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## SELECT TALES.

### THE OLD BUREAU.

BY D. C. COLEWORTH.

#### CHAPTER I.

Where'er a single human breast  
Is crushed by pain and grief,  
There I would ever be a guest,  
And sweetly give relief.

As we were passing down Exchange street several years ago, we stopped in front of an auction room, to examine the various articles that were exposed to be sold under the hammer. We had been there but a few moments, when we heard a female voice enquiring, "Is this old bureau to be sold to-day?" On looking up we perceived the question had been addressed to us, by a young lady, whose sad and pleasant countenance struck us at once. We replied that all the articles spread on the sidewalk would be disposed of to the highest bidder.

"I should like this bureau, if it goes low enough," she said, pointing to an old fashioned article that was standing among the other furniture, "but I never bought any thing at auction in my life, and as I see no women here, I don't know as it would be proper for me to bid."

"It would be perfectly proper," we remarked, "but if you wish it I will bid off the bureau."

"If you will, sir, I shall be greatly obliged to you."

"How high are you willing I should go?"

"I don't know exactly how much it is worth, but if it sells for three or four dollars, you may buy it."

"I shall speak to a handcartman to leave it at your house."

"No sir, I will call at noon and settle for it, and have it taken away. I am very much obliged to you for your kindness."

So saying the young lady went away, leaving us to wonder who she was, and of what use the old piece of furniture could be to her. We examined it—looked at the drawers—but saw nothing remarkable about it. At eleven o'clock, when the auction commenced, we were present, and after waiting nearly an hour, the auctioneer remarked, "We will now sell the bureau. What will you give, gentlemen?" One man offered two dollars, another three, and we bid half a dollar more. Four dollars were bid—four and a half and five dollars. We were astonished that the old thing should bring so high a price. What could we do? To see it sold and disappoint the lady? The thought struck us that it might have belonged to some friend, and she wished to purchase it on that account, and rather than disappoint her, we resolved to bid again. Six dollars were offered by another, to our utter astonishment, but when our hand is in, and we wish for an article, we seldom let another outbid us, and so we offered, until the old bureau was run up ten dollars, and we purchased it for half a dollar more. Certainly we would not have given four dollars for it, to use ourselves. However, we bought it, and had it sent to our room, telling the auctioneer, if the lady should call for it to inform her where it might be found. We examined it again, and began to regret our purchase, and feeling almost certain that the young woman would not thank us for what we had done, but we never mourn over a bad bargain. Our philosophy will not permit us to do so.

A little after dusk, as we were sitting in our sanctum, the young lady came in with an apology for intruding, and remarked, "You bought the bureau—so the auctioneer informs me."

"Yes, I bought it, but at an extravagant price I assure you."

"What did you give?"

"Ten dollars and a half."

"You astonish me. What can I do? I had no idea that it would bring over three or four dollars, and am not prepared to pay for it to-night."

"I suppose it was foolish in me to give so much for it, but I presumed you wanted it very much."

"I did, sir, and would not value paying double the amount for the bureau, if I were able, rather than not have it."

"So I apprehend. Perhaps it may have belonged to some friend of yours."

"Yes sir, that bureau was once my mother's, and I noticed a tear came in her eye, which she endeavored to conceal—but she is dead now, and I wished to keep it in remembrance of her."

"Thinking the lady might be poor, we told her she might take the bureau that night if she wished, and pay us for it when she found it convenient."

"I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness, but would rather you would keep it until it is paid for."

"We urged her to take it, but she refused, saying, 'I will see what I can do, and call in a day or two and see you,'—and bidding us good evening, she left us."

There is something very mysterious about this woman, thought we. It may be that she is poor, and perhaps in a very destitute circumstance. But she shows an excellent heart, and the warmest attachment to a deceased mother. Her education must have been good, and she has evidently seen better days. And we thought the next time she called upon us, we would ascertain something more of her character and circumstances—perhaps her name—which we felt deeply anxious to learn.

In a day or two the young woman called on us again, and with tears in her eyes, remarked—

"I don't know what you will think of me, but all the money I have in the world is five dollars, this I have brought you toward the bureau you were so kind to purchase for me." So saying she placed the money before us in silver.

"I shall not take the money at present," we remarked. "I can do without it. You may take the bureau, if you want it, and when you are able, at some future time, you may pay for it."

She expressed a great deal of gratitude, and said, "I would rather you should take what I have," and nothing that we could say would induce her to take the money again.

"You appear to have seen some affliction," we remarked, as we saw the tears in her eyes.

"Not much, sir, I must confess that I have,"

not always been as poor as I am at present; for I have seen better days. When my parents were living, I never knew what it was to want for any thing; now I cannot say so."

"How long have your parents been dead?"

"About six years since my father died; and it was four years ago last Saturday, when my mother was buried."

At mention of her mother's name, the tears came fast to her eyes—a tender chord was touched—we saw it and made no more inquiries—then she took her leave.

It was nearly six weeks before we saw the young lady again. She then called upon us with the remainder of the money that we had paid for the bureau.

We protested against receiving it at that time, thinking it might have been inconvenient for her to pay it, but she insisted that we should have it, saying—"I am under great obligations to you for your kindness. Had it not been for you, I should have lost the bureau—the only relic of my mother; for it was then impossible for me to raise the amount you so generously paid. I shall never forget your kindness."

"Do you wish to take the bureau away?"

"I have spoken to a cartman who will call here in a short time and have it removed out of your way; for I suppose you will be glad to get rid of it."

"Not at all. I am pleased that I was instrumental of a little service to you, and if ever you need assistance, I shall always be as ready to render it."

"Thank you, sir, with all my heart."

At this moment the man came for the bureau, and bidding us good evening, the young lady left our room.

#### CHAPTER II.

I ask a lowly cot  
With sweet content within,  
Where ever shall molest me not,  
Nor pride shall tempt to sin.

"Going, going—will you give but two dollars for this excellent bureau?"—exclaimed Mr. Bailey, the auctioneer, a year or two since, as we were passing down Exchange street. "Here, Mr. C," he said, turning to us, "buy this bureau, it is cheap enough; it is worth more for kindling wood than what it is going for—just look at it—going, going—say quick or you lose it."

Two dollars and fifty cents, we bid, as we saw that it was the very same bureau that we had bought several years before for ten and a half dollars, and the bureau was knocked off to us.

This is singular enough, thought we, as we had the article sent to our room. Where is the young woman who formerly owned it? Who was she?

We made several inquiries, but could not ascertain who she was or what had become of her. The bureau had been carried to the auction room by an individual whom Mr. Bailey never saw before, and all our inquiries to ascertain what had become of the young lady, seemed fruitless.

Several months passed by, and still we heard nothing of the young lady, when one day, not knowing but we might get some clue to the former owner, we took out all the drawers separately, and examined them. We saw no writing whatever. In the back of the under drawer, we noticed that a small piece of pine had been inserted. It looked as if it had been done to stop a defect. Prying it with our knife, it came out, when to our astonishment we found several gold pieces, to the value of about fifty dollars, besides a note for twenty-five hundred dollars, with interest, value received, made payable to Sarah—when she should become of age; it was a witnessed note, and had been running about ten years, signed by a very wealthy man, whose reputation for honesty was not exceedingly good. Without mentioning to a single individual what we had discovered, we immediately renewed our efforts to ascertain who Sarah—was, and where she could be found.

We learnt that a girl of this name formerly lived with a Capt. P., and did the work of the kitchen. Of him we could obtain but little information. His wife recollected the girl, and spoke of her in the highest terms. She believed she had married a mechanic, and retired from the city, but his name she could not recollect.

By repeated inquiries we ascertained that Sarah and her husband lived on a small farm on the road that leads to Saco. Taking an early opportunity, we started for the residence of the young woman. After several inquiries upon the road, we were directed to the house. It was a pleasant situation, a little from the road, while every thing looked neat about the dwelling. As we drove up to the cottage, who should come to the door but the very woman we had been so anxious to find. She recognized me at once.

"Why Mr. C., how glad I am to see you! Where in the world did you come from? Walk in and take a seat."

Her husband was present—an intelligent looking man—to whom she presented us.

"I have often thought of you," she remarked, "and when in Portland have been tempted to call on you; but although I have not called, I assuredly have not forgotten your kindness, and I never shall forget it."

"But you seem happier than when I last saw you."

"Be assured, sir, I am. My husband has hired this little farm, where we have resided for the last two years, and we make a comfortable living, and are as happy as we could wish, and in the course of a few years, if we have our health and prosper, we are in hopes to purchase the farm."

"What does the owner value it at?"

"He values it at about fifteen hundred dollars. We have had to purchase a great many farming things, or we should have made a payment to wards it."

"But what has become of your bureau?"

"I fear I shall never see it again," she remarked, and after a pause, said—"I believe I have never told you I have been situated?"

"You never did."

"When my mother died, it was thought she left some property in the hands of an uncle of mine, that would come to me when I became of age; but she said it was not the case. With him I resided a short time."

"Was your uncle's name Mr. C.?" said

we, mentioning the individual who signed the note in our possession.

"Yes sir, that was his name. He was very unkind to me—made me work so hard, and was so cross to me that I was obliged to leave him, and earn my living by doing the work of a kitchen girl. One day I learned that he was about to dispose of what little property my mother had left, to pay an old debt of hers. As soon as I found it was correct, I immediately went to the auction and found it too true. You know about the bureau, the only article of my mother's property I could purchase—and had it not been for your kindness it would have gone with the rest. The money I paid you was earned in the kitchen. As I found it inconvenient to carry the bureau with me, I asked my aunt's permission to put it in the garret, which permission she granted. On calling for it when I was married, I learned that my uncle had disposed of it with some other things at auction. I would rather have lost a hundred dollars, than that the furniture possessed any real value—but it belonged to my beloved mother—a tear came in the poor woman's eye—and on that account I did not wish to part with it—he was entirely indifferent to me and what concerned me."

"Suppose that I shall tell you that I have that bureau in my office?"

"Is it possible? You astonish me, Mr. C. Have you indeed the old bureau?"

"I have, and what is better, I have something for you here,"—taking out my pocket-book, and placing the gold and note on the table—"these are yours."

"Why, sir, you more and more astonish me!"

"They are yours. After I became the owner of the bureau, I found this gold and this note concealed in one of the drawers. There are nearly fifty dollars, and the note is good against your uncle for nearly three thousand dollars—every cent of which you can recover."

The astonished woman could not speak for some moments; but when she recovered from her surprise, she could only express her gratitude in tears; may more—she offered us half the amount; but we merely told her, that it pleased us more to have justice done here, and be instrumental in adding to the happiness of those we considered so worthy as herself and husband.

When we left we promised to call upon her soon again, and in the meantime to make arrangements for her to receive her just dues from her unwholly uncle.

The old man demurred a little at first; but when he found he could wrong a poor orphan no longer, he paid the note with interest, begging us not to expose him.

Sarah's husband purchased the farm on which he resided, stocked it well, and is now an independent farmer. Two happier souls it is difficult to find, than Sarah and her husband. May prosperity attend them to the close of life.

We often call at the farm house of our friends and spend there many happy hours. It was but a week or two since that we saw them, and they seem as cheerful and contented as it is possible for mortals to be.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### From the Greensborough Patriot.

#### The Gynecist.

As this formidable animal is undoubtedly "loose," and as there is no knowing the amount of mischief he may occasion while roaming at large and disturbing the equanimity of those quiet people who know nothing about him—statement of the particulars concerning his origin and remarkable escape will no doubt be very thankfully received by an anxious public.

The story goes, that a couple of Yankees travelling South, ran short of provisions, and resolved themselves into a committee of ways and means for the purpose of effecting a raise. They determined to take advantage of the passion for shows which possessed our people in those days, when the elephant, and rhinoceros, and lions, and monkeys were being exhibited all over the country. One of this worthy couple, it was agreed upon between them, was to personate a rare beast, for which they invented the name of Gynecist, while the other was to act as keeper or "showman."

They went to exhibit the said Gynecist to the curious spectators, stir him up with a stick, throw his "feed," discourse of his history, capture, qualities, &c.

Accordingly advertisement was made at the next village, to the effect, that a rare and interesting specimen of an animated nature, called the Gynecist, would that night be exhibited to the enlightened and generous public of that town and vicinity. This animal, it was set forth, was captured on the banks of the Penobscot, and over the circumjacent hills of the Passamaquoddy, more ferocious than the Gnu, the Hyena, or Ant Eater of the African Deserts! Admittance 25 cents, children and servants half price.

Cursory was on the lips of the body, crowded the door at the appointed time, where Jonathan the Showman gravely received their quarters and dimes, and politely bowed them in. Across a corner of the room was stretched a long and narrow table, and on it stood a large and magnificent looking animal, called the Gynecist. The curtain did not quite reach the ground, and beneath it the curiosity of the spectators was tempted, by a partial view of four horrible feet, which to less excited fancies would have been a wonderful resemblance to the feet and hands of a live Yankee, with strips of con skin sewed around his hands and ankles.

With palpitating hearts they saw those big feet move and flap about, as the monster shook his head and muttered his discontent in deep, unearthy growls.

The designated moment for opening the exhibition having arrived, and Jonathan having stowed a goodly amount of the shining spoils in the big pockets of his pepper-and-salt coat, he stepped deliberately up to the curtain for the purpose of commencing the performances. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "the Gynecist is not only remarkable for the singularity and ferocity of his appearance, but for the terrible volume of his voice. Before raising the curtain I will proceed to stir him up with this here stick, just to let you have a specimen of the music with which he makes his native wilds resound when angry, or about to seize upon or run off with his unsuspecting prey."

He accordingly disappeared under the curtain, and the Gynecist, who was seated on a high stool, began to rattle his chains like mad, and roar and growl in the most hideous sort, to the unspeakably delightful horror of all present. Expectation, mixed with a portion of apprehension, was wrought up to the highest pitch, when just at this moment Jonathan leaped out with a mighty bound—his eyes starting with fear—his limbs trembling in every joint—terror in all his looks—exclaiming—"Ladies and gentlemen—save yourselves!—the Gynecist is loose!"

Fall, mull, hurly, burly—bawling, screaming, leaping, crowding—the terrified spectators retired; while Jonathan and the Gynecist retired to the back way, with all reasonable expedition, and are now, for aught we know, enjoying the rewards of their Passamaquoddy.

## Interesting Incident.

One of those remarkable incidents, for which a reflecting mind requires a more reasonable train of causes than those of mere chance, occurred in the city last Friday. As Mr. Hartman, a native of Germany, (and who is well and favorably known as the designer and executor of the paintings in the Floating Chapel and other churches in the city,) was walking in Broadway, he was accosted by a gentleman, who, by his own age, (nearly eighty,) who asked to be directed to Broadway. Mr. Ficht replied, "this is it," and looking at the stranger, with a faint idea that his features were not altogether unfamiliar, engaged him in a short conversation, which ended by Mr. F. inquiring, "do you know me?" The stranger perceived his features, and replied, "Are you Ficht?" "I am; and you are—?" was the answer, and the two old men almost rushed into each other's arms. The story is this:

They were old comrades under Napoleon. They belonged to the 8th Regiment of Hussars, and fought side by side in Austria and Prussia, and were together during the campaign in Russia, and the disastrous but brilliant retreat. They entered Russia; when it reached Moscow it numbered but 300, and forming a part of the advance guard under Murat, was almost daily in battle. After the retreat, but ten could be found of the whole regiment, among whom were these two comrades. Mr. F. was taken prisoner during the retreat, and separated from his companions, and after many romantic hardships and adventures, he removed in his old age to this country, where he expected to end his days, but still as ready to draw his sword for his adopted land as he was for his Emperor. All the other survivors of that ill-fated regiment have since died, Mr. F. supposed himself the last, until the other day, when after more than thirty years separation, his old companion thus chance to accost him in a crowded street, and among a population of nearly 400,000 souls! A more remarkable instance of the kind never occurred.

A few moments only were all that these two old veterans had in which to talk over the past. The stranger had passed through various vicissitudes, and had just arrived in this city on his way to join his sons, who had settled in the Far West, and who were to meet him in Albany on the next day. They parted after this short interview, never, in all probability, to meet again, until they were both old men, and were remembered by a louder blast than ever woke them from their slumbers on the field of battle.—N. Y. True Sun.

## A Good Joke.

A most excellent joke was related to us a few days since, which serves to illustrate how much there is in a name.

A person of color, residing in the neighboring town of Eaton, and who by the bye, is represented as a shrewd and intelligent man, and withal an excellent Phonologist, took it into his head to play the professor of this science. Dressed in good style, with a first rate horse and buggy, and furnished with a letter of introduction from a prominent citizen of the town, he called on the citizens as a Moor by the name of R. H. Holland, and a celebrated professor of phonology, he set off to operate on the gullible organs of the people of Greenville. On arriving at that place, he took a private room at one of the best hotels in town, and on the next morning he addressed to one of the leading attorneys of the place—opened out his books, literary papers, and personated the Moorish Professor of Phonology in fine style.

The news of the arrival of such a distinguished and erudite professor in the town, and soon the room of the quondam professor was crowded with the literati of the village, eager to see and converse with a Moorish professor of Phonology. Being solicited, "Professor Holland," as he was now called, consented to lecture to the citizens on the science of Phonology and Mesmerism. This he did on two successive evenings. Almost every person in town went to see and hear the great professor, and all, in the language of the Poet, were surprised.

"That one small head should carry all he knew."

Bumps and beads were felt and examined by him, and even the ladies, at a select party, to which he was introduced by a friend, had their characters delineated and charts given them by the Professor.

The science of Phonology and Mesmerism being applied to the sanctification of the citizens of Greenville, and for which the Professor pocketed some \$20, he left them, no doubt, mutually well satisfied; the one that he had played a successful humbug, and the others that they had seen, conversed with, and received Phonological Charts from a Moorish Professor of that science.

A few days after, the citizens of Greenville learned the humbug that had been played off upon them; the Moorish professor of Phonology, about whom they had heard such a parade, being none other than R. H. Holland, the colored Barber of Eaton.—Wayne Co. Record.

## Cruelly Killed by Kindness.

A young woman in Vermont married a poor but worthy man against her father's wish. He drove them from his house, and closed his door and heart against them. They came down near Boston, went to work and prospered. After many years the father had occasion to come to Boston. He concluded to go and see his daughter, expecting a good reception. His daughter and her husband received him most kindly and lovingly. After staying with them while he returned to Vermont.

One of his neighbors, hearing where he had been, asked him how his daughter and her husband had treated him.

"I never was so treated before in all my life," said the old man, and burst into tears, saying, "They have broken my heart; they have killed me; I don't feel as though I could live under it."

"What did they do to you?" asked the neighbor.

"Did they abuse you?"

"They loved me to death and killed me with kindness," said he. "I can never forgive myself for treating so cruelly my own darling daughter, who loved me so affectionately. I feel as if I should die to think how I grieved the precious child when I spurned her from my door. Heaven bless them and forgive me my cruelty and injustice to them."

Who does not see in this infatigable cure for difficulties between man and man? There is not a child nor a man on earth, who would not feel and say that his daughter, though so deeply wronged and outraged by her angry father, did right in treating him as she did. That father was her enemy but she was not his. He hated her, while she loved him.—Kiss for a Blow, by H. C. Wright.

## Academy.

The word academy is derived from a strange source. A private and obscure person, in Athens, was possessed of a house, which at his death became a school, and in its gardens the illustrious Plato filled the ears of his pupils with wise and eloquent discourse. "See there," says Milton,

"See there the olive grove of Academe  
"Plato's retirement."

The house of "Academe" being the school of so famous a teacher, other teachers also, though no Plato, would have their peripatetic seminaries called "Grove of Academe," until by degrees the word came to be applied in this sense universally, and its derivation from the name of honest Mr. Academicus, citizen of Athens, was entirely forgotten.

## VALUE OF A LAWYER'S OPINION.

Translated from the third number of "Reveu Français des Familles."

Cities, like men, have their peculiar characteristics. Industrial, maritime, wise or frivolous, they reveal by their physiognomy, the nature of their inhabitants. Traverse Rouen, Lyons, Brest, or Strasbourg, and look around you. Everything that strikes your eye will be a revelation of the fate of the citizens the history of each class of population will be found, so to speak, written in its Streets.

One is especially struck with the truth of this remark, on visiting Rennes; on seeing its grand edifices and manorial mien; its magnificent squares, with the grass springing up between the paving stones; the solitary promenades traversed at long intervals by thoughtful students. We recognize at once the capital of the old duchy of Breton, the ancient residence of the Parliaments, the city of studies whither came to themselves for manhood, all serious youths of the province, for the prominent feature of Rennes is gravity. The whole city is as a tribunal, and this, indeed, is the home of law. There stands its temple, its high priests, and its most fervent worshippers. People go up thither from the extremities of Bretagne, to receive counsel. To come to Rennes, without consulting a lawyer, would appear as much impossible to a Breton, as it would have been to a Greek to approach the temple Delpos, without consulting the oracle.

This was much the case towards the end of the last century, as it is now, especially for the country people, a timid race by experience, and accustomed to great precautions.

It happened that a farmer named Bernard, having come to market in Rennes, took it in his head when his business was accomplished and there were a few hours of leisure, that it would be a capital use of that time to consult a lawyer. He had often heard Mr. Polier de la Germandale, whose reputation was so great, that the people thought of him as a lawyer, and he had often seen him at the office, in St. George's street.

The clients were numerous, and Bernard had to wait for a long time. At length his turn came and he was introduced. Mr. Polier de la Germandale pointed him to a chair laid his spectacles upon his table, and asked what brought him there.

"On my word, Squire," said the farmer, twirling his hat round, "I heard so much talk of you, that I thought I would take advantage of the circumstance, and come and get an opinion of you."

"I thank you for your confidence my friend," said M. de la Germandale, "but you of course, have a law suit."

"A law suit! a law suit indeed! I hold them in utter abomination; and more than that, Peter Bernard never had a dispute with any man living."

"Then you wish to settle some estate, or divide the property among the family."

"What! I, Squire, my family and I never had any property to divide; we all eat from the same dish, as the saying is."

"It is about some contract for the purchase or sale of something?"

"Not at all; I am not rich enough to purchase any thing, nor so poor as to sell what I have."

"What then, do you want of me?" asked the astonished lawyer.

"What do I want, why I told you at first Squire, I came for an opinion, for which I will pay of course, as I am in Rennes, now at leisure, and it is necessary to profit by the circumstances."

M. de la Germandale took a pen and paper and asked the countryman his name.

"Peter Bernard," answered he, happy, indeed, that he had succeeded in making himself understood.

"Thirty years or there about."

"Your profession?"

"My profession? Oh, ah, yes—that is, what do I do. Oh, I am a farmer."

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded up the paper, and gave it to his client.

"It is done already," cried Bernard. "Very well, that's right. There is no time to go rushing off for my opinion, Squire?"

"Three francs."

Bernard paid without disputing, made a grand scrape with his foot, and went out delighted with having "profited by the occasion."

When he arrived at home it was already four o'clock. The jaunt had fatigued him, and he went into his house for some repose.

Meanwhile his grass had been cut four days, and was completely dried, and one of his lads came to ask whether he should get it in at once.

"Not this evening said Mrs. Bernard, who had just joined her husband, it would be to bad to set people at work at so late an hour, when the hay can be got in to-morrow just as well."

The lad urged that there might be a change in the weather, that every thing was in order, and that the people were doing nothing.

Mrs. Bernard said that the wind seemed to be in the right quarter for fair weather, and they would not get the work done before dark night.

Bernard listened gravely to these advocates, without knowing how to decide between them, when he suddenly recollected the paper he had received from the lawyer.

"Stop a minute," cried he, "I have got an opinion. It is from a famous lawyer and costs me three francs. This will settle the matter. Here, Therese, come and tell us what it says; you can read all kinds of writing, even a lawyer's."

Mrs. Bernard took the paper and with some little difficulty read these lines:—

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"That's it," cried Bernard, as if he had received sudden light upon the subject. "Make haste with the wagon, the girls and boys, and let us get the hay in."

His wife offered some objections, but Bernard declared that he was not going to pay three francs for an opinion, and then not follow it; so he set an example and led all hands to the field, and they did not return to the house till the hay was in the barn.

The event seemed to improve the sagacity of Bernard's movement, for the weather changed in the night. A terrible storm came on, and the next morning the streams had overflowed their banks, and swept off every particle of new mown grass. The hay harvest of every other farmer in the neighborhood was utterly destroyed. Bernard alone saved his hay.

The first experiment gave him such confidence in the opinion of the lawyer, that ever after he adopted it as a rule of conduct, and

became, thanks to his order and diligence, one of the richest farmers in the country.

He never forgot the service which M. de la Germandale had rendered him, and he every year brought to the lawyer a pair of good fat chickens; and he was in the habit of saying to his neighbors, when they were talking of the lawyers, that next to the commands of God and the church, the most profitable thing in the world was a lawyer's opinion.

TRUMPING WORDS

# INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

OF JAMES K. POLK.

DELIVERED 4TH OF MARCH, 1845.

Fellow citizens:—Without solicitation on my part, I have been chosen by the free and voluntary suffrages of my countrymen to the most honorable and most responsible office on earth. I am deeply impressed with gratitude for the confidence reposed in me. Honored with this distinguished consideration at an earlier period of life than any of my predecessors, I cannot disguise the confidence with which I am about to enter on the discharge of my official duties.

If the more aged and experienced men who have filled the office of President of the United States, even in the infancy of the Republic, distinguished their ability to discharge the duties of this exalted station, which ought not to be the apprehensions of one so much younger and less endowed, now that our domain extends from ocean to ocean, that our people have so greatly increased in numbers, and at a time when so great diversity of opinion prevails in regard to the principles and policy which should characterize the administration of our Government? Well may the boldest fear, and the wisest tremble, when incurring responsibilities on which may depend our country's peace and prosperity, and, in some degree, the hopes and happiness of the human race.

In assuming responsibilities so vast, I fervently invoke the aid of that Almighty Ruler of the Universe, in whose hands are the destinies of nations and of men, to guard this heaven-favored land against the mischiefs which, without his guidance, might arise from an unwieldy public policy. With a firm reliance upon the wisdom of Omnipotence to sustain and direct me in the path of duty which I am appointed to pursue, I stand in the presence of this assembled multitude, my countrymen, and take upon myself the solemn obligation, "to the best of my ability to preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States."

A concise enumeration of the principles which will guide me in the administration of the Government, is not only in accordance with the examples set me by all my predecessors, but is eminently befitting the occasion.

The constitution itself, plainly written as it is, is the safeguard of our freedom, the basis of the compact between the people and the Government, the basis of the bonds of peace and union, this great and increasing family of free and independent States, will be the chart by which I shall be directed.

It will be my first care, to administer the Government in the true spirit of that instrument, and to assume no powers not expressly granted, or clearly implied in its terms. The Government of the United States is one of delegated and limited powers. While it is the duty of the Government to exercise the powers delegated to it, it is equally the duty of the States to abstain from the exercise of powers not delegated to it, and to reserve to themselves the powers not delegated to the United States, or prohibited to the States.

The Government of the United States, acting within the sphere of its delegated authority, is also a complete Government. It is the duty of the Government to exercise the powers delegated to it, and to abstain from the exercise of powers not delegated to it, and to reserve to themselves the powers not delegated to the United States, or prohibited to the States.

To the States respectively, or to the people, I have reserved the powers not delegated to the United States, or prohibited to the States. Each State is a complete sovereignty within the sphere of its reserved powers. The Government of the United States, acting within the sphere of its delegated authority, is also a complete Government.

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WM. K. & SEP. T. WALL, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Office at Market Space, Covington, Kentucky.

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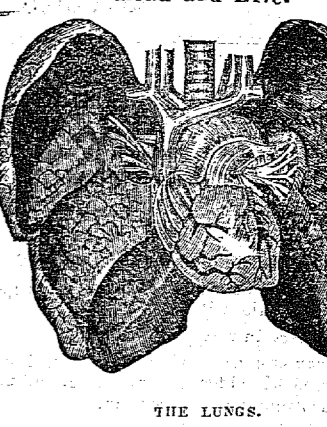
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LAW NOTICE. J. W. TIBBATTS & CHARLES J. HELM, HAVING associated themselves in the practice of the LAW, will attend the courts of Kenton and the adjoining counties.

LAW PARTNERSHIP. M. BENTON AND DANIEL MOORAR, M. BENTON AND DANIEL MOORAR, M. BENTON AND DANIEL MOORAR, M. BENTON AND DANIEL MOORAR.

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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.

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CURE YOUR COUGH

# LICKING VALLEY REGISTER.

## COVINGTON.

FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1845.

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 to Licking Valley Register, care of Box 215, Cincinnati.

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

### President's Message.

This document will be found on our second page—it was delivered on Tuesday, 12 o'clock, M., was received at the Cincinnati Gazette office, by special express, on Thursday 6 o'clock A. M., making 42 hours from Washington to Cincinnati. Time from, Wheeling to Cincinnati, 16 hours 45 minutes.

We leave out considerable matter prepared for this week's paper, and anticipate the day of publication, to lay it before our readers.

We see the validity of H. B. Brown, Esq., in the Mayville Eagle of Saturday last. He will be in Covington in a few days, to take charge of the Editorial department of the Licking Valley Register. From his standing and reputation as an Editor, we think the readers of the Register will be much pleased with him. The following are the complimentary remarks of L. Collins, Esq., present Editor of the Mayville Eagle:

"I need not say that I separate from my present partner and colleague—H. B. Brown, Esq.—with regret. Besides my strong personal regard for him—which has steadily increased as I became more thoroughly acquainted with the qualities of his head and heart—labors, anxious and burdensome, have thereby again devolved upon me, which, for three years past, were principally borne by him. Of his qualifications as a political writer, the columns of the Eagle exhibit the best evidence, and it renders the best judgment—my judgment, favorable as my friends know it to be, might be considered too partial. The numerous extracts drawn from the columns of this paper into the latest Whig journals of the country, particularly during the great conflict of 1844, show the estimate which our brethren of the press place upon my late colleague as a political writer.

"Mr. Brown has become the joint partner and Editor of the Licking Valley Register, a valuable Whig journal, published at Covington. The change, I have no doubt, will be to him one of pecuniary advantage. And I cannot but congratulate the inhabitants of this rapidly growing city in the acquisition of a citizen whose talents as an editor, and whose social qualities as a man, are so highly and deservedly appreciated here."

### W. C. Marshall, Esq.

This gentleman has withdrawn from the Congressional canvass in this District. His letter is published in the Mayville Eagle of Saturday last, and is a manly, patriotic production. He states that public opinion seems to "point to another person than himself," as the Whig candidate, and pledges himself to use all honorable efforts to secure the election of the man on whom the choice of the Whigs may fall, wherever he may be. This is the true spirit, and cannot fail to elevate Mr. Marshall much in the estimation of his political friends. He has spoken like a patriot and a Whig, and for it he deserves the sincere thanks of the party. Who will finally be selected as the Whig candidate, we are not prepared to predict; but we will venture to say, that with harmony in our ranks, my good Whig can beat Col. Tibbatts.

### Final Passage of the Texas Resolutions.

The Baltimore Republican of March 1st, says, Texas has been admitted into the Union, so far as the resolutions, which sometime since passed the House of Representatives, can effect that object. They were taken up into the House yesterday, as amended and passed by the Senate on Thursday night, and after various motions and counter-motions, which occupied the greater portion of the day, the vote on their final passage, was taken last evening, and the amendment of the Senate concurred in by a vote of 132 yeas to 76 nays. The Telegraph through which we learned the foregoing facts, informs us that their passage was signified by the firing of Cannon from Capitol Hill.

POSTAGE BILL.—This great measure has finally passed, and goes into operation on the first of July. The rates of postage will be five cents for all letters of not more than half an ounce weight, sent not more than three hundred miles, and ten cents for any distance beyond that.

A WARNING.—Henry Puthoff has been held to bail in the sum of four hundred dollars for throwing a brick at Thomas Creighton, aged fourteen, which so fractured his skull that his life is despaired of.

JAMES SLEISMAN, the young man who, was drowned off the Ferry Boat while crossing the river from the fire in Covington, to Cincinnati, was clerk in Mr. Cole's umbrella store. Possessed of a good heart, benevolent feelings and a mild temper, he was beloved by all who knew him,—honest and by strict attention to his business, he gained many friends, and enjoyed the utmost confidence of his employer, who, with a widowed and childless mother, will mourn his untimely end. In the sudden demise of young Sleisman, the fact, that "in the midst of life we are in death," has again been mournfully and fearfully realized. May he enjoy in the world to come everlasting peace and happiness.

With this life's fleeting scene is over. No pain, no grief, shall vex the more.

—Cin. Times.

"Lo, the Poor Indian."—The quiet village of Yazoo was thrown into considerable excitement on Saturday last, by eleven hundred Choctaw Indians passing through its streets on their way to their new home beyond the Mississippi river. They were accompanied by the Government agent,—Yazoo Banner.

DESCRIPTION.—A runaway apprentice is thus described: "He is thick set usually wears a hat five feet high, and iron shoes with cross eyes."

## Arrival Extraordinary.

Arrived this morning at the Port of Cincinnati, the new, staunch built, and well equipped BARON MURPHY, fitted out at Marietta, and destined to Liverpool, or any other part of the World. She was built three hundred miles above this place, and will descend only fifteen hundred miles before she is worked by the Ocean tide!

The Muskington is anchored off the foot of Ludlow street, fully rigged, except the sails. Her upper masts shoot up to the sky in beautiful contrast with the black steeple of the Marietta, she is well built and modeled, our Marietta friends seem to have known what they were about.

We like to see this renewal of ship building on the Ohio, and hope it may be profitable to those engaged in it.

This morning great numbers of people docked to the landing to see the stranger,—with the activity of the business among the Steamboats and a good stage of water, made a most animating scene.

We presume our Pittsburgh neighbors will soon send us down an Iron Frigate, and some other curiosities of that kind. Mr. Nye of Marietta, one of the proprietors, is now in town, and we suggest to our merchants, whether they would not take some pride in having this vessel freighted from Cincinnati to Liverpool direct. There must surely be produce enough in Cincinnati, which will pay for shipping to Liverpool. The articles for example, of Lard, cheese, we notice by the last quotations will pay well. Beef and Pork are also doing better in England.—Cin. Chron.

### Vote of the Senate on Annexation.

The following is Mr. Benton's bill which was passed by the Senate on the 27th ult. by a vote of 22 to 27. The vote is given below.

#### A BILL.

To provide for the Annexation of Texas to the United States.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That a State to be formed out of the present Republic of Texas, with suitable extent and boundaries, and with two Representatives in Congress, until the next apportionment of representation, shall be admitted into the Union, by virtue of this act, on an equal footing with the existing States, as soon as the terms and conditions of annexation, and the cession of the remaining Texas territory to the United States, shall be agreed upon by the Governments of Texas and the United States.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, and the same is hereby appropriated to defray the expenses of missions and negotiations, to agree upon the terms of such annexation and cession, either by treaty to be submitted to the Senate, or by articles to be submitted to the two Houses of Congress as the President may direct.

### BY THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

Washington Feb. 27, 8 P.M.

The Texas Resolutions, with Mr. Walker's amendment, leaving it discretionary to the President to open negotiations with Texas, have passed the Senate, 27 to 23. The following is the vote:

Yeas—Allen, Ashley, Atchison, Atterton, Bagby, Benton, Breese, Buchanan, Colquitt, Dickinson, Dix, Fairfield, Hannegan, Haywood, Henderson, Huger, Johnson, Lewis, McDuffie, Merrick, Niles, Seale, Sevier, Sturgeon, Tappan, Walker, Woodbury—27.

Nays, Messrs. Archer, Barrow, Bates, Bayard, Berrien, Choate, Clayton, Crittenden, Dayton, Evans, Foster, Francis, Hamilton, James, Johnson, Mangum, Miller, Morehead, Pearce, Phelps, Rives, Simmons, Upham, White, Woodbridge—23.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Later from Mexico.

By the arrival at Havana on Wednesday last of the British Steamship Tay, Capt. Ship, dated the 21st ultimo from Vera Cruz have been received.

Santa Anna still remained a prisoner in the Castle of Perote the same cold, dreary, and dismal place in which he so long held the unfortunate Texas in captivity. It is stated that the grand jury appointed to try the fallen chief was furious against him, while the present Executive of Mexico manifested a feeling of clemency, and at the same time of regret, that he did not escape out of the country and thus save the Government any further trouble. A letter dated Vera Cruz, January 31st, expresses a belief that the life of Santa Anna would not be taken. His young wife was in prison with him, as was also an old friend of his, Senor Lazaro Vilamil.

Among the passengers by the Tay, was Senor Antonio Haro, Santa Anna's former Minister of Finance, who had made out to reach the coast in safety from Mexico.—Haro was still at large, and his whereabouts not known.

Every thing was said to be quiet in Mexico. It was reported that the Republic was to be divided into three military departments—Arista to have command of the Northern, Paredes of the centre, and some other General of the Southern section.

An extra of the *Diario de la Marina* of Havana, issued on the evening of the 5th instant, contains a synopsis of the intelligence brought by the Tay. The principal part of the news already been published in this city. We give the substance of a more important item, which appears in *El Siglo Diez Nueve* of Mexico of the 24th ultimo and which is as follows:

Santa Anna has sent from Perote, a new communication to the Chambers, requesting that the passport for which he had already asked might be granted him, in which case he would hasten himself perpetually from the country. He also stated that he would appoint an agent, fully empowered and qualified to respond to any charges or claims made against him, leaving his landed estates and property as a guaranty for the satisfaction of all, and moreover speaks of the responsibility of his Ministers. This communication the Grand Jury were acting upon in secret session on the night of the 23d. ultimo, and the result of their deliberations was not known.

A FACT FOR THE CURIOUS.—A. W. Palmer, or Cheam, in Surrey, England, tried a very striking experiment respecting the production of wheat. In July, 1841, he put one grain of wheat into a common garden pot; in August he divided it into four plants, and in three weeks again divided these into twelve plants, and in September these twelve were divided into thirty-two, which in November were divided into fifty; and he then placed them in the open ground. In July 1842, twelve of them had failed, but the remainder of them were healthy. On the 19th of August they were cut down and counted 2197 stems, with an average of fifty grains to the stem, giving thus the increase of 97,000 grains.—S. H. Farmer.

## CONGRESSIONAL.

### Twenty-eighth Congress.

Correspondence of the Balt. American.

Washington Feb. 23, 1845.

#### SENATE.

#### TEXAS DEBATE.

Twelve o'clock having arrived, the orders of the day was called, and Mr. Allen of Ohio being entitled to the floor, made a speech in favor of annexation, which consumed a large portion of the day. When he concluded, a motion was made for recess which failed—19 to 15.

Mr. Berrien now took the floor, and argued against annexation by any other mode than the treaty-making power. Before he concluded he gave way to a motion for recess until five o'clock, at which time Mr. Berrien resumed his remarks, and was speaking when this letter was closed.

#### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The House suspended its rules to receive reports from the standing committees. Among the bills reported and passed was one authorizing the South Carolina Railroad Company to import certain machinery for atmospheric Railroad experiments.

A report was made in favor of printing 10,000 extra copies of the Report of Lieut. Fremont upon the subject of the North Western Territory.

Mr. Kennedy, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a resolution to print 10,000 extra copies of the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury on Commerce and Navigation. The report was agreed to.

A bill in relation to the defaulting States and to procure the payment of interest due by them was passed and sent to the Senate.

A bill in regard to foreign mails was sent to the Committee of the Whole. The bill had before the Senate.

A bill from the Senate for the extension of the jurisdiction of the United States over the navigable waters of the United States upon the lakes and elsewhere, was read a third time and passed.

The West Point Academy bill was received from the Senate with amendments, and referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

Mr. J. N. Davis reported a joint resolution, which was agreed to, for the printing of charts of the exploring expedition for the use of the Navy.

Mr. Winthrop reported a bill to regulate foreign intercourse with the Island of Martinique near St. Pierre. Read a third time and passed.

A bill was also reported supplementary to the act for the admission of Iowa into the Union.

Mr. Stewart of Conn. reported in favor of printing ten thousand of the same Maps of Texas which had been ordered previously by the House.

Mr. Burke of N. H. moved an amendment that the maps should not be delivered or paid for until they were corrected.

Mr. Brinkner said he had addressed a letter to the Topographical Corps of Engineers, calling for the Texas boundaries previous to the Texas revolution. The information he received was that there was nothing in the Bureau to give him the information he asked. Mr. B. said he was glad that the subject had been brought before Congress, that the members were beginning to see that the information which had been circulated was incorrect. The bill which had passed this House, and which had declared that the line of 36 deg. 30 min. should be the ground of compromise, was more than two degrees North of any line ever owned by Texas.

A letter was then read from Com. More of the Texian Navy, declaring that the map of Texas was severely correct in any particular. So said Mr. Hamlin of Maine, and others, but the House confirmed the report and the maps are to be circulated.

The House also ordered the printing of 3000 copies of Nicollet's map of the North-West.

The House went then into a Committee of the Whole, Mr. Weller in the Chair.

#### POSTAGE BILL.

The Postage bill was then brought before the Committee and the Resolution, that the debate should close in two hours.

Mr. Cobb of Georgia commenced the discussion among several competitors for the floor, and spoke in warm opposition to the bill from the Senate. He regarded the bill as opposed to the interests of the South—as a tariff measure, intended to build up the commerce of the country, and as no more than a measure for the benefit of the country against the people of the United States.

Mr. Yancy of Ala. continued the debate in opposition to the bill.

Mr. Davis of New York said that he was in favor of a radical reduction of the present postage. Almost every Legislature had petitioned Congress upon the subject, and petitions had been laid before the Committee to reduce the rates of postage.—The Representatives of the people were behind the age in opposing this measure.

It was clear that the Department could not support itself with the present rates of postage. The contracts had been reduced, the expenditures reduced, and yet the Department was becoming less and less able to pay its expenditures.

Mr. Cassin said a few words during the last few moments of the debate which could not be heard.

The first amendment proposing rates of 3, 10 and 15 cents, was rejected by a large vote.

An amendment to put the bill in operation on and after the first of January, 1846 was rejected by a vote of yeas 23 nays not counted.

Mr. Davis of Ky. proposed 5 cents for 300 miles. Rejected yeas 85, nays 39.

Mr. Hopkins of Virginia, moved the House bill as a substitute for the bill of the Senate. Rejected, yeas 87, nays 93.

Mr. McDowell of Ohio moved in substance the amendment of Mr. Davis, 5 cents for 300 miles and under, and 10 cents beyond. This amendment prevailed by a vote of 97 to 87.

A motion requiring letters to be pre-paid was rejected by a vote of aye 18, nays not counted.

The next amendment was to require the letters to be single instead of being regulated, by weight. Rejected by a vote of 71 to 77.

An amendment proposing a quarter of an ounce for a single letter was rejected by a vote of 72 to 87.

Mr. Jameson then moved three eights of an ounce for a single letter. Lost by a vote 63 to 75.

An amendment was rejected naming for 50 miles 3 cents postage.

The enemies of the bill introduced a great variety of amendments to make the bill odious and objectionable.

The House is in session as I close.

The ninth session has been reached, and it is now twenty minutes past five o'clock.

The steamer Hibernia brought over fifty thousand letters, and about 140 bushels of newspapers, the largest mail ever received from the other side.

TERRIBLE DEATH.—It would be difficult for a poet of the highest imagination to conceive a more horrible death than happened a few days ago, in Swansea, New Hampshire, the particulars of which are related in the Keene Sentinel. As the deceased was a man of good habits, and probably never slept away from home one night in the year, unless his family knew where he was, it is hard to account for the apparent indifference of those who must have known how he was occupied on the day of his death.

"On Friday last, Capt. David Reed, one of the most respectable citizens of Swansea, went into the woods with his oxen for the purpose of drawing logs. Although he did not return at night, no alarm of his family induced sufficient anxiety to cause him to be sought after until next morning, when, horrid to relate, he was found with a large log lying across his head, and frozen to death! It appears, from examination made, that he had hitched his cattle to a log, which on starting, had rolled and caught him by the leg and broken it. Unable to extricate himself, he had sought for help, his cry was heard by neighbors repeatedly, who supposed it only the ordinary shout to cattle while logging, and paid no attention to it. He has left a wife and seven children—a sad loss to them and to the neighborhood, of a father and a valuable citizen."

THE SHEPHERD.—This packet, which was ashore on the Hemstead Beach, has just come up in tow of the U. S. steam cutter Sperry. After discharging the 8's cargo into lighters Hickory, Union, Elma, and Benjamin Stevens, with the exception of the chalk and coal, she was hoisted at 10 o'clock on Saturday night. The steam pump, which was put on board by the underwriters, has been the means of saving her. The S., had 12 feet water in her hold when the pump was put on board, and in five hours after it was put in operation, freed her so that the ship's pumps kept her perfectly afloat. This is the second instance that the Sheffield has been saved by the use of this most powerful and useful instrument.—N. Y. Morning News.

SYMPATHY.—A good deacon making an office visit to a dying neighbor, who was very cheerful and universally unpopular man put the usual question:

"Are you willing to go my friend?"

"O yes," said the sick man, "I am."

"Well said the simple hearted deacon, 'I am glad you are for the neighbors are all willing!'"

MESSRS. LANGDON & BROWN:

Sirs:—It is the wish of the Whigs in this country, as far as our information extends, for John P. GAINES, of Boone county, to become a candidate for Congress in this District. Therefore, we ask leave through your paper to request his consent, to permit his name to be used as a candidate for Congress at the next election.

MANY VOTERS OF KENTON.

IMPORTANT to our readers.—THOMAS BIRD, Druggist, in Covington, has just received the agency for the sale of "DOCTOR VITAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY." The great worth of this medicine, we believe none high dispute. It is deservedly held in the very highest estimation, in the most intelligent and respectable families throughout the United States. The attention of the afflicted is solicited to the advertisement in another column. Price \$1 00 per bottle. Sold in Covington only by

March 1, 1845. 32-1f.

T. BIRD, Agent.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BLACK NOSE.

THE Noted horse, BLACK NOSE, bred by Prof. Dr. Dudley, of Lexington, Ky., will remain in Burlington, Boone county, Ky., during the present season. Five of fine stock will be pleased to examine this fine blooded horse.

M. RIDGLEY, T. FIELD.

Burlington, March 8, 1845. 33-4w.

Covington Hat Manufactory.

JACKSON & DOHERTY.

South-East corner of Market Space.

HATS on hand and continue to manufacture Hats of all the various styles and qualities. Having had much experience in the business, they are determined, that their hats shall not be inferior to any of the market. Dealers supplied on advantageous terms. The highest prices paid for country furs.

Cov. March 1, 1845. 32-1f.

COVINGTON INSURANCE CO.

NOTICE is hereby given to the stockholders, that a further dividend of one dollar per share has been declared; which will be paid after the 1st day of March by application to the secretary, certificates of stock must be produced and given up.

A. H. JAMESON, Secretary.

Cov. March 1, 1845. 4w.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the publication of the "Licking Valley Register," is mutually dissolved. The paper will hereafter be conducted jointly by R. C. LANGDON and H. B. BROWN, Esq., recently of the publishers of the "Mayville Eagle." Those indebted to the late firm for advertising and job work, will make payment to either of the undersigned; those indebted for subscription to the paper will pay to the new firm of Langdon & Brown.

R. C. LANGDON, WM. C. MUNGER.

Covington, Feb. 23, 1845. 3w-1f.

Notice.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing in this city under the firm of HAYDEN & COLLAWAY, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by T. V. COLLAWAY.

WM. HAYDEN, THOS. V. COLLAWAY.

Covington, Feb. 20, 1845. 3w-1f.

J. A. James,

STEREOTYPE Founder, and Printing Ink Manufacturer, No. 1 Baker Street, Cincinnati, Feb. 15, 1845. 30-1f.

THE Pictorial Bible.

Being the Old and New Testaments, according to the authorized version, with more than ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS—With all Marginal References to 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

Stereotype Founder and Printing Ink Manufacturer, No. 1 Baker Street; Cincinnati, O. Feb. 15, 1845. 30-1f.

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 Feb. inst. within which time all persons claiming 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.

B. W. FOLEY, City Clerk.

Covington February 8, 1845. 29-3w.

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 he has furnished with a good assortment of Hats, fine, fashionable, and cheap. He wishes his friends and customers, before purchasing elsewhere, to call and examine his stock; he feels assured they will not go away dissatisfied.

Hats made to order, on the shortest notice.—Merchants supplied on advantageous terms.

Feb. 1, 1845. 29-3w.

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 199 engravings. The Pictorial Bible—1000 engravings. Dicky's Lectures on Theology. 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. 30-1f.

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. 25 cents. Godey's Lady's Book, do. do. 25 cents. N. Y. Monthly Magazine, do. do. 25 cents. Columbian Magazine, do. do. 50 cents. Knickerbocker, do. do. 50 cents. Democratic Review, do. do. 50 cents. New Whig Review, do. do. 50 cents. The Electric Magazine, do. do. 50 cents.

per year. Neal's Saturday Gazette, \$2.00. Phila. Sat. Courier, do. do. 2.00. N. Y. Post, do. do. 2.00. N. Y. Herald, do. do. 2.00. The Old Countryman, do. do. 1.25. Little's Living Age, do. do. 1.25. The Semi-Column, do. do. 1.25. 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. 30-1f.

State of Kentucky, Kenton county, Set. The President, Directors & Co. of the Northern Bank of Kentucky, Claimants.

John Mahard, Wm. Mahard and others, Defendants.

BY VIRTUE of a decree rendered in this case at the October Term, 1844, of the Kenton Circuit Court, I shall proceed to pay and satisfy the following sums of money, to wit: the sum of \$4078 43 with interest from the 10th day of May, 1842, till paid; also, the sum of \$3500 with interest from the 17th day of May, 1842, till paid; also, the sum of \$4078 43 with interest from the 10th 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 bonds to secure security for the purchase money to have the force and effect of Kevlin Bonds.

A. H. JAMESON, Master Commissioner Kenton C. C. Feb. 15, 1845. 30-4w.

Kentucky Intelligencer copy till day of sale, and forward account to Northern Bank, in Covington, for payment.

Feb. 15th, 1845.

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. Feb. 15th, 1845. 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 "fork up"; he wishes those who are of long standing; he wishes to close up his books.

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

ANDREW ROSS, Covington, Feb. 8, 1845. 29-1f.

State of Kentucky, Kenton county, Set. Jefferson Phelps' Adm'r. In Chancery.

Jefferson Phelps' Heirs &c. In Chancery.

John Carlisle's Adm'r. In Chancery.

John Carlisle's Heirs &c. In Chancery.

Leonard Alden's Adm'r. In Chancery.

