Terms of Publication.

Two Dollars per annum, payably semi-annual in advance. If not paid within the year, \$250 will be charged. narged.
Ry Papersdelivered by the Post Rider will be charg

Advertisements not exceeding twelve lines will be charged \$1 forthree insertions—and 50 cents for one insertion. Largerones in proportion.

All advertisments will be inserted until ordered out unless the time for which they are to be continued is specified, and will be charged accordingly.

Yearly advertisets will be tharged \$12 per annum, iscluding subscription to the paper—with the privilege of keeping one advertisement not exceeding 2 squares standing during the year, and the insertion of a smaller one in each paner for three successive times.

All letters addressed to the editor must be post paid otherwise no attention will be paid to them. 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 centseach.except Mariages and Deaths.

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

PENNSYLVANIA HALL.

POTTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILLCO. PA. This elegant and commodious establishment will be open for the reception otravellers 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 comiort 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

FREDERICK D'ESTIMAUVILLE,

Pottsville, Pa. June 22, 1840. N. B. The Refectory in the Basement story, is conducted under the superintendance of Mr. John

RAIL ROAD IRON.

A complete assortment of Rail Road Iron from 21X5 RAIL ROAD TIRES from 33 in. to 56 in. exter-

RAIL ROAD AXLES. 30,3 in. diameter RailRoad Axles, manufactured from the patent EV Cable Iron.

RAIL ROAD FELT. for placing between the from Chair and stone block

of edge Railways.

INDIA RUBBER ROPE manufactured from New Zealand Flax saturat-

CHAINS.

elt with India Rubber, and intended for Incline Planes Instreceived a complete assortment of Chains, from 3 in, to 14 in proved & man-

Si QP BOAT AND RAIL ROAD SPIKES, tantly on hand and for sale by A. & G. RALSTON. & CO.

- Philadelphia, January 18. REFINED WHALE OH. -2000 galls. resned Whale Oil, just received and for sale by. E. A. HATHAWAY & Co. Coms Merchants, 13 south Front

Philadelphia, August, 8: Cloths! Cloths!'

JUST received by the subscribers, and for sale at reduced prices for cash.

Superior Brown Beaver Gloth,

Blue do do Pilot Brown do

Also, superior Blue, Black, Brown, Olive, Green. and fancy coloured Cloths, Cassimeres and Satti-MILLER & HAGGERTY 48-Nov. 28,

Heyl's Embrocation for Horses

THIS valuable Embrocation has been used with great success in the cure of the most trouble some diseases with which the horse is affected, such as old strains, swellings, galls, strains of the shoul ders, &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 own ing horses. For sale at JOHN SC MARTIN'S Drug & Chemical Store. Centre Street. Pottsville, Oct 24

RARON VON HÜTCHELER 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 unternally, 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

Pills! Pills!

THE safest, the best, most efficacious and truly vege

DR. LEIDY'S BLOOD PILLS

A component part of which is Sarsaparilla, and know 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 sys tem by their effect as most purgatives do—much com ment upon their virtues is unnecessary—their reputation is well established, numerous proofs of their efficacy having been published at different times. Suffice it to ray that in addition to their efficacy in diseases of the stomach, liver, intestines, &c., they are the only pills it Juids, removing all nozious and diseased humors theresom, and thereby removing all eruptions from the skindry and watery pimples from the face, neck and body, letter, rash, or breaking out of the skin, and all cutane-

cious 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. Dewdes, Hare Coxe, &c. besides no merous other physicians throughout the United States who daily employ them in their practice, administering them to their patients in preference to all other purga-tives, and in preference to all other preparations of Sarsaparilla, in consequence of their possessing the com-bined effects of correcting the diseased humors of the blood and fluids, and by their purgative properties; re moving or carrying off the same from the system, with out producing the slightestinconvenience, of requiring

restrictions. &c. 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 vellow label.

Price Twenty-five cents a Box.

Sole Agent for Schuylkill County.

Also for sale by J. P. Taylor & Co., Minersville,

Hugh Kinsley, Port Carbon.

Mavil

Merino Shawls, &c.

UPIN'S superior Merino Shawls, purchased from the importer at a small advance, just received and for sale cheap.

Also, French and English Merinoe Plain and

Figured Mouslin De Lanes, and Figured Saxony E. W. EARL.

Noaember 21,

BOOK-BINDERY

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

AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER

[willteach you to pierce the bowelsofthe Earth and bring outfrom the Caverns of the Mountains, Metals which will give strength to our Hands and subject all Nature to our use and pleasure. — D. JOHNSON

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

VOL. XVII.

From Tait's Magazine for December. what was I going to say ?- I don't believe Van will CHANGE. get more than six states at the outside." Change! Change! The mournful story · Cousin Frank, I shall have to put you in charge

Of all that's gone before! The wrecks of perished glory Bestrewing every shore. The shattered tower and palace, That frown'd o'er every glen,

In broken language tell üs Of the fleeting power of men. Change! Change! The scythe is sweeping

O'er many a cottage hearth; The sickled hand is reaping O'er some scenes of household mirth.

The sheaf is bound where daughters Round their mother used to spin; And where little feet did patter Full often out and in.

Change! Change! for all things human! Kingdom, states of amplest wing Have their flight and fall in common With the meanest mortal thing:

With beauty, love, and passion; With all of earthly trust; With life's smallest wavelet rushing, Ourling, breaking into dust!

Where arose in marbled grandeur, The wall'd cities of the past. The sullen winds now wander O'er a ruin huddled waste. Rent is the palace splendid; The owl, in silence, wings

O'er floors, where, eve-attended Paced the sandalled feet of Kings. Still change! Go thou and view All desolately sunk:

The circle of the Druid, The cloister of the monk. The abbey, boled and squaled, With its grass-maned staggering wall, Ask by whom these were unhallowed-'Twas Change that did it all.

But Mind, the ever-living, From Time's each succeeding Lirth, Will receive some more of heaven, Will retain some less of earth. More of truth, and less of error; Less of hate and more of love; Till the world below shall mirror All the purity above.

COUSIN TILLY'S BET.

As soon as the Harrisburg Convention nomina ted the old hero of Tippecanog as a suitable person to preside over our beloved country. Frank Smith looked around his female friends to select a suitable a whole-souled Whig, and reposed the utmost confidence in the success of the nominee of the convention. He was engaged in business and only declined taking a wife on account of the times. He kept on old dirty bachelor's hall, which was genteely furnished with every thing requisite for housekeeping. All that was wanting to complete his happiness was a was as fine a young fellow as ever rallied around the Tippecanoe flag, and might have cut quite a conspicuous figure in the world, if he had been gifted with less diffidence.

Frank soon came to a decision. He silently nommated to the highest office in the gift of his affections, a young lady who was, in every particular, pricious creature of a cousin-about as old as himself and endowed with a proper share of that good common sense for which our fair country women am

so eminently distinguished all over the world. Frank Smith embarked enthusiastically in the ouble care of love and politics. He carried both with him, hand in hand; but it might have been observed that he conducted one cause with eloquent words, and the other with eloquent looks. He often told his fair cousin Tilly that General Harrison was his choice for the highest office in the gift of the people, but never once did he tell her that she was his only choice for the highest post in his own git. But why should he have told her so? She knew it as well as he did. His eyes had many a time told her

story too plainly to be misunderstood. Frank had made at least a dozen attempts to disclose his feelings to his cousin: but his lips invariably refused to obey the promptings of its heart. One evening, just before the Presidential election the two were together engaged, as very body else was, in talking over political matter-for Tilly, like all other pretty girls, was a thoroughgoing Harriso-

· Cousin Tilly,' said Frank, it snow certain that Old Tip will be our next President. The People will then once more be prosperou-business will revive, and those young men who have all along hesitated about changing their common, may now just as well look out for helpmate. What say you to

"I certainly think,' said sh. that our sex should now, that this long contest about to close, receive share of their attentions.

'Yes, cousin Tilly, Harson is good for the next our years-that's certain. You must have noticed. cousin Tilly, that I am hernly tired of this confounded bachelor life; and from the attentions I have paid to you, the object of maffec-that is-the-thethat you are the-I washout to-oh! listen to the glorious Tippecanoe and in the streets!

For all the woll seems turning round, For Tippecare, and Tyler too!

Frank's incohere love speeches were cut short. fortunately for himby a crowd in the street singing lustily the famousong of . Tippecanoe and Tyler

· Really, cons Frank,' said Tilly, · you are no fit for any thinput to talk politics. · I am afraithere is too much truth in what you say,' replied lank, ' but still, I must insist that I

tried my besto tell you my thoughts upon a different subject.' And w! did you not finish telling them !' said his cousin chly.

Becaus I was too much of a blockhead, or a oward. A bd Tippecance soldier you are truly! You need no fear me, cousin Frank; I am only a wo-

กลกสำ Soou are, cousin; but I must confess that I am the gntest coward on earth when I attempt to open my fart to you.'

Nost astonishing,' said Tilly. s.il very true, my cousin. You know full well-1 kow you do-that I have long entertained a deep- for you." SATURDAY MORNING JANUARY 9, 1841.

· I believe so myself. I am in a bad box I assure you, cousin Tilly; tell me how to get out of this confounded quandary. You know what I want to tell by tens of centuries. you. How shall I say it ? Don't know, said Tilly.

· Cousin,' said Frank imploringly.

· Do tell me.' · I'll bet you that Harrison will be elected,' said

of Old Tip's keepers;' you are going crazy.'

Oh! but I would bet that way myself,' replied Frank.

· You wished me to help you out of your quandary, cousin Frank. You must therefore, take the

What do you want to bet,' inquired Frank. ' Myself.'

' Against what?' ' Yourself.'

· But let me see,' said Frank, who was somewhat puzzled to understand the operation of the wager, ' if I should lose, as I surely will, how will it then be?' 'If you loose,' said she, 'I will win you, and if I lose you will win me. Either way will suit you, I suppose.'

I see through it,' exclaimed Frank, in an ecstacy of joy. Done, done, done. Give me your hand,-Hurrah for Tip, Ty, and Till. Cousin you have done the business gloriously; I am happy.' so to me when we were first married—then you used The election came and Harrison carried the day.

Of course cousin Tilly won the betand cheerfully was it paid and gracefully was it accepted. They celebrated old Tip's election, a few evenings

Pompeii.

ago, by a merry wedding. Joy be with them.

A voice from Italy! It comes like the stirring of the breeze upon the mountains! It floats in majesty like the echo of the thunder ! It breathes solemnity like a sound from the tomb! Let the nation hearken: for the slumbers of ages is broken, and the buried voice of antiquity speaks again from the gray ruins of Pompeil!

Roll back tide of eighteen handred years. At the foot of the vine clad Vesavius stands a regal city: the stately Roman walks its lordly streets, or banquets in the palaces of splendor. The bustle of busied thousands is there; you may hear it alongthe thronged quars: it rises from the amphitheatre and forum. It is the home of luxury, of gaity and of Joy .- There togaed royalty drowns itself in dissipation-the lion roars over the martyred Christian, and the bleeding gladiator dies at the beck of applauding spectators. It is ceaseless, a dreaming, devoted city.

There is a blackness in the horizon, and the

earthquake is rioting in the bowels of the mountain! Hark! a roal and a crash! and the foundations of the eternal hills are belched forth in a sea of fire!-Wo for the fated city ! The torrent cumes surging like the mad ocean-it boils above well and tower, palace and fountain, and Pompen is a city of

Age roll on. Silence, darkness and desolation are in the halls of buried grandeur. The forum is voiceless, and the pompous mansions are tenanted beautiful companion, with a heart like his own. Frank | by sieletons? Lo! other generations live above the dast of long lost glory, and the slumber of the dreamless city is forgotten. Pompeii beholds a resurrection! As if summon-

d by the blast of the final trumpet, she hath shaken from her beauty the ashes of centuries, and ence more looks forth upon the world, sullied and sombre, but interesting still. Again upon her arches, her courts and her colonades, the sun lingers worthy of his noble heart. She was a distant family in splendor, but not as erst, when the reflected lusconnexion—a charming cherry-cheeked, cheerful, ca- tre from her marbles dazzled like the glory of his own true beam. There, in their gloomy toldness, stand her palaces, but the song of carousal is hush. ed forever. You may behold the places of her fountains, but you will hear no murmur .- they are as the water course of descrit. There too, are her gardens, but the barrenness of long antiquity is their's. You may stand in her amphitheatre: and you shall read utter desolation on its bare and dilapidated

Pompeii! mouldering relic of a former world! Strange redemption from the sepulchre! How vivid are the classic memories that hover round the ! Thy loneliness is rife with tongues; for shadows of the mighty are thy sojourners! Man walk thy desolated and forsaken streets, and is lost in his dreams of other days.—He converses with the genius of the past, and the Roman stands as freshly recalled, as before the billow of lava had stiffened above him. A Pliny, a Sallust, a Trojan are in his musings, and he visits their homes.

Venerable and eternal city! The storied urn of

a nation's memory! A disentembed and rising witness for the dead! Every stone of they is conecrated and immortal. Rome was-Thebes was -Sparta was-thou wast, and art still. No Goth or Vandal thundered at thy gates, or revelled in thy spoil. Man marred not thy magnificence. thou wert scathed by the finger of Him who alone knew thy depths of violence and crime. Babylon of Italy! thy doom was not revealed to thee. No prophet was there when thy towers were tottering and the ashen darkness obscured thy horizon, to construe the warning. The wrath of God was upon thee heavily-in the volcano was "the hiding of his power," and like thine ancient sisters of the plain. thy judgement was sealed in fire!

A Dish from the N. Y. Atlas.

and wonderful in their effects. We know of no female charm so attractive to the sensible and thrifty man, as the familiar acquaint-

ence of a housewife. Philosophers agree upon one thing-that the sun was never known to rise in the west.

Termagent wives and devils are one and the same -the name only changed by the difference of abode. An editor out west tells the world that it is no joke to get drunk before breakfast. He knows best

A trial terminated last week in Worcester, Mass. in which Seth Maynard, a married man, and the father of three children, a member of the church, and advanced in years, was mulcted in \$4000 damages. for the seduction of a pretty girl 19 years of age, named Pollard, belonging to the same religious society with the defendant,

Ephriam, of the Richmond Star, says that Salt River empties itself into "Symme's Hole."

A Conn. Van Buren paper says we have been sung down-lied down-and drank down. This surely is not surprising, for when folks have drank down freely-to he down is the natural result.

It is said that Mr. Van Buren, in spite of his usual placidity of temper, was thrown, a few days ago, into a most extraordinary rage. The exciting cause of his fury was a flock of turkies, waddling by the White House, and crying "Quit! quit! duit!"-"Oh vou devils!" exclaimed Van, "if you were only a little larger I'd wring your infernal necks off | if none aspired to its administration but those with

The Chinese Empire is inhabited by 350,000,000 of human beings, all directed by the will of one man -all speaking one language-all governed by one code of laws-all professing one religion-all actuated by the same feelings of national pride and prejudice. They date their origin not by centuries, but

An invectigation into the affairs of the Wolfborough, N. H. Bank, shows a deposite of \$10 in specie, and about \$40 in bills of other banks, to redeem a circulation of \$30,706 with.

In drinking other people's health we should be careful not to lose our own. Champagne often produces real pain, and prepares the mind for the receipt

of the notions of Tom Paine. As ravenous birds are the quickest sighted, so the worst men are the greatest fault finders.

Why is a nigger like a piece of charcoal? D've give it up? Because he's BLACK, you ninny. Is'nt that good 'un ? We have both had a good MAP, as the old hat said to the toper when he awoke from his slumber in the

" Facts speak for themselves," as the leafer said when he surveyed his tattered pantaloons. The Bay State Democrat tells this anecdote of a Boston physician of the olden time. When a young man, he occupied a chamber separated from that of a married couple by a thin partition; one cold night he heard the rough voice of the husband grumble out, Take away your cold hocks!" to which his wife

replied, in a querulous tone, " Ah! you did not speak

to say to me, ' take away your little footsy tootsys!' How, natural! Singular Facts.-Little men love tall women and little women love tall men; talkative people prefer those of tactiturn character; gourmands make a better dinner in the society of those who eat but little; the strong ally themselves with the weak; men of genius prefer domesticated wives; authoresses generally espouse fools; proud individuals cannot endure those that are proud also; rogues seek the society of honest men; the most dissipated woman loves the man who detests her vices, and the good man frequently adores the most libertine female. The seducer runs after the innocent, and the young innocent succumbs to the wiles of the seducer. Extremes meet; contrasts ap-

proach each other; and in the darkest shades the painter discovers the finest colors. DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Our safest way of coming into communion with mankind is through our own household. For there our sorrow and regret at the failings of the bad is in proportion to our love, while our familiar intercourse with the good has a secretly assimilating influence upon our characters. The domestic man has an independence of thought which puts him at 'ease in society, and benevolence of feeling which seems to ray out from him, and to diffuse a pleasurable sense over those near him, like a soft bright day. As domestic life strengthens a man's virtues so does it help to a sound judgment, and a right balancing of things, and gives an integrity and propriety to the whole character. God in his goodness, has ordained that virtue should make its own enjoyment, and that wherever a vice or frailty is rooted out, something should spring up to be a beauty and delight to the mind. But a man of character, rightly cast, has the pleasures at home, which, though fitted to his highest

them, and is happy almost without heeding it. Women have been called angels, in love tales and sonnets, till we have almost learned to think of to exhaustion? angels as little better than women. Yet a man who knows a woman thoroughly, and loves her trulyand there are women who have been so known and loved-will find, after a few years, that his relish for the grosser pleasures is lessened, and that he has grown into a fondness for the intellectual and refined without an effort, and almost unawares he has been led on to virtue through his pleasures; and the delights of the eye, and the gentle play of that passion which is the most inward in our nature, and which keeps much of its character amid the concerns of life, have held him in a kind of spiritualized existance; he shares his very being with one who, a creature of this world, and with something of the world's fraulties, is

Yet a spirit still and bright,

With something of an angel light. With all the sincerity of a companionship of feeling, cares, sorrows, and enjoyments, her presence is as the presence of a pure being; and there is that in her nature which seems to bring him nearest to a better world. She is, as it were, linked to angels: and in his exalted moments he feels himself field by the same tie. - Richard H. Dana.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

The following beautiful eulogy on "the law," is from an article in a late number of the Southern Literary Messenger:

The spirit of the law is all equity and justice.-In a government based on true principle, the law is Soft soap and flattery are awful slippery things the sole sovereign of a nation. It watches over its the wild and frantic creature, as with one bound he subjects in their business, in their recreation, and in their sleep. It guards their fortunes, their lives and their honors. In the broad noon-day and the dark | whole countenance ghastly with the extremity of midnight, it ministers to their security. It watches moral terror. His friends attempt to force him back over the ship of the merchant, though a thousand leagues intervene; over the seed of the husbandman, abandoned for a season to the earth: over the studopinions of every man. None are high enough to in the seat of the republican magistrate; but also If he puts his foot down he instantly snatches it a sentinel at the prison, scrupulously preserving to the folon whatever rights he has not forfeited. The light of the law illumines the palace and hovel, and surrounds the cradle and the bier. The strength of from his back with the other. the law laughs wickedness to scorn, and spurns the to guide us through the labyrinth of cunning. It is the spear of Ithuriel to detect falsehood and deceit-It is the faith of the martyr, to shield us from the the wicked one's dread; the bulwark of piety; the upholder of morality, the guardian of right, the distributor of justice. Its power is irresistible; its dominion indisputable. It is above and around us; within us; we cannot fly from its protection; we cannot evert its vengéance.

Such is the law in its essence; such it would be pure hearts; enlarged views, and cultivated minds. to convince him of his error, but they flit across his not blacker.

NO. 2

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT. LINES

To a gentleman who asked me to take so ne brandy. Offer me not the blasting bowl, My tongue may not its horrors tell; A curse is in its dark control,

The rosy apple Adam ate, Which first the subtle serpent gave, Contain'd the spirit of man's fate, Which gives its millions to the grave. The gifted and the glorious fall, When they that spirit's pow'r once own;

It is the harbinger of hell.

And reason, deaf to duty's call,

Tumbles from her exalted throne. A serpant's charm is in the bowl, That may a moment's peace impart; But 'tis damnation to the soul,

A deadly dagger to the heart. Say not it gives to friendship birth. For if on that I may rely, Oh! let me have no friend on earth; Alone, unlov'd, ohf! let me die. Art thou my genrous friend? Then swift Apply the vampire to the vein; But never, never dare to lift

The wine cup to my lips again. Place on my heart the Egyptian asp, Bring hemlock to my dying lip, And in death's dusky angel's grasp, Oh! let me then the upas sip. But offer not the mad'ning bowl,

That kills or cures all who taste; Plunders the purse, and sinks the soul, Into a wild and fearful waste. Young man, beware! thou dost not know, In thy convival moments free, What anguish, and what wondrous woe, The future treasures up for thec.

I've seen a youth of fortune, farke, Belov'd and honor'd by the world, By this one vice sent down to shame, And from his envi'd height soon hurl'd. I've seen proud Genius' noble heir Chain'd in a dark and dreary cell. Howling the horrors of despair,

Amid the fancy'd fiends of hell. Retrace thy steps ere manhood's noon. Taste, touch not now, the poisonous wave, Or thou wilt fall and mingle soon,

With mouldering millions in the grave. The Drunkard near his end.

BY W. M. CARUTHERS. M. D. See the famished creature, how he pours it down his parched throat. He loathes and revolts at all food for days and weeks together. The quantity of ardent spirits consumed during such a paroxism is almost incredible to those who have never witnessed it. I attended a young gentleman, a short time ago, who told me himself, that his daily allowance was two quarts, and from the potations I saw him quaff, this was rather under than over the mark

At length he gives up in despair; he sees, he feels, that brandy can no longer save him from madness. He attempts to recuperate the fading powers of nature, by the resort to the balmy restorative, but nature, are common to him as his daily food. He the gentle God is not thus to be wood by those who moves about his house under a continual sense of have set all his precepts and practices at defiance. Can any one sleep thus, whose vessels are loaded with liquid fire, and their nervous energy stimulated

> See how hurriedly he breathes. Listen to those long drawn sighs, as if coming from the depths of his soul, and repeated every instant. These sighs do not proceed from mental distress alone, nor are they subject to his volition; they are as much symptomatic of the disease, as they are of yellow fever, and, as far as this single symptom goes, are exactly alike. This however is a combination of physical and mental disease, and all its symptoms and phantasmagoria are resolved to these two heads. This sighing is almost sparsmodic, and its source must be sought in the mysterious connection between the nerves of voluntary motion and those of organic life; but these abstruse points I shall reserve for the ears

> of my medical brethren. The patient invariable points to the deep seated portion of the chest as the locality of his misery. He suffers no physical pain, but every now and then he makes a convulsive struggle for breath, and all this appears to an ordinary spectator, as a mere matter of volition, and his friends in such a case, often press him to lie still and try to sleep .- He yields to their entreaties, and by a powerful effort, seems to

choke down the dreadful agony in his throat. Nothing but whispers are now heard round the hearth; every one moves on tip-toe, and the curtains are drawn, and the light shaded for his last effort at sleep. The friends begin to smile at each other in congratulation at the long silence, and delusive hope plays over their haggard and exhausted features But hark to that shrill and piercing scream, and see clears the bed and lights in the midst of them. His nostrils dilated, his eyes red with agony, and his to bed, but he falls upon his knees and prays to you as his jailor, for the sake of mercy and of heaven not to put him again into that loathsome den of slimy ies of the student, the labors of the mechanic, the reptiles and creeping vermin. While he is dragged on the floor, he clutches at the horrid things with offend with impunity-none so low that it scorns to his hands, and the very muscles of his body are quivprotect them. It is throned with the king, and sits ering and shuddering in a hundred opposite directions. hovers over the couch of the lowly, and stands as the | way with a scream, for he had placed it just on the contorted back of a venomous snake. The spiders crawl in his ears, and he plucks at them with one hand, whilst he wrenches the fangs of a scorpion

When at last overpowed, he lies with his eyes intrenchments of iniquity. The power of the law starting from their sockets, turning them rapidly from crushes the power of man, and strips wealth of un- one part of the bed to another, like some wild anirighteous immunity. It is the thread of Dæedalus, mal brought to bay by the hunters. Every now and then he makes a spring from their clutches, and is again overpowered, and pethaps confined in a madman's jacket, in which state every muscle of his body fires of persecution; it is the good man's reliance; is writhing in strange contoitions.—Great drops of cold, clamy prespiration are coursing each other sown his blue cadaverous cheeks. He cries out in the most piteous and heart-rending tones for help; he appeals to the stranger at his side, and when deserted by all the world, as he imagines, weeps like

> If there was but a single delusion haunting his magination, it is possible that means might be found eclipse, and rigged with last ness. Pluto's navy was

bewildered vision in rapid and frightful successi I knew a young man in this city who at this stage of the disease, who imagined himself lying under the charge of murder, and nothing could convince him to the contrary, until his friends actually put him brough the forms of a mock trial, in which, cf course, he was most triumphantly acquitted. He manifested great delight at the moment, but while his friends were congratulating themselves with the fortunate termination of their experiment, a more hydeous phantom than the one they had just exercised occupied its place.

The patient is now never for a moment free from the most dreadful apprehensions; one frightful monster after another rears its hideous form to his astonished and bewildered gaze, until his eyes are ready to start from their sockets. He will spring up suddealy and point his emaciated and trembling finger at, and shade his cowering visage from a sceptre so terrible that an indifferent spectator will almost feel the infection of his terror.

I have seen men in such a state, descend to the pottomless pit and describe all the gloomy horrors of pandemonium, point out their acquaintances, and detail the various tortures to which they were subject, in far more vivid colors than Dante's poeticul inspiration ever painted. Occasionally the room is peopled with the sceptres of departed friends, in all the hideous and disgusting aspects of death and the grave. The poor famished, parched, sleepless and benighted sufferer speaks to them in the cuttural whisper of mortal fear, his whole manhood and every thing that creases the pride of man, crushed into a humility so abject, that one might imagine him sunk into the earth by the blasting eye of a basilisk! His frame is almost convulsed, so dreadfully does it tremble in the delerious agony of fear. His eye lost all volition, and rolls in its socket like a flashing me teor: his tongue is bitten and gashed, and hangs from his bleeding mouth like a mad horse of the prairies, and his blue hands are clenched so tight

that the very blood is extravasted beneath the nails. The most piercing shrieks fill his chamber constantly, crowds are attracted round his couch by these strange noises and the accounts of his strange doings. Night and day his friends must sit and hold him in his bed, and not unfrequently for a week at a time. During all this while, his eyes have: never been closed in slumber, there is an eternal and sleep less vigilance, a long communion with dark spirits. His countenance by this time becomes cadaverous and haggard, his eyes blood-shot, his lips and nails blue, nostrils colapsed, teeth covered with black sorde, making exactly the extent to which his parched and shrivelled lips cover them, his breath is hot and fetid, his hair matted and frizzled in the wildest disorder, and altogether he forms such an abandoned and humiliating picture of human nature, as is seldom met with in any other disease.

ENGLISH MINES AND MINING. From the English Correspondent of the New York

American.

Newcastle-upon Tyne, August, 1840. That man must be insane who should write fletter 1. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, about any thing but coal. He has but one idea—coal! One thing fills his vision -coal! Coal is the standard of value, and coal dust the circulating medium. The houses are built of coal. The streets are paved with coal. The inhabitants live on coal. The children look as if they were made of coal, and even the white clouds are black!

What a wonderful region is Durham and Northumberland shires? The whole country is undermined. Buildings are erected 700 and 800 feet below the surface of the earth, and streets and railways, running for miles in all directions, are daily traversed by housands of human beings. Newcastle, with its population of 60,000, stands on the crust of a subteranean city. Some of its houses have sunken their foundations in consequence of the yielding of the ground beneath. The river Tyne, as large as the Thames at London, floats its commerce over these vast caverns; while at Sunderland and other places on the coast, the ocean rolls its waves over the heads of the miners. The chief wealth of Durham and Northumberland lies hid in the bowels of the earth, where s very considerable portion of the inhabitants pass half their time. The coal-pits open their black mouths on every hill and in every valley. They may be distinguished far off by the towering enginery erected over them employed in raising the coal and water from the depths below, and by the piles of the former which lie around in hillocks waiting to be transported to market. The country is lined with railwaysmore abundant than hedgerows—used in d carrying coals to Newcastle." At every half mile, you meet with the little villages of the pitmen (as the laborers are called.) The snug brick cottages are arranged with regularity and taste-each having its petit grass plat in front, usually decked with flowers, and its vegetable garden and fruit trees in the rear. What a contrast between these smiling though humble abodes, and the dismal caverns where the villagers spend

nearly their whole conscious existence? Great labor and expense attended the sinking of the shaft of a coal mine. The exact location of the strata must be ascertained by boring before the excavation commences. This determined, you know not what obstacles you may encounter from veins of rock or streams of water in your descent. And, then, the destruction of human life almost invariably incurred in these perilous enterprises! the gigantic nature of which may be inferred from the fact that the shafts are generally sunk to the depth of 600 or 700 feet, and sometimes to 1200! Great rejoicing often take place in the neighborhood of a colliery when a new. stratum of coal is opened ready for working. The following was the mode of celebrating the opening of the famous Gosforth colliery, in this vicinity, in 1829. It is copied from a publication put into my hands at Newcastle:

" On the Saturday previous to the circumstance I am about to relate, the miners employed in sinking a pit at Gosforth reached the coal. Two years and a half had been spent in sinking this pit, the shaft of which was cut through 160 fathoms of solid rock; and therefore the event was considered as one of great importance in the surrounding vicinity. Among other rejoicings which took place on this occasion, was a ball, which was held in the mine, at the depth of about 1100 feet below the surface! The ball room is stated to have been in the form of an L : its width 15 feet, base 22 feet, and perpendicular 48 feet. The company to the number of two hundred and thirty, of whom about one hundred were ladies (!) began to assemble at the mouth of the mine at half-past nine o'clock, A. M., and continued to descend the pit until 1 o'clock, P. M. Immediately on their arrival at the bottom of the pit, each individual proceeded to the face of the drifts and hewed a piece of coal as a remembrance of this perilous expedition, and then returned to take a part in the festivities of the ball-room. An excellent band, composed entirely of miners, were in attendance. As soon as a sufficient number of guests were assembled, dancing commenced, and was continued without intermission till about three o'clock, P. M., when they began to ascend the pit, which all of them accomplished in perfect safety, highly gratified with the aubterranean amusements in which they had partaken. The colliery at which this novel entertainment took place is now one of the most extensive in Northumberland."

The great extent of the coal trade from this region may be imagined when it is known that Newcastle, which is wholly engaged in it, is the second port of the Kingdom in the amount of its tonnage. The Tyne is covered with the colliers, walking their cargoes to every part of the globe. Agheir sails blacken the river, one would think the were built in the