Sunter Banner.

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WM. J. FRANCIS, Proprietor.

"God—and our Native Land."

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THE SUMTER BANNER

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MISCELLANEOUS.

OUR HONEY MOON. SUNDAY, MAY 26, 18-. "My denr." said Fred this morning,—"I—I don't think I can go to church. But, of course, you can go. I don't feel like course, you can go. I don't feel like myself this morning."—"I don't won der at that love. Indeed, you don't look yourself. But I expected as much." "You, Lotty!" and Fred opened his eyes. "Why, I knew what would come of it. Here were you out till twelve o'clock"—"It wanted a quarter," said Fred. as if a quarter would. ter," said Fred, as if a quarter could 'make an " difference, "Twelve o'clock," said I, firmly, "allowing for watches, before you came home." "I told you —I was out talking with Tom," and Fred tapped the table,—"Well, if I must say what I think, Fred. I don't like Mr. Truepenmy. I—do—not—like—him !"—"I don't wish you to like like—him I"—"I don't wish you to like him, my dear. You're to like and love me; and to love one man industriously and conscientiously is as much as any woman can be expected to do. More no reasonable husband can ask of her."—But this I wouldn't seem to listen to. "Twelve o'clock," Incpented. "Well, what you could find to talk mount and that rime—and I satting—here at the window alone"—"You might have gone to bed," said Frederick.—"Youe to bed! And you out! Why, what can you think me made of?" But he only looked at me from under his eyes and laughed. "I'm not a stock or a and laughed. "I'm not a stock or a most admirable preacher, I'm told.— stone."—"Certainly not, my darling. Has preached before his Gracious Ma-I may perhaps be permitted to observe—in your own picturesque language—in your own picturesque language—in guite the reverse. "Indeed!" said Mr. Truepenny, as if he wished to be astenished. "A great and he again tapped the table. "No, love" said I; for I thought I'd at once nip that notion in the bud-"of course, I don't wish, in fact, I should never think of such a thing, as to desire to control you in the choice of your friends. If I don't like Mr. Truepen ny, why I can't help it; and there's an end. But what I wish to say, my love, is this-oh, it's no laughing matter, for I'm quite in earnest, Lassure youif Mr. Truepenny thinks he's to keep you out till twelve at night, and I'm to go to bed; if he thinks that"-"But I don't believe," said Fred cooly, "he thinks anything of the matter. Indeed, what is it to him whether you never go bed at all ?"—"Of course, nothing. Only I'm not going to sit up and say nothing. A woman's not to be kept out of her bed as if her soul wasn't her own." "Why, your soul doesn't wear a night cap, does it?" asked Fred. meaning to be aggravating. "I don't know that," said I; for as I've said, I was determined to nip the notion in the bud. "Nevertheless"-for I wasn't to be put off—"what could you talk of till twelve o'clock?"—Fred said nothing, but looked up at the criling. "No good, I'm sure," said I, in a bit of passion, and before I knew it. "Charlotte!" eried Frederick, and his eyes flashed, as I'd never seen 'em. And then in a moment he looked kind, and I thought sad; and holding out his hand he said, looking at me and his eyes softening, "Lotty, love don't let us quarrel." My heart was in my throat, and my arm about his neck. "We shall never quarrel, Fred," said I. "But what I meant to say was--what an odd person Mr. energy. "Of course. You wouldn't have any other for a friend; I know that love. But what I meant is, he's when I come to a watering place;be in such a twitter when he sees me?

things. When you consented to take me, Lotty, I don't know that I didn't knowledge a woman ever acquires is a beauty. Otherwise Lotty they'd nevthey would? Like the roses?"-I said nothing, but was just gently pulling his ear, when the church bells struck out. 'If it isn't church time," said I; "I'm dressed. Nothing, but my bonnet."
"Well, Lotty, you can go without me; yes, you"—and then he paused, and looked at me, I thought so strangely, and said—"no, my love: you shall not go alone. We'll go together." With this, he left the room; and a sudden shadow seemed to fall about me.'— The next moment the servant introduced "Mr. Truepenny." With his face the truth flashed upon me that—that—I didn't know what. But, instantly, I felt resolved to find it out; and so, in a minute, was in my very best spirits. "Frederick," said I, "will be here directly. He's preparing for church," "Church said Mr. Truepenny, as if the word half stuck between his lips .-"Don't you ever go to church, Mr. Truepenny? I mean"—" Always," said he. "But the fact is, when one comes to the sea-side"-"Peter's boat," I observed very seriously, "was at the sea-side." "To be sure, certainly," said he; then he looked at the toe of his boot, and then at the pattern of the carpet; in fact, anywhere but at me. Then he coupled and said for the Then he coughed, and said—for all the world as if he was talking of prawns—'t'm told there's very good preaching about here." "I should hope Mr. Trupenny, that there is good preaching everywhere; that is, if persons are only disposed to listen to it." Mr. Truepenny-dis eyes still on his bootbowed. "I hope," said I, "you will accompany us to church?" "What! I?" why not?" said Fred coming into the room. "And then, Tom, we'll take a walker Lotty isn't coust to the fathen we'll all dire, and comfortably close the day together." "Well. I--I -- I've no objection," said Mr. True penny; as though desperately making up his mind to endure the worst. "A favorite at Brighton; he's so extremely mild and well-bred. Touches upon the pomps and vanities of this wicked world-and scourges the miserable sinuer who keep carriages—gently. tenderly. For all the world as if with

a Lunch of peacock's feathers you'd dust so many images of Dresden China." "That's lucky," "Why lucky?" I asked-for there was something in the man's manner. "I meant to say," he stammered, "that there are times when one doesn't like-like one's sins to be-bullied-that is, not at the sea side." "Qu te right Tom," said Fred who I could see helping him out .-"Very well in one's own parish church but"--"We shall be too late," said I. and I ran from the room; and in a minute-never did I put my bonnet on so quick-in a minute I was ready. The church was extremely full-as we afterwards found-for the season,-

ing to his own cond maded sermon, he couldn't have been more solemn. It was odd, too, I thought, the glances he now and then cast towards me. And particularly when the clergyman said and he seemed, I really did think for the minute, as though he was looking right into our pew, when he said __"Thou shalt do no murder,,—at the very words, Mr. Truepenny let his prayer-book slip, and made such a start to catch it, that he drew all eyes

Frederick was particularly serious; and

for Mr. Truepenny, if he'd been listen-

upon us. I saw Frederick colour scarlet and bite his lips as he glanced at his friend. At last the service was over, and we got away .- "A very nice sermon," said Mr. Truepenny, Truepenny is." "Odd? A most ex-cellent fellow?" said Frederick, with soothing." I added; for I knew he was half-asleep all the time .- "Yes; that's it," said he: "but that's what I like,

so confused—so bashful." "Yes. A Something quiet, something to think bachelor's fault. I was so myself once. over."—Well we returned to the inn; But it's wonderful what confidence and somehow we got through the day. marriage gives a man. Kiss me, my I don't know how late Mr. Truepenny darling." "There, now, Fred; it's would have sat; but, for all Fred's Sunday," said I not knowing what to nods and winks, I was determined to git him out. At last—it was nearly "But why should Mr. Truepenny sit him out; At last—it was nearly twelve-at last he went away .- "We

He blushes and stammers, and-"It's shall meet in the morning said Fred "Nonsense!"—"A solemn truth. Ah! to him.—"Of—of course," said Mr. Truepenny; and then with the awkmy dear, it's a great comfort for timid | wardest bow in the world, he left me men that beauty, like the elephant, and Fred together .- "We'd better doesn't know its strength. Otherwise, go to bed, "said Fred, "Isn't it late?" how it would trample on us! It's a "Very," said I; "and for my part I tact, Lotty, if you had only known thought Mr. Truepenny was never go-half your power, you'd never have ing."—I went into my room, and—

master, you'll not let him get up tomorrow morning!" And now all the horror was plain as light! "Get up!" feel quite crushed by your condescen-sion. Quite crushed. Yes; the last I thought—and all a woman's resolution came upon me-"only let me proper sense of the power of her own once get him well to bed, and de doesn't get up." I listened for his footstens. er throw it away upon us, but live and die like the roses. Don't you think and didn't I lock the door?—Punch. The Wife's Nightcap.

Mr .---, who does nt live more than a mile from the post office in this city, met some "northern men with south-ern principles," the other evening, and extending to them the hospitalities of the Crescent City, visited so many of our principal saloons and "marble halls," imbibing spiritual consolation as they journeyed, that when he left them at their hotel at the midnight hour, he felt, decidedly felt, that he had "a brick in his hat."

Now, he has a wife, an amiable, ac complished, and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly, but she finds one fault with him, and that is, his too frequent visits to the places where these bricks" are obtained.

After leaving his friends, Mr.—paused a moment, took his bearings, and having strapped a course on the principle that continual, angles meet, made sail for home. In due course of time he arrived there, and was not very much astonished, but rather frightened, to find his worthy lady sitting up for him. She always does. She smiled when he came in. That also she al-

"How are you, dear E?" she said .-You stayed out so late that I feared you had been taken siek.

"Hic-ain't sick, wife; b-but dont you think I'm a little t-tight."

"A very little, perhaps, my dear, but that is nothing-you have so many friends, as you say, you must join them in a glass once in while."

"Wife, you're too good—the truth is, I am d—drunk."

"O, no, indeed, my dear-I'm sure that even another glass wouldn't hurt you. Now, suppose you take a class of Scotch ale with me, just as a night cap, my dear?"

You are too kind, my dear, by half; I know I'm d-drunk."

"O no, only a julep too much, love,

"Yes, ju-juleps! McMasters makes such stiff "uns!" "Well, take a glass of ale at any

te; it cannot hurt you, dear; I wan one myself, before I retire." The lady hastened to open a bottle,

and as she placed two tumblers before her on the side-board, she put in one a very powerful emetic. Filling the glass with the foaming ale, she handed that one with a bewitching smile to her husband.

Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind. She had never before been so kind when he was drunk. He looked at the glass, raised it to his lips-then

"Dear, won't you just taste mine, to make it sweeter?" said he. "Certainly, love," replied the lady, taking a mouthful, which she was very

careful not to swallow. Suspicion vanished, and so did the ale, emetic, and all, down the throat of

the satisfied husband. After spitting out the taste, the lady finished her glass. but seemed in no hurry to retire .-She fixed a foot-tub of water before an easy-chair, as if she intended to bathe her beautiful little feet. But small as were those feet, there was not water enough in the tub to cover them .-The husband began to feel, and he wanted to retire. "Wait only a few moments, dear,"

said his loving spouse, "I want to read the news in this afternoon's Delta. 1 found it in your pocket."

A few minutes more clapsed, and then, and then—O, ye gods and Dan o, the Lak -what a time! The husband was placed in the casy-chair .-He began to understand why the tub was there; he soon learned what ailed him. Suffice it to say, that when he arose from that chair, the brick had left his hat. It hasn't been there since. He says he'll never drink another julep; he can't bear Scotch ale, but is "death on lemonade." He loves his wife better than ever.

New Orleans Delta. "The Boy who would rather Die than Steal."—The Chicago Press contains a call, signed by a large num. ber of citizens, addressed to those who wish to perpetuate the remembrance of a noble deed, by contributing to the proposed monument to Knud lately drowned by some other boys for refusing to steal fruit. They want \$1 000. Some of his older companions held him under water until life was extinet, in order to compel him, by fright, against his repeated refusals, to enter and rob an orchard. The cd- is described by the surviving commarried me. Certainly not. But there upon my table—was a slip of then women never do. Looking glasbers are thrown away upon 'em, poor with these words:—"If you really love the monument.—Salem Reg.

A STARTAING CALAMITY, Mr. N. P. Willis, who has been for some time past writing in his usual felicitous style, sketches of his pleas-ant home on the Hudson River, furnishes the following to the last number of the Home Journal:-

"A startling calamity breaks in upon this linited history of what happens at home. Close to our gate at the door of one of our nearest and most valued neighbors—a lovely girl was struck dead by lightning. A friend who stood with her at the moment, a young married lady whom she had come to visit, was a great sufferer, in being prostrated by the same flash and paralyzed from the waist downwardsher life spared at the cost of tortures inexpressible. It is hard to make a record of this—fitly, I mean, for the saddened reading of those around us and the large. It was paragraphed in the city papers and read this paper. the city papers, and read this morning by thousands who have already forgotten it. Yet to us, who saw the flash and trembled at the thunder-to us, who but just before had seen the victim, surrounded by friends, happy and admired-the hush and gloom of the calamity now brooding around us, and a feeling as if we must still grasp and fold our own precious ones to our bosem-it is an event for which common passing mention is not enough.—Strong words crowd up to tell it, through, to the hurrying world, with the claims of new and present moments beckoning them on this men-tioning of an "accident" again is but repetition—a recalling of what was flung to the past with yesterday.

The bousehold from which this

finger of lightning plucked its victim, numbered, at the time, as many as fifty-six persons, and they were mostly in sight, grouped about upon the grounds in from of the house, the sultry heat at the clase of the Sab-bath afternoon having brought ev-ery one of them on o'doo. The venrable maneion, then In summer to boarders, has been the residence of the same family, almost from time immemorial. It is a large-spread and picturesque old house, so buried in trees and vines, that you can hardly see a corner of it, and its aged but active and believed wisters (aged by active and beleved mistress, (a widow of eighty, and sister of the venerable friend and neighbor of whom I have before spoken.) was seated under the willows which form the avenue to the front porch, and fell backwards with the shock of the fatal flash. The troop of children, several of her own grandchildren among them, who were around her upon the benches and green sward, has been, but a moment before, out upon the grassy hillock where the stroke fell, but were sent toward the house to avoid the coming shower. The telegraphic wire, which collected and pointed the stroke hung in a relaxed curve within six feet of the summit of this hillock, (a favorite play-ground for the chil-dren and fluid here entered the ground, though the adjoining post and wires for half a mile were shivered and

The sky was darkening, but scarce a drop of rain had yet fallen. Miss Gilmour had been chatting with a handsome boy-admirer, but left him to take aside the confidential friend whose guest she was, that she might read her a letter. It was from her mother, (a widow with this only daughter;) and related to some visit a bout which the moment was seized for a girlish taking of counsel. They passed out of the gate, crossed over the road to be out of hearing, and stood under the telegraph wire, where the letter was opened. Her lips were scarce parted to read when the flash came—an arrow of intense light shooting along the wire and blinding those who stood watching them. A scream of piercing agony arose with the crash of the thunder. A look toward the glore—one of those whom they had seen a moment before, lying prostrate the other upon her knees, with hands struggling wildly upwards-and the truth was revealed. From joyous life, health and beauty, every pulse beating with the promise of as happy a morrow, that young creature had ocen summoned in an instant.

So complete an extinction of life in an instant is doubtless a merciful sparing of the usual pain of death. The countenance of Miss Gilmour showed no suffering. Faint purple streaks followed the veins upon the left side, and the skin was slightly broken upon Iverson, the Norwegian boy, who was the left side, and the left foot; but the person was not otherwise disfigured. A recovery from a partial injury by lightning, however, is probably as severe pain as could be endured. The escape of the electric fluid from the body suddenly surcharged with it, panion of Miss Gilmour, as a fierce and scorching issue of fire from every pore. With that power of thought remained to her she imagined it to be that gives."

the sudden beginning of the anguish inconceivable of another world.-The paralysis of her limbs, though complete for a while yielded ultimately to medical treatment, and she is likely to regain the use of them, partially at east; though the nervous system is How difficult it must be, through the tears of such suffering and sorrow as are crowded together by an event like his, to see where those recompenses are which philosophers tell us, make

human allotments equal. GOOD TEMPER IS GOLD .-- If people generally knew what an advantage to them it was to be cheerful, there would be fewer sour faces in the world, and infinitely less ill temper. A man nev-er gains anything by exhibiting his au-noyance in his face, much less by bursting into a passion. As it is neither manly nor wise to yield, like a child, pettishly to every cross, so it is alike foolish and absurd to allow feelings of anger to deprive us of self control.— Here never was a man in any contro versy who lost his temper that did not come near losing his cause in consepuence. If ever a person plays the game of his enemies, it is when he is in a passion. Acquaintances shun men of proverbially ill te per, friends drop away from them; even wives and chil dren learn to fear them more than to love. Thousands of men owe their want of success in life to neglecting the control of their temper. Nor have hey the excuse that it is an infirmity which cannot be restrained, for washington, though naturally of a most passionate disposition, disciplined himself until he passed for a person utterly impassive. No man who neglects his temper can be happy, any more than he can make those happy around. Good temper is gold, is health, is every thing. Bud temper is a curse to the

possessor, and to society. THE MISSIONARY SALARY .- While Rev. Mr. Worcester was laboring anong the Cherokees in Georgia, a ceptic wishing to find occasion of accusation against the missionaries, visted the station and began to catechize Mrs. Worcester as to their employments among the Indians. After receiving answers which impressed him yes, she replied. "How much does he get, madam-five hundred dollars?" "Oh, more than that!" One thousand dollars?" "Oh, more than that!" One thousand five hundred dollars?" "Oh, much more than that!" Yes, a hundred-fold in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting!" "Poh! it was money I meant," said he. "As to that, sir," she replied, "the property here is own ed by the mission, and we have the promise of such a living as you see, while we are able to render such ser vices as I have spoken of."

Population of the Grave.—Un der this head the Merchant's Ledger has some very curious and interest ing calculations.

It estimates the average of births per second, for the last eighteen hundred and fifty-three years at about 815. This would make the whole number of human beings who have lived since the birth of Christ about thirtytwo thousand millions.

Deducting from this number the nine hundred and sixty millions, the present population of the globe, and it leaves the number thirty-one thousand and forty millions that have

gone to the grave. Of this number the estimate is that nine thousand millions have died

Eight thousand millions by famine and pestilence. Five hundred millions by martyrdom Five hundred and eight millions by

intoxicating drinks. Thirteen thousand millions natural ly or otherwise. By this estimate it will be seen that was and strong drink have sent one

third of the human race to a prema-

ture grave.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAND .- TWO charming women were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinon as much as in the shape of the beautiful member they were discussing.-A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful hands presented to him, which, by the way, he had the cunning to hold for some time in his own, for purposes of examination, he replied at last: "I give it up, the question is too hard for me; but ask the poor, and they will tell you the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand

"BERY THE HATCHET."—'Dear Walter,', said Mrs. Gray, "New Year is coming with its warm hearted greetings and festal gatherings, to dig the grave for old animosities, polish brighter the chain of friendship, and draw closer about the heart the cords of love doubtless shattered beyond remedy. for home and kindred. It is very sad to think of the separation between you and your brother; 'Forget and forgive, said the sweet peacemaker, as she passed her arm caressingly about her husband's neck."

usband's neck." "Pshaw! Emma," said her husband, penefits he has never acknowledged by been the recipient for long years; and

Gray mildly, I " know you are the injured party, I know he has abused your generous kindness; so much the more to sleep by the same nursery song, re-peated your infant prayer at the same knee. Any one can recent an injury, dear Walter, it were Christ-like to turn the other cheek."

Tears filled the eyes of the loving

usband; pressing his lips to her forenead, he murmured, "you are an angel, Mary-it shall be as you say."

WOMEN AND LADIES .- In the days of our forefathers there were such and in their place a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and girls are among the things that were; but "ladies" are found every where Miss Marticonn wighing the ladies and grand-cur; and with a shrewd that in providing herself with those agencies which not only attract, but constantly where Miss Marticonn wighing to see the women wards in a prison in Tennessee, was answered by the ward on, "We have no ladies here at present, madam." Now so far as the la-dies were corneerned, it was very well she finds it necessary to do in order to with the idea that their labor was ardunus and self-denying, he said, "Well, I suppose your husband gets a very high salaries for such a service?" "O labor was argued that none of them were in prison; but it sounds a little odd—ladies in prison! It would seem bad enough for women to go to such a place.

Constitution of them were in prison; but it sounds a little odd—ladies in prison! It would seem bad enough for women to go to such a place.

A lecturer, discoursing upon the characteristics of woman, illustrated thus:-"Who were the last at the cross. Ladies.' Who were the first at the sepulchre? Ladies." On the modern improvement we have heard of but one thing that beats the above .-It was the finishing touch to the marringe ceremony, performed by an exquisite divine, up to all modern refinements. When he had thrown the chain of Hymen around the happy couple, he concluded by saying: "I now pro-nounce you husband and lady." The audience stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and got out of the

ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN MECHANICS. The disposition cannot be too much rebuked, let it exist in any town it may, o send to distant parts for products, which could be equally well furnished by the mechanics of their own town. This will apply to nations as well as to towns. No one thing can be more positively injurious to the real interests of any town than to go over the heads of its mechanics, and buy elsewhere. It takes out of the place money, which justly be longs at home. It discourages and drives away honest and enterprising mechanics. It prevents them from advancing in prosperity, so as to add to the success of their town. Wherevar you see poor mechanics you are very sure to see a poor town. The prosperity of both are identified.

We regret to believe that there are persons who think that no article can be good for anything unless it be an imported one. Such are pests to the town in which they live. They do what they can to retard its progress, and discourage its citizens. It is wholly wrong, unjust and foolish. Every real friend to the place in which he lives should do all he can to encourage its mechanics, and he who has a right conception of the duties of good neighbor and a true American itizen will ever take pleasure in doing so, and not run after every thing that s foreign, from the foolish ides that by doing so it renders him a man of the ton, by such an act of deep injus-

"My principal method for defeating heresy," says John Newton, "Is by establishing truth, An individual proposes to fill a bushel with tears; now, if I can fill it first with wheat, I defy his attempt.

Mercantile Advertising.

There is, perhaps, no city in the world which, at this time, is making

such rapid progress in wealth and im-portance as New York. Improvement of every kind is going forward there at a rate which has never been paralled in the history of any similar metropolis, and which seems to bid defiance to competition. We may chafe as we please at this amazing prosperity of our neighbors, and deprecate that centralization of trade and influence which it is alleged she is woman never go to the foundation of endeavoring to effect upon this conany thing; you seem to forget the cause of this alienation; you overlook the superior commercial energy, enterof this alienation; you overlook the provocation received; you forget the prise and intelligence are the only causes that are creating the difference the word of gratitude, of which he has between her and rival communities, and that the result flows so legitimatethen this last affront; I will not bear it, ly from fair and generous exertions to said Mr. Gray, rising and pacing the attain the position of the "Empire floor in his impa ience, "no, not from my own mother's son."

City" of America, that none can just-ly make it the subject, of invidious re "No, I do not forget," said Mrs. mark or resistance. It is obvious that ly make it the subject of invidious reevery year is adding vastly to the business activity and resources of New York. Merchants from all quargenerous kindness; so much the more magnanimous in you to forgive. If there remain in him a spark of the no bleness you possess, it will be fauned into a flame by you'r generosity. Remember, you were rocked in the same cradle, nursed at the same breast, lulled to sleap by the same breast, lulled to sleap by the same breast, lulled to sleap by the same breast ways are same breast at the same breast ways are same breast ways are same breast ways as a same breast ways are same breast ways a are thus brought into direct combination with those of her own citizens, New York is how increasing, with surprising rapidity, her power and prosperity as an emporium. She is expending far more money than any or all other cities in this country upon canals and roads designed to concentrate, as far as possible, in herself the thousand streams of island commerce; she is continually multiplying the number of the steam lines which things to be met with as men and are uniting her with the ports of evwomen; but now they are all gone, ery sea, and making them tributary to where. Miss Martineau wishing to keep an immense transient population One great secret of her success, un-

world advised of what her resources and attractions as a metropolis are: New York business men, aware of the importance of the newspaper press as a channel for gaining a wide and advantageous notoriety, have used it with the same liberality with which they avail themselves of every means of aggrandisement, and are reaping the benefits of their wise economy in this particular. In a paragraph upon this subject in the New York Tribune recently, it was stated that the estimated annual expenditure of the business men of that city, in advertising alone, is more than two millions of dollars, of which three-fourths are spent uproom as quickly as possible to take on their own journals. "We count this," says the article, "among the influences which are stendily concentrating the wholesale trade of the country more and more upon New York." The remark is certainly a just one; and we regret that a fact so thoroughly appreciated and acted upon by the people of a rival city is so little understood and taken advantage of here. While New York journals, crowded with the advertisements of her merchants, mechanics and manufacturers, are circulated thickly throughout the United States, as well as abroad, those of Philadelphia present, comparatively, no adequate exposition of our commercial character and advantages. This is a serious drawback upon the business prosperity of the city .- Phila. U. S. Gazette.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON DISRASES. 'Diseases is very various,' said Mrs: Partington, as she returned from a street conversation with Dr. Bolds .-The doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs! It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The diseases is so various! One day we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs, another of brown creature; here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, there about the tenor of the thront; here we hear of the neurology in the head, and there of an embargo; on one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of beef in his sarcophagus, and there another kills by discovering his jocular vein. Things chance so, that I declare I don't know the ton, by such an act of deep light low to subscribe for any tice to his own fellow-citizens.—West a-days. New names and nestrils take the place of the old, and t might as the place of the old, and t might as how to subscribe for any disease now-

well throw my old yarb bag away.' Nonsense-to think to cure a disposiion for telling white lies by eating blackberries:

Our most learned men in Ameri ca and Europe, are Printers.