SUNBURY AMERICAN.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

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Philadelphia, June 2, 1849.—3m

SELECT POETRY.

ANNABEL LEE.

BY THE LATE EDGAR A. POE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child
In the kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling,
Chilling my beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so merry in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beems, without bringing me dreams,
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

From Godey's Magazine and Lady's Book.

A NOVEL TEST.

BY A COUNTRY EDITOR.

"Every man," says Burke, "has its price." There is a great deal more involved in this than is generally supposed; and hundreds who indignantly reject it as a libel on human nature, show, almost daily, that *they* have their price. The sentiment just quoted is most commonly understood to mean, that there is a certain money-consideration, by which every man may be tempted into a violation of honor and honesty. But this is only its most palpable and grossest signification; and, thus interpreted, it will not bear a universal application. Hundreds and thousands, who are constantly giving evidence, in one form or another, that they have their price, would reject, with indignation, any attempt to bribe them from integrity, no matter how large the consideration offered.

What then does it mean? is asked.—Simply that every man by nature, has an evil will; and that there is some form of temptation which, as an easily besetting sin, will draw him aside from a just regard to his neighbor's rights, unless he be fortified by a true religious principle formed in his mind after he has attained the age of rationality and freedom. And it is not speaking too boldly to say, that no man reaches the age of rational freedom, without, in something, small or great, being drawn aside into acts that were not just to others. In proof thereof, let every man examine his own heart and review his own life. Beyond this, no evidence is asked to substantiate the position that every man has his price. One will yield a point of principle, in order to secure some trifling advantage. Another will speak ill of his neighbor, from the fact that it makes him feal pleasant to do so — the pleasurable feeling is *his* price. Another, whose love of reputation, or desire to have the credit of being a truly honest man, in order to forward his interests, leads him to strict rectitude before the world, will withhold a sixpense or shilling of the full amount really due to a porter, coal-heaver, wood-sawyer, or other poor persons from whom he has received a service, and experience a feeling of satisfaction at having saved the paltry sum. Is there a question of the fact, that such men have their price? None. Hundreds and thousands thus sell themselves daily and hourly, who would reject as an insult, beyond atonement, an offer of money to make a false accusation against another, or betray a friend, or his country.

Let every one examine his own heart, and his own conduct, and see if, in certain acts of his life, so secret as almost to pass without his reflecting upon them, he is not, for a consideration felt to be desirable, parting with honor and integrity? The examination is worth making.

But we are saying too much by way of introduction to a little affair, that occurred in a certain town that shall be nameless, and, perhaps, rendering obscure, by many words, what we wished to make clear.

Mr. Justice Gregory was a city magistrate, in the town of Y——, and had the reputation of being an honest man. He was spoken of as "Honest Squire Gregory" by every one; and, knowing the reputation in which he was held, he felt not a little pride therein. And few men were more strictly honest than Squire Gregory. In his dealings, he was careful to regard other's rights as well as his own, and more frequently called and paid such bills as happened to be against him, than waited for them to be sent in.

"I don't know how others view the matter,' he used to say; "but, for my part, when I have enjoyed the property obtained from another, it seems to me that the least I can do is to pay for it."

"If money is not worth calling or sending for, it is not worth having," was the usual reply to this. "I wish I could get my own by simply calling for it. You may be sure I would think it no hardship."

"Perhaps not," returns Squire Gregory; "but that doesn't remove the simple obligation under which every man lies, to pay what he owes the moment he has the ability to do so. The waiting-to-be-called-on system, is grounded, say what you will of it, in a secret reluctance to pay what is justly due. Now, I don't call that a clearly honest feeling.—I know what it is—I've felt it hundereds of times; and have to fight against it now. We all love our weaknesses."

It happened, one day, that Squire Gregory and his character for honesty, formed the subject of conversation among several persons, one of whom was the editor of a newspaper published in the town.

"Squire Gregory," remarked the latter, after listening for some time to what was said; "is, no doubt, one of the most honest living. Still, I do not believe him to be strictly so."

"While I believe," said one of the company, "that Squire Gregory could not be tempted, in the value of a sixpense, to wrong another by withholding what was justly due, or by over-reaching in a bargain.,"

"Understand, gentlemen," said the editor to this, "that I think as highly of Squire Gregrory as any man in town. But I am satisfied, that I can put him to a test, as well as every man present, that will show a palpable disregard to the plainest and most common sense views of honesty.—The fact is, and its no use trying to deny it, we all, as Burke says, have our price. That is, there is appertaining to us all some weakness, or easily besetting sin, that leads us, almost unawares, into acts by which our neighbors suffer wrong either in person, property, or reputation. Or, if not led into direct acts, we are betrayed into omissions of duty by which others are equally wronged."

"Then we are evil of necessity," said one.

"No, not by necessity, but by nature."

"What is the difference?"

"Necessity would make the state a fixed one; but inherited evil propensities may be overcome; and it is the duty of every man to search into his heart and life, and to see in what he is tempted of this nature to do wrong to others. When he has discovered the lurking devil in his breast, let him cast him out, as he can if he will."

"Humph! That's your theory! And so you don't think our Squire Gregory honest in everything?"

"I do not."

"Well, all I have to say is, if he is not a strictly honest man, I don't believe there is one in the world."

"I don't know how that may be," replied the editor. "I only know that we are all born with propensities to seek our own good at the cost of even the rights of our fellow-men; and that no man rises superior to this evil state, without many and sore struggles with the evil will that is ever prompting him to unjust actions. Even the best are not wholly good."

"No; of course not."

"Nor do I believe Squire Gregory to be *perfectly* honest in all his dealings with the world," added the editor.

"Then you think him wilfully dishonest in some things?"

"No, I do not say that. But I am well satisfied that I could probe him in such a way as to show that, by a neglect, almost wilful, he has wronged for years and still wrongs his fellow-man. That he has enjoyed, in fact, the goods of another without paying for them."

"That's rather a grave charge."

"I know it is."

"Will you make it to his face?"

"Certainly."

"Then suppose we all adjourn to the office of the squire, and have the point settled."

"No objection in the world," said the editor.

So the party went to Squire Gregory's office. As they entered, one of them said:

"Good morning, squire! We come to try a case in your office."

"Ah! Who's the defendant?"

"Yourself."

"Me!"

"Yes. Our friend B——, here, says that you are not a strictly honest man, and we've brought him to prefer the charge to your face. So consider yourself on trial."

The blood mounted to the very forehead of Squire Gregory, at such an unlooked for and scandalous allegation.

Not honest! What does he mean? said the squire, in a disturbed manner.

"Just what he says," returned the editor, smiling.

"Oh! you're trying to play off a pleasant joke," said the Squire, brightening.

"No—not by any means," was replied. "B—— is perfectly serious. In fact, he won't admit that any man is, by nature, strictly honest. And avows that even the best sometimes permit themselves to be led away by some easily besetting sin into acts of wrong to others."

"Perhaps he is right there," said the squire. "But I should very much like him to put his hand on any act of mine, by which another has suffered wrong. Let him point to the fact, and I pledge myself to make restitution and reparation instantly."

"There friend B——; there's a chance for you," said one and another.

"And you are willing to be put to the test," said the editor, addressing Squire Gregory.

"Oh, certainly! Speak out. Lay your hand upon the act, & I will acknowledge it."

Still, though the squire said this promptly, his countenance wore a serious and retrospective aspect. He was, plainly enough, running over the past, to see wherein he had been derelict.

B —— smiled, half humorously, and then said:—

"Squire Gregory, I think I have seen at your house the Saturday Post?"

"You have."

"And the North American Review?"

"Yes."

"And Godey's Lady's Book?"

"I take all three, and have done so for these six years."

"And, I suppose, wouldn't be without them."

"No. The Review is a work I read with much interest; and, as for the Lady's Book and Post, my family would be lost without them."

"So I should suppose. Now, squire, pardon me for one more question."

"Ask as many as you please."

"Have you regularly paid your subscription to these three works?"

"Ye-ye-yes! No-n-no, not exactly," stammered out the squire. "B—b-but, it is not my fault."

"Are you sure of that?" was the editor's calm interrogation.

"I have not been called upon by the collector of either publication for two or three years. The money has always been ready, and would have been paid down had the bills been presented."

"A thousand miles, squire, is a good ways to send a collector for a bill of two or three dollars," said the editor.

"True. But mine is not the only account due, of course."

"No, of course not, much to the grief of the publishers. But, suppose there are half a dozen bills to collect in our town, would it pay to send a collector a whole thousand miles?"

"It might pay a collector to come from the nearest town, to which, in the course of his regular collecting tour, he had progressed."

"It would cost him to come from the nearest town here, remain a couple of days, and then return, say five dollars.—Could he do it for less?"

"No, I think not."

"If, then, he collected twenty dollars, he must deduct twenty-five per cent. for expenses, besides commission. After that, how much do you think would be left for the publishers?"

"Why don't they appoint local agents? That would save this expense."

"And have to send a collector, in the end, to get the money out of the local agent's hands."

"Let them appoint honest men."

"How is a publisher, a thousand miles away, going to know who is honest? He may select thirty honest men in thirty different places, and ten dishonest men in ten other places. The ten dishonest agents will collect promptly, and keep the money; and the thirty honest ones will have, perhaps, too much to attend to matters of their own, to look after the publisher's interests. I've seen the practical working of this system, and know precisely what are its evils."

"Then I can only say," returned the squire, "that publishers must have a pretty hard time in getting what is justly their due."

"You may well say that, Squire Gregory."

"What is the remedy?"

"For every man who takes a periodical to feel that is bound in honor and honesty to pay for it."

"I feel that; and yet I have not paid for the Lady's Book in two years, nor for the Post in three. I have not had the opportunity."

"Rather say, squire, that your honest and honorable feelings have not been permitted to came into activity."

"There has been no opportunity."

"Perhaps you are mistaken as to that."

"Oh, no. Not at all."

"Would you embrace the opportunity now if it were presented?"

"Certainly I would."

"Give me a sheet of paper and a pen," said the editor.

They were handed to him, and he sat down and wrote:—

"MR. L. A. GODEY,

"DEAR SIR:—Enclosed you will find twelve dollars. Six, for my two years subscription due the Lady's Book, and six that I will trouble you to hand over to the publishers of the Saturday Post. Let me have receipts by return mail."

"Do you understand that?" said B——, handing the sheet of paper to the squire.

Squire Gregory read over what was written; paused to reflect for a moment; and then taking up the pen, signed the letter.

"You are right—you are right, my friend," said he, as he took out his pocket book, and selected the bills necessary to send. "I ought to have thought of this before. In fact, to tell the truth, I did think of it several times—but—but the truth is I neglected it. In other words to speak out plainly, I have not been honest between man and man in this thing at least."

The individuals who had come to witness the test to which Squire Gregory was to be subjected, did not exhibit a very lively state of feeling in regard to the result.—One smiled briefly, another looked slightly grave, and another moved towards the door. The eyes of B—— were on them, and there was a mischievous twitching about his lips.

"Haven't I made out my case?" said he, addressing his companions.

"I rather think you have," returned one, with a shrug.

"Clearly!"

"Well, I suppose so. Still, I can't see that the squire is so much to blame."

"Beg your pardon," said the squire; "I think I am a good deal to blame. Here, for two or three years, weekly and monthly, have I and my family been enjoying these excellent publications, each number of which has been sent with a cost of trouble fully equal to what would have been required of me to send, once in the year, the trifling subscription money in a letter by mail. Now, as far as I am concerned, I don't call this right, or excusable under any plea. In fact, gentlemen, I acknowledge the card—I was not honest in the matter, for I withheld what was due another, when I might and should have paid it. If all their subscribers are no better than 'honest' Squire Gregory, Heaven help them! That's all I've got to say. And now, gentlemen, if any of you are in the same category with me, just go home and make a clean conscience of it."

The number of letters mailed for editors and publishers, that day, in the town of Y——, was altogether unprecedented.—B—— estimates that something like a hundred dollars went on to the East. His own receipts, before the sun went down, were over thirty dollars.

Written for the American.

SUN AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY HENRY B. CUMMINGS.

As sinks the setting sun away,
Or fading falls its ling'ring ray,
Upon the quiet earth;
So 'tis with Friendship's bright halo,
As th' cherished one fades from our view,
Leaving our humble hearth.

And though the orb that gave the light,
Has gone, and vanished from our sight,
And passed for e'er away;
Yet 'tis not all a rayless night,
Where joy and sorrow disunite,
Or join but to bewray.

No, no, as earth is not unkind,
They leave a twilight yet behind,
As does the setting sun;
And though we see not their glad face,
No other fills their sacred place,
We are not yet alone;—
The memory of the dead *will* stay,
Though they themselves have passed away.

Williamsport, Lyc. co. Pa.
Nov. 5, 1849.

TRIUMPH OF LEARNING.

Mind consitutes the majesty of man—virtue his true nobility. The tide of improvement, which is now flowing through the land like another Niagara, is destined to roll on downward to the latest posterity; and it will bear them on its bosom, our bosoms, our virtues, our vices, our glory or our shame, or whatever else we may transmit as an inheritance. It, then, in a great measure, depends upon the present, whether the moth of immortality of ignorance, and the vampire of luxury shall prove the overthrow of the republic; or whether knowledge and virtue, like pillars, shall support her against the whirlwind of war, ambition, corruption, and the remorseless tooth of time.

The cynick may smile at the idea, but there is, perhaps, many a germ of genius now in America, destined to rise to the pinnacle of human glory. Go search the record of renown. It is not colleges alone we are to look for the great and good men.—The Saviour of mankind chose his companions from the fishing boat; and many of the most illustrious characters that ever illuminated the world rose by the aid of some humble means Dr. Herschel, who, with the eye of a philosopher, searched out and added another world to the solar system, was a fifer boy in the army; Ferguson, the very sun of science, was a poor weaver, and learned to read by hearing his father teach an elder brother. Search the records of our revolution, and the name of Sherman, of Franklin, and many others, may be adduced as evidence of the truth of this position.—Active education is ever on the increase; like money, its interest becomes compound, doubles, and in the course of years forms a vast national treasury. Give you children fortune, without education and at least half the number will go to the tomb of oblivion, perhaps of ruin. Give them education, and they will accumulate fortunes; they will be a fortune to themselves and to their country. It is an inheritance worth more than gold, for it buys true honor—they can never spend nor lose it; and through life it proves a friend—in death a consolation. Give your children education, and no tyrant will trample on your liberties. Give your children education, and the silver shod horse of the despot will never trample in ruins the fabric of your freedom.

THE VOICE OF WISDOM AND AGE.—In my apprehension, the best way to be useful and happy in this life, is to cultivate domestic affections—to love home, and at the same time to be temperate and just—to pursue lawful business, whatever it may be, with diligence, firmness and integrity of purpose, and in the perfect belief that honesty is equally binding in the discharge of public as of private trusts; for when public morals are destroyed, public liberty cannot survive.

If we are aspiring, we ought not to lose our diffidence; and if ardent for reforms, ought not to lose our discretion. We ought to listen to the maxims of experience, and respect the advice and institutions of our ancestors; and, above all, we ought to have a constant abiding sense of the superintending goodness of the Almighty Being whose wisdom shines equally in his works and in his word, and whose presence is every where sustaining the universe.—*Anon.*

ONE of the most noted gamblers in San Francisco, is said to be a Spanish woman.—She has been known to put up twenty-five pounds of gold dust at a single stake.

THE WISDOM OF WAITING.

The whole theory of a wise conduct in this world may be summed up in the knowledge of when to act and when to refrain from action. How often are we placed in critical circumstances which no action of our own is at all likely to improve—in which it is clearly most prudent to take no step—to do nothing; but to wait and see what the opposite party will do or say. Now this position is what half-wise people cannot maintain with patience, and often they cannot maintain it at all. Restless from temperament, or some other cause they go and do something when it would be infinitely better that they had sat quietly at home and done nothing. The young in particular, are constantly getting themselves into scrapes, all through a headlong wish to be doing. It is all very well and very proper to be enterprising, and to be ready to take advantage of circumstances; but in the name of common sence, let them take care to be enterprising in the right direction, and not rush without foresight into imprudent undertakings, merely for a wish to be doing, or from a notion that the world is going to run away before they can get hold of it. We say, let them take things coolly—let them have a reasonable degree of patience Will any body, however, in these days of high-pressure, listen to such grave admonitions? With the bulk of people, patience does not rank as a virtue at all; it is disregarded as a mere negative quality, useful enough as ballast to minds less richly freighted than their own, and it is precisely for the want of this ballast that many fine minds have been wrecked in the sea of life.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

When the face of nature is wreathed with smiles and the heart rejoices in prosperity, it is because some darling object is about to be obtained, some valuable possession is at hand. It is the hope of happiness that sustains the soul when sinking under adversity, that calms the troubled spirit; that pours into the heart of grief those consolations which are healing. The chief aim and object of life is happiness, and the pursuit thereof permanent pleasure; for even in the darkest days of life may be seen the beautiful rainbow of hope as it sends its rays of light far over the fearful chasms of death, into a land where the eye that is fading on earth can discern objects of heavenly beauty. The hope of happiness is the rainbow and sunshine of life; and though clouds may sometimes darken the horizon, yet the rainbow will soon appear, and the clouds will give place to sunshine and beauty.

A GENTLEMAN.—Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age, who can hold cheerful converse with one whom years have deprived of charms—show me the man who is willing to help the deformed who stands in need of help, as if the blush of Helen mantled on her cheek—show me the man who would no more look rudely at the poor girl in the village than at the elegant and well-dressed lady in the saloon—show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress, surrounded by the powerful protection of rank, riches and family—show me the man who abhors the libertine's gibe, who shuns as a blasphemer the traducer of his mother's sex—who scorns, as he would a coward, the ridiculer of woman's foibles, or the exposer of womanly reputation—show me that man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy, the respect that is due to woman as woman, in any condition or class, and you show me a gentleman; nay, you show me better, you show me a true Christian.

An infirm old gentleman was found by a rogue moaning sadly at something lost.

'What's the matter, sir?' said the fellow.

'Oh, sir, a villian just stole my gold-laced hat from my head and ran away with it.'

'Why don't you run after him?' asked the rogue.

'Bless your heart, sir, I can't run at all—I can hardly walk.'

'The deuce you can't,' said the rogue, 'and he stole your hat?'

'Yes, he did, sir!'

'And you can't run?'

'Not I.'

'Nor catch him?'

'No.'

'Then here goes for your wig,' and accordingly, pulling off that thatch for the head, the fellow went off like a shot, and the old gentlemen was left bald as a coot.

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU SPEAK.—Hush!—why should you speak vengeance against the character of a female? It is all she has to depend upon in this world. Just give the impression wings, that she is not so good as she should be, and it will fly to every nook and corner of the town. The story you whisper will return in tones of thunder, to astonish even yourself, who was the first guilty wretch to repeat so base a story. A word has often proved the ruin of a virtuous soul—a word thoughtlessly spoken, it may be, but reported by an evil mind. Suppress any thought, which, if uttered, might injure the character or feelings of another. A thought may be stifled at its birth, but a word spoken may never be lost. Weigh every thing you utter, so that none may misconstrue your language or receive a wrong impression.—Above all, never even in jest, whisper words which if true would throw a blight upon a spotless reputation.—*Olive Branch.*

The Small Pox is raging in Washington city.

FASHIONABLE GIRLS.

Mrs. Swisshelm, of the Pittsburgh *Sunday Visitor*, one of the pleasantest and most original writers of the age, giving the following matter-of-fact information in one of her admirable letters to country girls:—

'There are hundreds of girls in every large city, who parade the streets in feathers, flowers, silks and laces, whose hands are soft and white as uselessness can make them, whose mothers keep boarders to get a living for their idle daughters. These mothers will cook, sweep, wait on tables, carry loads of marketing, do the most menial drudgery, toil late and early with very little more clothing than would be allowed to a Southern slave, while their hopeful daughters spend their mornings lounging in bed, reading some silly book, taking lessons in music and French, fixing finery, and the like. The evenings are devoted to dressing, displaying their charms and accomplishments to the best advantage for the wonderment and admiration of knights of the yard-stick and young aspirants for professional honors—doctors without patients, lawyers without clients—who are as brainless and soulless as themselves.—After a while the piano-sounding simpleton captivates the tape-measuring, law-expounding, or pill-making simpleton.—The two ninnies spend every cent that can be raised by hook or crook—get all that can be got on credit in broad cloth, satin, flowers, lace, carriage attendance, &c.—hang their empty pockets on somebody's chair, lay their empty heads on somebody's pillow, and commence their empty life with no other prospect than living at somebody's expense—with no higher purpose than living genteely and spiting the neighbors. This is a synopsis of the lives of thousand of street and ball-room belles, perhaps of some whose shining costume you have envied from a passing glance. Thousands of women in cities dress elegantly on the streets, who have not a sufficiency of wholesome food, a comfortable bed, or fire enough to warm their rooms.

I once boarded in a 'genteel' boarding house in Louisville.—There were two young ladies and a piano in the house; hall and parlors handsomely furnished. The eldest young lady, the belle, wore a summer bonnet at ten dollars; a silk and blond concern that could not last more than two or three months; silk and satin dresses at two, three and four dollars per yard, and five dollars a piece for making them, and the entire family, women, boys and babies, nine in all, slept in one small room, with two dirty bags of pine shavings, two straw bolsters, and three dirty quilts for bedding; no slips, and there on the wall hung the peagreen and white satin, the rich silk and lawn dresses. These ladies did not work, but played the piano, accordion and cards; and nearly broke their hearts the week before we were there, because another, who I presume lived just as they did, called on them with a great clumsey gold chain on her neck. None of them had one, and Miss Labalinda, the belle, could eat no supper, and had a bad fit of the sulks to console her for the want of a chain. But, dear me! I had no notion of running away off here. I was just thinking how busy you country girls are apt to be in the fall, and this led me to think what a blessing it is that you have something to do, and that you think it a disgrace to live idly. It is a great blessing to live in a country where it is a credit to work, for idleness is the parent of vice and misery. So do not get weary, or think your lot a hard one when putting up pickles or preserves, apple butter, sausages and sauces for future use.

FOREIGN BORROWERS.

It is worthy of remark, in connection with the present revolutionary condition of Europe that some of the governments which have enlisted most zealously against the republican movement, are most straightened for means to maintain their military establishments. At this moment there are five governments in open market as loan beggars, to the extent of nearly one hundred millions of dollars as follows:

France	340,000,000
Austria	35,000,000
Tuscany	6,250,000
Naples	6,250,000
Piedmont	6,250,000

A time will come and it is not far distant when the coffers of despotism will become exhausted under the steady process of displetion, rendered necessary by the popular demonstrations which are every day growing more formidable; and when it does come, there will be one great struggle between the many and the few—between the people and their rulers—in which the moral and physical influences will prevail over the tyranny which has enslaved them through centuries of wrong and oppression. We shall heartily rejoice whenever this hour of republican triumph arrives; and it cannot happen too soon to be hailed with a shout of sympathy and succor from the American continent.—*Buffalo Courier.*

RICE IN MISSOURI.—The editor of the St. Louis Republican has been shown a sample of rice grown in the vacinity of that city. It was raised without irrigation of the land.

A PRECIOUS RELIC FOR SALE.—The administration of the late David C. Claypoole, printer, who recently died in this city, aged 82, advertise to sell at auction on the 12th of February, the original manuscript of Gen. Washington's Valedictory Address to the people of the United States.—*Phila. Ledger.*

STOPPED PAYMENT.—The State Bank of Morris, N. J., suddenly closed its doors on Wednesday morning. We will hereafter give a full history of the transactions, but we have not leisure this week.—*Jerseyman.*