THE MINERS' JOURNAL,

AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

I WILL TEACH YOU TO PIERCE THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH AND BRING OUT FROM THE CAVERNS OF THE MOUNTAINS, METALS, WHICH WILL GIVE STRENGTH TO OUR HANDS AND SUBJECT ALL NATURE TO OUR USE AND PLEASURE.—DR JOHNSON.

VOL. 1. POTTSVILLE, PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING MAY 23, 1838. NO. 38.

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SEMI-WEEKLY,

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All letters addressed to the editor must be post paid, otherwise no attention will be paid to them.

All notices for meetings, &c. and other notices which have heretofore been inserted gratis, will be charged 25 cents each, except Marriages and Deaths.

From the Washington Madisonian.

DEATH OF OCEOLA.

The Indian Chief stood pensively
Within his prison cell;—
He who had led his warlike tribe,
Where many fighting fell;—
And, tho' death's hand was on him then,—
Though raged the fever high—
Still Anger sat upon his brow,
And Vengeance fired his eye!

Imagination carried him
To days that then were past,
When followed by his gallant band
He braved the battle's blast;
And saw the balls that round him fell
As thickly as the hail,
When wintry clouds obscure the sky,
And wintry winds prevail.

He mused—and then compared his state—
The present with the past;
Once, fighting for his native land—
Now, bound in fetters fast!
His haughty spirit spurned control—
Insulted was his pride;—
A short farewell—a bitter curse—
And Oceola died!

From the English Annual for 1838.

ZEMBA AND ZORAYDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'OUR ISLAND.'

"Zemba, and what are these?" said a white traveller to his guide, as they were passing with a koffle (caravan) through the land where the sand storm rages, and the sroc breathes its withering blast. "Those," returned the African, "are the hills of Mandara whence the iron comes which points our spears." "And those?" continued the white man, pointing to other lofty peaks which towered to the southward. "They," again replied the negro, with an inquiring look, "they are far hence, four days' journey." Why so anxious? he seemed as though he would have added. "And far beyond these last, see mightier summits still gird the distant horizon." The traveller was intent upon his question. "La illah e' Allah!" exclaimed a mussulman of the party, "we know nothing of that dark land; Kerdies and Kaffirs (Infidels, not Moslems,) who eat horses are the dwellers there."—"And the mountains?" once more asked the Christian. "Mountains?" said the Mahometan, "two months' journey to the south, large, large Moon mountains." "To the west you have a mighty stream?" again observed the white man. "The dark waters;" said the Moslem. "Which runs to the sea, far to the south of Timbuctoo?" "No, no, Allah Kerim!" replied the worshippers of the prophet, "it turns, and flows eastward to the Nile!" "Impossible!" was the answer of the traveller. "Hadael Kaffir, (there is the infidel,) let him look at the map of the Sultan Bello;" said the Moslem with a loud voice "Illa el Alla Mahamond rassoul Allah!" (there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet,) exclaimed a number of people upon hearing this appeal; and the Christian awakened from his reverie, was glad to retreat from the stern gaze of the fanatics who surrounded him.

It was a kafila or koffle, travelling from Soudan to Bornou, with slaves. The poor negresses, pensive and unpitied, could with difficulty maintain the route. The whip shaken over their heads quickened the most vigorous, some were suffered to hang on the camel's back; and one, in the last stage of weakness, was lashed to one of those patient beasts who tread the desert with so sure a step. Distress was indeed the portion of these captives, who had been wrested from their homes by the rapacity of a neighboring Sultan. The tall scorching sand hill where an oasis never lurks, the spent water-skin, the panting nerveless tongue, the death-like gasp, are the common lot of those with whom men traffic as with the cattle of the field.

Zemba, himself a slave, had now fallen back awhile with his master into the rear of the caravan. Here, for the first time, the firm pace and noble bearing of a female arrested the attention of the Christian.—"Zemba," said he, "there is a woman who does honor to your race." The guide advanced and fixed his eyes upon the stranger. A turkadee (body dress) hung gracefully beneath her shoulders, her plaited hair fell loosely on either cheek, whilst numerous chains of silver were spread in lavish ornament around her. But these were the bitterest badges of her low condition. About to stand in the public market, a prey to the capricious purchaser, she viewed her gaudy necklace and coral band with pensive sadness, too well assured that her tinsel trappings would last no longer than the chaffering of the merchant whose property she was. Zemba started, and prostrated himself before the wandering negress. "What is this?" she exclaimed in the language of her country. "Tis Zorayde," cried Zemba. "And you," returned the princess, "the valiant chief of the Tibboo, and both slaves!" she added with deep emotion. "Mistress of my heart," said the African, "what sad fate has brought the loved by Zorayde to this hated spot?" "Alas! sultan," replied she, "the ghrazzie, (expedition of plunderers) In one dark hour, the Arab robbers and cruel Bomoroy rushed into the peaceful haunts of the Tibboo, drove us from our fence of hides, our woody belt, and mountain pass, and chased us like sheep along our native heights. But we rallied; arrows flew like sand of the desert, women such as I am hurled masses of rock on the heads of our invaders, and they fled with poisoned arrows rankling in their shrunken limbs. But they made me captive, sultan. Zemba," she added, after a pause, "brave Zemba; how is this change of fortune?" "I, too, Zorayde, was the victim of a lawless ghrazzie, but not like you, victorious. Our village was encompassed by the men of Mourouk one summer's morning. The plunderers left their tents and camels at three hours from us, and at daybreak burst on our defenceless hordes." "But your fastness, sultan?" "The muskets of the Arabs, Zorayde, lay between us and our mountain shelter. It was too late."

The white man and his strange pilgrimage now engrossed their converse, but whilst they were speaking of him as a phenomena in their land, the koffle entered a deep and wooded track. The bush and the thicket lay around them. There was the mimosa, the mangrove, sleeping in the swamps, the tall acacia, and the keen edged tulloh. And there were the watchful tenants of the forest, the shrill, the foul hyena, the deep red lion, the wary panther, the fearful tiffo, the scorpion, the fierce musquito. Night was cumming on, night so terrible to the negroes, who fear the growling beasts of prey with most anxious dread. Indeed, their eyes wandered eagerly on all sides as soon as the sun had set, and "Wara bili, bili," (see the great lion) was on their lips as they passed each shady coppice. They were also not without reason for their terrors. The wolf and the panther might be seen darting from bush to bush at the approach of evening, and lion crouched ready for his victim, was no uncommon spectacle in these dreary woods. Not every day has Africa beheld a dauntless spirit, who, like Mungo Park, dared tread the wilderness alone, amidst the roar of hungry thousands, the deepening gloom of unknown shades, and the barrenness of a parched and desert land. The koffle crowded together, the statees, (slave merchants) murmured at their guides, the native trembled and went on with hasty steps. But at this instant, there was a cry of distress, and a general halt was ordered. Each sought eagerly for his companion amidst the darkness, and at length the name of Zorayde was called in vain. Not a moment was lost. The caravan was turned back with shouts, but there was no answer. The merchants insisted upon proceeding. Even the owner of the slave Zorayde was so terrified, that he was willing at once to abandon her to the tyrants of the woods. Zemba and the white man alone remained. Struck with alarm for her fate, they made the forest echo with the name of Zorayde. Again they rushed onwards, leaving the koffle far behind, and once more they thought they heard the voice of anguish amidst the moans of the thunder. At this moment, a flash, one of those sweeping blazes which in these tropic lands lay all things wide and open, lightened on the dreary waste. It was but the gleam of a moment, for dense darkness instantly wrapt all things within its bosom, yet was that bright shaft sufficient to reveal Zorayde beneath the paw of a vast panther. The travellers were dumb with surprise. Neither ventured a syllable. The white man, however, grasped his gun, and the African his club. They darted, as well as they were able, towards the spot, but amidst so deep a gloom, it had been dangerous to fire. "Another friendly flash!" exclaimed Zemba, and at the moment the fire of heaven gushed forth again, laying bare the narrowest cranny and most hidden track. The beast had retreated, after toying with his victim, and was now in the act of springing afresh upon Zorayde, as she lay spellbound on the earth. Zemba snatched the gun from the hand of his master, pushed it with desperation to the ear of the savage, and fired; at the same instant, he fell headlong to the ground, as though instead of a deliverer, he had been a suicide. But the white man advanced, and found the beast quivering in the agonies of death, struggling with uplifted paws towards the sky, whilst the damsel of Tibboo still lay motionless beneath the fatal bush. Zemba at length started up, frantic with agitation, and smiting his breast with agony, long refused the cheering news of the Englishman, who in vain pointed towards the dead panther, and assured him he had saved the maiden's life. Zorayde had suffered little from the gripe of the wild beast, and towards the afternoon of the next day, they were so fortunate as to rejoin the koffle in safety.

Some months had passed away after this adventure, when the Sheikh of Bornou declared his resolution of holding a court of justice for the trial of two unhappy beings who had broken the stern observances of his seraglio. In the court yard of his palace, surrounded by his warriors and the governors of his provinces, sat as sultan, a man of imposing aspect, grave demeanor, and unchanging decision. He had given orders that the case should be heard in full divan. Every one trembled for the captives, for the Sheikh's inexorable visitations of the frailties of womanhood, were too well known to raise a doubt as to the result.—Near to the great man sat a celebrated fighi, or man of letters, one who had, by dint of forty years' experience, learnt every chapter in the Koran, and was held in great estimation by his master. The white traveller also formed one of the group, and being in high favour with the sultan, he was indulged in a place very close to the seat of judgment. The sheikh who had just disposed of a trifling case of theft, now addressed the Englishman in the interval before the greater culprits were produced. "Rais," said he, "you must rest satisfied; you can go no further. The sons of Allam are brandishing their spears at all points: I could not let you advance with safety.—We are not wiser than our fathers, and they knew and taught us that the river you are in quest of, flows eastward, through vast Kerdy countries, to the Nile." The Englishman remembered the fanatical laugh and loud clamour in the koffle, and he bowed assent. "With what intentions you come to our country to see the Joliba, stranger, we know not," continued the sheikh; "but to the east, believe me, there are cannibals who devour their prisoners, and eat the flesh torn from the backs of living animals, and to the west—you remember the fate of your countryman." "I do, but he beheld the Joliba," returned the white man with emotion. The entrance of the criminals prevented all further converse. The Englishman started and trembled. Zemba and Zorayde stood before the sheikh, the one arrayed in a splendid silken tobe, (shirt,) the other in the same turkadee she wore when her companion snatched her from the panther's gripe. The judge beheld them with forbidding aspect, and bade the witnesses appear. Their testimony was short, and it soon appeared beyond controversy that Zemba had ventured beyond the precincts of the inner apartments, a crime punishable with death in Bornou. A mournful silence ensued, for it was expected that the sheikh would instantly wave his hand, the signal for execution. But Zemba came forward at that moment, and arrested the dread mandate. "Hear me," said the man of Tibboo; "mercy, great sheikh! I will read the fatah (marry) with her." This declaration created a general sensation throughout the court; it was an offer which sometimes appeased the arm of justice, and life rallied in the breasts of the pitying spectators. But the sheikh moved not—he did not as much as speak with his counsellors. He vouchsafed no answer, but viewed the culprits with unbending rigour. Another fearful suspense prevailed, and the sultan had now raised his arm, and the white man sprang forward, and appealed against the final sentence. "By the head of Mustapha!" exclaimed the sheikh, starting up from his throne; "yet stay, it becomes us to be calm with the stranger.—Rais," continued he, "speak on."

The traveller detailed the adventure which befell the lovers in the kafila, and dwelt, with energy, upon the prerogative of pardon. "Rais," said the sultan with composure "answer me a question. Do you ever punish capitally in your country?" "We do not for this offence," returned the Englishman. "Each land obeys its own peculiar laws," observed the sheikh; "I ask you, Rais, do you never punish with death?" The traveller hesitated. The whole court felt the triumph of the sheikh. "We very rarely, do," the Englishman at length replied. "I blush for my country that we draw the sword at all in such matters." "Enough," exclaimed the sultan. The white man again interceded. "Staffur Allah," (God forbid) cried the sheikh; and he lifted his condemning arm once more. But the fighi yet once again delayed the death sign. He fell at the judge's, feet, and laying his hand upon his head, began a loud and earnest prayer for the accused. Zorayde remained calm and silent, whilst the fire gleamed in the eye of her companion, and it seemed as though he was feeling for his ataghan, (dagger.) The crisis had arrived—vehement and impassioned was the remonstrance between the sultan and his wise man; for a long time the solemn protest of the fighi was as useless as the lover's promise of the fatah, or the Englishman's mourning plea. At length the sultan started—"A sin!" he cried, by the head of the bashaw! The fighi declares, that true it is, that these slaves have broken our law, but that for us to take their lives is an equal crime—Englishman! tell that saying to your countrymen."

The judge ceased and covered his face—"It is well, fighi," he continued after a pause; "I had not thought of that, Allah Kerim! blood shall not be spilt to day—but there must be a severe chastisement."

Great sultan," said the white man, "be still more merciful—I will ransom these unhappy children of Tibboo. Let them go back to their country whence war and the ghrazzie have torn them." The whole court evidently seconded this supplication, and the fighi was not unmindful of the happy moment. He pressed his suit, and the sheikh leant back on the judgment seat.

"You will ransom them, Rais?" he said at last; "wonderful! which of you would have done this?" He turned round to his ministers with an air of superiority: "Yes, they shall be free—Englishman! stay with us, and say—Illa el Allah Mahmoud rassoul Allah. In a few days we shall send an expedition to Beghormo, and you shall have twenty slaves. My friends," continued he, addressing the emancipated negroes, "God is great." And he joined the hands of Zemba and Zorayde.

ENGLAND.

Exchange at New York, on London, 6½ a 7 per cent. premium.

An auctioneer in the West of England has just outstripped the most inventive of his London brethern in the art of puffing, by announcing in a country paper that he has recently worn out two hammers, and is now on the second end of the third.

Great North of England Railway.—The works of this railway commenced near Northallerton, last week.—York Herald, March 31.

Two indictments laid by the Liverpool Town Council against the owners of alkali works were tried at Lancaster, and in both cases the works were pronounced to be a nuisance. The most important case, namely that against Mr. Musprat remains for trial, and it is not likely to be tried for some days. There are also several other cases of the same kind for trial.—March 31

At the Warwick Assizes on Monday, Mr. Justice Park, in the case of Forty v. Allport, said, that political unions were disgraceful to all men who were members of them, and ruinous to the country. As an old man man, he recommended all young men to avoid any connection with them.

At the York Assizes, Mr. Matthew Spilling, surgeon, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, for the manslaughter of Isabella Turner, at Ecclesfield, near Sheffield, by an improper use of instruments.—March 31.

There is now living in the pleasant village of Lofthouse and its vicinity, near Guisborough, in the North Riding, 6 brothers of the name of Adamson, whose united ages amount to 450 years.

During the late severe weather a most beautiful wild stork was discovered upon the Park House estate, Worcestershire, by Mr. John Dobson sen., who having heard it authenticated that the stork, though very wild, has been taken by fright, resolved to try the experiment. He therefore endeavoured to keep out of sight until near his game, when he uncovered his head, whilst at the same time, making a most hideous scream, the bird became as it were petrified and motionless, and allowed Mr. Dobson to take it up.—Shrewsbury Chronicle.

A considerable wager was decided a few days since at Mr. Week's patent range manufactory, King's Road, Chelsea, who undertook to cook with three-pennyworth of coals, a codfish steamed, a leg of pork steamed, a leg of mutton boiled a pigeon pie baked, rump steaks stewed, with four sorts of vegetables boiled and steamed, the whole weighing upwards of 50lbs. The fire was lighted at twelve o'clock, and the whole of the dishes were placed on the table at three o'clock, precisely. The banquet was partaken of by 22 gentlemen, old residents of Chelsea and its vicinity; who after dinner drew up a document expressive of their perfect satisfaction of the manner in which the dinner had been cooked.—March 31.

Two fellows, having the appearance of farmers' laborers, conducted a woman into Ludlow market on Saturday, with a halter round her waist, and publicly sold her for 3s. The purchaser was the husband's brother! The wretches afterwards adjourned to a low pot-house to refresh themselves.—Worcester Journal.

IRELAND.

A Forgiving Woman.—At the Longford assizes, a young woman, named Courigan, prosecuted a man named Cort for abduction. After her examination she addressed Judge Torrens as follows.—"Your worthy, as I have got a man ten times his superior, and as the prisoner did not treat me ungenerously, barring the taking me away, I hope you will look over it as light as you can, and long life to you, my lord." His lordship said he should attend to her recommendation.

Mr. O'Connel's proposition for the settlement of the tithe question is viewed by all parties in this country much more favourably than any plan hitherto suggested.—Limerick Chronicle.

Ball at the Castle.—The usual annual ball in honor of St. Patrick's day—postponed in consequence of the illness of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant—was given last evening at the Castle, and, if possible, surpassed in magnificence & splendour any of those held on former occasions. St Patrick's hall was brilliantly illuminated and had an imposing effect, while the Presence Chamber and a long range of rooms adjoining, were appropriated for refreshments, among which were to be found every delicacy the season could afford. Nothing could surpass the beautiful scene which those rooms presented—the tables ornamented with flowers of every hue, and a variety of other ornaments of the most exquisite workmanship. At half past ten o'clock his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and Countess of Mulgrave entered St. Patrick's Hall, accompanied by the officers of the Household, when the quadrille band, stationed in the gallery struck up 'God save the queen.' His Excellency was attired in a field marshal's uniform; and, notwithstanding his recent indisposition, looked remarkably well. Shortly after their Excellencies entered the ball-room, dancing commenced to the air of St Patrick's Day—the Chamberlain opening the ball, which continued till an early hour this morning.—Dublin E Post March 22.

Newtownlimavady Temperance Tea Party.—On Friday evening, the second Temperance Soiree was held at Newtownlimavady, in the Market-house. The rooms were most tastefully decorated with evergreens, and three large transparencies, with six Scripture mottoes, made the scene delightful. Upwards of two hundred were present. Never was the want of a larger room more felt, as from the anxiety manifested by numbers of the most respectable inhabitants to procure tickets, two hundred more could have been issued, had there been accommodation.—After tea all the company joined in singing a hymn written for the occasion. Wybrants Olpherts, Esq. was then called to the chair. The Secretary, the Rev. Robert Gage, read a most interesting report of the Society, interspersed with some very instructive facts. Robt. F. Dill, Esq. M. D. the Rev. Messrs. Wilson and M'Hinch, and Mr. Cathcart, successfully addressed the meeting in a manner so impressive, as to command the deepest attention, the effect of which was proved by thirty five persons joining the Society. A great number of the most respectable ladies of the town and neighbourhood graced the meeting with their presence.—Derry Sentinel.

It is rumoured in the fashionable circles that an Irish Barrister of distinction has been so fortunate as to make a favourable impression on the wealthiest heiress of England, Miss Angela Burdett Couts.—Court Journal.

A report has prevailed here that Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, Q.C., is the happy individual alluded to. This we are enabled to pronounce unfounded, as we have reason to know that this distinguished legal functionary is on the eve of a matrimonial alliance with the Baroness Lehzen, late Governess to the Queen.—Dublin E. Packet.

WALES.

Ancient Welsh MSS.—We are happy to announce that B. Hall, Esq. M. P. of Llanover, has received a communication from Lord John Russell, stating that her majesty is graciously pleased to become the Patroness of the Society for the publication of Ancient Welsh MSS. Under such auspices the Society cannot fail to succeed.

Our Fair on Monday afforded a tolerable show of cattle, with prices looking up. Cows with calves at their side varying from £7 to 10£. In the Horse Fair the supply was more than equal to the demand, and with but few good ones.—*Denbigh Herald.*

Llangefni Fair.—This Fair on Tuesday was well attended, and the sales in every thing but horses were brisk. Oxen sold from £10 to £12; cows, with calf, £8 to £10; small store pigs from 30s. to £3. There was a large show of horses, but few only changed owners.

A large concourse of persons assembled yesterday in Southgate street, to witness the funeral of the late Mr. John Chesterton, of the Talbot Inn, in this city, who was buried at St. Mary de Cryot church with druidical honours. The procession started soon after 12 o'clock, headed by a band of music. The principal attention was of course the appearance of the brethren, 12 in number, who were attired in long white robes, "venerables, &c. bearing the paraphernalia and banners of the Lodge; these were followed by a number of other brethren in black robes, &c. Several members of the Worcester and Cheltenham Lodges attended. The funeral service having been read an address was delivered at the grave by Mr. Taylor, a member of the Worcester Lodge. The procession then returned to the Lodge Room at the Talbot. The singularity of this procession naturally drew together a large crowd, among whom we regret to state there were many who conducted themselves in a manner highly indecorous, and not at all consonant with the solemnity of the occasion. This description of conduct was not confined to the street, but was even extended to the church and churchyard, where the only object appeared to be to gratify a feverish curiosity, without any regard to the proper decorum which ought to be observed on such occasions—*Gloucester Chronicle.*

The Church in Wales.—A most unseemly custom prevails at funerals in the Principality. Instead of any fixed fees being payable to the officiating minister, the friends of the deceased offer what each individual may deem proper, the clergyman standing like a jack in a quoiting ground or a cock on Shrove Tuesday, while the money is being pitched for, if not at him, on the altar; when this part of the ceremony is over, the money is taken up, counted, and published with "I thank you." At a parish in Merionethshire lately, at the funeral of a respectable female, her four sons not wishing their mother buried as it were by subscription, determined that the offering should be confined to themselves, the eldest offered a sovereign and the three younger half a sovereign each to the parson and to the clerk. The consequence was that the clergyman hesitated, if not positively refused to proceed with the ceremony, under pretence of not wishing to do away with an old custom, and a scene, to say the least of it very unbecoming both to the situation and circumstances, was the result. Mammon! mammon! how long are you to continue the god of the establishment.

ANNERCHIADD I FERCH IEUANGC.

Man, wen, deg, mewn enw da—gu rodiad,
Mewn gwir ydwedes—
Hardd goron, dra con di-drc,
Yn ei phwyll, hon ni phalla.

Gwir ni fadd Gwynedd am genach—na hon
Na hanes ei glanach;—
Hynaws yw ei mhonwes iach,
Ni welwyd mo'i tanwylach.

Ei chael i lardd, heb wahardd dim—iawn fodd,
A foddiai'r chwennychiad.—
Bod hebddi mewn bri—Ow! brad
Yw meddiel am meddiad!

DEWI'S GLYN.

Nantglyn, Mawrth, 1838.

SIX CENTS REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber on Tuesday last, May 7th, an indented apprentice to the Cabinet Making Business, named, JEREMIAH McCULLOUGH, aged about 19 years. All persons are hereby forbid harboring or trusting said boy at their peril. Whoever will return said Apprentice to the subscriber shall receive the above reward. DANIEL AURAND.

may 12 36-3

Hotel, Coal Landings, and Building Lots

AT SCHUYLKILL HAVEN.

Positive Sale to close a Concern.

WILL be sold at Public Sale, ON SATURDAY, the 2d of June, 1838, at 7½ o'clock in the evening, at the Philadelphia Auction Mart, in Carpenters' Court, Chestnut street, (South Side) between Third and Fourth Streets, a large number of building lots, coal landings, public hotel and out lots, situate at Schuylkill Haven, being at the junction of the West and Main branches of the Schuylkill, and at the termination of the West Branch or Mine Hill and Schuylkill Haven Rail Road, on which nearly one-third of the coal business of Schuylkill county was done the past year.

The property will be sold agreeably to a plan now exhibited at the Philadelphia Auction Mart, and consists of

60 Building Lots on Dock street,
30 on Haven street,
40 on Centre Turnpike, the main road to Pottsville,

A number of out lots, from 1 to 12 acres.

A large and well finished hotel, to which is attached 28 acres of land, and seven coal wharves or landings, from 150 to 230 feet front, by 80 feet in depth, *all now occupied* as coal landings.

☞ The public is most positively assured that the above property will be sold at the time and place above mentioned without limit or reservation. Terms at Sale.

C. J. WOLBERT,
Auctioneer.

N. B. Plans at the Philadelphia Exchange, at the Philadelphia Auction Mart, and at the principal hotels in Schuylkill and Berks Counties.

Philadelphia, May 9, 1838. 35—tf

Notice to Contracting Miners.

MY Mines will be let out to Mine by the ton to any responsible Miners—Contractors can examine the Mines.

May 16 37-3 ALFRED LAWTON.

Pottsville & Harrisburg

NEW LINE OF

MAIL COACHES.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has commenced running a Semi-weekly line of STAGES between POTTSVILLE and HARRISBURG. It leaves the "National Hotel," in Pottsville, every Tuesday and Friday, at 4 o'clock, A. M. and leaves E. Hale's hotel, in Harrisburg, every Monday and Thursday, at 4 o'clock, A. M. arriving the same evening at the place of destination.

Fare Through. $3 50
Way Passengers, 6

For Seats apply at Weaver's hotel, Pottsville, and at Hale's hotel in Harrisburg. Passengers taken to or from any other stopping places.

ABIJAH MERRILL.

May 16, 1838. 37—

BOOK-BINDERY.

B. BANNAN has commenced a Book Bindery in connection with his Book Store, where all kinds of Books will be bound at the shortest notice at low rates.

Blank Books &c.

of every description made to order at the lowest rates—and the trade supplied wholesale at Philadelphia prices.

April 11 27—

New Goods! New Goods!!

JUST received by N. Nathans & Co. a new and elegant assortment of Spring and Summer Prints, painted muslins and lawns, among which may be found a few pieces of English Prints at a very low rate. Also, a splendid assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings &c.

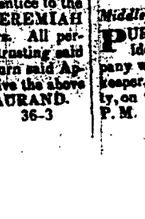
Also, Gentlemen's Summer wear, together with a general assortment of Linens, Checks, Diapers, Tickings, Muslins, &c. &c.

april 14 28-

Richard D. Shoener,

SADDLE, BRIDLE & HARNESS MANUFACTURER,

Next Door to Samuel Hartz's Store, and nearly opposite the National Hotel in the Borough of Pottsville,



RESPECTFULLY announces to the public, that he constantly keeps on hand a general assortment of Saddles, Bridles, Trunks, Coach, Gig and Wagon Harness, Valices, Travelling Bags, Patent Fly Nets, Buffalo Robes to cover Saddles, Stage Lashes, Gig and Riding Whips, together with every other article generally kept and manufactured by Saddlers, and solicits all, in want of those articles to call and examine for themselves.

Every description of work in his line, will be made to order at the shortest notice, with neatness and durability; and on terms as low as can be done elsewhere.

may 9 35—3m

Mount Carbon Rail Road Company.

NOTICE is hereby given, that a special meeting of the Stockholders of the Mount Carbon Rail Road Company, will be held on Saturday the 26th day of May, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, in Room No. 23 Merchants' Exchange, City of Philadelphia.

By order of the Board of Managers,

JAMES C. DONNELL,
President.

Philadelphia, May 5, 1838. 34-6

Caution.

THE undersigned cautions the public against purchasing or leasing the tract of land called Clinton Tract, on the East Norwegian rail road, from Elizabeth Spohn, or Henry Morris for her, as he the undersigned claims title thereto, and will institute a suit against any person attempting to take the possession thereof.

JOHN POTT.

Manheim, April 28, 1838. 33

COATES'S Popular Medicine, or Family Adviser, just received and for sale by

april 28 B. BANNAN.

Notice.

Middleport and Pine Creek Rail Road Company.

PURSUANT to Charter an Election for President, Managers and Officers of said Company will be held at the house of John Miller, Innkeeper, in the borough of Reading, Berks County, on the 5th day of June next, at four o'clock, P. M.

may 12 34-9w