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 30, 1838. NO. 41.

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SEMI-WEEKLY,

THREE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable semi-annually in advance. If not paid within the year, $4 will be charged to all those who receive the paper free of postage. To mail subscribers $3 per annum If not paid within the year, 50 cents will be added to the price of subscription.

WEEKLY,

TWO DOLLARS, per annum, payable semi-annuall in advance. If not paid within the year, $2 50 will be charged

Advertisements not exceeding twelve lines will be charged $1 for three insertions—and 50 cents for one insertion. Larger ones in proportion.

All advertisements will be inserted until ordere out, unless the time for which they are to be continue is specified and will be charged accordingly.

Yearly advertisers will be charged $12 per annum: including subscription to the paper—with the privilege of keeping one advertisement not exceeding 2 squares standing during the year, and the insertion of a smaller one in each paper for three successive times.

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.

THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUNG MAN.

The old man budges along the road,
With his cane to help him walk;
The young man trips with a careless pace,
And he stops to laugh and talk.

"Now old man, tell me"—the young man says,
"Was thou ever gay and strong—
And could'st thou ever bound like me,
The greenwood paths along?

"Was thy form with the weight of years
And a burthen of woes together,
Erect and tall as a forest pine,
Unharmed by the wintry weather?"

The old man turns, and wearily sighs—
"My head is silvered with age,
And my life has been like a massive book,
And I read its final page.

"And there is a lesson young man for thee;
And I pray thee learn it well,
And ponder much in thy lightsome heart,
What the old man needs must tell.

"Remember age; 'tis the time that all
Who die not young, will find;
For the dearest joys of our sunny prime,
Must soon be left behind.

"Would'st thou this hour should be thy last?
No!—learn to reverence age,
Ere farther wanders each step of life
From youth's eventful page.

"And this is the lesson that thou must learn—
Though youth be in its bloom;
Yet youth is treading, as well as age,
The pathway to the tomb."

ENGLAND.

Exchange at New York, on London 6¾ a 7 per cent. premium.

On Tuesday a little girl, about eight years of age, was blown off the Quay, near the bridge, into the river, by a gust of wind. A fine dog, which happened to be on the spot, immediately jumped overboard, and saved her from a watery grave.—[*East Anglian.*]

The import of cotton into Liverpool, during the last week, was unprecedentedly large, having amounted to 129,000 bales.—*Liverpool Albion.*

The first dock ever constructed in Liverpool was opened in the year 1690; and although this dock was filled up in 1827, and has become the site of the new custom house, yet the amount of dock accommodation has increased from that time until the present day, when the docks of Liverpool are so extensive, that with those now in progress they will contain a total area of water of 111 acres 4,257 1-2 yards, and presenting a broad quay space 9 miles and 83 yards long.—The extreme length of the river wall, when completed, will be 2 miles and 1,087 yards. The expense of executing these stupendous excavations has been immense; and it appears, from official vouchers, that the cost of making the Prince's Dock alone amounted to £461,059, 19s, 4d., exclusive of the land, the estimate value of which is £100,000. The mean column of water which flows into the river Mersey, at the equinoctial, or highest spring tides, is about 33 feet 5 inches; at the mean neaps, 15 feet 4 inches; and at the lowest neaps, only 12 feet 9 inches.

So valuable has the land contiguous to the town of Stourbridge become, that several acres which were bought a few years ago at fourpence per square yard, are now being readily sold at from four to five shillings per yard.

English Midland Circuit, Northampton—Shocking Case.—John Pridmore, aged 33 years, was charged, on the oath of his father, with having attempted to drown him by throwing him into a pond.

John Pridmore, the father, being sworn, deposed as follows:—Lives at Whinwick. On the 25th of July last, at night, his son came in and asked for supper, when his mother said, "There is the same for you as for your father, a little tea and some bread."—He said he would not be served so, whereupon he took up the teapot and threw it out of doors, and forced his mother out, saying she might go where she went on Monday night. He then said there should be two dead out of the three before twelve o'clock, and he wished God might punish him if there were not. Witness got into bed, when the prisoner pulled him out of it, and dragged him to the horse-pond. "My dear son," the old man said he exclaimed, "spare my life!" and, finding himself unable to resist, then cried, "The Lord have mercy upon my soul!" Prisoner exclaimed, "No, damn you," and threw him head foremost into the pond.—Witness crawled out of the pond over some briars into the town. The people were almost all gone to bed. He made his way to a public house, and slept there, not daring again to come out.

Sophia Pridmore, the prisoner's mother, corroborated the testimony of the last witness.

Thomas Gear corroborated the last witness's testimony. He (Gear) went to the horse pond and met the prisoner, who said, "Hollo! who comes here? I'll put 'em in the pond." Whereupon witness said, "What! me will you put in?" and prisoner replied, "Yes, I will." "Then," said Gear, "if that's the case I'll return and go to bed again," for witness was afraid of prisoner, he being a very violent person. Prisoner followed him home, and, meeting his mother, dragged her down and along the stones. She cried out "Murder!" three times, heard a plunge in the pond, but it being dark could see nothing.

Prisoner, in his defence, said that, having quarrelled with his father on the evening in question, the old man got up, walked out, and voluntarily threw himself into the pond.

Gear being recalled, said prisoner was a married man, but had sold his wife.

The jury found him guilty. Sentence of death.

On Tuesday, a pedestrian match against time took place on the Godmanchester road. Mr. Robert Reynolds *alias* Young Townsend had undertaken for a very large sum to walk or run twenty miles in four hours. He commenced at a smart pace, and got over the first ten miles in rather less than an hour and a half, he went on till he had accomplished 19 miles, when he was so completely exhausted that he could not proceed farther, and notwithstanding he had 38 minutes to perform the last mile in, he was so dead beat as to be unable to go on, and was conveyed home in a fly to St. Ives.—*Cambridge Chron.*

A new patent smoke-burner was exhibited in operation on Tuesday, on the premises of the patentees, Messrs. Chanter and Co, Earl street, Blackfriars. Its principle essentially consists in so arranging the form of the furnance, and position of the bars, that the uncarbonised gas (which in the usual system is dispersed in smoke) is compelled to pass through the most intensely ignited portion of the fuel, by reverberation of the current against a descending plane constructed in the boiler, and allowing for the gas no other egress. The result is, that not one particle of smoke escapes from the chimney: nor is this all, for by thus consuming the smoke, the fire is rendered much more intense, and a great economy of fuel is effected. The invention is varied in twelve different forms, applying to every description of furnace. A vast number of engineers, chemists, and scientific men, have expressed their approbation of the invention, which appears truly deserving of public approval and adoption, ensuring the desideratum of coal fire without smoke.

It appears that the Government has already advanced £72,000 for the Thames Tunnel of which only £10,000 remains in hand.

The Coronation.—The Gazette of Tuesday night contains a second proclamation on the subject of the approaching coronation, declaring that such party only of that ceremony as has been hitherto solemnized in Westminster Abbey shall be solemnized at the ensuing coronation; thus dispensing with the procession, the banquet, and the usual formalities in Westminster-hall. The proclamation hints that the ceremonial at the Abbey may also be curtailed. It certainly may be curtailed, with advantage, for some parts of it are most preposterous, being relics of ancient and barbarous superstition, and others are even personally indelicate, especially when the Sovereign is a woman.

A FEMALE HUSBAND IN MANCHESTER.

A few days ago a respectable female waited upon an attorney in Manchester, and asked his advice in a case of a very peculiar nature. It seems that her husband, a master bricklayer, who had been in the habit of trusting her implicitly in his business, even leaving to her management the book-keeping requisite in his trade, had of late, for some cause or other, refused to allow her the usual weekly sum for house-keeping.—Having also, in other respects treated her as she conceived in an unkind manner, she came to take advice as to how she should proceed under the circumstances, against her husband, whom to the no small astonishment of the professional gentleman she was then consulting, she declared to be not a man, but a woman. The attorney thought it his duty, under such singular circumstances, to bring the matter under the notice of Mr. Foster, the magistrate, who directed that Mr. Thomas should take the case under his management and bring the parties for examination before him (Mr. Foster) at the police office. Mr. Thomas took the necessary steps; and on Thursday, the parties were brought before Mr. Foster, in the Deputy Constable's room at the police office, when the truth of the wife's averment to the attorney was corroborated in the most distinct and unqualified manner by Mr. Ollier, surgeon to the police, who gave a certificate declaring the individual in question was a woman. The woman husband, we believe, did not make the least attempt to deny her sex, but contented herself with stating that her wife had been only led to make this exposure because she had withheld from her the weekly allowance of money for housekeeping expenses. The wife replied that this was not the only cause she had of complaint against her spouse; for that she (the husband) was occasionally intoxicated, and when in that state she treated her very ill.—From what could be gleaned of the history of this female husband it would seem that she had assumed the garb and character of a boy at an early age, and that in that character she was apprenticed, at the age of 16 or 17, to a master builder, in one of the large towns of Yorkshire. Being of good exterior, with prepossessing appearance and manners, and of features rather handsome, the supposed young man attracted the attention of many females in the same condition of life, and amongst others, was the one who afterwards became the wife. The attentions of the young bricklayer were acceptable and accepted; and the union took place shortly after the expiration of the apprenticeship. Soon after this couple came to Manchester, we are told about the year 1829, where the husband commenced the business of a builder; and by considerable skill, ability, and attention to trade, was tolerably successful. Amongst other branches of the business this builder became remarkable, indeed almost to celebrity, for skill and success in the erection of flues, ovens, &c.; and we believe is at this moment in very good business, employing several hands, and giving very general satisfaction to those for whom any work has been executed. The wife had the entire management of the books and accounts in the business; and as far as we have heard, there was not the slightest imputation on her character. We believe nothing was done in the way of legal proceedings.—Several articles, claimed by his wife as her property, have been sent to the police office by the husband, who, so far as we have heard, has not offered any reparation to the wife for the cruel and painful position in which she is now placed. One thing is tolerably certain, that, after the exposure which has taken place—and the affair was currently talked of as early as Thursday and Friday last—the woman who has ventured to assume the character of a man will no longer be able to continue to carry on business in this town, and that she must either lay aside her disguise, and resume the appearance which most befits her sex; or, if she will retain her masculine appearance and character, she must seek to hide her imposture in some place where she is not known, and where she may hope for a while to escape detection. We believe that many persons who have employed her, join in declaring that they had not the slightest suspicion that she was no other than what she seemed.—*Manchester Guardian.*

IRELAND.

The total strength of the army in Ireland this month, including Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry consists of 16,997.—April 14.

The Sheriff of Wexford with the aid of a military and police force has seized 100 head of cattle belonging to Mr. John Maher, M. P. of Ballinkeale, and the furniture of Mr. James Power, M. P. of Edermine, both representatives of the county Wexford for tythes due to the Rev. Mr Preston.—April 13.

Dr. Francis Haly, was consecrated Roman Catholic Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, on Sunday. The appointment of this excellent man is attended with a circumstance as suspicious as it is singular in these days of strife and contradiction, which is, the unanimous approval of men of all political parties, and of every religious denomination.—[Irish paper, April 14.

Horrible Fratricide.—At Carlow assizes, three farmers named Nowlan were tried for killing their brother, by breaking his skull with a hammer, and then cutting his throat. They hated their unfortunate relative most unnaturally. He was dissolute, however, himself, and declared he would leave his whole property to his natural children and their mother. This instigated the brothers to revenge, and he was murdered on the 2d, of last February accordingly, in the house, it is believed, of his brother John. His remains were found near it next morning; a Rockite notice was pinned to the dead body. He was discovered on his face. Thomas Nowlan said "Here is my brother Larry lying on his face with his throat cut," when his throat could not be seen. The murder was perpetrated in the house. He must have been deliberately bled to death. His shoes were dry, fresh ashes were on them, 30 witnesses were examined. The trial occupied 13 hours. The jury acquitted all the prisoners!! A child of one of the accused was present at the murder, who is understood to have described the details of this appalling tragedy with singular accuracy; but lord Mulgrave's crown lawyers declared the evidence inadmisable in law.

New potatoes were exhibited in Limerick on Tuesday.—April 14.

SCOTLAND.

About eight months since, a girl, between three and four years of age, accidentally swallowed a common-sized needle with a piece of thread in it. The poor thing subsequently complained of violent pains in the stomach and bowels; and the other day, while suffering under one of these attacks, her father fortunately discovered the needle protruding, and succeeded in extracting it, which has completely relieved her. The thread and a small portion of the eye of the needle, had been dissolved by the action of the stomach.

[Perth paper, April 13.

Sir Walter Scott's monument at Edinburg will be a splendid Gothic tower, composed entirely of the choicest beauties of Melrose Abbey, and containing a marble statue of the mighty magician himself.

On Tuesday the American packet ship New York, Captain Niven, sailed from Greenock for New York with 101 passengers, principally agriculturists, who have already spent a year or two in America, and are on the return, carring with them the produce of property sold in this country. The New York is the first passenger ship which has sailed from Greenock for New York this spring. There are several ships on the berth, but the number of passengers offering are fewer than in former years.—[The New York arrived at this port on Sunday last, May 12, All well—Ed. U. C.]

Some time ago two Irishmen belonging to Alloa glass works, after partaking of a genuine toothful of the real Mackie from the bottle of old mother M—s—n, were leisurely walking upon the glass house loan, when the following conversation took place;—"Well, John, be sure and waken me tomoray morning, and if I don't waken, you can just pull me out of bed."—"How can I do that," said John, "with the door barred in my face?"—"Och," said the other, in the expressive vernacular of the sister isle, "won't I be there to open it?"

WALES.

On Thursday, a fearful accident befel one Evan Thomas, a single man, aged 30 years, a workman employed by the Dowlais Iron Company. It happened as follows:—The deceased, who had been drinking in the begining of the day, went, between 12 and 1 o'clock, to the refining furnaces at the time the metal, which had undergone the refining process, was being tapped; notwithstanding the caution of the men at work, the infatuated man took one of the tools to enlarge the opening through which the metal was running, when, losing his footing, he was precipitated into the boiling metal; he was taken out as soon as possible, and conveyed to his lodgings, where he expired on the following morning, after having suffered the most excruciating tortures—[Cambrian, April 14.

Effects of the Winter.—The different Agricultural Reports give deplorable accounts of the destruction of shrubs and evergreens by the frosts; even the ivy has been affected by them. In one part in the county of Berks there is only one garden that contains any brocoli alive, and what is remarkable, it is situated on the top of one of the most exposed chalk hills in the county! The occurrence is accounted for by the fact that at some periods the frosts are more severe in the vallies than on the mountains.

The following is an inscription on a tomb stone, in Llangattock Crickhowel church yard:

"To the memory of Thomas Davies, who died Dec. 4, 1804, in the 105th year of his age. This stone is erected by the survivor of a family, who, for four generations, he served faithfully, in the humble but useful occupation of bailiff, during the long period of 75 years. The father of the above named died at the age of 101 years; his mother died at the age of 94; their united ages amounting to three hundred years.

The Llanerchymedd branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society, sent a remittance of upwards of £75 to the Parent Society, London, this year, being an advance of £10 on the preceding years.

Pylle Hill.—In excavating the ground on a portion of this hill, for the Bristol and Exeter railway, a cavern was discovered, upwards of 200 feet long, and about six feet in height. It is arched with stone.

From Blackwood's Magazine, for April.

Marriage—A Lottery.

What have our novelists been doing, when this anecdote was waiting for them? Charles Theodore D'Estainville found himself, at twenty-one, walking in the gardens of the Luxembourg without the smallest coin of the realm in his pocket. He was a subaltern in a regiment of hussars, had served in the last years of Napoleon, and had received two slight wounds, two crosses, and was in a fair way to become field marshal, when Charles X. was sent into exile, and two thirds of his regiment was put upon half pay. Charles was among the two thirds; the world was before him, and with twenty Napoleons, a handsome figure, and a hundred talents, he came, as every Frenchman does, on the first opportunity to Paris. Paris is notoriously the centre of the world, the paradise of women and wits, the region of enchantment, and the spot where every pleasure is to be had at the lowest price. Still, even in Paris, men cannot live upon air, and Charles found his twenty Napoleons rapidly diminishing. Of course, it is to be presumed that he was not without expedients; what Frenchman ever was? And Charles, brilliant, young, and buoyant, tried every expedient natural to a man of genius. His first was to ascertain the tenderness of heart and weight of purse that was to be found among the heiresses. Among his own countrywomen, he found the tenderness of heart in great abundance, but the weight of purse remarkably light—smiles never fed any man, and sighs were his aversion. He next tried the English heiresses; but the day for captures there was past; the ladies might be tender, and the name of Chevalier, Marquis or Count, was irresistible by the daughters of Irish Earls or London traders; but the Irish ladies having nothing but their blood, were determined to sell it dear, and insisted on solid settlements in France for imaginary estates at home; and the fair daughters of trade were so watched by hideous aunts and herculean brothers, that the game was not worth the candle. *Rouge et noir* was next tried. Fortune smiled for one night on her new votary, and frowned for two; the Napoleons went down faster and faster, until at length the last portrait of the *grand homme* was the solitary tenant of the purse of Charles Theodore D'Estainville. It was this discovery that had sent him to meditate in the gardens of the Luxembourg, a pleasant place for the last walk of despairing lovers, and the *demisolde*, where he had his choice of walking a hundred yards to the right, and blowing out his brains undisturbed of man, or a hundred yards to the left, and plunging into the Seine, according to the native style, in the midst of the national admiration.

But while he was pondering on the alternative, night fell, the wind whistled keenly, the bell rang for the closing of the garden, and Charles was forced to leave the place of his philosophy. In going through the streets he passed by three successive theatres, with each a pang, and never felt the calamity of an empty purse so pungently as at that moment. He now approached the Seine. That muddiest of rivers looked more muddy than ever, and Charles shrunk from a plunge which would so effectually disfigure him. He again felt his last Napoleon; and in the heroism of his recollections was putting the portrait of his great leader to his lips, when the sudden opening of a *cafe* door, the sound of the scraping of fiddles, and the hum of voices within, told him he might make better use of both himself and his coin than to bury either in the Seine, at least for that night. A Frenchman has always two reasons for every thing; a strong one and a weak. He generally gives way first to the weak one, on the rational ground that the strong one will make way for itself. One of his reasons for determining to live for at least the next half hour was, that he owed a week's rent to his landlady, which he was bound in honor to discharge; and the other was, that he was desperately in love with one of the prettiest girls in Lyons, an exquisite blonde, who had given him all her heart, but having not a sou to give along with it, had pledged herself to wait till Monsieur Charles should be a colonel. It was plain that neither of those purposes could be accomplished if he was to make his bed that night in the bottom of the Seine. He therefore postponed the performance until at least he should break the matter to the fair Euphrasia, in a billet worthy of a Frenchman in despair.

Ordering coffee, pen, ink, and paper, he sat down to write. To give him a clearer view of the subject, the smart *garcon* of the *cafe* lighted a small lamp in the rather dark box into which he had thrown himself and his sorrows. He began; dashed off a few sentences of supreme tenderness, and then paused, as is usual even with the most enamoured, for a fresh flow of ideas. The lamp had thrown its radiance on a showy mirror, and the mirror had returned the radiance on Charles. His eye caught sight of himself at full length in the mirror. Few men, Frenchmen not excluded, think themselves altogether destitute of personal charms; and Charles was really a handsome figure, such as might its possessor, particularly when it was his last look. But why should it be his last look, was the thought that glanced into his mind? Shall this classic head, jetty moustachios, exquisite imperial, and air chevalric go for nothing? Are the hearts of the women turned to stone? Are there not hundreds of maids, wives, and widows, that every week marry monsters compared to this brilliant physiognomy; and am I good for nothing but to be picked up by a fishing net, laid out in the Morgue, and paragraphed in to-morrow's Moniteur?—Something must be tried."

But that something has formed the difficulty of heroes and geniuses since the beginning of the world. While he paused, he was struck with the voice of a Jew Rabbi, who had marched from the further end of the *cafe*, offering the tickets of a lottery, in which the prizes were *bon-bons*. The sound caught his ears, and the idea flashed into his head like lightning. "A lottery! why, every thing is done by lottery—the world's a lottery. Fortune is a lottery—commissions in the hussars are a lottery—the throne is a lottery, in which Louis Philippe has only drawn the first prize. Marriage is a lottery—why, then, should not husbands be a lottery? Why should I drown myself, when I could be drawn for by half the females of France, make some pretty woman the happiest of the happy, and make myself rich into the bargain?"

He threw aside his paper, called the Jew into the box, found by a few leading questions, that he was a Jew who knew the world—a quick, sagacious, sharpwitted rogue—discussed the project of the live lottery with him, and before he left the box, had converted his love letter into a charming address to all the charming women of France to purchase tickets in a lottery, of which the capital prize was to be the most captivating of mankind.

The Jew was delighted with the project, exhibited all the eagerness of his tribe in a sure speculation, and promised for a percentage, to dispose of all the shares at the synagogue in a week. To make the matter more secure, he insisted on Charles receiving fifty Napoleons on the spot, and finishing the night by supping with him at his own apartments. The Napoleons were accepted, and so was the invitation. The Jew packed up his *bon-bons*, called a cabriolet; the pair got into it, and were whirled to the Fauxbourg St. Antoine. A whole labyrinth of streets, narrow as sewers, and dark as pitch, led them to the Jew's domicile. A passage like the entrance to a jail there led them into a room which had a very striking resemblance to a dungeon, and Charles began to think that he had trusted the Jew too far—but what could he be robbed of? Still he might be sold to the surgeons. The idea was not the most agreeable; and he cast a glance upon the Jews motions, with a full resolve if he saw any treachery, to fly on him and strangle him on the spot. But his valor was unnecessary; the Jew simply touched a bell, the door opened, and, to his astonishment, he found himself in a suite of rooms furnished with the utmost magnificence. Splendid carpets, gilded fauteuils, costly pictures, met the eye every where, and at the end of the suite, in a room of still more exquisite proportions and furniture, a table was laid with a luxurious supper. "You think all this," said the Jew, smiling, "rather odd for a seller of *bon-bons*, but this is the custom of my people, we thus make up for the troubles of our day and the scorn of the gentiles. Now to supper and to business.

Three or four domestics, evidently Hebrews, in showy liveries, attended at table. On their retiring the plan was constructed. The Jew exhibited his extent of that mysterious correspondence which connects the children of Abraham with each other throughout the world. The lottery was arranged, and the night was concluded in discussing the not less agreeable topics of the vintages of France, Spain, and Italy. Charles made but two reserves. One was of a ticket to be sent to Euphrasia, and the other a stipulation for himself, that in case the drawer of the prize should not strike hers, the profits of the lottery should be divided between them, and the parties be free. In two months the ten thousand tickets were sold at a Napoleon a piece.—The drawing took place. In a few days after, the fair Euphrasia was waited upon by a handsome widow, *enpenpoint*, who came in her own equippage. "Save my life, mademoiselle," said she; "send me the lotterry ticket in your possession."—Euphrasia had received the ticket, but utterly unconscious of its value, had thrown it into her escritoir. "You shall have a thousand Napoleons for the ticket," said the showy widow. "Your ticket has drawn the prize."

The idea occured to Euphrasia that though a thousand Napoleons would be a very satisfactory sum under other circumstances, it was unlucky to sell her good fortune until she knew what it was.—The widow had bought thirty tickets in a determination to make sure of the prize. Her negotiation had failed, and she retired. In five minutes after, a travelling chariot drove to the door. Charles leaped up and was in the arms of the fair Lyonese. He had not discovered into whose hands the prize ticket had fallen, a moment before he was on the road to Lyons, driving as fast as four bourses could carry him. The douement was complete; he brought her five thousand Napoleons as an instalment, and forswore drowning himself for at last twelve months to come. ths whole affair is registered before the civil tribunal of Lyons. The showy widow was an opulent landholder of Carcassone. The happy pair are at this moment spending their honeymoon at Narbonne.

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

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.
Philadelphia, May 5, 1838. 34-6

Gilding.

A. QUINN,

LOOKING-GLASS and Picture Frame Gilder, next door to Mr. John McBarron's, Lyon street. Old Frames re-gilt in the neatest manner, and at the shortest notice.

april 28 32-3mo

Benjamin W. Cumming,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HAS removed his Office to Centre Street, opposite the Brick Building of George M. Jennings, where he will attend to all business entrusted to him in the line of his profession.

Oct 21 48-tf

Notice and Caution.

LETTERS Testamentary of the estate of *MARY BAINE*, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, sole executor of her last will and testament. All persons having claims against the said estate, will please present them for settlement; and all persons indebted to the same are requested to make payment to the subscriber, who is the only person legally authorised to receive said debts. The administration granted to Strange N. Palmer, Esq. having become void by the probate of the will of the said Mary Baine, and the subsequent granting by the Register of Schuylkill County, of letters testamentary to the subscriber.

RICHARD KIRKHAM,
Residing in Pottsville.
Sole Executor of the last will of *Mary Baine*, dec'd.
may 9 35-6

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. 32

NEW BOOKS.

UNCLE HORACE, a novel, by Mrs S. C. Hall.
The Two Flirts and other Tales.
The River and the Desart, by Miss Pardoe,
Just received and for sale by B. HANNAN.
may 19 38