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WRIGHT'S Indian Vegetable Pills. Of the North American College of Health...

THOMAS & JAMES BEATTY, Agents for the sale of small quantities of the most reliable...

Letter from Mr. Campbell, Travelling Agent for the United States.

I herewith enclose for your service in the way of advertising, the notice of Stichter & McKnight...

For the character of these pills, we refer with confidence, but without affectation, to the following named gentlemen...

To take them in consecutive order, then Mr. C. W. Porter, P. M., Maiden Creek, Jan. 26, 1841...

Mr. G. H. Miller, late of Bricksville, had requested me to appoint him an agent for Womelsdorf...

To Mr. McKinley, one dozen were sent at a venture, perhaps in December, Jan. 25, 1841...

Peter Kline, Post Master, has sold to a man who has the white swelling, probably near 60, within 1 year...

Samuel Heckler, Post Master, sells the other pills, stating that he finds 4 or 5 cases out of 10...

I would send general and particular information, but shall defer to a more convenient opportunity...

Respectfully, R. C. WRIGHT, Travelling Agent, United States, Pottsville, May 29, 1841.

The following named gentlemen compose the list of agents for this county and vicinity...

Salmon, Shad & Haddock. Halifax & Salmon, No. 1 Mackerel, No. 1 Salmon...

Just received and for sale by E. Q. & A. HENDERSON. May 29, 1841.

Riding, Sulkey & Gig Whips. JUST received a fresh supply of beautiful and superior manufactured Riding Sulkey, and Gig Whips...

ORCHARD BREWERY. GEORGE LAUER. HAS constantly on hand an assortment of Fresh BEER, ALE, PORTER, and BROWN STOUT...

MINERS' AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

It will teach you to pierce the bowels of the Earth, and bring out from the Caverns of Mountains, Metals which will give strength to our Hands and subject all Nature to our course and pleasure.

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

VOL. XVII. SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 31, 1841. NO. 31

THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE ONE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY. I dare thee to forget me! Go wander where thou wilt, Thy hand upon the vessel's helm...

FOURTY-ONE TONS OF INDIGO; OR, THE CAREFUL DEALER.

Let us begin with a maxim. Though such a commencement may a little startle the mere amateur...

Indeed, our trustworthy friend, Donald McGrie, had no small pride in his shop; and the street in which he lived in the gude auld town of Aberdeen...

They knew but very little of the man, and of the nature and extent of his business; all, however, that they did know was most satisfactory; they had done business with him for nearly twenty years, and had, during all that time, been extremely well pleased with the punctuality of his payments...

When McGrie received this precious bill of lading, his astonishment was at once ludicrous and stupendous. At length, in order to give himself a little mental relief, he determined to set it down as a hoax...

Like a fancy Scot, he kept his perplexity to himself, for nothing was further from his thoughts than to run hither and thither with his mouth open...

In the midst of this agitation, time and tide, which wait for no man, thought the vessel that bore the indigo to Aberdeen. It would seem that, in order to quicken Donald's apprehension, he had an extraordinary quick passage...

After the few first introductory sentences, that made each aware of what was their mutual business, the captain became convinced that all was right...

Why, I should not have bought it unless I wanted it; and if I had wanted it I should have known what to do with it. That is, Mr. McGrie, precisely your case.

Very early was Donald abroad next morning, inquiring of every body all the possible uses to which indigo could be put. He got but very little satisfaction on the point.

Had he a better tale indigo, my gude friend! says Donald to the old washerwoman quite pawkily.

What can he possibly want with this indigo! He has actually drained the market, and we have just received advices that all the crops of indigo have failed in the West Indies.

thing like it. No doubt but that some West Indian has made the run by himself, and reached this place without waiting for convoy, and brought the news of the failure of the crops.

It had been a dull morning with Donald. He had sold a little snuff and a little sand, a little cheese, and a half-score of ballads for a half-penny...

At this moment the clerk entered. He paused for a space just within the threshold, scarcely surveyed the shop and its contents, looked with an air that was not for short of contempt on its proprietor...

What would you please to buy, honest man! said Donald, pettishly.

Ye are a fine fellow, but! Does any one ever buy anything here? You will pardon me, but the stretch is intolerable!

Ye are not to quarrel with me, but merely to rectify a mistake. I believe I am speaking to Mr. McGrie—Mr. Donald McGrie!

Ye are sure that I am over obliged to the gude gentlemen. But pray, sir, may ye be ye ain't!

Mr. Daniel Hubbles was offended, however; but finding the Scotchman firm, he was obliged to give him the necessary vouchers that he was empowered to treat with him for a re-sale of the merchandise.

he was forced to put the plain question to his guest. What will you take to pass your cargo of indigo back to our firm?

Why, Mr. McGrie, the fact is, we have received a very unexpected order for the article, and our people have empowered me to come to Aberdeen and offer you a thousand pounds to return the cargo just as you got it.

After a considerable pause, the clerk lost his temper entirely—his patience had long gone before him—and he resumed the attack upon the imperturbable Donald.

Donald McGrie took this accession of fortune coolly and temperately. He reflected that men make a thousand unlucky for one lucky mistake, and that cargoes of indigo don't always quadruple themselves in price when bought by misadventure.

We have made out our case, and that by the means of no fiction. It well exemplifies our moral, in matters of moment, never speak first, and never speak hastily.

IRISH BAILIFFS. My father, who, for reasons registered in the King's Bench, spent a great many years of his life in that part of Ireland geographically known as lying west of the law, was obliged, for certain reasons of family to come up to Dublin.

But to resume. The sun was just rising in a delicious morning in June, when my father—whose local antipathies I have mentioned made him an early riser—was preparing for the road.

Now the real truth was, that my father's attention was at that moment withdrawn from his own concerns by a scene which was taking place in a field beneath his window.

'Short distance and no quarter!' shouted one of the combatants from the corner of the field.

'Gentlemen every inch of them!' responded my father.

'A very true remark,' observed my father; 'and an awkward predicament your's will be if they are not both shot!'

'Put them up north and south!' said my father.

'Well, I must let you keep it,' said the youngest, with an air of ill-affected indifference.

'I'm driving me here,' said Donald; 'but as you are an unco amiable young man, and do not fish you with your employers, gude men, I'll just consent—'

LOVE AND GOODNESS.—A Sentimental Story.—We had a cousin—'heigh!' she's 'an anxious mother' of a half-dozen little cousins, now—well, she was in form and feature as far above the concentrated charms of all the novels that ever were or will be written, as Amanda Malvine Fitz Allen was superior to Mr. Jerry Sneaky.

One day walking in the garden with the fair one, we determined to divulge the yet unspoken tale of affection which surcharged the heart.

'Oh no,' said T, 'g'g give me a ch-chance!'

'I cannot tell thee one I feel,' as the shoemaker said when he performed his finger.