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POETICAL.

For the Register.

PSALM XII.—No. 1.

Help, Lord, O help! for wickedness,
On every side abounding,
O'erwhelms the gaily in distress,
Through all the land resounding!
Obscure men, and knaves unmet,
Where slight occasions rise,
Gain, if they can, the highest seat
To fill their fame and coffer!
Some bending low, accost the great
And bowch ignoble matter;
While others for preeminent worth,
And crouch, and lie, and flatter!
Some, on the street their stations fix,
And laugh and jest unblush;
Or talk their pulpit politics,
Or sing their songs of folly.
"Our lips belong to us," they cry—
"Who then, shall have control?
"Why would we restrain our words,
And dare e'en hear'd to curse us?"
"Our words are strong and must prevail,
And we will say the nation,
"Till our spilling saults upon us rail
And preach about salvation!"
Ah, wretched land where avarice,
Pride, vanity, ambition,
Oppression, fraud, and every vice
Lead on to sure perdition!
"For now I'll rise," said God, "and show
In vengeance dire and speedy,
"What flaming deeds my wrath can do
To save the poor and needy!"
"From caves and dens where they dwell,
"But shall not dwell for ever,
"I've heard the sighs and groans they tell,
And haste me to deliver!"
Great God! Thy works are just and true,
And righteous thy decisions;
What shall the wretched sinner do
Beneath divine derision!

For the Register.

PSALM XII.—No. 2.

Help, Lord! behold the unrighteous prevail
And boast the increase of their crimes!
From earth shall religion and virtue all fail
Borne down by the tide of the times!
Despisers of men and revilers from God
Cast off all submission, and boast;
And wretches all covered with innocent blood
Full stations of honor and trust!
Some low bending down their vile compliments
press
And bow on the rich and the great;
While others the merciless miser caress
And flatter the monster they hate.
Convent'd on the street idle masses I see,
Profane in their speech and their song,
Unmannerly of manners they murder the day
And in darkness their revels prolong.
"Our lips are our own," in their frenzy they cry,
"Who then, shall our passions restrain?"
"If men be the tyrants, those laws we defy,
And heaven may threaten in vain."
"Our words are potent, and we shall prevail,
"Till we reign as despots command;
"Though saints in their folly ill-naturally rail,
And tell of destruction at hand."
Ah, wretches abandon'd to folly and pride
And all the false gods of gold,
How can ye in burning, eternal abide
Or support the position you hold?
"Behold," said the Lord,—"I'll speak to you,
"I'll rise in my terrible forms;
"Wrath unmitigated your souls shall pursue,
And whelm you in merciless storms!"
"To saints who have cried from the hovel or cave,
And hark'd my salvation to see,
"I'll give the dominion of death and the grave
And crown them as monarchs with me."
Jehovah! thy judgments are faithful and true,
And all the world shall confess
What deeds of destruction thy anger shall do,
Or what deeds of salvation thy grace.

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

She put him on a snow-white shroud,
A chaplet on his head;
And gathered early primroses
To scatter o'er the dead.
She laid him in his little grave—
"Twas hard to lay him there,
When spring was putting forth her flowers,
And every thing was fair.
She had lost many children—now
The last of them was gone;
And day and night she sat and wept,
Beside the funeral stone.
One midnight while her constant tears
Were falling with the dew,
She heard a voice, and lo! her child
Stood by her weeping too!
His shroud was damp, his face was white,
He said "I cannot sleep,
Your tears have made my shroud so wet;
Oh, mother do not weep!"
Oh, love is strong!—the mother's heart
Was filled with tender fears;
Oh, love is strong!—the father's child
Her grief restrained its tears.
One eye a light shone round her bed,
And there she saw him stand—
Her infant in his little shroud,
A taper in his hand.
"Lo! mother, see my shroud is dry,
And I can sleep once more;
And beautiful the parting smile
The little infant wore.
And down within the silent grave
He laid his weary head;
And soon the early violets
Grew o'er his grassy bed.
The mother went her household ways—
Again she knelt in prayer,
And only asked the heaven its aid
Her heavy lot to bear.

SELECT TALES.

THE LITTLE GROWN GREAT.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

In a beautiful seaport town in Connecticut, lived a young mechanic, who was not only honest and industrious, but a man of good education and refined sensibilities. He married in early life a lovely girl, who, though a mechanic's daughter, and brought up to labor with her hands, was not a whit behind the Governor's child in all that makes the real lady. They commenced house-keeping with high hopes and good prospects, but having met with several losses and disappointments, continued poor, and the embargo in 1830 so affected his business that it was with difficulty he could support his family, consisting, besides himself and wife, of four small children—fine, chubby little fellows—the two eldest of whom, of five and seven years old, went to school, and were lauded as the best scholars in their respective classes. The parents were proud of them, of course, and looked forward to a day when they would be great and honored.

Mr. M. was a small, and somewhat dilapidated house—not being able to pay a high rent—which, however, was kept neat and comfortable within by the tidy hands of Mrs. M., who, besides doing all the work for her family, and attending most religiously to her little ones, contrived to earn something by sewing; and thus assisted her husband to struggle against adversity, as well as to soothe and cheer him beneath his heavy burden. So that although they were sometimes without provisions for the morrow, they spoke of hope to each other, made their oblation of prayer and praise, for they felt that they had much to be thankful for, and lay down and slept sweetly, trusting that good angels guarded their pillows.

And that their Father in Heaven would give them day by day their daily bread.

Mr. M. had a neighbor, a Mr. W., who was counted a rich man. He lived in a large white house, and regarded his poor and less fortunate neighbor with ineffable contempt.

It chanced, one summer day, that Mrs. M. was prevented from finishing a piece of work, which she had promised the next morning, by the illness of her darling babe, and as her husband went to his shop as soon as it was light, and came to breakfast at eight, she rose early, and sat down to finish her work. As she had only to make coffee for breakfast, she allowed her little ones to sleep till seven, and then, as her fire had gone out overnight, sent her eldest son to Mr. W.'s for a coal. (Loco Foco matches were not then in use.)

It chanced that the great man was in his kitchen when the child entered and asked in his pretty, smiling way for fire.

Mr. W. regarded him with a scowl, and then asked in a gruff voice:

"Have you had no fire in your house yet to-day?"

"No sir," replied the boy, shrinking involuntarily.

"Are you not hungry?" asked Mr. W.

"No sir," again replied the boy, "I have only my nut put up, but mamma has been up a long while, sewing."

"Sewing?" iterated Mr. W.—"well, I should think you would starve, though I suppose you are used to live without eating."

While the gentleman was speaking, his little daughter, a child of seven years, slipped from the room, and as she came out, drew her hand, with a cake, from beneath her red lips trembling, and her bright blue eyes full of tears.

"Take it Willy, and don't be angry now."

"Thank you, Lucy," he said, "but I can't take your cake, oh no!"—and he hurried away.

The little girl wept bitterly, and he, as soon as he reached home, and had laid his coal on the hearth, crept away beneath a bed of currants in the garden, and cried till he was quite sick when he thus forgot his manhood, and stooped to taunt a noble boy with the poverty, which, had it even been a fault of his parents, could not have been a reproach to him, had no conception of the cruelty of the action, of the deep envenomed wound which his words had inflicted. Men do not appreciate the sensibility of children.

It is indeed wonderful at the incandescence of anger, and holding it out to him said, and towards them, as if they were not only ignorant of the deep and keen sensibilities of childhood, but also of the fact that the children, now regarded and treated like dumb animals, in a few years, be men and women, occupying the position from which the present actors in life's drama will have passed away, and bearing on the heart's tablet the indelible impressions of love or fear, esteem or aversion, written there while the heart was tender, and every impression consequently deep and abiding.

Poor Willy felt agonizingly the taunt of Mr. W., and with it the kindness of little Lucy was chronicled accordingly. Although the offer of the cake at that time was bitter to his insultrated pride and proudly rejected, yet the tenderness of the heart that prompted the offer was dear and precious to his wounded spirit.

He could eat no breakfast that morning, but he forebore to wound the feelings of his parents by repeating to them the words of their neighbors, and he resolved to use every endeavor to rise in the world, that he might one day be able to look upon Mr. W. from a noble vantage point.

The wealth in which Mr. W. prided himself, he had inherited from his father, who, from a blacksmith's apprentice, became, by industry and parsimony, the proprietor of a fine farm. He married late in life, and this one son was his only child. The old man endeavored to educate him well, but he forgot to inculcate childhood with kindness, generosity and truth.

The old man was very proud of the affluence which he had won so painfully, and the deference which people are always ready to pay to the possessor of wealth, however it may have been acquired.

It is by no means wonderful that the son should inherit an exalted opinion of himself, as he had to so fine a property, and affected the society of those whose estates, having been accumulated by grand fathers or great-grand-fathers, were thus one or two grades farther removed from the working classes.

Old Mr. W. had determined that his son should have a genteel education. He was accordingly sent to college, whence he emerged with a superficial knowledge of many things, yet without having mastered one single science; and, being no book-worm as he said, he forgot every thing that the poor, patient professor had been at such pains to write, line upon line, and precept upon

precept, upon a mind hard as iron to the pen of instruction, and which, like ice, lost every impression as soon as the sun and wind of the outer world acted upon it. But he had "been to college," and he felt a bitter contempt for every one who was not "liberally educated"—a contempt which he was at no pains to conceal. He had married the daughter of a merchant of the city, and on the death of his father, was easily persuaded to sell his fine farm, and to come into partnership with his father-in-law. He was now at the height of his glory, and as he sat in his front parlor, and looked exultingly at the gold lettered sign, upon which his name glowed beside that of one of the oldest and richest merchants in the city, he felt that he desired no higher heaven. No marvel that such a gentleman should stoop to insult a child.

Well, Mr. M. grew weary of struggling in the city, and living on the refuse of the markets; so he sold the little he possessed, purchased an old horse and wagon, and with little more than his hopeful family, turned his footsteps westward.

Mrs. M. wept bitterly, when, from the top of a hill she took the last look of her native place, the last farewell of her scenes of morning life, and felt that those places should know her no more forever. But she soon dried her eyes, and turned her face resolutely toward the unexplored region, in which hope whispered she would find a better home.

They traveled wearily onward, and the blind dog which he stands by the way side, bestowing a garden on one of a thousand of the innumerable emigrants who leave home with all its idols, and go forth on a dreary pilgrimage to court her favor, and smiled gratefully toward the unexplored region, in which hope whispered she would find a better home.

Mr. M. secured a large tract of wild land on which he erected his cabin, and made rapid improvements. Willy saw, in the dim future, the fulfillment of his own desire, and at the age of ten years, could boast of his expert axemanship, and bring quite a tall bench to the ground.

Our favorites of fortune were blessed with contented health. The winters at that time were unusually mild, and every crop and seed which they put into the ground brought forth an hundred fold, and the lying off of this Great Western Canal lengthened through this land, so increased its value, that, in a few years, he found himself rich. Willy was then "sent to college," and came home at the age of twenty-four, with a thorough classical education. He was soon seated amongst the legislators of his State; and was the universal favorite of his fellow men, and his abilities of his fellow men, that there was no office so responsible but that they were eager to lay its burden on his shoulders.

A few years ago, as he sat with his associates on the seat of judgment, listening to heart-sickening details of sin and misery, amid the poor wretches arraigned for crime against their fellows, were two men charged with burglary and arson. His very soul shrank inward as he recognized in the elder of the two, a fellow whom he had long forgotten, his father's naughty neighbor, Mr. W.

"This miserable, white-haired fellow, clothed in rags and covered with disgrace," he said to himself, "is the very man against whom I so long harbored a bitter enmity. Well, I have now my revenge in full—and what is it? A bitter drop. Poor man, I ought never to have envied you." Such were his thoughts as he gazed on the poor man who was taught in his childhood to "trust in riches," and who, when they forsook him, turned to "wrong and misery."

It was proven, s the trial progressed, that Mr. W. and his son-in-law had many years ago failed in trade for a large amount, and became miserably poor. It seemed that he had "been used to live without eating" until unable longer to endure, he and his son-in-law—a vain, vicious tempered fellow, who found little difficulty in deceiving both father and daughter, the first into a belief of his wealth, the other into a firm faith in his worth and pure affection—took to gambling and other dishonest practices, by which they had obtained a precarious livelihood, until the commission of the crime of which they stood accused.

Towards the close of the trial, a female came into the court room, muffled in an old camel cloak, and having her face concealed by a black veil, and a thick green veil drawn over it. She seemed to walk with difficulty, and took a seat just behind the prisoners. There she remained silent until the jury, having agreed without leaving the box, signified that they had found a verdict. She then clasped her hands with a kind of gasping utterance, and her whole frame shook violently, until, as the word "guilty" fell on her bruised heart, she sunk heavily to the floor. She was carried out, and the justice of the law passed upon the two miserable offenders.

"It is well," muttered the old man. "In the penitentiary I shall at least have food."

That evening Judge M., having learned where the poor woman had been conveyed, made her a visit.

"Oh! in mercy let me go with me! I have no friend, no home on earth!"

"Compose yourself, madam," he replied, calmly; "something better will, I trust, be done for you. Pardon me the question, was your husband kind to you?"

"He was, until misfortune urged him to evil courses, which I could not but plead with him against, and then he became irritable, estranged, and cruel. Oh! I have lived miserably with them, but still I had a home and was under the protection of a husband. But now I am an outcast! doomed to beggary and insult. I was not taught to labor in my youth, and my accomplishments, though showy, were superficial, and have been all worn away by affliction. I have no way to earn a subsistence, and no one to take me in. Oh! what will become of me?"

"Lucy," said Judge M., taking her hand respectfully, "I hope you will not retaliate upon me now the way you did once proudly inflicted upon you. I have never forgotten the morning when you, in your pure and childish charity, proffered little Willy your cake, nor the blush and tear that beautified your sweet little face at my refusal. I will not conceal from you that I hated your father for his cruel words to me that morning, and resolved one day to stand above him on the scale of riches and honor. But you may believe me, I am sincerely sorry for his misfortune, and would make every possible sacrifice to take away his guilt, if that could be done. But, Lucy, I cannot save him nor your husband from the penalty of the offended laws. Neither would I, if I could. They have sinned in the face of the law, and they must abide its vengeance."

"But, I have a home where love, peace and plenty dwell to dwell, and my affectionate Clara finds one of our chief delights

in ministering to misfortune. Come and dwell with us, and we will regard you as a dear sister. I have told Clara the story of little Lucy and her cake, and you shall find that, although I hurt your gentle heart then by a refusal, the good deed was not lost nor forgotten, but shall bring you fruit an hundred fold."

Poor Lucy felt sobbing at his feet, but she could not speak her gratitude.

She is still residing in the family of Judge M., and no inmate of the house considers the amiable and cheerful Aunt Lucy, as she is familiarly called, a burden or a drawback on their pleasures.

Her father died in the Penitentiary, and her husband, as soon as released, took the road to Texas. But she affirms that she never knew happiness until she found it in the mansion of Judge M.

This little story is literally true, and its truth is its only recommendation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Legislation cannot prevent duelling. A few such hits as the following at the system will soon effect its destruction:

THE CODE OF HONOR.

Two young men, one with a black leather cap on his head, and military buttons on his coat, sat in close conversation, about six months ago, in the bar room of the hotel.

The subject that occupied their attention seemed to be an exciting one, at least to him, Mr. Blake, who, more than insinuated, for he emphasized strongly, knit his brows awfully, and at last went so far as to swear a terrible oath.

"Don't permit yourself to get excited, Tom," interposed the friend. "It won't help the matter at all."

"But I've got no patience,"

"Then this time you had some," coolly returned the friend. "If you intend pushing your way into the good graces of my lady Mary Clinton, you must do something more than flatter the little matter of rivalry that has sprung up."

"Yes; but to think of a poor milkpail of an author—author!—scribbler!—to think, I say, of a spiritless creature like Blake thrusting himself between me and such a girl as Mary Clinton; and worse, gauding her nose, is too bad! He has sinned against her eyes, and no doubt, and I'll not let her see him, until she doesn't know who, or where she is—and in this way become a formidable rival. But I won't bear it, I'll—I'll—"

"What will you do?"

"Do? I'll—I'll wing him!—That's what I'll do. I'll challenge the puppy and shoot him!"

And the young lieutenant, for such he was, flourished his right arm at a duello, and looked pistol balls and death.

"But you won't fight, Tom."

"Won't he?" Then the lieutenant's face brightened. "Then I'll post him for a coward! That'll finish him! All women hate cowards. I'll post him—yes, and cowl him in the bargain, if necessary."

"Posting will do," half sarcastically replied his friend. "But on what pretence will you challenge him?"

"I'll make one. I'll insult him the first thing I see, and then, if he says any thing, challenge him, and shoot him!"

"That would be quite gentlemanly—quite according to the code of honor," returned the friend quietly.

The young military gentleman we have introduced was named Redmond. The reader has already penetrated his character. In person he was quite good looking, though not the Adonis he deemed himself. He had a deeply inlaid with the "acres of charms" possessed by a Miss Mary Clinton, and was making rapid inroad upon her heart—at least he thought so—when a young man well known in the literary circles, made his appearance, and was received with a degree of favor that confounded the officer who had begun to think himself superior of his prize.

Blake had a much readier tongue, and a great deal more in his head, than the other, and could, therefore, in the matter of mind, at least, appear to him better advantage than his rival. He had also written and published one or two popular works. This gave him a standing as an author. Take him all in all he was a rival to be feared, and Redmond was not long in making the discovery. What was to be done? A military man must not be put down, beaten off, by a mere civilian. The rival must be gotten off in some way. The professional man was, as he had been, the thought of first Blake was to be challenged and "killed off," and then the course would be clear.

A few days after this brave and honorable determination, the officer met the author in a public place, and purposely jostled him rudely. Blake said nothing, thinking it possible that it might have been only accident. But he remained near Redmond, to give him a chance to repeat the insult, if such had been his intention. It was not long before the author was again jostled in a still rudely manner than before, at the same time some offensive word was muttered by the officer. This was in the presence of a number of persons, who could not help hearing, seeing, and understanding all. Satisfied that an insult was intended, Blake looked him in the face for a moment, and then asked, loud enough to be heard all around—

"Did you just me intentionally?"

"I did," was the angry retort.

"Gentlemen never do such things," as Blake said this with marked emphasis, he looked steadily in the officer's face.

And as the officer said this menacingly, he turned and walked away with a military air.

"There's trouble for you now, Blake," he'll challenge you," said two or three friends who instantly gathered around him.

"Do you think so?"

"Certainly! He's an officer. Fighting's his trade."

"Well, let him!"

"Will you do?"

"Accept the challenge, of course."

"And fight him?"

"Certainly."

"He'll shoot you."

"I'm not afraid."

Blake returned with a friend to his lodgings, where he found a billet already from Redmond, who was all eagerness to wing his rival.

The next morning, two friends of the lieutenant were despatched for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries of the fight.

"The weapon?" asked the friend of the military man. "Your principle, by the laws of honor, has the choice; as also the right to name the time, place, &c."

"Yes, I understand. All is settled."

"He will fight then?"

"Fight! O, certainly, Blake is no coward."

"Well, then, name the weapons."

"A pair of goose quills."

"Sir! In profound astonishment. The weapons are to be a pair of good Russian goose quills, opaque, manufactured into pens of approved quality. The place of meeting, the Gazette; the time, to-morrow morning, bright and early."

"Do you mean to insult me?" This was said with sternness.

"By no means."

"You cannot be serious?"

"Never was more so in my life. By the code of honor the challenged party has a right to choose weapons, place of meeting, and time. Is not that so?"

"Very well. Your principal has challenged mine. All these rights are of course his; and he is justified in choosing the weapons with which he is most familiar. The weapon he can use best is the pen; and he chooses that. If Lieutenant Redmond had been the challenged party, he would, of course named pistols, with which he is familiar. Mr. Blake would have been called a coward, a poltroon, or something as bad, if, after sending a challenge, he had objected to the weapons. Will your principal find himself in any different position if he declines this meeting on like grounds? I think not. Pens are as good as pistols, at any time, and will do as much execution."

"Fighting with pens! Preposterous!"

"Not quite so preposterous as you may think. Mr. Blake has more than insinuated that Mr. Redmond is no gentleman. For this he is challenged to a single combat that is to prove him to be either a gentleman or not one. Surely the most sensible weapon with which to do this is the pen. Pistols 'don't demonstrate' this matter. Only the pen can do it. So the pen is chosen. In the Gazette of to-morrow morning my friend stands ready to prove that he is a gentleman, and your friend will prove that he is one, and that a gentleman has a right to insult publicly and without provocation whomsoever he pleases. Depend upon it, you will find this quite as serious an affair as if pistols were used."

"I did not come here, sir, to be trifled with."

"No trifling in the matter at all. I am in sober earnest. Pens are the weapons. The Gazette is the battle ground. Time here as you please to-morrow morning. Are you prepared for the meeting?"

"Do you understand the consequences?"

"What consequences?"

"Your principal will be posted as a coward before night."

"Are you mad?"

"No. Cool and earnest. We fully understand what we are about."

The officer's second was non-plussed. He did not know what to say or think. He was unprepared for such a position of affairs.

"I'll see you in the course of an hour," he at length said rising.

"Very well. You will find me here."

"Is all settled?" asked the valiant Lieutenant, as his second came into his room at the hotel where he was pacing the floor.

"Settled! No. Not likely. I objected to the weapons, and indeed, the whole proposed arrangement."

"Objection to the weapons! And pray what did he name? A blunderbuss?"

"No. Nor a duck gun, with trumpet muzzle; but an infernal pen!"

"A what?"

"Why, curse the fellow, a pen! You are to use pens—the place of meeting the Gazette—time, to-morrow morning. He is to prove that you are no gentleman, and you are to enjoy the satisfaction of insulting whomsoever he pleases, without provocation."

"He's a cowardly fool?"

"If the terms are not accepted he threatens to post you for a coward before night."

"What!"

"You must accept or be posted. Think of that!"

"He precise terms in which the the principal is to be posted, and the manner in which he fumed for the next five minutes, and then he said, He was called back to more sober feelings by the question—

"Do you accept the terms of the meeting?"

"No—of course not the fellow is a fool."

"Then you consent to be posted. How will that sound?"

"I'll cut off the rascal's ears if he dare do such a thing."

"He won't secure Mary Clinton, the cause of this contest."

"Hang it, no!"

"With pens for weapons, he'll wing you a little too quick."

"No doubt. But the public won't bear him out in such an outrage—such a violation of all the rules of honor."

"By the code of honor the challenged party has a right to choose weapons, &c."

"I know."

"And you are afraid to meet the man you have challenged on the terms he proposes."

"That is all plain and simple enough. The world will understand it all."

"But what's to be done?"

"You must fight, apologize, or be posted. There is no alternative. To be posted would do the thing would be too strongly against you."

"It will be as bad, or even worse, to fight as he proposes."

"True. What then?"

"I must be made up some how or other."

"So I think. Will you write an apology?"

"I don't know. That's too humiliating."

"It is the least of three evils."

So at last thought the valiant Lieutenant Redmond. When the seconds again met, it was to arrange a settlement of the differences. This could only be done by a very humble written apology, which was made. On the next day the young officer left the city, a little wiser than when he came. Blake and his second said little of the matter. A few choice friends were let into the secret, which afforded many a hearty laugh. Among these friends was Mary Clinton, who not long after gave her hand and heart to the redoubtable author.

As for the lieutenant, he declares that he would as lief come in contact with a Paixan gun as an author with his "infernal pen." He understands pistols, small swords, rifles, and even cannons, but he can't stand up when "pen work" is the order of the day. The odds would be too much against him.

MORAL DEPARTMENT.

A TRULY GREAT MAN.

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the same show of reason, be taken under the protection of some great empire. The thing is plainly wrong in principle, and its worst advocates get around that by crying aloud for it in the name of common interests and the right of man to protest. This brings the question to our test: Shall this nation abandon great and vital moral principles in subservience to self-interest? Verily, it would seem so. It is not simply proposed to adjust the quarrel, but that our power may be increased and our territories extended. We must put an end to the present prevalent hands on one side of Congress must be made, and for what? It is with shame the truth must be confessed. To keep peace at home we must go abroad for help. Alas! a nation, by such a confession, unfolds a humiliating tale. If we have not the elements of peace and prosperity already among us, the only way of procuring them can aid us nowhere. Every addition will only increase the ferment of the heterogeneous elements. History tells us it is best for a nation to make their peace at home. Shall the warning voice go unheeded?

If, but, to return to the moral aspect of the question. America's scheme and action is fully belied by the history of her conquest. This would sanction a practice which ambition has found very suitable to its purpose, and which has occasioned greater troubles and more desolating warfare probably than any other. Of all things it is the duty of the United States to set an example to the world, and to show that the nations may cultivate their peace policy and learn to make laws. This attempt to annex Texas has quite a contrary tendency.—The bright hope which is kindling ever brighter in the bosoms of liberal men every where, that our system has inspired wisdom that makes the world say that we had but as other nations to follow. Shall it be said that this is nothing? We should act regardless of consequences when obvious interest commands? We answer, that right, not interest, should govern the world, and that the United States should make the world follow. If you give yea, they should teach the world how noble a thing it is to be governed by this alone. If they need territory let them acquire it honorably and so peaceably as they have done before, and not in such a way as to give cause for the world to say we are selfish. A contrary example will deprive our example of that moral force which now attaches to it. This is what we wish to impress upon the mind.

This being our course, we should not be led astray by nice distinctions of right and wrong. Two moral questions are raised, and we are sure to drag to the essential substance of things. Speculation upon fine-spun theories is one of the greatest evils which truth has to encounter; and when nations have to resort to it to justify their course, it is obvious that the moral plain dictates of international law forbid the annexation of Texas; therefore very curious and subtle reasoning must supply its place. This the foregoing remarks will explain.

Thus much on the subject, with reference to its bearing upon other nations. Having extended this article already too far, we will now examine very briefly, the effect of annexation upon our own national morality.

It will increase the desire for acquisition as naturally as the acquisition of one nation increases the desire of a nation for another. This desire, becoming very strong, will harden the national conscience, and cause us to relax our scruples at every increase, until finally there can be seen no reason why the whole world should not be under the desire of a nation for another. It is on our side, that the policy will serve as a precedent to further gains. Nations, conscious of superior power, brook less than others. The progress onward is very natural, and the end in all cases is the same. What that is let the history of the world tell.

But the most important effect is that which it will have upon our own people. In the South and Southwest there is a continual change going on in the social structure. Year after year there is a moving in and out in every neighborhood, which keeps society continually unsteady. This is certainly a great evil, and its influence is felt by all those who cherish the principles which we so justly prize so richly bestows. Fresher and richer lands, turning the mind from purer sources of pleasure, cause this unceasing emigration. Now it is certain, that so long as this is the case, the virtues which adorn a fixed, steady, and confidential society, and which are the basis of a national character, will be sadly neglected. Appened to our own conditions, and past history, and see if this be not true.—Where is the remedy? Surely not in annexing Texas; that will increase the evil. Then we must take away the temptation, and the evil will gradually wear itself out.

Now, if we want a tame, industrious, intelligent

ligent population; but this we cannot have as we would wish so long as the feverish desire to become suddenly rich on new lands sways the minds of many. This desire will be increased by the large amount of money to be expended. It is evident that if we unbuckle our Southern society, years will have to elapse before the people will return to a love of those pleasures which make society durable and pleasant. Too many will be tempted to live by speculation. This is a bad habit, and if it becomes general, it will operate in, must have yet more territory or they will be thrown upon us as pests. Save us from such characters.

These views might be expanded and others added, but our limits compel us to close. We ask for a high moral tone in our government, and a cultivation of the virtues which cement society together, and thus help to sustain union and harmony, are not considerations entitled to quite as much weight as pecuniary interest!

Clinton, Alabama, Sept. 2.

The prospect in Virginia.

"SARAS BROWN?" is the Richmond Enquirer says. We have pleasure in placing before our readers the agreeable information contained in the following article:

From the Norfolk (Va.) Herald of Monday.

Though we have never lost hope of Virginia that she would prefer Clay to Polk, we have never till now felt that hope ripening into confidence. Our only fear was that the adjoining district—Wise's district, so called—would counterbalance the Whig gain in the West. Let that district be tied, or any thing near it, and Virginia is out, and out a Whig State; Whig in her Legislature, (as she is already,) and Whig in her vote for President.

We had no reason to doubt of a majority, which we were in doubt of a majority, in that district—small though it may be, yet sufficient to turn the scale in his favor in the general contest for the State. The central Democratic power is beginning to feel the symptoms of paralysis in this region, and hence the visits of those able physicians of the party, Scott, Cassie, Seddon, &c., to his and the Eastern Shore district, to rally round him the scattered forces. Every point they have been met by veterans in debate, and their mission, like that of Balaban, has proved one of benefit to those they were sent to cure. They have walked up the Whigs and set them to work, and even old Aecomus will be found true to her integrity when the files of November shall come round. As for this district, if all the orators of the Democratic party, from the Chesapeake to the Ohio, were congregated in it, and were to continue speaking night and day till the election, they could not gain a single vote, nor a vote worth being against themselves. We therefore say to our friends up the country, be of good cheer, go it bravely for yourselves—the Whigs hereabouts will do your duty.

REMEMBER THE WHEEL.—Let our rich men remember that their offspring may sometime be poor. History tells of an ancient conqueror who having harnessed several kings to his triumphal chariot noticed one of them frequently looking back and narrowly watching the wheel the conqueror asked him why he did so. I was thinking, said he, how quick it is to that wheel would come down into the dust, and the party now down would be on top. The conqueror understood him. Rich men's posterity is the wheel.

From the Carlisle Herald.

Rich and Interesting Correspondence.

The following correspondence which has been furnished us for publication, will sufficiently explain itself to all who read it, and doubtless infinitely amuse them. We give it without comment:—

FURFIELD, O., Aug. 10, 1844.

To His Excellency, Gov. Ritter—
Honored Sir,—The Executive Committee of the Ohio Temperance Society have received information that yourself and the Hon. Thomas H. Burrows intend to pay a visit to the Queen of the West some time in this month, and as our village is located on a fair turnpike road from Wheeling to Cincinnati, I am requested, as corresponding Secretary, to address a letter of invitation to your honor and the Hon. Mr. Burrows. It would be so convenient for you on your route to address a mass meeting at this place on the 24th inst. Should you visit the beautiful West at that time or any subsequent period, understanding by some means that both of you have changed your sentiments since 1840, the true Democracy and ourselves would be glad to greet you. We are highly complimented and honored by seeing such distinguished gentlemen. Should the information prove to be correct, you will confer a favor by informing me in time.

I subscribe myself yours, with the warmest esteem and am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

M. B. HILL, P. M.

MOUNT ROCK, Aug. 16, 1844.

Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 10th instant I received, in which you say that the Democratic Committee of your town had received information that you and the Hon. Mr. Burrows had myself intended to visit "the Queen of the West some time in this month." You also say you are requested as Corresponding Secretary, to invite us to address a mass meeting on the 24th inst. at your place having understood that both have changed your sentiments since 1840. In what follows I speak only for myself: should you deem it proper to address Mr. Burrows, he will speak for himself. I say then to you, that you have been most grossly deceived by the gaudy wiles of the information you have received altogether erroneous. I do not intend to visit the "Far West" this season—neither have I changed my sentiments since 1840, in regard to the great questions involved in the great struggle between the friends of Henry Clay and James K. Polk, for the Presidency.

The political sentiments which I hold, I imbibed in my boyhood, during the administration of Thomas Jefferson. I advocated and defended the same principles during the administration of Madison and Monroe, though Ezekiel Polk, the grandfather of James K. Polk, was my neighbor in a day, and in a public office I desired now to see the principles and measures restored under which the country was happy and prosperous, before the Democratic party was "headed" and led headlong to destruction by Van Buren, Benton, Dr. Duncan, Allen, Bross, and Charles J. Folger. It would be no wonder, had he been old enough in the American Revolution, and a host of others might be named, all with perhaps one exception, who passed the late war with Great Britain, and were then Federalists of the true blue-light stamp.

Indeed, the Democratic party, since it has been corrupted by the old Federal leaders, is more like what that party was in the days of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, than Ezekiel Polk, the grandfather of James K. Polk, was in the days of General Francis Marion; in other words, it is a party that has been in the wrong since the birth of a letter addressed to me by the chairman of the State Central Committee of this State. In that reply I have fully but briefly stated my views in regard to the leading questions now vitating the public. I herewith transmit to you a newspaper containing the same, which you will please to read in connexion with this letter, at your mass meeting on the 24th inst. As it will, I hope, effectually disabuse a large number of the true Democracy of the "Buck State," and show, although on a small scale, the way for a prodigate press to go to the rescue of the Union, by the use of the worst passions to inflame and influence the hearts and minds of bad men.

Permit me to say, in conclusion, that I reiterate the warm esteem you entertain for me, I am, most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOS. RITNER.

To M. B. Hill, Esq., P. M.,
Fairfield county, Ohio.

Colton and Hump.

[illegible]

DR. T. N. WISE,
HAS removed his office to Scott street near
to the store of Messrs. George & Davenport
Esqrs, where he may at all times be found, or at
his residence opposite to his office.
He has just received and will constantly keep
supply of Medicines of the very best quality.
Covington, June 1, 1844. 45 If

PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURES.
500 BOXES 8 by 10 and 10 by 13 W
do each,
200 Kegs Nails, (choice brands).
500 doz. Painted Buckets.
1703 doz. Cation varns.
100 Kegs pure White Lead.
4 Ton pure Saleratus.
In store and for sale, and will be advanced
on consignment of Tobacco, &c.
A. G. RICHARDSON & BRO'S,
Columbiat, near Main.
Cincinnati, Aug. 31, 1844.

PURE WINES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES.
I HAVE a few casks of **Pure Old Port,** **M**
DEIRA and **Sherry Wines**, which I select
with great care in Boston, expressly for medicinal
purposes. They are recommended as of a
very best quality, and having tried them
purchased, I know them to be pure. Persons wishing
a pure Port or other Wines, are desired to co
and examine for themselves. I have also **fine**
and **Pure Brandy**, selected for the same pur
pose, old Cognac and Champagne, some **thir**
years old. For sale by
ALLISON OWEN, Columbia St
Cin. Sept. 14th.

NEW SADDLERY.
THE undersig
has perman
ly located his **Saddlery**
and **Harness** establish
ment, on Scott str
next door to Ho
and Lowry's, st
where he will th
fully receive ord
from his friends
the public, in the
of his business.
pledges himself t
all work executed by him, shall be well and ha
somerely done. He asks public favor and is de
mined to merit it.
B. A. COLLINGS,
Covington, Sept. 7, 1844. 7-If

FINE OLD WINES AND LIQUORS
Allison Owen,
Columbia street between Main and Sycamore
HAS just returned from N. York and L
ton, and is now receiving a very large
choice assortment of
FINE OLD WINES AND LIQUORS
purchased and selected by himself, from the
porters, and taken direct from under the Cus
House Locks. Consisting in part of
6 half pipes "Otard Dapuy & Co." Br
vintages of '1821,' '1836,' and '194
5 do celebrated old "Hennessey," and
1837.
2 do fine "Sazerac" Brandy, vintag
'1835.' This is a very choice artic
5 do fine old Champagne Brandy, some
years old.
2 d White Brandy, '1825.'
16 do pure "Seigrist" do
10 pipes "Boston's" Wesp Anchor Gin.
is the best and highest flavored Gin
ported into the United States.
4 pipes old Jamaica and St Croix Rum.
4 do and 22 qrs casks Blackish Wine. S
of this Madeira is very old, and of
original quality; one pipe is the "Ne
Gordon & Munro's" Wine import
nearly 20 years ago.
3 qrs casks "Hu many's" celebrated Pale
ry, a truly delicious wine.
4 do "Gaston" do—very fine.
3 do do do do do do do do do do
3 do "Baguader" do
3 do fine Brown do
3 do do Gold do
12 do do Port Wine. A part of this
is very old and of superior. It
is selected by noble judges, and
accord to be perfectly pure.
Muscet Wine,
4 do Sauterne do
5 half pipes German White Wine, and
12 qrs casks Terrence, Sicily, Dry and
Malaga and Mosseilles Wine.
5 do Burgundy do
ALSO—
63 baskets Sparkling Champaign. "Nape
brand." This is the "crack" of

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

A BARGAIN.
A good bargain can be had, if speedily applied can be made. That well known business stand, at the corner of Greenup and Second streets, Cincinnati, is for sale. The lot fronts 47 1/2 feet on Greenup and 145 on Second street, upon which are several fine buildings. This property will be sold in whole or in parts to suit purchasers. Apply to M. M. BENTON, Market Space.
August 3, 1844. 2-1f

CONTINUALLY on hand a large lot of double Rectified Whiskey, low for cash. J. V. MULLINS & CO.
Covington, April 13. 38

Wanted,
1000 BUSHELS Flax Seed wanted for which the highest price will be given by C. L. MULLINS & CO.
Cov. March 15, 1844. 34

Insurance.
THE undersigned has been appointed Agent for the Protection Fire and Marine Insurance Company of Hartford Conn., and is now prepared for taking risks. Office on Market Space, at his Store, under the old Insurance Office. JOHN MACKOY.
Covington, June 22, 1844. 43-1f

SCALLOP EDGE SUN SHADES AND PARASOLS.
TOGETHER with every species of changeable, able, light, and plain Silk Shades and Parasols, by case, dozen, or single one, at the very lowest prices; silk, cotton, gingham, of good quality, by the piece, at the **UMBRELLA STORE**, at Fifth St. east of Main. N. L. COLE.
Cincinnati, Jy. 37. 41-1f

SPLENDID COUNTRY SEATS FOR SALE.
THE subscriber offers for sale in lots of 5 and 10 acres, a few situations that command fine views of Cincinnati, Covington and Newport; the lots are desirably located, high and airy, and the soil fine for fruit trees, and well adapted to the cultivation of the Vine, it being near the confluence of the Licking and Ohio rivers 11 miles from the Ohio at Cincinnati and Covington. The property will be sold on favorable terms for time. JULIUS BRACE.
Reference is made to Mr. Henry Emerson, W. W. Southgate, Esq. Calvin Fletcher, A. L. Greer, Dr. J. A. Warden, P. T. Lewis, L. W. Plaster, P. S. Bush.
Cincinnati. Covington.
Covington, July 27, 1844. 1-1f

Wagon for Sale.
A GOOD Two Horse Wagon, in good repair, for sale by the subscriber, near Fry Creek Post Office. JOHN TENNIS.
Sept. 7, 1844. 70

16 BBLs. Licking Cement for sale by C. L. MULLINS & CO.
Cov. March 15, 1844. 34

REMOVED.
M'LAUGHLIN & Co. Wholesale and Retail Dry Goods and Grocery Dealers has removed to the New Brick building, South side of Pike st., East of Ashbrook's Hotel. Can be constantly on hand every variety of Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, &c.
Boots and Shoes, Cotton Yarns, Batting, and which they will sell at Cincinnati prices, for cash or barter, only.
Covington, June 22, 1844. 43-1f.

Cheap Building Lots.

The subscriber is again authorized to offer a few more Cheap Lots in Newport, to those who wish to make immediate improvements upon them.

Lots of various sizes may be had, in almost any part of the town, and at prices suited to the means and fancies of purchasers, from \$3 to \$10 a foot front.

Some whole Blocks, of one, two, or three acres may yet be had, for manufacturing sites, for gentlemen's seats, &c., or to be subdivided into small lots for sale.

Two good building lots will be given in exchange for grading, if application be made soon, and the work done without delay.

The purchasers of Lots, at the late sales in Newport, who have been compelled to delay building till bricks could be made and burned, are now in a position to build two kinds are already on fire, and others will follow in quick succession—the work of improvement will now commence and go forward rapidly till winter.

M. T. C. GOULD Land Agent.

Northeast corner of Fifth and Main st.
Cincinnati July 16 1844.

P. S. Office hours from 9 till 3 o'clock. jy 22

FINE TEAS, SUGARS, & C. & C.

I AM now receiving from Philadelphia, New York and Boston, a very large and fine assortment of choice fancy Groceries, Fruits &c. consisting in part of

- 12 whole and half chests, Hyson Teas; do.
- 15 half chests Young Hyson do.
- 4 do. Gunpowder do.
- 2 do. Java do.
- 8 do. Black do.

These Teas are of the highest grade imported, and selected as the best article for sale in New York and Boston; they are recommended as very superior.

25 bbls. Crushed & pulverized Sugar.

Loaf, Crushed and pulverized Sugar.

- 10 bags Old Mocha Coffee;
- 30 do Old Government Java do;
- 40 cases "Lynch's" Sweet Oil;
- 25 do "do" do.
- 25 cases Sardines;
- 44 cases Fire Crackers;
- 12 boxes Shelled Almonds;
- 5 dozen Rose Water;
- 2 do Bay Rum;
- 10 do Extract of Lemon;
- 2 cases fresh Prunes, in glass jars;
- 10 boxes Almond Soap;
- 12 do White Scented Soap;
- 10 do English Pine Apple Cheese;
- 5 do Parmesan or Sap Sago do;
- 12 do Spanish Chocolate;
- 10 do Prepared Cocoa;
- 14 do Citron;
- 15 do French Olives;
- 9 do Spanish Olives;
- 50 do Naples Figs;
- 10 do Capers;
- 21 do Anchovies;
- 10 do Rock Candy;
- 38 do Lemon Syrup
- 10 do Orgeat, and Raspberry do;
- 12 do Dr. Slaughter's genuine Bitters;
- 6 do Aromatic do;
- 12 do Ceharash's cel. Sherry Wine do;
- 2 cases Havana Preserves, assorted;
- 4 do Preserved Ginger;
- 5 do do Fruits, assorted;

With a very large assortment of Groceries—Pepper, Cloves, Allspice, Cloveon, Dry and sweetened Mustard; Pauli Vine, Genuine Cayenne Pepper; Mushroom and Walnut Catsup; India Soy; W. I. Pepper Sauce; Pickles; John Bull, Harvey, and other rich English Sauces; Indian Currie Powders; Tamarins &c. &c. For sale by

J. S. S. OWEN, Columbia Cincinnati, September 7, 1844.

LAW NOTICE.

JAMES T. MOREHEAD AND JOHN STEVENSON have this day united themselves in the practice of the Law, under the name of

Morehead and Stevenson.

They will attend to the courts of Campbell, Kenton, Boone, Gallatin, Jefferson and Harrison. Their Office is on Market street, Coing over the Store of Cooper, Berry & Co., where or both of them will always be found, on attendance upon their courts.

August 3, 1844. tf.

H. BRACHMANN,
DEALER IN FOREIGN LIQUOR
WINES, CIGARS, & C.

No. 17 Spangman street near the River.

BRECKENRIDGE FULLER informs his friends and the public generally, that he has just

If it were not for the existence of well-authenticated documents, recording the rapid rise of the cultivation of the cotton article, and the surprising increase in the quantity of the latter in the United States in the last few years, would scarcely be credited.

With respect to cotton, Mr. Burke, a member of Congress from South Carolina, said, in the House of Representatives, 1st April, 1789, when speaking of other articles cultivated in the Southern States, "Cotton is likewise in contemplation much more than it is, and it is probable that some of them, and, if good seed could be procured, he hoped it might succeed." Sea Island cotton was first introduced into the United States in 1793. A West India planter who had removed to Georgia to cultivate

cotton, received from a friend in Jamaica in the spring of 1788, several sacks of Pernambuco cotton seed. This seed was not used until 1789, when a success experiment was made with it. This was the first cotton seed from the West Indies introduced into the United States, and the date of introduction, to any considerable extent, of the upland cotton, and the permanent establishment of the cotton plant as a staple production of the country. From comparatively recent and small beginnings has originated that mighty branch of employment of capital, intelligence, and industry which in the year 1843 raised 571,775 bales of cotton, of which 1,360,346 bales were exported to other parts of the world, and 194,357 to other consumers. 325,129 bales consumed in our manufactures at home.

It was, until these last few years, scarcely cultivated anywhere except in Kentucky, and nearly the whole production was devoted to the manufacture of cotton bagging and bale rope. It was we believe, used, or even tested in the manufacture of sheet iron, but the small supply of it for consumption, and for the supply of which our country has long been dependent upon Russia. Our import here amounted in 1839 to \$307,760; in 1840 to \$68,677; in 1841 to \$609, in 1842 to \$2,377,849; and in nine months in 1843 to \$294,862.

The cultivation of hemp having extended into Illinois and Missouri occasioned a necessity of seeking a new source of supply, and the cultivation of Germany was the subject during the session of Congress in 1840-41, asking that fitness of the naval service hemp for the naval service might be fairly and

The result of various experiments have been told, being highly favorable, and it may hope that the day is not very far distant when American grown hemp will not only supplant the use of Russian or other foreign marine but find also a ready market in Europe.

The following statement of hemp records at New Orleans may help to show the rapid increase of the cultivation of this important article:

In 1841 and 1842 there were 1,211 bales; in 1842 and 1843 they rose to 15,000 bales; in 1843 and 1844 they reached 38,000 bales, or about 5,600 tons—the increase being almost exclusively from Louisiana and Missouri. [See N. O. Price Current, Sept. 2, 1844.]

In the census of 1840 the returns

clear sky before the world, they cast their
upwards, and lo! a black and gloomy
earth, and the sun and moon were
everything before it—naught remained
its tracks but desolation and ruin. Need
tempt the description of the war and blood
that followed. Suffice it to say, that it first
terminated in the establishment of the
publics. Then, again, were those districts
made in Society, of which I before spoke;
they remain yet with some little changes.

Need I speak of the beautiful effects that
distinctions, made in Europe, leave upon
people, especially when we take into con-
sideration the fact, that the man be-
low the line class, as they term it, is bound to
there, let him do as he may. No wonder
there are so many degraded beings in those
tries when every noble principle that was
arouse them to action is paralyzed, and the

But let us leave this dark picture and look at our own happy situation. America was once wilderness. Naught was seen of cultivation. Naught was heard but the savage yell, answered by the fierce scream of the panther, or the growl of the bear. Now the land is covered with God's best gifts—"God's best temples." No more of art were to be seen; but all remained by nature. Either colonies came, as they did to Asia to Europe; and here the same remark could be made as I have made. "The land was not made for man." Its natural state was walking through "the woply groves" he did see the beech leaning upon, or bowing to the trees, but both alike held high heads. He did not see the deer crouch in subjection to the hunter, but the deer stood tall, through the forest. All creation preserved the equality of man to him. Then, indeed was man a simple being and he fought and led by a government of the same nature. He enjoys the blessing of the same nature. Here, it is true, there are commonly two new cases of evil. But what are these? These grades? Is it birth, or is it wealth? Neither, thank heaven—is it Action. No more does poor a man is, if he exerts himself only. No more does a rich man is, if he is idle. The doors of honor stand invitingly open, pointing him to action. There is no excuse of idleness, because labor is rewarded. The one born in a log cabin has the god of a right, and the one born in a palace has the same temple as the child born in a mission. And I say, in up that I might say, would be this: that a man no matter how poor, can, if he will, rise to the highest station of life. And the man who moves from the higher to the lower, will, if he will, not exert himself, sink to the lowest stage of degradation. Then woe that man, in all cases, is stimulated to proper actions.

How cheering is to the poor boy while he is the very pinnacle of the "temple of fortune" to think that he has as good a chance of rising there, as the rich boy has. I have observed, I say, before, because observation

(that the majority of our eminent men were the poor boys that worked by day labor for living. The reason of this is plain. It is a natural principle in man which is constantly at work, the least degree false, to rest in the present. The rich man's senses fade near him—he falls into a drowsy sleep, inasmuch as he awakes that it will be at hand, when the poor boy sees it at a long distance off, and more over there is a steep hill to be climbed, never is standing for a moment, he is always on the march, he reaches the desired spot.)

My heart bleeds when I think that we are able to the destiny of other happy nations have existed. And I am alarmed when men who would have us follow the same path which those nations went to destruction. I hope that their designing craft will be detected by the people; and that they will receive reward.

the 'Astor' and 'Tremont,' it
 10 do 'Champion' now imported.
 recent importation, and the wine
 5 do "celebrated" do.
 10 do "Beaver" "Chiquit" do.
 12 do sparkling "Hock."
 21 do "Julien" "Claret."
 3 cases "Swiss Absynthe."
 2 do "Curacao."
 3 asks "Tonnants" Scotch Ale.
 3 do "Falkirks" do.
 2 cases "Curry Brandy."
 2 do "Antiques" "Cognac."
 4 do "Brandy" "Cherries."
 25 baskets "Annette" "Cardinals."
 5 cases "Hochheimer."
 5 do "Johannisberg."
 2 do "Kirshwasser."
 With very large and complete assortment
 of the choicest and finest Liqueurs, Teas,

and fancy Groceries generally, which we
sold at wholesale, very low for Cash.

Country Merchants, Retail Grocers, Tea
and Coffee House Keepers, and all others
requiring such articles are respectfully requested
to call.

MEMORAL.

SANFORD & PARK have removed
their **Medicine Store**, from No. 15, East
Main Street, to the **Corner of Fourth and
Main Streets.**

They **SANFORD & Park** continue the *Sale*
of *Dr. Williams' Pink Pills* for *the*
entire *Western States*, for all the most
popular and approved *Medicines* of the day.

It is **SANFORD & Park** therefore necessary to refer to this *change*
of *valuable Medicines*. The immense
prevalent demand for it in every part
of *Western States* is sufficient evidence of its
remarkable curative properties. For *Dr.*
Coughs, Consumption, and for every dis-
order of a *Pulmonary* character, it is now regarded
here and elsewhere, the best remedy in the
Art advertisement.

Cincinnati, August 3, 1844.

2-

Messrs. SANFORD & PARK, those
prizing and successful dealers in the popular
Medicines of the day, have removed their
Store from No. 15, East Main Street, to the
Corner of *Fourth and Walnut* Streets.

They have now one of the pleasantest
most central locations in Cincinnati. Their
newly fitted up their new store in the most
neat and beautiful manner, and their whole
business is accessible to them and an ornate
the city.


As they have connected the sale of *SODA*
and *CARBONATED MEAD*, with their
business, those wishing a quiet and pleasant
and healthful and refreshing drinks, cannot do
than call at the corner of *Fourth and W*
Cincinnati.

Licorice.
500 LBS. Just received and for sale
 A. G. RICHARDSON & BRO.
 Columbia st., near Main, Cincinnati.

JOHN W. VENABLE,
 PORTRAITS and MINIATURE PAINTING
 removed to Scott street, between
 and Fifth, over Mr. Steward's tailor shop
 Corvington, July 20, 1844. 53

Groceries Generally.
 WE have a full stock and at the lowest
 prices, which are advanced on consignment
 of Tobacco, &c.
 A. G. RICHARDSON & BROS.
 (Columbia st. near Main)
 Cincinnati, Aug. 31 1841. 61

very
is ex-



PURE CIDER VINEGA
AND REFINED CIDER WAREHOUSE
On Reynolds street, first door, and in rear
No. 16 West Erie street, between Main and Pe
nuit, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE subscribers, partial to the good old
of letting Nature do her perfect work
would say to the public, that they have, a
pure and refined cider, which is prepared
by natural fermentation, (and without any
mixture of ferrous acids, or artificial me
which we will furnish in kegs, in quantities
suit customers, and delivered in any part of
city, free of charge. And for sale by the bar
also.

REFINED CIDER, pure and sparkling,
will be served in bottles to persons wishing

will be
advised
desire
their
North
Wal-

A gen-
eral
pop-
ular
and
most
of the
best
of the
world.

(enter
the
Med-
icine
corner)

useful
in
treating
all
W. A.
former
but
better
of alnut,

N. B. Orders for the above through the
Office or otherwise, will be promptly attended
and if the article fails to give satisfaction,
same shall be returned at our expense, (w^t
the City,) the pay promptly refunded, and
grumbling.

CASH.—The market price paid in Dur-

NASH & DUFFEY
REFER TO

Doct. Wm. Wood, | Springer & White
Doct. James Lukey, | Bailey & Hartwell
Doct. L. C. Rives, | Curran, Tweed &
Doct. J. P. Harrison, | G. H. Miles & Co
Prof. J. A. Warner, | Thos. H. Bates
Richard Yates, | Burrows & Co.
Cin. March 30, 1844. | 36-6

NOTICE.—My wife Elizabeth having
N left me without cause or provocation, I hold
for forewarn all persons trusting her on my
account, for I will not be accountable for
debts of either contracting. W. J. GRUBB
Florence, Sept. 9, 1843. Sw3j

Grant Circuit Court, Se-
May Term, 1844.
Thos. Gregg, Adm'r of D. Fisher, dec'd, }
vs. Daniel Fisher's Heirs, etc. } c

JAMES creditors, &c., of D. Fisher, dec'd,
I hereby entreat to produce and pass over
claims against the estate of said deceased
to the undersigned, Master Commissioner, at his
office in Williamsburg. I shall commence
my proof in said case on the 13th day of Au-
gust, and continue from day to day (Sund-
ay and Court-days excepted) until the 1st of
November next, on which date, if I have not
all claims against said estate made, he may
Williamstown, JOHN F. GOOCH, M.
July, 2, 1844.—tlio

THOUSANDS! TENS OF THOUSANDS!
Thousands! Tens of thousands! Thousands!

KNOW AND AGUE. Not one, however, knows and can procure a bottle of R. L. AN'S IMPROVED TONIC MIXTURE (No. 38 North Second street, Philadelphia) will for one day longer be tormented with ever-checked complaint?

We estimate that 500,000 cases have been cured by this unrivalled remedy, during the years that it has been used throughout the United States, &c.

Beware of all Tonic Mixtures that do not label over the top of the bottle, with the written signature of John R. Roulston, upon the Price one dollar.

For sale by J. W. SHEPARD, at the Comb Store, Main st., Cincinnati, Sept. 23, 1834. 101.

BEAN'S
For sale at this Office.

15 pipes Otard, Seignette, and Champagne
 Brandy.
 8 pipes Holland Gin—various brands.
 2 punches St Croix Rum.
 2 do Jamaica.
 A very superior quality of Old Gin, put
 just.
 Old Brandy and Rum in bottles.
 WINES.
 15 casks Old Port;
 29 do Madeira;
 13 do Sherry;
 10 do Malaga do;
 10 do Sweet Malaga;
 5 do Muscat;
 20 do Claret;

NOTICE.

THE subscribers to the stock of the Little Bridge, Co., are hereby notified, in pursuance of the provisions contained in their Charter and by order of the Board of Directors, p September 2d, 1844, that an installment of \$dollar on a share, will be required from them respectively, on or before the 10th day of October 1844, previous to which time their specified stock holder will be furnished with a certificate with an authentic and detailed statement, signed by a practical Engineer, showing plans and estimates for the entire work, and the amount subscribed towards its completion. This will necessarily, in as much as individual subscribers are not ultimately liable, unless an agreed amount of stock be actually taken, sufficient to complete a permanent Bridge, as contemplated by the Charter.

By order of the Board of Directors,
M. T. C. GOULD, President.
Cincinnati, Sept. 7, 1844.

PRODUCE.

WESTERN RESERVE CHIEF, and BROWN'S Flour, Bacon, Lard, Dried Fruits, &c. Always receiving for sale, and will be received on consignment.

A. G. RICHARDSON & BRO'S
Columbia st. near Main
— Cincinnati, Aug. 31, 1844. —

The Spring Fashion of Sun shades and Parasols.—Elegant style of Colored Shades and Parasols, in cartons, of sun-silk, well made and neatly finished, offered at retail, at

Umbrella and Parasol Store
East Fifth st, near Main, opposite Col No 6
April 13, 1845

DOZ. Ivy and Manure FORKS, per's mky, assorted qualities.

—ALSO—
A few doz. Wilson's do. For sale very
SILSDEE &
Cincinnati, April 29. 39

A. G. EICHARDSON & BRO'
General Commission Merchants, and dealers in
PRODUCE AND GROCERIES,
Columbia street, near Main, Cincinnati &
I HAVE special agencies for the sale of
tannin Resene, Cheese and Butter,
Lucky, Missouri, and Virginia Tobacco,
Foreign manufactured Nails, Glass, Cotton y
& c. Cincinnati articles, Soap, Candles, S
&c. &c.

—ALSO—For the purchase of Western Pro
Flour, Bacon, Lard, Butter, Feathers, Bee
Ginseng, Flaxseed, Dried Apples, &c.
Cincinnati, August 31, 1841. 60

