

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.

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WEEKLY.
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EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. O'Connell has addressed a letter to the "People of Ireland." The language is bold in the extreme, so much so that we question whether it will not do more injury than good. The points of his address are thus described in its opening:

Derrynane Abbey, 17th Sept. 1838.
Hereditary bondsmen, know you not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?

Fellow Countrymen—The time for action is come—the period of acquiescence is past. There are, indeed, none to succor us, or to secure our rights. Perhaps there never were. But at all events the time is come when we must either bow in base submission to Orange domination, or rouse ourselves into salutary exertion. Agitation is our sole means of success—peaceable, legal, constitutional agitation.

The points to which our demand for legislative relief should for the present be confined, are these—

First—An equal reform of our municipal corporations with that existing in England.

Second—An equal extension of the parliamentary franchise with that existing in England.

Third—An equal degree of religious liberty with that existing in England—so that the Irish nation at large shall no longer be compelled to support the church of a small minority of the Irish people.

Fourth—A due and adequate proportion for Ireland of the representation in the united parliament.

After discussing the propriety of a junction with the English radicals, and of continuing to place their cause in the hands of the present ministers, the policy of both which he disputes, he proceeds to give his own plan which consists in two distinct parts.

First part—The organization of an association sufficiently numerous to speak the sentiments of all Ireland.

Secondly—The practical arrangements by which such sentiments shall be so expressed and acted upon as to ensure success.

The organization should be such as to embrace every body desirous to obtain "Justice in Ireland."

He then proposes that the Precursor Societies in every town, city and county, present petitions to ministers, and says that if success can be achieved, it is only by these means. The best and wisest of his requests is, that all meetings shall be public—no secret associations.

Model of the Battle of Waterloo—Lieutenant Sibson, the assistant Military Secretary of Ireland, has arrived in London, with his already celebrated model of the battle of Waterloo, which he is now occupied in fixing up in the great room of the Egyptian Hall. In a few days hence, when this arrangement shall have been completed, the public will be gratified with a view of this extraordinary work. The model has been many years in preparation. The survey of the ground has been made under the supervision of the general, every line of authentic information has been collected—the number and position of the troops have been correctly obtained—and the whole field has been modelled in the most masterly and correct manner. The combatants on either side are shown, not by mere lines denoting troops, but by separate figures, exhibiting the troops in their various positions, and actions, and clad in their different costumes. The model represents the Field of Waterloo and the surrounding country, extending about two miles and a quarter in every direction. It is referred to a surface of about four hundred and twenty square feet, and contains upwards of 190,000 figures. As a topographical model, it has the highest pretensions, and is by far the most beautiful we have ever seen. It is constructed upon a scale of nine feet to the mile. Every house, every tree, and even the slightest undulations of the ground, together with the very creek then covering its surface, has been attended to; but the arrangement of the troops is truly wonderful.

Lord Farnham—With deep regret we announce the decease, on the 20th inst. in the 71st year of his age, of the Right Hon. John Barry Maxwell, Lord Farnham, one of the Representative Peers of Ireland, and Col. of the Cavan Militia. His Lordship is succeeded in his estate and title by his brother, the Rev. Henry Maxwell, Rector of Templemore, county of Longford, and father of Henry Maxwell, Esq. M. P. for the county of Cavan.

Iron Ships—Scarcely has the wonder created in the world by the launch of the Great Western and the British Queen, begun to subside, when we are called upon to admire the rapid strides of enterprise, by the notice of an iron steam ship, the first of a line of steamers to ply between England and Calcutta, to be called the "Queen of the East," of 2,618 tons and 600-horse power. This magnificent vessel is designed by Mr. W. D. Holmes, engineer to the Bengal Steam Navigation Company, for a communication between England and India.

Switzerland—The expulsion of Louis Bonaparte from Switzerland is the chief topic of discussion in the Paris Journals. He had not at the latest date quitted Switzerland, in consequence it is alleged, of the different Powers having refused to grant him passports. The latest Paris dates, however, say this difficulty had been removed, mean-time, large bodies of French troops had approached the Swiss frontier and the commander-in-chief, Gen. Alik, had issued a proclamation to his army, from the language of which it might be supposed, that the campaign was immediately about to be opened. We think notwithstanding there is little doubt no serious consequence will ensue.

Spain, still continues in the same distracted state.

Mrs. Fry—This much celebrated lady has been in Scotland for the last four or five weeks, engaged in visiting the prisons of the principal towns in the country, and in endeavouring to establish ladies' visiting committees for reforming the state of the prisons, and improving the morals and habits of the prisoners.

More Iron Ships—Two iron steamers, destined to play on the River Nile, Egypt, are at present building by Scott and Sinclair, engineers, Greenock. The models of these steamers are of the most approved descriptions.—Glasgow Chronicle.

Steam Packets—The London Globe states that the British government has decided on establishing a line of steam packets between England and the Heilix, N. S. and that the contract will be thrown open for public competition.

Twenty-eight Jewish converts have been within a few years past baptised at Liverpool, where also there is a regular Hebrew service with the Hebrew Liturgy of the church of England.

Great Western Railway—The receipts on the line from the London terminus to Maidenhead (only about 26 miles) have in the 88 days, from June to the end of August, amounted to nearly £21,000.

Coal—A Coal Company has been established at York, the capital of which is fixed at £10,000, to be raised by 5000 shares of £2 each.

Despatch—The Vivid steamship, under the command of Captain Agaras, arrived in Hull on Friday morning at 25 minutes past 6 o'clock, having made the voyage from London in the space of 24 hours.

Durham County Coal Company—The fourth half-yearly general meeting of the shareholders in this company was held in Durham on the 28th Aug., when a satisfactory report was read, and a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent per annum was declared, leaving a surplus of undivided profits amounting to £3064 13s. 7d. The thanks of the meeting were unanimously presented; to the directors for this gratifying result of their labours.

Extensive Loss—The damage done at the premises of Messrs. Macintosh and Co., in Manchester, by the late fire, will not exceed £10,000, of which £5,000, is covered by insurance.

N. P. TALLMADGE.

First and alone made, and threw himself in to the imminent, deadly breach. N. P. Tallmadge made the first assault on that formidable, despotic, daring, sacrilegious band, in the Senate House. We were present. We remember his deadly pale face, his choked utterance, his immovably fixed determined countenance. We remember the audible but hurried remark of Calhoun, when all eyes were fixed in silent doubt. "It is the penitentiary struggle of the day," said he, "it will burst upon us presently."

—We remember the bold, defying astonishment of the giant Benton, and the quivering, cringing, shrinking of the "informer beast," when it did burst. And long shall we remember the torrent of patriotic eloquence, poured out, when the suppressed utterance found vent.—We remember at the close, the whisperings of the little groups of the banded despots. "What do you think of it?" "We have lost Tallmadge."—"No, Mr. Van Buren will bring him back."—"But did you not mark the dead firmness of his eye on our great champion during his whole speech? Did you not mark determined war in that eye? O, Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Wright will put him straight again."

From that day to this, the patriot spirit has never faltered. In the Senate, and in the closet, in motion or quiescent, the fixed, determined purpose of his mind has never for a moment faltered.

"I will save my country. I will save the Republic, or I will perish. And most religiously has he kept his word.—New York Times.

Magnetic Telegraph—The following is an extract of a letter from a gentleman in Paris to H. L. Ellsworth, Esq. of the patent office, published in the National Intelligencer. "American gentlemen, your readers will see with pride, and pleasure, is again presenting itself to the scientific men of Europe in a way which commands attention and elicits praise:

Paris, Sept. 12, 1838.
I am sure you will be glad to learn that our American friend, Professor Morse, of the New York City University, is producing a very great sensation among the learned men of this Kingdom, by his Magnetic Telegraph. He submitted it to the examination of the Academy of Sciences of the Royal Institute of France at their sitting on Monday last. Its novelty, beauty, simplicity, and power, were highly commended.

M. Arago, the learned and eminent principal in the astronomical observatory of the French government, has manifested a very lively gratification in regard to it. He addressed the Academy in regard to our countryman's invention, in the most creditable manner. It is not denied that a report of the exhibition will be submitted by M. Arago in the forthcoming number of the published proceedings of the Institute.

Other projects for the establishment of magnetic telegraph have been broached here, especially from Professor Steinhilf, of Munich. It is said, however, to be very manifest that our Yankee Professor is ahead of them all, in all the essential requisites of such an invention, and that he is in the way to bear off the palm, in simplicity of design, cheapness of construction, and efficiency. Prof. Morse's Telegraph transcends all yet made known.

The following beautiful extract is taken from "Wilson Conwath," in the last number of the Knickerbocker Magazine:—

"The land of WILLIAM PENN is the only soil not purchased by the blood of the natives. A feeling of peace came over me as I thought of this, and called to mind the scene where he is represented as treating with the Indians, the design is magnificent.

"How firm must have been the principles of that man! What a religion that must be, which fortifies a man to go without armor or shield in the midst of a savage tribe, relying upon the efficacy of his purity of purpose, and the dignity of his sentiments to protect him! How much is such heroism beyond the daring of the warrior! The one is moral, the other is physical courage. Is there in all history a character that approaches nearer the character of Christ than his? His weapons are meekness and love—he went about doing good—he endured adversity with patience, and would have suffered martyrdom for his faith. His principles of peace, are getting to be the principles of the whole civilized world. Thus much we see in advance of the age. As I touch the soil of PENN, I determined to seek out a home in some community of Friends."

AGRICULTURE.

FOR THE FARMER.

As peach trees greatly exhaust the soil, it is probably the cause, in some measure, of the failure of crops. Cultivators would do well occasionally, to remove the exhausted soil from around the roots of the trees, supplying its place with good earth. Coal dust from the blacksmiths forge, and wood ashes, are a valuable manure for the peach tree. It is also said they are an antidote against worms which prey upon the peach tree at the surface of the soil, and causes such lamentable destruction of them.

The peach, also, at proper times, needs more pruning than any other tree, to keep it in luxuriant growth.

It has been asserted, as the result of an incidental experiment, that squash sown in the fall will survive the frosts of winter and spring, and will mature much earlier than any which can be sown in the spring. It is worth a more satisfactory experiment. The earliest salads, we know, are grown in this way.

Young trees should not be planted where the decaying old roots are, as they are the receptacle of numerous worms, which seek their food in the roots of the young trees, and open the sap vessel, so that the sap instead of nourishing the tree, flows, to waste in the earth, and causes the loss of the tree.

Deep digging is essential to the growth of young trees, in order that the rain water may run under the roots, which otherwise would be rotted by stagnant water remaining around them.

From the Farmers' Cabinet.

FOOD FOR PLANTS.

Vegetable mould or earth when brought into a state of solution furnishes food for plants, and enters into their composition and structure; plants form food for other plants and animals, and become animalized by the process of digestion; consequently animals are manufactured out of vegetables by a process of which we are ignorant; and when animals die and are decomposed by the agency of heat, moisture and air, they are reduced again to the elements which constitute the food of plants, and so proceed, on the same round again of producing a new generation of plants and animals; and this rotary system has been in operation from the creation of the world to the present time, and so will continue until time is no more; the quantity of matter always remaining the same, though its forms and combinations are constantly undergoing a change.

From the Farmers' Cabinet.

LIME YOUR ORCHARDS.

The effect of lime on orchards and on grounds in which fruit trees are planted, is stated to be very beneficial; it improves their health and promotes their growth, and it is said to improve the quality of the fruit. The food or pasture of the trees is increased in quantity, and improved in quality by the application, and it is doubtless an important agent in destroying the grubs and worms which are so destructive to fruit trees by the wounds which they inflict, as well on the tender fibres of the roots, as on the branches and trunk.

The good effects of lime on apple and peach trees is perceptible in a short time, and it is believed equal benefit will be derived from its application, by all other kinds of fruit trees.

Let us try it without delay, for it is universally known that good fruit is never produced by an unhealthy tree.

From the Farmers' Cabinet.

EXPERIMENT TO RAISE LAMBS TWICE A YEAR.

FROM THE SAME EWES.

Having heard that the pure bred Dorsetshire ewes would infallibly bring lambs twice in the same year, I purchased, for the purpose of making the experiment, seven ewes on the 2d December, 1825. They were all in lamb, and by the 28th of that month had yeared nine lambs. The first of these lambed the second time on the 26th of July, 1826, the remaining five on the 14th of March, 1826, five of these ewes had lambed the third time, the remaining two on the 29th day of April, and produced, at the third lambing twelve healthy lambs. Thus these seven ewes, in 17 months from the time of their purchase, brought me 28 lambs, which were all reared in health, and were sold, the first lambs for a guinea and a half each, and the third were sold with the ewes as couples. Besides the 28 lambs, I had a fleece of wool from each of the ewes at midsummer.

NATIONAL SILK GROWER'S CONVENTION.

To the friends of the Silk Culture.—If having been determined at a meeting of the friends of the cause, held at Philadelphia on the 25th ultimo, in which the states of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware were represented, that it was important for the furtherance of the interests of the Silk Culture, that a National Convention be held at the city of Baltimore, on the second Tuesday, the 11th day of December next; it is therefore respectfully suggested that the Silk growers, and those friendly to the introduction of this branch of industry into our country, to the meeting of the several states to appoint delegates to represent the several sections of our Union in said convention. The approaching meeting of Congress will afford the citizens of distant states an opportunity of being represented in that body thereby representatives in Congress, and it is therefore submitted to the consideration of those friendly to the cause in those states, to avail themselves of the opportunity which will thus be afforded of being so represented.

The spirit which now animates the American people, in favor of this enterprise, seems peculiarly to call for a measure of this kind, as it is obvious that a body of practical men, coming together from the remote parts of our country, will be able by their united counsels to lay before our countrymen a vast body of important facts and suggestions, and thus enable them to proceed onward in their holy work with intelligence and zeal.

As the time allowed for the meeting of this Convention is short, it is earnestly requested of the friends of the measure, to go to work immediately and make appointments of delegates, and it is of great moment that every section of the country should be fully represented.

PUNISHMENT OF INFANTS.

We have treatises on the rights of man, of women and on almost every right which attaches to the several social relations; yet we have seen nothing on the rights of infants, a class more needing and more deserving protection than any other. The power held over them is so often and so unfeelingly abused, that we give from a foreign Journal, the following instance of its criminal exercise, in hope that it may operate as

a caution and deter the infliction of punishment which may, by the most distant possibility, involve consequences that no regrets can repair nor atonement expiate.

"The Convent de St. Clair, at Dombes lezeaux has lately been the theatre of a catastrophe which has plunged a highly respectable family into the deepest grief by the loss of a beloved child, and created a deep sympathy among the inhabitants of that part of the country—as perch, indeed, from the melancholy nature of the circumstance itself as from the unexampled manner in which it took place. Monsieur and Madame B had placed their only child, a beautiful girl of ten years of age, in the above mentioned convent, conducted by Ursuline nuns, during several years, and enjoying a high reputation as an establishment for female education.

"The unfortunate child, Louise B—she appears, had incurred the punishment of the celloch, or prison—the usual mode of correction adopted in French schools, and was in consequence shut up in the place used for that purpose. It was observed that the moment the door was closed upon the child her screams were heightened to a remarkable degree, but no particular importance was attached to the circumstance, as she was left in the charge of a nurse, the bottom of the garden, and at such a distance from the house that her cries were inaudible to the inmates.

About an hour after the child had been shut up, a violent knocking was heard at the outer gate of the convent, which being opened, a labouring man who happened to be conducting a cart along the road, which passes near the premises, presented himself, and in an authoritative tone demanded whom they were murdering in the convent? He immediately explained to the man the fact of the child's imprisonment and assured him that his imagination had attached more importance to the matter than was necessary. The man nevertheless insisted upon seeing the child, and the nuns were ultimately compelled by his posture and determined air to accede to his request, and they had no sooner arrived at the spot where the child was confined than the convulsive sobs and faint sighs which struck their ears excited apprehensions of her safety.

The door was immediately opened, when a specimen of indescribable horror presented itself. The unhappy child was lying on the ground in a state of the most agonising convulsions, and a cat employed in tearing away the flesh from her open and bleeding head—the paring knife was in order to save the life of the child, but such was the nature of the wounds inflicted on the neck and face of the unhappy sufferer, that she expired three days after the event, in a state of the most horrid delirium. It is supposed that the cat, which happened to be shut up with the child, became in the first instance frightened by its screams, and subsequently infuriated.

THE YOUTHFUL BRIDE.

Observe that slow and solemn tread, when the young bride takes her wedding march, and with down cast eyes and a heavy heart turns her face from "sweet home" and all its associations, which have for years been growing and brightening entwining so closely around the purest and tenderest feelings of the heart. How reluctant that step as she moves towards the carriage; how eloquent those tears which rush unbidden from the fountain!

She has just bid adieu to home! She has given up the parting hand—the parting kiss! With deep and struggling emotion she has pronounced the farewell! and oh, how fond and yet mournful a spell the word breathes; and perhaps 'tis the last farewell to father, mother, brother, and sister.

Childhood and youth, the sweet morning of life, with its "charms of earliest birds, and earliest associations, have now passed. Now commences a new and momentous period of existence. Of what nature? Every reader in living character—uncertainty, assuming that where all were happiness—where home, sweet home, was in all our hearts. But these ties, these associations, these enjoyments, she has yielded one by one, and now she has broken them all asunder. She has turned her face from them all, and witness how she clings to the arm of him for whom all these joys have been exchanged.

See how she moves on, the world is before her, and the path she treads her pages are to be filled up with life's loveless penicils, or perhaps, with incidents of affecting interest; of starting, fearful recollections! Who can throw aside the veil of "three score years and ten" for her, and record the happy and sunbright incidents that shall arise in succession, to make joyous and full the cup of life; that shall throw around these embellishments of the mind and the heart that which crowns the domestic circle with beauty and love, and softens, improves, and elevates the condition of society? Or who with a firm and unwavering hand, can register the hours and days of affectionate and silent weeping—of midnight watching! who can pen the blighted hopes—the instances of unrequited love—the loneliness and sorrow of the mind, when neglected and forgotten, as it were by him who was dearer to her than life—when all around was drear and desolate when the garnered stores are wasted, and the flickering blaze of the hearth wanes and goes out and leaves her in solitude, in silence, and in tears. But her affections wane not, slumber not, and die not.

The brilliant skies may shed down all her glad dening beauties! nature array herself in gay flowers; and friends, kind friends may greet with laughing countenances and kind hearts but it avails naught. One kind look—one soft and affectionate glance, the unequivocal evidence of remaining love—one smile like that which wooed and won that heart, would enkindle brighter, and deeper, and lovelier emotions at its fountain, than earth with all its splendor, beauty and gay associations.

O, young man ever be to thy young bride that which thou seemest now to be; disappointing her not. What has she not given up for thee? What sweet ties that bound heart to heart and hand to hand, and life to life, has she not broken off for thee? Prove thyself worthy of all she has sacrificed. Let it ever be her pleasure, as now, to cling with confident joy and love to thy arm. Let it be her stay, her support, and it shall be well repaid. Her's is an enduring, an undying love! Prosperity will strengthen it—adversity will brighten and invigorate it, and give it additional lustre and loveliness! Should the hand of disease fall upon thee, then with thou behold woman's devotion, for thou wilt never witness her spirit wax faint and drooping at thy couch! When thy own are failing she will cling to thee like a sweet wine, and diffuse around thy pillow sweet influences and stragglings that touch the master-

ful, sat around my bed like a company of devils, each event converted into a fiend, and at the head of this agreeable levee the deed of yesterday, smocking, heartless demon, and then came the dancing and the old tune again.

From the New York Mirror.

A NIGHT WITH THE FIENDS.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.—Founded on fact.

I would have given worlds to recall the action.—I had no excuse. It was a deed done with my eyes open. The beggar who steals to save his wife and children from starving, has the sympathy of the judge who condemns him—and the homicide, whose crime is committed in a gust of passion, may find consolation in repentance and in the consciousness of the infirmity of human nature. Men sin from ignorance, from temptation, from want of experience. I had perpetrated this deliberately, with my eyes open to the consequences. I knew the nature of what I was doing.—There was no adequate temptation for it. I could only explain it on the grounds of innate depravity. I, who professed a scorn of wrong—who was accustomed to self-examination and self-discipline—who knew what guilt was—who felt, while I did it, that I was laying up a store of repentance—I had yielded, and I regarded myself with contempt and horror.

Nothing could be more pleasing than the scene in which this incident took place. It was at a ball, amid music, dancing and pretty women. All the elements of happiness seemed to lie around. Was I happy? No. Remorse filled my bosom. I felt that I had recorded in the book of fate a deed not to be erased—from which was to spring shame and suffering. I felt like the ghost of "buried Denmark."

"Confined to last in fires, Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature Are burnt and purged away."

Night came. Night! At this mysterious period, the guilty have a foretaste of their punishment. In summer I should have gone out and walked till morning.—But it was a cheerless November night, I went to bed. In a little while a sort of oblivion descended upon me, faintly lighted with images of the gay scene where I had spent the evening, and where I had unfortunately laid this sin upon my soul.

My imagination retained a dim sense of music and dancing, and careless voices, and flashing light, till their repeated and repeated impressions pained me; and over the whole mysteriously and darkly, like a cloud, or an impending danger, lay the definite conviction and shame of that act—a sense of remorse, apprehension, guilt and all folly, from which I strove to recoil and hide myself in sleep or even death.—

And in those vague movements, wavering between the real and the unreal, grotesque beings, whose shapes were drawn in light upon the black air, darted around, and made faces at me, and held a sort of devilish revel over my torments, as I lay powerless on my back. Such visitations might come to a dead man in his coffin. And a power seemed whispering—"This is to commit a sin." "I did not think of it."

And for a moment, this seemed a triumph to me, and I shouted the fact sturdily in the faces of the fiends, and I called the good angels to help me, and I misused mortal, set upon in this fashion by a parcel of infernal devils. But a voice, after a pause, answered as if with a silent smile—

"You know what you did—you gratified your wish—you agreed to pay the price—you scorned consequences—you have no excuse—you are bought and sold—you are ours!" And I answered—"It is true!" and strove to hide myself. I would have crawled into my cave; and all the while the dancing went on, and the music played one continual tune—and gay crowds moving and bowing around, and beautiful female faces, with radiant smiles and careless words, came and went in throngs and masses, with a floating change and a mocking contrast. Then I fell abruptly off a precipice—started and awoke.

I groaned aloud. The chamber was lighted by the faint beams of a night lamp, casting grotesque and giant shadows upon the wall and ceiling. There was something unearthly about them. I had not thought that chairs and tables—those homely and familiar objects—could look strange and impressive. There was a bar lying hung black across the room—a massive semi-circle, broken by an angle of the cornice, appeared like a segment of Saturn's belt—and a rugged profile, that frowned like the spectre of some giant, held forth a threatening arm and impressed me with a solemn sense of the monstrous and pre-ternatural.

And soon, amid these huge shadows and that deathly silence, broken only by a sound from some warping panel, or, perhaps, a wall settling more firmly on its foundation, secret tokens of time, unheard by the sleeping millions around, the fatal act which had marked my past evening, appeared before me like a ghost with a haunted power. All the darkest aspects of life presented themselves, as I turned on my pillow and strove to sleep. All that I had ever done wrong or unkind, or doubt-

ful, sat around my bed like a company of devils, each event converted into a fiend, and at the head of this agreeable levee the deed of yesterday, smocking, heartless demon, and then came the dancing and the old tune again.

At length the awful ordeal was varied by a gleam of comfort.

Something which resolved itself at last into a soothing and most gentle spirit, seemed to steal in, unobserved among this set of chattering devils, and whispered in my ear:

"Patience, mortal, and receive this hour as a lesson. You shall not sink beneath your burden, but must hear it a little longer. When the cock crows your persecutors will disperse. Take care you do not put yourself in their power again. The earth is inhabited by two races—man, a traveller on his way to heaven, but sore beset by the other race, the devils. There is but one method of escaping these gentlemen, who now crowd your chamber so hilariously. It is by following the ways of right and wisdom. They have comparatively, no power over the charmed paths, but it is the condition of your existence, that when you err, you are exposed to their mischievous malice. Indeed, each error creates its own tormenter. Each man, according to his deeds, is honored with a retinue of these disagreeable companions, who acquire more power the more they gain. They retire from around you during the day, to watch the effect of new temptations, as an angler keeps himself concealed to catch the fish; even, when hooked, gives him the line in order to plunge the barb yet deeper into his victim. In crowds, in moments of passion, and times of pleasure, they leave their prize apparently free; but in solitude, illness, and during the night, they assume their dominion; and so to him who becomes entirely their slave. As for you, you have committed an action for which you must bear the penalty.—Yield with patience and be wiser to-morrow."

The face of my instructress was nearer to me as she spoke, she kissed my forehead. Then came the dancing and the tone, and the crowds and the demons, and in the pressure I was nearly suffocated. Struggling, attempting in vain to call out, I was at the point of dissolution, when, in frightful convulsions, I once more awoke.

At that instant the cock in the neighboring barnyard gave a sudden, loud, and exultant crow, and I distinctly heard the slapping of the fellow's wings. It was followed by the cheerful cry of a milkman. A faint silvery light fell upon the wall through the openings in the shutters and curtains. The night lamp burned lower and more dim. Saturn's belt was scarcely visible opposite the pitcher-handle.—

The huge bar had lost its sharp outline, but retained enough to identify it with the poker, and the frowning giant had dissolved into the outline of an old robe de chambre, carelessly flung over the back of a chair. Blessed human shapes all, after the unearthly images of night. I turned over with a sense of safety, of being among my fellow creatures, and on the earth again, of having expiated my crime, and of having now life before me, to try anew the path of virtue and wisdom, and so I fell into a quiet sleep.

"But what was the crime?" demanded my wife when I had read her this essay.

"The reader will know it," said I.

"Not at all!" said she. "I assure you, I have not the slightest idea of it."

"Let them guess then!" said I.

"They will think you have been robbing the mail," said she, "or committing murder. What is it you have done to bring on yourself such terrible torments?"

"I drank three cups of strong tea!" said I, with a blush.

"And it serves you perfectly right!" said my wife with a look of indignation.

Juvenile Works.

For long Winter Evenings.

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Nov. 10

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THE subscriber offers for sale a valuable tract of Coal Land, situated on the Broad Mountain, in Schuylkill county, 416 acres, more or less. The Mammoth, Juggler and Pine Knot veins, have been proved on this tract. There are also several other celebrated veins on the same, and is well timbered. The terms accommodating and the title indisputable. For further particulars enquire of

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