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All advertisements will be inserted until ordered out, unless the time for which they are to be continued is specified, and will be charged accordingly.  
Every advertiser will be charged \$12 per annum, including advertising in this paper, with the privilege of keeping one advertisement not exceeding 50 square inches during the year, and the insertion of a smaller one in each paper for three successive times.  
All letters addressed to the Editor will be post paid, otherwise no attention will be paid to them.  
All notices for meetings, &c. and other notices which have heretofore been inserted gratis, will be charged 25 cents each, except Marriage and Deaths.  
Pamphlets, Checks, Cards, Bills of Lading and Handbills of every description, neatly printed at this Office at the lowest cash prices.

## PENNSYLVANIA RAIL.

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 the support of his friends and the travelling community in general. Should they think proper to visit his house, he hopes by assiduous 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 23, 1840.  
—If  
W. B. The Refectory in the Basement story, is conducted under the superintendence of Mr. John Silver.

## RAIL ROAD IRON.

A complete assortment of Rail Road iron from 2 1/2 to 12 1/2.

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

**RAIL ROAD AXLES** 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

**RAIL ROAD FELT** for shoeing 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 Indine Planes just received a complete assortment of Chains from 2 in. to 12 in. proved & manufactured from the best materials.

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

**A. & G. RALSTON, & CO.**  
No. 4, South Front St.  
Philadelphia, January 18.

**REFINED WHOLE OIL**—3000 galls. reseeded Whole Oil, just received and for sale by

**E. A. HATHAWAY & Co.**  
Comm. 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 & Stewart's Foundry, Danville, made from the Best of English Cast 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—

## Chair Stuffs.

THE Subscriber has constantly on hand a superior assortment of Chair Stuffs, which he will dispose of at as low rates as can be obtained at any other establishment.

**PETER SEITZINGER.**  
Foot of the Broad Mountain, Little Mahanoy October 3, 46—

## Heyl's Embrocation for Horses.

THIS valuable Embrocation has been used with great success in the cure of the most troublesome diseases with which the horse is affected, such as old strains, swellings, galls, strains of the shoulders, &c. It soon cures old or fresh wounds, cuts, bruises, &c. It is highly recommended, and should be constantly kept in the stables of all persons owning horses. For sale at **JOHN S. C. MARTIN'S** Drug & Chemical Store, Centre Street, Pottsville, Oct. 24.

## BARON VON HUTCHERLER'S HERB PILLS.

THESE Pills are composed of Herbs, which exert a specific action upon the heart, give an impulse or strength to the arterial system; the blood is quickened and equalized in its circulation through all the vessels, whether the skin, the parts situated externally, 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 exhalant, 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, from the REGULAR AGENT.

**REGULAR AGENT.**  
**Feb. B. BANNAN, Pottsville**

## Pills! Pills!

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

## DR. LEIDY'S PILLS.

A component part of which is Sassafras, and known to be the most effectual and thorough purifier of blood and animal fluids ever discovered. As a gentle or active purgative, they are equally efficacious—whitening the complexion, and restoring the system to its natural state. 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 more so than the cathartics of the system, which are the only pills in existence that cleanse and purify the blood and animal fluids, removing all noxious and diseased humors therefrom, and restoring the system to its natural state, without producing the slightest inconvenience, or requiring restrictions.

Numerous testimonials, certificates and recommendations of these 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 Box.**  
**For Sale by**  
**Sole Agent for Schuylkill County.**  
**Also for sale by J. B. Taylor & Co., Minersville.**  
**Hugh Kinney, Port Carbon.**  
**Nov 1.**

## BOOK-BINDERY.

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

# 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, DECEMBER 5, 1840. No. 49**

## OLD WINTER IS COMING.

BY MISS HANNAH GOULD.

How icy and cold is he!  
He comes not a pin for a shivering back.  
He's a saucy old chap to white and black.  
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knack.  
For a jolly old fellow is he!

A witty old fellow this winter is;  
A mighty old fellow of glee,  
He cracks his jokes on the pretty sweet miss,  
The wrinkly old maiden unfit to kiss,  
And freezes the dew of their lips—for this!  
Is the way with such fellows as this!

Old winter's a frolicsome blade I wot;  
He is wild in his humor and frolic;  
He'll whistle along for the want of his thought;  
He'll snuff all the warmth of our furs at naught,  
And rattle the lace of the pretty girls about;  
For a frolicsome old fellow is he!

Old winter is blowing his gusts along,  
And merrily shaking the trees!  
From morning till night he will sing his song;  
Now howling and short—now howling and long.  
His voice is loud, for his lungs are strong—  
A merry old fellow is he!

Old winter's a wicked old chap, I mean—  
As wicked as ever you'll see!  
He withers the flowers so fresh and green—  
And bites the port nose of the miss of sixteen,  
As she dillydally walks in maidenly abode—  
A wicked old fellow is he!

Old winter's a tough old fellow for blows,  
As tough as ever you'll see!  
He'll trip up our trotters, and rend our clothes—  
And stiffen our limbs from fingers to toes.  
He minds not the cry of his friends or his foes;  
A driving old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is he!  
He peeps in the crevices day by day,  
To see how we're passing our time away,  
And marks all our doings from grave to gay—  
I'm afraid he is peeping at me!

## JONATHAN'S THANKSGIVING'S.

I swagger! what oceans of cakes!  
I confound the fine lots of good living—  
What's the darned sight of 'lasses it takes.

By golly! what dopest great chickens!  
As big as old roosters, I van!  
And turkeys, fat as the chickens,  
I never did see such, I swan.

And there's the gray old tator,  
Gaul darn it! how mealy and fat,  
And puddens—it does beat all nature,  
I could eat 'em up to my hat!

Good hand, what a thunder pie!  
Made right out of punkies, I guess;  
I wonder if the crust's made of rye!  
I swanny, I'll eat a whole mess.

By thunder! only just look o' here!  
What a 'tarned big pile of plums,  
And cake, full of lasses—oh dear!  
Odd rot it!—how it sticks to my gums.

And then there's the fiddlen and dancen,  
And galls all as cute as a whistle,  
The fellows are kicken and prance—  
Their legs are as limber as gristle.

The old cat! if there's a'nt out a Grasshopper;  
By jings! what's got into the gal!  
I don't s'pose the devil could stop her.  
My stars! how like Sancho they blow it!

What darn'd curse capers, I swan,  
I wamp! I wish I could goit,  
I'd kick up a hobby, I wot!  
[N. Haven Daily Herald.]

From the Casket for October.

## I LOVE—I LOVE BUT YOU.

By the love-lies of the fair sunset,  
By the skies all darkly blue,  
Now the sinking sun the moon hath met,  
I love—I love but you!

By the clustering stars so sparkling bright,  
By yon clouds of dusky hue,  
By the pale rays of the moon's clear light,  
I love—I love but you!

By the birds that sing so merrily,  
In groves remote from view;  
By the leaves that spring on the forest tree,  
I love—I love but you!

By the sun that shines so pleasantly,  
Midst summer skies bright blue,  
By the frost so white on grass and tree,  
I love—I love but you!

By the yellow leaves that strew the plain,  
By the flowers that bloom anew,  
When the gentle Spring resumes her reign,  
I love—I love but you!

And tho' I sink in pile decay,  
Let memory prove untrue,  
By the white foam that tops the spray,  
I'll love—I'll love but you!

SONG—BY ANONYMOUS.

The following new little song by Bulwer, is one of the most beautiful things that have ever proceeded from his pen.—Signal.

"They never loved as thou and I,  
Who ministered the moral,  
That sought which deepens love can be  
In true love's lightest quarrel."

"They never knew how kindness grows  
A vigil and a care,  
Nor watched beside the heart's repose  
In silence and in prayer."

"Tears sweet to kiss thy tears away,  
If tears those eyes must know;  
But sweeter still to hear thee say  
"Thou never hadst them flow."

"There is no anguish like the hour,  
Whatever else befall;  
When one the heart has raised to power  
Aspires it but to gulf us."

Gen. Jackson.—It is stated in the Natchez papers that Ex-President Jackson is sick and confined to his bed. The nature or severity of the disease is not stated.

The old fashioned democrats begin to think Van Buren is not quite so great a man as Jefferson, after all. His "second Declaration of Independence," which he signed last Fourth of July, does not take so well as the office-holders expected.

## JOSIAH BAKER'S TURKEYS, AND HIS SWEETHEART.

Have you ever been at Windsor, Vermont? If so, you have heard of Josiah Baker. Indeed, you have heard of him, even though you have not been in the state of Vermont; for he is well known in Boston as the greatest dealer in poultry in New England. About Thanksgiving time you may see in all parts of Boston Josiah Baker's wagons, literally crammed with turkeys, geese, chickens, and ducks, together with pumpkins, squashes, and all manner of Thanksgiving sauce. It was thought by some, if Josiah should be without an heir to inherit his virtues, and perpetuate the stock of poultry, that Thanksgiving would have to be abolished altogether in that region; for, as to being thankful upon an empty stomach, it could not be the nature of things, he expected. In fact, they tried it on one occasion. Josiah did not die, to be sure, but 'twas just as bad for the time being, as you shall see.

Contrary to all usage, and probably for the sake of doing something heretofore to distinguish himself, the governor appointed Thanksgiving on the same day which had been set apart for that purpose in Vermont. Now, no real Yankee will ever absent himself from his kindred on Thanksgiving day, not even for gain; and Josiah, though a bachelor, was in the habit of having all his relations to make merry with him on that occasion; and you know the habits of an old bachelor are not easily broken in upon. Besides, his worthy sister Hester would have felt herself scandalized indeed, if he were denied the privilege of building, and scolding, and storming about as usual, in the hurry of preparation for this joyous festival. Not that she was ill-natured or given to scolding under ordinary circumstances—far from it; but there is a time for everything. Josiah's numerous relatives (and you've no idea, unless you've been there, how numerous one's relations are in that part of the country) who were always expected to partake of the luxuries of his farm yard, but once a year, Miss Hester's puddings, pies, turks, &c., would have felt anything but thankful if Josiah had gone to Boston, instead of keeping Thanksgiving at home. But he had no idea of such a thing.

He could as well afford to keep his turkeys as the Boston folks could do without 'em; and he'd teach governor Lincoln to appoint the same day as the governor of Vermont!

So Josiah kept Thanksgiving as in times past, at home, though his heart was not as light as usual, for he pitied the Boston folks, and he could at help saying now and then, as he cut a slice of turkey, "Governor Lincoln ought to have known better."

But though there was this drawback upon his happiness, it was trifling compared with the consternation of the Boston people. His old customers, who had for fifteen or twenty years relied upon him for supplies and never once been disappointed, could not believe he would fail to appear now, and even on the day preceding Thanksgiving refused to purchase of others under the full conviction that he would come, though it was at the eleventh hour. But alas! he came not; and for the first time in their lives, and I hope for the last, many of the good citizens were obliged to forego the luxury of a roast turkey, and dine on roast beef; and instead of being thankful, they did nothing but eat, and drink, and grumble. But there is no calamity, however great, from which good may not be extracted.

The unhappy event led the good people to reflect upon what might be the consequence if Josiah should be removed by death, having no issue to keep up the stock of turkeys, and as life is uncertain, even in Vermont, they set about devising means to divert so serious an evil. Accordingly, Josiah began to receive letters advising him to marry; and disinterestedly pointing out to him the cheerfulness of his present mode of life; and hinting also that if he should die childless, Thanksgiving would be entirely broken up. Now, the subject of matrimony had never entered Josiah's head. His maiden sister attended to his household—dressed his stockings for Sunday—washed his neck and ears for him of a Saturday night—and combed his hair in more ways than one. In short, he didn't see what more a young woman could do. However, the subject got into his mind, and it was not easy to get out again. It was constantly before him. He couldn't even sleep in meeting, but was constantly looking about, and observing how nice and chirky the young women looked. Finally he concluded to open his mind to his sister, and ask her advice.

After weighing the matter thoroughly, and musing over the prospect of laying down the sceptre, she advised him (with a magnanimity which none but a sister could exhibit) to comply with the suggestions of his friends, and marry; stating that she was willing to resign her authority to another for the sake of promoting his happiness, but in order to secure the latter, she must make the match herself, at least so far as to point out a proper person to court. This was great relief to him, but he would have been better pleased if she could have settled the whole matter. For he had a great horror of encountering one of the sex face to face, having never been in company with any but his relations. However, his sister, who was in the habit of gossiping in the intermission with all the women that came to meeting, soon made choice of a wife for her brother, in the person of Sally Jones, who lived but a couple of miles from his farm. She was (as she told Josiah) of a rugged make, thick set, wholesome looking, and as smart as a steel trap. So it was agreed upon that on Sunday night Josiah should commence his courtship. Accordingly, after supper, he mounted his horse, and started with much fear and trembling, for "Squire Johnson's." He rode very slowly, that he might not overtake his bride-to-be; but, after thinking over many forms of speech, he arrived at the house, quite at a loss how to open his heart. Having tied his horse to the fence, he thought he would reconnoitre the premises before going in; but although there was a light in the paper curtains, were down, and nothing could be discovered.—After walking round the house two or three times, and going as often to the fence to see if his horse was fastened securely, he finally made a desperate effort, went to the well, and took a drink from the bucket, and then gave a cry on the door.

"Walk in," he called out to the wife, and entered.

"Why, Josiah Baker," exclaimed the wife, "what's the matter? You're looking like a cat that's been run over by a horse."

"Set to the fire," said Josiah, "and get me a cup of tea, and a slice of your famous pudding."

"My dear," said a gentleman to a lady to whom he thought to be married, "do you wish to make a fool of me?"

"No," replied the lady, "I wish to make a fool of you."

The N. O. Freeman says.—The Editor of the Freeman has decided that O. K. means "Only Kidding," nothing else in the world.

A Mr. Brown is giving Tippecanoe Concerts in New York.

## SAY SALLY AND MATRIMONY.

We continue our extracts from Messrs. Lea & Blanchard's third series of the Sayings and Doings of the humorous clock-maker. He pays a visit to that pure hearted old grinner, the minister of Slacksville, by whom Sam is advised to be "thinkin' of settlin' in the world," i.e. to get married.

"Nahin' tames a man like woman. I guess so, says I. Yes, my son, said he, get married, and marry soon; it's time you were a thinkin' on it now in earnest. Well, I feel most plaguily skeered," minister says I, to try, for if once you get into the wrong box, and the door is locked on you, there is no escape as I see; and besides, women are so evasive—full of tricks, and so cunning in hidden 'em afore hand, that's no easy matter to tell whether the bairn has a hook in it or not; and if you go 'playin' round it and scissillin' it, why a sudden jerk given by a skillful hand may whip it into your gills afore you know where you be, and your flint is fixed as sure as there are snakes in Varginy. You may tug, and pull, and haul back 'till you are tired; but the more obstinately you become the faster the hook is fixed in, and the sorer the place is. Nothing 'most is left for you but to come up to the line, and submit to your fate. Now if you go for to take a wider, they are shocking apt to know too much, and are in a hurry to get you to take a maid, it is an even chance if you don't split 'em in breakin' 'em in, and she don't bolt and refuse a heavy yolk. If they are too old they are apt to be headstrong from havin' had their head so long; and if they are too young, they are hardly wayside enough to be pleasant. Which, poor old critter! I knowed well enough he didn't know nothin' about it, havin' had no experience among women any more than a child; but I thought him to honour him, for most men like to be a little knowin' on that subject. Why, says he, a-lookin' up-wise-like, that's a matter of taste, Sam, some prefer one, and some prefer the other. (So like human nature that, wasn't it, squire? You never heard a man in your life, when asked about woman, say, that's a subject I ain't jist altogether able to speak on, and yet playin' few know much more about 'em than women were petticoats, and men don't.) It's quite a matter of taste, said he; but, as for my experience goes, says the old man, I am half inclined to opine that widlers make the best wives. Havin' lost a husband, they know the slender tenure we have off, and are apt to be more considerate, more kind, and more tender than maids. At all events, there is enough in the idea to put them on equal terms. I guess it's six of one and half-a-dozen of 'other, not much to choose any. But, whichever it be, you must prove their temper first, and their notions; see what sort of sisters and darters they make; try—but, dear me! how late it is, said he, a-lookin' at his watch, how late it is! I must go, for I have a sick visit. I still visit my dead lost flock, as if they hadn't a-sued me to Sam. I forgive them, all of 'em. I don't think any bad thoughts agin' any of 'em. I pity 'em, and always remember 'em in my prayers, for our religion is a religion of the heart, and not of the head, as political dissenters. Yes, I must go now; but I'll give you a word of advice at partin' my dear boy. Don't marry too poor a gal, for they are apt to be poor too; no need to their husband's purse; no too rich a gal, for they are apt to remind you of it unpleasant sometimes; no too giddy a gal, for they neglect their families; no too dour a gal, for they are most apt to give you the dog, run off and leave you; no one of a different sort, for it breeds discord; no a weak-minded one for children take all their talents from their mothers; nor a—O Lord! says I, minister, how you shoke a body! Where under the sun will you find a no such critters among women. I'll tell you, my son, said he, for I'd like afore I die to see you well matched; I would indeed! I'll tell you, tho' you talk to me sometimes as if I didn't know nothin' of women. You think nobody can't know 'em but them as romps all their days with them as you do; but them, let me tell you, know the least; for they are only acquainted with the least deserving. I'll give you a sage to know 'em by that is almost invariable, universal, infallible. The character and conduct of the mother is a sure and certain guarantee for that of the daughter."

To-morrow.—This would be a happy world, were men more content with to-day, and less anxious about to-morrow. One-half the misery for the world is not real, but anticipated misery. A concern for this bugbear "to-morrow" is at the bottom of the majority of our troubles. And yet, if a man will but glance over his yesterday, he will at once see how foolish it is to fret oneself about the time to come; for he will find in every yesterday a miniature grave, as it were, dug by a too fearful imagination, in which is buried all his little store of daily happiness. A prudent thoughtfulness for the future, every man should entertain; but it is worse than folly to permit the breath of a to-morrow, like a mill-dew, to blight the flowers that bloom around his pathway. Let us enjoy the sunshine while it is about us, and if beneath the horizon clouds are concealed, why anticipate the gloom in which they will enshroud us? Truly has the poet asked—

"What avails it that indulgent heaven  
From mortal eyes has wrapped the years to come,  
If, ungeniously to torment ourselves,  
We grieve at hideous fictions of our own?"

Enjoy the present; and with heedless care  
Of what may spring from blind misfortune's womb,  
Appal the shadow of that life beyond.  
Scene, and manner of yourself, prepare  
For what may come, and leave the rest to heaven."

This is the only true philosophy. It is often the case that an imaginary evil is productive of more mischief than the actual calamity. It has frequently been observed in the times of great mortality, that where disease carried off its thousands, fear destroyed its ten thousand. So of the evils of life—where the happiness of one is affected by real misfortune, that of ten is destroyed without any just cause. The truth is, men are not content with their every day happiness. They slight the good they have, in their anxiety for the good to come. They wait their daily supply of oil in fruitless attempts to procure a supply for the morrow, forgetting that who replenishes the cistern is inexhaustible. Every man has oil enough in his lamp to light him to contentment; that better name for happiness—if he will use it but right. But he will not use it, and that is the mischief of it.

Some men seem to act as though there are not evil enough already in the world, besetting us on every hand, and to they go to work piling up men of straw, converting them at once into so many giants, and then war with their strength and spirits in bawling them.

There is not hardly a man who has not a lion to

## Deferred Items.

Important Fact.—It is stated as an important and startling fact, and as such is certainly worthy the attention of the friends of the temperance cause, that the sum annually expended for bread, by the population of Great Britain and Ireland, amounts to twenty-five millions sterling, while the money expended in the United Kingdom in strong drink, amounts to upwards of fifty millions annually! The consumption of gin alone, in these countries, amounts to more than twelve millions sterling every year. Facts such as these, existing as they do, to greater or lesser extent, in all "civilized" regions of the globe, are calculated to give new impulse to the exertions of the friends of temperance.—Bath, Patriot.

## Strength of Iron Pillars.

At the late meeting of the British Association in Glasgow, a paper was read by Mr. Hodgkinson, describing a series of experiments made by him on the strength of iron pillars.