(Continued from first page.)

Jack, and well did he on this occasion vindicate the justice of his popular designation. Every body was in a moment silent, and most of those who could stood up.—'What's this infernal row going on for?' he fiercely growled. 'Do you want to get the sharks upon us again?' There was no answer, and one of the men handed him a pannikin of liquor, which he drank greedily. 'Leo,' he savagely exclaimed, as he put down the vessel, 'you set out with us in half an hour at latest.'

'Mercy, mercy!' gasped the nerveless, feeble wretch: 'mercy!'

'Oh, ay, we'll give you plenty of that, and some to spare. You, too, Ransome, prepare yourself, as well as your dainty daughter here'—— He stopped suddenly, not, it seemed, checked by the frenzied outcries of the females, but by a renewed and piercing whistle on the outside. In the meantime, our fellows were getting on famously with the hoops of the huge spirit-cask. 'Why, that is Richards' whistle,' he exclaimed. 'What the furies can this mean? Unbar the door!'

This was instantly done, and a man, a sailor by his dress, rushed in. 'The *Fair Rosamond* is captured, and the preventive men are in possession of her.'

My 'Quick! quick!' to the men, though uttered too loud, from the suddenness of the surprise, was happily lost in the rageful outburst of Wyatt. 'Hell-fire!' he roared out. 'But you lie; it cannot be.'

'It is true,' rejoined the man. 'I and Clarke went on shore about an hour ago in the punt, just to get a nip of brandy this cold night, as you won't let us break bulk on board. When we returned, Tom went up the side first, was nabbed, and I had hardly time, upon hearing him sing out, to shove off and escape myself.

We were now ready, and two of the planks just over Wyatt's head were carefully turned over. He seemed for a moment paralysed—for a moment only. Suddenly he sprang towards Mary Ransome, grasped her hair with one hand, and in the other held a cocked pistol: 'You,' he shouted—'you, accursed minx, have done this. You went out two hours ago'——

I lifted my hand. 'Hurra! Take that, you cowardly lubber!' roared Dick Rednead; and down went the avalanche of liquid, knocking not only the pistol out of Wyatt's hand, but himself clean off his legs, and nearly drowing Mary Ransome, her mother, and half-a-dozen others. A rope had been made fast to one of the rafters, down which we all quietly slid before the astonished smugglers could comprehend what had happened. Resistance was out of the question, and they did not attempt it. I took Wyatt and one or two others into custody, for having contraband spirits in their possession; and the others were permitted to make themselves scarce as quickly as might be—a license they promptly availed themselves of.

I have but a few words to add. Henry Ransome died, I heard, not long afterwards, of pulmonary consumption, brought on by the abuse of alcoholic liquors, and his wife and daughter ultimately got into respectable service. Mary Ransome married in due time, and with better discretion than her mother, for she does, or did, keep one of the branch post-offices in Bermondsey. Dr. Lee disappeared from the neighborhood the instant the state of his leg enabled him to do so, and I have never seen him since. John Wyatt, *alias* Black Jack, was transported for life, under the *alias* of John Martin, for a highway robbery near Fareham, in the year 1827. Lately I saw him on board the convict hulk at Portsmouth.

The Vincejo's Prize.

[This somewhat curious incident in the under-current of history, is given on the authority of Mr. G. H. Austen, of New Square, Lincoln's Inn, to whom the facts were communicated by his father, Sir F. W. Austen, who commanded one of the ships under the orders of Sir George Cockburn on the occasion referred to in the narrative.]

It is well known that when the French republican armies were overrunning the north of Italy, and commencing that wholesale system of plunder which was afterwards carried out to such perfection by Napoleon's marshals, the then reigning Duke of Florence offered the magnificent collection of pictures which adorned the Pitti Palace, to the English nation for the comparatively small sum of £100,000—a sum which, as the late George Robins might have said, with less than his customary exaggeration, was 'hardly the price of the frames, gentlemen.' Mr. Pitt, seems, unfortunately, to have been less sensible of the value of the collection than scrupulous of asking parliament for the money; and the opportunity was lost of redeeming the national character, by such a set-off against the republican dispersion of the noble collection of Charles I. This circumstance is well known; but it will probably be new to most of our readers to learn, that many of the best pictures which had thus failed to become British property 'by purchase,' narrowly missed becoming so 'by conquest;' and that, in fact, they were for some hours in British custody. Such, however, was the fact, and the following narrative of the circumstances alluded to may perhaps not be considered devoid of interest.

It was in the latter part of the year 1799, that a squadron of British men-of-war was cruising in the Gulf of Genoa. It was known that the French were on the point of evacuating Italy, and these ships had been detached from Lord Keith's fleet, to watch that part of the coast, and to intercept, as far as possible, all communication between the ports of Italy and France. The squadron consisted of four vessels, under the orders of the present admiral of the fleet, Sir Geo. Cockburn, then Capt. Cockburn, whose pendant was flying in the *Minerve* frigate. Whilst some of the vessels kept pretty close in, so as to cut off all communications alongshore, others kept a look-out more to seaward, for any vessels that might attempt to make a straight run across the bay. One afternoon, four sails were discovered to seaward running towards the coast of France. The signal to chase was immediately made, and each of the British cruisers started off in pursuit of one of the strangers. Our concern is with the *Vincejo*, a brig of eighteen guns, commanded by Captain Long, which happened, from her position, to be the most advanced in the chase. She was standing off-shore on the larboard tack, with her head to the south-west, when the chase was discovered somewhat to leeward, standing nearly due west, with the wind on her starboard quarter.—The latter was a smart-looking ship of 600 or 700 tons, displaying no colors; though from the course she was steering, and her evident intention to avoid being overhauled, no doubt was entertained that she was an enemy.

Both vessels sailed well; and as the stranger gradually edged away, the *Vincejo* got more and more into her wake. A stern chase is proverbially a long chase; and though it was apparent from the first that the British, though much smaller, was the faster vessel, it was many hours before she was enabled to get within range. About dusk, however, this was effected, and the first shot from the *Vincejo* produced an instantaneous effect on the chase; her head was thrown into the wind, and she appeared at once resigned to her fate. Great, of course was the anxiety of the captors to learn her character, and comparatively keen the mortification which followed, when, in reply to their hail, the words 'the *Hercules* of Boston, in the United States,' were twanged across the water in unmistakable Yankee tones. Here was a 'lame and impotent conclusion.' England was at peace with the United States; and if the character of the stranger corresponded with her hail, she would prove after all no prize.—The captors, however, were of course not to be put off without examination; and a boat was immediately despatched from the *Vincejo* to board, and see what could be made of her. The officer who was sent on board was received by the captain with a good deal of bluster and swagger; he loudly asserted his rights as a neutral, and threatened the vengeance of Congress if they should be infringed. His account of himself was, that he had come out from Boston with a cargo of 'notions,' which he had traded away at Leghorn; and finding some difficulty in getting a return cargo, he had agreed with some invalid French officers to take them home, and he was now bound for the first port in France he could make. This account appeared to be confirmed by his papers, and by the presence on board of several gaunt, sickly-looking figures, who had all the appearance of being military invalids. There were no visible signs of any cargo; and after a somewhat cursory examination, the lieutenant returned to his ship, after telling the skipper, more for the sake of annoyance than from any expectation of its being realised, 'that Captain Long would certainly detain him.'

This threat had the effect of determining the Yankee skipper to proceed on board the *Vincejo*, and try his eloquence on the captain; and in this expedition he was accompanied by some of his passengers. After their several natures they assailed Captain Long; the Yankees blustered and bullied; the Frenchmen were all suavity and politeness: 'They were quite sure M. le Capitaine was much too generous to take advantage of the chance which had thrown them into his hands—a few poor wounded and disabled invalids on their way home! The English were a brave people, who do not make war on invalids. What object could be gained by making them prisoners? Assuredly, M. le Capitaine would not think of detaining them.' Captain Long was sorely puzzled how to act. It must be owned, that the circumstances were suspicious. Here was a vessel just come from a port in possession of the enemy—for the French still occupied Leghorn—bound avowedly for the enemy's country, and with enemies on board. Were not these grounds enough to detain her? On the other hand, the captain's story might be true: no appearance of any cargo had been discovered; Captain Long doubted whether the presence of the Frenchmen on board would be sufficient to condemn the vessel; and there seemed something pitiful in making them prisoners under such circumstances, even if the laws of war would have sanctioned it. After some deliberation, he took a middle course, and announced that he should keep the American ship by him till daylight, when, if his senior officer should be in sight, he should take her down to him, to be dealt with as Captain Cockburn might decide: if, on the other hand, the *Minerve* should not be in sight, he would, on his own responsibility, allow the *Hercules* to proceed on her voyage. In the meantime, both vessels should return towards the point fixed on by Captain Cockburn as a rendezvous. 'And this,' he observed, 'ought to satisfy all parties, as the *Hercules* would be thereby brought nearer to her destination, which was more than her captain deserved, after the needless chase he had led the *Vincejo*.' This announcement seemed extremely unpalatable to the Yankee captain; and from a very energetic discussion which took place in under-tones between him and his passengers, it was evident they were dissuading him earnestly from some course which he was bent on taking. This was pointed out to Captain Long as an additional circumstance of suspicion, that there was something wrong about the American; and he was strongly urged to detain her, at all events, till he get the opinion of Captain Cockburn; but he adhered to his decision. 'Ay, ay,' said he to the representations of his first lieutenant; 'it's all very well for you gentlemen. You share in the prize-money, but not in the responsibility of our captures; *that* rests upon me. And as I really think there is no ground for detaining the fellow, I'll not do more than I have said.'

Morning came; and with its first dawn many anxious eyes on board both vessels were scanning the horizon in hope and fear. The vessels had made good much of the distance they had run in the chase, and the bold cliffs of the coast between Genoa and Nice were distinctly visible from the masthead to the north and west, but no *Minerve* greeted the searching gaze of the *Vincejo's* look-out. The frigate was no where to be seen. The first-lieutenant of the *Vincejo* having communicated this fact to Captain Long, and made one more effort to prevail on him to detain the *Hercules*, till they could rejoin their senior officer, was most reluctantly compelled to give the order for communicating to the captain of that ship that she was free. The American did not wait for a second permission. Sail was made with all speed; and long before the *Vincejo* reached her rendezvous, her late prize was safe in the harbor at Nice. When Captain Long had reported to Captain Cockburn what had taken place, the latter was by no means disposed to approve of his junior's decision. He thought the circumstance extremely suspicious, and quite sufficient to have justified the detention of the American; and not being under the influence of the gaunt aspects and energetic pleadings of the Frenchmen, he was not inclined to admit the weight of their arguments. 'I think,' said he, 'you might as well have brought her to me: I dare say I could have made something of her.' From the other captains of the squadron, too, Captain Long had to undergo much good-humoured raillery for his tender-heartedness and gullibility; raillery which certainly lost nothing in force, when in a few days the real nature of the adventure became known.

The French having soon afterwards abandoned Leghorn, Captain Cockburn sent one of his squadron into that port for supplies. The intelligence she brought back was truly mortifying. On the arrival of the *Theresa* at Leghorn, it appeared that the *Hercules* was the object of much interest there, and great eagerness had been displayed to learn whether anything was known of her fate. When the facts were communicated, they were received with absolute incredulity.—'Captured, examined, and let go!' It was impossible. Nothing to condemn her!—Why, she was loaded with booty. The plunder of Italy was on board of her. Pictures, church-plate, statues, the *elite* of the spoilers' collections had been sent off in her. She was actually ballasted with brass guns!' It was too true. Upon further inquiry, it appeared, beyond a doubt, that the vessel which had been so unfortunately dismissed as not worth detaining, had French plunder on board, which, on a moderate estimate, was valued at a million and a half sterling; and what made it still more vexatious was the discovery, that the detention of the vessel even for a few hours longer, would have led to the disclosure by the captain of the real nature of his venture. He had with difficulty been prevailed on to undertake the transport of the articles in question, and had only at last consented to do so, on an express agreement, that if he should be detained twenty-four hours by a British cruiser, he should be at liberty to make terms for saving his vessel by denouncing the contents of his cargo. No doubt it was his intention to do this at once, against which the Frenchmen had been so earnestly remonstrating; and had Capt. Long persevered in detaining him; nothing could have prevented the discovery, even if the American himself had not made the disclosure. A little ebullition of temper was to be expected when the news of what they had missed was circulated among the squadron. The captains' shares might be considered as worth £40,000 or £50,000, a sum which it would require considerable philosophy to resign with equanimity. Whether the country could probably have been benefited by the capture, may be a question for jurists. It might have been argued, that the captor of stolen goods could not be entitled to retain them against the original owner. It is probable, however, that no very nice inquiry would have been made [illegible] been considered a case in which, to use the language of Roderick Dhu, it was perfectly justifiable—

"To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend his prey."

BEN JONSING IN NEW ORLEANS.

HE GOES TO A SOIREE.

My Dear Mr. Editor—I haint writ you in so long a time, I spose you naterally have concluded "Ben Jonsing are no more." I had thought I had writ my last, but when I got to this everlastin big town, and seed so many new things, I have just concluded to shell you out a few of the many things that have jammed and crambed my head as chock full of oddities, as you ever seed a boy of ten years have his pockets full of strings, tops, marbles, and old leather.

Ever since I have been in New Orleans, I have had my eyes open as wide as a wolf-trap; howsomever, it did not keep me from hein' run agin some two or three times by them consarned long-tailed two-wheeled carts they haul cotton in, spinin' my shoes in the puddle and runnin' smack into the blessed arms of some three or four good-lookin' gals, whilst I was walkin' very slowly along the road, tryin' to spell out the picture signs. I was about to pologize to the gals, but some of the fellers from Sleepy Hollar said it waran't nothin' to be pologizin' about; that the same accident always happens to fellers as soon as they get to goin' about this town. The fact is, I am sorter inclined to believe that this is the city of sisterly love, and if you had been where I was tuther night, you would have thought so too.

You see my commission merchant is a very clever feller, and axed me if I did not want to go to a sorry. You see, I thought as how it was a sort of funeral, and said no—I was in too good a humor to be a sorry. He seed my mistake, and 'splained to me that it was a frolic where they had musick and dancin'. "Oh, if that is it" "I'll go; but it is a monsus quare name for a frolic."

"Put on your best clothes," says he, "and I will call arter you to-night."

Soon arter supper I shaved as smooth as an Injun, put considerable of the slick on my head, had the upper cend of my shirt as stiff as the side board of a cotton waggon, jacket as white as snow, and shoes as black and shiny as a well-fed nigger's face.

It was my impression that I looked to be considerable "Punkins," and haint felt as big before since the day I took my bonny Kate for better or for wus. Thus tricked out, I went to the Hall, where the sorry was to be seen. I was tolerable green 'bout these things, but made out it was all as natural as a gourd vine, for I seed a heap of green fellers in the city puttin' on big airs.

When we got to the place, we found a great large room, as big as a meetin' house, lighted up with smashin' big lamps, covered all over with glass hangings. The ladies looked as nice as little angels, their faces as white as if they had dipped 'em into a flour barrel; such red cheeks as I haint seen in all Sleepy Holler, their arms all covered with gold bands, chains, and shiny beads; such lips you never did see, they looked "come kiss me" all over—their eyes looked like diamonds, their waists were drawn to the size of a pipe stem, and made them look like they were undergoin' a regular cuttin'-in-two operation, by tyin' a string tight round 'em; and their thin bosoms, oh, lordy! all covered up in lasses and muslin, they rose, then fell, then rose again, like, oh! I don't know what it was like, exceptin' the breathen' of a snowy white goose chucked in a tight bag, with its breast just out.

Arter the gals and youngsters had walked round, and round, for a considerable spell, the musick struck up; and such musick—it was a big horn and a little horn, a big flute and a little flute, a big fiddle an a little fiddle—and such squakin', squallin', bellowin,' and groanin', I never hurd before; it was like all the cats, pigs and frogs in christendom had concluded to sing together. They called it a *German Poker*.—I spose it was made by some of them Cincinnati Germans, in imitation of the squallin' at a Pork packery, and I guess it was a pretty good imitation.

So soon as the musick struck up, such a sight. The fellers just couples the gals right round the waist with one hand, and pulled 'em smack up in kissin' order, with the gals' bosoms agin their bosoms, and the gals' chins restin on the fellers' shoulders. At this the gals begin to sorter jump and caper, like they were agoin' to push 'em away; but the feller just caught hold of their other hand and held it off, and begun to jump and caper too, just like the gals.

I swon upon a stock of bibles, you never seed such a sight. There was some two dozen gals held tight in the arms of them fellers—they a rorin' and a jumpin', and a pushin' 'em backwards over the room, (as I thought, tryin' to get away,) and the fellers holdin' on to 'em tighter and tighter—the more the gals jumped and capered, the tighter they squeezed the gals, till at last I began to think the thing was hein' carried too far for fun. I was a little green in these matters, and seein' the gals tryin' harder and harder to get away, as I thought, and the fellers holdin' tighter, and tighter, it is very natural I should take part of the gals. So my dander kept risin' higher and higher, till I thought my biler would bust unless I let out the steam. I bounced smack into the middle of the room.

"Thunder and lightnin'!—everybody come here with a shot-gun, five shooters, and butcher-knives!" bawled I at the top of my voice, "for I will be shot if any dod-blasted, long-bearded, monkey-faced feller shall impose on gals in that way where I am!"—and was just a goin' to pitch into 'em promiscuously, when my merchat caught me by the arm, and said, "Stop, Ben. I'll be cussed," says I, "if I will see the wimin folks imposed on! Look what them fellers are doin,' and how hard the gals are rarin' and pitchen' to get away from 'em.—Do you spose I can stand as still as a mile post, and see gals suffer so. Look," says I, "there is a gal almost broke down, and ready to give up to that orang-outang of a feller! Yonder is another, so faint, her head has fallen on the bosom of that monster!" I tell you I was ashy. I felt like I could jump into 'em like a catamount into a pig-pen.

When I looked into my merchant's face, I thought he would have hooted. He left, and left, and kepitted down and left. "Why," said he, "Ben, that is nothing but the *real sore waltz* they are dancin', and them gals aint tryin' to get away from them fellers, they are only coaxin' to make the fellers hold 'em tighter, kiss they like it. The more a gal capers, the tighter they like it. As to laxin' their head on the fellers bosom, that's very common in this city. They expect to be married some of these days, and they want to be accustomed to it, so they won't be a blushin' and turnin' pale when the Parson tells the groom to salute the bride. There is nothin' like bein' use to such things."

"You may take my hat," says I to my merchant, "I was tuk in that time." I tell you, though, it is the first time I ever seed the like before. I have seen the Injin hug, and the Congo dance, but I tell you this red war waltz, knocks the hat crown out of everything I ever seed.

Arter I had got out of the way, and everything commenced goin on agin, the music got faster and faster, oh! it was as fast and furious as a nor'wester. The gals reared agin, the fellers hugged tighter, and the music-makers puffed out a blowin'. Then the gals and fellers went round like so many dancin' tops run mad. The fellers leaned back and the gals leaned to [illegible] day, and the fellers' coat tails stood out as straight as an egg would not have rolled off. Their faces were as fixed and serious as at a sermon. Around, and around, and around they went it, it makes me dizzy to think of it. Pop went the coat tails, crash went the music, and pitty patty, rumple dumple de thump went the feet of all. By and by, as beautiful craft as you ever seed in the shape of woman, layin' close upon a long bean-pole lookin' feller, came sailin' at the rate of fifteen knots an hour down our way, whilst a fat, dumpy woman, and humped shouldered, beef-eatin' sort of a feller, at the same speed went up the other. I seed there was to be bumpin, and naterally trembled for the consequences. Sure enough, cawbollop they came together, and slap-dash the whole on 'em fell flat in the middle of the floor, carryin' along with 'em everybody standing near.

Such a mixing up of things as then took place haint occurred befors since old father Noah unloaded the great ark. There was legs and arms, white kids and pruenellas, patent leathers and with gaiters, shoe-strings and garters, neck ribbons and guard chains, false curls and whiskers, womens' bustles and pocket handkerchiefs, all in a pile; the gals a kie io and squeelin, and the fellers a groutin and apologizin. "Oh! lordy," says I, for I was considerable flustrated at the sight, "stop that music, blow out the lights, or all hands shut their eyes, till these women folks get unmixed." At this, such a laugh you never heard.

"Why, Col. Jonsing," says my merchant, "that is nothin, it frequently happens, and is one of the advantages of the *red war* waltz. "If the gals aint learned how to mix with the world, how can they ever get along?" "I would rather have them a little less mixed."—However, let us leave, for I seed enough of the sorry in that pile, just now, to satisfy me for a week," and at that we bid em good night and left, promisin to go to the next one and take a few lessons in the common POKKER and SHOUTER dance. How I came out may be I may tell you in another letter.

Your friend,
BEN. JONISNO, of Sleepy Holler.

A BOLD BOY AND A COWARD.—Two boys were one day going home from school, when on turning the corner of the street the largest of the two called out—"A fight! a fight! let us go and see."

"No," said the other, "let us go home; we have nothing to do with the quarrel, and may get into mischief."

"You are a coward, and afraid to go," said the other, and off he ran.

The younger went straight home, and in the afternoon went to school as usual, when the boys laughed at him a great deal for not going to the fight. But he had learned that true courage was shown most in bearing blame, where it is not deserved, and that he *ought to be afraid of nothing but sin.*

A few days after these lads were all bathing when one of them got into deep water and began to drown. The boys we all afraid to go near him, and got out of the water as fast as they could. The lad would very soon have been lost, had not the boy who would not go to the fight, and who had been laughed at by them as a coward, just then came up. He at once threw of his clothes, and springing into the water, just reached the sinking boy in time, and by great effort brought him to shore. The other boys were now all mch ashamed, and confessed *he had more courage than any of them.*

SOME FEW WEEK AGO, I strolled into a friend's counting room. He being absent I commenced a chat with his clerk, when a good looking "cullud pusson," entered, doffed his castor, and said—

"Mas' Bob, can you len' me a quarter till this art'noon, and I pay him sartin?"

Mas' Bobs ppied his dexter to his vest pocket but it made "no sign." I turned.

"Well Buck, you look tolerably honest, but as I don't know you, if you will give me security, I'll lend you the quarter."

His eye brightened as he asked—

"Mas' Bob will go my s'curity?"

"Yes," replied Bob.

I forked over. Some time afterwards wending the same way, as I was about to enter the office, [illegible]

"Buck, where's my quarter? You didn't pay me as you promised."

"No, sah! but I gif you s'curity!"

"Well, but I want you to pay me—I lent you the quarter."

"Dat's true, sah, but am the custom down here to 'zaust de s'curity fust."

I left.—[*Spirit of the Times.*]

TOBACCO.—The market continues active, and the receipts are large. The sales for the week ending Saturday, amounted to 488 hogsheads at the auction warehouses.

The choicest tobacco sold last week was grown in Butler co., which embraces some of the finest tobacco lands in the State, and the tobacco is admirably adapted to manufacturing purposes. Saturday, a hogshead of manufacturing leaf, grown by J. Puckett, of Butler co., sold at Todd's warehouse at $7 85 per hundred pounds. Another hogshead grown by T. E. Puckett, commanded $7 00; and some twenty other hogsheads from the same county sold at an average of fully $5 25 per hundred pounds.—*Louisville Courier, 5th inst.*

FRAUD ON THE CUSTOM HOUSE.—Edward Weinkle, a German merchant, doing business in William street, New York, was arrested by the United States Marshal yesterday morning, on complaint of Collector Maxwell, charged with defrauding the revenue by having two invoices—one at a low rate to pass at the custom house, and the other at the real rate for his own use. It is alleged that this is not the first offence of the kind. He was held to bail in $10,000.

☞ The steamship Black Warrior, built fo he New York and Mobile line, was launched at New York on Thursday.

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REEDER'S BUILDING,
Third Street, next door to the City Bank between Vine and Walnut,
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This Company effect Insurance on lives, confer endowments, grant annuities, and make all other contracts appertaining to Life Insurance, *on the most favorable terms.*

All the advantages which can be secured by insurance in any office in this country, may be had in this Company. The capital is large and well secured, and the character and standing of those who compose the Board, is a guaranty that the affairs of the Company will be honestly and judiciously managed, and the interests of the insured protected.

In addition to the usual terms of Insurance, this Company have made arrangements to insure those who do not use intoxicating liquors, at lower rates than other persons. Also insure Divisions of the Sons of Temperance. A Division of fifty members, by paying the small annual premium of sixty-six dollars, may insure Five Thousand Dollars on the lives of their members, the sum of One Hundred Dollars being paid by the Company on the death of each member.

Joint Stock Department.

Rates reduced *thirty-three and one-third per cent.* Those who insure on this plan anticipate the profits of a *Mutual* Company (to the amount of 33⅓ per cent.) in the reduction of the premium. If a person wishes to leave a definite sum to his heirs, not subject to the contingencies of profits, this system of assurance is preferable. Or if he wishes to insure for a period less than life.

Mutual Department.

In this department, when the premium amounts to Forty dollars and upwards, but one half is required in cash; dividends of profits annually. This department, *unlike* other Mutual Companies, is secured by the whole capital of the Company, (i. e.) $150,000 and its accumulations.

By combining in one office the Joint Stock and Mutual System of Insurance, we offer advantages to insurers which cannot be obtained in any other plan. To our Mutual insurers we give the security of our Joint Stock Capital of $150,000 and its accumulations, and lessen the expenses of this department one half (which is equivalent to 17½ per cent.) thereby enabling the Company to declare larger dividends.

The directors of this Company are personally interested in its prosperity.

There are no Directors but what are Stockholders, which fact will induce a great degree of caution in taking none but good lives, in the judicious investment of its funds, rigid economy in incurring expenses, and in the general management of its business.

It has been the policy of some companies to divide the entire amount of their surplus, utterly regardless of the uncertain nature of their obligations.

But it must be apparent to every one, that this is an *unsafe*, if not a *dishonest*, mode of transacting business.

The *certainty* of future losses, to which every Life Insurance Company is liable, renders it absolutely necessary that a large reserve fund should form a permanent investment for the payment of such losses.

It will be the policy of the Washington Life Insurance Company always to have a reserve fund securely invested proportionate to its amount of business.

This is the only method by which adequate security can at all times be furnished to the insured and place the Company in a position in which no amount of future losses can impair its solvency.

The charter of the Washington Life Insurance Company provides that a wife may insure the life of her husband for her benefit, and for her children, and at his death receive the amount of the policy, without regard to the debts of the husband. Creditors cannot take it. This privilege cannot be obtained in a foreign company.

The advantages of Life Insurance commends itself to the favorable consideration of every class of persons in community. *Unlike Fire or Marine* Insurance, in which there is no data for the calculation of premiums, it is founded on the immutable laws of nature, fixed and invariable. The rates or premiums are deduced from the bills of mortality, and verified by the experience of more than a century.

There is no mode of investment more sure, more certain, or more easily attainable, or more profitable to the insurer, than Life Insurance. It is the only species of investment that has stood the test of time, and it yet remains to be recorded, the fact of the first purely Life Insurance Company that has failed to meet its obligations during the lapse of nearly a century and a half.

It is the prop which the dying husband leaves to support the wife of his bosom. It is the unseen hand of the provident father reaching forth from the grave, and still nourishing his offspring and keeping together the family groups. By it, the faithful son protects his aged parents, even when he has preceded them into eternity; through it the honest debtor satisfies his confiding creditor, where fate seemed least propitious. In a moral and worldly sense, it is one great weapon by which to rob death of *his sting.*

There is danger in delay. Life is uncertain; we know not what a day may bring forth.

A man has no guaranty for health or existence beyond the present moment. If he has made no provision for those who look up to him for support, it is his duty to do so, and to do it immediately. If he loses his health, or be hurried to an untimely grave, what is to become of his wife and children.

Tell it not that the man loves his wife and children, who, having the means and opportunity, makes no effort to protect them against the *contingencies of remediless poverty.*

California risks taken on the most favorable terms.

January 15, 1852.

DEPOT FOR TEMPERANCE
PUBLICATIONS.

E. MERDENHALL, 3 COLLEGE HALL, Walnut Street, makes it his constant endeavor to fill all orders for Temperance books and other publications with dispatch. MAPS, CHARTS, and GUIDE BOOKS, for all parts of the world.

Cotton's, Pelton's and Mitchell's Outline Maps.
Holbrook's and others' School Apparatus.
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THE DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE HOUSE OF EMPLOYMENT,

IN the Centre Hall Building corner of Western Row and 5th street, keep constantly on hand ladies' and gentlemen's linen, misses and childrens clothes of all descriptions. Also—an intelligence office for procuring help.

The House of Employment, although under the management of the D. of T., is not for the purpose of aiding that society, as has been frequently stated; not a half dozen members of the Order have received employment since its institution; but its object is to give employment indiscriminately, to all worthy, destitute females.

January 15, 1852.

C. H. BRODFUEHRER,
MANUFACTURER OF
BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 58 West Sixth Street,
North side, between Walnut and Vine sts.,
CINCINNATI.

☞ The above establishment keeps constantly on hand a selected assortment of the above articles, and will make the same to order at the shortest notice. march 18

J. H. MOORE. J. H. CHESTER.
MOORE & CHESTER,
TEA DEALERS,
N. E. Corner of Seventh and Walnut, Cinc.,
BUY and sell for CASH, and are the heaviest Tea Dealers in the west.
N. B. Prices lower than any credit house in the United States. (Fb. 12, 1851.

AYER'S
CHERRY PECTORAL,
For the Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

THIS invaluable remedy for all diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS, has attained a celebrity from its remarkable cures, never equalled by any other medicine before. Other Preparations have shown themselves *palliatives*, and sometimes effected notable cures, but none has ever so fully won the confidence of every community where it is known. After years of trial in every climate, the results have indisputably shown it to possess a mastery over this dangerous class of diseases, which could not fail to attract the attention of Physicians, patients, and the public at large.

See the statements, not of obscure individuals and from far distant places, but of men who are known and respected throughout the country.

The widely celebrated Surgeon, Doct. VALENTINE MOTT, of New York City, says:

"It gives me pleasure to certify the value and efficacy of 'AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,' which I consider peculiarly adapted to diseases of the throat and lungs."

DR. PERKINS, the venerable President of the Vermont Medical College, one of the eminently learned physicians of this country, writes: "The CHERRY PECTORAL is extensively used in this session, where it has shown unusual able evidence of its happy effects upon pulmonary diseases."

REV. E. CORNELIUS, a distinguished Clergyman of the English Church, writes

to the Proprietor from Montreal, that "he has been cured of a severe asthmatic affection, by CHERRY PECTORAL." His letter at full length, may be found in our Circular, to be had of our Agent, and is worth the attention of asthmatic patients.

This letter is from the well known Druggist at Hillsdale, Michigan, one of the largest dealers in the State; and this case is from his own observation.

HILLSDALE, MICH., Dec. 10, 1849.

Dear Sir: Immediately on receipt of your CHERRY PECTORAL, I carried a bottle to an acquaintance of mine who was thought to be near his end with a quick consumption. He was then unable to rise from his bed, and was extremely feable. His friends believed he must soon die, unless relief could be obtained for him, and I induced them to give your excellent medicine a trial. I immediately left town for three weeks, and you may judge of my surprise on my return, to meet him in the street, on my way home from the cars, and find he had entirely recovered. Four weeks from the day he commenced taking your medicine, he was at work at his arduous trade of blacksmith.

There are other cases within my knowledge, where the CHERRY PECTORAL has been singularly successful, but none so marked as this. Very truly yours,
C. W. UNDERWOOD.

Hear the Patient.

DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell—Dear Sir: Feeling under obligations to you for the restoration of my health, I send you a report of my case, which you are at liberty to publish for the benefit of others. Last autumn I took a bad cold, accompanied by a severe cough, and made use of many medicines without obtaining relief. I was obliged to give up business, frequently raised blood, and could get no sleep at night. A friend gave me a bottle of your CHERRY PECTORAL, the use of which I immediately commenced according to directions. I have just purchased the fifth bottle, and am nearly recovered. I now sleep well, my cough has ceased, and all by the use of your valuable medicine. E. S. STONE, A. M.,
Principal Mt. Hope Seminary.

HANOVER, Ohio, April 3, 1850.

Dear Sir: I wish I could tell all that suffer with a cough, what your CHERRY PECTORAL has done for me. It does seem they might be benefitted by the information. I had a lung fever which left my lungs weak and inflamed. Being very feeble and unable to gain strength at all, my friends thought I must soon sink in consumption. I had no appetite, and a dreadful cough was fast wearing me away. I began to take your beautiful medicine, by the advice of a clergyman, who had seen its effects before. It eased my cough at first, and gave me rest at night. In less than a fortnight I could eat well, and my cough had ceased to be troublesome, my appetite returned, and my food nourished me, which soon restored my strength. Now, after five weeks, I am well and strong, with no other help than your Cherry Pectoral.
Yours, with respect,
JULIA DEAN.

I hereby certify that the above statement of my wife is in conformity with my own views of her case and her cure by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
JOSEPH DEAN.

The above named Joseph Dean and Julia, his wife, are personally known to me, and implicit confidence may be placed in their statement.
SAMUEL C. VAN DERWENT
Pastor of the Baptist Church.

Prepared and sold by JAMES C. AYER,
Practical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Fred. Eckstein, corner of Main and Fourth streets, Cincinnati; G. Roberts & Co., Columbus; Sturgis & Bigelow, Mansfield; and by all druggists in Ohio.

may 21 3m-y

BOSTON EATING HOUSE.
No. 130 Sycamore Street, Cincinnati.

BILL OF FARE.

DINNER.

Soups.			
Beef	10	Chicken	10
Mutton	10	Veal	10
Turtle	10	Macaroni	10
Roast.			
Beef	10	Veal	10
Pork	10	Chicken	15
Lamb	10	Turkey	15
Boiled.			
Mutton, with Caper Sauce,	15	Corn'd Beef and Vegetables	10
Chicken	10	Corned Pork	10
Cold Ham	10		
Cooked to Order.			
Beef Steak	10	Broiled Liver	10
Pork Steak	10	Broiled Mackeral	10
Mutton Chops	10	Broiled Chicken,	15
Veal Cutlets	10	Broiled Tripe	10
Fried Ham and Eggs	10	Fried Eggs	10
Fried Sausages	10		
Puddings.			
Bread	5	Farina	5
Plum	5	Custard,	5
Rice	5	Boiled Apple	5
Pies.			
Mince	5	Peach	5
Apple	5	Lemon	5
Cranberry	5		
Sundries.			
Veal Pot Pie	15	Bread and Milk	10
Chicken Pie	15	Mush and Milk	10
Pigs' Feet	10	Baked Beans	10
Fried Fish	10	Vegetables	5
Crackers and Milk	10	Sweet Potatoes	5
BREAKFAST AND SUPPER.			
Hot Biscuits	5	Buttered Toast	10
Cold Meats	10	Dry Toast	5
Cream Toast	10	Tea	5
Indian Cakes	10	Coffee	5
Griddle Cakes	10	Cocoa	5
Buckwheat Cakes	10	Fried Potatoes	5

WM. H. FALES, PROPRIETOR.
Jan 15, 1852.—1y

SONS OF TEMPERANCE IN OHIO.
OFFICE OF THE GRAND SCRIBE.

BRETHREN,—This mode of communication is employed to afford information which is constantly sought by letters from every part of the State.

The publications of the Order are kept on hand at this office, and sent to