

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GOLDEN SPECULATION.

It is early in the month of March, of that celebrated year, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, that the pier at Dover was one afternoon crowded with spectators anxiously awaiting the fate of a fishing craft, endeavoring to make port during a brisk squall. One moment it was seen on the billows' ridge, the next, lost to sight, engulfed in the ocean-trench. The storm, which continued through the day, had done considerable damage to the shipping in the roads; and though its fury was partially spent, the experiment of making the harbor-entrance, escaping the sand-shoals on either side, was deemed extremely hazardous, the peril imminent.

Among others stood Gottlieb Schenck, of Dutch extraction, whose father had bequeathed his thirty-five acres, well established, mercantile business in London. Gottlieb's capacity was narrow, his views bounded, dispositioniggardly; but as the business was already made to his lands, and he was moreover a plodding, saving young man, there was every chance of his retaining the father's valuable connections. Mr. Schenck had come to Dover expressly to place in charge of the captain of the packet certain packages consigned to friends in Calais, and awaited the boat's return to receive acknowledgments of safe delivery, and orders respecting further operations.

As the little vessel, through the dexterous management of the helmsman, shot into the harbor, having escaped the Scylla and Charybdis of the port, she was received with loud cheering, which was answered by the rousing up her bare mast the Bourdon colors. The revenue officer sprang forward expecting a prize; the others followed to welcome the lady during of the crew. Gottlieb, who knew who was some hours in advance of the mail-packets, was speculating whether his Calais friends had availed themselves of the prior opportunity, and strove onward to meet the certain. He started, on beholding a passenger emerge from the gang-way with portmanteau and bonnet-casque. It was a face he recognized, and was undoubtedly associated with uncomfortable reflections, for the worthy Gottlieb immediately commenced a retreat. Second thoughts, however, proved more valiant, and he stopped, turned, and awaited the captain's leisure. Meanwhile the object of his dread essayed to climb the pier-ladder, no easy task, as the vessel danced beneath him, and he made several vain efforts ere he gained firm footing.

It is Henry Mellish, sure enough, soliloquized Mr. Schenck—"What can bring him across the channel in a fishing-boat, during a gale like this? Perhaps he brings news which will make his fortune; and if he does, then farewell my hope for Mary Ashley! But I will see—I will learn!" Mr. Mellish, a gentle young man, about twenty-five, or a year or two more, eyed Schenck more intently than benignly, and returned his low bow by only a slight, formal nod, without relaxing a muscle. Gottlieb, though repulsed, was bent on a closer acquaintance, but it was necessary he should not lose sight of the captain. Staying one moment only, to inquire of the sailor carrying Mellish's portmanteau, what hotel they were bound to, he ran to the master of the smack, was made happy by having his questions concerning the passenger answered, and the receipt, in addition, of several letters from Calais correspondents, in direct contravention of the post-office regulations. Returning to the town, he was ushered into the presence of Henry Mellish just as the custom-house officer, whose suspicions were awakened by the young gentleman's unusual mode of passage, was taking leave, having examined the portmanteau and satisfied his notions of duty.

Gottlieb, as we have said, was of narrow capacity, but, like most merchants of Dutch extraction, saw clearly the path of self-interest, and never deviated from it. He was not altogether destitute of speculative views, and had been heard to pride himself on superior cunning, though, with those who knew him best, the boasts gained no credit. "Mr. Mellish," said he, "I hardly expect we can be friends, yet there is no reason why we should be enemies. We may be rivals, honorable rivals. If wealth is on my side, you have other advantages—but come! let us dine together. I long to hear the news of the continent, and perhaps," he added with an attempt at a smile, "my home-intelligence may not be unacceptable."

The challenge was frank and open, and sooth to say, there were many matters which Mellish would gladly learn, though much rather through another channel. The invitation was declined, however, as he had ordered horses intending to proceed direct to London. The announcement made Gottlieb still more eager to keep his rival company; he had been informed by the captain of the fishing craft, that Mr. Mellish paid two thousand francs to induce the crew to put to sea, spite of the gale,—no doubt with the view of having some hours' start of the mail. This very liberal offer had created a sensation in Calais; but the precise object of the gentleman's haste, or the character of the news he bore, was known only to himself. He staid but one hour in the French port en route from Paris. Mr. Schenck was driven to desperation. Intense love of gain spurred him to master the other's secret, at whatever cost, by whatever means attainable. Love of Mary Ashley, or desire for her wealth, prompted him to thwart a rival beloved by the dame, though not countenanced by her father. Should young Mellish grow rich, the objection of Mr. Ashley would disappear.

It is very fortunate that happened to be in Dover, muttered Gottlieb to himself, as he retired from the Hotel, after having succeeded in inducing Henry to afford him a seat in the post-chaise, his own business in Dover being already settled.

A crowd was drawn around the door of the Hotel, attracted by report of Mellish's hasty feat in crossing the channel, and the two rivals were borne rapidly away by four horsemen and the shouts of the populace. As Henry remained silent the first few miles of the journey, we avail ourselves of the opportunity to acquaint the reader briefly with his history. As confidential clerk to Mr. Ashley, a London merchant, he had gained his esteem, was admitted to his private circle, and won, ere he was himself aware, the affections of the merchant's only daughter, though closely besieged by the at-

tempts of Mr. Schenck. To Mellish the latter was no stranger, as they met often on business matters in the counting-house. Gottlieb's fractious splitting system of accounts, his unwillingness to pay, and frequent disputes concerning charges allowed by commercial usage, rendered him an unpleasant man to do business with. Dislike, mutually engendered by bickerings, changed to hatred when they found themselves rivals. Schenck took occasion to inform Mr. Ashley of his clerk's pretensions. An explanation ensued, which ended in mutual declarations of love and fidelity between the lovers, and the clerk being instantly delegated to Paris, as assistant to a commercial house of some standing, to which he was warmly recommended by the London merchant, who condescended to inform the young man, that he might ever reckon on him as a friend; that personally he had no objection to him as son-in-law; but that without some corresponding advantages of wealth and station, an alliance with his family was impossible.

The fair city-belle vowed constancy to Mellish, so Gottlieb sped none the faster for his rival's removal, as the lady's father, though anxious to disengage an intimacy deemed disadvantageous, was not disposed to control his daughter's affections.—Correspondence was forbidden; but the lovers found means to make known to each other how affairs progressed, and Mellish learned to his sorrow, that Mr. Schenck grew daily more a favorite with Ashley, who esteemed him a wealthy, quiet, practical young merchant, though deficient, perhaps, in personal grace, and brightness of intellect. Affairs had remained in this state about a year, when Henry Mellish was seen, as we have already detailed, hurrying to London on the wings of capricious good fortune.

Between Dover and Canterbury, Schenck tried every manoeuvre, both open and covert, to extract the secret of Henry's rapid journey, but in vain.—To entice him from reserve, he spoke of Mary Ashley,—described the new villa at Walthamstow, the house-warming at which Mr. Ashley presided to welcome the gentlemen, the subsequent ball at which Mary did the honors—to all which Mellish listened with interest, willing to forget, in the pleasure afforded by the recital, dislike of the ungenerous narrator. It was under the influence of this partially favorable impression, that he accepted complacently Gottlieb's proposal of supping at Canterbury. There was but little chance of being foiled in procuring horses to prosecute the journey to the metropolis, as couriers, he said, were constantly travelling night and day in the busy political era in which they lived; but the chance of obtaining a meal between Canterbury and London was very slight during the night hours.

At Canterbury, then, they stopped; and whilst supper was preparing, Gottlieb Schenck, who had been pondering and cogitating how to frustrate his rival's hopes, betook himself to a quiet walk in the streets. "Two thousand francs for a few hours' start of the Calais packet!" exclaimed Gottlieb. "Mystery and obscurity magnifies objects. Mellish's future fortune was enhanced a hundred-fold in the imagination of this descendant of Dutchmen, though seen only dimly through the perils incurred in attaining it. To risk the channel during such a sea—why even a mail-packet would not put out whilst such weather lasted! The quiet, worthy Gottlieb saw the ruin of his hopes if Mellish succeeded—he should lose Mary—he should lose her father's wealth! He stopped unconsciously in front of a chemist's shop, almost the only place open at that time of night, his eye attracted by the glare within. Whilst gazing at the window, cunning suggested a scheme to ruin the other's budding hopes. Presuming that his rival was about to act on the London markets on the strength of early intelligence of recent political events, if he could but prevent him reaching the metropolis till noon on the morrow, the regular Calais and Dover mail would by that time make the news generally known, and spoil Mellish's plans. His scheme daring, dishonorable, and would perhaps make him amenable to law; but then the risk was not great, compared to the contingency of losing the dame and her wealth! So Gottlieb went in, and having some knowledge of drugs as an article of commerce, purchased a small quantity of marocite powder, which he knew how to ask for, and by what name, so as to avoid suspicion.

It was, of course, no surprise to Mr. Schenck, when his companion (supper dispatched, followed by a few glasses of wine) after parrying, with the tact of a man of business, further inquiries respecting his mission, suddenly relaxed his cheerful tone, grew drowsy, fell fast asleep. Gottlieb immediately spilled the remainder of the wine in the fire-place, that it might appear his friend had partaken despoily of the beverage, and was about calling for assistance to carry Mellish to bed,—when it suddenly occurred he might improve his scheme and with it, his fortunes. The wine embued enhanced courage, inflamed his imagination—"It is but the first step which costs reflection and conscientious doubt. Why should he not follow up success by peeping into his rival's papers—it would doubtless furnish a hint by which money could be made? Aware of the potency of the powder, he had no fear of the other awaking, and searching carefully and stealthily, found in the pocket-book a letter of instructions from the Paris house to Mr. Ashley, recommending if the bearer, Mr. Mellish, reached London in season, to make extensive stock-jobbing operations for time, on strength of the news therein set forth, and vouchered for as accurate—the profits to be equally shared between the two houses and Mr. Mellish, who had shown great eagerness to be bearer of the news, and promised to embark within one hour of arrival at Calais, and even, as he asserted in his zeal, cross the channel alone, if no one were found hardy enough to venture with him.

"Yes!" said Gottlieb, carefully replacing the letter, "Mary Ashley is cause of the 'great eagerness,' as she has been cause of my being engaged in this rather dirty work—but is it not all fair? I was her sutor, before our young spark dared address her, and he would have cut me out—but it is all right now!"

Walters were summoned, to whom it was explained by Schenck, that his friend, having already imbibed too much wine at Dover, had unfortunately perished in finishing the carouss, till he was in an unquiet state to travel further, and must therefore remain till the morrow at the inn. Gottlieb assisted in carrying up stairs, undressing, and depositing

in bed, the supposed inebriated sufferer, and to do away with possible chance of suspicion, sealed up Mellish's purse and pocket-book in an envelope, which he committed to the landlady's charge, at the same time writing a short note to be delivered to his friend next morning, when he awoke to consciousness and sobriety. A few minutes after, Gottlieb was talking on towards London with fresh horses, and in Mellish's post-chaise, gloating over his intended golden speculation.

Such occurrences, as the one just witnessed by the landlady, were not infrequently, particularly among naval officers long absent on foreign stations, too much disposed to excesses of duty. But the rapidity of Mellish's defeat and prostration excited some laughter and conversation in the little bar-parlor, and it was deemed prudent by the landlady and landlady, to pay a visit to their guest, ere they retired to rest.

A deathlike pallor overspread the face of Mellish—he looked more like one in a trance, than a man subdued by vicious influence. The landlady in alarm sent for a surgeon, who pronounced the patient certainly not intoxicated.

"Am I in Mr. Ashley's house," he exclaimed wildly, "has he had the letter?"

The surgeon recommended repose, but Mellish was too excited to pay attention to the request, and insisted on an immediate explanation—where he was—in whose house—and how he came under the surgeon's hands. When satisfied on these points by the landlady, conviction of Schenck's villainy immediately flashed on his mind—he tore open the envelope, found the documents, though disarranged, safe—but then the time which had elapsed—his secret known to another, an enemy—ignorant what use would be made of the discovery—he could have cried through sheer vexation in being so duped! "Thank heaven!" it was only two o'clock, and by desperate exertions he might yet reach London by business-hours: Briefly explaining that he was bearer of important mercantile intelligence which rendered instantly proceeding to London imperative, more especially as it was very apparent he suffered, from underhand practices of a false friend, who had by such means mastered his secret, and stole away with the post-chaise, to a seat in which he had through kindness invited him, he requested as a favor that the landlady would procure a fresh chaise and horses, that he might start in pursuit. Our host sympathizing with his distress, used his best exertions, and Mellish, though enfeebled, was again on the high-road to London, very grateful for the benevolent attention which induced the landlady and his wife to intrude into his chamber.

The clock had struck ten, when Mellish hurriedly entered the counting-house of Mr. Ashley, having dismissed the chaise at the end of the street to avoid publicity. The merchant was surprised, rather disagreeably so, on beholding his quondam clerk; but the latter had no time for explanation, and was content to place the letter of instructions in his hands. Ashley changed color, as he said—"This may prove a rare hit, Henry, but the French mail must be already in town!"

"Cannot, before noon, sir," replied Mellish, "if the packet sailed at turn of tide—perhaps not then, unless the squall abated."

Ashley retired to his desk, spent five minutes in deliberation, and then putting his arm within Mellish's, the train walked to St. Bartholomew's lane, and passing up a broad, paved alley, pushed open a pair of revolving doors, and stood with the crowd at Stock-Exchange. Above the wide forest of heads close to the door, was perched a man in a pulpit. Ashley approached the pulpit, whispered two words.

"Henry Jenkins!" exclaimed the man in a wonderfully loud, yet clear, distinct, unstrained, labial-like tone, which vibrated over the sea of heads to the uttermost walls, and was heard everywhere, in spite of the coming, ling din of Babel. After the lapse of a few seconds, Henry Jenkins, the broker, emerged from the crowd, and listened to Mr. Ashley's communication. He begged hard to know the nature of the intelligence which his client acted on, as he felt inclined, he said, in such cases to operate for himself as well as for his friends. Ashley demurred, declared he forfeited trust by imparting the secret.

"I should not have pressed you so closely," remarked the broker, "but would at once have sold extensively on your account and mine, trusting to your well-known sagacity, but it is very strange, there have been large buyers this morning, which makes me doubt the solidity of your proposed operation."

Hearing this, Ashley who ever acted decisively, withdrew with the broker, and showed him the correspondence.

"Many thanks! quite satisfied—much obliged for this good turn," exclaimed Mr. Jenkins, hurrying back to the Exchange, "will call on you after I have sold the whole amount." So saying, he ran back, as quickly as his legs could carry him.

Let us now return to Gottlieb, who sped quickly through the night, like a thief, exulting in the success of a dishonorable action. It is true, he had misgivings, that his character would suffer severely, particularly with Mr. Ashley, who, though enterprising, and far above suspicion himself, would not countenance dereliction from the right path in others,—but then the many thousands he should make to-morrow! "At the least, he calculated to increase his capital tenfold—and affluence covers such a multitude of sins! Even should he stand no better with Mary Ashley and her father, a dangerous rival was removed, for when Henry Mellish awoke to late breakfast at Canterbury the French mail would be midway between that city and London—his golden hopes frustrated, himself reduced to destitution by his exasperated principals. One thought had Gottlieb to make Mr. Ashley partner and confidant of his speculation, but even his obtuse intellect perceived it could not be effected without confessing his own dishonesty.

Ere the Exchange opened, Mr. Schenck flew to his broker, and requested him to buy stock on time—bargain to an enormous extent. As he was known to be wealthy, fully capable of paying the difference, should the markets turn against him by next settling-day, the broker did not hesitate, and as is often the case in such circumstances, where it is believed the party acts on prior intelligence, operated largely for himself. Schenck's broker, after a while, found the stock easy to be procured, even a shade or so lower than the opening price. Soon

after eleven o'clock—before the French mail had arrived, or, at least, its contents made known, the great ascent of the money market, from his den, New-Court, St. Swilams, came sailing majestically into the market, selling right and left, knocking down the price an eighth per cent every hundred thousand he contracted to deliver. Schenck's broker flew in great alarm to his principals, demanded to know on what grounds he acted, as he had himself committed his own means to a very great extent—and the levitation, whose intelligence was sudden incorrect, was acting precisely contrary to their tactics—he was selling, whilst they were buying. "It is this," faltered out Gottlieb, "Napoleon has escaped from Elba and landed in the south of France."

"Good Heaven, sir!" exclaimed the frantic broker, "are you an idiot? Will not such an event throw all Europe into convulsions, knock down the prices of everything except gunpowder and steel? I am ruined, sir! Why did you not confide the news to me?"

Schenck was stupefied, could make no reply, felt his knees tremble beneath him and at length found tongue to implore the broker to do the best he could to get him out of the scrape. The maddened stock-broker, scarcely deigning to listen, flung himself away, past rushing back to the market, commenced selling as fast as he could find buyers, indifferent to the continually falling price. But the warlike news soon was made public, and the market fell with fearful rapidity. The result of that day's transactions was a heavy loss to Schenck's broker, a much heavier loss to his principals. Gottlieb, on settling-day, parted with three-fourths of his capital, was but too happy that his agent had prevented the humiliation of his being declared a defaulter, by commencing so actively counter-operations, reducing the sum of the difference within compass of his means.

Mr. Ashley and his friends, at Paris, were made happy by the success of their speculation—a third of the profits, a very handsome fortune, was willingly conceded to H. Mellish, who truly won it by his intrepid passage of the channel. That he had nearly risked success and his own reputation, through encountering the unprincipled Gottlieb, he frankly confessed to Mr. Ashley—the story was confirmed, if confirmation were indeed needed, by the extent of Schenck's losses, obliging an immediate sale of all disposable merchandise. The disaster preyed so heavily on his mind, that he fell sick, made a voyage to Holland, without even taking leave of Mr. Ashley or his daughter, neither of whom he dared encounter. Henry was invited to make the villa at Walthamstow a home during his stay in England—he found the time pass so delightfully that he wrote to Paris, requesting further leave of absence, which could not be refused. But when the period of departure arrived, he could not tear himself away from Mary Ashley, explained the state of his affections to her father, who was happy by the assurance, that if she were agreeable, he might have Mary for a partner of his home—Mr. Ashley for partner in commercial enterprise; so the return to Paris was abandoned, and Miss Ashley became Mrs. Mellish, whilst the fate of Gottlieb was commented on as a signal warning to himself and others, that "honesty is the best policy;" and that it is essential to know the difference between buying and selling, in making a golden speculation.

RECEIVED—A CASE OF FRESH RICE just to hand, and for sale by JAMES LITCHFORD, Next door above Mrs. Hardie's, Raleigh, March 2.

SCHOOL IN FRANKLINTON. A SCHOOL will be opened in the town of Franklinton, on the 15th of January next, under the care of Miss REBECCA PURMAN, who has testimonials of the most satisfactory character from Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, formerly of Louisa, under whom she received her education. She has also certificates from several other persons, including three or four Ministers, some of whom have known her from early life. Miss PURMAN has lately been teaching the School at Dr. Edward Spaul's, in Granville, where, by her indefatigable attention to her School, she has given entire satisfaction.

TERMS—FOR SESSION OF FIVE MONTHS: For Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and English Grammar, \$5.00 All the higher branches of an English Education usually taught in Female Schools, 10.00 Music, 15.00 French, 5.00 It will be seen that this School is now offering inducements and advantages to Parents seldom offered to any community. Franklinton is proverbially a healthy location; and Pupils entrusted to her care will receive every attention necessary to their intellectual training.

Any person wishing further information in relation to the School, and address Rev. R. POTTER, P. M. at Franklinton. Refer also to the Editor of this paper. Franklinton, Dec. 22, 1848. 4 ft.

THE WIFE'S FRIEND. Important to those about to become Mothers. PROFESSOR ALEXIS V. PAULTAN, of the Medical Academy of France, Corresponding Secretary of the Paris Anatomical College, respectfully begs leave to announce to the Ladies of America, that he has appointed DR. JEROME Y. C. ROSENBERG, of New York, his sole American Agent, for the sale of his wonderful medicine, known in France as THE WIFE'S FRIEND, or MOTHER'S ASSISTANT. TANT, the most extraordinary medical discovery the world has ever seen. Its province is to LESSEN THE PAINS OF CHILD-BIRTH, and promote a safe, easy, and SPEEDY DELIVERY, which it does by soothing nature. It is perfectly HARMLESS, innocuous, pleasant to the taste, and never fails to promote an easy and safe delivery, and improve the general health of both mother and child. It has been used for years in all the principal Hospitals in Europe, and receives the sanction of nearly all the prominent Colleges and Medical men of the old world. It is the GREATEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD; as all will admit that a medicine must be that which lessens the terrible pains usually attendant on child-birth. There is no mistake about this medicine doing all that is said of it.

IT NEVER FAILS. It is in the form of a fine, light powder, to be made into a drink, and used for a few weeks previous to the expected event, and its price is so low as to bring it within the reach of all. Surely so humane a husband will suffer his wife to endure pain, when it can be so easily and cheaply avoided. For the small sum of only \$1.00, sent post paid to DR. JEROME Y. C. ROSENBERG, New York Post Office, a package will be sent by return mail, if being so light that it can be sent by express, at mail, at a very reasonable cost.

No unpaid letters taken from the office. To prevent imposition, the U. S. Agent, Dr. ROSENBERG will write his name in full on the outside label of each package. No other genuine. Remember this. New York, March 24, 1849. 14—6m

FAMILY ROE HERRINGS. 52 BARRELS and half barrels for sale by SEAWELL & MEAD, Raleigh, Feb. 23, 1849. 12

WINDOW GLASS. A LARGE assortment of Window Glass, of all sizes, by the box, for sale by SEAWELL & MEAD, Raleigh, Feb. 23, 1849. 12

FRUIT TREES. THE Subscriber has just received a supply of choice Fruit Trees, from T. Perkins' celebrated Nursery at Burlington, N. J., consisting of Peaches, Apples, Nectarines and Cherries, in great variety, and with the view of selecting speedy sales, will sell them low. P. F. PESCUO, Druggist, Raleigh, Feb. 23. 19

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.—Chewers and Smokers will find at my Drug and Apothecary Store some very superior Tobacco and Cigars. P. F. PESCUO, 19 Feb. 23.

PHOSPHENE GAS and LAMP OIL, just received, and for sale at P. F. PESCUO'S Drug Store, Feb. 23.

CAMPHOR CAPSULES, a fine article for Sick Head Aches, just received and for sale by P. F. PESCUO, Feb. 24.

JUJUBE PASTE.—A superior article of Jujube Paste, just received, and for sale by P. F. PESCUO, Feb. 23.

GARDEN SEEDS. THE Subscriber has just received his supply of Garden and Grass Seeds, which he warrants to be fresh and genuine, consisting in part of the usual varieties of the following kind, viz: Apples, Beans, Berseeds, Broomcorn, Callabags, Carrots, Cauliflower, Celery, Corn, Cucumber, Egg Plant, Cress, Lettuce, Melon, Mustard, Nasturtium, Onions, Parsley, Pumpkin, Peas, Peppers, Potatoes, Radish, Rhubarb, Salsify, Spinage, Squash, Tomatoes, Turnips, Aronitic herbs, Grass Seed, and Fruit Trees. Also a lot of Flower Seed, which will be sold at three cents a peck, as they are not of last year's growth. P. F. PESCUO, Apothecary and Druggist, Feb. 23.

PROSPECTUS. I have recently published the subscriber intends to publish a monthly paper of eight pages, for the purpose of diffusing information on the subject of education—with the special view of improving the character of our Common Schools. It is intended to give an account, drawn from the public documents and other sources, of the origin and progress of our Common School system, to compare it with that of other States here and in Europe, thus noting our improvement over former years and suggesting the means of overcoming the defects and difficulties under which we still labor. This will be done by investigating the sources from which school funds are derived, the modes of their application, the preservation of order in schools, the election of proper books for study, the recreation suitable for the pupils, the treatment necessary for different dispositions, &c. And believing that the State which would improve its schools must first improve its teachers, a portion of our columns will be devoted to the questions—How are our schools to be supplied with competent teachers? How is the standard of education to be raised, and the services of a hand secured who are well qualified to go forth and in the spirit of love, labor for the advancement of the children who are placed under their charge? But Education is a word of very extensive meaning, and although the primary object of the publication may frequently take us into the school room, we do not intend to be always confined there. Our subject matter is the human mind and the influences—good and bad, with a view of preventing the one and strengthening the other—which can be brought to operate upon it. That this is a theme of the deepest moment none can deny. Regard the interests of this world only—it reaches through eternity. We shall not hesitate then as occasion may demand, to enter the family circle, to place ourselves on the streets or mingle in the busy crowd and there set forth the rules of life and principles of conduct which we believe will promote the good of our race here and rebound to our everlasting welfare in the life which is to come. The publication will be commenced in Greensboro, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained to defray the expenses of printing—to be printed on fair type, at 50 cents a year, payable on the receipt of the first number. Letters relating to the paper may be directed (post paid) to Nereus Mendenhall, Jamestown, Guilford county, N. C. Subscription also received at the Patriot Office. The papers of the State, and others friendly to the cause of Education are requested to publish or notice the above. NEREUS MENDENHALL, 24 no. 7, 1848.

A CHEAP FAMILY PAPER. The Dollar Weekly News. Published in the city of Philadelphia, and Edited by R. T. Conrad and J. P. Sanderson, is offered at the following low rates, per annum: One copy \$1.00 Six copies 6.00 Twelve copies 12.00 Twenty copies 20.00 Twenty-seven copies 25.00 Thirty-four copies 30.00 Forty-two copies 35.00 Fifty copies 40.00 THE DOLLAR WEEKLY NEWS is a Whole Journal. Special attention is however directed to General News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, the interests of Trade and Business, and all such other reading as is necessary to make a good FAMILY NEWSPAPER. It contains also the most ample reports of the state of the Markets, in the principal cities of the Union, and a general synopsis of matters interesting to business men. No paper will be forwarded unless payment be made in advance. Money may be remitted through the mails at our risk. Address, postage paid, J. P. SANDESON & CO., News Buildings, N. E. cor. Third and Chesnut Sts., Philadelphia.

WILLIAM H. FURMAN respectfully informs the public that he continues the above business the old stand, and he solicits the orders of his friends and customers. He is prepared to make gentlemen's Coats and Pants in the latest style and in the neatest manner, and will warrant them to be cut and made as well as they can be in any establishment in North Carolina. His prices will be moderate to suit the times, and as exact on his part shall be wanting to give perfect satisfaction. All who want neat and fashionable Clothes, call at FURMAN'S, Old established Shop, in Louisaburg, Louisa, April 29, 1848.

ALMANACS! ALMANACS! ALMANACS!—A DOCTOR D. JAYNE would respectfully inform the public, that he publishes annually for gratuitous distribution, by himself and all his Agents, an Almanac, called JAYNE'S MEDICAL ALMANAC, AND GUIDE TO HEALTH. The calculations for this Almanac are made with great care and accuracy, for five different Latitudes and Longitudes, so as to make them equally useful as a Calendar in every part of the United States and British North America. They are printed on good paper, and with handsome new type, and are neatly bound, and besides being the neatest and most accurate Calendar printed in the United States, they contain a large amount of valuable information, suited to the wants of all, and of that kind too, which cannot be found in books. THIS CATALOGUE OF DISEASES, with remarks and directions for their removal is really invaluable, and makes them welcome visitors in every household they enter. Every family should possess at least one of these Almanacs. His Almanac for 1849 is now ready for distribution, of which he designs to publish at least TWO MILLIONS, and in order that every family in the United States and British America, may be furnished with a copy, he hereby invites

MERCHANTS AND STOREKEEPERS to forward their orders to him as early as possible, and they shall be supplied GRATUITOUSLY with as many copies as they may deem necessary to supply their various customers. They are also invited at the same time, to send a copy of their "BUSINESS CARD," which will be printed on a sheet on the cover of the Almanac sent them, also without charge. They are also requested to give all necessary directions how the Almanac should be forwarded to them. By law they cannot be sent by mail unless the postage is first paid on them here. Orders (post paid) directed to DR. D. JAYNE, Philadelphia, will meet with prompt attention. FAMILIES can obtain these Almanacs Gratis of R. C. MAYNARD, Agent for the sale of all Dr. Jayne's Celebrated Family Medicines at Franklinton N. C.

JOB PRINTING. upon the usual terms, in a neat and handsome manner, and select a portion of public patronage in this line of business. Subscription to the Paper only \$2 50 per annum in advance, or \$3 00 if not paid before the expiration of six months. THE TIMES will always be furnished free months for One Dollar, in advance. But subscriptions will be thankfully received on other plans. Those indebted to the Office are requested to remit their respective dues at our risk; when a receipt will be forwarded in their next paper. Raleigh, Feb. 23, 1849.

OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL, in the Rooms over the Store of James Litchford, next door above Mrs. Hardie's Confectionary Store, where we shall be happy to see our subscribers and friends. We are prepared to execute all kinds of Job Printing.

THE TIMES OFFICE being well supplied with a good assortment of JOB TYPE, we are prepared for printing, neatly, all kinds of Circulars, Cards, and Handbills, and other work, with despatch, upon reasonable terms. A share of public patronage, in this line of business, respectfully solicited. February 16, 1849.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE TEMPERANCE COMMUNICATOR. IOWE an apology to my Patrons for the temporary suspension of the Communicator. At the earliest solicitation of many friends, I have changed my location from Pittsboro' to Fayetteville, whence the mails diverge in many directions, and by which I can send the Communicator more speedily and with more certainty to all my subscribers. The regular issues of the Communicator may be expected as soon as the press can be put in operation—say about two weeks. WM. POTTER, Ed. Com. Fayetteville, Feb. 7, 1849.

LAW NOTICE. C. C. BATTLE having returned to this City, will resume the Practice of the Law, in this and the adjacent Counties. All business entrusted to him, will be promptly attended to. He is prepared to make out and procure all SOLDIERS' CLAIMS, of every description, at short notice, according to prescribed forms. Raleigh, August 7. 28—1m.

TIMES PRINTING OFFICE. OUR PATRONS are informed that the Printing Office has been removed to the Westside of Fayetteville Street, OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL.

Job Printing. upon the usual terms, in a neat and handsome manner, and select a portion of public patronage in this line of business. Subscription to the Paper only \$2 50 per annum in advance, or \$3 00 if not paid before the expiration of six months. THE TIMES will always be furnished free months for One Dollar, in advance. But subscriptions will be thankfully received on other plans. Those indebted to the Office are requested to remit their respective dues at our risk; when a receipt will be forwarded in their next paper. Raleigh, Feb. 23, 1849.