

# LUCKING VALLEY REGISTER.

Devoted to General Intelligence, Politics, Morality, Literature, Education, the Arts and Sciences, Agriculture, Commerce, and Advertising.

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## DENTAL OPERATIONS.

**DR. CARTER** having permanently located in the City of Covington, Ky, returns thanks to his old friends and customers in this and the several adjoining counties, for their liberal patronage for the last six years, and by his increasing application to business, he is prepared to perform all operations relating to dentistry, (surgical or mechanical), with the best and most select materials.  
For the satisfaction of those who have never had an opportunity of testing the neatness and durability of his operations and those who may favor him with their custom, he would state that he has been engaged in the dental profession for more than sixteen years; during which time he has acquired neither less nor more in acquiring himself with all the various improvements made in the profession—six years of which time has been exclusively spent with these very eminent workmen from the East, for improvement in the dental art. From the universal satisfaction that he has heretofore given, he does not hesitate to say that in all available cases, however difficult, he assures success.  
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## REFERENCE.

Rev. Mr. Lynn, W. Herndon, Esq.  
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Dr. Stevenson, Dr. Menzies,  
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March 21, 1846.

## Henry B. Brown & Co.,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,  
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ARE prepared to effect speedy sales of all Real Estate. Their arrangements are such as to enable them to sell at the shortest notice, all Farms, Town Lots, &c. &c. that may be placed at their disposal. Persons having Real Estate to dispose of would do well to give them a call.  
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March 31, 1846.



## THE GREAT REMEDY;

APPROVED BY THE FACULTY.

For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all other affections of the Bronchial tubes.

PREPARED entirely from the Ginseng and Antimony, Mercury or Opium.

More than 300,000 bottles have been sold in the City of Cincinnati, alone, within two months, and in no case has it failed to give entire satisfaction.

The Ginseng Panacea is now offered by Physicians of the first respectability, in their regular practice, and its claim to be considered the only article ever discovered capable of speedily and permanently relieving bronchial irritation, which is the sole cause of cough, asthma, bronchitis, and according to Dr. Kiberle who by express 'he opinion of all the first authorities in Europe and America, of two-thirds of all the cases usually regarded as true tuberculous consumption must be considered as forever settled.

We select the following names from a long catalogue of persons who have felt its healing influence on their own person, or seen it in their families, and we wish it distinctly noted that they are

## IN OUR OWN CITY.

persons accessible to all who wish to enquire; we attach no certificate. If you are at all interested see them for yourselves; they are scattered over the city and can be easily found.

G. W. Phillips, Broadway, between 5th and Harrison streets.  
W. Parvin, Broadway, near Yeatman.  
G. W. Collins, Broadway Bell Foundry, 2d st.  
J. Vanduzen, at Hope's warehouse, Sycamore st.

J. A. Trainor, Surgeon Dentist, Congress st.  
Bigger, Sec. Equitable Ins. Co, 3d st.  
Sto n, firm of J. F. Fair & Co, Sycamore and L. w. Market.

N. Gutrie, Holmes' paper store, Main, near 5th street.  
A. Maish, Tinner, 2d near Sycamore st.  
J. Jones, Assistant Clerk Hamilton Co. Superior Court.

Shepherd, 5th st. east Broadway.  
Davis, Columbia.  
E. H. Whendon, from Whendon & Blinn Auctioneers.

Dr. Rower, 14th st. between Vine and Race.  
Kerman, from Finkbine & Kerman, Main.

O. P. Benjamin, Importer, 3d st. between Main and Sycamore.  
N. Noble, Partner, Symmes st.

L. Lyon, Fishier, Front st.  
W. Johnson, Carpenter, 3d st.  
Capt. Adams, Columbus House.

B. V. Jones, corner Longworth and Race.  
S. Sterling, corner Vine and Centre.  
Mrs. Hunter, at J. D. Jones, 3d st.  
N. M. Florer, Sycamore st.  
J. Harris, corner 9th and Vine.

Dr. Drake.  
Cincinnati, March 7, 1846.

## POETICAL.

### VOICES FROM THE CROWD.

A REMONSTRANCE WITH THE AMERICANS

The following verses, which we extract from Wilmer & Sons' *Days and Hours*, are from the pen of Charles Mackay, Esq., one of the proprietors of the Glasgow Argus, and the author of "The Salamandrine," the "Legends of the Isles," "The Wind of the Winter Night," "The Ship on Fire," and "The Dream of the Reveller."

Brother, why this rage and scorn?  
Why these gibes and tauntings flung?  
Were your sires not English born?  
Speak you not the English tongue?  
Think you not with English thought?  
Is not Shakespeare yours and ours?  
And the same religion taught?  
In our cities and our bowers?  
Brothers turn your thoughts to peace,  
And let all this discord cease.

Why should we avenge the earth?  
Were the lands you covet thus,  
Richer, larger, better worth?  
Wherefore should you fight with us?  
I would be loyal to our king,  
An opponent to our creed,  
If through rage and malice blind,  
One American should bleed;  
Or if England's meanest son  
Lost his life for Oregon.

If ye so desire the land,  
Bide your hour: 'twill not be long,  
Clear it—plant it—send a hand,  
Peaceful, enterprising, strong,  
Who will people all the time.  
Sweeping commerce as they go,  
Free to answer in their time,  
When you seek them, 'Yes, or no?'  
But be sure for freedom's sake,  
Obey the part you take.

It would be a dearest shame—  
Shame more deep than words can breathe,  
If for this we let our lives,  
Or drew weapon from its sheath,  
Deeper guilt, more heinous sin  
If the foolish quarrel grew;  
And the nations pressing in,  
Ranged themselves for us or you;  
And the earth was filled with hate,  
Because you were insatiate.

Freedom's prophet, England taught,  
And you learned what she instilled;  
You the inspiration caught;  
Be your prophecy fulfilled.  
Show the world, that doubts the fact,  
That of freedom is not born  
Rabid passion, frenzied act,  
Utter recklessness and scorn.  
If so once, the universal house,  
Wisdom dwells with Liberty.

Let the bloody flag be furled,  
Nobler is the task we're set;  
And 'tis treason to the world,  
To neglect it, or forget.  
Science woe to her arms;  
New Discoveries wait our time;  
Young invention spreads her charms;  
Knowledge beckons us to climb,  
Brothers, we know your Saxon words—  
And we'll lead the march of man.

But if madly bent on strife;  
And all reason speaks in vain;  
Be the guilt of every life,  
In the unnatural contest slain.  
On your heads—and ere 'tis o'er,  
Such a lesson you shall learn,  
As shall sicken you of war.

Brothers, for your band we yearn!  
Let us give our hearts to peace;  
Let us strive to be true to each;  
Let this foolish discord cease.

### FROM THE CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL.

AN ANSWER

TO "A REMONSTRANCE WITH THE AMERICANS."

BY G. W. CUTLER.

Oh yes! ye are our brothers

While we love ye for the tie;

Shall we yield ye what to others

We sternly would deny?

O yes! we know your Saxon words—

Your Norman blood is ours;

How often on your kindred swards

That blood has fallen in showers!

Oh yes! we think with English thought,

When English thought is free;

But by a King we ne'er were taught

How we should bend the knee.

Our fathers left their native shore

To worship God alone—

But blindly we still adore

A sceptre and a throne.

We do not seek with ye a strife—

No bond of peace would break,

But ere we do we wish to reach

When Freedom is at stake.

And every foot of earth

Our fathers won of yore,

We deem of greater, dearer worth,

Than sons of human gore.

Ye talk of Freedom while ye bow

Around a human shrine!

Like serfs, acknowledging, 'O new,

Your minarch's 'right divine'!

And freely spend your dearest blood

In conquering each domain,

Where ye may send your kingly brood

Over bleeding realms to reign.

Ye prate of peace while 'ere the world

Your purple flag is spread.

And crying none with gore is fed!

Our ladies' martyr'd dead!

On every sea—on every shore!

Your conquests still go on!

The feeble folk your grasping power

Will rise to set of sun!

Still with your proud ambitious sway

We do not let the world

But by that God to whom we pray

Ye must not meddle here!

'Tis holy ground, this land of ours,

And kingly power would feel

As well within its humble bowers

More dread than ranks of steel.

A charm within the very air

Would warn each royal thing.

The poorest man he meets with here

Is 'every inch a King'!

As free of thought, as unrestrained

By any human hand,

As the veriest despots that have reign'd

Over Europe's crimson land!

Ye speak of 'lessons'! Have ye then

Learn'd the lesson of the sword?

Of Saratoga's grey fens?

Lake Erie—New Orleans?

We know that ye have giant power—

We know that ye are brave—

That ye're terrible upon the shore,

And glorious on the wave.

But what hath this to do with men

Who battle for their own?

Who fight for 'even their poorest king

As ye fight for a throne?

Who do not come a hireling band

To obey a monarch's nod,

But strike for their own native land,

Their Freedom, and their God!

Away! ye have our firm reply—

Touch not the humblest of the free!

That smile beneath our native sky—

Stain not the feeblest right!

For we hold ye, as ye'll find it there,

On the scroll our fathers pen'd!

Ye're still our enemies in war—

In peace ye are our friends.

### The Silver Tankard.

On the slope of land opening itself to the south, in a thickly settled town in the State of Maine, some hundred and more years ago stood a farm house to which the epithet of "comfortable" might be applied. The oldest forest came down to the back of it; in front were cultivated fields, beyond which were ground partially cleared, full of pine stumps, and here and there, standing erect, the giant trunks of trees which the fire had scorched and blackened, though it had failed to overthrow them. The house stood at the very verge of the settlement, so that from it no cottage could be seen; the nearest neighbor was distant about six miles. Daniel Gordon, the owner and occupant of the premises we have described, had chosen this valley in the wilderness, a wide, rich tract of land, not only as his home, but prospectively, as the home of his children and his children's children. He was willing to be far from men, and his children might have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of that district, well known over all that part of the country. His house was completely finished, and was large for the times, having two stories in front, and one behind, with a long sloping roof; it seemed as if it leaned to the south to offer its back to the cold winds from the northern mountains. It was full of the comforts of life, the furniture even a little showy for a Puritan; when the table was set there was to use the Yankee phrase, a "considerable" silver plate, among which a large tankard stood pre-eminent. This silver had been from the property of his father, and was brot over from the mother country.

Now, we go back to this pleasant valley, as it was a bright and beautiful morning in the month of June. It was Sunday, and though early, the two sons of Daniel Gordon and the hired man had gone to meeting on foot, down to the 'Landin', a little village on the banks of the river, ten miles distant. Daniel himself was standing at the door with his horse and chaise, ready and waiting for his good wife who had been somewhat detained; for even then, in those primitive times, the women were to be a little backward, for the last word or the last housekeeping duty. He was standing on the door step, enjoying the freshness of the morning, with a little pride in his heart perhaps, as he cast his eye on the extent of his possessions spread out before him. At that instant a neighbor of six miles distant rode up on horseback and beckoned to him from the enclosure around his house. "Good morning, neighbor Gordon, said he, I have come out of my way in going to meeting to tell you that Tom Smith—that daring thief—with two others have been seen prowling about in those parts, and that you had better look out, lest you have a visit. I have got nothing in my house that brings them here, but they may be after the silver tankard and the silver spoons. I have often told you these things were not fit for these new parts. Tom is a bold fellow, but I suppose he'll get the goods when he goes to the better. I don't think it safe for you all to go to meeting to-day—but I am in a hurry, neighbor, so good bye."

"This communication pleased our friend Daniel in an unpleasant dilemma. It had been settled that no one was to be left at home but his daughter, Melitable, a beautiful little girl about nine years old. Shall I stay or go, was the question. Daniel was a Puritan; he had strict notions of shipping God's Holy Temple, and he had faith that God would bless him only as he did his duty; but then he was a father and little Hitty was the light and joy of his eyes.

But these Puritans were stern and unflinching. He soon settled this point. 'I won't even take Hitty with me, for it will make her cowardly. The thieves may not come—neighbor Perkins may be mistaken; and if they do come to my house, they will not hurt the few. At any rate, she is in God's hands, and we will go to worship Him who never forsakes those who put their trust in Him.' As he settled this, the girl and the mother came out; the mother stepped into the chaise; the father, after saying to the child, 'if any strangers come, Hitty, treat them well.'—What is gold and silver when we think of God's word? We can spare of our abundance to the poor. What these words on his lips he drove off, a troubled man in spite of his religious trust, because he left his daughter in the wilderness alone.

Little Hitty, as the daughter of a Puritan, was strictly brought up to observe the Lord's day. She knew she ought to return to the house; but nature this once, at least, got the better of her training. 'No harm,' thought she, 'for me to see the brood of chickens.' Nor did she wish to leave her mother, who was sitting in the house, and loitered and lingered, hearing the robin sing, and followed with her eye the bobolink as he fitted from shrub to shrub. She passed almost an hour out of the house, because she did not want to be alone, and she did not feel alone when she was out among the birds and was gathering here and there a wild flower. But at last she went in, took her Bible and seated herself at the table, sometimes reading and sometimes looking out.

As she was seated there, she saw three men coming up towards the house, and she was right glad to see them; for she felt lonely, and there was a dreary long day before her. 'Father,' thought she, 'meant something when he told me to be kind to strangers. I suppose he expected them, and he has given them welcome from all around meeting. Never mind; they shall see that I can do something for them, if I am little Hitty.' So putting down the Bible she ran to meet them, and happy, confident, and even glad that they had come, and without waiting for them to speak, she called to them to come in with her, and said, 'I am all alone; if mother were here she would do more for you, but I will do all I can; and all this with a frank, loving heart, glad to do good to others, and glad to please her father whose last words were to spare of their abundance to the weary traveler.

Smith and his two companions entered. Now it was not breakfast time nor dinner time, but half way between both; yet little Hitty's head was full of the directions of her father's abundance, and almost before they were fairly in the house she asked if she could get them something to eat. Smith said, 'Yes, I will thank you, my child, for we are all hungry.' This was indeed a civil speech for the thief, who half starved had been lurking in the woods to watch his chance to steal the silver tankard as soon as the 'men folk' had gone to meeting. 'Shall I give you cold victuals, or will you wait until I can cook you some meat,' asked Hitty. 'We can't wait,' was the reply; 'give us what you have ready as soon as you can.' 'I am glad you could want me to cook for you,' said Hitty, and you did—because father would rather not have much cooking on Sundays.' Then away she tripped about making preparations for their repast. Smith himself helped out with the table. She spread upon it a clean white cloth and placed upon it the silver tankard full of

the 'old orchard,' with a large quantity of wheaten bread and a dish of cold meat. I don't know why the silverspoons were put on, perhaps little Hitty thought they made the table look prettier. After all was done, she turned to Smith and with a courtesy told him that dinner was ready.

This child had been so busy in arranging her table, and so thoughtful of her hostess, that she took little or no notice of the appearance of her guests. She did the work as cheerily and freely, and was as unembarrassed as if she had been surrounded by her father and mother and brothers. One of the thieves sat down doggedly with his hands on his knees and his face almost down to his hands, looking at the same time on the floor. Another, a younger and better looking man, stood confused and irresolute, as if he had not been well broken to his trade, and often would go to the window and look out, keeping his back on the child. Smith on the other hand looked unconcerned, as if he had quite forgotten his purpose. He never took his attention off the child, following her with his eyes as she bustled about in arranging the dinner table; there was even a half smile on his face. They all moved to the table, Smith's chair at the head, one of his companions on each side, the child at the foot, standing there to help her guests and to be ready to go for further supplies as there was need.

The men ate as hungry men, almost in silence, drinking occasionally from the silver tankard. When they had done, Smith started up suddenly and said, 'Chimney! let's go.' 'What?' exclaimed the older robber, 'go, with empty hands when this silver is here.' He seized the tankard. 'Put that down!' said Smith; 'I'll shoot the man who takes a single thing from this house!' Poor Hitty at once awakened to a sense of the character of her guests with terror in her face and with a child-like frankness, she ran to Smith, took hold of his hand, and looked into his face as if she felt sure that he would take care of her. The old thief, looking to his young companion and finding that he was ready to give up the job, and seeing that Smith was resolute, put down the tankard, growing like a dog which has a bone taken from him—'fool!' catch me in your company again!'—and with such an expression left the house, followed by the other Smith put his hand on the head of the child and said, 'Don't be afraid, say quiet in the house—nobody shall hurt you.' Thus ended the visit of the thieves; thus G-d preserved the property of those who had put their trust in Him. What a story had the child to tell when the family came home! How hearty was the thanksgiving that went up that evening to the family altar.

A year or two after this Tom Smith was arrested for the commission of some crime, was tried and condemned to be executed. Daniel Gordon heard of this, and that he was confined in jail in the seaport town to wait for the dreadful day when he was to be hung up as a dog between heaven and earth. Gordon could not keep away from him; he felt drawn to the spot of his daughter, and went down to see him. When he entered the dungeon, Smith was seated, his face was pale, his hair tangled and matted together; for why should he comb his locks, there was no reason in his countenance, except the irritation from being intruded upon, when he wanted to hear nothing, see nothing more of his brother man! He did not rise nor even look up, nor return the salutation of Gordon, who continued to stand before him. At last, as if wearied beyond endurance he asked, 'What do you want of me? Can't you let me alone even here?'

'I am come,' said Gordon, 'to see you' because my daughter told me all you did for her when you were here.

As if touched to the heart, Smith's whole appearance changed, expression of deep interest came over his features, he was altogether another man. The sudden indifference passed away in an instant. Are you the father of that little girl? Oh what a dear child she is! Is she well and happy? How I love to think of her! That's one pleasant thing I have to think of. For once I was not a wicked man, I again seized her waist and said, 'Well, if you don't like it, just take back the kiss.' She made a desperate struggle, and as she jerked from my arms, her foot struck the lamp, and over it went. Another galaxy of editorial was sprinkled over the floor, and in her efforts to reach the door, her foot slipped and she fell, and in the effort to sustain herself, her hand—her lily-white hand—broke the glass that had come in contact with my ears—oh, horrible! was stuck up to the elbow in the ink keg! Shade of Franklin! what a change came over the beauty of that hand! She slowly drew it from the keg dripping with ink, and asked me what use I made of that ink! I began to be seriously alarmed and apologized in the best manner I could, and to my surprise, she seemed rather pleased to hear my apology. 'What use I made of that ink?' she asked me. 'I used it to write my editorial,' I answered. 'What use I made of that ink?' she asked me. 'I used it to write my editorial,' I answered. 'What use I made of that ink?' she asked me. 'I used it to write my editorial,' I answered.

Gordon remained with Smith, whispering of peace beyond the grave for the penitent, smoothing in some degree his passage through the dark valley, and did not return to his family. The Christian love could do no more for an erring brother, on whom accuracy before had the eye of love rested, whose hand had been against all men because their hands had been against him.

I have told the story more at length and introduced some unimportant circumstances, but it is before you substantially as it was related to me. The main incidents are true, though, doubtless, as the story has been handed down by generations, it has been colored by the imagination. The silver tankard as an heirloom has descended in the family—the property of the daughter named Melitable, and is now in the possession of the lady of a clergyman in Massachusetts.

What a crowd of thoughts do these incidents cause to rush upon the mind! How sure is the overcoming of evil with good! How truly did Christ leave what was the heart of man! How true to the feelings of human nature are even the outcasts of society. How much of our virtue do we owe to our position among men. How inconsistent with Christian love is it to put to death our brother, whose crimes are mainly from the vices and wrong structure of society. How inconsistent should we be to disseminate the truth, that the world may be reformed, and the law of love be substituted for the law of vengeance. The reader will not, however, need our help to make the right use of the guarding of the 'silver tankard' by the kindness and innocence of a child.

**FINAL PASSAGE OF THE RIGHT OF WAY BILL.**—The Senate of the State of Pennsylvania, on Monday morning last, by a vote of 29 to 1, concurred in the House amendments to the Right of Way bill, and it now only wants the signature of the Governor to become a law.

The annual tribute paid by Ireland to England in taxes and absentee rents, is £2,000,000 or \$35,000,000.

**MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.**—The Legislature of Massachusetts opened its session for the present year on Thursday, though much of the business, for want of time, was left uncompleted. The session was one hundred days long. Mr. Wilson's anti-slavery resolution, which had passed the House, was rejected in the Senate, thus the Legislature of Massachusetts refused to meddle with the subject of annexation and domestic slavery.

### From the Ill. State Gazette.

#### LOVE IN A PRINTING OFFICE.

I once heard an old "Jour," remark, that a printing office was no place for love-making, and I have since experienced the truth of his observation—being once perfectly convinced that the flower of love can never bloom in the midst of types, stands and printing ink.

It was my fortune once to sojourn for a few days in the village of—. Directly opposite the office was a pretty white cottage, with a rose bush clambering around the casement, and I was not long in making the discovery that the afore said white cottage with the rose shaded window, contained a fair inmate—a flower whose beauty far outshone the roses that clustered around the window. She was a little blue eyed, saucy looking creature of some sixteen summers. She was the belle of the village. Her name was Mary—sweet poetic Mary.

'I have a passion for the name of Mary.' It was a beautiful summer morning, and I raised the window to admit the cool breeze from the flower-decked fields and it was not long before I perceived that the cottage window was also boarded, and that sweet little Mary was seated near it, busily engaged with her needle. I worked but little that morning. My eyes constantly wandered towards the cottage window, where little Mary sat, and all sorts of phantastic notions whirled thro' my fancy—light brain, and I began to think I felt a slight touch of what the poets call love, sliding in at the corner of my heart.

A fading passed away, and chance made me acquainted with Mary. Heaven's! she was a sweet creature—she had a form that would have shamed the famous Venus de Medici—a cheek that would have outblushed the richest peach—and a lip that would have tempted a bee from his hive on a frosty morning. I thought, as I gazed on her in mute admiration, that I had never looked upon one so exquisitely beautiful. She seemed the embodiment of all that is lovely and bewitching.

'Well, time passed on, and one day Mary expressed a desire to visit the printing office. I thought, I, what a chance! I'll do it—yes, there, in the very midst of the implements of mine art—why shouldn't I?—Love in a Printing Office—oh! There was something original in that, and I resolved to try it at all hazards.

'Well, Mary came to the office, and I explained to her the uses of the various implements of the black art—the press and the roller—the ink and the stands, and the boxes of the A. B. C's. I took an opportunity to snatch her pretty lily-white hand, and she drew it back, knocking a stick full of matter into my eye.

'I must have a kiss for that, my pretty one,' said I, and at I went. I managed to twist my arm around her waist, and struggling to free herself, she upset a galley of editorial from a long article on the Oregon question. Nothing daunted, I made her again. This time I was more successful, for I obtained the kiss. By St. Paul! it was a sweet one—and the little witch bore it like a martyr—she never screamed once; but as I raised my lips from hers, she lifted her delicate little hand, and gave me a box on the ears that made me see more stars than were ever viewed by Herschel through his big telescope. Some what nettled, and with my cheek smarting with pain, I again seized her waist and said, 'Well, if you don't like it, just take back the kiss.'

She made a desperate struggle, and as she jerked from my arms, her foot struck the lamp, and over it went. Another galaxy of editorial was sprinkled over the floor, and in her efforts to reach the door, her foot slipped and she fell, and in the effort to sustain herself, her hand—her lily-white hand—broke the glass that had come in contact with my ears—oh, horrible! was stuck up to the elbow in the ink keg! Shade of Franklin! what a change came over the beauty of that hand! She slowly drew it from the keg dripping with ink, and asked me what use I made of that ink! I began to be seriously alarmed and apologized in the best manner I could, and to my surprise, she seemed rather pleased to hear my apology. 'What use I made of that ink?' she asked me. 'I used it to write my editorial,' I answered. 'What use I made of that ink?' she asked me. 'I used it to write my editorial,' I answered. 'What use I made of that ink?' she asked me. 'I used it to write my editorial,' I answered.

'I think you told me you rolled ink on the face of the form,' with a loud laugh, and again her hand hit upon my face—taking me a broad slap in the very middle of my countenance, and most woefully bedaubing my eyes. With a light step and a merry peal of laughter, she skipped thro' the door. She turned back when beyond my reach, and with her gorgeous face peering in at the doorway, she shouted back.

'Say, Charley, what kind of a roller does my hand make?'

'Oh,' said I, 'you take too much ink.'

'Ha! ha!' she laughed, 'well, good bye Charley—that's my impression! ha! ha!'

I went to the glass and surveyed myself for a moment, and verily believed myself a Guinea negro without the slightest difference.

'And so,' said I to myself, 'this is love in a printing office! The devil fly away with such low love!'

The next morning when the editor came to the office, I rather calculated he found things a little topsy-turvy. However, that made no difference to me—for I had 'mizzled' long before daylight.

I bore the marks of that scene for many a day—and now whenever I see a lady enter a printing office, I think of little Mary, and keep my eyes on the ink keg—and though she was as beautiful as Hebe, I would not venture to touch her with a ten foot pole!

Talk about love in a boudoir—love in a bower—love on a spring-seat—love by moonlight, starlight, lamplight, or any other kind of light, and I am with you heart and soul—but I pray you, by the ghost of Faust, never talk to me about love in a printing office!

P. G. K.

#### ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER CALEDONIA.











