



POETRY.

FROM THE OLIVE BRANCH.

"WE MEET AGAIN IN HEAVEN."
Though far from thee, nor time nor space,
Our hearts can e'er divide,
Our hearts can e'er divide,

While memory lasts, 'twill bring to view
The form I loved to see,
And oft recall the last adieu,

What though no distance rolls between,
Fate dooms these hearts to sever,
Until we meet in worlds unseen,

In Heaven what raptures fill the breast!
We meet to part no more;
No mortal can disturb the rest,

MISCELLANY.

From the Ladies' Garland.

THE FIRST AND LAST QUARREL.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

John Thomson's wife had a bad fashion of getting out of patience with her servants at meal time, and looking cross and talking cross to her domestics when her husband came home, with the pleasing hope uppermost in his mind of a quiet retreat from the toils and troubles of business.

But he was often sadly grieved to find that from some cause or other, his wife had sunny and great trouble with her domestics. Things hardly ever went right, and she was often in a very unhappy humor.

Now the reader must not, for a moment, suppose that John Thomson's better half was not a loving wife. She was affectionate to a fault, when in the humor; and kiss, and "my dear," and talk love to him by the hour.

One morning in May, and it happened to be a very sultry morning, Mr. Thomson examined his bank notices, and found that he had three thousand dollars to pay. He did not look at his bank book for he remembered so distinctly that he had checked to within five dollars the day before.

"And now what is to be done?" he said aloud, as he sat down in a chair to collect his thoughts.

"Any thing over to-day, Mr. Thompson?" said a neighbor advancing towards the desk, near which he was seated.

"Short three thousand dollars!" replied Mr. Thompson, mechanically.

"No chance for me, then," said the neighbor, withdrawing on the instant.

"Humph! I should think not," soliloquized Mr. Thompson, with an ironical smile. "But what must I do? Borrow, of course; that's the only remedy. But where shall I borrow? that's the question. I owe two thousand dollars borrowed money now, and to-morrow half of that must be paid—I'm hard up with all my borrowing friends, except such as are hard up themselves. What shall I do?"

But Mr. Thompson, like a philosopher as he was, readily came to the conclusion that sitting there was not going to get his note out of bank; so he sallied forth, still undetermined as to how he should raise the money. Being in the dry goods line, he took the south side of Market street, and commenced a line of calls from Frederick street up.

"How's the money market to-day?" was his first salutation to a young man he had often accommodated.

"Tight enough! I want five hundred dollars."

"Nothing to spare, of course!"

"Not a dollar."

"Then I can't stop here. Good morning."

"Any thing over to-day?" he asked next door.

"Twenty dollars, if that will help you any."

"Can't you spare a hundred by one o'clock?"

"Very likely, call about that time and if we take in as much you shall have it."

"Very well," said John Thomson, entering it upon his memorandum book.

"Can you spare five hundred dollars to-day?" was asked at his next place of entry.

"No; but we can two hundred."

"Tight as a boot to-day. We have ten thousand dollars to pay."

"Good morning," said Thompson, who understood the evasion.

"Can you let me have that hundred dollars to-day? I shall need every cent I can raise," he said as he went into another store.

"Not if you can spare it longer."

"You shall have it longer and welcome, but I must raise three thousand dollars to-day, and don't know no more than the man in the moon where it is to come from."

"I will let you have it, then, by one o'clock."

This was also entered among the memorandums. "How are you off for the metal to-day?" was asked of another retailer.

"Nothing over to-day, Thompson; sorry for it!" and the man turned to his desk and went on writing.

"Have you a thousand dollars out of town money to-day?" he asked of a partner in a large domestic house in Sharp street, for he had got up this high.

"Come in, and I will see." After running over a large bundle of notes, and selecting from them a pretty respectable quantity, the merchant turned to Thompson and said:

"Here is one thousand dollars Wheeling and Pittsburg, which you can have for a week—and five hundred Louisville, which you may have for two weeks."

"Can't you say any better than that?"

"These are the best terms. We can usually work it off even better. But if it will accommodate you any, you are welcome to it."

"I will take it then, said Thompson, eagerly clutching the money, and passing his two checks, dated one and two weeks ahead.

He was now pretty well through with all the business friends upon whom he could call, and he returned to his store to take soundings. The day had proved intensely hot, and on his return he found himself completely exhausted. It was past twelve o'clock, and as he fixed his eyes upon the face of a large clock, ticking away in one corner of the store, the minute hand seemed to move with a strange rapidity.

"What is to be done now?" he said half despairingly—"O, there is my friend G—— in Howard street, who is generally pretty easy; I must see him." So off he hurried up street, and to his great disappointment, found G—— was not in.

After waiting for a quarter of an hour he came back, without having seen him. It lacked now but a quarter of one. The second person upon whom he called, promised to let him have one hundred dollars at one o'clock, so he went in there. The store was full of customers, and his friend seemed to care more about attending to them than loaning money. After waiting ten minutes, Thompson moved towards the door, saying as he passed out, "I'll drop in again!"

"Very well," said the man, without alluding to the known cause of Mr. T's errand.

He next called upon the friend who was to have returned the borrowed money, but he found it impossible to raise over fifty. The two hundred dollars that had been promised—Mr.—— had gone to dinner, and left no word with his clerk about it! Thompson still was twelve hundred and fifty dollars short and in one hour the bank would close. His bill book showed the existence of several bills receivable amounting to seven or eight thousand dollars, maturing in short dates, drawn by business men, good and true. All the banks had ceased discounting, and those, consequently, had turned down at the board, and four handed back to him. Visions of three and four per cent. a month now began to float before his mind; and rendered desperate, he selected notes to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars, and proceeded to the office of a noted broker, who received him with a cold nod.

"I want to get these notes done, Mr. P——"

Mr. P—— went over them very slowly, remarking as he went, or rather dropping a few words at a time, as if talking to himself—"rather"—"too long to run,"—"another name,"—&c. &c.

"If you can get another good name on these, I think I can get them done for you."

"It's too late to talk about another name, I must have the money at once."

"The drawer of these notes is rather ticklish, it is thought. If they were stronger there would be no difficulty. Don't you think you could easily get your friend to put his name upon it?"

"No—he is gone to his dinner, and I have no time to lose. If you think you can't get them done I must go to Mr. C——"

"I'll try my best for you. Come in half an hour."

In the interim, Mr. Thompson went to an exchange office, and got his money discounted. This was done at a loss of fifty dollars.

True to the minute, a quarter before three Mr. Thompson was at Mr. P——'s office. Mr. P—— was not there. He sat for five minutes in a state of mental torture which few can imagine except those who have suffered a like infliction, when Mr. P—— entered.

"Have you got them done for me?" said Mr. Thompson eagerly.

"No, I have not," said the broker, coldly. "I could find but one man who would do them at all, and his charge was higher than I felt willing to contract to pay, before I saw you."

"What does he ask?" said Mr. Thompson, eagerly.

"Three and a half per cent. a month."

Mr. Thompson groaned aloud. He looked at his watch, it lacked eight minutes of three.

"Can you get it in time?"

"I will give you the money at once, and can get it from him myself."

"Then let me have it quick."

The calculation was made; and as the notes had an average of two months to run, the discount was seven per cent., which added to the broker's commission of one per cent., took off from Mr. Thompson's fifteen hundred dollars, the round sum of one hundred and twenty dollars.

The clock struck three just as Mr. Thompson set his foot upon the steps of the bank. His note safely in his possession, he retired to his store, and after entering up the cash and making the necessary memorandums of borrowed money, started for home. His head ached badly, and he felt feverish. Visions of home and an hour's retirement then came up in his thoughts. He remembered the pleasant smile with which his wife had parted with him in the morning, and the sweetly uttered "come home soon, dear father," of his little prattling boy. If ever home is sweet to man, it is after the racking anxieties of such a day as that through which Mr. Thompson had passed; and he turns toward it with a feeling akin to that of the tempest tossed mariner, when he turns his prow towards the land of his nativity. Nothing is so calculated to sour the mind of man, thus circumstanced, and make home unpleasant to him, as to find the little domestic trials all operating to make his wife irritable and out of temper. His own anxieties have been of a character so important to the peace and well-being of his family, that the troubles incident to domestic duties seemed like "trifles light as air" in comparison,

and to find his home made unpleasant on account of them, is more than he had looked for, and more than he can well bear. For the sake of his wife's peace of mind, he breathes not his own difficulties, and puts on a cheerful face, while his feelings are under a cloud. To find her unwilling to bear her part, and constantly marring his domestic comforts by complaints or sour looks, tends to irritate and discourage him. It is not to be wondered that some, under such circumstances, become cross, or neglectful of their families. But let us follow Mr. Thompson home to dinner.

On entering the parlor, he saw at a glance, that something was wrong. There was a dark scowl upon the brow of Mrs. Thompson. She rang the bell for dinner without uttering a word, and after sundry delays, it was served up in about half an hour from the time Mr. Thompson came in. Seats were taken at the table in profound silence. On the part of Mr. Thompson there was no desire to speak, for he knew that all that was wanted was but a single word, when the avalanche would break through all its barriers, and he had no desire to witness its fury. But his heart felt like lead in his bosom. His silence, however, was not to prove an antidote. There was no salt upon the table.

"No salt upon the table. I declare," said Mrs. Thompson, in a high pitched voice, ringing her table bell violently, "I never can get the table set right."

The salt cellars were brought, and Nancy received a sound beating for her carelessness. Scarcely had she got back into the kitchen, when it was discovered that there were no large spoons upon the table, and with sundry exclamations of disquietude of mind, the bell was rung again.

"I can tell you what it is, Nancy," began Mrs. Thompson, as the domestic entered,—"I've no notion of having things done after this fashion—Here's not a single spoon upon the table; nor no water either, as I live, Nancy, this is too bad! I won't put up with it." Nancy disappeared, and Mrs. Thompson continued:

"The fact is, Mr. Thompson, I'm over done, and completely worn out. I don't see a bit of peace of my life. You don't seem to think it any thing, but I only wish you had it to do. Men think our work nothing."

"Why, what is the matter, my dear? It was easy enough to get the salt, and the spoons, and the water, without getting into a fever about them."

For the first time in his life, Mr. Thompson spoke in a reproving tone, and on the instant his better half took fire.

"Getting into a fever about it? Who's getting into a fever? Mr. Thompson, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Mrs. Thompson. That it was easy enough to get the things wanted without losing temper."

"Who lost temper? I'd like to know that. I don't like such insinuations, and won't put up with them. You men think we never have any trouble. You get up in the morning, and have every thing to your hand, and go off to your business, and come home again, and every thing is done for you."

"And with a very bad grace, sometimes, too," rejoined Mr. Thompson. "This was too much for Mrs. Thompson to bear; and bursting into tears, she left the table and retired to her chamber. It was sometime before Mr. Thompson's irritated feelings would allow him to follow his wife, but he soon yielded to better thoughts, and slowly ascended the stairs that led to the chamber. He found his wife lying upon the bed sobbing hysterically. What to do, he did not exactly know, but his better feelings had returned, and as he was heartily sorry for what he had said, he felt that it was necessary to do something. He first of all called her tenderly by her name, but she made no answer. This again irritated him; he had no idea of being trifled with. He was himself a straight forward kind of a man, and when he so offered terms as to speak kindly, he very naturally thought Mrs. Thompson ought to meet him half way.

"Sarah!" he said once more, in a tone slightly modified from its peculiar expression of tenderness. But there was no reply. "Sarah!" he again repeated, in a voice still affectionate, and a little louder. But still there was no answer. Again his evil genius overcame him, and he said roughly:

"Sarah, if you think to play the fool with me, you are mistaken. I have borne your ill humors long enough, and now you must change a little for my accommodation, or there will be trouble in the wigwag. I have spoken out at last what has been boiling up a long time. Home has ceased to be a pleasant place to me, and all because of your cloudy brow, and continual fault finding. Scold your servants in the kitchen and wear your frown to them if they do wrong; but don't punish me with their misdeeds. And now I am going to the store—I shall expect, when I return at night, a pleasant reception than I generally get: so good by."

Mrs. Thompson had remained silent, when spoken to by her husband, for the amiable purpose of punishing him, by exciting his sympathies to a painful degree in her behalf, but in this he had failed her. And now that he had really gone, for she heard the street door bang after him, she began to think a little soberly of the consequences of such a state of things, if continued. She really loved her husband, although often disposed to be fretful towards him when things went wrong in her domestic concerns.

Pride whispered many spirited thoughts in her ear, but the ground work of real good sense that was at the bottom of her character, hushed into silence the insidious suggestions. To win her husband back from this strange mood had become her ruling desire, long before the hour of his return had arrived; and when the door bell rang at dusk, she was instant to answer it, and receive him with a calm, affectionate, but sad smile; for she could not banish from her heart the consciousness that he was angry with her, and not without a cause.

Mr. Thompson was evidently taken by surprise. He had not prepared himself for such a reception. He had expected coolness for two or three days, and he had nerved himself to go through it like a man. He had resolved, also, to conquer at all hazards. He did not speak, at the moment, but took her hand, and with a kind pressure, led her into the room and seated himself beside her on the sofa.

"Sarah," he said in a tone of great kindness, "you have no doubt thought my conduct to-day strange. Let me explain it to you. I have great troubles in my business, and often distressing anxieties. Particularly in these times of unexampled commercial difficulties, I find it almost impossible, even with the greatest sacrifices, to get along. But with none of these things have I wished to trouble you. But you have acted differently towards me. Your difficulties with your domestics have irritated you, and you have too often allowed your feelings of irritation to expend themselves upon me. Often when a little attention on your part would have made every thing go right, you have trusted to servants you knew to be careless, and then disturbed the pleasures of a meal by scolding them, or grumbling through it on account of your difficulties.

My dear Sarah, this is wrong. This morning I had greater difficulty to get my note out of the bank than ever, and after running through the hot sun and enduring all kinds of mortifying denials,

in my attempts to borrow money, had, in the end, to sacrifice one hundred and seventy dollars, more than I now make in a month, to get money from a heartless broker. The clock struck three as I entered the bank. Two minutes later, and my note would have been protested, and I ruined.

"With a violent head-ache and burning with a fever, caused by great mental excitement, I came home at dinner time, anxious for a little quiet of mind, to recover myself. But when I found you ready to annoy me about some trifling neglect of the servant, I could not endure it. I should not have spoken if I had reflected a moment, but it may be as well."

Mrs. Thompson made no answer, but twined her arms around the neck of her husband, and looked up into his face with mild, repentant eyes, that were running over with tears. It was their first and last quarrel.

Marriage.—One of the most remarkable features of this extraordinary institution is, the successive changes it undergoes in the course of its history. When the young husband and wife first enter upon their new relation, how little do they foresee what is before them. As they take possession, for the first time, of their new house, and enjoy its cheering aspect, its regularity and quiet, and its expression of domestic peace and joy, how little do they anticipate the trials and vicissitudes, the deep and unseen fountains of joy and sorrow, which lie in their future way! In a few years how changed! One after another has been added in various ways to the company which began only with two, until at length they find themselves presiding over a numerous circle of children, and relatives and domestics; the father and mother both involved in responsibilities, from which they would have altogether shrunk, had they anticipated them at the beginning. In a few years this happy circle must be broken in upon and scattered. Death comes in and makes one and another his prey; others gradually arrive at maturity, and leave their father's roof to seek other homes, and to return no more to the ark which sheltered them at first; and, at last, the father and mother are left alone, to spend their declining years at their solitary fireside, to look back upon scenes of activity, and trial, and enjoyment, which can never return. Such is the outline of the history of thousands of families.

Comparing Possessions.—A gentleman one day took an acquaintance upon the leads of his house, to show him the extent of his possessions. Walking his hand about, "There," said he, "that is my estate." Then pointing to a great distance on the other side—"Do you see that farm?" "Yes." "Well, that is mine." Pointing again to the other side—"Do you see that house?" "Yes." "That also belongs to me." Then said his friend—"Do you see that little village out yonder?" "Yes." "Well, there lives a poor woman in that village, who can say more than all this." "Ay, what can she say?" "Why, she can say, 'Christ is mine.'" He looked confounded and said no more.

Street Scene.—A gentleman pushing down the street in hot haste; a ragged urchin running after him.

"Mithter! Mithter! O, Mithter! I thay—Mithter."

"Are you calling me, boy?"

"Yeth, thir; I thow what hurry you ith in."

"Well, speak quick, what do you want? I've no time to spare."

"Ith you going down threet?"

"To be sure, you little dunce—what do you want?"

"Why, mother thent me out to hunt our old thpeckled hen, and if you thee her, I wish you'd catch her for me. Coth, you thee, I'm tired a looking for her."

"Pat, are the days any longer in Ireland than in this country?" "Longer! aye, you may well say it; and not only longer, but there are a great many more of them."

Extraordinary Cat.—A cat of extraordinary intelligence, says a writer in Bentley, was lately seen feeding a kitten with starch to make it stand upright.

Dig potatoes, lay stone wall, peddle tin ware, do any thing that is honest and useful, rather than be idle.

Marriage generally improves the character of woman; not only because it puts her under the best possible tuition, that of the affections, and affords scope to her active energies; but because it gives her high aims, and a more dignified position in society!

An Arabian having brought a blush to a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her: "My looks have planted roses in your cheeks—why forbid me to gather them? The law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."

THE CULTIVATOR,

A consolidation of Buell's Cultivator and the Genesee Farmer. WILLIS GAYLORD & LUTHER TUCKER, Editors.

Prospectus of Vol. 8, for 1841.

THE CULTIVATOR was established to improve and elevate the Agriculture of the country; to give a proper tone to the morals and mind of the farmer; to show him the dignity and importance of his profession; to store his mind with useful knowledge, and convince him that while all classes are and must be more or less dependant on each other, he alone of the whole can make any near approach to independence. If there is one thing more than another, which in this country gives a man superiority over his fellow men, it is knowledge; and this knowledge,—knowledge which is essential to the success of the farmer as to other men,—it is the design of the Cultivator to aid in imparting.

The volume for 1840, is filled entirely with ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, embracing articles from about 300 Correspondents, from almost every State in the Union.

If an increase of subscription beyond any precedent in the history of Agricultural Journals,—if the almost unanimous voice of the public press in our favor,—if the multitude of private yet flattering testimonials we have received, added to a circulation amounting the first year to TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND, may be admitted as evidence, then we have certainly most abundant reason to be gratified with the success which has attended the Union of the Cultivator and the Genesee Farmer. No expense has been or will be spared to render the Cultivator worthy of the patronage it has received. In the number, variety and excellence of its ILLUSTRATIONS, it is without a rival at home or abroad, the last volume being embellished with nearly ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS, illustrating the improved breeds of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Building Implements, &c., making the Cultivator, all things considered, it is believed, the Cheapest Agricultural Paper ever published in this or any other country.

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Postmasters and gentlemen disposed to lend their influence to aid the cause of Agriculture, are respectfully requested to act as agents. Address JESSE BUEL & CO. Publishers of the Cultivator, Albany, N. Y.

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N. B.—No machine cast Type manufactured at this Foundry. New-York, February 25, 1841. 3-3m

PROSPECTUS.

The publishers of the Globe have recently given to the country an exposition of the motives which prompted the attempt by the Federal party to prostrate their establishment, by the lawless abrogation of their contract as Printers to the Senate. They showed that there were already six Federal newspapers—to which a seventh is about to be added—published at Washington—all devoted to the dissemination of Federal principles, and the defence of Federal measures. And to make this overwhelming battery of Federal presses at the seat of government tell with the more effect throughout the Union, the character of the Globe was to be tarnished, its means impoverished, and its political influence destroyed, by a sweeping denunciation of infamy on the part of the Federal leaders in the Senate—by throwing the dead weight of an expenditure of \$40,000 in preparation to do the Congressional work on the hands of its publishers, (the printers whose contract was violated,) and by having this whole work of defamation and ruin accomplished by the judgment of the Senate of the Union to give it the sanction of the highest tribunal known to our country. The work was done by a caucus packed majority of Federalists, and the Editors of the Globe are left to sustain their establishment by the patronage they may receive from political friends for the papers they publish. We will not ask or receive the sort of lumping contribution by which the banks and Federal politicians sustain their presses. We will abandon the publication of the Globe, if it cannot be supported by the regular subscription price of the paper. If such of our Democratic friends whose circumstances do not justify a subscription to the daily or semi-weekly paper, will patronize the cheaper publications issued by us—the Extra Globe—the Congressional Globe, and the Appendix—we shall be enabled to maintain as heretofore, our corps of Congressional Reporters at the cost of \$3,000 per annum, and to draw to our aid some of the ablest pens in our country. We trust, under these circumstances, and at a time when the greatest interests of the country, and its future destiny, are put at stake upon the events with which the first year of the present Administration is pregnant, that no individual who has the cause of Democracy at heart, will hesitate to meet this appeal, when at the same time he will feel assured that this trifling tax for his own advantage, will sustain in triumph at Washington the long-tried and faithful press of his party.

THE EXTRA GLOBE will be published weekly for six months, commencing on Wednesday, the 19th May, and ending on the 19th November next, making twenty-six numbers, the last of which will contain an index. Each number will contain sixteen royal quarto pages. It will contain principally political matter. The political aspect and bearing of the measures before Congress during the special session will be fully developed, and when the proceedings are considered of much interest to the public, they will be given at length.

THE CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE and APPENDIX will begin with the extra session of Congress, to commence on Monday, the 31st of May next, and will be continued during the session. The CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE will give an impartial history of the proceedings of both Houses of Congress; and the APPENDIX will contain all the speeches on both sides of important subjects, at full length, as written out or revised by the members themselves. They will be printed as fast as the business of the two Houses furnishes matter for a number. It is certain that we will publish more numbers of each than there will be weeks in the session. They will be issued in the same form as the Extra Globe, and a copious index to each. Nothing but the proceedings and speeches of Congress will be admitted into the Congressional Globe or Appendix.

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Subscriptions for the EXTRA GLOBE should be here by the 26th May, and for the CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE and APPENDIX by the 6th June next, to insure all the numbers.

Table with 2 columns: Description of subscription, Price. Includes rates for 6 copies of Extra Globe, 12 copies of Congressional Globe, and 25 copies of Congressional Globe or Appendix.

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