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BIOGRAPHY.
A SKETCH OF THE Life and Public Services of HENRY CLAY.

On the thirty-first of March, 1842, after one of the longest Congressional careers known in our annals, Mr. Clay resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States.

It had been his purpose, he said, to terminate his connection with the Senate in November, 1841. Had President Harrison lived, and the measures devised at the Extra Session been duly carried out, he would have then resigned his seat.

From 1806, the period of my entry on this noble theatre, with short intervals, to the present time, I have been engaged in the public councils, at home and abroad.

Mr. Clay alluded to the fact, that in common with other public men he had not enjoyed an immunity from censure and detraction. He had not been unsustained.

Early in October, 1842, being on a visit to Richmond, in the occasion of his marriage, he was surrounded by a number of fellow-citizens...

before his eyes, for a moment—then rallied, and proceeded with his remarks. To the charge of the press, which was so often in the mouths of his opponents at that time, Mr. Clay replied temperately and happily.

During a long and arduous career of service in the public councils of my country, especially during the last eleven years I have held a seat in the Senate, from the same ardor and enthusiasm of character, I have no doubt, in the heat of debate, and in an honest endeavor to maintain my opinions against adverse opinions equally honestly entertained.

Mr. Clay concluded this memorable address by invoking, in a tone which filled through every heart, the blessings of Heaven upon the whole Senate, and every member of it.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; but even then the whys seemed to remain spell-bound by the fact of those parting tones of Mr. Clay.

On his return to Kentucky, after receiving from public life, Mr. Clay resided with all those manifestations of domestic affection which it is possible for a public official to exhibit.

The Lexington Intelligencer says: "Mr. Clay owns about fifty slaves. Several of them, from age and infirmity, are an absolute charge upon him."

Imperfect Copy

I were to be presented to me, I prefer that it should be done in the face of this vast assemblage.

Then, turning to Mr. Mendenhall: "Allow me to say," said Mr. C., "that I think you have not conformed to the independent character of an American citizen in presenting a petition to me."

"Now let me tell you," said Mr. C., "that some half a dozen of them, from age, decrepitude or infirmity, are wholly unable to gain a livelihood for themselves, and are a heavy charge upon me."

Mr. Clay finished his remarks with some friendly advice to Mr. Mendenhall, which it is probable that individual will never forget.

As the period for a new Presidential election approaches, the enemies of Mr. Clay are circulating the grossest misrepresentations in regard to his conduct as a slave-holder.

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and, and plenty of vegetables. Most of them raise fowls. They are well clothed and housed, and the tasks given them are very light, inasmuch, that during the season of breaking hemp, some of the men can earn their dollar per day.

There has never been any concealment on Mr. Clay's part of his opinions on the subject of slavery. Through the whole course of this memoir they will be found scattered, from the period when he first advocated the gradual eradication of slavery from Kentucky in 1797 to the present moment.

On the 29th of September, 1842, Mr. Clay attended the great Whig convention at Dayton, Ohio, where one hundred thousand Whigs are believed to have been assembled.

"At 8 o'clock," says one of the actors in the scene, "when every street in the city was filled, and there seemed no resting-place for any, the procession was formed. This occupied a long time. When done, the order, 'March!' was given; and, in solid mass, we moved to welcome the great statesman, Henry Clay, into the city."

"Mr. Schenck read resolutions, prepared by the committee, nominating Henry Clay and John Davis for the Whig candidates for 1844. At this time Mr. Clay was seen in the crowd, and then, as if there had been one voice only, the shout went forth for the statesman of the nation."

A case of painful and singular interest has just occurred on the Island of Arran, having a considerable resemblance in its details to some of the tragic border ballads of the olden time.

The morning was very stormy, so that from other causes only three appeared to succeed on the journey. The bride felt the circumstance as a contemptuous injury done to her feelings and character and could not but be the thought of her intended husband wishing such a small number, approaching to him on the road especially as she knew his company would be numerous.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Fish Merchant. It was late at night, and the streets were nearly deserted, the more especially as it was snowing fast.

"Please, sir," she said, "if it's only a penny—mother is sick and we have eat nothing to-day."

The girl shrank back without a word, and drew her tattered garments around her shivering form. But a tear glittered on her cheek in the light of the dim lamp.

"What kept you so long, dear papa?" she said. "If I had known where you were I would have sent the carriage. You never stay so late at the office."

"Yes! my darling," he said, fondly kissing her, "the Cotton speculation has turned out well. I sold all I had of the article this afternoon, received the money and took it to my lawyer's telling him to invest it in real estate. I think I shall soon give up business."

A woman sir, has been found dead in the low there," said one of the spectators: "She starved to death it is said, and they have sent for a coroner. Her daughter has just come back, after being out all night. I believe she was begging. That's her moaning."

"My poor child!" he said, laying his hand on her shoulder, "you must be cared for—God forgive me for denying you last night—Here—take this!" and he put a bill into her hand.

have given half his fortune to have her to life. The merchant personally saw that a decent burial was provided for the mother and afterwards took the daughter into his house, educated her for a respectable station in life, and, on her marriage, presented her with a proper dowry. He lived to hear her children kiss their gratitude.

Printers Going Down.

The Chillicothe Advertiser says: "The following officers of the Legislature of Ohio are all practical printers: Gallaher, Speaker of the House; Charles Borland, Clerk of the lower house; D. Robertson, Clerk of the Senate."

Every printer should take after them with a 'sharp stick,' and 'chase' them, even to the 'devil'—give them a dose of 'lead' and 'rule' them 'out.' We will not sit tamely by and see our craft thus 'imposed' upon, and if any more 'cuses' of this 'sort' occur, we move a general meeting of the Typos be called to take the 'matter' in hand, and express their 'pression' in regard to the trade being undermined in this 'foul' manner.

The Mother's Duty.

Important as are schools, and invaluable as learning may be, they are nothing, nay, worse than nothing, unless right habits are formed at home. Without a proper training of mind in early childhood, the learning of a life may only serve to direct bad habits to evil purposes, and lead the way to greater wickedness and crime.

Habits in youth are easily formed, and the hand that aids in forming them is doubly blessed. Let all those who love little children—let mothers, especially, watch unceasingly and carefully nip in the bud the slightest propensity in a child to exercise cruelty, kindness, or upon any object, and an habitual abhorrence of drama and hypocrisy. Assiduously cultivate the truth of industry, frugality and order, serving that though children may be given too little or too much, they can never be earned too well.

A SMART GIRL.—There is a young lady who cuts two cords of wood, tends to all the household affairs, milks the cows, can lift a barrel of flour, and occasionally whips the schoolmaster of the boys are able to do it.

BENEVOLENCE.—"If the son of the same bore Milton rejoicing in his poverty, or cheered Galileo in his stronger and holier support to him who has loved mankind, who has not sought, but relinquished, renown?—who has braved the pressures of ruin for their future benefit, and trampled upon glory in the energy of love? Will there not be for him some more powerful than fame to comfort his sufferings now, and to sustain his hopes beyond the grave? If the wish of mere posthumous honor be a feeling rather vain than the love of our race affords us a moral and nobler desire of remembering the names of those who have done good."

Next to the Bible, the most powerful of the seasons. Spring opens the laughing mirth and freshness of child. Nature assumes a ruddy glow. Joy is written upon all God's creatures, the unfolding flowers, the life. The young mind, the glory, and sees the