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POETICAL.

BE FIRM!—BE TRUE!

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

"As the sun
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events—
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."

STANWOOD! on the gliding light
When, at will, thou art awayest men,
Steal a darkness or thy night?
Move a cloud within thy ken?
Be firm!—Be true!

And though the hurrying heavens grow black,
Unfading light shall glid thy track.
Orator! amid the crowd
Moved like waves at thy behest,
Hearest thou that which shouted loud,
Were a fervor to thy breast?
Be firm!—Be true!

Then fall what may upon thine ear,
Thy heart shall feel no coward fear.

Christian! of the faith of Rome!
Do you hear a hissing scorn
Rising 'gainst you, in the home
Of your own adoption born?
Be firm!—Be true!

If God is with you, what care ye
Though hate roar as a raging sea?

Christian! of the faith that laid
Rome's old bondage in the dust!
Fears't thou that thou art betrayed?
Feel'st thou that this quarrel's just?
Be firm!—Be true!

Fall, if it must be, in the strife,
But yield thou not one inch for life!

Stranger! from a clime abroad,
From a land beyond the sea,
Deem'st thou, in thy heart, that God
Gives a home-right here to thee?
Be firm!—Be true!

And, though it cost thee all thou hast,
Assert that right while life shall last.

Freeman! born upon the soil!
Fully, fairly, deemest thou
Of this land of freedom now?
Be firm!—Be true!

Resolve on what will shield from harm
And do it with no laggard arm!

Man! of every clime and creed!
With a high and holy trust,
Dost thou on thy mission speed,
Seeking not the Right, the Just?
Be firm!—Be true!

Though sorely tried, in many a way,
Despair not! God will bring thy Day.

* Nativism: exclusion—Foreign influence:
home-leaguism—Catholicism; anti-popery—Pa-
trianism: Protestant intolerance—Ultra
Democracy: Aristocratic Republicanism.

From the Ladies' Repository.
SUNSET.
BY W. H. SUTHERLAND.

'Twas an ev'n in summer, and Nature serene
Was smiling in Sol's mellow ray;
Fair fowls adorned her mantle of green,
And zephyr, sweet warblers, and murmuring
Sang adieu to the parting day.

Though enchanting this scene, the hesperian sky
Oft would lead us far to behold;
For the orb of day, as he sunk from the eye,
Tinged the airy clouds, in the azure vault high,
With colors of crimson and gold.

Unlike when at zenith intensely he glows,
Or when low he glows in the twilight;
He reposed his strength as he sought repose:
A milder effulgence he joyed to disclose,
And blended with shadow the light.

How rich are the tints that enamel the scene!
A sea of ethereal blue;
And fancy oft sees on its silvery sheen
The shores of a harbor, ships wafted between,
Unfurling their canvas to view.

Now landscapes of emerald fold on the skies,
And mountains their summits unpearl;
While vine-clusters belling from the dark valleys
Rise,
And streamlets and waving groves greet the rapt
And cities and villas appear! [eyes]

The day king now speeds, through void ether to
roun,
And cheer other hands with his rays;
Yet backward he flings from his radiant home,
A halo of light on the firmament's dome,
And reddens its arch with his rays.

Favonius breathes soft from his seat in the west,
And Vespera brings, with her smile,
To thy weary a season of quiet rest:
Now the soul can enjoy with exquisite zest
Her sweet meditations awhile.

How cheering to think, as our days quickly flee,
Impelling us on to the tomb,
Like mariners tossed on the billowy sea,
The swifter the current the sooner we'll be
Embosomed in heaven, our home.

Man's life is a span, and the sun's friendly beam
Reminds his fugitive day;
It shines in the morning, grows brighter at noon,
Then declines from its strength, and evening
Comes soon,
And hastens the spirit away!

The orient Phoebeus we greet with delight;
We joy when at vertex he shines;
But why should we fear the approach of the night,
The dimming of glory, the failure of might,
As the sun of our life declines?

As morning, so even with radiance glows:
One's nature is cheering a ray;
Its setting brings night, but it brings sweet re-
-and, to the good, is the end of life's woes,
And the rapture of heav'n begun!

SELECT TALES.

THE JEWELLER,

OR THE NECKLACE OF DIAMONDS.

A city longer, whether an inhabitant of New York or London, becomes familiar with strange mutations of fortune. New faces, new enterprises, new stores, greet his daily observation. After a while the old site puts on a new face, hangs out a new sign. The former occupant and his business disappear. No one knows whither—few care, least of all the idle loiterer seeking amusement in the changing diversity of the streets. Sometimes an old face reappears after a lapse of years; of such an event we have a strange story to tell.

Many years since we were acquainted with a young man who opened a jeweller's shop in Bond street, London. His name, for obvious reasons, we conceal, but he shall be known to our readers as Charles Stanwood. In personal accomplish-ments and family connections he was superior to the generality of the class who follow mechanical professions. Reverse of fortune caused young Stanwood to be apprenticed to a jeweller; he became, in the course of time, an experienced judge and skillful setter of precious stones, and, with promise of support from a numerous circle of acquaintance, opened—perhaps prematurely, for his capital was of trifling amount—a shop, (or as we should call it this side of the Atlantic, a store) in the leading thoroughfare of fashion.

Business thrived. The shop became a favorite resort of ladies, who possibly might have been influenced by the handsome person and captivating manners of the young jeweller. Although Stanwood's capital was small—stock, therefore, necessarily scanty—yet, through connection with his deceased father's mercantile friends, he was occasionally entrusted with diamonds, and other precious articles, to sell, on commission, and so was enabled to compete, in point of attractive display, with his most substantial and wealthy rivals in the trade.

It is not every time a lady enters a shop that she makes, or intends making a purchase; often she resorts to the rich bazaars, and marts of fashion, for the sake of spending—not money, but time. Our own lounging experience afforded an ocular demonstration of the practice; but in the case of young Stanwood, we thought it carried to an inconvenient excess; it rallied him on entertaining, so urbanely, his unprofitable visitors, and hinted the mutual attractiveness of flirtation. By his replies, we found our acquaintance had not lost sight of business, even in his polite and gallant devotions; the well appointed equipages which stood at the door—the time were lost with the fair owners—proved a ready and efficacious mode of advertising, fully compensating for absence of purchasers. We played more faith in his declaration, as we knew he was attached to a young lady, by whom the affection was returned; though it would have put her inexperienced feelings to a severe trial if she had seen what we were daily witness of—the specious, courtly, insinuating attentions of the handsome jeweller to the youth and beauty who crowded his establishment.

One day there alighted, from a dashing equipage, two ladies whom Stanwood recognized—one as a peeress, her companion, the wife of a rich commoner.

After minute inspection of many articles, which often caused him to leave the fair customers, in quest of jewelry in a different part of the shop, they departed without making any purchase, and were ushered to the carriage by the obsequious jeweller. There was nothing extraordinary or unusual in such a proceeding; but in replacing, in proper safety, one of the trays, he missed a necklace of diamonds, of exceedingly great value, but which his visitors had not, apparently scrutinized. The necklace be-longing to a merchant, to whom it had been con-signed from Russia, and who being a personal friend, and having a high opinion of Stanwood's integrity, deemed his attractive and fashionable shop the best mart for the sale of such an article. It was, therefore, placed in his charge to find a purchaser.

Breathless with emotion, at the sudden loss, the jeweller stood leaning against the counter, endeavoring to recall minutely every circum-stance of the visit. There was—there could be no mistake! He had seen the necklace when displaying the tray; he missed it on returning from the carriage. Although he happened to be alone, without an assistant, it were impossible any deprecator could have seized the opportu-nity of his back being turned for a moment, as he had taken the precaution, ere handing the ladies to the carriage, of locking the trays temporarily, under one of the glass cases, and retaining the key. The glass was unbroken, and the bolt of the lock was duly shut, when he returned.

What should he do? Put up with the loss was out of the question. The necklace was worth more than all he possessed—the profits of busi-ness (beyond personal and necessary expenditure) he had disbursed in attractive but unsubstan-tial display, relying on the future for ample re-turn. The high rank of the parties placed them above suspicion—their noted wealth removed ordinary motives of temptation. His daring in-solence and presumption, as it would be termed, should he venture an accusation, must curtail, in all but his own eyes, well merited retaliation, and certain ruin to his business. If his first step were to seek the ladies, they would, he judged, deny the appropriation, (perhaps, indeed, one only was guilty) and time would be afforded for effectually concealing, or destroying the prop-erty. He deemed it more advisable to seek a private interview with the peer, lay open the state of affairs, and by promising secrecy, the matter might doubtless be arranged without loss.

It was a task requiring more than ordinary courage, even to state his case, but character, property, credit—all that was valuable—were at stake; nervous resolution to a pitch of daring, he knocked at the door of his lordship's gloomy, but capacious mansion. On being ushered into the library, the peer—who perceived his embar-rassment—by kindness of tone, and the urban-ity peculiar to high station, succeeded in some measure, in putting him at ease.

After stammering awhile, the jeweller deliv-ered the strange tale, which the nobleman heard with such composure, that the other began to be-lieve his lordship was aware of his wife's propen-sities; and that the untoward affair would, for himself, have a happier termination than his fears at first suggested. But this belief was illu-sory. A strong, burning indignation was sup-pressed under outward calmness of demeanor. Soon as Stanwood had concluded, the peer rang the bell, and on a servant's entrance, inquired if her ladyship had come home. He was answered in the affirmative. Bidding the man wait, his lordship wrote a hasty note to the magistrate of a neighboring police-office, which he was ordered to deliver immediately, without further com-munication with any party.

"I would have you, sir, take notice," said the nobleman, leaving the door of the library open as the man lingered a moment in the hall, "that my messenger has had speech with no one in the house—it may be important to the justice of your case!"

The valet shortly returned, accompanied by a police-officer. Soon as the latter appeared, the owner of the mansion commanded the outer door to be locked, and the keys to be given to the functionary.

"Now restate your charge in presence of the officer," said the peer, addressing Charles Stan-wood.

The jeweller, whose thoughts began to take an unpleasant turn at the probable consequences of a charge he might fail to substantiate, repeated the history of the transaction. When he had concluded, the nobleman, addressing the officer, recapitulated the leading points, and requested that he would instantly commence a search thro' the house, in presence of Mr. Stanwood and him-self, as rigid—or he himself would not be sat-isfied, and certainly the accused would not be more contented—as though he were in the domicile of a reputed thief. He begged also the officer and the accused both to bear witness that up to the present moment, her ladyship was ignorant of the charge. We need not repeat the details of this domiciliary inquiry—suffice it to say, the jeweller himself, both openly and to his own con-science, was forced to confess that all had been done which the strongest suspicion warranted. The necklace was not found.

"We will now, if you please," said the peer, casting a keen glance at the disconcerted jewel-ler, "pay a visit to my friend. His wife is as deeply implicated as her ladyship—though I have no control over her proceedings."

The commoner, who lived in an adjoining street, happened to be at home when the ill-matched visitors arrived. In his presence Stan-wood had to repeat once more the perplexing story. The gentleman betrayed considerable anger and excitement during the recital, and was with difficulty persuaded by his friend to wait the con-clusion.

"You hear what Mr. Stanwood affirms," said the nobleman, addressing his friend; "let me tell you what I have done."

When he had informed him of the nature and extent of search which his house had undergone, he added, "I do not presume to dictate what should be your conduct."

"My house shall undergo the same scrutiny," cried the commoner.

Search commenced, was carried on and con-cluded, as unsatisfactory—to Stanwood—as in the previous instance.

"Can you aid Mr. Stanwood further in the recovery of his property—so far as we, our families are concerned?" asked the nobleman.

The officer replied that he had never, during his experience, made a more rigorous search—and, as it had been done promptly and unexpec-tedly, as he could assure Mr. Stanwood that, so far as the two gentlemen and their families were concerned, there was nothing further that could be done—and, were they even of disreputable character, nothing more could be attempted or ad-vised.

"Have you, sir, now done with us?" cried the peer, addressing the jeweller sternly, yet quietly. Charles, distracted with his loss, stunned by the unavailing result of the search which seemed to foreclose the hope of recovering the neck-lace, and foreshadowed approaching ruin, replied that he had no other remark to offer, or course to pursue, than repeat what he asserted in the morning—begging pardon of his lordship and friend for the nature of the unpleasant revela-tion, which his own conscience and justice to his creditors, demanded should not be stifled.

"Well, sir," continued the peer, "your further proceedings are of no moment to us. Whether we have done with you is a material question, which I shall take the advice of friends on ere I decide. If you ever did, or do now, entertain an opinion, that through fear of this disgraceful charge being made public, we—or I will speak only for myself—should be induced to purchase your silence, banish the thought! Take the full measure of action which the law allows to us, and let this officer be witness that I afford every facility."

The commoner said his lordship's intentions coincided with his own.

There was something so oppressive to a clear conscience in the quiet, dignified hauteur of the two friends, that the spirit of the young man was aroused, and, though he beheld ruin in every shape, and on every side, staring him in the face, he plucked up courage to say that, in the present state of the affair, advice might prove of benefit to all parties—with that view, he would himself seek it; and, meanwhile, he was as firm in his charge as they were in submitting themselves to the proof. Here ended the colloquy.

In returning home, chafed and distressed, Charles could not dismiss from his mind that he ought immediately to acquit the owner of the necklace of the loss, yet he could not summon courage—he clung to the hope that something might turn up to guide him out of the perplexing labyrinth. He went straight to his lawyer. The solicitor shook his head—it was a bad case. The parties were of such high rank, and undoubted wealth, so liberal in their household expenditure that the ladies would appear, according to all ordinary judgment, to have no temptation. There was perhaps a mistake—at least the world would say so. As his suspicions were so strong, he should have followed the carriage or have seen the ladies in the first instance. Without giving

any opinion on the guilt or innocence of the ac-cused, his client would have had more power over female fears, and doubtless have reaped more advantage, than by running tilt against the virtuous indignation of the husbands.

"A man whom ruin frowns on may be excused some confusion in his actions," said Stanwood, rather sharply; "I consult you for the benefit of your skill in my future course, not that you should read me a lecture on what I have done. A prophet of the past is not entitled to much honor."

The lawyer, with a smile at the excusable an-ger of his client, declared that he should not suf-fer from want of advice—but he viewed the case as nigh hopeless. As his own testimony was en-tirely unsupported by other evidence, it was use-less to commence proceedings against the noble-man or his friend; they had already done volun-tarily, as much, or more, than the law could have enforced. As for making it a jury case, it is impracticable for want of witnesses, and even if this difficulty were removed, sympathy would be strongly in favor of the defendants, from the manner in which they met the charge. The property must be somewhere. And all that he could do, was to make the police acquainted not only with the robbery, (of that, by-the-by, they already knew something), but with the exact de-scription of the necklace, the facial cutting and weight of the precious stones, mode of setting and other particulars. An accurate description should also be distributed among the trade, to which might be added the offer of a competent reward for the recovery of the property, on an apprehension of any party on whom it should be found. With respect to the owner's claim, that was a matter of debtor and creditor, which would be arranged better by appeal to the party's feel-ings, than by a solicitor's interference. As Mr. Stanwood was, by bond, answerable for the return of the jewels, or their value, he could not escape from the penalty. As to the threatened legal proceedings of the peer and his untitled friend, he had not much to fear; though indirectly, in respect to his business connection, their hostility might prove extremely hurtful.

The solicitor's advice, as far as practicable, was adopted, and Stanwood passed a miserable, restless night. Next morning on looking over the public journals, he found a tolerable distinct representation of the affair, though filled out with blanks, asterisks and juveniles, in lieu of streets and names. He who had prided himself on the array of handsome equipages, blocking the wayside in front of his door, was doomed to loiter through the morning without a call, with-out a customer. The afternoon prints repeated the morning version, with additions descriptive of the magnanimous nobleman, &c., with a tri-bute of consolation to the injured dame, con-cluding with advice to the ladies in selecting their tradesmen.

Dinner and afternoon paper discussed—like indigestible—Stanwood was relieved from the solitary monotony of the morning by a visitor. It was the owner of the necklace, who having heard the reports which the papers circulated, came with anxious face, to ascertain whether the story referred to Charles Stanwood. It was but too true, as the jeweller, with rueful visage, ad-mitted.

"This happened yesterday morning," ex-claimed the merchant, in extreme anger; "and every one is to be informed of the loss—if you call it such—but myself what construction am I to put upon such behavior?"

Stanwood answered, though not with clear-ness, that no unfavorable construction could be justly applied—a man's honesty were not less, if his courage were not always equal to the emergency.

The merchant, without commenting on this reply, inquired if he had not been in certain rooms, (which he named) on last Monday night, after play-house hours.

Charles admitted that he was present.

"Did you know," inquired the creditor, "the name and character of the tall man, with dark whiskers and black cane with jeweled top, whom you appeared so familiar with on that night?"

The startled jeweller replied in the negative—he was a total stranger—had never seen him before—knew not his name.

"Then I do," exclaimed the merchant; "he is a noted gambler. Is it fair to ask whether you often frequent those rooms?"

Poor Charles began to believe that all powers, human and transcendental, were leagued against him. With quiet and correct habits, such as would have commanded respect from the most rigid business man, or moralist, he had been in-duced on that evening—having heard frequently of the rooms—to venture on a glance by way of curiosity, after leaving the theatre, in order that he might not appear quite ignorant of life among his acquaintance. When there, probably a new face attracted the gambler's attention, whom he certainly knew not, nor had met there or else-where, before; as he now solemnly assured the merchant.

The proprietor of the necklace replied, coldly, that he was glad to hear it; a party known to both, a young man with more money than pru-dence, had seen him there on the occasion; and, knowing Stanwood's responsible connection with the merchant, had wit enough to set his friend on his guard.

From examination of the jeweller's books and stock, it appeared that he was far from being able, if every thing were sold, to pay in full, all de-mands, including the limit price put on the neck-lace. But as he offered to make immediate in-ventory of effects, and showed every disposition to act honorably, the merchant was much soften-ed, and went away with the declaration that he would allow fair time for the discovery of the property, ere he pressed his claim; and that an additional reward, on his behalf, should be ad-vertised.

There were yet two parties whom he was most anxious, yet dreaded to encounter. These were the lady to whom he was attached, and her father. Mr. Benson was a retired merchant, and had higher notions of his daughter's future po-sition than as a wedded partner of a shopkeep-er. He was, therefore, extremely averse to the match, although he could not object to Stan-wood, either in respect to deficiency of personal accomplishments or morals, nor yet on the score of means; as the business of the jeweller, though comparatively in embryo, promised eventually to

realize its owner a handsome fortune. Clara Benson was nineteen—in two years more would be of age; and, as her father feared, if he inter-posed decided obstacles to a union, would, on attaining her majority, exercise its privilege, as guardian of her own happiness. The jeweller, as we have intimated, was of respectable fam-ily, his father having been a merchant of repute. It was at the house of a mutual acquaintance—the lost necklace—that the lovers first met; the father, therefore, had no plea of reproach against the daughter, from the way in which they be-came acquainted. So he thought fit, on review-ing all the circumstances, more especially that the time would arrive when his consent or denial would not be regarded or required, and the swain's increasing income rendered application to his purse unnecessary, to yield at discretion, and the addresses of Stanwood were permitted.

The first hint of a storm in that quarter oc-curred in the evening, when Charles summoning courage, ventured a visit to the house of his ex-pected father-in-law. He was informed, at the door, that both Mr. and Miss Benson were 'not at home,' which, from circumstances, he disbe-lieved, and construed into a denial. His strong hopes had ever been built on the depth of Clara's affection; on that rock he now relied, and re-solved to seek an interview—and, if necessary, ex-planation—at an early hour in the morning.

By putting in practice this resolution, he, in fact, stole a march on Mr. Benson, who was sur-prised, on returning home from a morning walk, to learn that Mr. Stanwood was in the drawing-room with his daughter. Thither the retired merchant stole, deeming it no breach of decen-try—under the peculiar circumstances—to lis-ten in the back drawing-room to what was ut-tered in the front. He heard, from the lover, sighs, protestations, vows of unalterable affec-tion, mixed with complaints of cruel fortune.—These were in response to the cruel interdict which her father had placed against future in-tercourse. A week ago, Mr. Benson's injunc-tion would have been laughed at by the jewel-ler, and disregarded by his daughter. But times were changed, and Stanwood, who had now no home to offer, felt the change bitterly, yet he struggled against his hard lot.

"It rests with yourself, Miss Benson," ex-claimed Charles, in agony, "whether I am to be treated as a criminal—I have had property stol-en from my possession, and every one turns up on me as though I were the thief. Let me but meet with pity in one dear bosom, and I will bear misfortune bravely; proudly!"

The low voice of Clara was heard murmuring a disclaimer of accusation. Her father, she said, had not asked her to give up her attach-ment—he would find he had no power to extort such a surrender—but she had promised—what she could not refuse an only parent—that, as there were rumors affecting Mr. Stanwood's character, (which she had no faith in,) as well as a certainty of his complete ruin, she would postpone further intimacy for the space of one twelve month, to allow interval for the truth to appear.

"And what were these rumors affecting his character?" demanded young Stanwood, with eagerness.

"Let me answer that question," cried Benson, throwing open the folding doors.

Charles could not deny having held conversa-tion with a professed gambler, in a disreputable locality; though in vain gaining the excuse, that he had been led there for the first and only time, having often been jeered for his ignorance, even by young men of high standing and char-acter.

His excuse might be certainly fair, as Mr. Benson admitted, yet appearance with such com-pany stood in very disagreeable opposition with the mysterious disappearance of the diamonds! He was also forced to confess insolently, if the jewels were not forthcoming, and whether re-covered or not, his business in Bond street—as one but slightly acquainted with the peculiari-ties of a West end connection must be aware of—was totally ruined. Had he even staunch friends, he would be unable to bear up against the influence of the deeply insulted ladies, whose wide aristocratic circle would make common cause with them.

Against these arguments and insinuations, Charles had nothing to oppose; so far as they militated against his union with Clara. He felt himself totally in the old man's power; he had no home to offer the lady, were she disposed to accept his suit; he had only his own conscien-tious integrity to rely on, and that availed naught in the way of providing maintenance for a wife. The postponement of intercourse for one year, was, he judged, a maneuver to deceive Clara, the real intention being to break off the match altogether. Like a general, who has made the best fight circumstances admit of, and who retreats slowly, and with regret, before a super-ior force, so Stanwood was forced to accept the conditions, and take a year's farewell of Clara.

At home the jeweller had leisure to reflect on the occurrences of the last three days. It felt thoroughly beaten. He had often read how hard it was to climb—how easy to fall; yet in his own history, he had exceeded romantic fiction. From comparative affluence to poverty, he slid down, as though along an inclined plane, and every one gave him a kick as he passed. The world in its infinite wisdom had chided him to read him a great moral lesson—yet he knew not how to profit by it, for he could neither see the crime he had committed, nor was he prepared to act otherwise than he had done, if the same cir-cumstances—for which he had suffered—were repeated.

Time was fruitful in events. The necklace could not be heard of. His once crowded shop was shunned—the principal creditors grew pres-sing, as his effects, through lack of business, were undergoing a process of gradual dissipation, instead of increase. He committed a voluntary act of bankruptcy—obtained, in due course, his discharge, and left the court with the bankrupt's allowance—money, clothes and gold watch. The world was all before him, and before he renewed a general acquaintance with it, love prompted inquiry after the Bensons. On passing final ex-amination, and receiving his certificate, the commissioner complimented the bankrupt on the accuracy of his books and faithful account of

stock. Elated with the praise, hope whispered he might regain influence with Mr. Benson, per-haps to be put in a way to begin business under happier auspices. This hope perished miserably. The harsh, unfeeling old man had carried off his daughter to the East Indies, under pretence of realizing long expected property, but—as Charles knew too well—to escape the alliance.

What bitter thoughts succeeded this news! His character was unimpaired—his creditors pitied his fate! Had but his friends (and who should have been more eager than his intended father-in-law) rallied around him in the hour of difficulty—he might have transferred his busi-ness to the city, or some quarter beyond the in-fluence of his aristocratic enemies, and flourish anew!

He fell sick—became the victim of a long, cruel fever, and when he slowly awoke to recov-ry, found himself penniless, deserted and forgot-ten. His name had passed away from the street where he once dwelt—another name occupied its place—aware of another description ornamented the windows. To look at Bond street, with his melancholy gaze, it seemed as though what had been was nothing but a dream. His eye glanced on his apparel—there was a change there—and he hurried away to conceal his poverty.

After awhile, Stanwood sought and obtained employment as a journeyman, in the service of a jeweller in the city. We use the word 'city' as it is ordinarily used in London, to distinguish the mercantile quarter of the West End, or Court and aristocratic part of the metropolis. Some years passed over his head whilst gaining a mere livelihood by skill in repairing jewelry and set-ting stones. Use is second nature, and Charles became in some degree reconciled, if not con-tented, with his humble situation. In the city, he was removed with casual contact either with former customers or rivals in trade—was known merely as the artisan who had, to use the com-mon expression, seen better days, and was ap-preciated by his employer as an excellent work-man.

Memory of former station held him solitary in his amusements. He would not consort with members of his class—was found, when holy and leisure days permitted (he worked at home, as it is technically called, by the piece, not day work) to stroll by himself into the country.—Though abandoned by former equals—without relish for society of a lower grade nature had not lost her charms. Though even hope had fled—yet that kindly inspiration which dwells in the ruined tenement when every other glorious guest has departed—yet he felt a melancholy pleasure in the woods, and by the silent stream; elsewhere he was frowned on by the aristocratic spirit of man; in solitude, which was not solitude to him, he experienced in the glorious sunlight, and beneath the chequered shade of the grove, a buoyant up-spring of mind, which was at times more than consolation—a positive delight.

Fed by such high thoughts and aspirations, he was sustained in poverty, without falling into the coarse habits and associations which poverty breeds. It chanced on one occasion, that in loitering through a lane, a few miles from the metropolis, he leaved over a paddock fence, at-tracted by the beauty of the verdure. A car-riage drove by, and turning his head, he beheld a face changed, though not forgotten. He could not be mistaken—it must be Clara Benson! The carriage was very fortunately detained at the entrance of the paddock a sufficient time to allow Stanwood to confirm his conjecture of the lady's identity; yet the aged gentleman at her side was certainly not her father. Perhaps he was her husband—some old, wealthy nabob whom an unfeeling parent had forced on her choice.—The thought conveyed a bitter pang, which he would gladly have deemed himself insensible of, at such lapse of time. Both occupants of the carriage stared at the lingering intruder—but it was the idle glance cast on a stranger. The gate was opened and the equipage passed on.

This unexpected rencontre was food of bitter thought for many a day. Oft memory recurred in his lone walk to the close-shaven paddock, the equipage which bore her who was once the star of his affections. Oft was he prompted to pay a second visit to the spot; but reason sternly asked to what purpose, but to embitter his peace? If Clara had left the protection of her father, it was exchanged only for the guardianship of a husband. No! not there are incidents in some men's lives which they do well to tear from mem-ory.

As the most efficient and skillful workman, Stanwood was one morning sent for, to receive some instructions to reset some jewelry. His employer informed him that he had gained a new customer, a lady of fashion and distinction, and as it was not usual for people of quality to resort to city tradesmen, he was anxious to show her ladyship that the work entrusted to his care could be as well executed as in Bond street or St. James'. A diamond necklace (old fashioned style) was to be changed into ear-rings and bracelets, after a particular pattern produced. The master jeweller told his workman, that al-though he had full confidence in his honesty, yet the stones being of great value, he should re-quire him to bring him his work every evening, to be placed in the vault, to prevent chance of loss by fire, house-robbery or other casualty—in-deed, in the case of any other artificer than Stanwood, he would have the work performed under his own personal inspection. Perhaps the confidence reposed was not so very great, as gems of great value are not easily disposable by work-men, and would be stopped by pawnbrokers and money-lenders on suspicion.

A draft of the pattern was placed in Stan-wood's hands, together with the jewel-case, which he opened to inspect the contents.

"Are you sick?" cried the employer, seeing the workman tremble and turn pale.

Charles made excuse, pleading sudden giddi-ness, and promising to bring the precious arti-cles in the evening—and every evening till it was completed—half an hour before the shop closed he departed. The necklace was the same as he had lost! Her ladyship—the lady of fash-ion and distinction—he made no doubt was his old customer, her coming to the city in quest of a jeweller, confirmed suspicion. Among new workmen, new tradesmen, who doubtless felt cer-tain class of customers, the doubtless felt cer-tain of evading detection; and, as some years had passed, the diamonds, remodeled into fresh

ornaments, and reset, would surely escape re-cognition, or marked notice. He felt inclined to return to his employer and obtain the name of the lady, but after doubt and hesitation, thought it advisable not to raise a suspicion.—He remembered previous castigation, and re-solved to act with caution, and make what he was entitled to—the most of his position.

Changing his ordinary daily dress, for apparel of a better description, he proceeded westward with the necklace in his pocket. With some difficulty, he procured an interview with the nobleman, without stating the object of his visit. He was ushered into the well-remembered library, associated in his memory with every thought and feeling which the former interview gave birth to; it looked the same as though he had seen it but yesterday. Yet how changed was he! The noble owner was slightly altered—time had not stood still—six summers had left their impress. Motioning his visitor to take a chair, he awaited in silence his communication, with an expres-sion of face which seemed to imply expectation of claim for relief, or charitable donation.

"My Lord! do you not recognize me?" said Charles, without accepting the proffered seat.

The peer, rather impatiently, intimated igno-rance of his person.

Poverty and suffering had no doubt done their work, as Stanwood confessed, yet he was the same party who had complained to his lordship, six years since, of the loss of a diamond neck-lace.

The peer said he remembered the circumstance well; the person of the jeweller was indeed changed. If he came to express contrition, he, for his part, could afford to pardon the slander, especially as the crime had brought its own pun-ishment.

"I have come, my Lord," said Charles sternly, "to save the criminal from punishment."

"How say, what mean you?" asked the peer.

Stanwood related exactly

The question of Slavery.

The Columbia South Carolinian contains the following letter from Gov. Hammond, in answer to a memorial from the Free Church of Glasgow, Scotland, for the pardon of John L. Brown, of Fairfield, South Carolina, who was convicted of aiding in the escape of a slave, and sentenced to be hung:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
South Carolina, June 21, 1844.

Sir: The last post brought me your communication, accompanying the memorial of the Free Church of Glasgow, in behalf of John L. Brown, convicted in this State of aiding a slave in escaping from his master, and sentenced to be hung in April last. It will be gratifying to you, seeing the interest you have taken in the matter, to learn that I have pardoned Brown. In consequence of representations made to me by the Hon. Judge O'Neil, speaking for himself and the judges of the court of appeals, I commuted his punishment to thirty-nine lashes. Facts, not known to the jury nor the judges, were afterwards brought to my knowledge, which satisfied me that Brown had no criminal design in what he did; and in the month of March I transmitted to him a full pardon. I was not at all aware at that time of the great interest taken abroad in behalf of one whose case I had never heard mentioned here, except on the occasion referred to; and I was astonished to find myself overwhelmed soon after with voluminous petitions for his pardon from the non-slaveholding States of this Union; and to perceive that his sentence was commented on, not only in the English newspapers, but in the English House of Lords. The latest, and I trust, last communication to me on the subject, is your memorial.

The interference of foreigners, or any persons beyond our boundaries, in the execution of the municipal laws of a Sovereign State, even in respectful terms, is certainly a violation of all propriety and courtesy; and if carried to extent, must become intolerable. I pass that by, however. The law under which Brown was convicted, was enacted under our colonial existence, and is emphatically British law. It is also good law. I pardoned him, not because I disapprove of the law, but because I did not think he violated it. It would be the most absurd thing in the world to recognise by law a system of domestic slavery, and yet allow every one to free, not merely his own, but the slaves of his neighbor, whenever instigated to do so by his own notions of propriety, his interest or his caprice. What sort of security would we have for property held on such terms as these? You cannot but perceive, that to permit others to take our slaves at pleasure with impunity, would amount to a total abolition of slavery. There would be no real difference between this and allowing our slaves to go free whenever they pleased. And all the petitioners for Brown, and agitators of his case, must have seen the matter in this light; and it is attributing to us but a small share of common sense, to suppose that we would not take the same view of it ourselves.

Whether death should be inflicted for such an offence is another question. We have modified in a great degree the sanguinary code of law left us by our British ancestors; but we have not done so in the length which some philosophers, both here and in your country, would have all governments to go—of abolishing the punishment of death.

Nor do I believe the success your government has met with in endeavoring to diminish crime by abolishing punishment in so many cases, will encourage them to press the matter much further at this time. Considering the value of the slave, the facility of seducing him from his owner, the expense which frequent seduction might exercise on an institution, the destruction of which must speedily and inevitably strike from the roll of civilized States nearly the whole slaveholding section of this country, as it has already done St. Domingo and Jamaica; and the enthusiastic and reckless enemies of this institution with which we are surrounded, it seems to me that if any offence affecting property should be punished, this is one. Your memorial, like all that have been sent to me, denounces slavery in the severest terms; as "traversing every law of nature, and violating the most sacred domestic relations, and the primary rights of man." You and your Presbytery are Christians. You profess to believe, and no doubt do believe, that the laws laid down in the Old and New Testaments for the government of man, in his moral, social and political relations, were all the direct revelations of God to man. Does it never occur to you, that in unathematic slavery, you deny this divine sanction of those laws, and repudiate both Christ and Moses; or charge God with downright crime, in regulating and perpetuating slavery in the Old Testament, and the most criminal neglect, in not only not abolishing, but not even reprehending it, in the New?

If these Testaments came from God, it is impossible that they should violate the primary rights of man. What those laws and rights really are, mankind have not agreed. But they are clear to God; and it is blasphemous for any of His creatures to set up their notions of them in opposition to His immediate and acknowledged revelation.

Nor does our system of slavery outrage the most sacred domestic relations. Husbands and wives, parents and children, among slaves are seldom separated, except from necessity or crime. The same reasons induce more frequent separations among the white population in this, and I imagine, in almost every other country.

But I make bold to say that the Presbytery of the Free Church of Glasgow, and nearly all the abolitionists in every part of the world, in denouncing our domestic slavery, denounce a thing which they know absolutely nothing of; which does not exist. You weep over the horrors of the middle passage which have ceased, so far as we are concerned; and over pictures of chains and lashes here, which have no existence but in the imagination. Our sympathies are almost equally excited by the accounts published by your committees of Parliament; and therefore true; and which have been verified by the personal observation of many of us—of the squalid misery, loathsomeness, and actual starvation, of multitudes of the unhappy laborers, not of Ireland only, but of England—any, of Glasgow itself. Yet we never presume to interfere with your social or municipal regulations—your aggregated wealth and congregated numbers, nor the crimes attendant on them, nor your laws for their suppression. And when we see, by your official returns, that even the best classes of English agricultural laborers can obtain for their support but seven pence of bread and four ounces of meat per week, and when sick or out of employment, must either starve or submit to charity, we cannot but look with satisfaction on your laws for the slave laborers who usually receive as a weekly allowance, fifteen pounds of bread and three pounds of bacon—have their children fed without stint, and properly attended to, are well clothed, and have comfortable dwellings, where, with their gardens and poultry yards, they can, if the least industrious, more than realize for themselves the vain hope of the great French King, that he might see every peasant in France leave his farm upon his table on the Sabbath; who, from the proceeds of their own crops, purchase even luxuries and finery; who labor scarcely more

than nine hours a day, on the average of the year; and who, in sickness, in declining years, in infancy and decrepitude, are watched over with a tenderness scarcely short of parental. When we contemplate the known condition of your operatives, of whom that of your agricultural laborers is perhaps the least wretched, we are not only not ashamed of that of our slaves, but are always ready to challenge a comparison, and should be highly gratified to submit to a reciprocal investigation by enlightened and impartial judges.

You are doubtless of opinion that all these advantages in favor of the slave, if they exist, are more than counterbalanced by his being deprived of his freedom. Can you tell me what freedom is? Who possesses it? And how much of it is requisite for human happiness? Is your operative, existing in the physical and moral condition which your own official returns depict—deprived, too, of every political right, even that of voting at the polls; who is not cheered by the slightest hope of ever improving his lot, or leaving his children to a better; and who actually seeks the four walls of a prison, the hulks, and transportation, as a comparative blessing—is he free? sufficiently free? Can you say that his sort of freedom is the liberty to beg or starve, choose between starvation and a prison—does or ought to make him happier than our slave, situated as I have truly described him, without a single fear or gloomy forethought?

But you will perhaps say it is not in the thing but in the name that the magic resides. Slavery is a vast difference between a slave called a slave and a man called a man, the equally enslaved by law, by social forms, and by immutable necessity. This is an ideal and sentimental distinction, which it will be difficult to bring the African race to comprehend. But if it be true, and freedom is a name and idea, rather than a reality, how many are there, then, entitled even to that name, except by courtesy, and how many are able to enjoy that idea to perfection? Does your operative receive a sufficient compensation for the difference between four ounces and three pounds of bacon? If he does, he is a rare philosopher. In your powerful kingdom social grade is as thoroughly established and acknowledged as military rank. Your commonality see among themselves a series of ascending classes, and, rising above them all, many more, composed of men not a whit superior to themselves in any of the endowments of nature, who yet, in name, in idea, and in fact, possess greater worldly privileges. To what one of all these classes does genuine freedom belong? To the duke, who knaves upon the prince—the baron, who knaves the duke—the duke—the commoner, who crouches to the duke?

Doubtless you all boast of being ideally free, while the American citizen counts your freedom slavery, and could not brook a state of existence in which he daily encountered fellow-mortals acknowledged and privileged as his superiors solely by the accident of birth. He too, in turn, will boast of his freedom, which might be just as little to your taste. I will not pursue this topic further. But I think you must admit that there is not much in a name; and that ideal or imputed freedom is a very uncertain source of happiness.

You must also agree that it would be a bold thing for you or any one to undertake to solve the great problem of good and evil, happiness and misery, and decide in what worldly condition man enjoys most, and suffers least. Your professional soliloquy on you to teach that his true happiness is seldom found upon the stormy sea of politics, or in the mad race of ambition, in the pursuit of mammon, or in the cares of board and gain; that, in short, the wealth and honors of this world are to be despised and shunned. Will you, then, say that the slave must be wretched because he is debarred from them? or because he does not indulge in the dreams of philosophy, the wrangling of sectarians, or the soul-disturbing speculations of the sceptic? or because, having never tasted of those pleasures, he is contented with his lot, such as it is, as most men are with theirs?

You and your Presbytery doubtless desire, as we all should, to increase the happiness of the human family. But since it is so difficult, if not impossible, to determine in what earthly state man may expect to enjoy most of it, why can you not be content to leave him in that respect where God has placed him; to give up the ideal and doubtful quest for happiness, and contented with the faithful fulfillment of your great mission of preaching "the glad tidings of salvation" to all classes and conditions; or, at the very least, sacredly abstain from all endeavors to ameliorate the lot of man by revolution, bloodshed, massacre, and desolation, to which all attempts at abolition in this country in the present, and so far as I can see, in any future age, must inevitably lead?

Be satisfied with the improvement which slavery has made, and which nothing but slavery could have made to the extent in the race of man. Look at the negro in Africa—a naked savage, almost a cannibal, ruthlessly oppressing and destroying his fellow-men—idle, treacherous, idolatrous, and such a disgrace to the image of his God, in which you declare him to be made, that some of the wisest philosophers have denied him the possession of a soul. See him here—three centuries at least of his recurrent race—civilized, contributing immensely to the subsistence of the human family, his passions restrained, his affections cultivated, his bodily wants and infirmities provided for, and the true religion of his Maker and Redeemer taught him. Has slavery been a curse to him? Can you think God has ordained it for no good purpose?—or, not being content with the blessings it has already bestowed, do you desire to increase them still? Before you act, be sure your Heavenly Father has revealed to you the means. Wait for the inspiration which brought the Israelites out of Egypt—which carried salvation to the Gentiles.

I have written a longer letter than I intended. But the question of slavery is a much more interesting subject to us—involved, as it does, the fate of all that we hold dear—than any thing connected with John L. Brown can be to you, and I trust you will send my reply with as much consideration as I have read your memorial.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. H. HAMMOND.
To the Rev. Thomas Brown, D. D., Moderator of the Free Church of Glasgow, and to the Presbytery thereof.

Burgess.—It will be recollected that Burgess, who robbed the Bank of England and escaped to this country, was recaptured and sent back under the treaty. He has been tried and convicted.

General Leslie Combs, having been spoken of as a candidate for Congress from the district now represented by Hon. Garret Davis, has withdrawn his name in consequence of domestic affliction.

Lost Child Found.

The Hartford Times of the 2d instant contains the narrative of Mr. Amiel Filley of that strange fiction, relating to the loss and finding of his son William Filley. We know of nothing among the tales of fiction and romance more full of thrilling interest, than this simple narrative of incidents connected with the history of this *Lost Child*. Mr. Filley is a native of Windsor, Conn. where he was married and removed to Michigan. The child was lost in Michigan in 1837, and found in Tolland, Connecticut about the first of January last. The truth of the following statement made by Mr. Filley is vouched for by those intimately connected with the facts.

On the 3d of August, 1837, his little son, then a child of five years old, went out, swimming in the vicinity of their dwelling, with a hired girl, to gather waterberries, the swamp was in the direction from Mr. Filley's to the dwelling of Mr. Mount, the father of the girl, where they were to go and spend the night, and the scene of their toil was about a mile from the house of the former, and some twenty or thirty rods from the dwelling of the latter. Having satisfied himself with picking berries, the child discovered a desire to return, whereupon the girl conducted him to the road, and placed him in the direction of the house of Mr. Mount—not doubting as the house was in plain sight and only a few rods distant, but the little fellow would reach it in perfect safety, the girl returned to the swamp, and after completing her supply of berries, went home to the house of her father, and found to her astonishment as well as that of the family, that William had not arrived. Notice was immediately communicated to the parents, an alarm given, and the effort made to recover the absent child. As an inducement to continue the search, notice of the event was published in the papers, and Mr. Filley offered a reward of two hundred dollars for the recovery of the child, either dead or alive.

As suspicions were entertained that foul play had been practiced by the Indians, inquiries were made of the different tribes and families in the vicinity, and pecuniary offers tendered to their chiefs and influential men, and Mr. Filley himself traversed for months the wilds of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa, but his efforts proved vain. No discovery could be made, and no tidings had, and he returned to his heartbroken family with the sad reflection that their little William was lost.

For seven long years this stricken family endured the agony of affliction which seldom falls to the lot of human nature to submit to—months of vanity and weary nights were appointed to them.

If the shaft of death had smitten down this their first born son, and they passed through the funeral solemnities, and had seen him laid in the grave of their own churchyard, time would have tempered their grief and mitigated the anguish of their bereavement. But the painful suspense, the awful uncertainty that hung over his fate was an abiding sorrow, which time could not soften and earth had no balm to heal. As time rolled on, hope became extinguished, but William was not forgotten.

The mournful event with its aggravating circumstances was an aggravating canker upon the comfort of the family—a fatal disease seized the mother and she sunk into an untimely grave.

Since the decease of his wife, Mr. Filley has visited Connecticut, the place of his nativity, and while here by a mysterious course of events beyond the comprehension of human wisdom to fathom, his long lost child has appeared, and been restored to his fond embraces.

It seems that the lad before reaching the house of Mr. Mount was overtaken and kidnapped by a band of Indians, who in their wanderings happened to pass near where the funeral services were being held, and in this family he lived and travelled with them all their migratory movements from the time he was captured until the autumn of 1843.

About this time this family visited Albany New York, and while there this white child was discovered among them. The municipal authorities became acquainted with the circumstances, at once caused their arrest, and took measures to convey them to the city, where they were held in custody. The cause by which the lad became possessed of the child. They were alternately flattered and threatened but no disclosures could be obtained, as they seemed resolved to submit to any punishment rather than make any communication by which the paternity of the child could be ascertained. They were therefore discharged, and the child very humanely placed in the Orphan Asylum.

Subsequently in the spring of 1834, M. Filley, of Tolland, Maine, being in want of a boy in his family, was recommended to this place, and furnished with this lad whom he brought home with him to his residence in Tolland. In the month of December last, by a most marvelous concurrence of circumstances, the facts in relation to this boy, so far as it concerned the transaction at Albany, came to the knowledge of Rev. Daniel Cooley, of Granville, Ohio. He detected frequently the extraordinary circumstances under which the child was lost, immediately communicated the intelligence he had obtained to Mr. Marvin, the grandfather of the child, and he without loss of time, made known the tidings to Mr. Filley who was then with his friends in Connecticut. From the knowledge thus obtained, Mr. Filley visited Mr. Cooley in Tolland, with whom the lad then resided.

Although time and exposure had somewhat obliterated the fair features of this youth, yet his personal appearance was the counterpart to the other members of his family. His size, his age, the complexion of his eyes and hair, and all his prominent characteristics indicated those of his child and upon appealing to a known scar upon his hand, and examining an indubitable mark in the hair of his head, his identity was fully recognized, and in the joy of his heart he pressed to his bosom his long lost son.

From the story of the boy it appears that he had been constantly in the same family which consisted of four Indians, Paul and Phoebe Ann Pye, his wife, Martha Ann Pye their daughter, and Thomas Williams, an inmate of their family. They adopted him as their son, and he believed that Paul and Phoebe Ann were his parents and Martha his sister. He supposed himself an Indian boy, and was not aware of any difference of complexion or distinction of nature until his deliverance at Albany. He has an indistinct recollection of attending school, but when or where he knows not.

This seems to be the only remaining fact in his memory that he can recognize as having transpired prior to his capture, and

he does not seem to associate this with any other fact indicative of his home except that he did not go to school with the Indians. The first place which he remembered to have visited was Green Bay, the scenery of which he gives a correct description. In travelling to that place they probably either went or returned by water, as he remembers sailing in a steamboat. He accompanied them in all their wanderings and was used as a mendicant to supply himself with clothing, and the family with food when their indolence prevented their obtaining any other way.

He recollects living near Detroit; Utica; Watertown, Catskill, and several months at Hillsdale N. Y. In all their wanderings in summer and winter, he traveled barefooted, suffering in winter from cold, and at all times from hunger and fatigue, but the kindness of his Indian sister, like a second Pocahontas took unwearied pains to mitigate his sufferings and make his captivity endurable.

Although he cannot recognize his new friends, yet he rejoices that he has found a permanent home in a land of civilization, and all parties unite to render their grateful thanks to the Author of all good for this marvellous dispensation of his providence.

English and American Rivers Compared.

A gentleman-like and well informed Englishman who was in the stage coach with me, and who had found out that I was an American, after dilating on the greatness, the beauties, the majesty, in short of this noblest of British rivers, (the Thames concluded thus; "air, it may seem most incredible to you, but it is nevertheless true, that this prodigious stream, from its mouth to its source, not much, if at all short of one hundred and fifty miles long! I looked steadfastly in his face, to see if he jested; but the gravity of deep conviction was upon it, indeed, John Bull himself. After composing myself a moment, I slowly responded: "Perhaps, sir, you have never heard of the river Ohio?" "I think I have." "Perhaps of the Missouri?" "I think so; though not sure." "Certainly of the Mississippi?" "Oh yes, yes." "Well, sir, a man will descend the Ohio, in a steamboat of the largest class, a thousand miles." "Of what, sir?" "How many miles?" "A thousand miles, and there he will meet another steamboat of the same class, which has come in the opposite direction, two hundred miles down the Missouri; and then after going fifteen hundred miles more; down the Mississippi, he may see that flood of waters discharge by fifty channels into the sea?" "I had made up my mind to be considered a cheat; so I went calmly and emphatically through the statement. As I progressed my companion seemed somewhat disposed to take my story as a personal affront; but at its close he let down his visage into a contemptuous pout and regularly cut my acquaintance.—Dr. Breckenridge's Travels in England.

Great Natural Curiosity.

We were recently made acquainted with the facts of a case of the most singular and extraordinary character. It is a natural curiosity which is to be seen in Delaware county, in this State, about seventeen miles north of Columbus.

Although it is one of the most novel and curious things in natural history yet it has never been made public, or been known to the scientific world. It has heretofore entirely escaped the notice of scientific men from the fact of its being in an obscure place, and no account of it has ever been given in the public prints.—The facts of the case, as related to us, are as follows:—

Sometime about the year 1818 two men by the names of Davis and Richards, salt boilers by profession, commenced boring for salt water in the bed of the Scioto river near the place mentioned. After having bored about 23 feet through a solid rock they came upon a stream of white sulphur water of the strongest kind. The augur with which they were boring suddenly sunk something like two feet, which is probably the depth of the stream—but such was the pressure of the water that the augur was forced up again, and large weights had to be attached to it in order to keep it to its place and enable them to bore further. They continued to bore on, however, until they got about 400 feet below the sulphur stream, when they struck upon salt water. The size of the augur was about 24 inches in diameter. When they took it out the jet of sulphur water rose up to the height of 20 feet above the surface of the river. In order to obtain access to the salt water beneath, they procured a strong copper pipe and attempted to force it down to the place where it was to be found. But whenever it reached the sulphur stream, such was its force and pressure, that the pipe was completely fattened, so as entirely to prevent the passage of water through it. All subsequent attempts to insert a pipe proved abortive, and after prosecuting the work at intervals for several years, the project was entirely abandoned. After enlarging the orifice made by the augur at the top, a wooden stack 20 feet in height was inserted—yet even at the top of this, such was the force of the stream, that it required the strength of two or three men to put a plug in it. From this stack a pipe conveys the water to the spring house on one of the bluffs of the river. The stream has been running for 26 years—yet its strength and force are unabated. Those who have recently examined it say that it is capable of throwing up a stream ten inches in diameter from 80 to 90 feet high—and that water can be thus obtained to turn a large mill.

The whole matter lay in obscurity until a short time since, when our fellow-citizen, Mr. N. Hart, accidentally heard of the circumstance and bought the land upon which it is situated. It was from him we learned the foregoing facts. The stream furnishes as good white sulphur water as is now known. It is strongly impregnated with gas and possesses valuable medicinal properties.

The place in which it is situated is in a fine healthy region, and the country round about is beautiful and rolling, and admirably adapted to fishing and hunting.

Mr. Hart is about to remove to the place and take up his residence there. He is determined to spare no pains or expense to have the matter fully developed, and intends to have Professor Locke, of Cincinnati, to give it a thorough examination and report upon it. He also intends to build a house for the accommodation of visitors, &c., and we have no doubt, from the extraordinary character of the affair, and the valuable medicinal properties of the water, that it will soon become a very fashionable place of resort for invalids and others.

Dayton Transcript.

The Hon. Judge McLean has resigned his seat as Judge of the Supreme Court in Ohio.

WM. K. & SEP. T. WALL,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Office on Market Space, Covington, Kentucky.
SEP. T. WALL has permanently located himself in Covington, and will always be found at his office, unless professionally absent. WM. K. WALL will, as heretofore, punctually attend the *Kenton, Boone and Campbell Circuit Courts*, in which they practise in partnership.
January 1, 1845. 25-1f

Katz's Pills.

KATZ'S American Anti-Bilious Pills. A valuable medicine for all diseases originating from a disordered state of the stomach and impure blood.
ALSO—Dr. Leroy's Female Pills, an invaluable medicine. For sale by
HIRAM FRAZIER,
Sycamore street one door below Third,
Feb. 1, 1845. Cincinnati, O.

Notice.

The public are hereby cautioned against trading for any note or notes given by me to B. S. Hoffman, dated November 16th, 1843; one payable 12 months after date for \$50, one payable 14 months after date for \$50, and one payable 16 months after date for \$50, as I do not intend to pay said notes, they having been obtained from me illegally. I at the time of the execution of said notes to said Hoffman was a minor, and incapable to contract.
HIRAM CORNELIUS.
Jan. 18, 1845. 37-pd

W. L. Grant.

Attorney at Law, Covington, Ky.
WILL attend to all business connected to him in Kenton, Campbell, Boone, Harrison, and Grant counties, Kentucky, and in Cincinnati, Ohio.
Feb. 1, 1845. 28-1f

LAW NOTICE.

J. W. TIBBATT & CHARLES J. HELM.
HAVING associated themselves in the practice of the LAW, will attend the courts in Kenton and the adjoining counties.
Office on South side of Market Space, one door west of Greenup street.
Covington, January 11, 1845.

LAW PARTNERSHIP.

BENTON & MOOR.
M. BENTON and DANIEL MOOR have associated themselves together in the practice of the Law in the Counties of Campbell, Kenton, Boone and Grant. Their office is on Scott street, west of Market Space.
Covington, January 11, 1845.

Gedge & Brothers,

TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS,
AND DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES & COUNTRY PRODUCE,
No. 10, Front Street, Cincinnati.
KEEP constantly on hand a good assortment in their line, which they will sell, wholesale or retail, cheap for cash, or exchange for country produce.
January 11, 1845.

John Mackay,

DEALER in Dry Goods, Shoes, Queens Ware, &c. Store South side Market Space, where he will sell goods as low as they can be purchased in Cincinnati, for cash only, or produce at cash prices. He would invite his friends to call and examine his prices before purchasing elsewhere.
January 11, 1845.

A BARGAIN.

A good bargain can be had, if speedily applied for. That well known business stand, at the corner of Greenup and Second street, in Cincinnati, is for sale. The lot fronts 473 on Greenup and 195 on Second street, upon which are several frame buildings. This property will be sold in whole or in parts to suit purchasers. Apply to M. BENTON, Market Space.
January 11, 1845.

Improved Lard Oil!

LARD OIL, for sale wholesale and retail, by THOMAS EMERY Sycamore st. near eighth Cincinnati.

The following certificates attest the quality of several individuals in this city, and have found none so uniformly good as that made by Mr. Thomas Emery, at his establishment, near the corner of Eighth and Sycamore streets. We are satisfied this oil is free from adulteration, it burns with a clear, steady light, and does not gum in the wick. We have no doubt that those who make trial of it, will find it equal to the best Spermaceti.

Dr. Joseph Ray, Thomas Meston
Dr. W. Leonard, Dr. B. B. Aydelott,
D. B. Stieritz, Southwell Royle,
G. R. Hand, D. B. Aydelott,
Geo. McCullough, Albro & Lewis,
Henry Miller, F. Felger, for both,
Dr. J. W. & Wm. B. both.
I have not sufficiently tested the different specimens of Lard Oil to state which is best, but have used Mr. Emery's manufacture some months, and find it quite equal to Spermaceti. I had used for years. Sargent Lewis, of my knowledge in regard to the Oil made by Mr. Emery is very similar to the above, as expressed by Mr. Lewis. I cannot discover any inferiority at this season of the year to the best Spermaceti.
Cin. Dec. 23. 23 ly

FARRIS DAGEROTYPE ESTABLISHMENT.

East side of Main, between Fourth and Fifth Streets, Cincinnati.—The subscriber has returned from the East, respectfully invites the attention of strangers and citizens to his Rooms, where, by means of the LATEST IMPROVEMENTS, he is enabled to take likenesses with a clearness, distinctness and facility, unequalled in this city or elsewhere. Having devoted his time practically to the profession ever since the introduction of this beautiful art, into this country, the subscriber feels confident he will be able to give perfect satisfaction to those who may favor him with their patronage.

In consequence of the facilities afforded by his peculiar mode of operating, the proprietor is enabled to furnish superior pictures, at the lowest price charged by the most indifferent operators in the city.

Ladies and Gentlemen are invited to call and examine specimens of this wonderful Art, brought to its highest state of perfection.

THOMAS FARIS.

Cameras, Chemicals, Plates, Cases and all the necessary Apparatus furnished, and thorough instructions given in all branches of the Art. Cincinnati, Nov. 30, 1844. 19

ASTOUNDING FACT.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 4, 1845.
I HEREBY certify that when I was about 12 years old, I gradually became deaf in both ears, so that in a few months I found it almost impossible to hear, unless in the very loudest tones of voice. I remained in that situation until last summer, a period of eighteen years, when I heard of *Scarp's Compound Acoustic Oil*. I immediately obtained a bottle, which I used, and am happy to say it has acted like magic, and quite cured me. Any one wishing further information, which I selected a remarkable one, will find me by calling at my residence, Concord street, first door above Second street.

MRS. REBECCA BAXTER.
For sale at the Comb Store, 125 Main street, Cincinnati, Jan. 17, 1845. 38

Blanks, Blanks.

DENNS & MORGAN, of an improved and highly approved form, printed on excellent paper ALSO—JUSTICES' & CONSTABLES' BLANK of good quality, for sale at this Office.
Cin. Dec. 28 1844. 23-1f

Arrivals and Departures of the Mails,

AT COVINGTON.
Eastern and Northern Mail, arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 10 o'clock A. M., and departs same day at 8 A. M.
Southern and Western Mail, arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 10 o'clock A. M., and departs same day at 8 A. M.
Lexington Mail, via Georgetown, Williams-town, Crittenden, Florence, &c., arrives Mondays and Fridays at 6 o'clock P. M. and departs Wednesdays and Saturdays at 4 o'clock A. M. Closes the evening previous.
Cynthiana Mail, via Falmouth, Licking Grove, Flour Creek, Tibbatts' Roads, Alexandria, Newport, Ky., and Cincinnati, O., arrives Monday and Thursdays at 10 o'clock A. M., and departs Tuesdays and Saturdays at 9 A. M.
Grassy Creek Mail, via Barry and Independence, arrives every Saturday, at 2 o'clock P. M., and departs at 3 P. M.
A daily mail route has recently been established by the Post Office Department, upon the Kentucky River, which connects with the daily mail from Cincinnati to Louisville, by which mail matter can be forwarded from this office daily to Frankfort and Lexington, via Cincinnati, &c., Sundays excepted. Closes at 8 o'clock A. M.
The Post Office opens at 7 1/2 o'clock every morning, Sundays excepted, and closes at 4 P. M. during the winter.
H. MARTIN, P. M.
December 7, 1844.

GREAT WESTERN

LAND AGENCY,

No. 30, Front Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The undersigned having been heretofore extensively engaged in the selling of REAL ESTATE in the eastern cities, was induced by his numerous friends and acquaintances, to resume that branch of business in the west. He accordingly opened, temporarily, an Office, at his Lecture room, North East Corner of Main and Fifth Streets, Cincinnati, where he has been patronized for the last year, beyond his most sanguine expectations. He has now removed to Front Street, in full view of all the Steam boat arrivals and departures, where he is ready to receive propositions for the purchase and sale of Real Estate, of every variety, in Cities, Towns, or Country.

His extensive and intimate acquaintance in

all the Eastern States, and in most of the large cities of the Union for the last twenty-five years, will give him very decided advantages in procuring purchasers from a distance. His stenographic profession has given him facilities for correspondence with hundreds of editors and publishers in different parts of the United States, by which means he can more readily make known the relative merits and advantages of property brought within his agency. (As a proof of his facilities, he would remark, that on a former occasion, he sold in a single year, within a single county of Pennsylvania, farms and town lots to the amount of \$600,000, thus bringing into the pockets of his immediate neighbors, from the large cities and remote parts of the Union, cash in hand payments, to the amount of \$150,000 within the year.)

As soon as patronage will warrant, he will, in addition to his ordinary duties of a local agent, resume his former practice of visiting the large Eastern Cities, as often as once in six months—to spread his propositions before capitalists, to exhibit and explain maps, charts and descriptions; to organize Manufacturing companies, Land Companies, Joint Stock Societies, Social Communities, etc., etc.—to receive orders, and perform such other functions, as pertain to a general land agency, between the east and the west, the north and the south, or with various countries of Europe.

In the mean time, persons wishing to sell farms, town lots, or other real estate, are respectfully invited to call at the office as above described, where the most satisfactory references will be given, and abundant evidence shown of the numerous facilities which this establishment will possess, over every and all others, in the east or west.

All communications through the Post Office. IF POSTAGE PAID, will receive prompt attention. OFFICE HOURS FROM 9 TO 3 O'CLOCK.
M. T. C. GOULD,
General Land Agent.
Cincinnati, 20, 1844.

Those who Counterfeit a good medicine

for the purpose of making a few dollars, and thus doing harm to the public, are careful to get rid of their spurious coin. For while the latter only rob us of our property, the former take property and health and life away. Dr. Wier's Balsam of Wild Cherry is admitted by the most extraordinary cures, in cases of a pulmonary and asthmatic character, ever before recorded in the history of medicine.
(?) The young, the beautiful and the good, speak forth its praise. It is now the favorite medicine in the most influential families of our country.
Such a high stand in public estimation has been achieved by its own merits alone. And so long as a discerning public are careful to get rid of their spurious coin, the former take property and health and life away. Dr. Wier's Balsam of Wild Cherry is admitted by the most extraordinary cures, in cases of a pulmonary and asthmatic character, ever before recorded in the history of medicine.
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FRANKLIN HOUSE,

Main Street, between Third and Fourth, CINCINNATI OHIO.

THE subscribers beg leave to announce to

their friends and the public in general that they have leased the well known House, situated on Main, between Third and Fourth Streets. This House has gone through a general change; it has no bar attached to it, which will render it most pleasant to those who wish to be relieved from the noise and bustle attending a bar room. No pains will be spared to make those who may favor them with a call comfortable. The rooms are large and commodious.

Travelling companies are respectfully invited to call, as they will find it much to their advantage; the house is centrally situated in a business part of the City, convenient for Country Merchants, and those traveling East or West.

Two Lines of STAGES leave this House on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, one for Brookville and Indianapolis, Ia., the other for Hillsborough, Bainbridge and Chillicothe, Ohio.
L. L. ROSS, Proprietors.
Cincinnati, Nov. 2

As we have a new carrier in Covington, some of our subscribers will perhaps be neglected. They will please call and get their papers, and let us know, that they may hereafter get them regularly.

CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENTS will please direct all their Communications and Advertisements: *Licking Valley Register, care of Box 315, Cincinnati.*

We are authorized to announce Dr. JOHN BENNETT as a candidate for re-election to the State Senate for this District.

The Lexington Inquirer.

We are glad to see this paper, notwithstanding its late misadventure, again appearing in life and vigor, under the auspices of its veteran editor. Mr. FINNEY, has too long fought the good fight for correct principles, not to be able now to command the aid of his friends and neighbors in the day of disaster. A faithful sentinel of such long standing will not be neglected in Kentucky.

Annexation.

Mr. Benton has introduced a short bill, because the resolution of the lower House does not please him, to admit a State into this Union, to be formed out of the present Republic of Texas. He proposes that negotiations take place; for the purpose of settling terms of admission, to be submitted either by treaty to the Senate, or by articles to Congress. This movement, the National Intelligencer says, caused some Senators, heretofore silent, to indicate that they did not think annexation could be properly affected otherwise than by treaty. Benton will be gracefully whipped in at last, perhaps by being the mover of the plan that passes. It is said the *Whig* may be opposed to annexation, because it will give Calhoun the ascendancy in the party. Considering Col. Benton's hatred of Calhoun, which is believed to operate upon him as powerfully as his patriotism, it may be inferred that, seeing annexation must take place in some form, Old Bullion wishes to be the father of the plan which will ultimately succeed. In this way he may prevent the capital which would likely be made for Calhoun, by the *Simon pure* annexationists, and at the same time place him above the Wright faction in the hearts of the "entire Democracy." We have never been disposed to give Col. Benton all the credit that some have, for his position on the Texas question. His efforts against annexation, and his support of Polk and Dallas, is about of a piece with all the political conduct of the early demagogue who is distinguished for having been in the U. S. Senate 25 years without interruption.

The *Globe* says that Col. Tibbatts wants no office in the gift of the President; that he prefers representing his constituents in Congress, to any position in which the President could place him. The *Globe* seems to speak by authority, and ventures, modestly and deferentially, to say to the democracy of this district, that they ought to retain the Col. in service, because of his great ability. We have not quoted the *Globe* literally, but substantially, we think, without having the paper before us. We suppose this notice in the *Globe* is at the instance of Col. Tibbatts, and the complimentary language of the *Globe* is, to have the force of a high mandate from headquarters, to the democracy of this district, which must be attended to, come what will, and must cut them off from the bare idea of any possibility of the Col's. defeat. It may be, for aught we know, the blindest madness to think of opposing the puissant Col., endorsed as he is by the *Great Globe*; but his services may not be required beyond the present session of Congress. There is a rumor that Gen. Metcalfe will consent to run for Congress, provided it is the desire of all. Should he take the field under such circumstances, he will prove a formidable antagonist to any man. A long course of public service, has shown him to be a man of the highest integrity, and the enemy to dishonesty in every shape. From the high character of Gen. Metcalfe, which needs no certificates, we would not be at all astonished, if a majority of this District would agree to send him to Congress, where a pure patriot never went, from this or any other district.

PERIODICALS, &c.—Persons wishing to purchase Periodicals, and publications issued by the cheap Press, Books, paper, &c., will find it convenient to call at *Ashton's Head Quarters*, where they can be supplied according to their taste. See advertisement.

FRANKFORT, KY., 5th February, 1845.

R. C. LANGDON, Esq.,

MY DEAR SIR:—This day the Common School Bill drawn up by the able and talented Chairman of the Committee of Education, (Gen. McAfee) passed the Senate by a majority of sixteen votes. The system has, I trust, at last passed the ordeal. In its present shape it will become acceptable and popular in every section of this Commonwealth, where children may be found to lip the alphabet.

The name of Howard has been justly handed down as one of the noblest and most disinterested benefactors of his race—the name of Washington has been echoed and re-echoed through the civilized world as the savior of his country—the founder of a glorious system of civil and religious liberty with a knowledge that its perpetuity was based alone on the education and virtue of the people. As time rolls on will not the name of McAfee be identified with the salvation of his country, and the benefactors of his race? Surely it will, if virtue, religion, and an elevated cast of character, are the legitimate fruits of education, and civil and religious liberty are alone to be sustained by the enlightenment of the mind. Where would our Common School system now have been had it not been sustained by him?—numbered among the things which have been—dead—a blot on the page of Kentucky's history.

Thrust after thrust has been made at the Common School System with well directed herculean strength, but our worthy Chairman has parried each blow—he has met each charge as he met the enemies of his country at the Thames, and with a like result. Let Kentucky rejoice, let it be proclaimed in her highways, that she has at last taken a stand with her sister States in the holy effort of pouring the fresh improvement over the mind of her youth—in

planting in their bosoms the seeds of virtue, piety, honor and patriotism.

But while I attempt to award the just meed of praise to Gen. McAfee, shall I forget to speak of the indefatigable Dr. Palmer. On all occasions he was found battling lustily for the cause of education. While he held out the olive branch to the enemies of the School bill, he led some along by his persuasive eloquence into neutral ground, charmed the indifferent into acquiescence, while he fired his friends with enthusiasm. In the House, my colleagues, Groesbeck and Root, have won for themselves imperishable laurels in their high and patriotic struggle in defense of man's natural right—education.

Your friend and ob't. serv't.,

J. BENNETT.

It will be seen by the following letter from Senator Hardin to Doctor Bennett, the cause of the failure of our Ohio Bridge bill. The Judiciary Committee made a favorable report of the bill, and it would doubtless have passed had it been introduced at an earlier hour of the session.

Mr. JOHN BENNETT,

Dear Sir:—The day the petition of many citizens of the City of Covington, asking the incorporation of a company to build a bridge across the Ohio river, was presented to the Senate, I have now no recollection—the Senate journal will show—it was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, of which I was chairman. The subject of the petition was submitted to the Committee as soon as it was possible, regarding the multiplicity of business before the Committee, and as soon after the action of the Committee on the petition as I could find an opportunity, I reported the bill. It was an important measure, one that invited the deliberate consideration of both branches of the Legislature. The close of the session was too near at hand for the bill to receive the deliberate action of both Houses; it was, therefore, laid on the table for want of time. In haste, yours, respectfully,

P. C. HARDIN.

Destruction of the New York Tribune Office by Fire.

We are deeply pained at the subjoined statement, and heartily sympathize with our friends Greeley and McElrath, who, we gladly perceive, are insured at least in part. They are gallant spirits, and will rally at this pressure. We copy from the *Herald*:

At four o'clock yesterday morning, a terrible fire was discovered to be raging in the block of buildings occupied by the Tribune printing establishment, corner of Spruce and Nassau sts. Every effort was made by the fire companies to master the raging element, but to no purpose, and in the course of a couple of hours after the first notice of the blaze, the Tribune newspaper concern, the periodicals depot of Mr. W. H. Graham, the bookseller and stationer's establishment of Jansen & Bell, the liquor store occupied by Mr. Kennedy, and the German establishment of the *Deutsche Schellpost*—a German journal published in this city for the last three years, with a large stock of books, &c., were totally consumed with all they contained. Mr. Graham lost not only his stock, but \$400 in cash and his gold watch, and narrowly escaped with his life by leaping out of an elevated window under the deep snow beneath.

The Germans, who had a ball in Tammany Hall, which adjoined the burned buildings in the rear, were alarmed in the midst of their revelry, when all was going on "merry as a marriage bell," and we understand that the rear of Old Tammany got a severe scorching. Some insurance is effected upon these buildings, but nothing like the actual loss. Kennedy had no insurance, and the *Deutsche Schellpost* very little. Jansen & Bell's loss is over \$10,000. Greeley & McElrath at least as much. The origin of the fire is attributed to the negligence of a boy who, in kindling a fire in one of the rooms of the Tribune establishment, made use of a newspaper to promote the draught, which not only took fire, but took wing to some other apartment, and set fire to a mass of papers, and as the partition wall in the interior were composed of wood, the progress of the flames was rapid in the extreme. Not a brick remains upon another, at the moment we write, so thoroughly did the work of destruction go on. We are happy to state that no lives have been lost, although several persons slept in the building where the fire broke out.

There is an insurance of \$3,000 on the Tribune Buildings, and \$8,000 on the Tribune printing materials.

The value of the Croton water to the city was seen at this fire. If the firemen had not had use of it, Tammany Hall, and indeed, the whole block of which the Tribune buildings was a part, would inevitably have been destroyed. Nothing but Croton water saved it.

Owing to the streets having been blocked up with snow, the hardy firemen found it very hard work to drag their apparatus to the scene of destruction. If the authorities had properly attended to the welfare of the city, they would have had horses and other conveniences prepared for an emergency in such a night. It is to be hoped that hereafter the Mayor will see that the streets are properly prepared for the engines, and that the side walks be cleaned off, so that no time may be lost in a case like the one mentioned above. It is a wonder that the fire was kept from spreading over a whole square. As we said before, Croton water alone saved the city from a most destructive conflagration.

The building on the corner of Spruce street, occupied by Mr. Kennedy, was not burned down, but crushed by the large wall of the Tribune building falling upon it.

The basement of No. 3, on Spruce street, was occupied by an Irish family, named Greeley, and in the same building a German paper, called the *Schellpost* was published. In the lower story of No. 5, in addition to Haynes' book-binders, was the office of Mr. Toler, machinist, whose loss was small, and the True Wesleyan office, loss about \$100. The upper stories of No. 5 were occupied respectively by Mr. Fennel, job printer, and Gayard & Alexander, book-binders. The buildings are owned by Mr. Thompson Price, and are partially insured in the Jefferson Insurance office. The kitchen of Tammany Hall was slightly injured.

The Pictorial Bible.

BEING the Old and New Testaments, according to the authorized version, with more than ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS.—With all Marginal References; the latest and most authentic Maps; an elegantly engraved Family Record; and the Text from the Standard Edition of the American Bible Society. For sale Wholesale and Retail by

J. A. JAMES, Stereotype Founder and Printing Ink Manufacturer, No. 1 Baker Street, Cincinnati, O. Feb. 15th, 1845.

AN ORDINANCE

To prevent Wagons, Carriages, &c., from standing in the Streets, Alleys, &c.

Sec. 1. Be it ordained by the President and Common Council of the City of Covington, That no person shall obstruct or suffer to remain in any Street or Alley any Stage Wagon, Dray, Cart, or other carriage finished or unfinished during the night time, or interrupt the free crossing at intersections, or at any walk across any Street or Alley at any time, under the penalty of not less than one nor more than 5 dollars for every such offence to be recovered before the Mayor upon conviction thereof.

Sec. 2. It shall be and it is hereby made the special duty of the Police or Street Commissioner to give information to the Mayor of all violations of the ordinance.

A Copy—Attest. B. W. FOLEY, City Clerk. Covington, Feb. 15, 1845.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

Late and Important from Mexico.

We are indebted to Capt. Kingsbury, of the *Veracruz*, which arrived yesterday from Vera Cruz, for intelligence to that date. Gen. Santa Anna, after having made five different attacks on the city of Puebla, had been repulsed on each attack with some considerable loss, had been obliged to decamp with all his troops, amounting to about 4000 men, and according to the latest news from Jalapa, he is on his way to Vera Cruz, but he must first pass a defile 15 miles from Jalapa, which is well fortified, and commanded by General Jose Rineon in person.

If Santa Anna should be successful here, he will meet with obstacles from troops stationed at Puebla, after passing which place, there will be nothing to prevent his coming to within 3 miles of Vera Cruz. Here the fortifications, although not complete, are sufficient to prevent his taking the city, but probably he may be able to effect his escape on board of an English frigate stationed at Sacrificios, with orders, as report says, to receive him, and protect his person. Should he, however, determine to besiege the place, Generals Bravo and Paredes, who left Puebla on the 10th instant with ten thousand cavalry and infantry, will soon be on his rear, and determine his fate.—If taken prisoner, as he is enormous rich, having more than twelve million dollars in England, it is more than probable that by using this money he may be able to purchase his own and the lives of his officers, although by his own more than brutal conduct in Puebla, he has forfeited all claim to the indulgence of either Mexicans or foreigners.

The officers commanding the city are Gens. Morea and Hernandez. The Castle is under the command of Gen. Juan Lloa, a brave and able officer, and an inveterate enemy of Santa Anna. In the course of the night previous to sailing, the Captain says news was received by an express from Jalapa, that Santa Anna had commenced besieging Perote, and that neither Bravo nor Paredes, had left Puebla on the 13th; and that even among the most sanguine of the friends of the movement against Santa Anna, a belief had arisen that there was an intrigue going on to save him and his officers; if true, it is thought this will be the forerunner of a fresh outbreak, which will cost an immense deal of bloodshed.

We are indebted to Mr. Zalzo, the owner of the brig, for some additional information of high importance, to-wit: that Santa Anna had sent in his submission to the new Government, and had placed himself and his troops at their disposal. This was the report at Vera Cruz, and if it shall prove true, the war may be considered at an end. The Diario of the 13th announces it as a fact.

The following is the official notice of the surrender: (From Diario de Vera Cruz, Jan. 13.)

General in Chief and Chief Secretary's Office, Puebla, Jan. 11, 1845.

BULLETIN, No. 15—ARMY OF OPERATION.

His Excellency Don Antonio de Hare of Tamariz, and Don Jose Maria Mendoza, yesterday took their departure for the capital of Mexico. On the same night they were followed by Gen. Don Pedro Cortazar. These three officers are despatched to treat with the Supreme Government for the settlement of all difficulties now existing in the Republic, and for the prevention of further bloodshed.

I, therefore, order all the forces that cover the lines around this city, and now under my command, to suspend all acts of hostilities; to abandon the positions they now occupy, and to retire to the town of Amozoc, there to await the result of the negotiations of these officers.

In view of this commission, I do not, but, seconded by the philanthropy, by which I am animated, you will order the forces under your command to suspend, on their part, all hostilities, and avoid the effusion of blood, which should be carefully preserved to be shed only when necessary, and against a foreign foe.

God and Liberty.

Head Quarters, Jan. 10, 7 P. M.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

To Gen. DON IGNACIO DE YUSTAN.

It may be that this is only a ruse on the part of Santa Anna to gain time, in order to strike a more decisive blow. He is too shrewd a tactician not to see a check mate in a brief delay.—It is very evident, however, that thus far he has had the worst of the fight and has been driven into diplomacy.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Elder GEORGE TAYLOR will preach to-morrow, 10 o'clock, at the Christian meeting house, Covington.

DEDICATION.

The dedication of the new Methodist Episcopal Church in this City, will take place on Sabbath the 16th instant. The services of Revs. H. B. BASCOM, C. P. PARSONS, and E. W. SEBAST, are expected on the occasion.

MARRIED. On Thursday evening the 13th instant, by Rev. J. L. Wilson, D. D. Amos, S. Toon, Esq., of Lagrange, Ky., and Miss OLIVIA MORGAN, only daughter of Dr. B. F. BEUMER, of this city.

With the above announcement the printers were remembered. A liberal share of wedding cake was received, just in time to pen this notice and to express an earnest wish that their days may be long and happy on the land.

It is our joy, it is our pride To see them all in bliss divine, Each happy groom with honored bride, Bless where hope and love combine.

Be thou, O Hope, a holy spell, A bliss by day a dream by night, A thought on which their souls shall dwell A cheering and guardian light.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. A. James, STEREOTYPE Founder, and Printing Ink Manufacturer, No. 1 Baker St., Cincinnati. Feb. 15th, 1845.

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J. A. JAMES, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

PUBLISHERS, and keeps on hand, for sale, Wholesale and Retail, Guizot's—Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Napier's History of the Peninsular War. Lord Byron's works, complete—Edited by T. Moore. The "Family Medical Library," a Treatise on the Prevention and Cure of Diseases by regimen and simple medicines. Illustrated with 100 engravings. The Pictorial Bible—1000 engravings. Dictionnaire de Theologie. The Family Magazine—6 vols., bound—1600 engravings. Family Bibles, Testaments, Josephus' Works, &c., &c., at lowest prices. Good agents will always find employment and liberal wages, by calling on

J. A. JAMES, Publisher, No. 1 Baker Street, Cincinnati, O., Feb. 15th, 1845.

ASHTON'S LITERARY HEAD QUARTERS.

No. 7 MAIN STREET.

CHAS. H. ASHTON has on hand at No. 7 Main st., near Front, a complete and well selected assortment of Books, Periodicals, Magazines, &c., and respectfully invites his friends and every body else to give him a call, and to inspect the new recruits at his head quarters. He will keep constantly on hand, and for sale cheap, the following Periodicals:

Magazines, per number. Western Literary Journal and Monthly Review, 25 cents. Graham's Magazine, do. do. Ladies National Magazine, do. do. Columbia Magazine, do. do. Knickerbocker, do. do. Democratic Review, do. do. New Whig Review, do. do. The Atlantic Magazine, per year.

Neal's Saturday Gazette, \$3.00. Phila. Sat. Courier, do. do. Do. Post, do. do. N. Y. N. World, \$3.00. Bennett's Weekly Herald, do. do. The Old Countryman, do. do. Little's Living Age, 12 cts. per no. The Semi-Column, do. do. N. B. Yearly subscriptions received and single copies sold.

Also—All new novels by James, Ainsworth, Ingraham, Dickens, Hood, French Translations, &c.

Every new issue of the Periodical and Cheap Press will be found at the Literary Head Quarters, as soon as published.

CHAS. H. ASHTON, No. 7 Main st. near Front Cincinnati, Feb. 15 1845.

State of Kentucky, Kenton county, Sec. The President, District & Co. of the Northern Bank of Kentucky, Complainants.

In Chancery.

John Marshall, Wm. Mahard and others, Defendants.

BY VIRTUE of a decree rendered in this cause at the October Term, 1844, of the Kenton Circuit Court, I shall proceed to offer for sale, to the highest bidder, at public auction, on Saturday, the 23rd day of March, 1845, between the hours of 11 o'clock a. m. and 3 o'clock p. m., on the premises, the following property, to-wit: Two several parcels of land, lying on the Turnpike road from Covington to Lexington; a part of said land lying within the corporate limits of the City of Covington, and the residue adjoining thereto, together with all the appurtenances and appendages thereto belonging, containing 200 acres, more or less, and being more or less thereof as will be necessary to pay and satisfy the following sums of money, to-wit: the sum of \$4078 48 with interest from the 10th day of May, 1842, till paid; also, the sum of \$4078 48 with interest from the 4th day of April, 1842, till paid, and the further sum of \$3500 with interest from the 14th day of July, 1842, till paid, and costs of suit—which said property will be sold on a credit of six, twelve, and eighteen months, the purchaser or purchasers giving bond with approved security for the purchase money, to have the force and effect of Replevin Bonds.

A. H. JAMESON, Master Commissioner Kenton C. C. Feb. 15th, 1845.

Kentucky Intelligencer copy 4 times. Louisville Weekly Journal copy till day of sale, and forward account to Northern Bank, in Covington, for payment.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Covington and Lexington Turnpike Road Company, will be held at William S. Dudley's, Boone county, Kentucky, on the second Monday of March next, for the purpose of electing a President and six Directors, to serve for the term of one year.

T. TIMBERLAKE, Treasurer. 30-4w.

Saddle & Harness Factory.

The undersigned continues to carry on the above business, on 5th street, near Scott, where he should be thankful for a continuation of the custom of his friends and the public. He wishes those who have accounts unsettled to call in and settle, as he is particularly anxious to get rid of long standing bills. He wishes to close up his books.

Any business in his line attendant to promptly; with prices to suit the times.

ANDREW ROSS. Covington, Feb. 8, 1845.

State of Kentucky, Kenton county, Sec. Jefferson Phelps Admr., In Chancery, John Carlisle's Heirs &c. In Chancery, John Carlisle's Heirs &c. In Chancery, Leonard Alden's Admr., In Chancery, Leonard Alden's Heirs &c.

BY VIRTUE of three orders of the Kenton Circuit Court, rendered at the Oct. Term thereof, 1844, I will proceed to sell, I will commence on Monday, the 17th day of February, 1845, at the Office of Benton & Moore, in the city of Covington; examining into the estates of Jefferson Phelps deceased, and his heirs, and also take proof of claims against either of said estates. All persons therefore, having notified to attend before me on the day above named, or between that day and the third Monday in April following, with proof of any such claims.

A. H. JAMESON, M. C. Kentucky Intelligencer copy. Feb. 15, 1845.

EXTENSIVE BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT, ON THE EASTERN PLAN.

L. Chapin & Co., BROADWAY, opposite Lower Market, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SINCE the extensive enlargement of our business the past year, it has been universally acknowledged that we have sold more boots than any other house in the city; and we have our arrangements the present year to manufacture 2,000 cases of Boots, and pledge ourselves to sell them cheaper than they can be purchased in the east and delivered in this market. Our stock of Boots and Shoes for the Spring trade will be very large, which we will sell lower than any other house in the city.

Broadway, opposite Lower Market, or at the Manufacturer's Warehouse, No. 9 East 3d st. We here express our sincere and hearty thanks to our friends and customers for their patronage, and hope they will continue to encourage their own Manufactures.

L. C. & CO. Cincinnati, Jan. 25, 1845.

Dr. John H. Grant's OFFICE removed to the East end of Market Space. He can be found at L. Baker's Hotel at night. Covington, Dec. 14, 1844.

N. WALKER, HAT MANUFACTURER,

West side Scott street, between Fourth and Fifth, COVINGTON, KY.

HAVING removed into his new establishment, on the west side of Scott st., which has been fitted up with good assortment of Hats, fine, fashionable, and cheap. He wishes his friends and customers, before purchasing elsewhere, at least, to call and examine his stock; he feels assured they will not go away dissatisfied.

Persons made to order, on the shortest notice.—Merchants supplied on advantageous terms. Feb. 1, 1845.

W. H. MURPHY, desirous to reduce his stock of **FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS** such as possible, previous to making Spring purchases, offers, for a short time, for CASH, the following articles at the rates of Discount from former prices described in the list.

Heavy Plint over Coat Cloths, 37 1/2 pr. ct. do. Dress and Frock Coat Broadcloths, 30 do do. Fancy Cassimeres for Pantaloon—

Cassimeres, Jeans, &c. 20 do do. Rich Cassimeres, 37 1/2 do do. Rich Mouslin de Laines, 25 3/4 do do. Cashmere D'Ecose, 37 1/2 do do. Super Silk Warp Lustres, 25 3/4 do do. Plain Alpaca, do 37 1/2 do do. Figured do do 40 do do. Super French Cashmere Shawls, 40 do do. Broche do 25 do do. Fancy Damask do 33 do do. Highland Plaid do 25 do do. Woollen Comforts and Mullers, 25 do do. Woollen Table, Caps and Mitts, 25 do do. Winter Hosiery (all sizes) 33 1/2 do do.

A few styles of fancy (evening) Dress Goods, Wrought Collars and under Hdks., Linen Cambric Hdks., Linens, Mullins, Prints, Flannels, Blankets, Woollen Goods, Cottons and Fusses, and small Wares, will be closed off at greatly reduced prices.

Country Merchants, wishing to replenish their Stocks, will find it to their advantage to call. 181 Main st., west side, bet. Fourth and Fifth, Cincinnati, Ohio. Jan. 15, 1845.

TO MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS OF TOBACCO.

WE are prepared to make very liberal advances in Groceries, Produce, &c., ON CONSIGNMENTS OF TOBACCO. A. G. RICHARDSON & BROS., Columbia st., near Main. Cincinnati, Jan. 18, 1845.

Notice.

The Assessors Book for the year 1845 has been returned to, and received by the City Council, and will be open for inspection at the office of B. W. Foley on Market Space, by all persons interested until Saturday the 23d of Feb. inst. within which time all persons complaining themselves aggrieved by excessive taxation must file their petitions in redress, as after that period no abatement will be made.

By order of the City Council. W. W. S. City Clerk. Covington February 8, 1845.

SUNDRY CONSIGNMENTS—TOBACCO.

100 boxes sweet 12 lump Kentucky; 150 do common do 100 do do do do 60 do Honeydew Mo. 12's; 40 do lb. lump do 100 6's twist, different brands; 15,000 common Cigars, &c., &c.

PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURES.

300 6's Nails, 10d, 8d, 6d, 4d and 3d; 400 boxes Galv. from 5-10 to 12-20; 60 dozen Painted Buckets; 100 6's White Lead; 300 reams Medium Wrapping Paper; 100 do Crown do 50 bales Cotton Batting, &c., &c.

CINCINNATI ARTICLES.

100 boxes Candles, best brands; 200 do No. 1 Soap; 6 tons pure Saleratus, &c., &c.

GROCERIES.

25 chests G. P. and Y. H. Teas. 50 6's Rio Coffee; 1 ceroon S. F. Indigo; 1 tierce Madder; 10 What this do.

100 doz assorted Bad Cordis; 100 gross Shoe Blacking, &c., &c. PRODUCE, &c. 17 bushels Potatoes; 100 bushels Dry Peaches; 1 lb Timothy Seed, &c., &c.

All of which we will sell to the city trade or country, at the lowest cash prices. A. G. RICHARDSON & BROS., Columbia st., near Main. Cincinnati, January 18, 1845.

DR. DUNCAN'S EXPECTORANT REMEDY.

STANDS ALOOF from the Quack Syrup and Paragoric Compounds which have of late become a burthen to the public health, and a pension to the purse. Why is it that these medicines are taken repeatedly by the sick with little or no removing the complaint in question? The reason is plain and simple, viz—Because they are composed chiefly of opium and its spiritual preparations which acts on the system as a powerful sedative, and by its continued use, the system becomes habituated to its narcotic influence, as of those who are given to intemperance.

This fact has become apparent to thousands who have experienced the fatal effects of such medicines, and who are now seeking relief in Dr. DUNCAN'S EXPECTORANT REMEDY, which is entirely free from opium and all other poisonous ingredients, and is used with perfect safety by all under any circumstances. It immediately relieves the distressing cough, and by its use invigorates the nervous system, causing the settled contagious matter to leave its hold from the lungs, and be discharged by the power of Expectoration. Unless this is done, the lungs will become

