profoundly ignorant, and hastened to close the door, lest his young mistress should take cold. It was indeed a necessary precaution, for she was shivering from head to foot.

——young couple went back to the drawing-room, to an atmosphere so changed that the sleet which had fallen on their garments turned to water, and hung trembling all over them, like dew drops, before they had crossed the room—They sat down, but inquietude, was in the heart of each. The young man was thoughtful, and Frances could not shake off a sense of regret and self-reproach that saddened her spirits all the evening.

The widow and her son reached their wretched dwelling at last; Joseph turned his face resolutely from the baker's window as they went by, and his mother had not spoken a word since she left the rich man's door. They went into the dark basement and sat down, Joseph took the damp shawl from his mother's bosom, flung off his own wet jacket, and winding his arms around her neck, laid his cheek close to hers, and murmured, "Come, mother, don't give up; see, this will warm you a little, I know it will!"

He was answered by a low convulsive sob, which the poor woman tried in vain to suppress, but the brave lad would not be discouraged. He brought her to be calm, to see how strong he was—he who had eaten nothing for two whole days, and who always had such an appetite—it was not much to be hungry when one got used to it. It was beautiful—this courage in a child so young! His voice was unnaturally cheerful, but it had a sound as if the little fellow was choking back his tears all the time.

There was a straw bed lying on the floor in a corner of the room. Joseph had become accustomed to the dark, so he went to this bed and shook up the straw; heaping the principal part of the side which his mother always occupied.—Then he persuaded her to sit down; he spread the warm quilts carefully over her, tucking them in against the wall, and placed a piece of old rug carpeting between the bed and floor, that it might seem as much like a pillow as possible.

"Now, mother, isn't it nice to feel that every thing is so clean, if there isn't much of it?" said the boy, still lingering on his knees where he had been arranging the fragment of carpet. "Do you begin to feel any better, mother?"

The poor woman murmured that she did, and told the child to make haste and come to bed, for she heard his teeth chatter as he spoke.

"In a few minutes mother—I have just thought of something"—and starting to his feet, little Joseph went into a back passage and dragged out an old door which stood leaning against the wall. He placed this against the bed, stanting it over his mother in a manner that shielded her from the wind which penetrated the window.

"There," exclaimed the boy, triumphantly, "only think, mother, how much better off we are than some poor people that haven't any old door to keep off the wind!"

If it had not been so very dark, Joseph would have been encouraged, by the faint smile that crept over the pale face of the parent; for even her misery could not resist the determined courage of that brave hearted boy.

When Joseph had arranged the door, he gathered fresh spirit from success, and the exertion of dragging it forth had driven away the excessive chill which had fettered down his strength; so, obeying a desperate impulse, he let himself into the street, and ran across to the baker's shop. A hard faced woman stood behind the counter talking to a mild looking female, who had just placed a couple of shilling loaves in a basket which hung on her arm. She seemed to be the wife of a mechanic, purchasing her store of bread for the next day. When she turned from the counter Joseph took her place; there was something in the clear, frank features of the boy which attracted her attention. Though worn to threads, his clothes were mended, and perfectly clean; the bright black hair had never been neglected, and exposure to the storm only crisped it into a thousand tiny ringlets up from his bold, open forehead, and all over his head. But he was very pale, and the long black lashes that sunk over his eyes when he felt that she was looking earnestly at him, concealed an expression of terrible suffering.

"Mrs. Beake, will you let me speak with you a minute," said the child, lifting his eyes to the shop woman, with an appeal so earnest, that she impulsively bent down her head; but the widow owed her a few shillings, and this thought alcoted her heart against him.

"It is of no use," she said, before he had time to express his wishes: "I can't trust you another loaf, it is but of the question."

"I did not come for trust this time—that is, not all trust," replied the boy, with almost breathless anxiety. "See—if you will only take these, and keep them till we can pay you—they have only been mended twice."

The boy stooped down, unlied his shoes, and seemed about to set them on the counter.

"Don't put your wet old shoes there!" exclaimed the woman, roughly. "What good are such traits to me—do get out of the store."

"I did not mean to set them on the counter—only to show you how nicely they are mended," said the boy in a broken voice, stooping down to put on his shoes again; and, as his fingers trembled among the wet strings, the woman, who stood at the door, saw that the poor child was crying as if his heart would break, though he made no noise. She looked at the bread in her basket; there was just enough for her own large family—she could not give him that—but a sixpence lay within her hard palm—harder than her heart, good woman. Her face brightened, and stepping forward she laid her coin on the counter.

"Give the boy some bread, he looks hungry, your fellow;" and before Joseph could start up, shake the tears from his face, and thank her, the kind woman had passed into the street, muttering, "My young ones must do without their candy to-night! they will make a terrible time when I get home—no matter—I could not help it!"

Joseph reached up his eager, trembling hands, and almost snatched the loaf from Mrs. Beake.—He darted through the door, and across the street, laughing amid his tears, and hugging the bread close to his bosom.

The widow had sunk to that heavy, unconfortable sleep, which, in truth, was scarcely more than stupid endurance of privation and cold—She had not heard her son go forth, and when he rushed into the room——, out a cough, and dancing through the darkness she started up, in affright.

"Here, mother, here, I've got some bread—new bread—a whole loaf—are you setting up, mother? —come break it—my hands shake so I can't!—Have you got it?—that's right—now eat away, mother, it's all paid for!"

Joseph broke off short, for his mouth was full of something more substantial than words, and he only interrupted his mother's expressions of gratitude by now and then pausing to ask, if she ever tasted such bread in her life?

The next morning Joseph crept from the side of his mother, where he had nestled all night, and went to a carpenter's shop in the neighborhood in search of something to burn. The carpenter was at work, and Joseph's heart leaped when he saw the delicate shavings dropping in curls from his plane to a great heap which lay by the work bench. When the man saw Joseph, he smiled, and pushed the shavings toward him with his foot. They were eagerly gathered up, but underneath lay some chips and pieces of wood, which the child would not have touched, but with unusual benevolence, the carpenter thrust them also toward him. So the widow was aroused by the cheerful crackling of a fire on the hearth which, if it gave forth little heat, served to illuminate the otherwise cheerless room. Joseph was before the fire, looking quite cheerful and happy as he fed the flame with handsful of crisp shavings.

"Come, mother, we have a crust or two left for breakfast, here it is, I don't feel hungry after our famous supper," said the boy, approaching his mother with some fragments of bread.

The widow would have persuaded her son to eat, but he quietly laid the portion she gave him on a little deal table, saying that he was not hungry, and would go into the chamber to see if anybody wanted to send him on an errand, or have wood carried in. He kissed his mother before going out, and besought her to lie still and cover herself with the bed clothes, but the child did not guess how ill his parent was, how utterly broken down and strengthless.

It was a clear day, but intensely cold, the air was full of sharp biting frost, and the little wind that stirred along the streets was keen and stinging rather than boisterous. Poor Joseph was thinly clad, and the cold penetrated every pore of his body as he hurried along the icy pavement, looking eagerly from side to side in search of something to do, but no pile of wood gladdened his eye, no little mound of coal gave him an excuse for ringing at some street door to beg the privilege of carrying it in. But the boy had suffered, and seen his mother suffer till the resolution of manhood seemed springing up in his bosom, his eye grew brighter and more determined as he walked on; his pale lips were pressed together, and he turned his face firmly against the wind as if that were his fate, and his young soul had found courage to brave it.

He went down to the wharves in hopes that some traveller might employ him to carry a handbox or portmanteau, but large and sober hardened boys drove him away, and he was more than once in danger of being trushed among the hackney-coachmen and cab-drivers that thronged the thoroughfare to every ferry. Still he would not be discouraged, "though hungry and tortured by the cold, he pressed forward, pleading for work till night drew on; and then for the first time in his young life, begging for money, anything that would keep his mother from perishing with want." At night-fall he stood in Broadway, and asked for "pennies to buy bread for his poor mother," of the passers-by—it was an old story and excited no sympathy. Once that beautiful, earnest face, thin and pale with famine, might have touched a heart of stone, but it was too cold for men to pause long enough for such a hasty glance, and if the rain, with which he pleaded was sad and broken-hearted, they yet knew as part of his proficiency, lacking some what in whining humility, but very well for a new beginner, and so they passed him by. Men who raked thousands every night at the gambling table withheld their pennyfuls from conscientious scruples. They looked upon street beggars as a moral evil; women who were driving their husbands to bankruptcy by extravagance in dress and equipage, swept by the shivering boy, wrapped in velvets and costly furs, but they love had conscientious scruples, or could not afford the penny for which he supplicated. Some pushed him with averted faces or heard him pass. Others averred him away as if a wild animal had crossed his path; one or two paused as if to aid him, but it was difficult for such to find their purses without being chilled through, so when the child almost fell a coin in his palm, and looked upon them already with grateful eyes they pushed on attaching the compassionate impulse that had almost impelled them to do a kind act by the common observation that after all this begging was but a business. So they passed him off and still till the night come on, and when every limb was chilled, and his very heart cold in his bosom, the boy crept toward home miserable, hungry and exhausted.

The night was calm—even than the morning, a clear wintry sky bent over the city, studded with myriads of golden stars beautiful and bright but the boy shivered beneath them, and it seemed as if they hung there to mock him with thoughts of a warm fire which he must never see again. The shop windows too, with their glittering lights gleaming over piles of confectionary, and southern fruits—they had tempted him a little while before, but now the gas flames and the fruit seemed melting together in a sea of beautiful colors that danced before his eyes, till they tempted him no longer, for he had ceased to feel hungry as a faintness and loathing of food crept over him; sensation seemed gradually drying from his limbs, and he was conscious of but one wish, and that was to lie down by his mother and sleep. Still he crept on moving to and fro beneath the bright pitiless stars, and yet more pitiless thoughts that passed him by till he mistook the way and stood quite alone in a public imperyard. It gave him no anxiety, for his limbs were already asleep, and his eyes grew heavy. He sunk to the earth with his face turned upward toward the stars—And when the Beggar Boy awoke he was in Heaven.

They were sitting at their breakfast table—Frances Henry and her parents, one day had passed by since the sewing woman had sought their house in that terrible storm; but she had not called again as directed. So Frances cast the subject from her mind and smiled quietly when she thought how much anxiety the trifling sum of ten cents had cost her.

Mr. Henry, who had been amusing himself with the morning papers after his coffee, occasionally read a paragraph aloud; after running over the amount of stocks he came to the coroner's inquests, and read on as if he had been still immersed in the money market.

"*Coroner's Inquest.*—An inquest was held at 25——street, on a body of a young lad, who was found dead in a wood-yard in the rear of 27. Verdict, died of exposure and want. The body was conveyed to the dead-house.

"Another inquest was held on the body of a Margaret S——, found dead in the basement of a house in W——street, the room in which she was found betrayed the utmost destitution. Verdict, died of disease and exhaustion."

"Margaret S——," said Mrs. Henry, taking the paper from her husband to be certain of the name, "Frances, was not that the woman who did the sewing for us a few weeks since?"

Frances did not answer, her elbow was resting on the table, while her trembling hand lay pressed over her eyes. The hand and face were both colorless, and there was something in her manner that frightened the two persons gazing upon her.

That day a fashionably dressed young man came out of the dead-house, followed by two men, bearing a child's coffin between them—they placed it in a carriage, and a gentleman stepped in after it, ordering the coachman to drive to 27——street. When the carriage stopped before that gloomy dwelling, the boy was once more removed and carried into the basement; a simple coffinet, and ready for burial, lay upon the little deal table, and close by it sat a young girl muffled in a cloak of black velvet, and weeping bitterly.

The Beggar Boy was placed by the side of his mother, and, for the first time, when so near that bosom, his arms were not stretched forth to embrace him.

"My Fanny, this is a gloomy scene for you," said the young man, bending over the weeping female, "you will take cold in this damp place."

"They lived here for weeks and months," said the distressed girl, and her eyes filled once more as she looked around the miserable apartment—"and I might have helped them; night, at least, have paid the pitiful sum that we owed them—If I had, but even her that night—I, alas, I shall never forgive myself!"

"Fanny," cried the young man, taking her hand with affectionate earnestness, "this is the first instance of terrible suffering that you have witnessed, if it has occasioned some self-reproach, tears alone will not appease it; scenes like these are passing in this great city every day. Thousands read the paragraph which brought us here, and yet we are alone with the dead in this dismal place."

"They did not know the mournful details as we do," replied the young girl.

"And if they did, Fanny, the touching devotion of this poor boy, the patient suffering, the meekness and death of his mother were written out word for word, act for act, what would the effect be?"

"Men would be interested, touched, excited to benevolence," replied the kind girl, with beautiful earnestness.

"They might be excited to *tears*, perhaps, but can the details, the whole story of this poor Beggar Boy appeal more strongly to the sympathies of more than the simple truth proved and sworn to as set forth in the coroner's inquest."

A hearse drove to the door, and when the coffins were carried out, Frances Henry arose, folded the cloak about her person, and went forth wiser, more subdued, and far more worthy of love than she had ever been in her life.

Definition of "Lindenwold."

We have always regretted our ignorance of the Dutch language, but never so much as when Mr. Van Buren discarded that uncouth word *Kinderhook*, and adopted as the name of his seat, that mild, demulcent, and Duphonic word "Lindenwold." There appeared to be something in it so sweet, and tender, that we could not but believe from the first that the name must be significant and very proper. Yet we have been left to wonder what it could mean, until yesterday, when a gentleman, conversant with the Dutch language, solved the difficulty. Lindenwold is derived from *wold* signifying *forest* and *linden*, a species of slippery elm. The true meaning of the word then is *slippery elm forest*.—*Lou. Journal.*

Nevertheless the organization of the Government, has the *administration* presented such a remarkable aspect as it does at present.

General Harrison died, and Mr. Tyler left the duties of Vice President, to become the Acting President.

Mr. Southard, who succeeded Mr. Tyler in his official duties in the Senate, died, and Mr. Mangum was elected to act in his place.

Mr. Webster resigned, and Mr. Legare was appointed in his place, acting Secretary of State.

Mr. Legare died, and it is said Mr. Upshur is to be in his place, acting Secretary of State.

The death of Mr. Legare leaves entirely vacant the office of Attorney General.

The Presidency, Vice Presidency, (qr.) and the Department of State, have acting incumbents; and the Attorney Generalship is entirely vacant.—*Phil. U. S. Gazette.*

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY.—The official report of Samuel M. Woodruff, Esq., Injunction Master, and Messrs Sayage and Macy, to the Chancellor of the State of N. Y., has just been published. After the defalcation of Mr. Nicoll, the late Secretary of the Institution, was discovered, the gentemen above named were appointed to examine into its affairs, the result of which investigation shows that the actual defalcation of Mr. Nicoll amounts to $349,763 19.

The Legislature of New Hampshire has resolved almost unanimously to instruct the Senators of that State in Congress, and to request its Representatives in that body, to use their best endeavors to procure the passage of a law, unconditionally refending to Gen. Jackson, the fine imposed upon him by Judge Hall of New Orleans.

Homoepathy vs. Allopathy.

The following, extracted from the report of the Inspectors of the State Prison, at Auburn N. Y., may be worthy the attention of those who have charge of hospitals and prisons in our own state. It illustrates the comparative merits of the Homoepathic and Allopathic practice in the Hospital of the State Prison at Auburn; during the pas year: "Expenses for medicines for seven months, while the patients were under Homoepathic treatment, $71; about $10 per month, or $122 per year—deaths none. Expenses for medicine for five months while under Allopathic treatment $263, or about $30 per month or $678 per year. Number of deaths—none."

The Cabinet.

Since the death of Mr. Legare, there are two vacancies in the President's Cabinet, viz: In the Department of State, and in the office of Attorney General. The New York Express, looking to the re-organization, which is thus rendered necessary, remarks—

The controlling genius now left there is John C. Spencer, who sees and unravels such men as the Secretary of War, and the more timid and prudent mind of the other Post Master General. With such men around him, they, in this State, who know he will have his own way, succumbing to Mr. Tyler only as far as is necessary to save his office—to rule or to ruin with all others about him. Mr. Spencer has firmness of character, decisiveness of purpose, the intellect to conceive, and the *pluck* to execute; and now in the absence of Mr. Webster and Legare, there is no man to check him, for, granting that Mr. Wickliffe has the mind, he has not the courage to contend with him outright; and as for Mr. Upshur, he has not seen enough of the wear and tear of practical life to be any match at all for the enterprising spirit of Mr. Spencer. Mr. Tyler himself is just now blindfolded by Mr. Spencer. He surrenders himself to his guidance, acts under his impulses, and it may be added, with but few exceptions, is under his control.—*Cin. Chronicle.*

From the Cin. Gazette of July 7.

Official.

We find in the Madisonian of Saturday afternoon the following official announcation of the appointment of JOHN NELSON, Esq. to the office of Attorney General of the United States.

John Nelson, of Maryland, has accepted the appointment tendered him by the President, of Attorney General of the United States in the place of the Hon. Hugh S. Legare.

We are sure the above announcement will be satisfactory intelligence to our readers. Mr. Nelson is alike distinguished for his extraordinary legal attainments, his great intellect, and his irreproachable character.

The Madisonian also publishes the following important rumor, of the truth of which of course there can be no doubt.

There is a rumor in circulation in this city, in which we are inclined to repose some confidence, that the Navy Department has been offered to the Hon. David Henshaw of Massachusetts.

BUNKER HILL.

History of the Battle.

We copy the following interesting account of the Battle of Bunker Hill, from the N. Y. Commercial:

Wend we now to Bunker's Hill, and meditate in anticipation thare awhile. The monument commands an extensive panoramic view, encircling Boston, its harbor dotted with green islands, and the numerous villages that on almost every side surrounded the cities of Boston and Charlestown. Standing on this spot, by the blood of heroes, whom we have been taught to revere in the first lessons from maternal lips, and memorable as the scene of the first and most important battle in a revolution which has marked the great era in the history of modern nations—standing on this spot, thus hallowed by recollections of greatness and heroism, the memory reverts to those days, while imagination is busy in picturing the scenes and noting the events which have thus made sacred the name of Bunker Hill.

On Saturday, the 17th of June, 1775—sixty-eight years ago—was this memorable battle fought. Yonder, in plain sight, about three and a half miles to the West, near the college in Cambridge, where the head-quarters of the general and commander-in-chief of the Massachusetts forces—the Hon. Artemas Ward, who had received his commission from the Massachusetts Congress on the 21st of May. His general orders were copied and obeyed by all the troops in Massachusetts, which at the time of the battle amounted to fifteen thousand men.—Of these about ten thousand belonged to Massachusetts. At Cambridge, under General Ward were about eighteen thousand Connecticut troops. The latter, with Sargent's, and Patterson's regiments, were under the immediate command of General Putnam, in a central and advanced position, near Inman's farm, where the enemy landed previous to the battle of Lexington.

The right wing of the army, consisting of about two thousand Massachusetts, two thousand Connecticut, and one thousand Rhode Island men, was stationed at Roxbury, under the command of Lieutenant General Thomas, who had with him three or four companies of artillery, with small field pieces, and one or two large cannon. He extended a portion of his troops toward the seaboard in Dorchester. At Medford were about one thousand New Hampshire men under Colonels Reed and Stark, and a detachment of the troops from the same State, together with three companies of Gerrish's regiment belonging to Massachusetts, at Chelsea, forming the left wing of the army.

Massachusetts' Congress had on the 10th of May ordered a regiment of artillery to be raised, but as yet it was scarcely organized.

The train consisting of only one six pound and eight three pound cannon. Colonel Richard Gridley was appointed chief, and William Burbeck, second, engineer; but the latter was attached to the ordnance department, and Gridley had no assistant engineers. It was impossible for him to supply this defect, and he was almost too old for service. But if military science, skill and experience could have overcome these difficulties, there was not an officer in America more capable of accomplishing it. Colonel Gridley was born in Boston, in 1711, and was a brother of the distinguished lawyer J. Gridley, known as "the giant of the law." He entered the English service in 1745, and under Bonner, a distinguished engineer, at once became a adept in his profession, and like Archimedes, acquired celibrity in the war of seiges. He distinguished himself at the first and the second conquest of Louisburg, in Cape Breton, by the English, and commanded the provincial artillery at the seige of Quebec by the immortal Wolfe.

General Thomas accepted the appointment of lieutenant general on the 27th of May, and brought a regiment from Plymouth. He was a man of superior talents and education, a pure patriot and a gallant soldier. He had served in the former war with reputation, and already distinguished himself in this. General Gage, taking advantage of his feeble force at Roxbury, resolved to drive him from that important post. But the vigilance of General Thomas detected the design, and, by a *ruse de guerre* he defeated it. By manouvering his troops in sight of the enemy, he gave them the appearance of much greater numbers than he possessed, and thus caused the enemy to relinquish the enterprise.

General Ward was a gentleman of liberal education and vigorous understanding. He had been a member of the council, speaker of the assembly, and chief justice of one of the courts in Massachusetts.—He had also served with reputation in the war of 1756, in which he was a lieutenant colonel, at the storming of Ticonderoga, under Abercrombie, and soon after commander of a regiment.

The British army in Boston at the time of the Lexington battle, numbered about four thousand and by the last of May reinforcements arrived which increased the number to ten thousand; it was under the command of General Gage, who had served with reputation in Europe and in America. He had married an American lady, and was popular in the colony, and disposed to moderate expedients, until he sacrificed his own judgement to the advice of violent partisans.

He had under him some of the most distinguished officers of the British Empire, among whom were Howe, Clinton, Burgoyne, Pigot, Grant and Robinson; and Lords Percy and Rawdon. The troops were the choicest England possessed. Attached to this army there was a squadron of Cavalry, to whose use the Old South Church, still standing in Washington street, was appropriated. The light infantry was encamped on the heights of West Boston. There was a strong battery for cannon and mortars on Copp's Hill, facing Charlestown, and strong lines and batteries extended across the neck on the side of Roxbury; a battery at the Northern extremity of the town, another on Fort Hill and one at Fox Hill on the Common.

The narrow quarters of the British galled their pride. Burgoyne declared that they would have elbow room enough, and General Gage proclaimed his mortification in saying "that the Americans affected to hold the British army besieged." Accordingly they determined to leave Boston and take possession of Charlestown and Dorchester Heights. The 18th of June had been fixed on to attack the latter place, but before that day arrived, the Americans provided other occupation for the British arms.

On Friday, the 16th of June, General Ward issued orders to Colonels Prescott and Bridge and the commandant of Colonel Frye's regiment to have their men ready for immediate service.—They were all yeomen, and accustomed to the severe toils of the farm, beneath the summer's sun. The former two regiments were from Middlesex, and the latter from Essex county. Captain Gridley's new company of artillery, with two field pieces, and one hundred and twenty men from Connecticut regiment under Captain Knowlton, were included in the order. Col. Gridley accompanied the expedition as chief engineer. The whole detachment consisted of about a thousand men, furnished with provisions for one day. Col. Prescott was ordered to proceed to Charlestown in the evening, and to take possession of, fortify, and defend Bunker's Hill. The purpose of the expedition was not known to the men until they arrived at Charlestown, where they, found the wagons laden with intrenching tools.

About 9 o'clock the expedition was in motion.—Prescott, with two sergeants, leading the way, having dark lanterns open only to the rear, about six paces in front of the troops.

Colonel Prescott, at this time a member of the Massachusetts Congress, was already a veteran, in whom age had begun to display its ravages; but the fire of his youth was undimmed. In early life he had received a commission in the provincial army, and, with many of his neighborhood assisted General Winslow in the conquest of Nova Scotia. His military talents attracted admiration, and he was urged in vain to accept a commission in the royal army. His figure was tall and commanding—with this, and his formidable sword, he needed no uniform to distinguish him as a leader.—On this occasion he wore a couple calico frock, which caused some of the British soldiers, in giving an account of the battle, to describe the American commander as "a farmer dressed in his frock."

General Putnam joined the expedition and seems to have had the principal direction and superintendence. On the first news of the battle of Lexington he mounted his horse and rode day and night till he arrived at Cambridge, where he attended a council of war on the 21st of April. His brief and forcible arguments in favour of taking and fortifying Bunker's Hill prevailed, over the objections of Generals Ward and Warren.

A brief sketch of the natural features and position of the scene of this battle may assist the imagination of the reader. Charlestown is situated on a peninsula, with Charles river on the South and Mystic river on the North. It is eleven hundred yards across from North to South, and one mile and forty-three rods from East to West, at which extremity the two rivers approach each other and form a neck of land but one hundred and thirty yards over. Breed's Hill is sixty two feet high. At its Southern base is situated Charlestown. The North side is steep, and protected at the bottom by a small impassable slough. Bunker's Hill lies North West of Breed's, and is one hundred and ten feet high. The summits of the two are distant from each other one hundred and thirty rods.

The detachment from Cambridge, when it had reached this side of the neck, was undecided as to the position to be taken. The orders Prescott had received designated Bunker's Hill; but Breed's Hill, was far better adapted to the position and better suited to the adventurous spirit of the commanding officers. It was only after repeated and urgent warnings from the engineer that father delay would nullify all their labors, that the works were commenced on Breed's Hill, when the clock had struck the midnight hour. The intrenchments consisted of a redoubt and a breast work. The redoubt was eight rods square. The strongest side faced Charlestown, protecting the South side of the hill. The Eastern side commanded a very extensive field, and a breast work ran in a line with it North down to the slough. Between the south end of the breast-work and the redoubt was a narrow passage-way, or sally-port, protected in front by a blind, and there was an open passage-way in the North side of the redoubt. It was determined at the same time that a work should be erected on Bunker's Hill, as a new post and rallying point to resort to should the enemy drive them from the first, and for the protection of the rear. It was clear starlight and the proximity of the enemy demanded close vigilance. Colonel Prescott proceeded to the shore with Major Brooks to reconnoiter. Every thing they found quiet; but distinctly heard the enemy relieving guard, and the sentries cry "All's well!"

The men being quietly at work, General Putnam repaired to his camp to prepare for the anticipated crisis, by bringing on reinforcements.

The midnight work went on, and those burdened monuments secured the results of long years of liberty and prosperity to a nation.

Even the narrow space occupied by the river's bed was wider than the distance between these midnight laborers and their enemies. Five armed vessels then floated in the stream, and the Boston shore was guarded by a belt of sentinels. The Glasgow frigate, with twenty guns and one hundred and thirty men, lay on the line of the Cragie's Point bridge, and commanded the neck of land by which the peninsula of Charlestown is united to Cambridge; the Somerset with sixty-eight guns and five hundred and twenty men, lying near the draw of the present Charlestown bridge, commanded Charlestown square and its dwelling houses; the Lively, with twenty guns and one hundred and thirty men, lying off the present navy yard, could throw its shot directly on the redoubts; the Falcon slop-of-war, lying off Morton's Point, defended the secret between the landing places of the British and Breed's Hill; and the Cerebus, of thirty-six guns, maintained a continued fire during the action.

The instant the first beams of light marked the outlines of the American intrenchments, the cannon of the Lively, which floated nearest, opened a hot fire upon them, at the same time arousing the slumbering inhabitants of Boston to come forth as spectators or actors in the bloody tragedy about to ensue. The other armed vessels, some floating batteries, and the battery on Copp's Hill continued to pour forth their volleys, uttering a startling note of preparation for the day's conflict. The works, though not completed, were in such a forward state that the missiles fell harmless, and the intrenchers continued to strengthen their position. But one of the men, venturing forward of the works, was killed, when to dispel the terror occasioned by his death, Prescott mounted the works, and with his bald head uncovered, encouraged the men in their labor.

He was seen by Gage from Copp's Hill, who inquired of Counsellor Willard, by his side, "who is that officer commanding?" Willard recognized his brother-in-law, and told it was Col. Prescott. "Will he fight?" asked Gage. The answer was—"Yes, sir, depend upon it, to the last drop of blood in him; I cannot answer for his men." But Prescott could, and did answer for them.

The measures of the enemy were undoubtedly delayed by surprise and amazement; but at length, after a council of war, General Gage determined to land his forces at Morton's Point, in front of the works, fearing that if he landed at the neck, according to the advice of General Clinton and the majority of his officers, his troops would be fulmonily surrounded by the intrenchers on the hill and the whole army at Cambridge.

Meanwhile General Ward, though repeatedly solicited by Gen. Putnam, who had been on the ground by night or early in the morning, and by messengers sent from Prescott, hesitated about weakening the strength of the main army by sending reinforcements to the heights; for the enemy had not yet landed, and he had good reason to fear they might divide their troops, and while engaged with the intrenchers effect a landing at some other point, and proceed to Watertown or Cambridge where the scanty stores of the provincials were deposited.

By nine o'clock the preparations in Boston, heard and seen by Prescott on the hill, informed him of the determination of the British to attack the redoubt. He then sent Major Brooks to General Ward to urge the necessity of his being reinforced. Brooks, being obliged to proceed on foot, arrived at Cambridge about ten o'clock. General Ward was at length, after urgent solicitation, induced to send an order to Colonels Reed and Stark, then at Medford, to reinforce Prescott with the New Hampshire troops, which, in number, about a thousand, must have reached the scene of action about noon.

Dr. Joseph Warren, who had received the commission of major general the 14th of June, had arrived at Cambridge about daylight from Watertown, where he had officiated the day before as president of the Congress, and had spent the night in public business. He threw himself on the bed—sick with a nervous headache. On receiving information that the enemy were coming out, Ward sent to notify him. He arose immediately, declared his headache was gone, mounted his horse, and, with his fusie and sword, repaired to the post of danger.

At noon twenty-eight barges, formed in two parallel lines, left the end of Long-Wharf, in Boston, and made for Morton's Point, the most feasible landing place. The barges were filled with British Troops of the 5th, 38th, 43rd and 52nd battalions, of infantry, two companies of grenadiers, and two of light infantry. These troops were splendidly appointed with glittering fire locks and bayonets, and furnished with provisions intended to last three days. Their regular and uniform appearance, with six pieces of ordnance shining in the bows of the leading barges, presented an imposing spectacle to our raw soldiery.

The detachment landed about one o'clock, defended by the shipping and wholly unmolested. They soon discovered that a portion of cannon balls were too large for their pieces. These were immediately returned to Boston, but not replaced in season for the first action. About two o'clock a reinforcement landed at Maclin's ship yard—now the navy yard. It consisted of the 47th battalion of infantry, a battalion of marines, and some more companies of grenadiers and light infantry. The whole number of British troops engaged in the action did not fall short of, and probably exceeded four thousand.—They have been estimated on good authority at five thousand. In connexion with this force we are to consider the marines in the ship which cannonaded three sides of the hill, and the six gun battery on Copp's Hill, as engaging in the unequal contest.

While the enemy were landing, Putnam ordered Captain Knowlton, with the Connecticut troops, to take post behind a rail fence, under a small part of which a stone wall was piled to the height of two feet. The fence ran across the tongue of land which lay between Mystic river on the North and Bunker's and Breed's Hills on the South. In front of this fence were a few apple trees and a few in the rear. The provincials pulled up some other fences near by, and set them in a line with this, among the space between with fresh mown hay. The length of this slight defence was about seven hundred feet. It was about six hundred feet in the rear of the redoubt and breastwork, and had it been on a line with them would have left a space of one hundred feet between the ends of the earthen and the wooden defences. Thus there was an opening of about seven hundred feet on the slope of the hill, between the intrenchments and the rail fence, which the provincials had not time to secure.

The thundering cannonade of the enemy soon gave warning of the approaching engagement.—The Americans in the neighborhood flocked to the scene, the soldiers ran voluntarily to arms, and entreated to be led against the foe. Roxbury was heavily cannonaded to prevent the forces there from proceeding to Charlestown. This, added to the continued roar of the batteries and shipping on the side of Chaelestown, told that the battle had begun. The British artillery on Morton's Hill opened on the Americans, while Gridley's pieces returned the fire from the open space between the breast works and the rail fence. Several companies now joined the forces on Bunker's Hill. Putnam ordered them to their posts—some to the rail fence, and some to the redoubt and breast-work.

Among the volunteers who at this time, just as the battle was commencing, joined the army, were General Pomeroy, a distinguished veteran from Northampton, styled "the Putnam of Connecticut River," and the immortal General Warren, who took his station at the redoubt, and obeyed the orders of Colonel Prescott.

At about three o'clock the British army advanced, the right wing led by general Howe against the rail fence, with nine companies on the bank of the Mystic River, designed to turn the left wing of the Americans. The left wing was led by General Pigot against the redoubt and the breast-work. The British lines soon opened to view, and the Americans were with difficulty restrained from firing. Putnam, the only officer on horse-back during the battle, rode through the lines, and ordered that no one should fire until the enemy arrived within eight rods, and not then until commanded. "Powder was scarce and must not be wasted. They should not fire at the enemy till they saw the white of their eyes, and then fire low; take aim at their waistbands. Aim at the fine coats—pick off the commanders." Such were Putnam's orders; and they were reiterated by Prescott, at the redoubt, by Pomeroy, Stark and the veteran officers.

The enemy being now only eight rods distant, the deadly muskets were levelled. Prescott commanded his men to take good aim, be sure of their mark; and fire. He was obeyed, and nearly the whole front rank were swept away, and many a gallant soldier laid low. As the cloud of smoke rolled away the ground was seen covered with the dead and dying.—Rank, however, succeeded rank, and returned the fire. But the Americans were well protected by their works and poured forth again and again their deadly volleys. The efforts and courage of the enemy were in vain, and with sursly reluctance they were compelled to retreat, as they were commanded to do by General Pigot himself.

About the time of this attack on the redoubt, the British right wing arrived within one hundred yards of the Americans behind the fence, and were compelled by the heavy fire of the American musketry to follow the example of the left wing and retire, leaving the ground covered with their wounded and dead. The shout of victory then rang through the American lines.

General Ward had by this time despatched reinforcements from Cambridge, but many of them did not reach the field. The fire from the Glasgow across the neck were too terrible an aspect for raw troops to venture on it. Putnam flew to the spot, and by riding back and forth across the neck, endeavored to overcome their fears, but in vain. A few only could be persuaded to pass over.

The British general had now rallied his troops, who with undaunted bravery and firm, unwavering step, again appeared before the murderous lines, which had already compelled them to retreat. One new obstacle they had to overcome. They had to pass over the dead bodies of their fellow soldiers, which with dreadful desperation they piled up into a breast-work to fire from.—Major Small, who had been sent to Boston for the purpose, returned with the last of the reinforcements—a few companies of marines. British artillery approached to within three hundred yards of the rail fence, almost in a line with the redoubt, and opened on the lines to prepare a way for their infantry.

To add new horror to the scene, vast columns of flame and smoke were seen to rise from Charlestown. General Howe on his first advance had sent word to Generals Burgoyne and Clinton, on Copp's Hill, that his left flank was annoyed by musketry from Charlestown, and desired them to burn it down. A caisson was fired but fell short by the ferry; a second fell in the street and the town was on fire. The conflagration was completed by a detachment from the Somerset.

The Americans were now ordered to allow the British to approach still near than before. At six rods only were they permitted to return the fire.

At length the Americans paused in their murderous discharge, which fell on the enemy like lightening, prostrating whole ranks of officers and men, laying them in promiscuous heaps. Nearly a thousand of their number had fallen, with an incredible proportion of their bravest officers.—Howe still led on his men in the hottest of the battle. His volunteer aid, Gordon, and Captain Addison, a descendant of the author of the Spectator, were slain, and almost every other officer of his staff, or near him, was shot. For himself, General Howe seemed to court an honorable death to escape the disgrace of a second defeat by an enemy he despised as peasants and rebels. But his life seemed charmed, and he was compelled to follow his army, who again retreated, and yielded their enemy a second time the joys of victory.

The exultation of the Americans was well earned, but, alas! short-lived.

The brave General Clinton now joined his countrymen, bringing his superior talents into the council, and his distinguished gallantry into the field. Howe again commanded a forward movement—the works and rush on the enemy with the bayonet. He came to the left, to lead against the redoubt himself. Clinton joined General Pigot, and the marines on the left to turn the right flank of the Americans. Howe at last discovered the key of their position. The artillery were ordered to advance still farther, on their old route toward the rail fence, turn to the left of the breast-work and enfilade the line.

The Americans made every preparation to repel this last desperate effort. Putnam used every effort to bring on the scattered reinforcements. He ordered Gardner's regiment, from the work of intrenching Bunker's Hill into action. Col. Gardiner was shot before he reached the scene, but he gave his dying injunction to his men to conquer or die.

The British artillery advanced to the open space between the breast-work and rail-fence, and sent their balls through the open gateway, or sally port, directly into the redoubt under cover of which the troops at the breast work were compelled to retire.

At the redoubt the enemy had reached the Eastern side, and the Americans retired to the opposite side to take them as they rose. A few only of the Americans had a charge of ammunition remaining. They resorted next to stones, but these only served to betray their weakness, and lent new energy to their assailants.

Young Richardson, of the royal Irish, was the first to mount the works, and was shot down.—The front rank which succeeded shared the same fate. Among the foremost of their leaders was the gallant Major Pitcairn, who exultingly exclaimed, "The day is ours!" when Salem, a black soldier, and a number of others, shot him through, and he fell. It was Pitcairn who shed the first blood at Lexington. The heroic but diminutive Pigot ran up to the Southeastern corner of the redoubt, and desperately led on his men. Troops succeeded troops over the parapet, and Prescott exhausted every resource to repel them, even with the butts of his guns. But he had now his last great victory to achieve. He had twice conquered the enemy—he had now to conquer himself, and turn his back upon the victors. Careless of his own life, he had no right to trifle with the lives of others. His troops fought their way through the surrounding enemy, and left the British to enjoy the satisfaction of responding to the hurrahs of victory, which had been twice pealed forth by their antagonists.

The obnxious Warren lingered to the last.—He animated the men to the most desperate daring, and when hope itself had fled he still disdained to fly. As he left the redoubt he was recognized by his friend Major Small, whose life had during the battle been saved by General Putnam. Small ordered his men not to fire, but in vain.—The fatal ball had sped. Eighty yards from the redoubt Warren received a musket ball through the head, which killed him instantly; securing to him immortal fame and the eternal gratitude to his country.

The British came on, but exhausted by their desperate efforts beneath the blazing sun, they had not force enough to employ their bayonets, and they were too much broken and mingled with the enemy to fire their pieces. The right and left wing were, indeed, facing each other, with the Americans between. Their fire would have cut down both friend and foe.

But while they formed themselves anew, the Americans achieved a brave and orderly retreat. They had gone about twenty rods when the enemy, having had time to rally, poured in a destructive fire, which destroyed more than they had lost before during the day. The American left wing were congratulating themselves on their victory when their flank was opened by the retreat of the right. The enemy pressed on them, and they were in their turn compelled to retire.—The Americans withdrew to Bunker's Hill, to Prospect Hill, and Winter Hill, where they remained during the night. The battle lasted about two hours—the retreat commenced at five, or a little before.

The number of Americans during the battle was fluctuating, but they may be estimated at about four thousand. Their loss was one hundred and fifteen killed and missing, three hundred and five wounded, and thirty captured—in all four hundred and fifty.

The British loss was about fifteen hundred; two hundred and twenty-six killed, including nineteen officers, and eight hundred and twenty-eight wounded, seventy of them officers.

In this battle the British gained only a nominal victory, while the Americans really triumphed. They destroyed entirely the physical and moral force of the British army—imprisoned them within their narrow limits and prevented their excursions. The enemy in America never afterwards recovered their confidence, and by this single battle the final success of the American Revolution was secured.

MEDICAL NOTICE.

R. J. FLOURNOY, M. D.

Graduate of Transylvania University, and late from the Medical College Ohio.

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Boone, Grant, and Kenton Counties, in all the various branches of his profession, viz: Medicine, Surgery, Dentistry, Obstetrics, and diseases of Women and Children. He vouches to cure all cases of Milk Sickness, (if called on in time,) as the correct pathology of the disease has never been understood until now.—He is prepared to treat successfully, all chronic diseases, such as Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, &c. He is prepared with a new and improved apparatus to treat cases of Prolapsus Uteri, (or falling of the womb) and other affections to which the female is subject, also all cases of Phthisis pulmonalis (or consumption) as he was a private pupil of one of the professors in Transylvania University, who is the Western promulgator of auscultation and percussion, which knowledge is indispensable to a correct diagnosis and treatment of thoracic diseases. Also, every disease to which the human frame is subject—patronage is solicited.

Residence, 14 miles north of Crittenden, Grant County, Ky., on the old Georgetown road.

N. B. Charges low to suit the times.

June, 1843. 48 3w

DRY GOODS CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST.

WE are daily receiving large additions to our extensive stock of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods; Trimmings; Bonnets; Hats; Ladies' Shoes, &c, which we are selling at retail at city wholesale prices. Having the advantage of purchasing Goods constantly in the cities, either direct from importers, manufacturers, and at auction on terms equal to jobbing houses there. And as we are frequently receiving large consignments of Goods in our line for sale at auction without reserve, and at private sale at auction prices, we can, assure our numerous customers and the public that our facilities for procuring Goods cheap are unsurpassed, and we pledge ourselves at all times to furnish Goods equal in quality, and slower rates than can be bought of any other establishment west of the mountains.

N. B.—City and country dealers can always find an extensive and well selected assortment of staple and fancy Dry Goods, which they can purchase of us for cash at eastern wholesale prices, with the addition of freight only. The second and third stories of our store are devoted exclusively to the wholesale business.

HAYDEN, ELLIOTT & Co.

Auctioneers and Commision Merchants

No. 221 Main st. 4 doors above 5th.

Cincinnati, June 30. 46

BELL AND BRASS FOUNDRY.

On Walnut st., between Front and Second streets,

CINCINNATI, O.

CHARLES STANLEY, takes this method of returning thanks to the public for the patronage hitherto bestowed upon him, and hopes by strict attention to business, to merit the same. He has on hand at all times, engine, cabin, and steamboat Bells, of every description; brass Banisters and Railings, for steamboats, taverns or any other purpose; brass and composition cocks; hose and salt well Joints; Door Plates and Knockers; Fountain Cocks and Generator works of the latest improvements, made and repaired; Oil Globes, Cylinder and Gage Cocks, Copper and Tron Rivetsmith, Spelter Solder; Counter Scales, for druggists, grocers, &c. All kinds of work made to model or drawing on the shortest notice. Cash paid for old Copper and Brass, or taken in exchange.

GUN MOUNTINGS kept constantly on hand.

N. B.—Lamps and ornamental brass work rebronzed and gilt equal to new.

April 22, 1843. 39

M. M. Benton,

HAS been appointed, by the EIGHTH CIRCUIT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, KENTUCKY DISTRICT, Commissioner to take acknowledgments of bail, affidavits and the depositions of witnesses in Civil Cases, and to exercise the other powers conferred on such Commissioners, by the acts of Congress.

May 6, 1843. 41

Wanted Immediately,

SOME lots of Grogs 6 Twist and 12 Plug Tobacco, to fill orders.

A. G. RICHARDSON,

[Columbia St., near Main.]

Cincinnati, June 17th, 1843. 47tf.

LICKING VALLEY REGISTER.

RICHARD C. LANGDON, EDITOR.

COVINGTON, KY.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1843.

FOR CONGRESS,

WILLIAM R. WALL.

Laying the Corner Stone.

The Corner Stone of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Covington, will be laid this morning at ten o'clock, with the usual ceremonies. Rev. E. W. Sehon, of Cincinnati, will deliver an address on the occasion. The citizens of Covington are respectfully invited to attend.

The Weather.

During the last week, was unusually hot. On Friday and Saturday the Thermometer stood, at 2 o'clock, P. M., 94 and 96 in the shade where the sun could have no direct influence. On Monday the weather became cooler, and continued so for a day or two. Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock, thermometer down to 68, making thirty degrees difference between Saturday at 2, P. M. and Wednesday 8, A. M. The weather has again become hot.

Fourth of July.

As far as we have heard, this national anniversary has been celebrated by our fellow citizens in a highly appropriate manner. Military Encampments and parades, Temperance Meetings and addresses, Sabbath School exercises, marchings, &c., formed the general mode of testifying the joy the people felt on this highly important national Jubilee. We neither saw nor heard of any intemperance or drunkenness, as has too often, heretofore, marred the glory and beauty of this day.

In Covington, our Fire Companies and Tobacconists made a handsome appearance. The Sunday Schools united, formed a beautiful and most interesting appearance. Indeed, who that looked upon that gathering together of the youth and little children of our city, could fail to feel in them a deep and abiding interest. They are to fill the places of the present actors on life's busy stage; links in the chain of generations that shall perpetuate and keep alive our charter, of American Liberty, and preserve our free institutions to after ages. In every little boy we see a future patriot—in every little girl a matron mother.

A Faithful Servant.

It is just as we anticipated, and what we had previously told our friends, when we saw the blackguard attack made upon us by the Old School Republicans, that the 'Post Master here would take the publication of the list of letters from us and give it to the "*Visiter*." Now we do not think Mr. Martin would have made the change of his own free will and accord, but the poor fellow knew he stood on tickliish ground, and became fearful that his "*bread and butter*" might be endangered by continuing to publish in a paper that had independence enough to denounce rascality and corruption, in his master's master. Well, a man should not quarrel with his *bread and butter*, even if it is a sorry slice and poorly greased at that. Many think it better to sacrifice principle, apostatize from their former faith, and become ungrateful, than to go hungry, or resort to honest labor for a living.

The Licking Valley Register circulates over two hundred papers in and around the City.—We are informed that the "Visiter" has about sixty City subscribers. If the public shall be benefited by this change, we have nothing to say—it is right—the sum for advertising is of no moment.

Printers and Postmasters should be on good terms with each other, if possible, their daily intercourse demands it; but we know, in what we have said, we shall probably incur the displeasure of our neighbor. If so, we cannot help it. When we see a flagrant breach of propriety and of duty in a public officer, we shall notice it, let the delinquent be whom he may. The instructions from the Post Office Department, are that *the List of Letters shall be published in the nearest newspaper having the greatest circulation*. Is Mr. Martin in the line of his duty, by making the change he has, and what excuse can he offer? The Visiter is as strongly opposed to Tyleriism as the Register. Does he want to make a Tyleriite of Mr. Campbell? We think he "can't come it."

John Tyler's popularity.

To many it has been matter of surprise how it was possible for him to be so entirely ignorant of his true position before the American people. It is not because the press, Whig and Democrat, withheld from the country the sentiments of the people every where expressed, in relation to his course and policy. But there are a few, and to the honor of the general press, *but a few*, whose elastic "consciences" can brave its scorpion sting, who praise the man, extol his name, or attempt to justify his political somersets, or palliate his treachery: these papers are industriously thrown in his way, by those around him, who have deep interest in this matter, whilst all papers which speak of him truly, and shew him up to the world as he really is, are suppressed. He is allowed to see no papers until they have been previously examined and assorted *ready for his eye*. Hence his entire ignorance of public sentiment in relation to himself. The Louisville Journal has this paragraph:

"A writer in the Madisonian, evidently John Tyler or his son Bob, says his Accidency is at this moment the most popular man in the United States. The miserable Accident sees and hears the abject fawnings and flatteries of a few contemptible office-seekers, and mistakes such things for the adoration and the eulogy of the country. He is like the ass, who, lying in the gutter and rooted by hogs, fancied himself reposing upon a bed of purple and gold and kissed by the ladies."

Two Commissions for one Post Office.

Chas. W. Roberts, who was appointed Postmaster at Salem, in this State, seeing the general course of Mr. Tyler, sent in his resignation a short time since. We learn by the Standard that on Wednesday morning two commissions were received in the town—one for Solomon H. Merrill, the former Postmaster, under Mr. Van Buren, and the other for Wm. Mulford, one of the Vice Presidents of the late Tyler Conventions at Trenton! Mr. Merrill was dated one day later than the other, and of course confers upon him the appointment. So that the Tyler man is filled who cares? But what an exhibition of Tylerism!—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

Election.

It may be seen from the democratic papers that the democratic party is making unusual efforts just now to obtain the ascendancy in the good old Commonwealth of Kentucky. They hope to carry several of the Congressional Districts on account of supposed divisions in the Whig party. Here in the 10th District, they flatter themselves a good deal. They think many whigs are not satisfied with their candidates; and they hope for luke-warmness among them, to say the least. We must say, that although their expectations may possibly be realized, they are very unreasonable. Why should a whig vote for Col. Tibbatts? Why should a whig not vote against him? If a man should vote for Col. Tibbatts who does not feel attached to either party, to him we have nothing to say. He would be right in so doing: having reasons satisfactory to himself, so doubt. But the man who feels attached to the great principles of national policy, supported by the whig party—that upon these principles the national Government should be administered—that Mr. Clay is the man who has more than once sacrificed bright prospects for the sake of those principles, we cannot but be surprised, as it will indeed be surprising and unreasonable, when a man with such views is found aiding Col. Tibbatts! Great efforts are making to defeat Maj. Wall by the democrats, and from what we are able to learn from the district generally, Col. Tibbatts will get a full democratic vote, and this should be a lesson to the Whigs. Whilst the democrats are making an united effort to select a man of *ambiguous* political faith, merely because he is opposing a *fair out* whig—the whigs are expected in some instances to assist them. This is surely an unreasonable expectation, and we think they must be disappointed. Let us learn from the enemy. The democrats will support a fishy democrat in order to discomfit the whig party—in defeating a good whig. Let the Whigs support Maj. Wall—a good whig—in order to *disappoint* them. Let it be said after the August election, that a battle has been fought, in which the whigs contended for their long cherished principles, and the democrats fought—to *discomfit Mr. Clay*, this is the issue, though our adversaries try to keep it out of sight. Col. Tibbatts and his *friends* tried their best to have the battle fought upon the question, "Ought Mr. Southgate of Maj. Wall to be the whig candidate?" He hoped, upon that question, to make a good many whigs believe that Mr. Southgate had been so badly used, that therefore they ought to vote for *him*; because he (Col T.) would *have been afraid* to run against Mr. Southgate. This string has been pulled so hard, that we think it is broken. We are satisfied that in Kenton it will not do; in Boone, Gallatin and Grant we understand from reliable sources, that they *can't come it*. In Campbell, we have reason to fear that there is danger, not from Mr. Southgate's friends, who, like himself, are true as steel every where, but from *other influences*. Should our apprehensions in regard to Campbell prove to be well founded, which we hope may not be the case, the loss there cannot defeat us. The county of Bracken is at her post.—Mr. Marshall goes for whig principles regardless of personal disappointment, and in a manner too, as we are, no doubt, correctly informed, which will cause him to be remembered by those who value the success of his principles higher than the advancement of a favorite. As to the other counties, we are convinced that any *figuring*, which does not give Maj. Wall the strength of his party full out, and a *little over*, will prove false. We would make this remark to the whigs: that their enemies are trying to strike a Tarpin blow in this District to the whig ascendancy in Kentucky, and the whigs should be up and a doing. The election of Col. T. would be sounded from one end of the country to the other, as the downfall of Mr. Clay, and that too, after trying to make himself acceptable to the whigs by promising, under certain circumstances, to go for Mr. Clay. The democrats understand him, and therefore they are willing for him to "steal off" a few whigs in that way. Let us not be imposed upon.

The Death of the Rev. Geo. Beecher, who is the son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, of Cincinnati, is thus noticed by a Collinsville paper of the 1st inst, it being from the verdict of the Coroner's Jury, which is:—"That the deceased on the morning of this day, went into his own garden with a short double-barrelled shot gun, for the purpose of shooting birds which were gathering his fruit and buds—that he made one shot at the birds from one of the barrels of the gun, that the other barrel was loaded with powder and shot, and that, in a short time afterwards, say between five and ten minutes, he raised the muzzle of said gun to his mouth for the purpose, as is believed, of looking into the barrel of the gun at which time and during which act, the barrel of said gun which was loaded, accidentally and casually went off, discharging its whole contents in at the left corner of his mouth, the shot passing obliquely upward through the brain and skull and out through his hat causing instant death."

Joe Smith.

The Burlington Hawkeye of the 29th states that a rumor has been in general circulation in that town for some few days past, that the prophet had been arrested at Ottowa. The story there was, that an Illinoian, to obtain the reward of $1000 *offered* by the authorities of Missouri for Joe's apprehension, had joined the Mormons and become intimate with the prophet. He extended to him an invitation to take a jaunt across the country to Ottowa, and there incarcerated him in jail. The report was also prevalent there that an armed force of Mormons had started from Nauvoo to liberate him.—St. Louis Rep.

A writ of habeas corpus has been sued out, and Smith has been taken before Judge Caton for trial. We understand also that the persons who arrested Smith are in jail on a charge of false imprisonment.

Affection of the Swallow.—As a person was shooting Swallows a few days ago, at Opaldwick, he fired at and wounded one, which fell as if its wing was broken, to within a few feet of the earth, when another swallow flew directly underneath and bore it gently up.—After having attained a considerable elevation the bird underneath withdrew its support; but finding the bird was sinking again to the earth, it resumed its station, and once more raised it in the air. This was done several times; till at last the bird which was wounded flew away, as if it had not been hurt—its companion following it. This is a remarkable instance of attachment and sympathy in the feathered tribe at we have ever heard of.

POLITICAL.

From the National Forum.

History and Characteristics of Loco Focoism.

Political parties are much better understood by the practical operation of their principles than by the professions and cries of an electioneering contest. *Locofocoism* is remarkable for its assumption of popular designations, and for its appeals to the passions and prejudices by delusive epithets. By means of a single word—*Democracy*—it has been enabled to hold spell-bound a large number of the unreflecting portion of the community, who are influenced more by names than things. Democracy and Locofocoism, to the discriminating observer who knows any thing of the meaning of the former word as applied to a political party in this country, have no affinity whatever. The Democratic party instituted by Thomas Jefferson during the administration of John Adams had for its cardinal principle the reduction of Executive power. Locofocoism, on the contrary, has always advocated preservation and extension of the prerogatives of the Executive. During the administration of Gen. Jackson, the veto, for the first time in the history of the Government, was employed not as a weapon to defend the Constitution, but as an instrument to enforce the *personal* views of the Executive. The views of the President were then paramount to the action of the Legislative branch of the Government, and the latter was taught to regard itself as a subsidary instrument to carry out the intentions of the President. In a word, the one man power grew supreme, and the will of the President became as omnipotent as the word of the Russian Czar. In imitation of Gen. Jackson, the Governors of the States, of the same political party, set up their individual wills as the standard of law and legislation, and reduced the Legislatures to mere registries for the recording of their edicts. In this practical and alarming increase of Executive power, Locofocoism is at utter variance with the unceasing vigilance manifested by Mr. Jefferson of the powers lodged in the President by the Constitution. Thomas Jefferson would have regarded the modern use of the veto power by the Locofoco Executives as the very essence of despotism.

It would be difficult to find any single instance in which the Locofoco democracy agrees with the democracy of Jefferson and Madison. In truth, no party of which we have any knowledge ever evinced such a radical difference between its professions and practice as this same Locofoco party. At the polls, when votes are to be gained, no party is more strenuous in its denunciations of extravagance and expense in the finances of the Government, and yet, when in power, none is more notorious both for its prodigal waste of the public funds and for their corrupt misapplication. We need only refer to the thirty-five millions annual expenditure of the administration of Mr. Van Buren, in contrast with the twelve millions of J. Q. Adams, and the numerous defalcations of the former, without a single instance of speculation under the latter. Not a State in the Union which has for any length of time, been subjected to Locofoco rule, but exhibits the same traits as those displayed at Washington under the Van Buren administration. Pennsylvania affords, probably, the most complete illustration of the vices of Locofocoism, as it is here, that it has had for a series of years the most unbounded license.

The character of the leaders and public agents selected by this party is discreditable both to the reputation and welfare of the country. Ignorant demagogues, known only for the restless agitation in political pet houses—political adventurers, without moral character or any intellectual elevation, are delegated by the Locofoco party to fill our halls of legislation and to direct the destinies of the State. Such has been the degradation brought upon our Legislatures by Locofoco Representatives that it is with no little difficulty that men of character and talent can be induced to accept of these high public trusts.—As a natural consequence of the degraded stamp of men that the Locofoco party is in the habit of sending to the Legislature, the gravest corruption and the most venal profligacy have become characteristics of the Locofoco legislation and the peaceful halls of legislation have been converted into the arena of factious violence and bloody strife.—We need not call to the minds of our readers any illustrations of these remarks.—The history of Locofocoism in the last Pennsylvania Legislature is too attrocious and too recent to be already forgotten.

Another characteristic of Locofocoism is its indifference to the nature of the doctrines it adopts into its creed, provided they be popular and have a tendency to augment its power. In Rhode Island we find it enrolled under the treasonable banners of Dorrism, and sanctioning civil war, murder, and outrage, and the infamous doctrine that a minority have a right, by force of arms, to overthrow the constituted authorities. Had the rebellion of Dorr proved successful, as it would with a Locofoco President at the head of the Government, no State Government in the Union could, for a moment, have stood against a minority bold enough to threaten its existence by an appeal to arms. Property and life would have been at the mercy of an infuriated mob, and the arm of civil power would have been powerless to protect our homes and firesides—from incendiary violence and rapine. Let it never be forgotten that the entire Locofoco party was arrayed in support of the murderous treason of Dorr. In Mississippi we see this same party advocating repudiation, and publicly proclaiming to the world, through its organ, the Locofoco Governor, that it does not hold the payment of just debts either legally or morally binding. The mere utterance of these sentiments, better stifling a band of firebooters than civilized men, shook the credit and reputation of the American Union, depreciated the stocks of the State and Federal Government, and cast such a blight on the American name and character that a long period of time must elapse before it can be established in the good opinion of the Christian world.

Mr. Calhoun gave the best idea of the Locofoco party when he described it "as held together only by the cohesive power of public plunder." It would puzzle any one to indicate any other fixed principle for its course of action than this very attractive one, or to account for the union within its ranks of so many of the basest demagogues, and most profligate politicians. The passion for public plunder, for the "spoils" of office, gives to the movements of the Locofoco party an energy, zeal, and union of action that enables it to triumph over the less disciplined forces of the friends of law and order, whose chief object of exertion is the securing of good government. It is surprising, however, to see so many respectable citizens still acting with it, after the melancholy experience we have had for the last fourteen years of its extravagance and corruption, and the blighting effects of its destructive policy upon the commerce and trade of the country. It is natural enough that office-seekers and spoil hunters should still find a consolation for all the evils of Locofocoism in the bounties bestowed upon them for services in the war waged upon the credit and trade of the nation, but that other well-disposed citizens should be deluded to self immolation on the Moloch altars of Locofocoism by the hypocritical cry of "Democracy!" "Democracy!" is a matter of astonishment to all enlightened men.

Hon. W. W. Southgate, Esq., of this city, has been appointed by the Governor of this State, Attorney for the Commonwealth in the 2d Judicial District, vice Wm. K. Wall, resigned.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Six Cents Reward.

RAKAWAY from the subscriber, living in Boone County Ky., on the 17th day of April last, and indentured apprentice to the Coopering business, named JOHN A. CLARK.—I do hereby forbid all persons from harboring or employing said boy. SAMUEL McCAIN.

July 8, 1843. w3*

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office at Independence Ky., on the last day of June 1843, which if not taken out in three months, will be sent to the General Post Office as dead letters.

Adams James L.	Smart James P.
Armstrong John H.	Stephenson Reuben
Armstrong John.	Stephenson General G.
Burnham S. W.	Seymore Crocket.
Davis Fleming.	Stuart Wm.
Egelson John L.	Stephens N. B.
Ellis W. G.	Sanders Elizabeth.
Grizzel Solomon.	Sharp John.
Herrendon Mr. Ann.	Stephens E.
Hammond R. B.	Sanders Enoch.
Morgan G.	Stephens James A.
Northcut Wm. B.	Scales J. P.
Rusk Wm. J.	Tucker John A.
Ross Robert.	Tucker George.
Rich Stephen.	Thornton T. F.
Stephens Mrs. E. J.	Vernon Wm.

M. W. GOSSETT, P. M.

Valuable Farm For Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm, formerly the property of Williamson Tribe, dec'd, situated in Boone County, 1 mile from Florence, on the Turnpike Road leading from Cincinnati to Lexington, containing 450 acres. The valuable farm offers inducements to stock raisers which few possess; being well watered, blue grass and possessing abundant and never failing supplies of water. The soil is not inferior to any in the County. The improvements are superior, consisting of a large and commodious Brick dwelling, and all necessary out houses; also, a large and well selected Orchard, of all kinds of fruit. Being only 3 miles from the Ohio River, and 9 from Cincinnati, possesses ready facilities for market.

For terms apply to Benjamin Dulany, adjoining the farm or to myself, by letter directed to Versailles, Ky. ALBERT PRICE.

July 8th 1843. 50 wt

(☞ Louisville Journal, Cincinnati Gazette, copy to the amount of two dollars, and forward their accounts to this Office.

FAMILY BIBLES,

At Reduced Prices.

E. MORGAN & CO., at their old stand on Pearl, the West side of Main street, No. 182, between Third and Fourth streets, sign of the Big Book, will sell a good *FAMILY BIBLE*, substantially bound, at the following prices, at retail:

No. 1, with eleven engravings and Family Record,	$1 50
No. 2, with eleven engravings, and Family Record, and Apocrypha,	1 75
No. 3, with eleven engravings, Family Record, Apocrypha and Concordance,	2 00
No. 4, in gilt binding, with 11 engravings Family Record, Apocrypha and Concordance,	2 50

These Bibles are printed on good fair paper, with plain large type, and well bound in strong leather, by E. MORGAN & Co., Cincinnati; and are superior to those manufactured at the East to be disposed of at auction, which are usually bound in split leather or skivers, the cover of which will come off when the lids are opened a few times.

(☞ *Should any Bible sold by* E. Morgan & Co. *be found imperfect, it will be exchanged.*☜)

Also for sale as above, SCHOOL BIBLES and TESTAMENTS, Pocket Testaments, Hymn Books and a general assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS, Writing Paper, Slates, &c.

Cincinnati, July, 8, 1843. 50.

PEARL STREET HOUSE.

Corner of Pearl and Walnut Street, Cincinnati.

THE subscribers, having leased this spacious establishment, for a term of years, are now ready for the reception of company. The house being located in one of the principal business streets of the city, and at the same time occupying a high and airy position, renders it a very desirable hotel for either the man of business, or the valetudinarian.

The chambers are so constructed as to have a free circulation of air, and many of them are connected with handsomely furnished parlours, with a piazza on both fronts of the house; which is the most pleasantly situated hotel in Cincinnati. The markets being abundantly supplied with provisions, and these afforded at reduced rates, the Proprietors have adopted the following as their present prices, viz:

Boarding, per day, under one week,	$1.00
do one week, and under two weeks, per day	75
do over two weeks, per week,	5.00
Day Boarders, per week,	3.00
Breakfast,	37
Dinner,	50
Supper,	37
Lodging,	37
Horse, per day,	50

The Proprietors pledge themselves to use every means, to give satisfaction to their guests.

BRACHMANNS & WILLIAMS.

July 8, 1843. 50-tf.

MEDICAL NOTICE.

DOCTORS BENNETT & PRETLOW,

HAVE entered into a Partnership in the practice of their Profession, to which they will devote their exclusive attention, and may be found at their Drug Store, corner of Scott street and Market Space, or at their office, on Greenup street, corner of Sixth, where Dr. J. Bennett may be found at night. Dr. Pretlow, at his dwelling on 4th street, between Scott and Madison—at night—Dr. L. E. Bennett at the Drug Store, where all night calls, made at the side door, will be attended to.

Covington, April 29, 1843. 49

TUMBLERS.

AN assortment of pint, half pint, third pint and gill fluted and plain Tumblers, for sale by O. ALDRICH, Agt.

Cincinnati, May 27. 158 Main st.

BANK NOTE TABLE.

Corrected weekly for the Lick. Val. Register, by T. S. GOODMAN & CO., Exchange Brokers, Main st. next Third, Cin.

OHIO.—Life and Trust Co.,		par
Lafayette and Franklin banks		par
Commercial Bank,		par
Western Reserve Bank,		1 dis
Far. & Mechanic's Steubenville,		dis
Commercial Bk of New Lisbon,		dis
Belmont Bk of St. Clairsville,		dis
Bank of Mount Pleasant,		dis
" Marietta,		dis
" Zanesville,		dis
" Circleville, (old)		dis
" Muskingum,		dis
" Norwalk,		dis
" Wooster,		dis
" Sandusky,		dis
" Xenia,		dis
" Massilon,		dis
" Geauga,		dis
Dayton Bank,		dis
Commercial Bank of Scioto,		dis
Clinton Bank of Columbus,		dis
All small and post notes,		dis
Franklin Bank of Columbus,		dis
Mechanic's & Traders Bank,		dis
Chillicothe Bank,		dis
SUSPENDED AND BROKEN BANKS.		
Urbana Bank,		45 dis
Farmers' Bank of Canton,		37 dis
Lancaster Bank,		20 dis
Hamilton Bank,		20 dis
Bank of Cleveland,		30 dis
Commercial Bank of Lake Erie,		20 dis
Miami Exporting Company,		35 dis
Cincinnati Bank,		50 dis
Exchange Bank Cincinnati,		70 dis
Whitewater Canal,		70 dis
Granville Bank,		74 dis
KENTUCKY.—All Kentucky Bks,		1 dis
INDIANA.—State Bank and Branches,		1 dis
" State Loans & Scrip,		16 dis
ILLINOIS.—State Bk and Branches,		45 dis
" Bk of Illinois & "		50 dis
MICHIGAN.—Bank of St. Clair,		10 dis
Endorsed by J O & H Smith,		3 dis
MISSOURI.—State Bank and Branches,		1 dis
TENNESSEE.—All Tennessee Banks,		2 dis
ALABAMA.—All Alabama Banks,		20 dis
ARKANSAS.—State Bk & Branches,		nominal
LOUISIANA.—New Orleans Banks,		1 dis
" Municipality Bills,		25 dis
GEORGIA.—All solvent Banks,		5a10 dis
N. CAROLINA.—All solvent Banks,	par a2½ dis	
S. CAROLINA.—All solvent Banks,	par a2½ dis	
EASTERN BANKS.—N.Y. City Bks,		2 dis
" Boston,		dis
" Philadelphia,		dis
" Baltimore,		dis
EXCHANGE.		
Selling rates by the Brokers.		
On New York,		1 pre
Boston,		1 pre
Washington,		pre
Baltimore,		pre
Philadelphia,		pre
SPECIE.		
Buying rates by the Brokers.		
American Gold,		1 pre
English Gold,		1 pre
Other Foreign Gold,		1 pre
Silver,		1 pre

LEGAL VALUE OF COIN.

Eagle, before 1834,	$10,66	Forty Francs,	$7,85
do since 1834,	10,00	Ks. $5 pr mint	5,00
Sovereign,	4,88	N. Carolina do	5,00
Napoleon,	3,85	Patavean,	1,65
Doubloon, Spanish,	15,53	Guinea,	5,00
do " Patriot,	15,53	Ducat,	2,00
V Thaler,	2,20	German Crown,	1,00
X Thaler,	7,85	French Crown,	1,00
X Guilder,	4,00	Louis d'Or,	3,85
Frederick d'Or,	3,92½		

BANK NOTES

Rec'd and paid out by the Covington Bank Bk.

Kentucky Bank,

Commercial, Franklin & Lafayette B'ks of O.

Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company.

Cincinnati Produce Market.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE REGISTER.

APPLES,	Green,	bush.	50
	Dried,	"	30
BEEF,	Mess,	bbl 7 50	8 00
	Prime,	" 5 00	5 00
	Dried,	lb 5	6
	Hams,	dra. 4 50	5 00
BACON,	Hog round,	lb 3½	4
	Joles,	" 1	1½
	Shoulders,	" 2 50	3
	Ribs,	" 3½	3½
	Hams,	" 4½	5
	Canvassed Hams,	" 6	6½
	Sug'ered & ex. do	" 7	8
COFFEE,		lb 8½	8½
	Java,	" 12½	13
CANDLES,		" 6	7½
CORN,	In the ear,	bush	25
	Meal,	"	25
FLOUR,	City Mills,	bbl 4	4 25
	By Canal,	" 4 00	4 06
FEATHERS,		lb 18	20
HEMP,	Brown,	cwt	3 00
	Manilla,	" 7 00	8 50
HOPS,	Western crop '42	lb 7	8
HIDES,	Northern dried,	" 8	9
	Wet salted,	" 4½	5
	Spanish,	" 11	12½
HAY,	Loose,	ton 7 50	8 00
	Bale,	" 10 00	12 00
LARD,		lb 4	6½
LEAD,	Pig and Bar,	" 3	3½
LUMBER,	Boards, in yd per M	25 00	30 00
	do common do	10 00	15 00
	Shingles,	2 00	2 50
	Hoop Poles,	M 12 00	14 00
MOLASSES,	Sugar House,	gal 30	33
	New Orleans,	" 29	32
OATS		bush 15	18
OIL,	Linseed,	gal 75	78
PORK,	Mess,	bbl 9 50	10 00
	Clear,	" 11 00	11 50
	Prime,	" 6 00	6 50
	Rump & Chine,	" 6	6 00
	Jowls,	" 00	00
	Hog Round,	lb 2½	3
	Shoulders,	" 2	2½
	Sides,	" 3½	3½
	Hams,	" 3½	4½
PROVISIONS,	Butter,		
	In kegs or bbls,	" 3	5
	In market inferior	" 8	9
	Fresh,	" 12	15
	Cheese, W. R.	" 5	6½
	Onions,	bush 50	50
	Potatoes,	" 12½	25
	Beans,	" 50	68½
RAGS,		lb 1½	4
RICE,	Fresh in Tierces,	" 3½	4
SALT,	Turks Island,	bush	36
	New York,	" 33	37
	Kanawha,	" 2	23
	do washed,	"	23
	do alum,	" 37	40
	Coinsight,	" 2 5	30
	Zanesville,	" 2 25	30
SEEDS,	Clover,	" 3 50	3 75
	Timothy,	" 1 25	1 50
	Hemp,	" 50	75
	Flax,	"	75
SHOT,		bag 1 12	1 25
TALLOW,		lb 3	5½
WHEAT,		" 80	80
WOOL,	Common	lb 16	20
WHISKEY,	from boats,	gal	18

Tobacco Manufactured. Covington, Price-Current.

Cavendish, Ky. best,	cwt $12 00	a15 00
2d quality,	" 8 00	a10 00
12 Plug, best,	" 12 00	a16 00
6 Twist, No. 1	" 5 00	a 6 50
" No. 2	" 5 00	a 5 50
In Leaf, No 1	" 2 00	a 2 50
" No. 2	"	a 1 50
Cigars, Havana,	per M 10 00	a25 00
Half "	" 4 50	a 5 00
Common,	" 87	a 1 00

Marshal's Sale.

WILL be sold to the highest and best bidder before the Court House, in Independence, Kenton County, on the 7th day of July, last, being county court day, all the right title and interest of Edmund R. Kennedy in and to the following described and undivided lots in the town of Covington, viz; lots No. 12, 13, 14, 15, 33, 34, 60, 71, 72, 73, 74. The said Edmund R. Kennedy being one of the heirs of Samuel Kennedy dec'd. Also, all the right, title and interest of the said Edmund R. Kennedy in and to the ferry privileges on the Covington side of the Ohio river, opposite to the city of Cincinnati, or so much thereof as will satisfy and pay an execution in my hands for collection, which issued from the office of the District court of the United States for the Kentucky District, for the sum of $488 53, with interest and costs in favor of the United States of America, for the use and benefit of the Post Office Department and against Alexander Connelly, Edm. and J. E. Kennedy, and Moses V. Grant, as securities.

W. B. BLACKBURN, Jr. M. K. D.

July 1, 1843. 49

BOOT AND SHOE ESTABLISHMENT.

ALEX. LUMSDEN,

Boot and Shoe Manufacturer,

Sale of Cincinnati.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends, and the citizens of Covington and its vicinity; that he has established himself in Covington, on Greenup street, nearly opposite to Covington Hotel, where he is prepared to keep on hand, and make to order every variety of Boots and Shoes, equal in quality and fashion, to any that can be had in Cincinnati, and hopes from his long experience and strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage. July 1, 1843. 49.

New Watches, Jewelry &c.

THE subscribers have lately returned from the Eastern Cities with a choice assortment of Watches, of all descriptions, at unusually low prices. All kinds of Jewelry of good quality, such as, Diamond Rings, and Pins, Cameos, Topas, Garnet, and enamelled Bracelets, Pins, and Guard Chains, Miniature Cases, Gold, and plated Lockets, Gold, and Silver Spectacles, Pencils, Thimbles, Thimble Cases, &c., &c.

CALSO

Now opening plated Castors, Baskets, Candle Sticks, Trays and Snuffers, with a large assortment of English and American, Britannia Ware. The above goods will be sold at reduced prices, and our friends of Kentucky, and elsewhere are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock.

No. 157, Main Street, between 3d, and 4th, Cincinnati. McGREW & BIGGS.

48 6m.

A. G. RICHARDSON,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT, and Wholesale Dealer in Produce and Groceries, Columbia Street near Main Cincinnati, Ohio.

CAN offer inducements to *Tobacco Growers, and Dealers*. Having a Northern almost constantly on hand for Tobacco &c.

N. B. I will receive at all times, all kinds of Tobacco in *store* to sell, and will advance liberally in Groceries, Produce &c., at the time of delivery, making the usual charge for storage and sellers. Cincinnati, June 17th, 1843. 47tf.

JEFFERSON HOUSE.

FALMOUTH, PENDLETON COUNTY, KY.

THE undersigned has opened a house of entertainment in Falmouth, Pendleton County Ky., for the accommodation of Visiters and the Travelling public. His house is commodious and admirably fitted up with comfortable and well furnished rooms, and his table shall be spread with every delicacy that the country affords. He has a new and large stable, which will be at all times well supplied with provender. In short no pains or expense will be spared, or any thing wanting, on his part, to please and render comfortable all who may favour him with their patronage. We will promise nothing in the way of liquor but pure and delightful water.

GEO. C. LIGHTFOOT.

Falmouth, Ky. June 9th 1843. 47-4t.

JOHN W. VENABLE,

Peaches and Molasses, Northern, corner of Greenup street and Market Space. 27

Tin Ware Manufactory.

THE undersigned, would respectfully inform the citizens of Covington, and vicinity, that they have opened a shop on Market Space, a few doors west of the Post Office, where they intend to manufacture Tin Ware in all its varieties, which they will sell wholesale and retail; at very reduced prices. Those wishing to purchase, will please call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

HIBBART & HOFFNER.

Covington, June 17th, 1843. 47tf.

Fashion

HATS of the best quality.—Gentlemen wanting an article every way superior, are invited to call.

H. F. DAVIS & CO.

Cor. Main and Fifth streets Cincinnati.

P. S. *Our White Beaver and Cassimere Hats* are just the thing—elastically beautiful.

Cincinnati, May 27, 1843. 44

NEW STORE.

W. H. MUSSEY, would inform purchasers of DRY GOODS, that he has taken Store No. 5, Fifth street, four doors West of Walnut, Cincinnati, Ohio, and has just opened an extensive assortment of

Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,

Comprised in part of Carpets, Marseilles Quilts, Worsted, Cotton and Linen Table Cloths, Napkins and Doylies, Damasks and Huckaback Towellings, Russia Diapers and Crash, Furniture Dimitys, Patches and Ginghams, Tickings, Brown Muslins at 6¼, 7, 7½ and 8 cts., Bleached Muslins at prices from 9½ to 25 cts., from 37 to 48 inch wide, Brown and Bleached Cotton Twilled Muslins, Mousseline and Crape de Laines, Bombasines, Lusters, Painted Muslins and Lawns, Chintzes and Calicoes, (*extremely low*) Scotch and Domestic Ginghams, Bishops Lawns, Book, Mull Swiss and Jaconet, Checked, Striped, Figured and Laced Muslin, Superfine undressed Linens, Linen Cambric, real Bandanna, Flag, Fonger, Raw Silk, and Cotton Handkerchiefs. Silk Cravats and Stocks, Merino Cassimeres, Gambroons, White and Brown Linen Drillings, Roan Cassimeres, Mexican Mixtures, Denims, Blue Drills, Cassimeres and Cassinetts, Kid, Silk, Mohair, Linen and Cotton Gloves, and Mitts, and a large variety of

HOUSE-KEEPING ARTICLES,

MOURNING GOODS,

GLOVES AND HOSIERY,

Not enumerated—all of which have been bought in the Eastern Cities, at the *lowest Spring prices*, and will be sold at great bargains, for Cash

Cincinnati, May 27, 1843. 44.

VIALS AND BOTTLES.

GENERAL assortment of Vials and Bottles from O. Zanesville's Glass Works, for sale by O. ALDRICH, Agent.

Cin. May 27, 1843. 44. 158 Main st.

GLASS WARE.

GALLON, half gallon, quart, pint, and half pint Jars, Tiggluers and Saltmouths just received and for sale by O. ALDRICH, Agt.

Cincinnati, May 27. 158 Main st.

PORTER BOTTLES.

QUART Porter Bottles just received and for sale by O. ALDRICH, Agt.

Cincinnati, May 27. 158 Main st.

BLANKS *always on hand.*

HEPATIC ELIXIR,

FOR THE CURE OF

LIVER COMPLAINT.

SYMPTOMS.

THE symptoms arising from chronic disease of the liver, are so various as almost to baffle description. They do not all appear in any individual case, but show themselves, in different persons, in great variety, both in extent, number, and degree, as the disorder exists in every gradation, and often, for a long time, so slight as to cause no alarm, being nothing more than a sense of fullness after meals, with some soreness of the bowels, a disposition to drowsiness, cructations of wind, ringing in the ears, dizziness of the head, coldness of the extremities, followed by burning in the soles of the feet and palms of the hands, an unpleasant and sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach. Some cases are attended with watchfulness, or unrefreshing sleep, disturbed by dreams, pain, also, in either side, most frequently in the left, extending to the shoulder-blades. The mind is often fretful and irritated by the most trifling causes; the memory becomes impaired, and there is a general disinclination for bodily or mental exertion. The stomach sympathizes, and is so much disturbed as to lead the patient to suppose that his complaints arise from an affection of this organ, while it is only affected by being in the vicinity of the real disease. The bowels become irregular, costiveness alternating with diarrhœa, and frequently distended with gas. There is often a loss of appetite, at other times an unnatural craving for food. The urine becomes highly colored, and is frequently voided with pain. The countenance assumes a sallow, cadaverous, or sickly hue. Many other symptoms might be named, but those already enumerated, are the most prominent and common.

☞ *Liver Complaints, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, and all other disorders arising from a diseased state of the Liver and its secretions, can be cured sooner by the use of Dr. Starkweather's Hepatic Elixir, than by any other medicine.* It has, by its own intrinsic merits, obtained a wider circulation, and performed more permanent cures, than any other remedy extant—proof of which, from the most respectable living witnesses, is daily tendered to the proprietor, and the certificates and testimonials which have accumulated, if published, would fill an entire newspaper.

GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.—*If further proof is required to establish the fact of the beneficial effects of Dr. Starkweather's Hepatic Elixir, the following communication from the Hon. Sam'l W. King, Governor of Rhode Island, contains adequate testimony to substantiate it beyond dispute, and must put entirely at rest the idea that this patent remedy is classed with the crazy nostrums and humbug medicines, which are palmed upon the public only for the sake of gain.*

Please read the following statement, communicated by his Excellency, under date of

JOHNSTON, Jan. 24, 1842.

DR. CHAS. DYER, Jr.—My dear Sir—Your communication of yesterday, asking for my opinion of Dr. Starkweather's Hepatic Elixir, has been received this morning. In reply, I will inform you that my confidence in patent medicines generally is not very flattering. I have had too much reason to believe that unprincipled men will often palm upon their fellow citizens such articles if not dangerous nostrums, for the sake of gain, the use of which takes up that important and critical period of time, without producing any good effect, when otherwise, perhaps, proper remedies would have been used, and much suffering and distress prevented. For that reason, I have not used the medicine myself and family to be much safer under directions of my family physician; but having been afflicted for the last six years with difficulties in the side and chest, uncomfortable and often distressing, painful and somewhat alarming, and from which I could get only temporary relief, I very frequently noticed your advertisement of the medicine in question.

I had been a school boy with Dr. Starkweather, and had with him a long and intimate acquaintance when we were young men, and from my knowledge of him, I thought him incapable of practicing deception on any person; *this fact induced me to try Dr. Starkweather's Hepatic Elixir, and by its use I have bettered myself to be entirely cured.*

I need not therefore, say to you that I consider it of great value. I certainly think its discovery of great public importance.

The first bottle I took gave me much relief, which regularly improved, until I had taken six bottles, when I discontinued it, having, thank God, no further use for it at present.

With regard and respect,
Your obedient and humble servant,
SAMUEL W. KING.

☞ Dr. Starkweather's Hepatic Elixir, for the cure of Liver Complaint, is for sale in Covington only by

SANFORD & PARK,
No. 15, East Fourth st.

Bronchitis! Bronchitis!!

Beware of that dread Destroyer,

THE BRONCHITIS,

Which spares neither the Young, the Good or the Beautiful, but is annually hurrying thousands upon thousands to an premature grave, under the *mistaken* name of Consumption. The usual symptoms of this disease are, Cough, Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hectic Fever, a Spitting up of Phlegm or Matter, and sometimes Death. It is an inflammation of the skin which lines the inside of the small wind tubes or air vessels running through every part of the lungs. The great and effectual *remedy* for this alarming and wide-spreading disease is the

Rev. J. Covert's BALM of LIFE.

This new and invaluable Medicine is universally pronounced by the multitudes who have used it and tested its healing virtues, to be the most wonderful and admirable remedy in the world for the cure of "Bronchitis, Coughs, Severe Colds, Croup, Asthma, Whooping Cough,

And all diseases of the Lungs and Windpipe," which, neglected, soon lead to real Consumption.

The BALM of LIFE stands entirely aloof from the various *Quack Nostrums* of the day having invariably written on the *Banner of Truth*, "*Quackery*, and the *intelligent of all classes*, wherever it has been introduced. Philanthropists, and all who truly sympathize with human suffering, every where hail its appearance with heartfelt joy, and look upon the BALM of LIFE as one of those *great and uncommon blessings* which a kind Providence occasionally bestows on mankind, but which, like angel's visits, are few and far between.

☞ Circulars, containing numerous testimonials of the highest respectability, can be had, gratuitous, of all our Agents.

☞ Rev. J. Covert's Balm of Life ($1 per bottle) is for sale in Cincinnati only by SANFORD & PARK, No. 15 East Fourth Street.

☞ Also for sale in Covington by WILKINSON & BIRD, Market Space.

Also for sale in Covington by Dr. Prettlow & Bird, Druggists. Also by Bennett Pretlow & Corner of Scott street and Market Space.

CLOCKS & WATCHES Of every description, repaired in the neatest and most faithful manner, by

WILLIAM GALLUP, Jr.

On Scott street, three doors south of Geiger & Brother's Store.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

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

M. M. BENTON,
Counsellor and Attorney at Law. Office west end of Market Space.

COVINGTON HOTEL.
LEWIS C. BAKER,
Corner of Greenup Street and Public Square.

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

I. COOPER & CO.

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

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

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

COVINGTON POTTERY.
C. KIRKPATRICK carries on the Pottery business, in all its varieties, on the Run Licking, just at the Turnpike, and adjoining the stock yard of Mr. Ashbrook, where he will supply his customers wholesale and retail, on good terms. May 28.

DENTAL SURGERY,

BY DR. J. ALLEN,

UPON the latest, and most approved principles, at his dwelling stand, No. 26, Fourth street, between Main and Walnut, Cincinnati. He warrants the utility of his operations, and makes low charges. Jul 30, 1842.

LAW NOTICE.

J. W. TIBBATTS & CHARLES J. HELM, HAVING associated themselves in the practice of the Law, will attend the courts of Kentucky and the adjoining counties.

Office on South side of Market Space, one door west of Greenup street.

Covington, Ky. Aug. 27, 1842.

HENRY H. GOODMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
210 Main street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Where he will attend to the duties of his profession.

Collections made in Hamilton County and vicinity.

REFERENCES.

Jno. Ward & Co. } *New York.*
Jacob Little & Co. }
Atwood & Co. } *Philadelphia.*
Atwood, Jones & Co. } *Pittsburgh.*
Joseph Landis & Co. } *New Orleans.*
Henry Storr, Esq. } *Louisville, Ky.*
T. S. Goodman & Co. } *Cincinnati.*
March 12, 1842. 33

Cheap Goods.

THE undersigned would respectfully call the attention of their old customers and the public generally, to their Stock of Goods, consisting of almost every variety suitable for the country, which they are offering at prices *to suit the times.* Those wishing to purchase, will do well to call and examine their Stock before purchasing elsewhere. Terms, Cash, or approved country produce—Tobacco, Bacon, Lard, Wheat, Linseys, Socks, &c., taken at Cash market prices.

MACKOY & LEATHERS.

Market Space, Cov. Dec. 17, 1842.

COVINGTON & PITTSBURGH
IRON, NAILS AND GLASS.

A CONSTANT supply of the above articles for sale at Cincinnati prices, by GEDGE & BROTHERS, of their store, on Scott street, between 4th and 5th streets. Also, a large assortment of PLOUGHS; Farmers are invited to call and examine for themselves—before purchasing elsewhere. Feb. 5, 1843. 25-tf.

CABINET WARE.

H. MARTIN, having re-commenced the CABINET BUSINESS, on Fifth, two doors east of Madison street, is prepared to sell any article in his line, twenty-five or thirty per cent lower than ever before. A one or two horse hearse always in readiness. 23loo

Jan. 1, 1842.

BRONCHITIS, a disease of the THROAT and LUNGS, which is annually sweeping thousands upon thousands to a premature grave under the mistaken name of *Consumption*, is always cured by JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—The symptoms of this disease are *Cough, Soreness of the Lungs—Throat, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hectic Fever, Spitting up of Phlegm or Matter, and sometimes Blood.*—It is an *inflammation* of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the wind tubes, or air vessels, which run through every part of the lungs. This Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough, Pain, Inflamation, Fever and Difficulty of Breathing, and produces a free and easy expectoration, and a perfect cure. Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, 20 SOUTH THIRD street, Price $1. March 19, 1842.

For sale at the Comb Store, No. 125, Main street, Cincinnati.

J. W. SHEPPARD Agent.

The Lexington Fire, Life and Marine Insurance Co.

Capital $300,000!

INSURES property of every description against loss or damage by Fire and by Water, also insures Lives and grants annuities. Rates of insurance low.

Office on Front, one door below the corner of Sycamore street up stairs.

JOHN W. HARTWELL, Agent.

Cincinnati, Oct. 29, 1842.

Fever and Ague

This disagreeable and very prevalent nervous affection proceeds almost from the state of the nervous system, affecting the stomach. It is sometimes effectually cured by a sudden shock or other operation upon the mind; but no dependence can be placed upon any remedy except a powerful tonic action upon the stomach.

DR. MOFFAT'S PHŒNIX BITTERS & LIFE PILLS have *been happily used for the cure of* FEVER & AGUE with invariable success.

DR. MOFFAT has lately received from the West, where the disease prevails in a considerable extent, undoubtable proofs that his medicines are in high estimation there, as a speedy and effectual cure of it. He has unquestionably strong references to its high efficacy, in this disease, to the Section, which will be given on application at his office, 375 Broadway, New York. For sale by AVILKINSON & BIRD, Market Space Covington, Kentucky. Jan. 21. 26

LAW PARTNERSHIP.

BENTON & MOOAR,

M. M. BENTON and DANIEL MOOAR, have associated themselves together in the practice of the Law in the Counties of Campbell, Kenton, Pendleton and Grant. Their office is on Scott street, west end Market Space.

Covington, May 6, 1843. 41

GUILD'S PATENT COOKING STOVE.

The manufacturers of the above celebrated Stove respectfully invite the attention of those desirous of supplying themselves with a cooking apparatus decidedly superior to any other now in use.

No similar invention has given such general satisfaction, in point of economy of fuel, and the great facility with which every description of cooking is done, in proof of which, reference may be made to either of the following well-known citizens, who have satisfactorily tested the utility of the "Queen" Stove.

We, the subscribers, having used for some time, GUILD'S PATENT COOKING STOVE, Queen of the West, feel no hesitation in giving our unqualified testimony in its favor. For neatness, economy, convenience and general usefulness, we think it surpasses any other cooking apparatus that we have seen in use. It seems to have supplied one great desideratum not heretofore attained—an oven, capacious, and at the same time heated uniformly and equally on every side—and the fire being placed over the oven, brings the heat immediately in contact with the boiler, so that it performs all the different offices of boiling, baking, roasting, and heating smoothing irons at the same time and with the least possible quantity of fuel. And the different sizes manufactured, seem capable of supplying the wants of all, from the smallest family to the largest Hotels and Steamboats.

Nathan Guilford,	John P. Gaither,
John Creagh,	J. P. Tweed,
Geo. Graham,	J. C. Crawford,
John Stillito,	John D. Thorp,
W. S. Merrill,	J. Richardson,
W. Rankin,	Amasa Higbee,
Salmon P. Chase,	Samuel King,
Thomas Sharp,	A. N. Riddle,
J. A. James,	John C. Avery,
Squire Singer,	Joseph Hopple,
Caleb Bates,	Joseph Newhouse,
Dr. S. Mosher,	Thos J. Albers,
Dr. J. Gilliam,	Dr. J. S. Dodge,
James Lyle,	P. Wilson,
Dr. J. P. Harrison,	S. G. Brown,
Nathan Baker,	Col. A. Dudley,
James Hall,	Lewis Baker,
Capt. T. J. Halderman,	S. S. L. Hommedieu,
John B. Russell,	Capt. Joe Harrison,
Geo. Selver, *Bank Ex.*	James Hughes, "
Cap. A. Olvens, Cov. Ky.	T. Young, *Am Hotel*
R. C. Langdon, "	M. Slough, "
S. Kennedy, "	Nichols, *Alhambra,*
John T. Levis, "	George Wood, "
J. B. Duerinck *St Xav Col*	F. C. Ringold, "

Manufactured and sold by

GOODHUE & CO.,
22, Main St., (near the river) Cincinnati, O.
August 27, 1842. 5-ly

PREMIUM COLORS.

NEW YORK DYE HOUSE, *Corner of Gano and Walnut, between Sixth and Seventh Streets, Cincinnati.*

THIS is certify that the specimen of Dyeing exhibited by WM. TEASDALE at the Fifth Annual Fair of the Ohio Mechanics' Institute, were adjudged to be equal to these of Foreign Dyeing, and to be superior to any exhibited—in testimony whereof, this certificate is awarded. Given under our hands this 30th day of June, 1842.

J. P. FOOTE, President.
C. W. THAYER, Secretary.

N. B.—Skein Silk or any description of Goods dyed and finished in a superior manner at Eastern prices. The facilities of this establishment surpass any other West of the mountains. Those who formerly sent Goods East can have them as well done here. Call and see.

WM. TEASDALE.
August 27, 1842. 5m12

NO SACCHARINE OR ARSENICAL

FEMALE BEAUTY—CULPABLE NEGLECT!—it has been observed by visiters from all other countries, as well as by proprietors of the best cultivated tale in this, that in no country is there a larger share of female beauty than in this city. Yet, while the shoe-fitter, dress maker, and milliner, are engaged in adorning nature's best gift to man, one part appears almost totally neglected—THE HAIR. How frequently do the ravages of disease lay waste the delicate form of the fairest beautiful, and though restored again to health, yet these flowing locks which once adorned their heads fallen, and never again return to their original beauty. It is inconceivable how any person, more especially a lady, can make light of so much neglect, on this point when a "NEVER-FAILING REMEDY" can be obtained, by calling at No. 20, South Third street, Philadelphia, and asking for Dr. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, which will perfectly restore this only neglected part of female ornament.

What is the use or two to complete the crown of female beauty?

For sale at the Comb Store, No. 125 Main st. Cincinnati.

J. W. SHEPPARD,
March 19, 1842. Agent.

Cabinet Ware.

A. P. ROSE, continues to carry on the CABINET BUSINESS in its various branches at his old stand on Scott street, between Fourth and Fifth sts., where he is prepared to accommodate his customers with every article in his line of business, on as good terms as can be afforded in Cincinnati. Persons wishing to purchase will do well to give him a call before going elsewhere.

He keeps a HEARSE in constant readiness for the public accommodation, and all kinds of COFFINS will be furnished on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms.

His private residence is on Turnpike street, between Scott and Madison sts., opposite the residence of Mr. Wm. Wason.

Covington, April 2, 1842. 30tf

OFFICE ÆTNA INSURANCE CO.
Front st. near Sycamore, Cincinnati.
CAPITAL $200 000.

THE undersigned, having been appointed Agent of the Ætna Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn. offers to insure houses, stores, mills, factories, barns, and the contents of each, together with every other species of property, against loss or damage by fire.

The rates of premium offered by this Company are as low as those of any other similar institution, and every cash has now an opportunity, for a small sum, to protect himself against the losses to which his property is daily exposed.

Under the liberal and enlightened policy which the Company have pursued for a quarter of a century past, in settling losses, they have gained a reputation unsurpassed by any other institution.

The citizens of Covington and vicinity are invited to call on the undersigned, who is authorised to issue policies to applicants, without delay.

WM. R. ROBINS, Agent.

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600 GRASS SEEDS.

Kentucky Clover Seed.
100 " Herd Grass Seed.
250 " Blue Grass Seed.
150 " Orchard Grass Seed.

ALL of the greatest NEW and of the best quality and for sale at the corner of Lower Market and Sycamore Streets, Cincinnati, by

JOHN F. DAIR & CO.
January, 28, 1843. 27

EXPECTORANT

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT always cures "ASTHMA—Give it three days' doses will cure the CROUP, or HIVES of children, in from fifteen minutes to one hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of WHOOPING-COUGH, and effects a speedy cure." Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, with CONSUMPTION, SPITTING OF BLOOD, and other Pulmonary affections, have been restored to perfect health by it. It never fails in giving relief.

All persons are requested to try it, for without exception, it is one of the most valuable family medicines ever yet discovered. Hundreds and thousands of certificates have been received from Physicians, Clergymen, and families of the first respectability, bearing the strongest testimony in its favor, too numerous to publish.

Important News from Providence.—Jayne's Expectorant Triumphant!—*A Card.*—I give to the public the following facts, that all interested may be benefited by the operation:

I am sixty-four years of age, have been four years very seriously afflicted with the ASTHMA, have tried several physicians, and taken many "certain" cures, all of great expense, and with not any essential advantage. For two years I was not able to pass the whole of a night in my bed.—On consulting Dr. Wadsworth, of this city, about my case, he advised me to take DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT:—This medicine operated as he told me it would do. I have taken ten bottles of it, and consider myself in a manner cured by it. I can now lay comfortably all night, am free from tightness of the lungs and weakness of the stomach which so deadfully distressed and reduced me. I feel as if I had become fairly burdensome to me—now I enjoy it though I am not free from other infirmities attendant upon old age.

EBENEZER WEBSTER.

Providence, Oct. 26, 1841.

Prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE, 20, South Third st. Price $1

For sale at the Comb Store, No. 125, Main street, Cincinnati.

J. W. SHEPPARD, Agent.
Nov. 12, 1842. 16

Dr. Martein's Family Medicines.

THE extraordinary cures performed by this Medicine, have excited the wonder and astonishment of all who have witnessed them. Thousands have been raised from a state of the greatest weakness and debility, to perfect health and strength. It acts mildly and effectually in all cases, and being diffusible in its operations, will produce a free circulation in the blood vessels.—It does not exhaust like drastic purging, but operates by cleansing and purifying, and acts in perfect harmony with the natural laws of life, and all who use them will cheerfully bear testimony to the truth of this declaration. It is almost incredible the many blessings these Medicines have already, under Providence, been instrumental in conducting.

Let it suffice, to mention diseases in which they have been used with unparalleled success, and in which the afflicted have been restored to perfect health, viz: Cholera Morbus, Inflammation, Dizziness, Dyspepsia, Ague, Asthma, Bilious Fever, Nervous Headache, Diseases of the Liver, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Jaundice, Gravel, Piles, Gout, Worms, Scurvy, Boils, Scald Head, Eruption of the Skin, Hoarseness, Elephantiasis, Bad Appetite, Depression of Spirits, Urinary Obstructions.

For all the diseases to which Females are liable, these Medicines will be found to surpass all others now in use. Parents, and all who have the care of families, should be supplied with a box of each kind of this Medicine.

Dr. Martin's Never Failing Vegetable Worm Destroying Medicine for Children, is now universally acknowledged by all who have used them, to be superior to any other now known, for destroying worms in Children. The conviction of the intrinsic value of this Medicine, will, in all cases, follow its use.

All the above Medicine is sold by

E. S. NORRIS & CO.
Main street, Cincinnati,

GEDGE & BROTHER, Covington, Ky.
Nov. 5th, 1842.

PROSPECTUS OF THE

CHRISTIAN WORLD,

A Monthly Publication—Designed for Denominations of Christians.

T. H. Stockton—Editor & Proprietor.
New series—Octavo Edition
January, 1843—Price $2.50.

The attention of the public is invited to the following outline of the character of this Periodical.

I. ITS OBJECT.

The CHRISTIAN WORLD is devoted to the advancement of ALL CHRISTIAN INTERESTS.

II. ITS PLAN.

This embraces Four Main Departments, 1. *Bible Christianity.* 2. *Ecclesiastical Christianity.* 3. *Connections of Christianity.* 4. *A Christian Miscellany.* The *First*, Contemplates Original and Independent Expositions of the Religion of Christ, as found in the Bible; the *Second*, Original sketches of all Churches and Benevolent Institutions—each Association to be presented by competent authority of its own; the *Third*, Original Reviews, on Christian Principles, of the Government, Literature, and Philosophy, the Science and Art of the World; and the *Fourth*, Geographical, Historical, Biographical Charter, Events, Descriptions; Poetry, Anecdotes, Aphorisms, General Intelligence, Statistics, &c.

III. ITS MEANS.

1. *Choice Circle of Correspondents, Native and Foreign, of all Ecclesiastical Connexions, amply qualified to furnish all departments richly with Original Communications.* 2. *Access to the Rich Selections of the Most Valuable Periodical and Occasional Publications, American and Foreign.* These statements, require qualification. They exhibit the *prospective*, rather than the *actual resources* of the work. Already, however, more than *FORTY ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTORS*,—half of the number, Ministers of the Gospel, representing *ELEVEN CHRISTIAN DENOMINATIONS*, have appeared in its columns; and, besides the regular contents of the work, appropriate and important *AMERICAN PERIODICALS*, more than *TWO HUNDRED SPECIMENS of BRITISH REVIEWS and MAGAZINES* have been collected, as a preliminary to the most useful intercourse with the Foreign Press.

IV. STYLE AND TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

1. *LETTER PRESS.*—One Number, of 24 pages, in handsome octavo form, printed with new type, on good paper, and enclosed in a cover, will be published every month.

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3. *TERMS.*—*One Dollar*, per annum, in advance, free from postage, and chargeable with discount. *No new Subscriber will be supplied, without payment in advance.* POSTMASTERS WILL FRANK LETTERS WITH REMITTANCES.

☞ *Six copies will be sent to order, for Five Dollars.*

☞ *Agents and Subscribers are requested to send in their orders as soon as possible.*

All remittances and communications relative to the business department of the Third Volume, to be addressed to

DREW & SCAMMELL, *Publishers*,
67 S. *Third St. Philad.*

COMMON GOODS.

NOW opening, an assortment of common Crockery-Ware, consisting of, painted Teas, blue edge, Stone China, Blue, Pitcher, Baker's Dipt Bowls and Pitchers, Painted and Persian Tea Ware, C. C. Toilet Ware, &c. For sale by

O. ALDRICH, Agt.
Cincinnati, May 27, 153 Main street.

For Sale,

A VALUABLE farm lying in the County of Calhoun, Illinois, 80 miles above St. Louis, containing 400 acres, 50 cleared, with a good dwelling which property can be purchased low for cash or in exchange for city property; for further particulars apply to

HOLDEN & LOWRY,
Covington, Ky., Corner of Scott and Fourth Street. May, 6th, 1842. 41

PILES!! PILES!!!

☞ Why will ye live at this poor DYING RATE?

DR. E. HUMPHREY'S VEGETABLE OINTMENT—FOR THE PILES, PISSURES, &c.—After a practice of more than thirty years, and witnessing a great amount of human suffering from this distressing malady, and believing that the remedies heretofore discovered for its cure, are almost as frightful as the disease, short of an operation by the lancet, or knife—Dr. Humphreys has been induced to bestow upon this affection, and to the subject, with the design of discovering a remedy that would possess the power to discuss the inflammation and dispersion the tumefaction of the parts, and at the same time be a mild and desirable remedy. His anticipations have been most fully answered, by a discovery, combining active ingredients, which in the composition, produce modified results, and increased efficiency as a medical agent, and although its base is composed of highly active ingredients, its modification are such, that it becomes as a composition, perfectly mild, and adapted to the use of the most delicate subject. *As a test of sincerity and confidence in the remedy, the subscriber pledges himself to perform a cure of piles in all cases that may be submitted to his management, or in case of failure in any case, no charge shall be made for the ointment.*

[From C. Eldred, Merchant.]

TO THE PUBLIC.—This may certify that I have been afflicted with the piles for more than 10 years past, and have paid a great deal of money for medicines, liniments and ointments, for its cure, without benefit, until recently I have used Dr. Humphrey's Vegetable Ointment, which has afforded me complete relief, and I have no hesitation in stating it as my belief, that it will infallibly cure that distressing disease.

CHARLES ELDRED.

Auburn, N. Y., Feb. 16, 1841.

☞ TO THE CITIZENS OF CINCINNATI.—I have suffered a great deal from the *Piles*. I have used many remedies, none of which give me any sort of any relief. A few months since, through the influence of a friend of mine, I was had witnessed the efficacy of *Dr. E. Humphrey's Vegetable Ointment*, I was induced to make trial of this celebrated remedy. I tried it, and it cured me.

"Those who have been dragging out a miserable existence, tormented with this distressing disease, may well suppose that I cheerfully recommend an article that has effected such a cure in me.

JOHN MEARS.

Cincinnati, March 3, 1843.

☞ The above from J. Mears, Esq., an old and respected citizen of our city, and a prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, must surely satisfy every person of the inestimable value of DR. E. HUMPHREY'S Vegetable Ointment.

For sale in Cincinnati, by SANFORD & PARK, and also, in Covington, by BENNETT, PRETLOW & CO.

Nash's Erasive Compound.

THE most effectual composition ever invented for removing Oil, Grease, Paint, Tar, or stains from Carpets, Coats, Collars, and silkies of Clothes.

It may be used without fear of changing any colors that will bear the simple application of water, and is unmatched as to injuring the finest texture. This compound has been fully tested by some of the most respectable citizens of Cincinnati, and has been highly approved of as will be seen by the annexed recommendation. The trouble of applying it is slight, and easy, and its effects all that could be desired, and should be in the possession of every family, maiden lady, or single gentleman in the land.

RECOMMENDATION.

We the undersigned citizens of Cincinnati, have used what is called *Erasive Compound*, manufactured by HIRAM NASH, of said city, and have found the same to answer most perfectly the object for which it is designed. We therefore recommend the above compound as being superior to anything of the kind we have never seen, and of great use to the public.

Dated *Cincinnati, December* 17, 1842.

Calvin Fletcher, Mrs. Judge Burnet,
Rev. Jas. H. Aughey, Rev. Geo. Sparrow, P. M.
Prof. O. M. Mitchell, Judge D. K. Este,
Sam'l W. Davies, Mayor. Prof. J. A. Warder.

☞ Prepared and sold by JOHN LOCKE.

I have seen Mr. Nash's Erasive Compound applied to a Grease Spot on a carpet, which it removed. JOHN LOCKE.

Cincinnati, December 20, 1842.

The above articles for sale wholesale or retail by SANFORD & PARK, East 4th st.

W. H. HARRISON, Druggists, S. W. corner of Main and Fifth st.

JAS. S. GLASCOE, Druggist, N. E. corner of Main and 4th sts.

T. B. HARRIS, Druggist, corner Sycamore and Second sts.

GEORGE M. ALLEN, Druggist, corner Main and 5th sts.

CALEB S. BURDSAL, Druggist, corner 5th and Main sts.

W. S. & A. S. MERRELL, Druggists, corner Western Row and 5th.

PLATT EVENS, Merchant Tailor, 149 Main st.

JAMES BISHOP, do do under Harris House, Third st.

J. A. DAVIS, manufacturer, at 18 Front st.

And for sale by WILKINSON & BIRD, Druggists, Market Space Covington, Kentucky.

April 29, 1843. 49

HEMP SEED,

THE highest market price in cash will be paid for Hemp Seed.

JOHN F. DAIR & CO.
Corner of Lower Market and Sycamore street,
Cincinnati. 33tf March, 11, 1843.

Just Received.

PER Steamer Chieftan, direct from New Orleans a new and general assortment of Groceries consisting of

SUGAR, INDIGO,
COFFEE, SPERM CANDLES,
TEA, LOAF SUGAR,
MOLASSES, RICE,

and various other articles which we will sell low, wholesale, or retail, for cash or country produce at our Store on South side of Market Space.

GEDGE & BROTHERS.

March 11, 1843. 33

Valuable Real Estate

For Sale and Rent.

M. M. BENTON is authorized to sell some Houses and Lots, and building Lots, in Covington, desirable situated.

He has, also, Houses, lots and land to rent. Enquire at his Law office, on Market Space.

30tf Feb. 19, 1842.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

THE undersigned having disconnected himself with the *Covington Classical Academy*, will give private lessons in the GREEK, LATIN, and FRENCH LANGUAGES. Having resided for many years at Beligy, he will venture to say that he is well acquainted with the right pronunciation of the French Language. His terms will be moderate.

☞ Refer to Rev. Mr. Bladen; or to the Editor of the Licking Valley Register.

G. STOCKFELD.
Covington May 27, 1843. 44

DR. WILLIAMSON'S

PAIN SOOTHER,

A Certain CURE for the Tooth Ache!

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

WILLIAMSON'S

PAIN SOOTHER.

It is an infallible cure for the *tooth ache!*—and at the same time contains nothing injurious either to the teeth or gums.

☞ *It is perfectly innocent.*

DIRECTIONS.

The tooth having been thoroughly cleansed, a little cotton of lint, dipped in the *Drops*, should be applied to the affected part. If there is a cavity in the tooth, the drops should be pressed closely to the nerve. If there is no cavity, but a general pain along the gums, apply the drops to a small piece of coated cloth, and rub the gums briskly for a few minutes.

Persons applying this, will in most instances, effect a cure. If still the pain continue, renew the application every 30 minutes, till it subsides.

Price for Family Vials, fifty cents.

Small Vials, twenty-five cents.

For sale in Cincinnati by Sanford & Park, 15 East Fourth St.—And by Bennett, Pretlow & Co., Covington, Ky.