

# 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. 11.

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



There is something in these stanzas, to us, so expressively pathetic and indignant; they are indeed beautiful exceedingly; and such as any our own poets might well be proud of.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

ON PASSING THE GRAVE OF MY SISTER.

BY ELINT.

On yonder shore, on yonder shore,  
Nor ardent with the depth of shade,  
Beneath the white-armed sycamore,  
There is a little infant laid.  
Forgive this tear—a mother's weep—  
'Tis there the faded flower sleeps.  
She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,  
And summer's forest o'er her wave;  
And sighing winds at autumn noon,  
Around the little strange grave,  
As though they murmured at the fate  
Of one so lone and desolate.

An sounds that seem like sorrow's own,  
Their funeral dirges faintly creep;  
Then deepening to a wailing tone,  
In all their solemn accents sweep.  
And pour, unheeded, along the wild,  
Their desert anthem o'er a child.

She came, and passed. Can I forget,  
How we whose hearts had hailed her birth,  
Ere three autumnal weeks had set,  
Consigned her to her mother Earth!  
Lays and her memories pass away;

We laid her in a narrow cell,  
We heaped the soil mould on her breast,  
And wept, like rain, drops, fell  
Upon her lonely place of rest.  
May angels guard it—may they bless  
Her slumbers in the wilderness.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,  
Far, all unheeded, on yonder shore,  
At evening flood, with torrent moan,  
The sweeping life its solemn roar,  
As, in one broad, eternal tide,  
The rolling waters onward glide.

There is no marble monument,  
There is no stone with graven lie,  
To tell of love and virtue lent  
In one almost too good to die.  
We need no such useless trace  
To point us to her resting place.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,  
But amidst the tears and April showers,  
The Genius of the Wild first strown  
His germs of fruit, his first flowers,  
And cast his robe of vernal bloom,  
In guardian fondness o'er the tomb.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;  
But yearly is her grave turf dressed,  
And still the summer vines are thrown,  
In annual wreaths across her breast;  
And still the sighing autumn breeze,  
And strews the hallowed spot with leaves.

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

The recent arrivals from Europe have brought nothing of interest. We give below some extracts from old files, which we hope may be found entertaining. The visit to the wreck of the Forfarshire steamer, and the incidents connected with the hepinge Grace Darling, have quite an air of romance attached to them.

**Doncaster Cup for 1838.**—The Doncaster Silver Cup, won by Lord Chesterfield's Don John at the late St. Leger is as beautiful in conception as it is splendid in execution. It consists of a magnificent bowl, supported by the stem of an oak, the branches and foliage of which spread in wild luxuriance to sustain the superincumbent weight. Beneath the bowl, and surrounding the tree, is a group of stock, comprising a sire and two dams, with their foals, modelled from nature, in a style of accuracy highly creditable to the artist. The tree, its branches and foliage, with the stock beneath, are executed in frosted silver, and have a pleasing effect, when contrasted with the polished surface of the Cup. The whole stands on the pedestal, with entablatures, on which are engraved on one side the names of the Stewards, (The Duke of Cleveland and Charles C. F. Greyville, Esq.) and on the other "DONCASTER RACES, 1838." The weight is 500 ounces, and the height nearly two feet six inches—the width in proportion. The real value is 450 guineas.

**The Large Cotton Factory of Messrs. Cartwright, at Wigan,** has been burned—has estimated at ten thousand pounds.

**Height of Mountains.**—The highest mountains in Ireland, are Guinnes and Ben Bulbin, 3,404 feet; Brandon 3,120; Lognaquilla in Wicklow 3,029; and Galtymore in Tipperary 3,008.

**Agitators.**—Lord Ebrington for the Whigs, Mr. Oastler for the Tories, Mr. Atwood for the radicals, and O'Connell for Ireland constitute a quartette of worthies.

**The Joker taken in.**—A few days since, a knight of the thimble, of an eccentric character, went into a draper's shop in Tonbridge for the purpose of purchasing a piece of scarlet cloth. The shopman, feeling a little disposed for a joke, thought there could be no safer subject, or occasion, for trying his hand at one. "Can you show me a piece of scarlet cloth?" said the tailor. A piece of purple was quickly produced. "That isn't scarlet," said the tailor. "Oh! but it will

do as well," was the reply. "Show me scarlet." The knight of the counter, in a twitter, pulled down a green. "Now, do you call that scarlet?" in a shrill angry tone, said the tailor. "Have patience, and I'll show you one of the best you ever saw," at the same time laying down a piece of the best superfine black. "Yes, it is very good," said the man of brocade, "but mercy on us, how it smells!" "Smells!" said the knight of the yard-stick, putting his nose close down to it. "This was the moment for the tailor to commence his part of the joke; so, laying hold of the poor shopman's ears, he gave his nose such a bumping on the counter as now never had before—the vital stream (as doctors and poets call it) flowing most copiously over the cloth. "There, that's scarlet—that's scarlet, you blockhead," said the tailor, as he took his exit; leaving the astonished man to ruminate upon his master's soiled brocade, and his own unimproved nasal organ.—*Greenwich Gazette.*

**The Wandering Piper,** was last heard of at Ayr in Scotland.

**Ballooning.**—In Mr. Green's narrative of his second experimental trip in the Nassau balloon, Mr. Rush, he states that the extreme height attained was 27,146 feet, which is higher than the altitude of any known mountain in the world. The thermometer fell 27 degrees below the freezing point, and the barometer to 11 inches. Mr. Green experienced great difficulty in breathing, but he attributes it principally to the great exertions he was obliged to make in the ascent; Mr. Rush, he says felt no inconvenience in his respiration.

The Nassau Balloon made another ascent, which it carried into the regions of air the Viscount Drumharg of the Scotch Life Guards, and the command Officer of the same regiment. The company in the car also numbered Mr. Pole, the author, Messrs. Richard and Thomas Hughes; Mr. Spencer, Mr. Green, and of course, the aeronaut himself. The ascent was one of the most beautiful we ever witnessed.

**Mr. Roebuck**—A service of plate, costing £350 has been presented Mr. Roebuck, late M. P., by his political admirers.

**Specie.**—The Cleopatra Hoop of wax, from the South America station, arrived at Portsmouth on the 28th of September, with two millions of dollars for merchants' account.

**Mayor of London.**—Alderman Wilson, citizen and weaver, has been elected Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year. In his address of thanks he said the livery had found it a very difficult matter to pronounce what his politics were, and he hoped that at the end of the year they would have the same difficulty.

The British packet **Linget** arrived at Falmouth, September 26, from Mexico, with a million of dollars.

**Effect of Railway Travelling.**—Mr. Mori, to Laplaiche, Ivanhoe, &c. following evening they performed in Manchester; on Wednesday evening they performed in Liverpool; on Thursday evening another in Manchester; next evening another in Liverpool; and on Saturday they gave a second concert in Birmingham. They have thus visited the two great towns in the north of England, and the capital of the midland counties, in six days, and remained two nights in each town, during a space of time nearly one-half of which, under the old system of travelling, would have been alone consumed on the road.

**Highland Society.**—An unprecedentedly large meeting of the Highland Society had been held at Glasgow. At the close of the preceding seventeen hundred persons sat down to dinner. Mr. Stevenson, the American ambassador, was one of the invited guests. The Duke of Sutherland presided.

**Iron Ship.**—Vessels built of iron have been for some years in use, on the Mersey, the Clyde, and the Thames, as steamers. The principal manufacturer of iron steamers in the part of the kingdom, is Mr. John Laird, of North Birkenhead, who has produced a number of very fine specimens of the art. There is now building, however, in a yard at the south end of the town, an iron vessel, of three hundred tons burden, to be propelled by wind action. She is, we understand, intended for the cotton trade. Her light draught of water will, it is calculated, enable her to load cargo and sail from the wharf of a town which cannot accommodate a vessel, built of timber alone, of equal tonnage, owing to their large draught of water. We hear that this iron ship will be ready for sea in a few months.—*Liverp. Adv.*

THE FORFARSHIRE.

Visit to the Wreck.

"We have this week paid a visit to the wreck, which is lying in much the same state as it was, only somewhat more gutted by the occasional dashing of the billows amongst its timber and planks. Upon this occasion, owing to the low tide, the extent of the rock was much more conspicuous than before. The starboard side of the ill-fated vessel lies chock up against a sort of shell of the rock, the deck slightly inclining. When she went to her engine room, which was then exposed, at the end where the breach had taken place, to all the lury of the raging billows; the fore-cabin, situated beyond the engine-room, was soon laid open also and gutted of all its furniture and fittings. Here it was that the poor woman Mrs. Dawson and her two children were surrounded by the merciless element. They were lying on the floor, it is believed, the anxious mother clasping a child in each arm, when the billows broke through the frail partition that now alone sheltered them from their fury fiercely struck them, over and anon, with its briny surge, and at length destroyed, first one, and then the other, of the children, in the arms of their agonized parent, whom it had very nearly consigned to a similar fate. One of the bodies of the children, it will be remembered, was washed out of its mother's arms, and found amongst the floating wrecks; the other she still retained in her grasp, until taken up to a place of comparative safety upon a rock. The most striking object in the wreck is the mass of machinery. Cylinders, pistons, tubes, pumps—the whole engine, in short, with all appliances and means to boot, there lies.

"One glorious chaos and wild heap,"  
The machinery bears every mark of having been of first-rate manufacture, and the fallen pillars and arches seem to remind one of the prostrate ruins of some Grecian temple. Another object of attraction was the figurehead—a full length slyph like, female figure, glided, which with waving hand and a smiling mien, yet stood gaunt, erect amid the scene of ruin and desolation. It was twilight when we took a last look of the airy and shining form, perceived she was waving her outstretched hand over the wreck below; and the effect was extremely imposing.

Visit to the Longstone Lighthouse.

"It was a beautiful sunset when we were at the wreck. The last gleam of golden tint had faded away, and night was gradually closing in upon us when we quitted the rock. We could not find in our hearts to leave the spot late though it was, without visiting, were it but for a moment, the Longstone Lighthouse, to pay our respect to the Darlings, whose human and gallant conduct in putting off to the rescue of the survivors on the wreck, at the imminent peril of their lives, has already been described. Old Darling was waiting off in his boat, to take the carpenter to his island. We all went together; and, as we approached the Lighthouse, the heroine, Grace Darling herself, was descending high aloft, lighting the lamps whose revolving illumination had warned so many an anxious mariner of the rocks and shoals around. At the side where we alighted a bold cliff is to be ascended ere you reach the Lighthouse. Having gained its summit, we were soon at the door of the hospitable tower, and received a hearty welcome from old Mrs. Darling and her dauntless daughter. But Grace is nothing masculine in her appearance, although she has so stout a heart; in person she is about the middle size of a comely countenance—rather fair for an islander—and with an expression of benevolence and softness most truly feminine in every point of view. When we spoke of her noble and heroic conduct, she blushed, and appeared anxious to avoid the notice which exposed her; she smiled at our praise, but said nothing in reply—though her look the while indicated forcibly that the consciousness of having done so good and generous an action had not failed to excite a thrill of pleasure in her bosom, which was itself no mean reward."

"Her conscious heart of charity was warm!"  
When the nine wretched survivors were taken off the wreck by old Darling and her heroic daughter, they were conveyed at once to the Lighthouse, which was in fact their only place of refuge at this time; and, owing to the violent seas, that continued to prevail among the islands, they were obliged to remain there from Friday morning till Sunday. The boat's crew that came off to their relief from North Sunderland were also obliged to remain. This made a party of nearly 20 persons at the Lighthouse, in addition to its usual inmates; and such an assemblage for assistance could not occasion considerable inconvenience. But the Darlings have too much of the human kindness about them to be easily put out of their way under any such circumstances; Grace, characteristically enough, gave up her bed to poor Mrs. Dawson, whose suffering at this time both mental and bodily, were intense, and contented herself with lying down on a table.

**Grace Darling.**  
The only impulse which could have actuated Grace Darling to the heroic conduct she displayed, was the feeling of pity, which is natural to a versal in her application; and the good end of which was to excite in her mind, in suffering, in whomsoever felt or in whatsoever shape presented itself. Neither can it be said that her conduct was instigated by selfish ambition or the thirst of applause; for on that lonely island eye beheld the dead save that of Him who sees amidst the darkness of the tempest as amidst the light of the noon-day sun. Her only incentive could have been those feelings which the poet describes as a universally characteristic of her sex:

"Her's is warm pity's sacred glow—  
From all her stores she bears a part,  
And bids the stream of hope red flow,  
That languid in the fainting heart."

The situation of Grace Darling is a peculiar one for a young female, and one which, we suspect, very few other sex would covet. Living a lonely spot in the middle of the ocean, amidst the wildest war of the elements—with the horrors of the tempest familiarized to her mind and her constant lullaby the sound of the everlasting deep and the shriek of the wild spreading ocean with the distant sail on the horizon—she is thus removed far from the active scenes of life, and sequestered, save at distant intervals, from any communication with her own sex, and from all those innocent enjoyments and social amusements which, as a female, must be so dear to her. And these are circumstances which go a long way to enhance the admiration due to her generosity and heroism; for it is well known that the natural effect of solitude and seclusion is to deaden all the kinder feelings of human nature; and, of solitude amongst the most awful scenes of tempest and gloom, to imbue the breast with a portion of their own savage character. And yet amidst all these circumstances, and amidst the prospect of a life of such a nature, she was able to exercise a nobleness of soul which we might look for in vain amongst many of those of either sex who are pampered in the lap of luxury and surrounded with every blessing which wealth, ease, and untrammelled freedom can bestow."—*[Dundee Adv.]*

MARSHALL NEY.

At the battle of Borodino, or as the French call it, of the Moskwa, the most sanguinary in modern times, the bravest of the brave surpassed himself, and nobly earned the princely title which his princely master bestowed him on the field. But the most valuable service he ever rendered France, was in the deplorable retreat from Moscow. His station was in the rear—the post of danger and of honor—and he was the chief of the troops. In the story of the flight, for such it was, every thing is so wonderful that posterity would believe the details of one contemporary voice had been raised against them. That with a handful of worn-out followers, destitute of every necessary, he should repel the assaults and arrest the progress of untired, well provided, and countless legions; that, while his heroic little band was daily diminished by hunger, cold, and lassitude, he should yet bid defiance to the whole Russian host; in a word, that Ney's desperate valor should have secured the escape of any remnant of the grand army most ever command the astonishment of the world.—*[At one time, after leaving Krasnoi the whole Russian army lay between him and Napoleon, but, though he had only three thousand men, he resolved to cut his way through the intervening legions. When summoned by Miloradovich to capitulate, 'A marshal of France never surrenders' was his only reply, as he fearlessly led his devoted companions against the destructive batteries of the Legions. He then used a circuit at midnight to the banks of the Dnieper, which he crossed on the blocks of ice, in spite of all opposition, and finally, with fifteen hundred men, joined the emperor. Well might Napoleon be unable to find language sufficient to express his admiration of the hero: 'What a man! what a soldier! what a vigorous chief!' While he still feared that the marshal had fallen into the hands*

of the Russians, he declared that he would willingly give the millions of francs for his ransom. His joy may be well conceived when Ney returned and received his embrace. The latter had soon afterwards the nearly undivided honor of saving the wreck of this once mighty host at the passage of the Berezna. The story of Waterloo need not be repeated here. We shall only observe that on no occasion did the bravest of the brave exhibit more impetuous though hopeless valor. Five horses were shot under him; his garments were pierced with balls; his whole person was disfigured with blood and mud, yet he would have continued the contest on foot while life remained, had he not been forced from the field by the dense and relentless columns of the legions.—*Murray's Family Library.*

**A Shrewd Remark.**—A friend, who opposed the amendments, in conversing upon the subject this morning, remarked, the old Constitution was an excellent one, and that he did not consider the amount of patronage in the Governor's hands objectionable so long as we elected honest men. He added, however, that since "the party" have boldly assumed the ground that the people have nothing to do with the private character of a candidate for the gubernatorial chair, it was wise and proper to take all appointments out of the Governor's hands.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

**Lord's Wife.**—Mr. Colman, in his Agricultural Address last week, illustrated the folly of modern fashionable female education, by an anecdote.—A young man who had for a long while remained in that useless state, designated by a half poet as a "refined idiot," at last, after having done so much as to be considered a "refined idiot" of one, who was beautiful and fashionable, accomplished, and took her upon trial to his home. Soon learning that she knew nothing either how to darn a stocking or to boil a potato or roast a bit of beef, he returned her to her father's house, as having been weighed in the balance and found wanting. A suit was commenced by the good lady, but the husband alleged that she was not up to the sample, and of course the obligation to retain the commodity was null and void. The jury inflicted a fine of a few dollars, but he would have given a fortune rather than to be liberated from such an irksome engagement. "As well might the farmer have the original Venus de Medici placed in his kitchen," said the orator, "as some of the modern fashion's women.—Indeed, continued he, 'it would be much better to have Pot's Wife standing there, for she might answer our useful purpose; she might salt his bacon.'—*Northampton Courier.*

**Serious Affair.**—A contest arose on Friday at Chesnut street wharf, which, we regret to hear, is likely to result in the death of one of the parties. Mr. Bowman, the agent of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Rail Road Line, met Mr. Van Burgen, an agent for the Philadelphia, New Castle, and Baltimore Steam Boat Line on board the ferry boat that plies from the foot of Chesnut street to Camden, on the arrival of the with which 50,000 N. York in the morning, in their respective lines. Some dispute arose between them, which caused Mr. Bowman to strike, or strike at, Mr. Van Burgen with his cane.—The latter seized the cane in his hand, and drew off the lower part, which had served as a sheath to a sword. We understand that there was some attempt on the part of the captain of the boat and others to separate them, but before this was accomplished, Mr. Bowman's sword was thrust through the breast of Mr. Van Burgen. The latter was conveyed into a neighboring house, and surgical aid called.

Mr. Bowman is in the hands of the police.—*U. S. Gazette.*  
We understand that Mr. Van Burgen died yesterday afternoon.

SELECT TALE.

THE EXTRA LODGER.

From Dr. Bird's work, "Peter Pilgrim."

Among the numberless tyrants, in and out of office, who rule the sovereign American people with rods of iron, none can compare—whether it respects the despotic rigour of their rule, or the patient submission of their subjects—with their high mightinesses, the innkeepers. Steamboat captains and stage proprietors may, in their vanity, contest with them the claim to superiority in power, and, indeed, the undoubted privileges both these classes possess to maim and kill their customers at will, would seem to put them at the head of the powerful; but no honest, disinterested man who will consider all the circumstances, the power of the lordly Boniface over the comfort of his lodgers, and the uniform despotism of his rule, can hesitate to award the palm to their rivals. In other lards, circumstances have degraded the lords of the spit into a condition of subservience and vassalage to society; and they are insultingly regarded, and incredible as it may appear, they even regard themselves as the servants of the public. Here, in this happy republic, where all are free but the people, they have assumed their proper attitude, as masters of their patrons, whom they rule with autocratic severity, grievous to behold and lamentable to suffer. High and low, the princes of metropolitan hotels and the kings of the log-cabin tavern on the wayside, they know their power, and exercise it. The metropolitan potentates, indeed, sometimes affect a certain citizen-kinglike humility, and govern with decency and suavity; while it may be observed of the others, their competitors, that the lower you descend in rank among them, the more savage and irrespective becomes their tyranny. Thus, with the lord of your town inn, you may sometimes venture upon a little complaint of the cook and chambermaid, without a fear of being knocked down for impertinence; and, sometimes, in a village hotel, you may prefer a little expostulation on the subject of horse-meat and clean sheets, without the absolute certainty of being turned out into the streets. But even here

we must not expect always to find our dignitaries in a good humor. The possession of power is a constant provocative to the exercise of it; and we know not when the monarch may put on his robes of state, and shake his sceptre of authority. It is but a little while, as every body knows, since a royal prince, with his whole cortege at his heels, was turned out of doors, or at least refused admission, by two different innkeepers, sceptre in hand. It is true, that, in both these instances, the royal personage was entirely unknown, being mistaken, in the one case, for an opera fiddler, in the other, for something equally insignificant; otherwise mine hosts had been happy to kiss the dust from his royal shoes, out of a mere republican respect for greatness.

The king of the cabin—your true country tavern-keeper—is quite another sort of person, with whom to complain, or exhibit any symptoms of rebellious discontent, is to awake the sleeping lion. What cares he for your fine coat, your long dandling watch-chain, your gentlemanly swagger, your titles of distinction—you are Colonel or General, your doctor, your Reverend, your Honorable? You are, sir, his customer—a suitor for meat and drink, which he graciously vouchsafes you, taking no consideration therefor, except a certain number of ninpencos, or half-dollars, together with a due addition of reverence naturally belonging to the master of the house that shelters you. His house, though every chamber be reeking with mud and rain, is his house, and if you don't like it; you may leave it; his beds, though forty human souls, with boots on, may have nestled between the unchanged sheets, doing battle all night with Incubus and Succuba, in the shape of those strange bedfellows with which misery makes us acquainted, have harboured your betters, and why therefore should you presume to grumble? His table, plentifully or sparsely covered as the case may be, with unappetizing eatables—coffee made, or seeming to be made, of burnt blackets, sodden bread, stale bacon and palpitating chickens, greasy potatoes and withered turnip-tops—is the table that contents him, and if you don't like it you may go—to a place entirely unmentionable.

Truly, your republican innkeeper is find him, sometimes a very amiable personage, as great men sometimes will be; but take heed you trifle not with his amiableness; for, verily, he is not a person to be trifled with by any rablement traveler, for whom he does not care the snap of his independent fingers—no, not he.

In truth, the common country tavern keepers—those especially in now regions, or at a distance from the great towns—are, for the most part, mere farmers, who have been driven by sheer necessity (not poverty) to open their houses to the public. In very few parts of the land is the country densely enough settled, and the travelling sufficiently great, to support lines of taverns along the roads at convenient distances. The farmer must hark out the bush and play the landlord, or be eaten up by his hospitality. He knows nothing of cooking or housekeeping beyond what he has been accustomed to in his own family, and he cares nothing about learning; in half the instances, he would prefer the traveller's room to his company; it is not therefore surprising his hotel should not be the best in the world, nor himself the most obliging of landlords.

With this condition of things prevailing, it is evident one must not look for any embellishments of the charming rural hotelries, the little hawthorn-crowned ale-houses, so long embalmed in the pages of English poets and novelists, with its proper familiar, the facetious host, his buxom wife, and trim daughter, all obsequious, bustling, eager to make themselves, and their house, and everything in it, agreeable to your honor.—You cannot here say with propriety, you will take your ease in your inn, that being the privilege solely of its master; nor can you have any greater expectation of comfort, which is an article seldom put down in the bill of fare. In brief, one should expect nothing; and to the inexperienced traveller I recommend the maxim which observation has shown me to be productive of the best effects in mollifying evils, as well as preventing a hundred inconveniences that might otherwise occur: Be submissive; graciously receive, thankfully suffer, pay your money, and depart in peace.

It was once my fate to pass a night in a certain wayside caravansary among the mountains in Virginia, a lowly and logly habitation, from whose mean appearance no one would have inferred the majestic spirit of the ruler within; up—or rather down to which—for it stood at the bottom of a hill—one fine evening in September rolled a mail-coach, well crammed with passengers, of whom I, for my sins, was one. We numbered twelve souls in all, nine inside and three out; of which latter group, I, being somewhat a valetudinarian, was honoured with a seat beside his high-

ness of the whip; while my two companions, the one a Mississippian, the other a varmint, as he called himself, of Tennessee, sat gallantly upon the top, where they rolled & pitched about, as we thundered down the rocky road in a manner admirable to behold, as the Mississippian expressed it "like two short-tailed dogs in a boiling pot"—a resemblance that was somewhat the stronger for the tremendous bow-wows and yelpings with which he—sometimes assisted by the Tennesseean—beguiled the weariness of the day."

Certainly there never was a jollier set of rattlepole personages got together in a mail-stage before. Besides the Mississippian yelping on the top, there was another of the same tribe on the inside, who could imitate the braying of an ass to perfection—a melody which he kept up in rivalry with his friend and partner aloft. Add to these an Abamian who sang negro songs; a Rock-River Illinois, who whooped like an Indian; a Texian that played the mesteang, or wild horse of the prairies, and, besides kicking the bottom nearly from the stage, neighed and whinnyed till the very team-horses on the road responded to the note; and five others who did nothing but scream and laugh to fill up the concert; and you have before you a set of the happiest mad-brained risters, that ever astonished the monarch of a stage-house.

At this place we were destined to sup and lodge; and accordingly, in due course of time, we were all seated at the board, where we had the satisfaction of being tyrannized over both by mine host and hostess, the one glum yet facetious, the other ugly as ill-temper, and baughty as a princess. There was nothing at all remarkable in the supper, which was no better nor worse than usual, except the total absence of that *sine qua non* of a Virginia table, fried chickens—and, indeed, of chickens in every shape, there being not as much as a wing or claw on the table.—This omission producing a gentle expostulatory, somewhat in the tone of expostulation, from one of the Mississippians (who, as well as all the other travellers, it is proper to say, was playing the part of a very modest, well-behaved young gentleman,) mine hostess wittily gave us to understand "that it was all our own fault, seeing that

approaching the house had scared all the fowls into the mountains." This, the Mississippian declared, "reminded him of Captain Dobbs' chickens in Kentucky, which, he had the captain's own words for it, no sooner caught sight of a traveller approaching, than they immediately took to their heels; being well aware from long experience, as Captain Dobbs said, that the visit of a stranger was certain death to them."

Before we had finished supper, a thirteenth guest made his appearance—a tall, rawboned Yankee pedlar, who drove up in his little wagon through a shower that had begun to fall, and presently entered the supper-room, bearing a pair of saddle-bags which he laid beside him with great care, as if afraid its contents should be injured if placed out of his protection. He had a very meek, solemn, unassuming, solitary look, and rather sneaked into, than took a chair, at the foot of the table; where he waited very submissively for the cup of coffee which my landlady deigned, after sundry contemptuous looks and five minutes delay, to send him. On the whole he did not seem to produce any more favourable impression upon my fellow travellers, who left him to consume his chicken-less supper by himself, while they proceeded to the bar-room to resolve a doubt which had entered the head of the Mississippian, Captain Dobbs' friend—to wit, whether the thunder of their approach had not killed all the mint-plants, and so deprived them of their juleps. This was fortunately proved not to be the case; the young gentlemen, concocted their sleeping draughts, smoked their cigars, settled the affairs of the nation, and then, having received a hint that such was the will and pleasure of the landlord, ascended to the traveller's room to seek their beds.

This traveller's room was the garret, or the half thereof, the other moiety being partitioned off, and applied to some other purpose; and as it was neither ceiled nor plastered, it presented no very striking look of luxury or comfort. But, if exhibited the rare and captivating spectacle of a dozen different beds, in which each man was to possess, for one night at least, the happiness of sleeping without a bed-fellow. The beds were, moreover, all single ones, one only excepted, which was neither single nor double, and, indeed, was a mere plank stretched between two stools, with a feather bed hung over it, pannier-wise; and so far, it appeared to us, that our landlord even in his out-of-the-world nook, must have been visited with some inkings of civilization; but upon further consideration, it was agreed we owed the size, as well as the number of the couches, to the necessity of the case, the garret being of such a figure as to stow a dozen truckle-beds much more commodiously than half that number of double ones.