

Albert Carlton was of humble parentage. He was left early to struggle alone in the world. Gifted with good natural abilities, he devoted himself to study, and by perseverance had won himself an enviable name. He became early acquainted with Louisa, and from a slight intimacy his feelings towards her ripened into affection. But while he indulged himself in the pleasure of her society, he allowed not a hope to dwell within him of springing her hand. What had he to offer? A poor student—relying upon the uncertain chances of a crowded profession. He knew it would be presumption, to allow a hope. Yet it was a long time before he could away from the spell which her beauty and worth had thrown around him. But Carlton was not to remain in idle dependency. He knew that to even indulge a hope of winning the prize, he must be well prepared for the race. He resolves to be something! In accordance with this resolve, he determined to enter on a larger field of action. He left his native village, and in the office of an eminent jurist in the city he entered upon his studies. With untiring zeal he prosecuted them, bending all the powers of a strong mind to the task. The result cannot be doubted. His course of discipline through, he was admitted to the bar, and promised to be its highest ornament. In progress he visited his native place, not as the needy adventurer, but as the successful competitor for fame and distinction.

His character had always been esteemed by Mr. Wentworth, and he was one of the few who were admitted freely to the hospitality of his house. He was now welcomed with doubled pleasure for his good name preceded him.

It was with no small anxiety that he again bent at the shrine of his early worship. He knew not whether a more favored worshiper had preceded him. A slight observation assured him that he had nothing to fear on the score of rivalry. He soon became a constant visitor, and as the reader no doubt surmises a favored one.

It is not our purpose to detail the progress of that passion which grew out of its intimacy—suffice it, that, in their case the course of true love did run smooth, the Bard of Avon to the contrary notwithstanding.—They were betrothed and in due time they were married. The prayers were said and the "twain became one." After the conclusion of the ceremony, Mr. Wentworth approached the happy pair with a full heart to bestow his parental blessing. Albert stepped forward to meet him with a glowing face and taking his hand, said, "notwithstanding, my dear sir, you have bestowed upon me a priceless gift, for which the devotion of a life will but poorly repay you, which I am persuaded you will readily acknowledge"—so saying, he placed in the hands of Mr. Wentworth, who was naturally astonished at his address, a small piece of paper. All eyes were fixed on Mr. Wentworth as he glanced over the paper. A sudden and delightful flush passed over his countenance, and seizing the hand of Albert, he hastily led him to the wondering bride, and joining their hands said in a tremulous voice, while a tear glistened in his eye, "My child—Louisa—behold in your husband your preserver—the "Young Fireman!" We will leave the reader to imagine the scene that ensued. The paper was Mr. Wentworth's order on his banker which he left in the hands of Mr. Littleton.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Transcript gives the following summary of the repairs, renovations and improvements, making without and within the Capitol: The Capitol still presents a scene of busy preparation, and is looking as fresh as a prize of pendulous white paint can make it; while its staircases are clogged up with long, shovels, handirons, grates and fenders from the various committee rooms, all dragged out to have their last year's incrustation of rust, dirt and tobacco spittle, removed with the pumice stone. But the busiest part of the building, is the Hall of Representatives, which, not brought back to its original plan, presents its "old familiar" appearance. The only difference is that the floor has been raised three feet higher than it was formerly, an arrangement which though assisting the hearing, makes the Hall look too filled up, and impairs the effect of the circular colonnade, by concealing too much of the pillars, bases, and also makes the entrances look too low, like so many cellar doors. These defects, unobtrusive as they are, are forgotten, as, standing at the main entrance, the eye takes at one glance the Speaker's Chair, which, now of course placed directly opposite to you and under the ladies gallery, has just been filled up and decorated by Burke of New York, in a style that fills every visitor with admiration. The hangings are of crimson damask satin, falling from two boughe which support in the centre a large gilt shield emblazoned with thirteen stars and enclosed in a massive frame carved in imitation of bronze. The combined effect of the crimson drapery, the gilt shield and the bronze frame, is in the highest degree rich and at the same time not gaudy. The whole design reflects much credit on the taste of Mr. Burke. I had a glimpse of the chair to be placed under the magnificent canopy, and found it to be of a corresponding richness. Its cost will be about \$150. It is of mahogany and crimson velvet. Certainly the man doomed to fill that seat needs all the cushioned ease a chair is susceptible of, and I am sure Mr. Burke's stuffing will prove satisfactory to the Speaker.

Viewing the Speaker's chair with its decorations, you find a "young fireman" of splendor, beside which the Royal Throne in the British House of Lords, is but a paltry insignificant. The canopy and shield, however, will hide the face from a large portion of the ladies gallery above. The Speaker, however, sits in a chair of state, and the gaiters there as they seldom listen to what's going on below, though it may be different in degree, since the members no longer will turn their backs upon the great orators. They are about to lay a new Brussels carpet on the floor of the Hall, which is not very beautiful and far too dark, but its sombre color will answer and captivate purpose—into the tobacco juice. The Senate is

undergoing repairs, and it is said Mr. Burke's new chair will be ready for use in a few days. The workmen have already finished the works and sodding of the western part of the Capitol grounds, and I see they have finished the new hydraulic whirling, to correspond with the one erected a year since. The Treasury and Patent Office are rising rapidly, but the former is still sinking in public estimation. I understand that an eminent architect from Boston, formerly having in charge the Public Buildings here, declares it will not answer; as there will be a deficiency of light in half the rooms. I would not be surprised if these were ordered to be removed next session.

POITTSVILLE.

SATURDAY MORNING DEC. 1, 1838.

Pamphlets, Checks, Cards, Bills of Lading and Handbills of every description, neatly printed at A. Office at the lowest cash prices.

To our Patrons.

We would respectfully request from our subscribers a settlement of their arrears; those living in the Borough and its neighborhood will always find us ready at our office, and those who live at a distance, can easily make remittances by enclosing a five dollar bill, which amount will be placed to their credit. We shall esteem an attention to this notice a favor, which we will endeavor to repay by continued exertions to instruct and amuse.

In the first week of January next, we shall enlarge the size of the Journal; and at that time nearly \$2000 will be due for subscriptions, the receipt of which will materially assist in defraying the expenses incident to the contemplated improvements. We will also find it necessary to open a new set of books at the commencement of the ensuing year, and a prompt discharge of all subscriptions due to that period, will greatly benefit ourselves, and save a great deal of labor in transferring balances on old accounts.

To Correspondents.—P's lines on "Winter" shall be inserted in our next.

England and Canada.—The relative situation of the mother and her unruly child is ridiculous in the extreme. Never in the annals of legislation have we seen any thing so stupidly absurd as the course of the British Cabinet, which has now left Canada without any law, and invalidates every act of Sir John Colborne, since the resignation of Lord Durham! The late act of parliament conferring extraordinary powers on the latter is remiss in an important section: there is not the least provision made for a successor, in case of his resignation or death. That body must therefore be assembled to act on this emergency, and the Whig Cabinet hold their power on so precarious a tenure, they will scarcely dare to do this, as it will expose their oversight to the jeers of the opposite faction. Besides it is well known the appointment of Lord Durham was made to get rid of him as a dangerous opponent at home. From the spirit of the British press, we should judge troubles were brewing. Lord Glenelg, Colonial Secretary has resigned and no successor yet appointed. Lord Spencer and the Duke of Richmond have both refused his post. The Marquis of Normandy is the reported successor to Lord Durham, in Canada. The meeting of Parliament on the 4th inst. will probably settle the mooted questions.

German Spunk!—The Post Master at Buffalo N. Y. is a foreign German, and being initiated into the arts and mysteries of the Van Buren and Marcy tactics, thought he could browbeat and lead the native Germans, as has been done in other quarters, to vote the loco foco ticket. The honest yeomanry however would not stand any interference, and generally voted the Whig Seward ticket. Pending the election, the Loco Postmaster became so exasperated that he said, "any German who would vote the Seward ticket, he would horsewhip." Upon which Mr. Joas Yost, formerly of our County, published a Card, stating that he for one German, had voted for Seward, and advised the Loco, to be in the horsewhipping upon him, and after that was over, he could bring him fifty more, on the same terms! It is needless to say that the P. M. was among the missing, but we hope Mr. Yost did not forget to send him a piece of the barbecued bear at the Whig Jubilee.

Steam Ship Liverpool.—This vessel, about which so much anxiety had been expressed, has arrived safe at New York. The cause of her detention was as anticipated, having been compelled to put back, after progressing nearly 1000 miles, on account of her generating steam faster than it could be worked off. This induced the Captain to fear he might be left without fuel should he prosecute his voyage. After refitting at Cork, she again started and had a very successful passage to New York, thus relieving the anxiety of all who had friends on board.

The Weather.—Clear cold weather for the last week has sealed our streams; and this day the first of winter's reign, is attended with all the pomp and regalia of his mightiness King Frost. We have now nothing more to do than keep ourselves comfortable through the winter, and make arrangements for the next summer's business.

State Legislature.—Next week our State Legislature meets, and the interest attached to its primary proceedings, is of no ordinary nature. It is now pretty certain that the recent gubernatorial election will be thoroughly investigated, and the several atrocities perpetrated against the freedom of our franchise brought to light. This investigation, together with the settlement of several disputed districts, will give rise to a feeling of impatience which we shall allay by giving our readers an early and full account of their proceedings.

Denial.—Dr. Moore, whose advertisement will be found in another column, comes well recommended to our citizens from both Lancaster and Lebanon.—Those who are troubled with leg's complaint, "a raging tooth," will do well to give the Doctor a call, and see if he can get to the root of the evil.

Congress.—Next Monday Congress assembles; many of the distant members have already arrived at Washington.

Capture of Bill Johnson. A letter from Ogdensburg to Gov. Marcy, announces the apprehension of this notorious character. He is in prison where he should have been long ago.

The reason why. A Philadelphia paper complains of not receiving the N. Y. Express regularly; may be it runs an express mail on its own hook; that accounts for it.

Lycium Register.—We recently noticed the objects of this publication, and the benefit which would result to our region from a scientific report of the kind. We have now only space to state, that a subscription paper is open at our office, where we shall feel most happy to register as many names as we can. We invite the attention of all who have interest, either operative or scientific in our country, to the specimen number.

President's Proclamation.—The President of the U. S. has issued his proclamation to enforce neutrality on our northern frontier, and calls upon the intelligence of our community to uphold his wishes.—This course is correct, and we are much pleased with the tone of the paper. We trust it will have a salutary effect in those counties of New York, where the population have been so reckless as to embark in an affair, which every dictate of policy and good faith should forever them against.

Public Defaulters.—When poor Tobias Watkins became a public defaulter, the steam process was in its infancy, and his experimental trip of a few thousands excited general contempt and execration. But now the grand system is so beautifully improved, and the power so increased from thousands, to millions, that poor Mr. Watkins is forgotten in the host of aristocratic defaulters who have succeeded him. Even the honor of paternity is taken from him, as completely as Amerigo Vespucci robbed Columbus of the honor of associating his name with our country. "Oh ingratitude!"—the quotation is musty!

Poland.—Ill-fated country! the poet that chronicles thy fate, narrates but deeds of violence and tyranny, and the heart that feels not for thy abject fall must be destitute of every impulse of humanity! Of the many remorseless acts of her detested tyrants, who maimed themselves the "protecting powers," the last accounts furnish the incidents of the most horrid tragedy. A respectable student of Cracow, known only to be beloved and respected, was lately passing the streets at night, when a Russian spy was assailed by assassins. Hearing his cries of murder and help, the student became alarmed and escaped with precipitation from the spot. There was a time when the voice of distress would have brought a helpmate in every Pole who heard it, but alas! oppression and tyranny have had their effects: "it is not chains alone, that make the slave!" The student was suspected, in consequence of his confused flight, and arrested. Many respectable persons testifies to his correct and literary life, but in vain! He was tied up and scourged with sticks: after receiving eighty blows, he was observed to become faint, and being liberated from his bonds, it was discovered that his mental and bodily sufferings had produced hernia. He shortly after died, the victim of cruelty, protesting his innocence to the very last! What a picture is here offered: how must every honest bosom turn with loathing from its contemplation! Who can divine the agony of that young student "beaten with many stripes," the burning thoughts, the sufferings of conscious innocence! Woe to the oppressor; the time will come when they shall find "that man hath yet a soul, and dare be free!" Who that reads the overbearing cruelties of these despots, their system of espionage and murder-spotted fondness, will not exclaim in the language of Campbell!

"Oh! righteous heaven! ere freedom found a grave, Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save! Where was this arm, O vengeance! where thy rod, That smote the foes of Zion and of God! That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar! Where was the storm that slumber'd, till the host Of blood stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast; Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow, And heav'd an ocean on their march below!"

Mistisippi.—Judge Trotter has resigned his seat in the United States Senate, a step dictated we presume by the success of the whigs in recent elections, and the general expression of dissatisfaction against the Sub Treasury bill, which the Judge has supported. The Governor has the appointment of a successor for his unexpired term, which will be filled up by the next election. Mr. Van Buren is prostrated here, we would notice that 41 counties give a majority of 1587 votes for the whig candidate for State Treasurer. Truly to improve on the old song we may sing: "All Year's states, on the second thoughts sober, Fall as the leaves do—fall as the leaves do!" That die in October!

Spain.—A young damsel, whose thoughts ran nightly on a wedding ring, being asked by her priestly adviser, "what was the trusend of life?" replied with much simplicity, "to be married, Sir." It would appear by the late accounts from Spain that the belligerent parties there are coming to something of the same conclusion, and that there is a possibility of a reconciliation, or compromise. Don Carlos has expoused his niece the Infanta Donna Maria Teresa de Braganza of Bourbon. The bride is the daughter of the King and Queen of Portugal, and if we may judge from her patronymic titles is the heiress of the joint crowns of both Portugal and Spain. The race of Braganza obtained possession of the former crown in the year 1840, after the expulsion of the Spaniards who had possessed themselves of the country in 1560, when the male line of the royal family of Portugal became extinct, and she is the present representative of that family. The Bourbons became possessors of the Spanish crown in 1700 in the person of the Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV, and a daughter of Philip IV. of Spain. They have retained it with slight interruption until the recent revolutionary difficulties, and now it would puzzle the historian to tell who has possession of it. Thus we see the Infanta of Portugal has a claim to both kingdoms; how far her marriage with Don Carlos will operate towards placing his power on a permanent basis is yet doubtful, but we are inclined to think the contending factions will grasp at the first hopes of a reconciliation. The intestine war has been so long and so fiercely waged, that the fate of the Kilkenny cats will befall both parties if it be longer continued. Let us then hope that the suppliant torch of Carlos may light the way to conciliation and peace, and that the fair fields of Spain, no longer deluged in blood, may forsake the sword for the sickle, and smiling peace again be heard

"tinkling on the shepherd's bell, And singing with the reapers."

The Mormons.—Dryden must have been in the spirit of prophecy as regards the Mormon disturbances when he said was "Never ending, still beginning. Fighting still, and still destroying."

We cannot take up a paper without reading a "Caption in flaming letters of all the different founts from pearl to pic"—"TAK MORMON WAR ENDED!" or the "MORMON WAR RENEWED!" and yet we cannot find out any beginning or ending to it. It is a perfect Hydra: lop off a head in one County, and another springs up somewhere else. The last latest news informs us that Genl. Atchinson led 3000 men against them, a negotiation was entered into and the Mormons surrendered. On the day after this was settled, a most humane order came from Gov. Boggs directing their extermination: Genl. Atchinson disgusted with such a command resigned immediately. After he left the county, a large number of the Mormons were murdered in cold blood, their butchers pointing their rifles through the crevices of their hats and deliberately shooting them. The whole cause of difficulty appears to be, the Mormons have rich lands and their neighbors want it! So much for justice.

Thanksgiving Day.—Last Thursday was celebrated by several of the Philadelphia Congregations as a day of thanksgiving. We know not why it is, that this holy and time honored observance of the Eastern States has never been introduced among us. Whoever has been a visitant on this holiday, in the New England states, cannot but be impressed with the delightful effect it has on all classes of society. A general cessation of business, the congregation of friends, the meeting of relatives, the interchange of social ties, all tend to open the fountains of the heart, to call into play its best feelings, to harmonize the thoughts, and lead them to the contemplation of that Power whose benignity has spread blessings around. If the view of a happy, grateful, and joyous people can give pleasure to Him, who is the source of that happiness and joy, the immense which rises from the household altar on a thanksgiving day, must be more acceptable than the gorgeous pomp of the Temple, or the more worldly offerings of a public service. Why then cannot our state adopt this most felicitous practice? A community like ours, founded by a sect, than whom none are more constant in religious observances, should not be the last to adopt it. Let us then hope that our Executive may break through the trammels of custom, and propose the subject. It will need: with no opposition, but on the contrary, be hailed with delight by all, as the harbinger of "peace on earth, and good will towards man."

Market.—We refer our citizens with much satisfaction to a Borough Ordinance, to be found in our advertising columns, establishing a market place, and regulating sales. This has long been wanted, and an intelligent Clerk must be appointed who will enforce the law to the very letter. The good effects of the Ordinance will soon be manifest, and we think our Councils will do right to keep on the path of reform so well commenced.

A good Sign.—Our friend, Sheriff Ludwig, (we always like to be good friends with the Sheriff,) has only one sale advertised for this term. Such has not been the case before, since we have been residents of the County; and considering the general cry of hard times; is a pretty fair evidence that the people of this county are getting along pretty snugly.

Coal Trade.—This week closes the Coal shipments for the season, or rather the ice closes the navigation. The supply from this region, as compared with last year, will fall short from 90 to 95,000 tons, and from all the regions about 140 or 150,000 tons. In a week or two we will furnish our readers with some statistics on the Coal Trade, which will prove interesting.

"Sympathy" Meetings.—Dr. Thelb, and Mackenzie, attempted last week to get up a "sympathy" meeting at Washington, which was a complete failure. We notice this to applaud the conduct of the Executive, who made a special request to the clerks in the several departments, not to countenance the assemblage by their attendance. There is no doubt, that every attempt of this kind made during the approaching Session of Congress will be regarded with the utmost scrutiny by the British Minister; and it behooves our officers residing at the Seat of Government, not from fear of any supervision, but from a sense of propriety, to be guarded in their intercourse with the political agitators of Canada. The mother-country and her colonies have entered the ring, and stripped for the fight; the boundaries of our northern frontier, and the immutable laws regulating the intercourse of nations, are the ropes to keep off spectators; we have full privilege to hurra for a dextrous hit, or a scientific stop, but no interference. We must be passive spectators, and though we may have our favorite, still we must assist neither by word, look or action.

Fire at Minersville.—Last Sunday the house occupied by Mr. S. G. Dobbins at Minersville, was destroyed by fire. It originated from shavings being carelessly left under the foundation of the house when built: a coal from a stove dropping on them through a small crevice, soon grat all in flames. The exertions of the inhabitants arrested their progress before communicating to adjacent buildings: We understand the property was not insured. We can offer no better advice to those who would feel the loss of property by fire, than to insure immediately. Now is the season for accidents, and every one should guard against them if possible.

Native Pearls.—We have been shown an Oyster Shell, which now lies at our Office for the inspection of the curious, which contains a mammoth group of native pearls, some two dozen in number. Several of these are nearly the size of a pea or a chick shot, and doubtless if subjected to the skill of the lapidary, would rival those of the Orient in beauty. The Oyster was opened by that pearl of caterers, John Siler; and speaking of him: we will kill two birds with one stone, and not only praise his oyster shells, but also the quality of the Oysters themselves. The Londoners and Parisians may boast of their Dolly, Vere, Frascati, Ude and Kitchener, their delicate Mutton Chops, delicious pates, piquant pine-apple fillers, Burgundy, Maréchino and Hockheimer, but we question if the whole host of hosts and palate ticklers, can produce any thing equal to the fine Venison Steaks as served by friend Joe. The noble deer from our mountains seldom escape him; he has an eye as sharp as that of his old friend "the Commodore" had after the enemies of our flag. Siler is the right metal for a host: he will cook your steaks, or mix your whiskey punch, scullion your oysters or grill you a devil with any Sir Boniface in the country, and he that don't believe it need only "cut and come again." We therefore recommend Siler's oyster shells to the inspection of the curious in conchology, and the rest of his larder to the curious in good condiments and beverages. So much for intellectuals!

Look out for Counterfeits.—We learn that there are a large number of counterfeit \$5 bills in circulation in this neighborhood, purporting to be issued by the Bank of Pennsylvania. The bill before us is very badly executed, except the signature of Mr. Norris—is made payable to \$5. W. Warden, and dated Philadelphia, April 2d, 1836. The paper is light, and would be easily detected by a person accustomed to handling notes.

The Far West.—If every thing grows at Green Bay in the proportion of their vegetables, it must be a prolific spot. A potato was grown there, measuring two feet seven and a half inches in circumference, and a squash that weighed eighty three pounds. Moreover 130 bushels of potatoes were raised in a lot 60 feet by 120, and 50 bushels of them were dug on a wager in four hours and twelve minutes! Verily, they do things magnificently at Green Bay. Wonder how tall the emigrants grow!

Canada.—The Lower Province is quiet; in the upper Province a landing has been made at Prescott, near Ogdensburg, where the whole body of invaders have been cut off or made prisoners, thus ending we feel inclined to think, all demonstrations of war for the present. Most of the sufferers are young Americans from the frontier, who have dearly paid the penalty of their folly and rashness.

Philadelphia Loan Company.—By the following from the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, we perceive that the stock of this Company has a fine standing among English capitalists: In addition to the list of prices of American stocks as received by the Great Western, and quoted by us yesterday, we have had the pleasure to see an extract from one of the largest capitalists in London, stating as evidence of the standing of the well established and well conducted Philadelphia Loan Company, that 300 shares of the stock had been sold at \$5 10 sterling, or nearly \$37—a good remittance—and a good sign. We are glad to see these indications of success and good management. This Company has afforded a great many facilities for the Coal Business during the past season, and by its punctuality engendered a large share of public confidence. We trust that they may go on and prosper.

Caustic Pans.—We saw a few days ago a greatly improved mode of putting up caustic, it being inserted into a cylindrical piece of wood, precisely like a common crayon. An ivory cap was adapted to one end for the purpose of protecting the point.—N. Y. Waig.

Wonder if the editor hasn't been trying one of them, while writing his election articles? Some of them "bit mighty hard." Friend Burr sticks like all nature to Gov. Marcy's pants. Is it true that he intends to import voters for the next election to repair the old breaches?

Whig Jubilee at Buffalo.—We should like about those times to be in Buffalo, that we might do as the Buffalo's do. See the following "bill of fare" at their late Jubilee; the very reading is enough to "fast" an Army a year, and serve as board, washing, lodging and mending for a single man his life time!

- 1 Ox roasted whole,
1 Black bear do.
2 "Whole Hogs."
30 Roasted pigs.
100 do Chickens.
200 do Chickens.
20 do Geese.
30 Round Beef, 1200 lbs.
20 Round do 200 do.
30 Boiled Ham.
100 Beef Tongues.
100 pounds oranges.
2000 Loaves of Bread.
40 barrels Beer:
30 do Cider.
Butter, Cheese, &c. in proportion.

Query.—What is the proportion of "butter cheese &c." for one "black bear," or two whole hogs?"

Meach Chunk.—Our brother of the Courier has our congratulations on returning health and our thanks for the re-appearance of his valuable sheet.

The New-Yorker is one of the very best hebdomadales in the world. In many respects it is eclipsing all contemporaries.—Baltimore Chronicle.

We concur in the above, and will further say that it is the only best periodical which we receive at this office.—H. & E. Row.

Ditto to all three say we: if any one wants all the news of New York, a spice of literature, and judicious extracts, let them be subscribers to the New Yorker. Mr. Greely, and Park Benjamin are its editors.

Valves for Canal Boats.—We give insertion to the following communication with great pleasure, as it is on a subject of great importance. Mr. Croeland's objections to the simple valve appear to be judicious, but not having yet had an opportunity of seeing his code valve, we cannot speak of its qualities. We shall take the earliest opportunity however of inspecting his model, and giving a statement of it to our friends. Now that the experiments have fairly commenced, we have no doubt the great desideratum will be obtained.

FOR THE MINERS' JOURNAL. Mr. Bannan—I observed a statement in your paper of the 24th, relative to valves being placed in the bow and stern of our boats, in order to let out the water while the boat is on the weigh lock. Any person having a knowledge of the water courses in the bottom timbers of a boat, must know that it would require one hour at least to let 4 inches of water pass through them; this being the case, and the valves introduced by Mr. Silliman being very expensive, (about \$25 the pair when put in the boat,) their success is extremely doubtful. Now, as the object of Mr. Silliman and myself is the same, the interest of the Coal Trade and the public at large, I beg leave to state that I have invented a Coal Valve, five of which are to be placed in each boat, and connected together in such a manner that they can be open or shut by means of a fulcrum or lever in the cabin, and this by the simple process of moving the hand forward to open, and back to close them. The expense of five will be about equal to the two of Mr. Silliman's, and should five still be insufficient, ten or twenty can be inserted for about \$2 50 each over and above the first five. The Coal Valves will be prepared, and can be examined at Mr. Pomroy's Foundry during the coming week, when their utility can be seen and considered. JOHN M. CROELAND. Pottsville, Nov. 30, 1838.

The West Chester Village Record says, that General Harrison and Mr. Webster, have both signified their acceptance of the Anti-Masonic nomination.

Michigan.—Crary, the Van Buren candidate for Congress in Michigan, is elected by a majority of about one hundred, and the Van Buren men have a small majority in the state legislature.

Maternal Love.—In the village of Carregi, whether it was that the precaution had not been taken, or that the disease was of a particular malignant nature, one after another, first the young and then the old, of a whole family dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a laborer, and mother of two little boys, fell herself attacked by fever in the night, in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening fatal tumor appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday nights, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for the family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighboring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, she determined not to communicate her disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Locking them into a room, and sacrificing to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran, down stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door with a sigh, and went away; but the biggest hearing the door shut, went to the window, and seeing her rushing in that manner, cried out "Good bye, mother," in a voice so tender that she involuntarily stopped.

"Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching his little hand out of the window; and thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled for a time to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length the latter conquered, and amid the flood of tears and the farewell of her children, who knew not the fatal prose and import of those, she reached the house of those who was to bury her. She recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more! Surely nothing can equal the heart of a mother. How pathetic the expression of a poor woman on hearing her parish priest relate the story of Abraham's offering his son Isaac as a sacrifice! "Ah! God would certainly never have required such a sacrifice of a mother."

\$350 Reward. WHEREAS Elijah Fields, ran away from Port Carbon, on the 11th November, 1838, and left his wife and a child without money, provisions, or fuel. As he has left her without any cause, I will give the above reward to any person who will deliver the said Elijah Fields to the subscriber in Port Carbon, Schuylkill county, or will give the said Fields one half of the reward if he will voluntarily return to his distressed wife. ISAAC BULLMON. Dec. 1.