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 uses and pleasure.—DR JOHNSON

Weekly by Benjamin Bannan, Pottsville, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania.

VOL. XVI. SATURDAY MORNING. OCTOBER 31. 1840. NO. 44

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☞ *Pamphlets, Checks, Cards, Bills of Lading and Handbills of every description, neatly printed at this Office at the lowest cash prices*

PENNSYLVANIA HALL.

POTTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL CO. PA.

This elegant and commodious establishment will be open for the reception of travellers from this date. It has been completely refitted, and supplied with Furniture entirely new; the Bedding &c. is of the first quality, and particular attention has been devoted to every arrangement that can contribute to comfort and convenience.

The Wines and Liquors have been selected in the most careful and liberal manner, without regard to expense or labor, and will embrace the most favorite brand and stock.

The Proprietor solicits therefore, the support of his friends and the travelling community in general. Should they think proper to visit his house, he hopes by assidious attention to their wants, to establish for it such a character, as may ensure a return of their favors.

FREDERICK D'ESTIMAUVILLE, Proprietor.

Pottsville, Pa. June 22. 1840. —tf

N. B The Refectory in the Basement story, is conducted under the superintendance of Mr. John Silver.

RAIL ROAD IRON.

A complete assortment of Rail Road Iron from 2¼ x⅝ to 1X½ inch

RAIL ROAD TIRES from 33 in. to 56 in. external diameter, turned & untorned

RAIL ROAD AXLES. 30, 3 in. diameter Rail Road Axles, manufactured from the patent F.V Cable Iron.

RAIL ROAD FELT. for placing between the Iron Chair and stone block of edge Railways.

INDIA RUBBER ROPE manufactured from New Zealand Flax saturated with India Rubber, and intended for *Incline Planes*

CHAINS. Just received a complete assortment of Chains, from ⅜ in. to 1¼ in proved & manufactured from the best cable Iron.

SHIP BOAT AND RAIL ROAD SPIKES, of different sizes, kept constantly on hand and for sale by

A. & G. RALSTON. & CO. No. 4, South Front Str

Philadelphia, January 18. 3

REFINED WHALE OIL.—2000 galls refined Whale Oil, just received and for sale by.

E. A. HATHAWAY & Co. Com. Merchants, 13 south Front

Philadelphia, August, 8. 32—

Anthracite Pie Plates and Bread Pans.

JUST *received on consignment, a supply of* Anthracite Pie Plates and Bread Pans from Moore & Steward's Foundry, Danville, made from the Roaring Creek Iron. They are a superior article, and better calculated for baking Pies and Bread than any other articles heretofore in use.

B. BANNAN.

September 5 36—

A Farm for sale.

A FARM of land, in the immediate vicinity of Pottsville, containing 20 Acres, 10 Acres of which is cleared and in a good state of cultivation.

ALSO, a valuable tract of land in Jefferson county near Ridgeway settlement, containing 1005 acres This tract is heavily timbered with White Pine and Cherry, and the soil is excellent for agricultural purposes.

The Warren and Ridgeway Turnpike passes along said land. The County at present contains about Eighteen Thousand inhabitants and is fast increasing. The subscriber proposes dividing this tract into five equal parts of two hundred and one acres each, so as to come within the means of industrious men of limited capital to settle in a healthy, flourishing, and fast improving county.

For terms, or further information, enquire of

WM. HAGGERTY, Executor of *A. Wainwright*, deceased.

Pottsville, Nov 2 44-tf

BARON VON HUTCHELER *HERB PILLS.*

THESE Pills are composed of Herbs, which exert a specific action upon the heart, give an impulse or strength to the aterial system; the blood to quickened and equalized in its circulation through all the vessels, whether the skin, the parts situated internally, or the extremities; and as all the secretions of the body are drawn from the blood, there is a consequent increase of every secretion, and a quickened action of the absorbent and exhalent, or discharging vessels. Any morbid action which may have taken place is corrected, all obstructions are removed, the blood is purified, and the body resumes a healthy state.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS

☞ *Caution.*—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this Medicine contains a notice of its *entry according to Act of Congress.* And be likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham street, New York, or from the

REGULAR AGENT, B. BANNAN, Pottsville

Feb

Pills! Pills!

THE safest, the best, most efficacious and truly vegetable Pills in existance are

DR. LEIDY'S BLOOD PILLS

A component part of which is Sarsaparilla, and known to be the most effectual and thorough purifier of the blood and animal fluids ever discovered. As a gentle or active purgative, they are equally efficacious—whilst taking them no change of diet or restraint from occupation is necessary. They may be taken at all times and under all circumstances—they will not reduce or weaken the system by their effect as most purgatives do—much comment upon their virtues is unnecessary—their reputation is well established, numerous proofs of their efficacy having been published at different times. Suffice it to say that in addition to their efficacy in diseases of the stomach, liver, intestines, &c., they are the only pills in existence that cleanse and purify the blood and animal fluids, removing all noxious and diseased humors therefrom, and thereby removing all eruptions from the skin—dry and watery pimples from the face, neck and body, tetter, rash, or breaking out of the skin, and all cutaneous affections whatever.

They are prepared from vegetable extracts, (warranted free from mercury and the minerals) and by a regular physician, attested by Drs. Physic, Horner, Gibson, Jackson, James, Dewees, Hare, Coxe, &c. besides numerous other physicians throughout the United States, who daily employ them in their practice, administering them to their patients in preference to all other purgatives, and in preference to all other preparations of Sarsaparilla, in consequence of their possessing the combined effects of correcting the diseased humors of the blood and fluids, and by their purgative properties, removing or carrying off the same from the system, without producing the slightest inconvenience, or requiring restrictions &c.

Numerous testimonials, certificates and recommendations of those Pills, from physicians and others, accompany the directions with each box. Dr N. B. Leidy's signature accompanies the genuine on two sides of each box on a yellow label.

Price Twenty-five cents a Box.

For sale by B. BANNAN. Sole Agent for Schuylkill County.

Also for sale by J F. Taylor & Co., Minersville,—Hugh Kinsley, Port Carbon.

Mar11 19-jt

BOOK-BINDERY

B. BANNAN has commenced a Book Bindery in connection with his Book Store, where all kinds of Books will be bound at the shortest notice at low rates.

PASTORAL SONG.

BY RICHARD MOXCETON MILNES.

I wandered by the brook side,
I wandered by the mill.—
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watch'd the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing
When something stood behind,—
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer—nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the noise we heard.

ANGEL WOMAN'S TEAR.

Though pearls may shine with dazzling white,
And rubies lend their glow;
While diamonds' lustre, startling bright,
Adorns the breast of snow:
Are these the gems most precious rare
A heavinly pass-port dear!
Forbid it taste—the sweetest gem
Is angel woman's tear.

'Tis angel woman's tear—'tis angel woman's tear,
Forbid it taste—the sweetest gem is angel woman's tear.
As softly stealing o'er a cheek,
Our soul with ardor fill;
And wins the heart—each precious drop
Which pity's call distil.
Can diamonds such a charm impart—
Can gems our sorrow cheer?
No jewels touch the human heart,
Like angel woman's tear—
Like angel woman's tear—like angel woman's tear;
No jewels touch the human heart,
Like angel woman's tear.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

A SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

BY A LADY.

THERE are two distinct words—the natural and the artificial. Mary Fay knew but one. That was a world of brick and mortar, painting and gilding, silk and lace, fashion and conventionalism—in short, the city was the world to her. Beyond it, until her eighteenth summer, she had scarcely breathed the free blessed air; beyond it her views and wishes had never wandered. There she was receiving a "finished education"—that she might enter society in all its accomplishments.

Mary Fay never dreamed that there was a world of souls; for she studied and sang, and danced and dressed, with and for "the world without souls" The artificial and superficial educations she was receiving, awakened not the nobler faculties of the human mind, stirred not the deep sensibilities of the heart.

It taught her the external graces of life under the name of politeness—a politeness, too often, like the silvery veil of the Prophet of Khorassan, hiding all that is repulsive, but changing not the selfish, sinning heart, that throbs beneath the softened exterior.

Seventeen years was allotted to Mary Fay for preparation for the world in which she was to shine. Her probation was finished, and the important circumstance was announced, by the distribution of cards for a brilliant party. Many a youthful heart beat high with hope and expectation that day, until the last ringing of the door-bell at night, and then fluttered upon a restless pillow, more in "sorrow" than in "anger;" for though invitations were numerous, they must be select—the party must include only "*la flour des pois*" of the world.

The newspapers that meddle with such minor matters, described in glowing colors the splendid affair, and the world—the fastidious world—pronounced it "perfect."

This party, given early in the season, was followed by a winter of uncommon gaiety, and no one rivalled the beautiful Mary Fay in zealous devotion at the altar of fashion. She was pronounced not only the "*star*" but the very *sun* of the season.

It was early in June. Mary had left the city to spend a whole month with a country aunt; and worse still, that aunt was the wife of a country clergyman. A few lights only twinkled from the scattered house as late one Saturday evening the carriage drove through the long street of the village of L——.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. W——," said Mary, to the lady under whose care she had travelled thus far, "how lonely and hideous this village looks—I shall be completely out of the world, and die of ennui."

"I wish indeed," replied Mrs. W——, "that you were to make the northern tour with us; but your father thinks this quiet rustication will more effectually restore the roses of your cheeks. *A revoir*—we meet at Saratoga."

Mary alighted at the parsonage, and bade farewell to her gay friends as sadly as though they were the only human beings she would see for 4 long weeks.

The family at the parsonage consisted of the venerable Mr Leete, and his wife, with two faithful domestics. Mary retired early, and sleep soon restored her for a brief space to the dazzling world she had so lately left.

The voice of prayer, excepting at church, Mary had never heard since her grandmother taught her the Lord's prayer in the nursery. At the family-altar, she now knelt for the first time in her life, and although the fervent petitions of the good men went forth from unfeigned lips, the heart of Mary joined not in them.

After breakfast, two long hours must elapse before it was time to prepare for going to church.—and Mary retired disconsolate to her solitary little chamber.

L—— is a quiet, beautiful New-England village. Its broad street was at that season covered with grass scarcely crushed by carriages, excepting where a narrow road wound along beneath lofty elms whose branches nearly swept the ground.

Mary sat down at an open window, and hummed snatches of an opera air "for want of thought."

The air came bland and laden with perfume from the green meadows and distant hills. Blue mountains bounded in the far horizon, marking it with a soft and graceful outline. The mists of the Connecticut were gliding up like water-spirits, leaving the clear water to mirror the blue sky and the honey-flowers and trees that looked into its smooth waters. The village lay in profound silence; not a foot-fall broke upon the ear. The birds alone sang and twittered among the waving branches.

Mary was attracted from the train of reminiscences that had been careering through her mind by the cheerful song of a robin, which rocked to and fro on the topmost branch of a tall tree. She ceased her mechanical hum, and listened awhile to the birds novel music. Accustomed only to the spare patch of sky seen over the narrow streets of a city, the broad expanse of the heavens suddenly burst upon her, and she looked forth upon the landscape, and its glorious canopy until a holy awe stole over her mind. For the first time in her life, Mary felt the presence of the all-pervading Spirit of the universe, and from the innermost depths of her soul exclaimed: "God made this beautiful world."

What a new world was it to Mary Fay! The artificial training to which she had been subjected had suppressed imagination and sentiment—suppressed but not destroyed the deep love of the beautiful and true, buried long beneath heaps of rubbish. The chords had not been strung, yet it was a perfect instrument, that human soul as it came from the hands of his Maker

"Spirit, away,
Into thyself, to thine own hidden shrine;
What there doest worship? whate'er thou divine."

Mary Fay looked out upon the glorious new world, and then held solemn communion with herself until the church-bell startled her from those deep musings.

In the labor of the toilet Mary had always been assisted by her maid, and often, too, by her mother. On Sunday mornings especially, Mrs. Fay had given her advice and approbation.

The rich dresses with which Mary had expected to dazzle the eyes of a country congregation—were taken from the travelling-box and spread upon the bed; but having no one to consult, some time was spent in making a choice. As she arrayed herself before the small mirror, the countenance there reflected looked out reproachfully upon her. It was a novel expression, and Mary examined it earnestly; still it looked reproachfully and mournfully into her large hazel eye. She smiled—it smiled a mocking, derisive smile. But the second bell sounded and Mary hurried on her white hat; with its delicate roses, and cast a passing glance at that beautiful face which had never reproached her till now. Did it blush at its own loveliness, or for the folly of her who had so often arrayed herself for the temple of God's pure worship—to excite the admiration of man?

When Mary descended to the parlor, her good aunt alone was waiting for her. Mr. Leete—she said, had gone to preach in a neighboring village.

The congregation was assembled, and the bell was sounding its last lingering note before Mrs. Leete and Mary reached the church. As they walked up the aisle, a rich deep-toned voice gave utterance to the words—"The Lord is in his Holy Temple; let all the earth keep silence before him."

The church edifice, though simple, was not destitute of architectural beauty. It was in the long pointed windows of the Gothic style, unbroken by side galleries, and through them came not "a dim religious light," but a light softened and chequered by the dense foliage of the trees in which it was embowered.

Mary Fay had expected to produce a great sensation when she displayed her fashionable paraphernalia at a country church—but every eye was fixed either upon the minister or the prayer-book.

The melodious voice of the reader had uncommon pathos in its natural tones. He was devout and simple, sincere and fervent.

The liturgy, the solemn, beautiful liturgy, of the Episcopal Church, Mary Fay had heard from her infancy with her "outward ears," and her lips had responded—but the heart had hitherto given no response: now the penitential breathings of the litany went to her soul, and though her lips moved not, it might have been whispered to the angels who rejoice over man's salvation—"Behold she prayeth."

By one of those remarkable coincidences (or Providences we might devoutly term them,) which sometimes occur, the text for the morning sermon was, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." As the minister repeated it with startling emphasis, his eyes met the tearful ones of Mary fixed upon him. Did his thoughts wander from his holy subject? A single second only, for he was a true and faithful messenger, and then he spoke with appealing earnestness of a present God, until His glory filled the temple of every believing heart.

"The last deep prayer was said." Mary arose from the posture of devotion, humbled in heart, and walked forth with the chains loosened that had bound her to the artificial world. How glorious was the sunset of that holy day! As Mary watched the crimson clouds until they deepened to a purple edged with gold, and then "wave after wave grew pale and gray," they were to her "like opening vistas into heaven." To commune with her own heart, and listen to its deep mysterious breathings at twilight's contemplative hour, was a melancholy yet soothing close of this sacred day.

Mrs. Leete was a woman of great excellence of character, with the becoming grace of humility in constant exercise; moreover, she had so long listened with reverence to her husband, that she was habitually a silent woman. Although she had received Mary with affectionate kindness, and when she did speak, it was in a sweet and gentle manner, she had made no effort to become acquainted during the day.

Mary was aroused from her reverie by the sound of the deep manly voice, to which she had so earnestly listened during the morning service. Presently her aunt came and begged the pleasure of her company in the parlor. On entering, Mrs. Leete said—"Henry, my son, this is your cousin Mary." The young minister bowed distantly, but respectfully, to his full dressed fashionable cousin, and an awkward pause followed, for Mary was surprised and embarrassed; so little intercourse having been maintained between the country and city sisters, that Mary had never before heard that she had a cousin Henry.

"You did not know, then," said Mrs. Leete, observing her surprise, that the minister to whom you listened with such respectful attention this morning was our Henry, our only child."

"How should my cousin recognise me, dear mother, when we have never met before? quickly and kindly replied Henry Leete, and then hastened to explain to Mary, that his father had gone to preach for him, and he had been performing the same duty by preaching in the village of L—— and a neighboring parish, over both of which his father had the pastoral care.

Mary had been so entirely occupied with the new and solemn thoughts that had that day visited her mind, that she had taken no note of the appearance of the minister, and his voice alone demonstrated that he was the same who had officiated in the desk and pulpit.

Henry Leete was "an honest man," in a higher sense than was ever dreamed of in Pope's philosophy; he was an honest gentleman—an honest Christian. Educated by his father till he went to the university, he had never mingled with rough and unprincipled youth; and inheriting too the gentle character of his mother, his manners were peculiarly soft and amiable; so much so that his classmates called him a "sweet girl," and "Lilly Leete." Soon, however, they discovered that beneath this bland and mild exterior, there was power of mind that would command respect—power that would mount farther than the many would follow—so far indeed that he held the highest rank, and was graduated with the first honors of the university. His deeply fixed religious principles gave tone and harmony to his character; and his noble ingeniousness won the love of all who had sympathy with excellence.

The imaginative mind of Henry Leete had almost defied woman—pure, simple, high-souled woman His standard of female character was:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light."

Of the doll dressed up for society in manners as fantastic as their paraphernalia, he knew nothing. He had heard of Mary as one of these automata, who was exhibited during the past winter with great eclat and felt no desire to meet her either in this world or that of which she is a denizen. Her evident embarrassment, and the modest blush that suffused her face, dissipated at once his prejudices, and convinced him that she did not yet wear the impenetrable mask of society.

"We have a beautiful view of the rising moon from the piazza," said Henry Leete; "Come, mother, will you and Miss Fay greet her pale ladyship as she looks over the eastern hills?" So saying, he offered an arm to each, and they were just in time to see her broad disk displayed on the horizon. This was a novel exhibition for Mary Fay, who had seen the moon, not above the tops of the snow-shining mountains," but looking down into the narrow streets of a crowded city. Softened and saddened as she had been by the thoughtfulness of the day, this novel evening tranquilized her feelings, and to the young minister she listened with intense interest, as he dwelt with eloquent admiration upon the "heavens which declare the glory God, and the firmament which showeth His handiwork."

How different to Mary were the morning and evening sacrifices at the family altar! In the morning, no incense arose from her heart: in the evening, the sweet incense of praise and thanksgiving ascended to the throne of her Heavenly Father.

"Is it possible that I have passed but a single day in this place?" was the natural reflection of Mary, as she sat in her chamber that night, meditating upon the events which had transpired. A revelation of a new world had been made; a relation to it and its Creator had dawned upon her mind. The deep and hitherto unknown energies of her soul were awakened.

"O, comes there not, to him who clings
Like a strong bird with fettered wings,
To the low joys of earth,
A voice from mountain, sea and sky
Bidding him seek his home on high,
And prove his nobler birth?"

It was well for Mary Fay that she did not return immediately into the whirl of that world which might again draw her into its vortex. A month spent in the society of her reverend uncle and aunt, and an occasional visit from cousin Henry, who found some special reason (a book or bouquet perhaps for riding over to L——, strengthened the sentiments and confirmed the resolutions of that memorable Sunday.

And Henry Leete, was he a bachelor? Ask the readers of sixteen and six and twenty. He was a bachelor, but bears the blushing honors of a Benedict—and Mary Fay, as every reader has anticipated, is Mary Leete.

L. C. T.

Happy as a King.

A delightful picture, in its subjects and execution with this title, has been prepared for the Lady's Book and will appear as a frontispiece in the October number. "It represents three children swinging on an old gate—a boy aiding the enterprise, a small child upset in its joy, and a setter dog in full cry at the fun. On the upper bar, poised aloft, with hands outstretched in unmitigated joy is the king of the sport."

"O that I were a king," said the urchin. And what would you do? "Do! Why swing all the day on the gate and eat candy." Well, here he is, a king, only more harmless than most of them. Would to heaven that the Cæsars and Alexanders and Napoleons, and such like, had spent life in some such way, "swinging on a gate eating candy," instead of deserving to swing on a gallows. Happy as a king?—happier; swing on, child, while thou mayest, and God bless the!—*Phila. American Sentinel.*

Aye, "swing on child," and be happy while thou mayest! The time is short. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise:" but nevertheless we can't help it, and every step we take in this journey of life helps to dispel the charming illusions of childhood: every day takes from us some happy error never to return. The fugitive enchantments of our swaddling clothes are superseded by the frail wonders of short-coats or round-a-bouts; these again we soon learn to despise; and so, as we live, we are reasoned and ridiculed out of all other jocund mistakes, till the full grown man sees things as they are and is just wise enough to be miserable.

How beautiful is that law of playfulness which govern the youth of all created animals! How glorious that short-lived era of the blood, when school boys and puppies, and kittens, caper and dance, and swing on the gate, by a sort of necessity! How delightful the irresistible gaiety of the young life; the exulting spirit of the newly born—the elementary joyousness which derives no aid from without, and requires no stimulus—the triumphant sense of life bursting out into brief transports! —Ah! a Jack-o-lanthern! At this sad hour of our maturity, we remember the the throb of heart with which we used to welcome this metaphysical stranger: how we chuckled and crowed as the dazzled eye followed him through the changeful bark quinade. Who remembers without regret his faith in ghosts?—And then the man in the moon! There is no equivalent for the joys of childhood.

But if we regret the havoc of our young fancies, how much more may we grieve for the changes which time and knowledge establish in our moral attributes, our passions, affections, loves and aversions!—Learn—learn—is the cry, till we give up all we love and bear all we hate. While yet in the green spring of life, untaught and unpractised, how eager are we to trust all that smile upon us; to give all we can to all we want: to love and to hate as the heart directs: to speak what we think, and all we think; to despise all that is despicable; to cherish our friends; to love our country for its own sake, and to love religion for God's sake. But alas! what sad havoc do instruction, and fashion, and the world, make with these native impulses and fresh desires. Confidence must learn to look about her; charity, to listen to reason and to sell; love, how to keep a house over its head; hate, not to make faces; sincerity, to hold its tongue; scorn, to be polite; gratitude, to forget; patriotism, to get an office; and religion, to seek a reward.

"Men are but children of a larger growth," —is a great fib. It would be a compliment if it were true. If old age was only ripe infancy, it would be full of attraction and endearment: but stamped with the impress of the world, with all its tricks, its shuffling wisdom and political chicanery, it no more resembles the open soul of childhood, than a sallow, wizened winter apple skin resembles the smoothness, and softness, and bloom of its smiling face. Once in an age, indeed, one meets a man who may seem to embody the vision of the Poet, and who is therefore as "Happy as a King"—one who has born the shock of conflicting interests and passions, untaught, or at least unchanged; who has pushed his way through the crowd of this villainous world, and yet in every respect of moral simplicity, still wears his bib and tucker, and eat with a spoon. Such a person makes but a bad figure 'on Change,' and would be out of all decent costume at Court.

We have known one such individual: a joyous baby of three-score, with whom we once went a bird-nesting in company with his grand-children. It was on a spring morning, early when the dew still sparkled on the grass, and nature was an image of youth and freshness. The grey head might be considered a little out of season, but his cheerful eye, his lively vanities, and ready laugh were in perfect keeping. Time had set his mark upon him; but, like an old chesnut, he but seemed to the last. Age had stiffened his joints, and hardened his sinews; but his affections were full of spring and flexibility. He could not exactly pay at bullfrog, but he could look on with wonderful agility. The simpleton, after sixty winters, was warm-hearted and disinterested; still had faith in human kindness; and an immoveable conviction that to do good was to be happy, and to be thus happy the end of his being. He was not ignorant of the use and power of money; but somehow it was seldom connected in his mind with more dignified associations than marbles and sugar plums, and he could never (old fool that he was!) be brought to admit by any force of calculation, that it was a component part of love and friendship. Indulging in his own feelings, rather than the opinion of the world, he had a shocking habit of laughing at all sorts of gravity not founded in sincerity. He could look and feel sad at a tale of distress, and had a laugh always ripe for a joke, or even a clever intention; but the artifices of affectation, mere physiognomical solemnity, excited no emotion. His sister, who, in relation to him, was altogether of the Antipodes, perpetually urged upon him—"brother you ought to know better." But, poor man, he never improved,—like all children he was impatient of leading strings, and would be running alone though he got many a bump for his pains. He died at last, we grieve to say, a martyr to his virtues.

"Swing on, then, children, while thou mayest," and be as "Happy as a King."—*Newark (N. J.) Sentinel.*

INDEPENDENCE.—Men love independence in themselves, and think they admire it in others. Above all they admire it in an editor. An independent press is the beau ideal, the beautiful thing, of their admiration. Especially in a free country and among an intelligent and moral people, every body says the press should be independent. Yet how few there are who mean by this any thing but a press which will reiterate just what they themselves think and believe. To be unconvinced by arguments which are so convincing, and to differ in opinion from men so universally in the right as themselves, is a kind of independence which few men will endure. They cannot understand how any one can be so perverse as to differ from them, except under the influence of some bank or other hot spring of corruption. There is nothing about which men desire an independent press so much as in the matter of politics; and there is no topic on which they bear independence so poorly.—*Jour. of Commerce*

National Debt.—The whigs of the United States are opposed to the creation of a national debt, to the establishment of an executive bank, and to the issue of treasury shinplasters. Equally opposed are they to a standing army, and to the employment of bloodhounds in lieu of soldiers to fight our battles. They contend for freedom of opinion, for the rights of the states, for a sound and uniform currency, for independence in legislation, for protecting the public money against the depredations of leg treasurers, for one presidential term, for the freedom of elections for equal rights, equal laws, liberty, order, and the integrity of the constitution. These are our principles, and with them we must "either live or bear no life."—*Sussex N. J. Register.*

Mississippi.—The Natchez Courier says that the whigs are confident of carrying Mississippi. It calls upon them to redouble their exertions, as it will soon be a reproach to be even an inhabitant of a locofoco State.

TEMPERANCE RECORD.

THE INTEMPERATE HUSBAND

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

It is my friend, in the degradation of a husband by intemperance, where she who has ventured every thing, feels that she is lost. Who shall protect her when the husband of her choice insults and oppresses her! What shall delight her when she shrinks from the sight of his face and trembles at the sound of his voice!

The hearth is indeed dark, that he has made desolate. There, through the dull midnight hour, her griefs are whispered to herself; but her bruised heart bleeds in secret. There, while the cruel author of her distress is drowned in distant revelry, she holds her solitary vigil, waiting, yet dreading his return, that is but to wring from her by unkindness, tears even more scalding than those she shed over his transgressions.

To fling a deeper gloom across the present, memory turns back and broods over the past.—The joys of other days come over us if only to mock her grieved and weary spirit.

She recals the ardent lover whose graces won her from the home of her infancy, the enraptured father who bent with such delight over his new-born children; and she asks if this can be the same; this sunken being who has now nothing for her but the sot's disgusting brutality; nothing for those abashed and trembling children, but the sot's disgusting example!

Can we wonder that amid these agonizing moments, the tender chords of violated affection should snap asunder? That the scorned and deserted wife should confess "there is no killing like that which kills the heart!" That though it would have been hard to kiss for the last time the cold lips of a dead husband, and lay his body for ever in the dust, it is harder still to behold him so debasing in life, that even death would be greeted in mercy.

Had he died in the light of his goodness, bequeathing to his family the inheritance of an untarnished name, and the example of virtues that should blossom for his sons and daughters from the tomb; though she would have wept bitterly indeed, the tears of grief would not also have been the tears of shame.

She beholds him fallen from the station he once adorned, degraded from eminence to ignominy; at home, turning his dwelling to darkness, and its holy endearments to mockery; abroad, thrust from the companionship of the worthy, a self-branded outlaw.

THE YOUNG MAN'S COURSE.

I saw him first at the social party. He took but a single glass of wine, and that in compliance with the request of a fair young lady, with whom he conversed.

I saw him next when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to testify the slight desire formed by his sordid indulgence. He thought there was no danger.

I saw him again with those of his own age, meeting at night to spend a short time in convivial pleasures. He said it was only innocent amusement.

I met him next late in the evening, in the street, unable to reach home: I assisted him thither. He looked ashamed when we next met.

I saw him next reeling in the street—a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue—shame was gone.

I saw him yet once more—he was pale, cold and motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting place. In the small procession that followed, every head was cast down with grief and shame—and two aged frames seemed to shake with unc mon anguish. His father's grey hairs were going to the grave with sorrow. His mother wept to think she had ever given being to such a child.

I thought of his future state. I opened the Bible, and read. "Drunkards shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."—*Temperance Journal.*

Extracts—from the "Thoughts of Anthony Grumbler"—by DAVID HOFFMAN, Esq.

A MAXIM OF PLATO.

It was a divine maxim of the divine Plato, never to use violence to his country, no more than to his parents. But is it not too often with patriotism, as with filial affection, that whilst the sanctions of society, and especially those of polished life, repress the child from overt acts of outrage towards parents; and the penalties of the law restrict the citizen from violence or treason towards his country, both relations are often greatly, though insidiously, infringed by them? As it seemeth to me, he is the worst of enemies and traitors to his country, who through, perhaps a long life, doggedly closes his mind to every argument that forces conviction on other minds, who bluntly disregards the decorums of his station, the obvious fitness of things; and, under the guise and formula of law, yields every thing, without emotion, to the mere requisitions of an equally unprincipled party! When *moral* honesty is forced to blush, shall *political* honesty, with unshaken nerve, cry out *peace, all is well?* Oh shame, that an enlightened and virtuous community should endure such a distinction! Its a monster generated by sophistry, fostered by state-policy, used by wicked ambition, and upheld by slavery and vulgar ins nsibility! If this, indeed, be the morals of our age, and of our country, then is it time, with fearful anticipations, to provide against the future. Who, if this be the state of things, shall bring into action an antagonist principle, that may redeem us from the impending ruin! Who will not come to the rescue, and at once, execrate the man who would be a political miscreant, and a civic saint!

THE EPHORI.

When the impairment of political, or other power, in any branch of a government, removes from it the seeds of its own eventual destruction, though with the loss of much of its former dignity, such loss may be more than compensated by the longer preservation of its usefulness; but when the privation of its constitutional powers flows from the jealous usurpations of others, and its dignity is also intentionally sullied, that its efficiency may be gradually, though certainly, destroyed, the case becomes one of great alarm, in which there would seem to be little hope of relief, from any source. Could the democratic party in our country, or rather, their leaders, who have committed this great political sin against the rights and honor of our national senate, make with truth, the same reply that was made by THEMISTOCLES, how many evil forebodings would be put to rest! The EPHORI, we may remember, were established to restrain the royal prerogatives and dignity, from encroaching upon the rights of the people. The Spartan king, on a certain occasion, being asked whether he did not blush to bequeath to his children an authority so much more crippled than he had received it from his ancestors! replied no, for I have it much greater, because much more durable.

The sovereign people, however, of our country, in destroying the constitutional powers, and endeavouring to sully the dignity of the senate, resume, neither these powers, nor dignity to themselves, but merely transfer them from a supposed enemy, the senate, to a supposed friend, the all absorbing Executive! thus casting into ruinous confusion, as perfect and beautiful a piece of political mechanism, as the loftiest intelligence, and the most inflexible honesty of sages, ever contrived. And why is this done? nothing worthy the name of reason can be given; it is the madness of party, yielding to the infatuation of ambitious favourites; it is the frenzy of those whose minds and hearts, all attuned to the