

# THE MINERS' JOURNAL,

AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

I WILL TEACH YOU TO FIND THE DEWELLS OF THE EARTH AND MINES OF THE MOUNTAINS, METALS WHICH WILL GIVE STRENGTH TO OUR NATIONS AND SUBJECT ALL NATURE TO OUR USE AND PLEASURE.—BY JOSEPH

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**THE SWEET-BRIAR ROSE.**  
The sweet-briar climbs the ruined wall—  
And in the lonely glen,  
It wears its rustic crown,  
Far from the haunts of men.  
If by the way-side path it blooms,  
Or passed by busy feet,  
Yet in the lonely place of lombs,  
It grows as fair and sweet.  
No fostering care, no cultural art,  
Sustains the sweet wild rose;  
Like true affection in the heart,  
In native strength it grows. H. M.

**DEATH OF DESOTO.**  
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE BROTHER.  
But wind this is a banner bright—  
A banner of Castile—  
And let the war drums round us roll  
The trampets o'er me poel!  
And bury me at noon of night,  
When goes the sun from gleam—  
As soon of night, with torches light,  
In the Mississippi's stream.  
It was the evening of a sultry day,  
Sultry almost beyond endurance,  
Although the season had not advanced beyond  
the early spring time—the sun though  
abundant from human eyes by a dense veil  
of mist and clammy vapor, was pouring  
down a flood of intolerable heat upon the  
pavilions—came-brakes, the deep bayous—  
blunts of the voracious and unseemly alliga-  
tors—and the forests teeming with the en-  
dless river rolled its dark current. On a  
steep bluff, projecting into the bosom of  
the water, at the confluence of some  
nameless tributary of the vast Mississippi,  
stood the dwelling of the first white man  
that had ever trod those boundless solitudes.  
It was a rude and shapely edifice of logs,  
beamed from the cypresses and cedars of the  
swamp, which lay outstretched for a thou-  
sand miles around by hands unused to  
light of base or mental labor, yet there  
were certain marks of comfort, and even  
of luxury, to be traced in the decorations  
of that log cabin; a veil of sea green silk  
was drawn across the aperture which per-  
forated the massy timbers of the wall; a  
heavy drapery of crimson velvet, decked  
with a fringe and embroidery of gold was  
looped up to the lintels, as if to admit of  
whatever breath of air might sweep along  
the river. Nor were these all; a lofty  
stair was pitched before the door, from  
which drooped in gorgeous folds, the yellow  
banquet, rich with the castled blazonry  
of Spain; and beside it a tall warrior—  
sheathed from head to heel in burnished ar-  
mor, with gilded spur and belted brand—  
stalked to and fro, as though he were on  
duty on some tented plain, in his own land  
of chivalry and song. At a short distance  
to the rear might be designated a confused  
assemblage of huts, suited for the accom-  
modation of five hundred men; horses  
were picketed around, spears, decked  
with pennon and pennoncel, and all the  
heavily armed warriors were planted  
beneath the dwellings of their owners; sen-  
tinel in gleaming mail, paced their accu-  
tomed round. But in that strange en-  
campment there was no mirth, no bustle—  
not even the low hum of converse, or the  
note of preparation. The soldiers glided  
to and fro, with humbled gait and sad de-  
mour; the fiery chargers drooped their  
proud heads to the ground; and appeared  
to lack sufficient animation to dash aside  
the swarms of venomous flies, that fattened  
as it seemed, upon their very life's blood.  
The huge bloodhounds, those dread auxi-  
liaries of Spanish warriors, of which a score  
or two were visible among the cabins, lay  
slumbering in listless indolence, or dragged  
themselves after the heels of their masters  
with moching crests; and in attitudes  
widely different from the fierce activity of  
their usual motions. Pestilence and famine  
were around them, on the thick and  
breecless air—in the dark waters, in the  
deep moans, the seeds of death were float-  
ing—scarcely the luckless tribes, al-  
ready scattered or enslaved by the iron arm  
of European war. Oh—how did they pine  
for the clear streams of Gualdiquiver,  
of the viny banks of Xeres; for the breezy  
slopes of the Apuzares; or the snow-cled  
summits of the Sierra Nevada; those fatal  
followers of the Demon Gold. How did  
their recollections dot upon the waving  
palms, the orange groves, the lavages and  
meads of fair Granada. In vain, in vain!

—of all those gallant hundreds who had  
leaped in confidence and hope, from their  
proud brigades, upon the glowing shores  
of Florida, glittering in polished steel; and  
"very gallant with silk upon silk," who  
had traversed the wild country of the Apa-  
chians, who had seen the gleams of Span-  
ish arms, reflected from the black streams  
of Alabama, who had made the boundless  
prairies of Missouri ring with the unechoed  
notes of the Castilian trumpet, who had  
spread the ferrous of the Spanish name,  
with all its barbarous accompaniments of  
havoc and slaughter, through wilds untreas-  
ured before, by feet of civilized man, of all  
those gallant hundreds, but a weak and  
wasted moiety was destined to reach the  
shores of their far fatherland, and that  
not as they had fondly deemed in the pride,  
the exultation, and the health of conquest,  
but in want, in heaviness and woe.  
The arrows of the savage, and the yet  
fencer arrows of the savage, dearly repair  
the injuries that they had wreaked already  
on the wretched natives; dearly repaid too,  
as it were by anticipation, the wrongs  
that their children's children should have  
in long perspective on the forest dwellers  
of the west.  
There, in that lonely hut, there lay the  
proudest spirit, the bravest heart, the  
mightiest intellect, the favorite comrade of  
Pizarro—the joint conqueror of Peru!  
There lay Hernando de Soto: his fiery en-  
ergies even more than the hot fever,  
wearing away his mortal frame; his mas-  
sive brow clogged with the black sweat of  
death; his eye that flashed the more bril-  
liantly the deadlier was the peri—dim and  
filmy; his high heart sick—sick and fearful,  
not for himself, but for his follow-  
ers: his hopes of conquest, fame, dominion,  
gone like the leaves of autumn! There he  
lay, miserably perishing by inches, the dis-  
coverer of a world, a world never destined  
to bless him or his posterity with its re-  
dundant riches.  
Beside his pallet bed was assembled a  
group of men, the least renowned of whom  
might well have led a royal army to the  
battle for a crown. But their frames were  
gaunt and emaciated, their cheeks furrowed  
with the lines of care and agony, both of  
mind and body; their eyes wet with the  
scenes of bitterness. The dark cowed  
priests had administered the last rites of  
religion to the dying warrior, and now  
warped in breathless silence, the parting  
of his spirit. An Indian asciden, of rare  
symetry, and loveliness that would have  
been deemed exquisite in the brightest  
halls of old Castile, leaned over his pillow,  
wiping the cold dew from the conqueror's  
brow, with her long jetty locks, and fan-  
ing off the myriads of voracious insects,  
that thronged the tainted air. There was  
not a sound in the crowded chamber, save  
the heavy sob like breathings of the dy-  
ing man, and the occasional whinings of a  
tall hound, the noblest of his race, which  
sat erect, gazing with almost human in-  
telligence upon the features of his lord.  
Suddenly a light draught of air was per-  
ceptible, the silken veil fluttered inward,  
and a heavy rustling sound was audible  
from without. As the huge folds of the  
banner awayed in the rising breeze, a sen-  
sible coolness pervaded the heated cham-  
ber, and reaching the languid brow of De  
Soto, who had lain the last hour in seem-  
ing lethargy. Heavily, and with a painful  
expression, he raised himself upon his el-  
bow.  
"Moscoco," he said, "Moscoco, art thou  
near me?" My eyes was dim and it will  
soon be over—Art thou near me, for I  
would speak with thee?  
"Give me thy hand!" Then as he re-  
ceived it, he raised slowly on high, and  
continued in clear and unflattering tones,  
though evidently with an effort. "True  
friend and follower, by this right hand  
I do adjure thee, to observe and obey these  
my last mandates."  
"Shall I swear it?" cried the stern war-  
rior, whom he addressed in a tone and  
voice rendered thick and husky by the  
violence of his excitement. "Shall I swear  
it?"  
"Swear not, Moscoco! leave oaths to pal-  
try burghers, and to cringing vaivass; but  
pledge me the unblemished honor of a Cas-  
tilian noble; so shall I die in peace!"  
"By the unblemished honor of a Castil-  
ian noble; as I am a born, hidalgo, and  
belted knight, I promise thee in spirit and  
in truth, in deed and word, and thought,  
to do thy bidding!"  
"Then by this token," and he drew a  
massive ring from his own wasted hand,  
and placed it on the wasted finger of Mos-  
coco, then by this token, do I name thee  
my successor; thee, the leader of the host,  
and Captain General of Spain! Sound  
trumpets; heralds make proclamation; they  
concede; but there was no shout of triumph  
or applause.  
"Hail by St. Jago, but this must not be;  
tis ominous of evil! Go forth then Jago,  
and bid them sound again, and let my peo-  
ple shout for this, their royal leader."  
It was done and a gleam of triumphant  
satisfaction shot across his hollow features.  
He spoke again but it was with a feeble  
voice.  
"I am going, I am going—thence there

is no return! Now mark me, by your  
plighted word, I do command you; battle  
no farther—strive with the fates no longer;  
for I have conquered it, and it is mine!  
mine, mine, though dying! Mine it shall  
be though dead! March to the coast as  
best ye may; build ye such vessels as may  
bear ye from the main, and save this rem-  
nant of my people! Wilt thou do this, as  
thou hast pledged thyself to do it, noble  
Moscoco?"  
"By all my hopes, I will!"  
"Me, then, me, shall ye bury thus! Not  
with womanish tears; nor with vile sorrow  
but with the rejoicing anthem, with the  
blare of the trumpet and the strong music  
of the drum! Ye shall see me in my  
mail, with my helmet on my head and my  
spur on my heel. With my sword in my  
hand shall ye bury me, and with a banner  
of Castile for my shroud! In the depth  
of the river—of my river shall ye bury  
me, with lighted torch and volleyed mus-  
ketry, at the mid hour of night! For am  
I not a conqueror? a conqueror of the  
world, a conqueror with none to brave my  
arm, or to gaisany my bidding! Where,  
where is the man, savage or civilized,  
Christian or heathen, Indian or Spaniard,  
who hath defied Hernando de Soto, and  
not perished from the earth! Death is  
upon me; death from the Lord of Heaven  
and earth! To him I do submit me; but  
to mortal, never!"  
Even as he spoke, a warder entered the  
lower door-way and whispered a brief  
message to Moscoco. Slight as was the  
sound, and dim as hanged the sense of  
De Soto, he marked the entrance of the  
soldier, and eagerly inquired the purport  
of the news.  
"A messenger was the reply, 'an Indian  
runner from the Natchez.'  
"Admit him, he bears submission; admit  
him, so shall I die with triumph in my  
heart!"  
The Indian entered; a man of stern fea-  
tures, and of well-nigh giant stature. His  
head shaven to the chivalrous scalp lock,  
was decked with the plumes of the war-  
eagle mingled with the feathers of many  
a hue, his throat circled by a necklace,  
strung from the claws of the grizzly bear  
cougar, fearfully mixed with the tufts of  
human hair; his lips painted were covered  
with the black pigment, in one well known  
emblem of Indian hostility, a rattle snake.  
With a noiseless step he crossed the cham-  
ber; he flung the deadly gift upon the death  
bed of De Soto; he raised the red pipe to  
his lips; he puffed the smoke; and then in  
the accents of his native tongue, bore to  
the Spaniards the defiance of his tribe,  
concluding his speech with the often heard  
and unforgotten cadences of the war  
whoop!  
As the dying leader caught the raised  
tone of the Indian's word his eye had light-  
ed, and his brow contracted into a writh-  
ing form! He knew the import of his  
speech, by the modulations of his voice;  
his lips quivered; his chest heaved; his  
hands clutched the "thin covering," as  
though they were grappling to the lance or  
rapier. The wild notes of the war whoop  
rang through his ears; and in death, death  
itself, the ruling passion was prevalent;  
manifest; terribly prevalent.  
He sprung to his feet; his form dilating  
and his features flushing with all the ener-  
gy of life. "St. Jago, he shouted for Spain,  
for Spain! Soto and victory!" and with an  
important effort to strike, he fell flat on  
his face at the feet of the Indian, who had  
provoked his dying indignation!  
They raised him; but a flood of gore  
had gushed from his eyes, mouth, ears; he  
had burst one of the large vessels, and was  
already lifeless ere he struck the ground!  
The sun had even sunk below the hori-  
zon, and ere the preparations for his funeral  
had been completed, it was already mid-  
night. Five hundred torches of the resin-  
ous pine-tree flashed with their crimson  
reflections off the turbid water, as the bark  
glided over its surface, bearing the war-  
rior to his last home.  
A train of cowed priests, with pix and  
cruifix, and streaming censor, floated in  
the van, making the wilderness resound  
with the triumphant notes of the *Te Deum*,  
instead of the melancholy tones of the  
sacerdote, their sacerdotal costumes, placid  
countenances, and humble demeanor con-  
trasting strangely with the lofty bearing  
and warlike paraphernalia of their mili-  
tary companions; they accompanied to his  
watery burial place the earthly re-  
mains of their noble leader, who, clad in  
the armor that had so often shielded him  
in the storm of battle, and wrapped in a  
mantle formed of the golden banner of his  
native land, his good broadsword clamped  
in his lifeless hand; ate proudly erect; as  
the procession floated to the middle of that  
noble stream beneath whose waters was  
to rest forever the body of the discoverer  
of the Mississippi, HERNAN DE SOTO.  
Frenchie has received a copy of the work en-  
titled "Living without means," which he intends  
presenting to the general Government.  
A man, well-known, said it was a cruel thing  
to keep labor in great quantities it always made  
him fat. "I have seen it make you fat," replied  
the other.

**ENGLAND.**  
Exchange at New York, on London  
7 a 64 percent premium.  
Suicide by Gaslight.—After the inquest on  
Mr. J. Schmidt, who shot himself on Friday, in  
Killington Gardens, Garton, a police-constable  
proceeded to the deceased's lodgings, Ryder's  
court, Leicester-square, to take charge of his prop-  
erty. A necklace of large garnets and several  
valuable gold rings were found, a beautiful dia-  
mond brooch, and a quantity of wearing apparel.  
It appears the unfortunate man was induced to  
commit the fatal act from the severe losses he  
sustained at play. During a residence in the  
house of eleven days, he must have gambled away  
from £10,000 to £11,000. Wednesday he lost  
his gold watch and chain at play, and although  
on Thursday Morning, within twenty-four hours  
of the suicide, he received a large sum at the  
counting house of Rothschild, yet a fortnight was  
found in his lodgings. —*Morning Chronicle.*  
A splendid bouquet of flowers in so high a  
state of freshness and beauty that they were  
sent from London in New York, was presented by  
Mr. Webb one of the passengers in the Great  
Western steam ship on the morning of his arrival,  
to Mrs. C. Claxton, the lady of the Managing  
Director. —*Bristol Paper.*  
The general rats of travelling of the first class  
coach on the Liverpool and Manchester Rail-  
way is now 30 miles an hour and within the last  
fortnight the whole 30 miles have been performed  
in forty-seven minutes.  
Lancaster Trade.—The aspect of the market  
has decidedly improved. A considerable quantity  
of goods have been sold during the past week.  
Many of the wholesale London houses are now in  
the market, and are disposed to purchase at pre-  
sent prices, under the impression that they may  
have to give more for goods at the season's advan-  
ce. The stocks of the useful goods for the home  
trade are certainly not large, the manufacturers  
having suffered so severely by loss on stock  
last season, have acted with great caution. The  
hosiery are giving out more readily to the hands,  
than they were a reasonable prospect of general  
employment for the stocking-makers during the  
autumn. The wool market is very firm, and  
fine combing wools are rather higher. The busi-  
ness that has been done with the woolstaplers is  
at the rate of 34s. to 35s. for farmer's lots.

**IRELAND.**  
Melanchoy Accident.—A public meeting of  
the Temperance Society was held by Mr. Hock-  
ins, in the market-house of Ballinasloe, on Tues-  
day; about 500 persons, mostly of the working  
class, were assembled, when, melancholy to re-  
late, the centre of the great room gave way, and  
about 300 fell to the ground floor. Scarcely one  
escaped more or less injured. They sustained in-  
jury by falling, but their legs shattered; one  
man named Gavin, cart-maker, will have to un-  
dergo amputation. Little hope is entertained for  
the recovery of some of the injured persons.  
A letter from a correspondent dated at Ballinas-  
loe, yesterday, states the number of persons  
wounded to be forty, and the number that had  
limbs broken to be sixteen; one man underwent  
amputation on Monday, and one girl had both her  
legs broken. The Birmingham Blacksmith had  
been about a quarter of an hour speaking when  
the accident occurred. —*Dublin Mail.*  
The Bishop of Limerick has been honored  
with a gracious invitation from the Queen to  
attend her coronation.  
Lieut. Roberts, who navigated the Sirius steam-  
packet to New York, has received an elegant  
plate of plate from his friends in Cork.

**SCOTLAND.**  
Second Thoughts.—Last year, the lover of a  
farmer's daughter in the south of Scotland went  
to America to pass his fortune, and promised to  
send her the money he intended this year, if he had  
good luck. "According to promise the long ex-  
pected letter came, and all was soon prepared  
for the voyage save the sea-shores. The family  
were all at work baking cakes, and the mother  
trying about losing her daughter for ever;  
when, in the course of the afternoon, who should  
come to the door on horseback, but an old lover,  
who called out to Miss J., at home!" One of the  
family answered the inquiry to enter into the  
door, and said, "Come in?" The spark took the  
hint, alighted from his old nag, and was soon  
shown into the house, where he saw Miss J. pack-  
ing up for the voyage. When he saw it all over  
he thought it time to pop the question. He did  
so. "Mither, gie owie bakin' o' my ma' cakes? I'm  
na gann to America." The pair are now mar-  
ried, and live happy.  
Consent Arrangement.—Railway Foes.—  
A white hen, belonging to Mr. Woodrow, of the  
Railway wharf Inn, Renfrew, has lately given  
taking for reasons for its coming to the fore, as  
it is a daily passenger to Paisley. Chucky has  
no money, of course, to pay her fare, but she  
seems to impose on the guard. She, the guard,  
works her passage faithfully, and pays him in  
kind; by laying him an egg every day she comes  
to town—an arrangement deemed perfectly satis-  
fying to both parties. We challenge our brother  
of Dumfries to produce, from the wife of Nith,  
a hen of sufficient capacity to enter into such an  
arrangement, and with sufficient bene-  
volence to fill so fully her share of the contract.  
—*Paisley Advertiser.*  
We lately saw a paragraph in a New York pa-  
per, announcing that Stephen Henderson, Esq.,  
who died some time ago at New Orleans, had  
left 2,000 dollars annually to the poor of his native  
town in Scotland. Mr. Henderson was a native  
of Dunblane, and began life as a mason. His  
Christian name was Stein, which he seems to  
have changed it into Stephen upon going to  
America. Some of his relations, we believe, are  
still alive. —*Perris Courier.*

**WALES.**  
It was formerly a vulgar error in collecting  
suppose that the pillars of the world were  
the roof of the mountain giant in the case of Sir  
to fill the excavations.—(Merthyr Guardian.)  
As Drunk as a Donkey's Ass.—David Lloyd, a  
Welshman, had a row with six dogs, which he ex-  
hibited to strangers and others in Harford, as a  
great curiosity. David had also a wife much  
given to drinking. One day she threw herself  
down by the side of a dog, who, ashamed of such  
company, walked out of the sty. David came

as usual to show visitors his remarkable son  
when the first thing they saw was his wife in a  
water and coat; which provoked a hearty  
laugh at the poor Welshman's expense; and gave  
rise to the proverbial expression.  
Natural Melodist.—One evening, after a long  
ramble through the streets of London, we entered  
the parlour of a tavern in the Strand, in which  
was a party of Welshmen, who were in the habi-  
tude of meeting at this house every evening after  
the hours of labour, to drink old Welsh ale and  
sing old Welsh airs.—Houses of call, as they are  
termed, of this kind are numerous in the metropoli-  
s. I sat amongst three sons of St. David for  
some time; there were several good singers present,  
and at sunset thoroughly to enter into the  
spirit of the songs, a joyous chorus terminating  
each verse. "The Maid of Llanelgollen" elicited  
a double encore, and the beautiful air "O! a noble  
race was shenkin," was responded to by a  
hearty applause. There was a Welsh harper  
present, who played any air the company desired;  
he was a first-rate performer on his instru-  
ment, and the blind old man seemed to be so fond  
of his harp as if it had been a child. There was  
a youth present, with his father, who had  
brought him from London a day or two before,  
for the purpose of placing him in a situation.  
Our attention was irresistibly drawn toward him  
as he sat wrapped up in his own thoughts, and  
seemingly unconscious of the presence of any one  
besides himself in the room. We could not but  
think his heart was far amongst the mountains,  
carried thither by the melodies of his native land.  
How different was he now situated; yet the throng,  
the tumult of the mighty metropolis were all  
forgotten for the time, such power has a simple air  
to recall the past, and cancel (if it may so speak)  
the present. Many a time and oft, has a nation-  
al melody under the pipe of a wanderer in for-  
eign lands to hear, and his heart to bound, when  
far from home and friends; memory has then as-  
serted her power, and the loved, the lost, the  
distant and the dead, have appeared, wearing all  
most the semblance of reality. The beautiful  
air "Auld lang syne" has caused tears to dim  
the eyes of many a hardy Scot and "St. Pat-  
rick's day in the morning" set many an Irish-  
man's sturdy legs in motion. Music has a power  
over the most savage breast, and it would seem  
to give it such power as when it assumes the  
form of a national melody.  
A Cornedider.—Last week a labourer well  
known within 20 miles of this town undertook  
for a wager of ten shillings, to swallow a quar-  
ter of melted bacon fat, a basin of mustard, and  
a pound of raw bacon in the space of half an  
hour. He accomplished his task in twenty-five  
minutes drank a bottle of gin afterwards, and  
then retired to bed. He has since offered a bet  
that he will perform the disgusting feat in ten  
minutes.—(11.)

**THE AMERICAN IN PARIS.**—The Ameri-  
cans have a strong and decidedly original  
turn for satirical humor; and in the applica-  
tion of it they do not spare their own  
foibles, much less those of other nations.  
We understand this quality has never been  
displayed with a more piquant and amus-  
ing effect than in a work which is on the  
point of making its appearance, entitled the  
"American in Paris." The ostensible  
object of the work is that of supplying  
a view of the moral, social and intellectu-  
al condition of the capital of France under  
her new institutions—but this is said to be  
done in a spirit which spares neither rank  
nor sex, and which offers to the world the  
most severely true picture of Paris society  
that has yet been drawn. —*English pa-  
per.*  
Is not this Sanderson's volume? Had  
the original letters of Mr. Sanderson, from  
which his work was compiled, been pub-  
lished entire in London, they would have  
ensured a good fortune for the author and  
publisher. They justified the remarks of  
the "English paper."

**OYSTERS.**—The New York Star says  
five hundred dollars worth of pickled oys-  
ters prepared for the Exploring Expedi-  
tion, were sold at auction by order of the  
Government for a mere trifle, and were  
bought by certain gentlemen of the Van  
Buren party for lobbying objects next win-  
ter.—N. B. Taste before you eat, the  
oysters may be spoilt.

**TIGHT LACING.**—Mrs. S. S. G. says  
speaks of the practice: "Our sons hold  
themselves erect, without back, or corset,  
or frame-work or whale-bone. Why  
should not our daughters also? Did not  
God make them equally upright? Yes,  
but they have sought out many new in-  
ventions."  
Cass and Abel.—A murder took place on the  
opposite side of the river, near the town of Girard,  
Pa. on Friday July 10th, almost too horrible to  
be given to a Christian community. The cir-  
cumstances were, as follows:—Two brothers  
named Thomas and Hal Lucas, who had been  
much in the habit of quarrelling, came together  
under strong excitement, and Tom, as was his  
frequent custom, being about to fly, had with a  
stick of some sort, the letter drew a pistol and  
shot the former, his own brother, through the  
heart, who almost instantly expired! We can-  
not imagine that degree of moral turpitude which  
could serve up a man's soul to the commission of  
such a deed as that of taking away the life of  
a brother! But murder stalks through this land  
defying the law and frowning down its ministers.  
—*Columbus Ohio Sentinel.*  
Changes of Fortune.—A singular instance of  
good fortune has just occurred to an intelligent  
and respectable mechanic of Nottingham, named  
John Leman, who, after working in the stocking  
frame for some years, and subsequently being en-  
gaged in the lace-making business, is now in his  
34th year, elected to a buroneship by the style  
and title of Sir John Leman, Baronet Northworth,  
in the county of Hertford. He succeeds to the  
title and large estates attached to it, as the near-  
est heir-male of his cousin in the third degree.

According to the ancient laws of Hungary,  
a man convicted of bigamy was condemned to live  
with both wives in the same house! The crime,  
in consequence, was extremely rare.

**Notice**  
Is hereby given to persons using Hydrant Wa-  
ter, that the water will hereafter be stopped every  
evening at the Corner of Centre and Mahanungo  
Streets, at 9 o'clock, and let in again at 5 o'clock  
in the morning.  
By order of the Board,  
ANDREW RUSSEL,  
President, Pottsville Water Co.  
Pottsville, August 4th, 1838. 60-3

**Emporium of Fashion.**  
Third Door above the Pennsylvania Hall, Centre  
Street, Pottsville.  
W. M. H. SUMER begs leave to return his  
sincere thanks to his friends and a gener-  
ous public, for their patronage heretofore so liber-  
ally bestowed on him; and that he will be happy  
to see his patrons and friends, as he hopes by un-  
remitting exertions to give satisfaction to all.  
Hair cutting done in the latest Parisian style.  
Pottsville, August 4th, 1838. 60-2no

**Coal Land.**  
FOR Sale, a tract of first rate Coal Land, sit-  
uate on the Broad Mountain, containing 416  
acres more or less.  
The Mammoth and Juggler veins run through  
this tract as also other celebrated veins.  
The said land will be sold low, and on accom-  
modating terms. For further information apply to the Subscri-  
ber, at the Pennsylvania Hall, Pottsville.  
M. MURPHY.  
Pottsville, August 4th, 1838. 60-1f

**The Philadelphia and Read-  
ing Railroad.**  
Will be opened for Travel between Reading and  
Norristown, on Tuesday, the 17th of  
July, 1838.  
HOURS OF STARTING.  
From Reading at 8 A. M. and 2 P. M. Daily.  
From Norristown at 7 and 11 A. M. "  
Fares.  
Between Reading and Norristown, First Class  
Car, \$2, Second Class, \$1.50.  
Between Reading and Phoenixville, First Class  
Car, \$1.50, Second Class, \$1.00.  
Between Reading and Pottsville, 1st Class  
Car, 75 cents, 2d, 50 cts.  
Between Pottstown and Norristown, First Class  
Car, \$1.25, 2d do 87 cts.  
Between Pottstown and Phoenixville, 1st Class  
Car, 75 cts, 2d do 50 cts.  
Between Phoenixville and Norristown, 1st Class  
Car, 50 cts, 2d do 37 cts.  
Between Reading and Douglassville, 1st Class  
Car, 50 cts, 2d do 37 cts.  
The hours of starting from, and arriving at  
Norristown, are arranged to connect with the  
Rail Road between Norristown and Philadelphia.  
Passengers are requested to procure their tick-  
ets before the trains start.  
Reading, July 21, 1838. 68-1no

**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 sell cheaper than ever  
offered in this market for cash, or in exchange  
of country produce, at the highest market price.  
J. C. KERN.  
**Country Flannels and Linens.**  
500 YARDS Flaid and White Country  
Flax Linen—Also, a quantity of Country  
Flax Linen, for sale at reduced prices by  
SAMUEL HARTZ.  
Pottsville, July 14, 1838. 54

**M. TERVEY.**  
*(From Philadelphia.)*  
**LADIES' DRESS MAKER.**  
RESPECTFULLY tenders her services to  
the Ladies of Pottsville and the vicinity, and  
hopes by the neatness of her work, quick dis-  
patch, and moderate charges, to merit a share  
of their patronage.  
Her residence is at Mrs. E. Mason's, opposite  
the store of Messrs. Nathans & Co. in Centre  
Street.  
June 2 43

**COAL LAND**  
For Sale, or to be Rented.  
THAT valuable tract of Land called the "Cin-  
ton Tract," belonging to Elizabeth Spohn,  
situate on the West Norwegian Rail Road, next  
north of, and adjoining the Peach Mountain, is  
offered for sale or accommodating terms; the  
Coal Mines will be leased severally or together  
to an approved tenant. Apply to  
HENRY MORRIS,  
3d & Walnut Streets.  
April 11 57-1a

**Encourage Home Manufactures.**  
**Confectionary Manufactory.**  
THE subscriber respectfully announces to the  
public that he has commenced the Manufac-  
ture of Confectionary in all its various branches,  
at his Store in Centre Street, nearly opposite the  
Pottsville House, where Confectioners and others  
can always be supplied wholesale, and retail,  
at the lowest Philadelphia cash prices.  
Country Merchants are respectfully solicited  
to call and examine his stock before purchasing  
elsewhere.  
JOHN S. C. MARTIN.  
nov 4 58-1f

**IRON & STEEL STORE.**  
THE subscriber has constantly on hand a  
full assortment of Iron, comprising Round  
and Square Iron from 3-16th up to 6. inches di-  
ameter; flat Iron 3-16th by No. 4, W. G. up to  
6 in. by 14 in.; boiler, flue and sheet iron of best  
and 3d quality; suitable for lining car bodies or  
other uses. They are also prepared to receive  
and ship to any part of the country the most  
advantageous terms in large quantities; also rail  
road car axles.  
A full assortment of Steel, comprising cast  
and shear steel—American and English brands—Swiss,  
German and spring steel, and round iron and  
octagonal steel for drills.  
MORRIS & JONES,  
S. W. corner Market and Schuylkill Streets  
Philadelphia, June 21, 1838. 54-6ms

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