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Two Dollars per annum, payable semi-annually in advance. If not paid within the year, \$3 50 will be charged. Advertisements delivered by the Post Office will be charged 25 cents extra.

ADVERTISEMENTS BY THE YEAR. One Column \$20.00 Two Columns \$30.00 Three Columns \$40.00 Four Columns \$50.00

Advertisements not exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions and 50 cents for each insertion. Five lines or under 25 cents for each insertion.

WRIGHT'S Indian Vegetable Pills. Of the North American College of Health. As appears by the following circumstances, are justly considered the best of all other pills as a UNIVERSAL REMEDY for the purification of the blood, and as a consequence, the eradication of disease from the HUMAN SYSTEM.

THOMAS & JAMES BEATTY, Agents for the sale of small quantities, of the named article, suggest the following as strong presumptive proof, that the claim of this medicine to public confidence, is founded on unquestionable and we believe, irrefragable authority.

Letter from Mr. Campbell, Travelling Agent for the United States. I herewith enclose for your service in the way of advertising, the notice of Stricker & McKnight, successors to Keim & Stichter, Reading, who are agents for the sale of the force of their language, under these circumstances, and my business is to apprise you of the testimony which the gentleman to whom they refer have already given.

For the character of these pills, we refer with confidence, but without affecting to do so, to the following named gentlemen, who have sold them long enough to know their true value in comparison with any others now in market. Their relative location gives every facility to the inquirer who desires to obtain, either for sale or use, a first rate article.

To take them in consecutive order, then Mr. C. W. Parter, P. M., Maiden Creek, Jan. 26, took of me on commission, 6 doz. Since that time, he purchased of K. & S. Reading, 6 doz. and on the 14th inst. took 6 doz. of me, stating, that he had a report from one which had no ready sale. As he is Post Master, any person can easily and cheaply ascertain whether my veracity can be impeached and at the same time learn what other pills, he sells or has sold.

Mr. G. H. Miller, late of Bricksville, had requested me to appoint him an agent for Womelsdorf, because he well knew the value of the article. April 20th he took of me 4 doz., and on the 24th inst. he had sold 3 doz. to a gentleman from Womelsdorf, a new article, and brought 2 doz. more.

This statement is similar to the foregoing. To Mr. McKinley, one dozen were sent at a venture, perhaps in December, Jan. 25, I left him 2 dozen on commission, and on the 11th inst. he paid me for 7 doz. stating, as do the others, that no medicine with which he is acquainted has as good a name and so ready a sale.

Peter Kline, Post Master, has sold to a man who has the white swelling, probably near 60, within 1 week, and who states, that no other remedy has relieved him any more, but that this, fax, and now that he is persuaded to persevere, I am fully persuaded he will entirely recover.

Samuel Heckler, Post Master, sells the other pills, and states, that he finds 4 of these equal to 8 of the first, and the others several years, of these he now sells about 10 boxes where he has a call for one of the other sort. He mentioned a woman who has during several years suffered by the rheumatism, and though other remedies had been invoked, she has not found any benefit, save in the use of these pills.

I would send general and particular information, but shall defer to a more convenient opportunity an exposition which must be interesting to all who are desirous to do business in the field. My reference, I have said, the attention it seems to merit, and I thus leave it with the earnest desire that it may be read with candor, and produce the effect which truth is always entitled to.

Respectfully, R. C. MERRILL, Travelling Agent, United States. Pottsville, May 29. The following named gentlemen compose the list of agents for this county and vicinity, so far as are at present received. Other names will be added as agents shall be appointed.

- T. & J. BEATTY, Pottsville. Daniel Saylor, Schuylkill Haven. Caleb Wheeler, Pottsville. John Snyder, P. M., Friedensburg. J. & G. Ware, Port Clinton. H. K. Miller, McKeesburg. Wm. Taggart, Tamaqua. F. Drey & Co., Tuscarora. Samuel Boyer, Middle Port. Seidel & Co., Hamberg. J. Wiest, Kingstonsburg. Aaron Matthews, P. M., Lower Mahantango. Jacob Kauffman, Upper do. F. Harner, P. M., Millersburg, (Belleville P. O.). S. Sanderl, Gratonville. Principal Office, 169 Race st. Philadelphia. W. H. WRIGHT, Vice Pres'n. A. G. Health.

Salmon, Shad & Haddock. Halifax & Salmon, No. 1 Mackerel. No. 1 Salmon. Mess Shad. Cod Fish. Darlington Herring. Dried do. Bologna Sausages. Smoked Beef. Smoked Tongues. Jersey & Western Hams. Shoulders & Fitch. Cheese. Fine Apple Cheese. San Diego do. Fruit. Fresh Pickles. Just received and for sale by E. Q. & A. HENDERSON. May 29.

Riding Sulkey & Gig Whips. JUST received a fresh supply of beautiful and superior manufactured Riding Sulkey, and Gig Whips which will be sold cheap by the subscriber. Also a lot of neat walking and riding whalebone switches. B. BANNAN.

ORCHARD BREWERY. GEORGE LAUER. HAS constantly on hand an assortment of Fresh BEER, ALE, PORTER, and BROWN STOUT, which he is always ready to sell wholesale and retail at the lowest rates. May 29.

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. -Dr. JOHNSON.

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, Or on the sailor's helm, Away I thought I'd see thee on the land and sea, Go rush to danger's brink! But oh, thou canst not fly from thought! Thy curse will be to think! Remember me! -remember all - My long enduring love, That link'd thee to thy friend; The vulture and the dove! Remember, in thy utmost need, I never once did shrink, But cling to thee confidingly; Thy curse shall be to think!

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 seeker, we must disregard his very natural fear of being instructed for the sake of the imposing air that it gives to the articles. "In matters of business, if you can help it, as far as possible never commit yourself by speaking hastily." We have propounded our aphorism, and we now proceed to prove its value by the narrative of a fact, which, should it read a little like a tale, we shall not be sorry for, but merely plume ourselves upon the attractive manner in which we have related it. It is not our fault if we are naturally eloquent. But this will not make us vain, for we have much greater sins than eloquence to answer for. Men with linen aprons before them have sometimes very creditable feelings, and a coat out at the elbows may often be buttoned over a generous breast. It may be even suspected that maidens with serge gowns on their backs may have their susceptibilities, though I know these ladies have been shamefully monopolized by young lads who are votaries to the excitement of elegant fiction.

If the above propositions can be tolerated by the reader, let him read on, and know that the hero of this little moral sketch was a doct and canny Scot, making up, by their great variety, for the limited extent of his dealings. He was a chapman in a promiscuous line. In fact - why should we attempt to disguise the truth? - he kept what in London would be called a chandler's shop. He condescended, merely for the convenience of his immediate neighbours, to sell candles so low as a farthing a penny's worth of salt, for the nonce, furnish light so attenuated that you might purchase two for a farthing, and yet he had small beer in his emporium more attenuated still. He also sold drying materials, among which I might have classed his small ale, and he had coals in stock to set off against a halfpenny's worth of salt, barilla against two sheets of parliament cake for a baube, and indigo by the pound against snuff by the half ounce.

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, had just so much pride in Donald. Really, Donald was a safe chit he kept his accounts accurately, both with God and man, for he was as punctilious as a penny in payments, and as he allowed no deal at kirk as his neighbours, he took care never to run largely in debt by crime of omission, which must be some day settled before a tribunal so awful.

Having thus sufficiently described Donald's circumstances, we must now proceed to narrate the first grand step that he made towards acquiring the splendid fortune that he so well deserved and lived so long to enjoy. He was out of indigo; that is to say, all the indigo that he had had gone out from his warehouse by dribbles. Thereupon he writes a letter to a house in London, a drysalter's in the most extensive line of business, ordering forty-one tons weight of indigo, stating at the same time, that if there was not a vessel, they must get one. - Such were the exact words he used.

Now, at the time this occurred, communication between Aberdeen and London was rare and at farthest, four times in the year was the utmost extent that Donald McGrie and his wholesale dealers addressed each other. There latter were very much surprised at the extent of the order, and the reader will not wonder at it when he is informed that they never could suppose for a moment that a vessel could be ordered on purpose to carry forty-one tons of indigo; so, after much scrutiny of the very hieroglyphical marks of McGrie, all the heads of the firm took it firmly into their said heads that their correspondent had fairly written for forty one tons.

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, added to which they had heard that he was wealthy. Upon all these grounds, they without hesitation, executed the order; but as they had not any thing like the quantity on hand, they were forced themselves to become purchasers, in order to fulfil the commission. Having collected the quantity that they supposed that Donald had specified; they shipped it for Aberdeen, sending with it an invoice, and also a bill of lading by post.

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, for, said he, "what on earth can the people of London mean by sending me forty-one tons of indigo?" It was more than sufficient, with the then consumption, to supply Aberdeen for a gude Scotch generation - twenty-one years. However, his prudence still prevailed over every other operation of his mind.

Like a canny Scot, he kept his perplexity to himself, for nothing was further from his thoughts than to run hither and thither with his mouth open, and the letter in his hand, in order to tell his tale of wonder, and excite the stupid exclamations of his neighbours. Notwithstanding this stoical conduct, he could not so far command his deportment, but that those about him remarked a definite, though mysterious change in his whole man. He was nearly silent, but the activity of his feet made up for the idleness of his tongue. He was fidgety, repeatedly leaving his shop, without any conceivable reason, and then returning to it hastily on the same rational grounds. For once in his life, his neighbours thought that wild Donald did not know very well what he was about.

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, she had an extraordinary quick passage. No sooner was she moored, than the captain hastened to find the merchant to whom this large and valuable cargo was consigned. Having gone previously to the very first merchants, he by nice gradations, at length arrived at the little shop of the actual consignee, honest Donald McGrie. Indeed, the skipper was so much astonished at the minuteness of the warehouse as McGrie had been at the magnitude of his cargo, for that warehouse, had it contained nothing else, would not have held the one-fifth part of the consignment.

After the few first introductory sentences, that made each aware of what was their mutual business, the captain became convinced that all was right by the quiet conduct of Donald, who betrayed neither emotion nor surprise, though at the same time his very heart was melting within him, as melts an exposed ruyahlight on a sunny summer's day.

"And see, sir," he said, "you're a brouther the tottle of the forty-one tons. A hugeous quantity, eh, sir? And did ye ever ken any one, man, has see mickle before?" "Never, Mr. McGrie, never. Why, do you know that the difficulty of getting all the indigo together had an effect on the market. It was all three farthings the pound dearer on 'Change the very day I left London."

"O, ay - purely. It was - was it? Now I'll just put it one case - not that it is o' the slightest consequence, but merely to satisfy my conjecture - supposing, mon, ye had all this indigo, what would ye just do wi' it?" "Why," said the skipper, "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."

"Ah, weel, my man, but you're an unco canny chiel. Do ye na ken whether his precious majesty, may God bless him, aint gane to make the volentary laddies wear blue regiments - blue is a pure aient colour."

"Why, I don't know, but some report of that sort may be stirring; for what with your large demand and other matters, indigo is certainly getting up. But my time is precious. Here's your bill of lading so just sign my papers - ah, all right - when and where shall I discharge my cargo?" "Don't fash yourself, there's nae hurry. I'll just speak to two or three of my wharrieffs' correspondents, and let you know on the morrow, or aillins the next day after. I may have to send to Edinburgh amand the matter."

"Ah, yes, I understand, a joint consignment. It won't prove a bad speculation, I'm thinking. Morning, morning, Mr. McGrie."

So away trudged the skipper, leaving the owner of much indigo in a state of doleful perplexity, such as ought not to befall any honest man. All that night he kept exclaiming, "Gude Lord, what shall I do with all this indigo! Na, na, Donald will not commit himself. But it's a mickle heap."

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 this point. He began himself to look darkly blue. He had almost resolved upon a journey to London, awful as it appeared to him, to have this mistake explained, but he still resolved to wait a little, and to do nothing in a hurry.

The next thing that happened to Donald, with his forty-one tons of dye, was his sad reflections when an old woman came and bought of him one farthing's worth of stone blue.

"Had ye na better take indigo, my gude friend!" says Donald to the old washerwoman quite pawkily. "And what think ye, gude mon McGrie, I'll be doing with indigo in the suds! Oot awa, mon, but yer gaffing a pair old body!" So off the old lady trudged with a damaged temper.

"Had I but sold a farthing's worth of this domed indigo, 'twould have been a beginning. Had the auld washer bodies ha'e taken to it! and every little helps."

About t'is time, as the skipper who had just brought the indigo was just passing the principal inn of Aberdeen, he observed a postchaise and four, with the horses all harn, stop with a most imposing jerk at the door, and the managing and confidential clerk of the firm of Hobbins, Hobbins, and Robbins, the eminent drysalter's. The clerk almost flew into the arms of the skipper, and with breathless eagerness asked him if he had delivered the indigo to Donald McGrie!

"No, it is still in the vessel, but he has the manifest and the bill of sale."

"As securely as the hair upon your own head is your own property. He seems cautious, even for a Scotchman."

"Is he in a large line of business?" "I can't really say that. We should call his place of trade nothing better than a chandler's shop in London. But they manage things in other guises way here."

"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. - There is also a large demand for it from government, and it is now actually worth its weight in gold."

"You don't say so. Why, he was saying some 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. Besides, he talked largely about his correspondents."

"I will go with you, if you choose. I should like to see how the douse Scot manages it." "No, good captain. Just show me the door. If I prosper, you will just have to take the stuff back to London."

"So I thought. But mind your bearings and distance with McGrie. He is an overcautious tradesman."

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, but not a particle of indigo, and no more stone or powdered blue. He was never known to give such short weight. He had wrangled awfully with his few customers, and was, altogether, in a very misty humour.

"I would just give two puns Scotch to get out of this scrape, and some odd siller over, and as he thus exclaimed aloud, he struck the pound of butter that he was making up with his wooden paddles a blow so spiteful, that it resounded like the report of a pistol."

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, and immediately settled in his mind his plan of action. He was something of the petit maître, so he placed his white cambric handkerchief before his nose and mouth, and then, jerking it away, exclaimed, "Faugh!" taking from his waistcoat pocket a smelling-bottle, which, like Shakespeare's poppy, "Ever and anon he gave to his nose, And took't away again."

"And took't away again!" "Being angry when it next came there. Took it in snuff!" "What would you please to buy, honest man!" said Donald, pettishly.

"Buy, my good fellow, buy! Does any one ever buy any thing here? You will pardon me, but the stretch is intolerable."

"Ye fause young callant! Here be nathing but wholesome smells, such as sic pair thread-paper bodies as your ainsel might grow sleek upon. An ye no like the odour, healthful as it be, twist round your ugly snout, and there lies the doorway. So tramp, ye m'errid-well."

"Pardon me. I am sure, sir, that I did not come to quarrel with you, but merely to rectify a mistake. I believe I am speaking to Mr. McGrie - Mr. Donald McGrie?" "Ye don't see nae?" said Donald very moodily.

"I wish to release you from a great deal of uneasiness, in making right this little mistake of yours." "And pray what may ye come from?" "London, Mr. McGrie, the centre of the arts, the seat of sovereignty, the emporium of the world - but that is nothing here nor there - I come from London, Mr. McGrie."

"And how might ye a' made this long journey? Aillins by the slow waggon?" "It is by that, and so, my good sir, said the clerk, flourishing his handkerchief over 't'is eye. - Chaise and four - spanked along - astonished the natives - never lost a moment, I assure you."

"I am sure that I am over obliged to the gude gentlemen. But pray, sir, may ye be ye ainsel!" "A modest young man, nae doubt, but humble - yer preferment's all to come. One would just like to know whom one is treating wi' - some joint clerk, or perhaps, one of the warehousemen - I surely ye no be one of the porters!"

"Ye are come to Aberdeen about the indigo, doubtless?" said Donald, after a pause and very deliberately. "Yes, my principals feel sure that you have made a trifling mistake in the amount of your order; so, to relieve your anxiety, they have sent me down to you, to say that they are willing to take the indigo back, and release you from your bargain, provided that you will pay the expense of the freight - and a very generous offer it is, I can tell you."

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"Short distance and no quarter!" shouted one of the combatants from the corner of the field. "Across a handkerchief, if you like!" roared the other.

"Gentlemen every inch of them!" responded my father. "Twelve paces," cried the little man. "No more and no less. Don't forget that I am alone in this business!"

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

By this time the combatants had taken their places, and the little man, having delivered the pistol, was leisurely retiring to give the word. My father, however, whose critical eye was never at fault, detects a circumstance which promised an immense advantage to one at the expense of the other; in fact, one of the parties was so placed with his back to the sun, that his shadow extended in a straight line to the very foot of his antagonist.

"Unfair, unfair!" cried my father, "opening the wind-dow as he spoke, and addressing himself to him of the rabbit-skin. 'I crave your pardon for the interruption,' said he; 'but I feel bound to observe that that gentleman's shadow is likely to make a shadow of him.'"

"And so it is," observed the short man; "a thousand thanks for your kindness; but the truth is, I am totally unaccustomed to this kind of thing, and the affair will not admit of delay."

"Not an hour?" said one. "Not five minutes?" growled the other of the combatants. "Put them up north and south!" said my father. "Is it thus?"

"Exactly so; but now again the gentleman in the brown coat is covered with the ash tree." "And so he is," said rabbit-skin, wiping his forehead with agitation. "Move them a little to the left," said he. "That brings me upon an eminence," said the gentleman in blue; "I'll be d-d if I be made a cock-shoot!"

"What an awkward little thing it is in the hairy waistcoat," said my father, "he's lucky if he don't go shot himself."

"May I never!" "I am not sick of you both!" exclaimed rabbit-skin in a passion. "I've moved you round every point of the compass. The devil a nearer we are then ever."

"Give us the word," said one. "Downright murder," said my father. "Not 'dare,' said the little man; 'we shall be here till doomsday.'"

"I can't permit this," said my father. "Allow me -" so saying, he stepped upon the window sill, and leaped down into the field. "Before I can accept of your politeness," said he of the rabbit-skin, "may I beg to know your name and position in society?"

"Nothing more reasonable," said my father. "I'm Miles O'Shaughnessy, Colonel of the Royal Baspers - here's my card."

The piece of post-board was complacently handed from one to the other of the party, who saluted my father with a smile of most courteous benignity. "Colonel O'Shaughnessy," said one. "Miles O'Shaughnessy," said another. "Of Killynashaw Castle," said the third.

"At your service," said my father, bowing as he presented his snuff; and now to business, if you please, for my time is also limited."

"Very true," observed he of the rabbit-skin, "and as you choose, now to business; in virtue of which, Colonel Miles O'Shaughnessy, I hereby arrest you in the king's name. Here is the writ; it is at the suit of Barnaby Kelly, of Lougreaux, for the sum of £1482 18s. 7d., which -"

Before he could conclude the sentence, my father discharged an obligation by implanting his closed knuckles in his face. The blow, well-aimed and well-intentioned, sent the little fellow summing like a sugar hogshead. But, alas! it was of no use; the others, strong and able-bodied, fell upon him, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in getting him down. To tie his hands, and convey him to the chaise, was the work of a few moments; and, as my father drove by the inn, the last object which caught his view was a bloody encounter between his own people and the myrmidons of the law, who in great numbers had laid siege to the house during his capture. Thus was my father taken; and thus, in reward for yielding to a virtuous weakness in his character, was he assigned to the ignominious duration of a prison. Was I not right, then, in saying that such is the melancholy position of our country, the most beautiful traits in our character are converted into the elements of our ruin!

Well, we were in a dreadful condition about that coo-sie - sometimes, we'd call her "cousin"; it was delightful to claim relationship with such a perfect creature - and then we couldn't call her coo-sie, for we laid a sort of trap, that if she asked as we hoped she would, why we used not that coo-sie title; we had a very pretty speech made up to intimate that we desired, when manhood came, to call her by a dearer name. But the provoking little mink never seemed to notice, whether we roused her or not. She was older than we - and her name was Eliza."

One day walking in the garden with the fair one, we determined to divulge the yet unspoken tale of affection which surcharged the heart. We were in a beautiful walk, fringed with gossamer bushes, when, after the most approved fashion of romance, sinking gracefully upon one knee in burning words, we poured forth the story of our eternal love. Eliza's calm eye listened - we thought we perceived a kind tear dimming her radiant eye - we arose, and stretching out our arms, of course, that she would sink upon and murmur the gentle confession of reciprocated attachment. Reader, she did no such thing. She secretly turned and pulled a handful of green gossamer, and gravely asked, "Cousin John, what are these?" "Gossamer, my darling Eliza!" answered coo-sie John. "Eat them," she replied, "gossamer must be good for your complaint!" Reader, "Cousin John" made tracks.

GIVE HIM A CHANCE - The following anecdote is from the Natchez Courier: - Old T. was well known several years since on the Yazoo river not less for his peculiar stouter, than a dexterous player at old sledge. He once managed to get a game with a gentleman who on sitting down pulled out two hundred dollars. It was not long before T. was the owner of half of it, when his adversary proposed to quit. "Oh no," said T. "g'g give me a ch-ch-chance!" "Chance the d'uce!" said the gentleman; "have you not won a hundred dollars from me?" "Y-y-yes," said T. "but I want a chance for 'a' 'other hundred!" "I cannot tell thee 'tuel I feel," as the shoemaker said when he performed his finger.