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POETICAL.

For the Register.

I SAW—I LOOKED AGAIN.

By ARTHUR CHURFIELD.
I saw a babe in its mother's arms,
A playful and innocent boy,
All blooming in health and rosy charms,
And smiling, an angel joy;
I look'd again, and its heart was chill,
The spoiler had rob'd him of breath;
He pass'd the dull curtain of time, and fell
Consign'd to the mansion of death!

I saw a Maiden in dreamy glees
Glide thoughtless in fashion and pride,
All filled as the vessel of life could be,
And floated along the tide;
I look'd again, and behold, she lay
Encas'd in death, and her heart was chill,
And "spirit to spirit, and clay to clay,"
Concluded the dirge and the tale.

I saw a Scion in the toils of hope
When Fortune extended her lure,
In all the fresh impulse of life look up,
And dream the bright treasure secure;
I look'd again, and the spell was fled,
And hope dropped her anchor of gold;
I look'd once again, and the swain was dead,
And dead all the dreams he had told!

I saw a man whose white silvery hairs
Confess'd his full three-score-and-ten,
Engulf'd in the vortex of earth's affairs
And dreaming of glory from men;
I look'd again—twas a house of woe—
His spirit was hurried abroad,
All doubting, reluctant, but forced to go,
And stand in the judgment of God.

I saw a Conqueror dash along
With nobles and lords in his train—
Too great were his honors in shout and song,
But where shall I see him again?
I look'd again, and a gilded urn
Confess'd the vile stains within;
He gather'd his trophies and in his turn,
Fell groaning the trophy of sin!

I saw a man who the world forgot,
But whose name was in the annals of fame,
And deep in whose soul there liv'd a Book,
Thy Book was the Word of the Lord;
I look'd again, if I might, perchance,
See where he had fix'd his abode;
Combating with Death, he broke the lance,
And reign'd in the Palace of God.

From the Ladies' Repository.

REST IN HEAVEN.

My rest is in heaven, my home is not here,
Then why should I tremble when trials appear?
Be heedful of my spirit, the worst that can come,
But shorten my journey, and hasten me home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
Or placing my hope in the enemy's land;
I seek for a city whose foundations are laid,
I seek for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow—
I would not let the dew of the enemy's land;
I seek not a portion, I seek not a rest,
I ask them that dwell on Abraham's breast.

The dangers and trials my progress oppose,
They only make bright the crown of the crown;
Come joy or come sorrow, the worst may befall,
One hour with my God will make up for it all.

With a scrip for my way, and a staff in my hand,
I'll march on in haste thro' the enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
I'll sooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

By MRS. AGOURNEY.

Walk with the Lord at eve,
When evening scene is fair,
While opening buds the boughs adorn,
And fragrance fills the air;
Before the rosy dawn awake,
And in thy being's pride,
The first young blush of beauty, make
Omnipotence thy guide.

Walk with the Lord at noon,
When fervid suns are high,
And pleasure, with her treacherous boon,
Has led thee from the path of life;
Then with the diamond shield of prayer,
Thy soul's oppressors meet,
And crush the thorn of sin and care,
That bind the pilgrim's feet.

Walk with the Lord at eve,
When twilight veils descent,
And nature seems a shroud to weave,
As for some smitten friend;
While the moonbeams gently glide,
On the mournful wailing cry,
Press closer, closer to his side,
For he shall be our stay.

Even should thou linger still,
Till midnight spreads its pall,
And age laments, with bosom chill,
Its buried earthly all;
Thy withered eyes a signal bright
Beyond the grave shall send,
For he who maketh darkness light,
Thy God shall walk with thee.

From the Mercantile Journal.

SONG.

Written on the occasion of the marriage of an only Sister.

Air:—"Flow gently, sweet Avon."
Speak gently, young husband, to thy fair bride;
She has chosen thee out from the wide world be-
side;
Speak gently, nor softly but cheerily with a tear,
She has left those who love her, to cleave unto
thee,
Her guide and protector, thou only must be;
Speak gently then unto this young bride of thine,
For around thee alone all her heart strings en-
twine.

A harp when touch'd lightly sweet music imparts;
As sweet as thy vows are to both your young
hearts;
But sweep the strings roughly, and where is the
sound
That belted our charmed senses in ecstasy bound?
So speak to her gently, as when lovers woo,
And be to her constant, and tender and true;
Your homes shall be cheerful—your hearts shall
be gay,
And discord shall fly from there, far away.

SELECT TALES.

From Godley's Ladies' Book.

THE CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

BY MYSELF.

Benedict—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he studies his lessons to love, will, after he has bathed at such a new fellow in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love.—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

"Well Mary, is there no end to that letter you are reading? I have been waiting fifteen minutes for my second cup of coffee."

"Excuse me brother—I am really so overjoyed at its contents, that I forgot your cup."

"Overjoyed! strange kind of overjoy, crying as fast as you can. But that is the way with you women, there is no understanding you—pshaw, sister, you emptied the sugar-bowl into my cup. If said her brother, rising from the table, "people would write letters of a proper length, there would not be such a waste of valuable time in reading them—as if half a dozen lines could not say all that was necessary."

"You don't ask whom my letter is from, brother. You do not know how much you are interested in its contents."

"Oh! no doubt a very charming, interesting lady, like all your sex, Mary. But it's nine o'clock and I must go to a matter of business stopping to chat with a girl like you."

"But business or no, brother," said Mary, with an affectionate smile, "you must waste a little time to hear my letter—and a woman's letter too."

"What can a bachelor like myself have to do with your letter; but hurry, child, I have a dozen things to attend to before court opens."

"Well then," said Mary, a little diffidently, "my letter says, my dear friend, Fanny Thorn will be here the day after to-morrow to pay me a visit of two months."

"Let her come, Mary. I do not wish to interfere with your plans, your happiness. Only remember I am a man of business; and besides, I am a confirmed bachelor—an unchangeable Benedict; so that you and your friends must take care of yourselves—no attending to me, let me do the same. Two young ladies in the house; see her, solitary quizzing brother, 'how the deuce can you get along with them?' and with this puzzling point in his mind, Henry Dorrance, attorney at law, entered his comfortable office rooms, and in a few minutes had totally forgotten that there was such a thing as a woman in the world."

Henry and Mary Dorrance were brother and sister, and had been separated from each other ever since the death of their mother, which took place when Mary was ten years old. Henry was the eldest of several children, all of whom died except Mary, the youngest, the darling of her mother, and the plaything of the tall, handsome man, her brother, who, for some years had been established as a lawyer in the town of Bedford. Mrs. Dorrance, on her death-bed, called her son to her and told him to write to his aunt, a widow sister of his mother, who lived about two hundred miles distant, and to say that her dying request was to fulfill a promise long since made, that if her child was a girl, she would be a mother to her, and that now she committed to her the sacred trust, with full confidence in her affection and faithfulness. Henry wept bitter tears before he could comply with her commands, for his mother was dearer to him than his life, and he vowed to realize that he was to lose her; but his father, his mother's affectionate friend and parent, and so often cheered and sustained him under difficulties, wrong his heart with grief, and the man and the lawyer were overpowered by the deep affliction of the son. After a few days of suffering, Mrs. Dorrance died; her last look of affection rested upon her two children who stood by her bedside. She had placed her hand in a moment on the head of the bewildered Mary, and ere it was raised she had ceased to breathe.

After the sad ceremonies of the departed were ended, Henry had another painful duty to perform, to take his little sister to her new home. How much did he wish she was to remain with him, and how sorrowful and lonely did he feel, as he saw the preparations for her departure. On the journey he found her becoming dearer to him than ever, and he was only induced to leave her by the remembrance of his mother's request. Mary threw her arms round his neck, and said he should never leave her; but when the violence of her grief overcame her, she was gently forced away, Henry kissing her again and again, telling her that when she was a woman she should come and keep his house.

Years passed on, and the brother at first wrote frequently and tenderly to his sister, but as the duties of his profession increased, he became so absorbed by them as to become forgetful of his sister, and regardless of the claims which society had upon him. He avoided marriage, and though proverbial for his indifference to domestic affections, the eminent lawyer of Bedford was still regarded by the ladies as a matrimonial speculation of the first quality. When his letter of half a dozen lines was sent to Mary it still bore the same heading, "My dear little sister," for in his abstraction, he had totally forgotten that she was any thing else; so that he was roused and somewhat bewildered on receiving a letter from the town where she lived, stating the sudden decease of his aunt, and requesting that he would immediately come to his sister, who was overwhelmed with grief at her loss.

His fine feelings were moved at the mention of his sister's sorrow, and he sat out on the journey with alacrity; and when he found in that sister a tall, graceful, handsome girl of twenty-two, with all the intelligence of his mother in her face, he felt like a new being, and it seemed as if he was once more the young man leaning again on a mother's counsel and love. In her aunt, Mary Dorrance found all she had lost in her mother, so that under her wise, pious direction, she was charming both in person and mind, free from affection of manners, and pure and elevated in her pursuits. There was now no relative left to her except her brother, and under his roof she must henceforth obtain protection. With a comfortable fortune of her own she was independent; but there she must be, notwithstanding the bachelor had a great many embarrassing thoughts as to how it would be possible for him to get along with one of that sex that he had classed as troublesome and

trifling. He did not hesitate, however, to assure the weeping girl that he would both protect and love her, with a brother's true affection. He immediately wrote to a friend to have a house prepared for his return, so that it would suit a "bachelor" and his sister, and leaving the arrangement wholly to his taste and judgment.

After an absence of about two weeks he returned to Bedford, and established Mary as mistress of his house, and she had been in that office nearly six months, when the conversation we have related took place at the breakfast table.

Mary had felt deeply her aunt's death, and with it the loss of the society of all those dear friends among whom she had lived so happily. The sister of Mr. Dorrance did not want for civilities of a flattering character in her new position, and she received and reciprocated them with good breeding and gratitude; but still her affectionate heart missed her dear old friends she had been taken from, and in the necessary attention for her pleasant society, and for none more than Fanny Thorn. No wonder that her joy was great, to learn that it was now in Fanny's power to visit her. They were congenial in taste and character, had been companions from childhood, and were friends out of pure esteem for the worth which each saw the other to possess.

When Mr. Dorrance returned to dinner, he appeared to have no recollection of Fanny's intended visit, though Mary asked him many questions about the weather, the safety of railroads and the time of the railroad cars coming in. He answered her, and then said it was natural he believed for ladies to ask questions, and yet as he left the room he was struck by the very happy and lovely expression of her countenance.

The next morning proved fair and bright as Mary's hopes; she had not slept much, and fancied she had much to do.

As she handed her brother his coffee she said, "To-morrow we shall be a trio at breakfast, and I hope my brother is prepared to be very agreeable to my friend Fanny."

"Agreeable, Mary! What do you mean? That I am to flatter and talk nonsense to your friend? Suppose I take breakfast in my own room. With you, Mary, I have managed to get along; but with another lady, I cannot see how it is to be done. She will expect me to bow, compliment and offer my arm on every occasion. I cannot do it. My mind must not be cumbered by such trifles. Do not look so sad, Mary. Make Miss Thorn as welcome as you can. Act freely, only no attentions from me."

"But, brother, Miss Thorn will not feel pleasant to know she has driven you to your breakfast table; besides, it will be un-
civill."

"Miss Thorn, my dear Mary, will have to learn that I am a man of business, and have no time to waste on ladies. I told you, that you would not like a bachelor's ways. Women do so many things that there is no use of doing, that a man of business, who knows the value of time can scarcely get along with them. Women ought to live a great deal longer than men; for twenty years of their life is not equal to ten of a man's, they are so."

"But still, Henry," said Mary, her beautiful eyes involuntarily filling with tears, "I must insist on your not altering your old practice of breakfasting with me; do not, for my sake, I entreat you."

"Well, if that will satisfy you, I won't." And heaving a deep sigh, as if he had a presage of further evils, he said, "I hope that this is all."

"For the present, brother," said Mary, laughing, "I shall see you at dinner."

"No, not at dinner, for I am obliged to go out of town on the Green Hill business, and will not be in until late in the evening."

Fanny Thorn arrived safely in the town and was welcomed amid the smiles and tears of the warm-hearted Mary. They embraced again and again and kissed each other with all the ardor of the purest kind of love. Mary conducted her friend to the apartment she had prepared for her reception, and there they poured out their hearts, and the other unconscious that she was an inmate of the house of the most important gentleman in the neighborhood—the celebrated Mr. Dorrance—still a bachelor in defiance of the ladies.

It will not be worth while to tell what the ladies said between their meeting and tea-time; but some of my readers might charge the fair couple with trifling, which Mr. Dorrance pronounced to be the province of women; but never tea-table was graced by two lovelier maidens than that of the invulnerable Mr. Dorrance.

"I must apologize for the absence of my brother. Business of importance has called him out of town, and I shall not have the pleasure of presenting you to him until morning; but he desired me to make you perfectly at home."

"He is very kind, Mary; but is he at all like you? What must I expect to see of you? You wrote me he was a 'confirmed bachelor.' Has he been deceived by one of our sex, and therefore emptied his ink bottle over the whole of us?"

"Oh, no, he has lived apart from the influence of females since the death of my dear mother, and has denounced us all as a body of triflers—harmless, I believe he thinks we are, but rather an unnecessary part of creation."

Well, then, what do we do will make no impression on him—he is too good or ill—he will pass it under the guns, trifles—and so let it pass."

"Oh, yes—he is very kind to me; but as he says in his old way, I am his sister, and take attention or do without it, as a matter of course."

"And that circumstance is no fault of his. But your house is in very good taste, and your piano of excellent tone," said Fanny, as she rose from the table and ran her fingers over the keys.

Mary was soon at her side, and they sang together all their old songs as they were wont to do in the old-fashioned parlor of their aunt at Taunton.

On entering the breakfast room next morning, Mary was somewhat surprised to find her brother already reading the morning paper. She led Fanny forward, and with a sweetest and affection that might have awakened a sympathy in the bosom of old Cato, said, "My dear brother, allow me to present Miss Thorn to you, or in other words my friend Fanny, that you have heard so much about."

Mr. Dorrance rose, bowed, and, lawyer as he was, stammered and was embarrassed by the presence of the lovely girl that stood before him. He soon, however, regained his composure, and made the usual inquiries as to Miss Thorn's journey, her health, and hoped Mary would make her visit agreeable.

They were soon seated at the breakfast table. Mr. Dorrance seemed scarcely to know whether to pursue his old plan of reading as he sipped his coffee. The ladies talked as if he were not present, and had he looked up as he went to have a mischievous smile on Mary's face, occasioned by his perplexity, which she in vain tried to conceal. He got through the breakfast, and Mary thought she heard him give a sigh of relief as he closed the door. Certain it is, that he looked round his office rooms that morning with an air of peculiar satisfaction to find nothing that in any degree resembled a woman, and turned over the page of his books with a feeling of luxury. "These speak," said the bachelor, "without tongues."

"Your brother is by no means an ogre, Mary, or anything like the beast that Beauty lived with; but a handsome, intelligent looking gentleman. When I know him better, I shall venture to enquire to what 'dread cause' we owe his aversion to our sex."

"Not only intelligent looking, but really so. If we could open his eyes to regard 'Heaven's last best gift' as he ought, what a charming addition to our society!"

Days passed by, and Miss Thorn had become quite accustomed to the grave manner of Mr. Dorrance. She could laugh as lightly and sing as sweetly in his presence as if he were some lifeless statue "who had ears and heard not." But ears he had, and eyes too, and though the book or paper was always in his hands, yet his thoughts were house than with the contents of either.

They talked so much about incidents unworthy a thought, their movements were so rapid and light, that they were always pleased. It was a mystery to him what they were made of.

One morning as Mary and he were alone, Fanny having gone out, her brother remarked, "I thought you said Miss Thorn was entirely unacquainted in our town."

"So she was before her visit."

"Why, Mr. Grey speaks of her as though he knew her very intimately, and detailed me a long time yesterday with a trade of congratulations on my having so delightful a lady an inmate of my house, asking me what I thought of the contour of her face—her voice—her conversational powers—her form—when, in fact—"

"When, in fact, my dear brother did not know that she possessed any thing worth looking at, or listening to. Mr. Grey is not so sensible to female charms as Mr. Dorrance, and yet Mr. Grey is no trifler. Fanny is riding with him this morning."

"Riding! Has Grey nothing more to do than ride with the ladies? His prospects are fine, but such proceedings will ruin him. And moreover, he is, I told me, far from expert at driving. Miss Thorn is not safe with him."

"Do not be concerned; they are on horseback, and if you could have seen how exceedingly lovely Fanny looked when mounted, even you would have wished Mr. Grey any where else than by her side."

Mr. Dorrance was silent for a few minutes. "It is strange Mary, when I have a carriage, that you should not have mentioned the pleasure I would have in driving her out. It seems you have no proper idea of things. I am acquainted with all the drives round the country, and Miss Thorn ought to see them before she leaves you."

"Oh, Fanny has been to them all."

"All? When and with whom?"

"Mr. Grey and other gentlemen, said Mary, laughing as her brother closed the door muttering, "The deuce take Grey—he had better have been in his office."

We cannot divide why, but during dinner Mr. Dorrance certainly looked very often at Fanny while she talked of her pleasant ride with Mr. Grey.

"My dear brother, my carriage is at the service of yourself and my sister whenever you desire to ride," said Mr. Dorrance, with an air of more than usual politeness.

Fanny thanked him, and insensibly they fell into a conversation concerning scenery and buildings, and the difference between the town and country pursuits, until Mary said it was four o'clock, and the bachelor, with an embarrassed air, as if of conversing an hour with a lady, rose and bowed to them as he left the room.

While Mr. Dorrance had been so indifferent to Miss Thorn and her charms, they had been fully appreciated by his friends. Mr. Grey was not the first who had spoken to him of her beauty, and whether he was piqued into noticing Fanny, or whether he feared he looked out of the thought of making an inmate of his own house, we cannot say; but certainly henceforth he lingered longer at the table, and even was guilty of a few little acts of gallantry to the ladies.

After dinner, one day, he threw some concert tickets on the table and said, "The concert of to-night promises much. There are tickets for Miss Thorn and yourself."

"Oh, thank you, brother, but how shall we get there? unless Mr. Grey or some one comes in, we shall have no escort."

"Why, is it to me entirely unfashionable for one gentleman to attend to two ladies?"

"But we have no one," said Mary, hesitating, unless you spend an evening for once in so useless a manner."

"Of course, Mary, I intend going. I once thought you had more quickness than the rest of your sex; but I do not know what is the matter with you; you are dull at comprehending the most simple thing."

"Oh, remember I am only Miss Dorrance, not Mr. Dorrance, laughing, as she ran up stairs to Fanny."

"What wonder next, Fanny? My brother asks you to sing after breakfast, brings concert tickets after dinner, and accompanies us in propria persona after tea. Oh my confirmed bachelor brother, I begin to have hopes of you after all."

The concert was delightful; Fanny and Mary, two of the greatest beauties there, and Mr. Dorrance the most devoted of men.

As they prepared for sleep, Fanny said, "Really, Mary, your brother was almost as agreeable as Mr. Grey."

"I had little opportunity of judging," replied Mary, in a sleepy tone, and the conversation ended.

To Mary's deep regret, there remained but one week of Fanny's visit; nearly two months since she came. Why does time when we are happy travel on so quickly! How they counted the hours when they must part to meet again, under such pleasant circumstances, perhaps no more.

With your approbation, Henry, I shall have a number of friends, to spend Wednesday evening with me before my dear Fanny leaves me."

"Just as you please, my little sister; but why must Miss Thorn go so soon? Is she weary of this place and its fatigues?"

"Fanny has only one sister, and she is a deeply afflicted one. To be away any longer

she says would be heartless and unkind: I suppose I shall have your company if I not your assistance on Wednesday. Mr. Grey, knowing your distaste for such things, has offered his services."

"Mr. Grey has grown officious," said Mr. Dorrance, pettishly; "I don't see how he can know anything of my tastes and distastes."

"Oh, said Mary, coloring, "he meant no offence; I thought you esteemed Mr. Grey as one remarkable for every virtue."

"Esteem him? So I do; but he need not interfere with my duties."

Every thing in the way of preparation went on well; but a few refusals came, and Fanny and Mary were beyond description beautiful as they stood together to receive their guests for the evening. Many bright eyes, fair forms, and light hearts filled the rooms of Mr. Dorrance, and by many was the question asked, "Will Mr. Dorrance favor us with his company?"

Mary, herself, felt anxious for his appearance, and her eyes frequently towards the door.

"So many of his friends are here, Fanny, he will surely come. It is so contrary to etiquette for him to be absent without a cause."

"Without a cause, Mary! Cast your eyes around on the array of female beauty and fascination, and then say if there is no cause for the absence of an 'unchangeable Benedict,' a confirmed bachelor. He dare not trust himself here, lest he be made captive against his will."

"I come to claim your hand, Miss Thorn," said Mr. Grey, looking the perfection of elegance as he led her out to the dance. "Pray what were you and your friend discussing? The subject has heightened your bloom."

"What we have often done before—finding fault with your sex."

"Our sex is grateful for being noticed on any terms by such ladies."

Just then there was a slight whispering, and Mary saw that her brother's entrance occasioned at him with admiration. He had certainly paid some extra attention to his dress, and was conspicuous for his fine form, and intelligent face.

"Well, my little sister, how are you succeeding in your evening entertainment? To prevent a scolding to-morrow, I have come among you—I did not know Miss Thorn danced. I thought she had too much mind for such frivolity; and Grey by her side—After capering about to-night like a grass-snake, how is he fit to come into court on serious business to-morrow?"

"Why, Henry, I shall tell Fanny to what you have compared her partner. Mr. Grey like a grasshopper! And pray what is Mr. Thorn like?"

"O, I cannot possibly tell you what she is like, without it is a chameleon. Now Miss Thorn, this morning, was a reasonable, conversant being, and to-night—"

"She is the same," said Mary, interrupting him. "She was only a vast increase of personal charms. Do come quickly, Fanny, Henry is complimenting you with compliments, said the bachelor, somewhat confused."

What was the subject of his conversation with Miss Thorn we do not know; whether of the folly of dancing, or especially with Mr. Grey; whether of mind, matter, clouds, sunsets, or poetry; but they conversed about something until the company separated, each declaring it was an agreeable evening.

But a day or two remained of Fanny's visit, and her lovely manner, so devoid of pretensions beyond her merit, had made her coming departure a matter of regret to all who knew her. Parting civilities flowed in upon her.

"Miss Thorn does not return alone," said Mr. Dorrance to his sister.

"Of course not."

"Is any one coming for her?"

"Oh no. Mr. Grey will accompany her."

"Mr. Grey does every thing. I should suppose propriety would have induced her to have preferred her brother."

"Mr. Grey has business in that direction; besides we did not suppose for one moment it would suit you to go."

"Has Mr. Grey any particular claim on Miss Thorn, that he is always at her side?"

"You must ask Fanny, yourself, or shall I ask her for you?" said Mary, archly.

"Nonsense, Mary, why should I want to know? It is of no importance to me."

The parting of the friends I will not describe. Many tears flowed, and they were either too deeply pained, or too much moved, to be able to say farewell. Fanny again and again expressed his fears that she was not well, and had better defer her journey for a few days. None seemed happy save Mr. Grey, when the carriage door closed, he looked out the window and nodded to Mr. Dorrance, who still remained at the door, with an expression that seemed to say, "do you not envy me?"

"Grey has become a perfect coxcomb," said Mr. Dorrance, as he walked in and slammed the door behind him.

For a few days the house was silent and lonely, and Mr. Dorrance appeared as if he was looking for some familiar object each time he came in. At length letters came. All were well. No accidents on the road. Mr. Grey was very kind, and would return in a few days. Mary told her brother, who said he was very happy to hear it.

Mr. Grey had been at home for more than a month. All marks of sadness had disappeared from Mary's face, and she had fallen into her old routine of duties, when her brother, who had been particularly restless that morning, entered the parlor for the fifth time, and said, "Mary, what think you of a short visit to Taunton?"

"Delightful, brother! Who is going?"

"Why, I am going, Mary; it never occurs to me that I am to do any thing. I have particular business there, and I suppose your friend Fanny will be glad to see you, though you are not accompanied by the fascinating Mr. Grey."

"You never appreciate Fanny. When you see her in the midst of her own family, so amiable, so loved, you may learn to do so too."

Mr. Dorrance colored, and said, "Don't be angry, Mary, but be ready for our journey in two days."

week had passed, business was over, and Mary wondered that her brother did not speak of returning. Another week passed, and she told him her arrangements would not admit of a longer stay.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Dorrance, "I am engaged to drive Miss Thorn out. The next day we will leave."

Mr. Dorrance on his return had intended to have stopped at several small towns, on his way; but perhaps his prolonged visit prevented him, as they went directly home. Mary thought her brother was very dull and unobtrusive on the journey.

They had been at home about a week when Mr. Dorrance came into his sister's room and said, "I have letters for you, Mary."

"From Fanny? There is no post-mark. Who brought them?" exclaimed Mary, as she opened them.

Her brother closely watched her varying countenance as she read—aye, more closely than he had ever watched a legal opponent while speaking.

"You to be married!" cried she, springing up and taking her brother's hands—"You to be married in

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FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF
ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE
STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF
THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:
*Scurfola, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obsolete
Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on
the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Rose Eyes,
Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlarge-
ment and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stub-
born Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatia, or*

Lumbago, and Distases Arising from an Indjudicious use of the Mercury, Ascleites, or Dropsy, Exposure or Imprudence in Life. Also Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.

There are few persons in this reading country of ours who are not to some extent acquainted with the virtues of the Extract of Sarsaparilla. It has been prepared by very many persons, some

well-admired fact that the preparation put up by the Messrs. SANDS of New York is altogether the most salutary one that has yet made its appearance before the public. Messrs Sands have devoted much attention to the subject for many years, and it is hardly to be doubted that they have brought their preparations as near perfection as can be achieved. We are glad to hear that they are reaping the reward which patient study and industry almost always secure. Their Sarsaparilla is a most agreeable and efficient remedy.

This is the season when Sarsaparilla is used for the best advantage, and we hear of numerous extensive sales for country use.

(New Orleans Weekly Tropic, June 3, 1843.)

This universal preparation has performed some of the most astonishing cures of diseases that are recorded in the annals of history, thus proving conclusively it is capable of fulfilling the high aim and purpose for which it is designed.

Patient suffering for years from various chronic

constitutional disorders, after trying different remedies, spending thousands of dollars in traveling and doctoring, and suffering all that humane nature is capable of enduring, have, by the use of a few bottles, entirely recovered their health. Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula or King's Evil, Salt Rheum and Kingworm, Ulcers and painful affection of the bones, Ulcerated Throat and Nostrils, Scurvy, Chronic Sore Eyes, Blotches and various cutaneous eruptions, are effectually cured by its use. Diseases having their

origin in an impure state of the blood and fluids generally will be speedily and effectually removed by this invaluable medicine, as its operation is peculiar, and consists in removing the cause of diseases by entering into the circulation and passing through the general system. Where obstructions to its favorable operation exists, they are removed as it passes along the alimentary canal; hence the patient will feel and know the sensible operation of the Sarsaparilla from its curative powers.

The proprietors are daily receiving from the medical profession, the clergy, officers of justice, and numerous private citizens, ample and willing testimony both written and verbal, to the superior value and efficacy of this preparation.—To the poor it is furnished gratuitously, on sufficient proof being furnished of their worthiness.

The following certificates from individuals who have suffered with Scrofula, in its severest form, are presented for the careful perusal of the afflicted:

REMARKABLE CURE OF HIP DISEASE

Messrs. Sands—Gent:—My daughter, age six years, was attacked with the hip disease when two years old, and then since then she has been growing gradually worse until recently, and her suffering at intervals was most painful to behold, and baffles all description. The head of the hip bone was thrown entirely out of place, after which matter or puss formed in the socket of the joint, and for many months in succession she was entirely deprived of all natural rest. She was

The Almighty has promised to be with us in six troubles, and in the seventh he will not leave us nor forsake us, if we put our trust and confidence in Him; and truly I can say it has been verified in the present case. Though His blessing and our instrumentality, our child lives.

yes, is restored to perfect health, and is a living monument of the efficacy of your health restoring Sarsaparilla. We had tried all the remedies within our reach, had the bone once set, had it blistered and purged, without effect. She commenced the use of the Sarsaparilla in April last and in less than a week there was an evident improvement; a discharge came on from the hip joint, and in a few days it commenced healing, and in less than two weeks it was entirely closed. During the time of using the Sarsaparilla, she

passed large quantities of worms, which aided materially in hastening the cure. She rapidly improved in health and strength, her appetite increased, and she is now entirely restored, and wholly so by the use of your Sarsaparilla.

With the grateful feelings of a mother's heart and father's joy, we subscribe ourselves your friend.

WILLIAM S. BAILEY,
SARAH BAILEY,

No 596 Fourth st.
We, the subscribers, being neighbors to Wil-

liam and Sarah Bailor, know the above statement in relation to their child, and the cure performed by Sands's Sarsaparilla, to be strictly true.

WILLIAM POWERS,
JOHN MYERS.

SCROFULA CURED OF SIX YEARS
STANDING.

PHILADELPHIA, July 23, 1843.

Messrs. Sands: Gent — In the month of June, 1837, I was attacked with cramp in the stomach,

induced by a sudden check of perspiration. By timely remedies I was relieved, but my system had received a shock from which I did not recover. About two months after this, a scrofulous lump appeared on my breast, which gradually increased to the size of a hen's egg, and then became excessively painful. I tried different Panaceas without deriving any benefit whatever, and continuing to grow worse, applied to a homoeopathic physician, who left me suffering more than he found me. The scrofula now appeared in my neck, and

my right knee and ankle; my leg swelled to four times its natural size, and threatened extensive ulceration, rendering me for years a helpless cripple, the greater part of the time suffering "excruciating anguish. I now had recourse to the old practice, was cupped and blistered very severely, but all to no purpose.

I then tried the Thompsonian practice with the same result, and now I despaired of ever being cured. My appetite entirely failed, and bed I came a mere skeleton; for months I could not sleep in bed, but passed the night limping about

the room; the moment I laid down the pain became insupportable. Iodine was used internally and externally, but all in vain; and now, to add to the horrors of my situation, a large tumor appeared on the lower part of the spine, which became excessively painful and tender, rendering it almost impossible to sit down, and I despaired of ever getting well.

Hearing of the wonderful cures performed by your Sarsaparilla, my friends induced me to make one more trial which I did, scarcely daring to

Your agent, S. P. Thompson, furnished me with the Sarsaparilla, and what was my astonishment and delight, after taking a few bottles, to find I was getting well. A few more completed the cure, and now I can say I am well. Yes, after six years of indissoluble suffering, I can say I am well, and entirely owe my restoration to health, through the blessing of Providence, to your Sarsaparilla—a medicine whose virtues should be known throughout the world. I return my

smoother thanks, and shall always be happy to give any further information to the afflicted by applying to me at my residence, No. 39 Newmarket st.

THOMAS BURR.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. Sands & Co., Druggists and Chemists, Granite Buildings, 273 Broadway, Corner Ceambers St., New York.

G. F. THOMAS,
147 Main St., between 3d and 4th Sts.,
Sole agents for Cincinnati.

Coffee Mills.
A NEW PATENT combined power double-
wheel Coffee Mills, a new and excellent ar-
ticle. Just received and for sale by
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Main st. Cincinnati.
April 6.—27