

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 EXTENT AND STRENGTH TO OUR IRON AND STEEL TO OUR USE AND PLEASE.—DR. JOHNSON.

VOL. 1.

POTTSVILLE, PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 18, 1838.

NO. 56.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY BENJAMIN BANNAN.

SEMI-WEEKLY.
THREE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable semi-annually in advance. If not paid within the year, \$1 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-annually 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 ordered out, unless the time for which they are to continue is specified and 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 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.

OH! STEAL THOU NOT MY FAITH AWAY.

Oh! steal thou not my faith away
Nay tempt to doubt the trusting mind;
Let all that earth can yield decay,
But leave this heavenly gift behind.
Our life is but a meteor gleam,
Lit up amid surrounding gloom,
A dying lamp; a fitful beam,
Quenched in the cold and silent tomb.
Yet if, as holy men have said,
There lie beyond that dreary bourne
Some region where the faithful dead
Eternally forget to mourn—
Welcome the scold, the sword, the chain,
The burning wild, the black abyss;
I shrink not from the path of pain,
Which endeth in a world like this.
But oh! if all that nerves us here,
When grief assails and sorrow stings,
Exist but in the shadowy sphere
Of fancy's weak imaginings—
If hope, though cherished long and deep,
Be cold and baseless mockeries,
Then welcome that eternal sleep
Which knows not dream like these.
Yet, hush, thou troubled heart! be still,
Renounce thy vain philosophy;
Like morning on the misty hill,
The light of truth will break on thee;
Go, search the prophet's deathless page;
Go question thou the radiant sky;
And learn from them mistaken sage,
The glorious words, "thou shalt not die!"

From the Baltimore Transcript.
CITY LYRICS.—(New Series) No. 2.
Air—"Some love to roam."
Some love to roam or the ale's white foam,
When the bung-hole whistles free;
And for right good cheer some tipple bear,
But the limpid stream for me.
To the forest shade or the mountain glade,
So cheerily forth I go,
To drink my fill at the gurgling rill,
When the sun is sinking low.
In the stream I dip my glowing lip;
And the cooling draught pours in;
I hark no spring of brassy sling,
Or toddy made of gin.
For what Nature gave I only crave,
The fountain that gurgles free;
The greenwood trees, a cooling breeze,
And a limpid stream for me.

BENEDICT.

Pauline, the Peasant Girl. A THRILLING STORY.

After a season of festivity and dissipation, the very enjoyment of which satiated, Mons. and Madame Villaret came down to a retired village in France, to taste for a few days the holy influence of nature and solitude. It was in the summer time: the country was picturesque and beautiful, and they still retained a portion of that early romance which is inherent in our nature, and which leads us back with a serene smile and a charmed voice to the pleasures which delighted our childhood, and makes us love to sit under old trees, to listen to the voice of birds, and to gather wild flowers "others yet the same," as those which we have plucked and wreathed into chaplets in days of yore.

During one of their solitary rambles they came suddenly upon a young peasant girl drawing water from a well; her peasant was towards them and they paused for a moment to admire the simple and classical elegance of the young coquette. Her dark shining hair was gathered up in a low knot at the back of her head, and confined with a silver pin, which was the only ornament she wore, the rest of her dress being composed of the simplest and coarsest materials. Though labor and exposure had somewhat stained the whiteness of her hands and arms, their beautiful symmetry could neither be altered nor concealed. She appeared thoughtful, and leaned against the side of the wall in silent abstraction. Unwilling to disturb her, they were turning into another path, when their steps were arrested by a strain of high untutored melody, which arose in a still air like enchantment; the words were simple, but the sweetness which thrilled through every note, surpassed any thing they had ever before heard.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Madame Villaret, "it is the peasant girl; she must be ours. Such a voice, with a cultivation, would bewitch all Paris, and make our own and the girl's fortune."

They returned and entered into conversation with the young villager, the result of which it is not difficult to guess. Pauline Durant was poor, but innocent and happy. She only felt sad when she looked on the

bowed form of her old father, and reflected upon her own helplessness. It was on the evident love which she bore this aged parent, that Madame Villaret worked; she represented to her in how short a time, by the exercise of her talents in cultivating that gift of song which God had so graciously bestowed on her, she would be enabled to raise him from a state of indigence to one of comparative affluence and comfort, and Pauline was more than half persuaded.

During their interview at old Durant's cottage, there was one among the group who stood apart with his arms crossed and his lips compressed. He marked all that passed with a stern and vigilant glance, listened to the specious argument of the lady with a contemptuous sneer, and watched the struggle between visions of grandeur, and a deep rooted love of her own simple home and habits, which rent the breast of Pauline, in silence. He longed to speak, but did not; he was determined that she should speak for herself. She did so, and Madame triumphed in the success of her oratory. But the young girl turned away from her congratulations and promises, and for the first time perceived who had made one of the audience. "You here, Andre," said she, "oh! I am so glad!" and then she paused, for there was nothing in the expression of his countenance to make her glad. "You think I have done wrong," she eagerly continued, "I know you do, and are angry with me. But it is not too late; only say the word, and I will not go." "And could you stay here and share my honest poverty, after all the golden promises that have been made to you?" asked the young man, doubtfully. She leaned her head upon his shoulder, and looked up silently into his eyes; there was no need of words; he felt the devotion of that look. "And yet, Pauline, you would like to go?"

"I confess I should. Only think, Andre, in a few years I should be quite rich enough for our happiness. I will then return and live with you forever."

"Let us consent to her departure," said M. Durant, "even in the great city to where she is going, the remembrance of a father's love, and the lessons of a staid mother, will shield her from harm. My girl head will not be bowed in shame and sorrow to the grave, but I shall hold it erect, and while listening to her praise, to her triumphs, remember with pride and glory it is my daughter of whom they speak!"

With a full heart the young girl knelt down to receive her father's blessing, a blessing not of his lips but of the heart. Andre was moved against his feelings and better judgment, to consent, and pressing his lips upon her white brow, with passionate tenderness, he said in a scarcely audible whisper:

"Pauline, no other kiss must efface this first, this pure pledge of our mutual affection, until we meet again."

The blushing girl wept her vows and promises upon his bosom.

Three days after, the chateau of M. Villaret was again let, and all was silence in the woods and vales, through which the peasant girl's voice went to echo like the singing of birds.

Months rolled on; and Pauline, in the confinement of a crowded city, and in the intense course of study through which she was obliged to pass as a preliminary step to the triumph of Madame Villaret anticipated for her, found a sad change. But the thought of her old father, and the ultimate happiness she was preparing for those she loved, buoyed her up; and though the rich colour faded from her cheek, leaving it pale and wan, as the face of a denizen of the city usually is, the joyousness of her spirit remained all unquenched and unbroken. Monsieur and Madame Villaret were both kind to her; but there was a worldliness in their fondness, a hollowiness in their love, which formed a painful contrast with the affectionate friends she had quitted, and she could only regard them as instruments by means of which she was to work a path to wealth, happiness, and Andre Ludolph.

The time now approached when she was to make her first appearance before a public audience. Much was anticipated from a pupil of Madame Villaret, nor were anticipations disappointed. Pauline made a splendid debut, her patroness was quite satisfied, and the simple girl, dazzled and bewildered by flattery and adulation, began to think it was a blessed day when the French lady paused to listen to her, as she sat singing by the ruined well. After a short and highly successful season, M. Villaret proposed a visit to Naples, where he had accepted a lucrative engagement in the name of his protégé. Pauline made no objection; she only stipulated that they should make the cottage of her father in the route. The old man received her with rapturous delight; he looked younger and better than when they parted. The cottage was simple, but neatly and comfortably furnished, and as Pauline glanced around her, she remembered these comforts she had already procured for her

parents. Andre was absent; but she left a thousand kind messages for him by her father, who told her that her fame had already reached this remote village, and formed a theme of wonder and conversation amongst her old companions, but that such reports had only served to render Andre more than usually gloomy and dispirited.

"He had not yet learned to trust me, then," thought Pauline. "Well, no matter, another year and all this doubting and fearing will have passed away, and I shall be all his own."

"Alas! who shall dare to say what one year may produce—to what age of sorrow it may be the forerunner; God only knows the future!"

The visit was necessarily a brief one, but her former companions all followed the carriage for some distance on its route, offering their simple flowers, and their heartfelt wishes for her speedy and happy return. Affected by their love, Pauline leaned back in a corner of the carriage, and covering her face with her hands, wept long and silently; such tears shed for such a cause, were indeed a luxury.

A lapse of several years must intervene before I again commence my narrative, nor will we inquire what were Pauline's pursuits in the interim. It is a painful task to trace too minutely the progress of demoralization and vice; to mark the plague spot of sin and misery, gradually deepening and spreading over the once innocent and young heart, until every trace of its early purity is effaced. I shall abstain from doing this, and return to our heroine, who is now in full career of what men call glory, and angels' sin!

On the evening of which I would refer, she stood before a crowded and enthusiastic audience in the theatre at Naples, and their tumultuous murmurings of applause flushed the pale cheeks and kindled the bright eyes of their universal favorite. That night she had been more than usually effective, and the people held their breath lest one note of that sweet melody should be lost. Suddenly the songstress paused, and the air was abruptly terminated by a shriek; there was music even in that shriek; it was the voice of human agony. Many thought it but the startling effect of premeditated art, but those who were near enough to mark her livid brow and shuddering frame, felt it to be the language of irrepressible emotion. She was borne from the stage to her own dressing room, where she soon recovered, at least the outward appearance of composure.

"Vanitella," she said in a whisper to the handsome young Neapolitan, who was bending anxiously over her couch, "return instantly to the theatre, and seek out the young man who wore a green jerkin, and scarcely took his eyes off me the whole evening."

"I saw that you noticed him."

"You must bring him to me; I would speak to him in private."

The Count hesitated, and Pauline, perceiving the frown which gathered over his brow, laid her white jewelled hand upon his, and added with a persuasive smile—

"It is an old friend, a countryman of mine, I would ask if my poor father is still alive?"

Subdued by the tears which dimmed her beautiful eyes, the Count bowed, and withdrew to fulfil her request.

The following morning, as Pauline sat sad and alone in her desolate, yet splendid apartment, the door was suddenly flung open, and the accents of a never-to-be-forgotten voice thrilled to her very soul.

"I have brought you the stranger you wished to see," said Vanitelli, and drawing nearer he added in a whisper, "let your conference be a short one; I will return in an hour."

She did not look up—she dare not. The door closed, and she was alone with her first love! Neither spoke for several minutes, and wrapt in gloomy abstraction, the young man was unconscious that the gifted, the beautiful, the idol of Naples, was kneeling at his feet.

"Pauline!" he said at length, and the memory of early innocent days came back upon her with the sound of that voice.

"Pauline, mine own love! why this position to me? It is I who ought to kneel for having dared to doubt your purity and truth. But fearful rumors reached me in my far off home, and almost drove me mad. I have travelled hundreds of miles to hear them contradicted by your own lips; and now I ask not one word. It is enough to gaze on thy young face to know that there is no shade of sin on that high pure brow."

He bent over her with all the long hoarded affection of years, but Pauline sprang from the ground and avoided his embraces.

"Oh do not, do not curse me," she exclaimed, wildly; "it is all true that you heard of me, all! I am indeed fallen—I am unworthy of you!"

"And this pillage?" asked Andre, gazing around the splendid apartment with the bewildered air of one who dreams.

"Belongs to Count Vanitelli; he who brought you hither."

"Then you are his wife?" his countess. God grant that his love may be able to recompense you for that which you have scorned and despised."

"No, no," interrupted the agonized girl, while a burning blush crimsoned her neck and brow; "it is worse, even worse than that. Although the mistress of this splendid mansion, I am only Pauline Durant, if one so lost dare assume a name until now unsullied."

The young man rudely snatched his cloak from her frenzied grasp, but she flew to the door, and expanded her snowy arms to prevent his leaving her, exclaiming, "But one word! Oh, in mercy, Andre, tell me of my father."

"He is dead! Return thanks to God, my girl, that he lived not to see this day." The heart-stricken Pauline uttered one low cry, and fainting fell on the ground. In the delirious fever which followed this sudden shock, Count Vanitelli sent for Madame Villaret to take charge of their little pupil, and their united care and attention in time restored her to health. But a change seemed to have passed over her, the still small voice of conscience had been awakened, and refused to slumber again, and both the caresses of Madame Villaret and the love of the young Count were become hateful to her.

Alter a long interval, occasioned by ill health, the re-appearance of Pauline Durant was announced to take place in a few days, and a crowded audience assembled to welcome back their favourite. But they came in vain! After waiting some time, the manager made his appearance before them, and informed them that there were reasons to believe that Mademoiselle had recently quitted Naples. Vanitelli was like one distracted. He offered rewards for any intelligence of her, and despatched messengers in all directions, but without success. Pauline was lost to him and the world forever.

It was at the close of a beautiful Sabbath evening, concluded in a way which may appear strange to our English prejudices, by a dance on the green turf, that a female form was discovered moving onward with feeble and tottering steps; it paused repeatedly, as if overcome with fatigue, and dropped down at length, with a heavy groan. The dancers suddenly paused, and gathered anxiously around the stranger.

"Surely I should know that face!" exclaimed a young girl, pressing eagerly forward; "can it be Pauline Durant?"

"Fauchon," said the wanderer, in a feeble voice; "do not forsake me! You all loved Pauline once; for the memory of those happy days, then, do not scorn me."

Her young companions wept, and kissed her pale, emaciated hands in silence. There was but one sentiment in every breast—pity for the unfortunate; and they said among themselves, "we all know that she was once innocent and good; but we cannot in our ignorance of the world, conceive the power of those temptations which have led her to fall. God forbid that we should judge harshly of her, or scorn her, now that she is ill and unhappy."

This was simple reasoning; but it was the language of the heart, and worth all the philosophy in the world.

At her request they bore her in their arms to the cottage of Andre, and laid her on his rustic couch. Life was ebbing fast—she could not speak; but the heart of her lover was not proof against the mute eloquence of her looks. He supported her head on his bosom, and wiped away the damp which gathered over her pale brow. At that moment years of past sin and misery were blotted out, and she was again his own, his pure—and first and only love.

Suddenly Pauline lifted up her pale, wan face from his bosom, and shook back the damp dishevelled masses of hair which had half concealed it. Her mind was evidently wandering in the past, her eyes shone with intense lustre, and she sang. It was an air from the opera in which she should have made her re-appearance in Naples. The notes were beautifully, touchingly sweet, and the peasant girls clung to each other, and listened as though under the influence of a spell. The strain terminated abruptly, and a thrilling cry from Andre proclaimed that the soul of the vocalist had passed away in sweet but melancholly melody.

ENGLAND.

Exchange at New York, on London, 8 a 8 1/2 per cent. premium.

A CAT CASE IN CHANCERY.

In the Vice-Chancellor's Court, on Saturday last, Mr. Bethell appeared in support of a petition presented by a lady named Katherine Barfoot, praying to have certain sums of stock transferred into the name of the Accountant-General to the credit of the cause. Among the numerous bequests contained in the will of the testatrix, was an annuity of £10 secured on a sum of stock to provide a suitable income for the life of a favorite tom cat, named Blucher. (Laughter.) The dividends had been regularly appropriated from time to time by the trustees to the maintenance and support of the annuitant until the period of his death, which occurred a few days ago. The annuity, therefore having fallen in, the present petition sought to have the stock transferred. His Honour inquired what evidence the Legation

had to offer to the Court of the annuitant's death? (A laugh.)

Mr. Bethell said, a certificate of the burial of the deceased which was the usual evidence required by the Court; could not be produced; but he trusted under the peculiar circumstances of the case, his Honour would consider an affidavit of the fact by a disinterested party, sufficient evidence that the annuitant was dead.

The Registrar (Mr. Corbille) suggested that the affidavit would not justify the Court in making the order, inasmuch as it only deposed to the fact of a single death, whereas a rat was proverbially known to have nine lives. (Laughter.) It was also a very nice question, whether the language of the will did not create a tenancy in fee. The next of kin of the intestate were also said to be extremely numerous, and it was not alleged that any one of them had been served with the petition. (Laughter.)

Mr. Jacob thought that the court ought to proceed to adjudge with extreme caution on a case supported by such slender evidence, and before the authorities had been looked into. He remembered a case before Sir John Leach which was all fours with the present. (A laugh.)

The Vice-Chancellor felt the weight of the first objection taken by the registrar; but observed, that the cat having once died must be held for ever *civiliter mortuus*, and not entitled to greater privilege than a Christian. (Much laughter.)

There are in London and its immediate environs the almost incredible number of 667 Licensed Victuallers' houses having only ten different names or signs. They are as follows:—Queen's Head, 46 houses; the George, 52; Coach and Horses, 56; the Ship, 64; White Heart, 67; the Grapes, 68; King's Head, 70; the Crown, 71; Red Lion, 82; and King's Arms, 90.

The Hon. George C. Norton has again publicly advertised his wife, and states that after depositing £4000 in Court's bank for her use, he will pay no debts she may contract.

On Easter Monday, the parishioners of St. Mary-le Strand elected as their vicar, Mr. West, the late master of their poor-house; and strange to record, Mr. Cowell, the purchaser of the wardrobe of William the Fourth, has sold to the parish authorities the Lord High Admiral's hat, with its gorgeous gold fringe and tassels as worn by the king, so that the hat which once graced and encircled the brow of majesty will in future boddizen the scoundrel of a metropolitan parish-bird.

Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday night, were in tenfold cold days at Lincoln. On Monday, we had a fall of snow; and on Tuesday morning, ice of the thickness of the eighth of an inch was found in earthen vessels which had been left all night in exposed situations this on the 15th of May. (Lincoln Mercury.)

Miraculous Escape.—On the 11th inst. as Mr. Lenton, jun. of Abbotsey, was out rook-shooting, he assisted a boy to get up a tree, by the butt-end of the gun, which caused it suddenly, to go off. The principal part of the contents lodged in his pocket and against his watch, bending two sovereigns, clipping off pieces from the edges of some half-pence in his pocket, and much indenting his watch, passed in a slanting direction into his thigh; notwithstanding which, we are happy to say, he has since been able to leave his house. Some of the shot glanced off from the watch, and lodged in his uncle's leg, who was not far off. (Cambridge Chron.)

A large quantity of Salmon has been caught this season in the Exmore Salmon pool, than for many years past.—Ibid.

The new coinage of Queen Victoria, has been issued, the effigy of the Queen is quite republican; being without any emblem of sovereignty, and considered a good likeness. The coinage is stated not to be as rich or tasteful as was expected.

Government have given a proof of their disposition to recognize the claims of old literary servants of the public, by appointing one of the sons of Mr. Leigh Hunt, and the eldest son of Mr. Sheridan Knowles to clerkships in the General Register office.

Steaming Extraordinary.—Thursday afternoon, Mr. Hancock, the enterprising steam-carriage engineer, accompanied by two friends, rode from Stratford and through the principle streets of the city in a steam gig. Mr. Hancock remained a considerable time with this novelty of science in front of Guildhall, now and then gliding it adroitly round the open space.

Iron Trade.—It is stated that orders were given out last week for 12,000 tons of iron rail—10,000 for export to America, and 2,000 tons for consumption at home; and that several other contracts for iron rails are about to be given for iron rails and chairs for railways now forming in this country. (Birmingham Advertiser, May 20)

Railroad in Canada.—The proprietors of the Grand Junction Railway have made offers to Manufacturers and others to carry goods between Birmingham and Liverpool at 1s 6d. a cwt. being exactly the sum charged by the Canal, the trade of which must be superseded if tonnage dues are not immediately lowered. (Worcester Journal.)

The Duke of Sussex and the Bible.—A short time ago, a deputation of clergymen from Scotland, waited upon Lord Melbourne, and his colleagues, on the subject of church extension; among others they visited His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who after hearing and conversing with them freely on the subject of their mission addressed them in nearly the following words:—"Gentlemen, I am nearly sixty-five years old, thirty-five of which I have passed in indisposition. Gentlemen, this sobers a man—this makes him think and correct many an opinion he may have entertained in former years. It has done so with me. I am accustomed to read the bible two hours every morning before breakfast; and to read it, if a man reads that book as he ought to read it, he will himself be in some measure inspired by it." His Royal Highness then went on to quote several passages of Scripture, and making such comments on them as proved him to be familiarly acquainted both with the letter and the spirit of the Bible. He is an excellent linguist, &c. in his library at Kensington were now found 15,000 copies of the Bible, of different languages and different editions, valued at the sum of £40,000. (Liverpool Chronicle, May 26)

A correspondent informs us that an ounce and a quarter of salt, added to one gallon of milk, on its coming from the cow, will increase the quantity of butter; from ten to fifteen per cent. (Bath Chronicle.)

Fresh Butter has been selling, at Crickhowell, at the enormous price of eighteen pence, per lb. (Ibid.)

On Monday, a cow, the property of Mr. Marvin, of Arnhem, brought forth a calf with two heads, four eyes, two mouths, but only two ears, which is still living. (Reading Mercury.)

WALES.

Our Cambrian countrymen will learn with pleasure that the next Abergevenny Cymryddion Meeting in addition to the numerous distinguished persons who have lately addressed themselves to the presence of several noble British lords, will be accompanied by the Count de la Villamare, depicted by his majesty, Louis Philippe, as the representative of Brittany on that occasion. We doubt not that every Welshman will hail with joy this opportunity of renewing with this interesting branch of the ancient British race, that friendly intercourse which has been interrupted for so many centuries. (Brecon Gazette, May 30)

Coronavirus Fair.—This fair being held at the time of servants changing situations, was very thickly attended by that class of people; but on the whole much less drunkenness was witnessed than on any of our former fairs. The supply of horses was very indifferent in number and quality with very few exceptions. Those few sold well at £25. The inferior kinds were offered low, but very few changed owners. The fat cattle brought in fettered good prices. Cows at prices varying from £8 to 12, inferior cattle were of heavy sale. Pigs were in great request; small at from 9s. to 13s. each, larger kind varying upwards to £10s each. Potted butter, 1s. 10d. per lb. Cheese 6d. Bacon 5 1/2 to 6d.

Pottsville Water Company.

The Board of Managers have this day declared a dividend of three per cent for the last six months, on the Cash Stock of said Company, payable to the Stockholders or their legal representatives after the 15th inst. at the office of A. Graham, Treasurer, corner of Centre and Mahanango St. ANDREW RUSSELL, President.

Pottsville July 2, 1838.

Bricks! Bricks!!

100,000 Bricks will be ready for sale at the Kiln on the Port Carbon road, on the 6th inst. Persons wishing to buy, will apply to TIMOTHY COBURN, at the Kiln, or BIRAM PARKER, Pottsville.

N. E. Two other Kils of the same number each, will be ready—one in August and one in October.

Pottsville July 4 51—3

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 she the undersigned claims title thereto, and will institute a suit against any person attempting to take the possession thereof. JOHN POTT, Plaintiff.

Manheim, April 28, 1838.

PARKER & CO. MERCERS & TAILORS.

(Formerly Parker & Williams.)

HAVE removed on the opposite side of Centre Street, a few doors above Newington Street where they offer for sale a select assortment of the most fashionable colors, with an elegant assortment of Summer Cloths, Vestings, Linen and Cotton Shirts, Collars, Bosoms, Stocks, Gloves, Suspenders, linen and cotton Hose, and all kinds of Gentlemen's wearing apparel, which will be made to order in the most approved style as to the workmanship, and warranted to fit equal to any in the City or elsewhere.

P. S. F. & Co. keep on hand an excellent assortment of ready-made Clothing of all kinds, which will be sold at very low rates.

June 17

GREAT BARGAINS!!

Valuable Real Property in Pottsville, FOR SALE

THE undersigned offers for sale all that well known three story BRICK STORE AND DWELLING HOUSE, and the appurtenances situate in Centre street, Pottsville, the property of the undersigned, together with fine other tenements in the rear of said building, and the front building aforesaid, contains thirty feet in front—finished from the basement story to the garret in the best style of workmanship, and both as a business stand and a residence, is most favorably situated. The foregoing property will be sold on low and accommodating terms. Part of the purchase money may remain on the property for a few years, if desired. Title indisputable, and possession can be given immediately. apply to G. M. JENNINGS, Pottsville.

April 29 39—4f

CALL AND SEE!!

JUST RECEIVED a splendid assortment of Spring and Summer Goods, consisting in part of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Liquors, &c. which I am prepared to cash, or in exchange for country produce, at the highest market price. G. M. KERN.

READING NAIL AND IRON WORKS.

HAVE ON HAND SHEET IRON, ROUND & SQUARE IRON, COAL SCREEN, RAIL ROAD Bar Iron of any size drawn to order. Nails and spikes of all sizes, for sale at the lowest City prices. KEIMS, WHITAKER & CO. Reading, May 22, 1838.