

"Oh what a bill was there my countryman!
That I, and you, and all of us fell down,
While bloody treason howled at our feet."

A speculative bubble burst in Ohio—
millions of dollars having taken
wings and flown away, to the injury
of thousands. Capitalists hotly and
thunderously rebuffed, and many banks,
true to a selfish instinct, turned an avaricious
ear to the imploring cry of the borrower,
in a time of distress of which they were
an efficient producing cause. Money—
the arterial blood of commerce—must
flow, or business dies; and, other means
for securing it failing, stocks and bonds
were pressed on the market. The Ohio
bubble, however, had given those a bad
character; and down they went, like a
row of tumbling bricks which afford
employment and amusement to enterprising
schoolboys in their leisure hours. A mine
fell by the hand of speculation near
chattered a leading Pennsylvania bank,
and panic ruled the hour. The Philadel-
phia banks suspended; others south and
west followed in their train; and the in-
terruptions stamping institutions of New
York and elsewhere. Held by a straitened
constitutional cable, the New York banks
withstood the fury of the gale awhile;
but finally they were compelled to
cut the cable and sail out to sea under
bare poles, leaving merchants and mechanics
as it were on a desert island, helpless
and almost despairing. Rain, starvation,
and misery seemed to be impending.
Every man looked upon his neighbor
with suspicion. Many honest men could
not pay their debts, and rogues would
not. Fortunes were swept away; factories
were closed; and the shouts of the
hungry were heard in the streets. The
divine law, *As ye would have all men do
to you, do ye even so to them*, having been
outrageously violated, an invincible di-
vine retribution was now upon the land.
But the storm seems to be clearing away.
The clouds are parting, and light is break-
ing through; and the sun of prosperity,
we trust, will soon rise to noon-glory
again.

But is no lesson to be learned, no wis-
dom to be gained from this fearful com-
mercial convulsion? Is the demoniac
spirit of speculation to arise again, and
clinch the bread—the meat—the sugar of
the people? Are forestallers to stand be-
tween the producer and the consumer,
and impoverish the latter while they do
not enrich the former? Are banks, ma-
nifest as public servants when under judi-
cious control, to be allowed to assume a
ravenous mastery? Let our legislators
answer these questions.—*Johnson's Typo-
graphic Advertiser.*

A Word to Country Publishers.
It will be a pleasant day for the printer
when printer's bills are considered as
debts of honor which demand an im-
mediate settlement. The world at large now
regards them as debts of convenience, to
be paid only when its exchequer is plethoric;
and printer and poverty are of con-
sequence frequently synonymous terms.
This ought not to be. The printer is a
most useful servant—may, benefactor
to humanity; and his reward should
be proportioned to his merit.
Yet cases are not infrequent in which
jobs, after being executed according to
order, are left on the printer's hands, un-
called for. If they were composed of
flour or sugar, he might eat them, and
derive some benefit. If they were of iron,
or lead, or brass, or stone, he might
convert them to some useful purpose;
but as they are mere printed words, they
are of no value whatever to him save as
waste paper.
Some persons, again, who wish to make
their business known, advertise widely in
country newspapers; but when the printer
sends his bill, they make no cash re-
sponse, and the printer is left to scold
of pocket. Or the publisher sends his
account to some agent, who perhaps col-
lects the proceeds, and remits a portion
of it to the creditor in a miserable sort
of printing ink, or something else, not worth
half the price charged for it. Or the
publisher, from lack of local knowledge,
is totally at a loss how to collect his bill, or
to whom to apply for help in the emer-
gency.
In view of this state of things, and in-
fluenced by the fact that applications are
frequently made to us for assistance in
this behalf, we have concluded to offer
our services to collect the bills due in
this vicinity to newspaper publishers
throughout the country, crediting them
with the proceeds, to be returned to them
in articles from our treasury. By this
means, the printer will secure debts
which might otherwise be lost to him,
and receive in return type, cast, or ink
of the best manufacture and at the stand-
ard price.—*Johnson's Typographic Ad-
vertiser.*

Demand for Damages.—Robert A.
Craig, a British subject at Punta Arenas,
has demanded damages from the United
States for losses sustained by him in the
sinking of Walker's expedition by Com-
modore Paulding. He alleges that he
rented to Walker a portion of his premises,
and that he had a large quantity of
provisions in warehouse belonging to
Walker, at a stipulated rate of storage
per month for each package; and also,
that he advanced on the security of the
provisions, \$500. The provisions, he al-
leges, were forcibly seized by Commodore
Paulding, and much of his private prop-
erty carried off. Mr. Craig has forward-
ed a copy of his complaint to Lord Cler-
endon.

Afflicting Dispensation.—We deeply
regret to learn that the Hon. John A.
Gilmer has been smothered home from
Washington by the death of his eldest
daughter.—*Halegh Register.*

A treaty with the Netherlands
for the extradition of criminals, fugitives
from justice and deserting sailors has
been ratified by the United States Senate.

The Senate has confirmed the ap-
pointment of Mr. Lassar as minister to
Nicaragua, and that of Gen. Dever as
Governor of Kansas.

Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

Things at Sebastopol.

An American, writing from Sebastopol,
under date of November 30th, says:
"If you please, just cast your eye a-
round upon the magnificent ruins. Yon-
der is the broken site of the once prom-
ising Malakof, encompassed by one vast grave-
yard, where more than two hundred thou-
sand poor fellows lie beyond the reach of
human misery. Pass down into the deep
valley, during the war, was called
the Valley of Death. Ascend the hill,
and you are in the Redan, where four
thousand dead bodies lay the morning
after the battle. I think I have never
seen a place that afforded a surer
proof for photographic views than the
ruined city of Sebastopol presents."
"There are many, perhaps, who sus-
pect, from what they have read of Rus-
sia, that the manners, customs, and so-
cial society of the Russians would be far
from agreeable to an American; but such
is not the fact; for in no country that I
have ever visited have I seen more polit-
eness and refinement than exists in the
respectable circles of Sebastopol. Al-
though there are many points where et-
quette differs from ours, yet, rather than
diminishing, it adds to the sociability of
the company."
"For instance, it might possibly shock
the sensitivities of an American lady to
be told that, during the recess of a ball,
the ladies retire to their apartment, (where
no gentleman dares enter), light their pa-
per cigars, smoke away, and chat most
gaily. Also, at the dinner table, after
the dessert, ladies, as well as gentlemen,
smoke their cigars and take their glass
of wine, and while the smoke is curling
up, their beautiful black eyes shine with
additional lustre. Of course, there are
many little customs which we have been
used to at home and cannot be obtained
here. Yet, during the summer, we have
almost a species of the finest fruit,
and in winter a plenty of game,
and most excellent. The Crimean
climate is lovely during the entire year.
We have no money panics here—no
suspending banks. All we require is a
few roubles and a handful of coppers, and we
are far happier than many of the upper
towns of Boston or New York."

Remove as an Executioner.

Mr. De Quincy, in one of the volumes
of his literary reminiscences, thus speaks
of a duel between Col. Montgomery and
Captain Macnamara:
"The Colonel, as is well known, a very
elegant and generous young man, fell,
and Captain Macnamara had therefore
ward a worm at his heart, whose gnaw-
ings never died. He was a post-captain;
and my brother afterwards sailed with
him in quality of midshipman. From him
I have often heard affecting instances of
the degree in which the pangs of remorse
had availed to make one of the bravest
men in the service a mere panic-stricken
wreck. He, that whilst his hand was un-
stained with blood, would have faced an
army of fiends in discharge of his duty,
fancied danger in every common rocking
of the boat; he made himself, at times,
the subject of laughter at the messes of
the junior and more thoughtful officers;
and his hand, whenever he had occasion
to handle the spy-glass, shook (to the
common image) or rather shivered like
an aspen tree."
We find a still more striking instance
in the treatise by Mr. Guillon:
"The Chevalier de S— had been en-
gaged in seventeen affairs of honour,
in each of which his adversary fell. But
the images of his hundred rivals began
to haunt him night and day; and at
length he fancied he heard nothing but
the wallings and upbraids of seven-
teen families—some demanding a father,
another a son, another a brother, another
a husband, &c. Harassed by these im-
aginary followers, he incarcerated him-
self in the monastery of La Trappe; but
the French Revolution threw open this
asylum, and turned the Chevalier once
more into the world. He was now no
longer able to bear the remorse of his
own conscience, or, as he imagined, the
sight of seventeen murdered men, and
therefore put himself to death. It is evi-
dent that the insanity was the conse-
quence of the remorse, and cause of the
suicide."
Conscience, in fact, has the functions
of an executioner, as well as of a judge.
He who sins, finds afterwards in the re-
morse of his soul, or the wretchedness
of his body, the penalty of his transgression.
Do we not find in this strong proof that
there is the power of law-executing vest-
ed in Him who made the conscience, as
well as the power of law-making? He
that made the ear, shall he not hear? He
that made the eye, shall he not see? He
THAT MADE THE CONSCIENCE, SHALL HE
NOT JUDGE AND PUNISH!—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Look not upon the Wine.

The fate of the gifted Haskell, of Ten-
nesssee, should be a warning to all young
men; he passed through Louisville last
week, in charge of friends, on his way to
the Lunatic Asylum at Lexington. While
on the Frankfort cars he arose, and in the
most eloquent and pathetic terms appeal-
ed to the gallant Kentuckians, among
whom he was, to protect him from the
relentless enemies he imagined were per-
suing him. He became so excited and
violent that his friends were forced to
confine him. The career of this gifted
but unfortunate son of genius should be
known for the lessons which it teaches.
From his earliest boyhood, says the Na-
tional Banner, he has shown himself pos-
sessed of the highest order of talent.—
While at the college he distinguished
himself as a poet and an orator. His
graduating speech is spoken of by those
who heard it, as worthy of the immortal
Preston in his palmiest days. He served
his country on the battle-field and in
the halls of Congress. It was his resi-
dence at Washington that confirmed upon
him those unfortunate habits which
finally blighted his intellect.
He at one time broke the fiery serpent
from his hands and dashed it to the earth.
To make his own reformation complete,
and in lifting up others who had fallen,
like himself, he went through the States

lecturing on temperance. The tour was
an eminently successful and brilliant one,
his lectures being fully equal to those
of Gough, whose eloquence has electrified
thousands in this country and in Eng-
land. But his old habits gained the mas-
tery of him again, and his subsequent life
has been but a fearful struggle between
his appetites and his ambition—a struggle
in which it must be confessed his ap-
petites have generally triumphed. Bi-
great, indeed, was his craving for artifi-
cial stimulants; that even while deliver-
ing his temperance lectures, he made use
of drugs, sufficient in quantity and poten-
cy to burn out the vitality of an ordinary
man. There was no subject, whether an-
cient or modern, grave or gay, upon
which he did not converse with fluency
and eloquence. He passed with the most
careless ease, from the profoundest dis-
quisition upon the doctrines of the Bible,
the religion of Confucius, or the Baconian
philosophy, to the slightest literature of
the day.

The Weather.
When you wish to know what the wea-
ther is to be, go out and select the small-
est cloud you see, keep your eye upon it;
and if it decreases and disappears, it shows
a state of the air that is sure to be follow-
ed by fair weather; but if it increases in
size, you may as well take your great
coat with you if you are going from home,
for falling weather will not be far off.—
The reason is this: When the air is be-
coming charged with electricity, you will
see every cloud attracting all lost ones
towards it, till it gathers into a shower.
And on the contrary, when the fluid is
passing off or diffusing itself, even a large
cloud will be breaking to pieces, and dis-
solving.

A COURAGEOUS OLD WOMAN.
Her cow had strayed, and was nowhere
to be found in her usual pastures. This
gave the good dame considerable anxie-
ty. At last she determined to search for
her in the higher valleys. Leaving her
cottage early one morning, she rambled
over several hours, and at length found
herself far up on the Taganai, without
knowing upon any traces of the fugitive.
This was very disheartening—still she
would not give up her search. The val-
ley she had entered upon was thickly
wooded with pines in many parts; in oth-
ers there were few open glades, with
clumps of bushes and shrubs, and among
these she wended her way from one little
plot of grass to another. At last she spied
the well known dark brown hide through
some bushes. The old woman thought
of the many hours she had been search-
ing for the truant; and stealing softly on
determined to give her sufficient chastise-
ment. When within reach of her bircle-
an staff, she raised her hand, and then
the animal turned sharp around, when
to the dame's horror, she saw a large
brown bear. The two stood staring at
each other, apparently with equal astoni-
shment and apprehension, when Bruin
seized with a sudden panic, turned tail,
and bolted.—*Atkinson's Oriental and
Western Siberia.*

A DRAMA IN REAL LIFE.

Then London Morning Post supplies
us with a narrative, curious and true, of
circumstances elicited in one of the Eng-
lish courts, which shows some of the work-
ings of the matrimonial system in the old
country, and really reads more like the
plot of an amusing comedy than a chap-
ter in real life. A gentleman of limited
means applied to a Matrimonial Agency
office, entered his name, paid his fee, and
declared his desire—to obtain "a wife with
money"—was shown a number of ladies'
portraits, and, after minute inquiries, ex-
pressed himself pleased with one, the
original of which had \$50,000 in her own
right—she was told. A correspondence
between the parties was the result—un-
fortunately the letters have not been pub-
lished—and at length, on paying \$75 to \$100
more to the matrimonial go-between, the
agent for persons if not hearts, the wife
seeker, whose name is Allen, obtained
an interview with the lady. As Allen
had simply described himself as only
"wanting a woman with money," it may
be imagined that he was not likely to be
disatisfied with any crinolined possessor
of \$50,000. However, the lady whom he
saw actually had youth, if not good looks
and Mr. Allen, considering himself very
fortunate, pressed his suit like an ardent
(money hunting) lover, as he was, and
was duly and tenderly accepted. Here
ends Act I. of this life drama.

Sharp as he was (or ought to be, for he
was a bill-broker by profession), Mr. Al-
len was so completely taken in by the ap-
pearance of the demoiselle, that he omit-
ted to satisfy himself whether or not her
reputed fortune was notes of the Bank of
England or the "Bank of Elegance."
Dazzled by the diamond flash of her bright
eyes, or her omitted to ascertain whether
or not the lady had jewels of a more
earthly kind. Yet he did not take every-
thing for granted. He learned that she
resided at Cheltenham, a fashionable wa-
tering place, and thither he betook him-
self. There he actually saw the lady rid-
ing in a private carriage, which she nat-
urally assumed to be her own, and he com-
pletely satisfied that she also possessed the
luxury of a lady's maid. "The course of
true love never yet ran smooth," and the
lady confessed that she had made a sort
of pre-contract to marry another woman;
that she would surrender him for the sake
of her darling Mr. Allen; that it would be
necessary, however, to steal the march on
this to-be-dreaded rival; and that there-
fore she dreaded to excite suspicion
by ordering the usual matrimonial trou-
sers, she must start on her bridal tour
mimiz the silks and muslins, laces and
feathers, velvets and moires antique val-
ues, we believe, on these extremely inter-
esting occasions. Every man we are per-
suaded, has some vanity in his composi-
tion—sometimes in a much larger extent
than much-abused woman-kind possess—
and what could be more flattering to Mr.
Allen's amour propre than the assurance,
half confessed with half a sigh and
half a smile, that the lady had affianced
herself to himself alone!

Allen was properly tickled, no doubt,
and agreed to marry the lady, even
though she did not appear at the altar in
white silk, a Brussels veil, and a darning
gossamer bonnet, trimmed with a fitting
array of orange blossoms. He married
her, and here let the curtain decorously
drop on Act I.

Having made such a good bet: as he
thought, Mr. Charles John Allen, deter-
mined to pass the honeymoon, like a man
of spirit and means, at Paris. Unfortun-
ately, though not deficient in brass, which
is part of the stock in trade of a regular
bill-broker he wanted what is sometimes
familiarly called *cash*. He was not mak-
ing much gear by his business—as he had
been contrived to spend somewhat more,
was more-certainly not very well off.—
However, his wife's \$50,000 would set
all right, and, on the strength of his being
about to make such a good match an op-
timate friend was so kind as to lend him
\$1,250. Now of all places in the world
there is none where a "happy couple"
can spend their time and their money
more agreeably and rapidly than Paris
with its theatres, balls, drives, restau-
rants, and above all, tempting jewelry
stores in the Palais Royal, and the fasci-
nating military shops in the Boulevards.
Reckoning these in their account, and start-
ing that they were nearly five weeks in
Paris, the money lasted a long time.—
When they reached the house of Mr. Al-
len's mother, in London, the \$1,250 had
divided down to \$20. Here with a do-
mestic tableau of reception, closes Act II.

Mothers are much keener than young
husbands, just emerging from the honey-
moon. The day of the arrival of Mr. Al-
len and his bride, while the fortunate
husband was sipping his wine and
cracking his filberts after dinner, in stak-
ed like Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth,
Mr. Allen senior—in a red turban and
a tremendous passion; perturbed, in fact,
as well as perturbed.—Without a mo-
ment's pause, or note of preparation, she
pounced down on her unsuspecting son.
"Charles, John!" she cried in a deep
voice, "you have been look! In. Instead
of marrying a lady you have married
a lady's maid." Starting up, Charles John
exclaimed, in a melodramatic manner,
"Impossible! My dear Mother never
could deceive me!"—How the dwager
Mrs. Allen made the discovery is not
mentioned—but she was right. The in-
dividual whom the Cockney husband called
"Sophia" was a lady's maid, and not
"a lady." She protested that the dwager
was mistaken—that this was a wicked
world, apt to slander innocent people

WALKING INDICATIVE OF CLIA- ACTER.

Fowler says: A short and quick step
indicates a brisk and active, but rather
constrained mind, whereas those who take
long steps generally have long heads.—
Those who curl or draw their heels, drag
and draw in everything; while those
who walk with a springing, bounding
step, abound in mental snap and spring.
Those whose walk is mincing, affected,
and artificial, rarely, if ever, accomplish
much; whereas those who walk carelessly,
that is, naturally, are just what they
appear to be, and put on nothing for out-
side show.—Those who in walking, roll
from side to side, lack directness of char-
acter, and side every way, according to
circumstances. In short, every individ-
ual has his own peculiar mode of moving,
which exactly accords with his mental
character, so that, so far as you can see
such modes, you can decipher such out-
line of character.

**Horrible Murders Committed
By a Crazy Negro—THE NE-
GRO KILLED.**
Salisbury, Va., January 19.
Ms. Evans.—This morning about 10
o'clock information reached this town
that a colored insurrection had broken
out between South Quay and Holy Neck,
in Nansemond County, and some families
of Whites massacred. The town instant-
ly rose in arms and sent out a scouting
party on horseback to near the scene of
the reported outrage, who returned about
4 o'clock this morning and reported that
yesterday a little after 3 o'clock in the
afternoon a deranged negro man, belong-
ing to Mr. Benton, of Gates Co., N. C., had
attacked a white man, named Whit-
comb Jones, on the road near South Quay,
and murdered him by splitting his skull
open. The negro then went to the house
of Mrs. Harrison Howell, a widow, whom
he likewise murdered. By this time a
party had started in pursuit of him.—
When he reached the house of Rev. T. H.
Rawls, a young man named David
Rawls was there with a gun. The negro
approached him in a fighting attitude,
when Rawls fired twice at him. The
negro fled to a pond of water where he
was shot by the party in pursuit. Much
excitement still prevails.

HEALTH.
There is no more invaluable blessing.
All a man has will he give for his life,
and a thousand times more if he had it.
All the treasures of knowledge, all the
blessings of wealth, and all the endear-
ments of friends and loved ones, are but
a poor inheritance when health is gone.
There is something peculiarly sad, and
full of melancholy gloom, in looking upon
some fair and almost superlatively beau-
tiful young maiden, not yet out of her
teens, whose beauty, and smile, and voice,
and parity, give one a vivid idea of the
angel; and whose yet, uncertain hope
flatters when "consumption, like a worm
in the bud, feeds on her damask cheek."
And, such feelings the maternal solitu-
dine will own, when she bends over the
cradle where infant beauty sleeps, and
she knows the grim tyrant has set his
seal upon her darling.—We deceive our-
selves. False hope deceives us up.—What
we wish we believe. In the words of
one in Old Mortality, "God help us, we're
all poor, feeble, bodilys!" And such
indeed, is the case. But, physicians tell
us, much of our health is in our own
power, as moralists inform us for our edifi-
cation, are of domestic manufacture. In-
deed, it is a matter of surprise that health,
being so valuable, and incapable of being
purchased even for gold and precious
stones, is so much disregarded. Few per-
sons, take pains to enjoy good health. It
is neglected till too late. Late hours,
excess, exposure to colds and heats, wet
feet, inattention to the partial derange-
ment of functions, disregard to the pre-
monitions that might have been taken in
time, often prove fatal. Indigestion has

—that if she told her husband a story a-
bout the \$30,000, (which was invested,
not in funds, but on the security of an epi-
demic *chateau de Espagne*, or of the *Isle of
Skiya*, he had also tricked her, by declar-
ing himself worth \$5,000 a year, and that
he "kept a brougham." Finally, it ap-
peared that she had only hired the car-
riage at Cheltenham, to ride a few times,
while Allen was in that town, and that
the attendant waiting maid—the *coquette*
of this little drama—was a quick-witted
Abigail, a fellow-servant indeed, who had
lent herself to pass off "Sophia" as a lady
of fortune, and thus anchor her safety
and happiness, into the haven of matrimo-
ny.

Worse than this monstrous cheating,
Mr. Allen found his bride behaving so
improperly, after the fictitious nature of
her fortune had been ascertained, that,
in five or six days after their return from
Paris, she left his house in company with
another man, against whom he brought
an action for *crim. con.*, and recovered
\$500 damages which—were not paid.
So closes Act IV.

Misfortune come in battalions. Poor
Mr. Allen found it so. That the \$30,000
should be a myth was bad enough. This
was not all. The faithless "Sophia" had
contrived, before marriage to get into
debt to the tune of \$3,000, and Mr. Allen
had to pay it. Wanting pecuniary means
to do this, he became a gentleman in difficulties.
Moreover he had to refund
what he had borrowed, on the strength
of his lady's fortune to cut a dash with
in Paris. Nor is this all, naturally enough,
he desires to break the matrimonial fet-
ters. But marriage is a knot easily tied,
and (especially in England) not easily
loosed. Just while he was deliberating
what to do, and how to do it—sitting in a
brown study, in his office—in walks "So-
phie." She it seems, had commenced an
suit against him for alimony, and actu-
ally had the effrontery to "tender her-
self," in legal form, to be taken back to
his bosom, and there nourished and cher-
ished as his lawful wife. In default of
his so taking her back, her action for
separate maintenance would lie. No doubt,
also, that she would *lie*—to prove her
case. Here, with the hero and for his
wife's debts at common law, and put into
the ecclesiastical court for alimony, a suf-
ficient *tragico-comic* is arrived at. The
audience, acting as a jury, will give a
verdict of "served him right," and the
curtain drops.

All these circumstances are very un-
like every day life as we see it, but have
the strongest family resemblance to
every day life as represented—on the stage
in "*The School for Scheming*," by Bon-
accourt, there is precisely such a scene as
occurs in this case where a pair of adven-
turers, mutually deceiving and deceived,
commit matrimony, each in full expecta-
tion that the other is very rich, and pre-
sent a ludicrous appearance when the
truth breaks in upon both, at the same
moment.

We have not told this story, however,
with any view to make our readers smile.
We would only draw attention to the re-
tributive nature of poor Mr. Allen's pun-
ishment. He merely wanted "a woman
with money"; he was willing to sell him-
self for money; he misrepresented his
own circumstances to deceive this woman,
and he was properly served out by being
deceived in turn. We sometimes notice
in newspaper advertisements in which
persons calling themselves men, but evi-
dently not possessing honorable manly
feelings; advertise for wives—the main
qualification being that the fortunate lady
shall possess property. "We know not
whether any woman so qualified ever do
seriously reply to such notices; should
it be so weak as to expect fair play or
honorable treatment from persons who
would thus sell themselves for gold, they
may profit by the perusal of Mr. Allen's
matrimonial mishap, and apply the moral
of the story to their own case.

An Interesting Relic.
It has been our good fortune to stumble
over the rarest piece of antiquity
we've seen for many a day in the shape
of a fac-simile of the first newspaper ever
issued by Ben. Franklin, in the year
1723, and printed on a press once used by
him. This is a curious piece of ancient
literature, and is about the size of a half
sheet of foolscap, called "*The New Eng-
land Courant*," and it is written altogeth-
er in a very quaint style, the old awk-
ward type, and rusty paper, yellow with
the dust of ages, the stiff 'f' instead of
's', all remind one of a long-buried voice
from the 17th century. The paper was
issued in Boston, weekly, and as the old
editor says "Printed and sold by Ben.
Franklin in Queen street where advertise-
ments are taken in;" and for the amuse-
ment of our readers, who love a bit
of antiquity, we will insert the only ad-
vertisements this rare sheet contains:
"The best new Philadelphia Town
bought Flower, to be sold by Mr. Wil-
liam Clark in Merchant's Row, at twenty-
eight Shillings per hundred."
"A servant boy's Time for 5 years to
be disposed of. He is about 16 years of
Age, and can keep accounts. Enquire at
the Blue Ball in Union Street, and no
further."

It is pleasant in this wonderful age
of enlightenment to come across a thing like
this, to look back upon the hurried past
and compare the slow commonplace rate
of improvement, although great men
lived then as now, with the present
dashing, go-ahead, busy world. Old
Franklin thought he did wonders to get
his enormous sheet out weekly; imagine
his surprise, and perhaps chagrin, could
he but step into our busy office and ex-
amine the power press with its gim iron
fingers, throwing off in every second, a
freshly scented *Daily*,—would he not feel
slightly diminished? But so it is, one
generation passes away, as another springs
up. Men die as the leaves fall in Au-
tumn; but others rise up and fill their
places, and the world goes on as before.
So it will ever be to the end of time.—We
too must pass away, our places must be
filled, and the old habits that know us
now will know us no more.
—*Wilmington Herald.*

Capt. McGhee, of the Petersburg
railroad, says that through tickets are
now issued from St. Louis and Cincinnati,
to Wilmington, in this State.

Call Perry
S. J. K.