

"And this may help to thicken other proofs. That do demonstrate things."—Skeptic.

MINERS' JOURNAL AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Weekly by Benjamin Bannan, Pottsville, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania

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THOMAS & JAMES BEATTY, Agents for the sale of small quantities of the named articles, suggest the following as strong prescriptive proof.

WRIGHT'S Indian Vegetable Pills. Of the North American College of Health, as reported by the following circumstances, are fast curing the use of all other pills.

For the character of these pills, we refer with confidence, but without asked consent, to the following named gentlemen, who have sold them long enough to know their true value in comparison with any other medicine.

Mr. G. H. Miller, late of Drickensville, had requested me to appoint him an agent for Womelodorf, because he well knew the value of the article.

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FOR THE MINERS' JOURNAL. To R—, upon receiving a bouquet. Lady, in thy bright face, Beauty hath found a place.

THE TABLES TURNED, ON THE BETTER SIDE. Every one bets in India: betting is the life and soul of society.

WOMEN: TRADE OF NEWPORT AND CARLISLE. We have received from a friend in England, a detailed statement of the Iron and Coal Trade from 1829 to 1839, inclusive.

On the Monmouthshire Canal. 1839 - 119,082; 1840 - 115,755; 1841 - 119,692; 1842 - 124,703; 1843 - 125,432; 1844 - 130,422; 1845 - 165,682; 1846 - 151,957; 1847 - 143,213; 1848 - 167,472; 1849 - 130,957.

On the Glamorganshire Canal. 1839 - 83,729; 1840 - 106,170; 1841 - 117,134; 1842 - 165,251; 1843 - 184,261; 1844 - 184,953; 1845 - 176,374; 1846 - 192,241; 1847 - 225,671; 1848 - 169,081; 1849 - 211,214; 1850 - 249,484.

Why is a short negro like a white man? Because he is not a tall black!

He backed it not to rain, and it poured in torrents all the time we were burying him. "Poor fellow!—he is a great loss!"

At length by the most skillful manoeuvring, and with infinite tact, Macaulay brought the beauty of the tables on the tapis; every one admired them and felt grateful to them for having so lately supported the rich dinner of their host.

They are rather too high, chimed in Charles Macaulay, with affected indifference; just a little too high—don't you think so, Gordon?

"You are mistaken, my dear fellow. I have an excellent eye, and I am sure I am right; no table should exceed two feet six, and these are at least one inch higher."

"Don't bet, James, don't bet, for I am sure of the fact. I tell you I cannot be deceived—my eye is always correct."

"Not bet! If it were not that the tables were my own, and consequently, I should bet on a certainty, I'd lay you a bet of rupees that are not more than thirty inches in height."

"You may save yourselves the trouble of measuring—ha! ha! and he chuckled with delight. I warned you fairly to bet on a certainty, so you can't be off, James."

"I stand by my bet," said Gordon. "Well, then, pay me my money. I measured the tables this morning while you were shaving, and here is a memorandum of their height, thirty-one inches exactly!"

"I know you did," and James, I say you do so in my looking glass. "The Colonel started. "So soon as you had gone away, knowing well your intentions, I had an inch sawed off every leg; so for once, my knowing friend, the tables are turned!"

Charles Macaulay left Calcutta next day £10,000 poorer than the day he arrived; and what is still worse, the young ensigns quiz him about the story to this very day.

Two firms have been issued, in which the Turkish ladies are earnestly besought to abstain from all indecencies as the exposure of their noses and lips to the wanton gaze of passengers.

The British Church Intelligencer has the following paragraph concerning Bishop Doane of New Jersey: "A novel circumstance—The Right Rev. G. W. Doane, D. D., Bishop of New Jersey, in the United States of America, is now in this country, and officiated at All Souls Church, St. Mary-le-bone, on Sunday morning last."

Why is a short negro like a white man? Because he is not a tall black!

FOREIGN ITEMS. We copy the following from files of English papers received by the Steamship Acadia at Boston. The press teems with the improbable, the wonderful and the mysterious.

A MURDER AT A BRIDAL. "Last week, as a new married couple at Payrac, in the Dordogne, were returning home with the procession usual on such occasions in the country, they were met by a young man, who fired a double-barrelled gun, and shot dead the father of the bride."

LOVE, ROMANCE AND SUICIDE. "On Friday evening," says the Journal de la Belgique, "a young man of 20 and a female of 17, after passing some time in a public house at Forest, near Brussels, where they are supposed to have mixed poison in two glasses of water which they drank, proceeded to the river Senne and threw themselves in."

AN AVARICIOUS MOTHER. "An elderly woman at Bestune, in the Cote-d'Or, although possessing property known to produce her an income of forty thousand francs, lived in a wretched garret, lying on a bedstead, with no covering, even in the coldest nights, than an old worn blanket."

"Among the prisoners who have been brought to Algiers in the train of the army, there are some of a very remarkable appearance; one of these is pre-eminently beautiful: a negress accompanies her, who appears to be her domestic."

"The Turkish ladies are earnestly besought to abstain from all indecencies as the exposure of their noses and lips to the wanton gaze of passengers. They are required to leave only a sufficient aperture for their eyes, and to see that they do not defile themselves by coming in contact with any male infidel."

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STILLING UNDER PALMS.—A young girl in sailor's clothes!—We find the following romantic (?) story in the Philadelphia Ledger of the 5th inst.:

The ship Algonquin, Capt. A. Turley, arrived at this port yesterday morning from Liverpool, and learning that he had shipped, on his departure from Liverpool, a female disguised in the habiliments of a sailor, we called upon the Captain and ascertained the following facts: Immediately preceding the sailing of the Algonquin, a stout healthy boy, to all appearance, presented himself to Capt. T. and shipped as such for the passage to America. There was nothing in the manner or appearance of the youth that indicated the sex to be different from what it appeared—the manner being open and frank and the dress as sailor-like as could be desired by the nicest observer of sea gear.

She came on board under these false colors and was known by the euphonious cognomen of "Billy Stewart"—mixed with the rest of the crew, did the duty that was assigned her, and was cheerful and happy until some lynx-eyed old soldier gave vent to his suspicions that things were not as they seemed to be. From this moment she became dejected and unhappy, and soon after, on the fifth day out, went to the captain and communicated the fact of her true sex, when Capt. T. humanely and justly ordered her a dress characteristic of her sex, and gave her quarters among the steerage passengers, in which situation she performed the rest of the passage. Her real name is Isabella Stewart, and we are informed by the Captain that she is, or rather was, for he has now taken her to his own house, a desultory girl, though, to all appearance, virtuous. She is quite intelligent and good looking, and had taken this method to get a passage to America, where, she had been informed, she would be sure to find friends and relief.

The announcements of the fact attracted and kept up quite a crowd around the Algonquin for some hours. Nothing is known of her parents except what she herself states, which is, that they were unable to do any thing for her."

We find the following additional particulars in the Inquirer. "She resided about ten miles from Glasgow, Scotland, and according to her own account, was treated so harshly by a step-father, that she determined at any and every risk to leave the country. She started from home with but little money and few clothes. The latter she sold and obtained a boy's suit. She was in Liverpool several days looking out for a vessel, and during the whole time readily succeeded in deceiving those with whom she came in contact, as to her true character. She got on board the Algonquin without the knowledge of her officers, and did not make her appearance until the vessel was fully under way. She then presented herself, and said she had been a drummer in a Scottish regiment, and was treated with such severity that she determined to make her escape. For the first few days she mingled freely with the sailors—and once or twice slept in a berth with one—and without the slightest suspicion on his part, as to the sex of his companion. Indeed, she is described as decorous in her manner, modest in her deportment, and exceedingly anxious to avoid any thing improper, either in language or in action. At home, she was employed at a shilling per week. Several persons who have conversed with her, state that the impression made by her answers and deportment was quite favorable. She is not handsome, but has a healthy appearance, with a frank, good humored face. No love story is connected with her adventure. She has already obtained employment in a respectable family in this city, and appears delighted with her situation. On shipboard she went ashore several times, and was nimble, active and fearless. She had no clothes whatever but the dress she wore. Captain Turley's conduct to her, while on board, was humane and praiseworthy throughout."

"I do believe," said he, "that the spoon out of his glass and tossing it on the table, that of all the obstinate, positive, wrong-headed creatures that ever was born, you are the most so, Charlotte."

"Certainly, certainly, have it your own way, pray. You see how much I contradict you," rejoined the lady.

"Of course, you didn't contradict me at dinner time, oh, no, you not!" says the gentleman.

"Yes, I did," says the lady.

"Oh, you did!" cries the gentleman; "you admit that?"

"If you call that contradiction, I do," the lady answers; "and I say again, Edward, that when you are wrong I will contradict you; I am not your slave."

"Not my slave!" repeats the gentleman, bitterly; "and you still mean that in Blackburn's new house there are not more than fourteen doors, including the door of the wine cellar?"

"I mean to say," retorts the lady, beating time with her hair-brush on the palm of her hand, "that in that house there are fourteen doors, and no more."

"By and by the gentleman comes to a little, and passing his hand across his forehead, finally recollects himself in his former chair. There is a long silence, and this time the lady begins.

"I appealed to Mr. Jenkins, who sat next to me on the sofa, in the drawing room, during tea."

"Morgan, you mean," interrupted the gentleman. "I do not mean any thing of the kind," answered the lady.

"Now, by all that is aggravating and impossible to bear!" cries the gentleman, clenching his hands and looking upwards in agony—"she is going to insist upon it that Morgan is Jenkins!"

"Do you take me to be a perfect fool!" exclaims the lady; "do you suppose I don't know one from the other?" "Do you suppose that I don't know the man with the blue coat was Mr. Jenkins?"

"Jenkins in a blue coat!" cries the gentleman with a groan; "Jenkins in a blue coat! a man who would suffer death rather than wear any thing but brown!"

"Do you dare to charge me with telling an untruth!" demands the lady, bursting into tears.

"I charge you, ma'am," retorts the gentleman starting up, "with being a contradiction, a monster of aggravation, a—a—Jenkins in a blue coat! What have I done that I should be doomed to bear such perpetual torments?"—Sketches of Young Couples.

Here is a waggish article from the Sunday Mercury: "Well, I've cut off my dog's tail. What did the dog do? Oh! he was off. What did the tail do? That was off too. You're a bit of a wag. So was the stump."

NOTICE. The President, Directors and Company of the Bank of the United States, hereby give notice, agreeably to the Constitution and Laws of the State of Pennsylvania, that an application will be made by the said President, Directors and Company to the next Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania for certain amendments and alterations in their charter, by changing the name and style of the corporation and by reducing the amount of its capital, and for other alterations and amendments as may be deemed advisable, all of which will be set forth in their memorial.

By order of the Board of Directors. WM. DRAYTON, President of B. U. S. Bank of the United States, June 23, 1841.

Now our good nature is too well known to be questioned—we are never censorious, but may not, and will not, ill natured people surmise that Gov. Porter's visit, Mr. Brooke's appointment, and the Monster's application for re-charter, have some connecting link between them, and that Gov. Porter has had another bait thrown to him to induce desertion from his party and his pretended anti-bank principles? We suspect they will.

Our deliberate opinion is that whatever may be the policy of the Bank, that of Gov. Porter and his nephew is purely selfish—that having foreseen that the October elections must terminate disastrously, the father thought it best to leave the sinking ship and take care of themselves! For who can for a moment believe, that were there any chance of retaining so good an office, as that of Deputy Attorney General for Philadelphia, Mr. Brooke would relinquish it for even \$2000 per annum as Solicitor to a broken Bank, against re-charter, re-modification or assistance to which, his party friends voted to a man last winter!

We look upon his steps as a proof of despair in the energy, and congratulate the friends of John Banks on its manifestation. But if we misinterpret the motives of this strange act, it is time to sound an alarm, and warn the people and the next Legislature against the approaching renovation of an Institution whose first acts are thus suspicious and corrupt.—Har. Telegraph.

THE MEETING.—We have stated already that six females rescued from the "William Brown," had arrived at Germantown, their place of destination in the neighborhood. We are told that one of the company was not of the family that had come to make their home in Germantown. She was a young woman whose mother fourteen years before had come from Scotland to this country, and the daughter thought she had only come to America to find her parent. Their common sufferings had attached her to the other five females, and they took up their abode in Germantown, the young woman affectionately very soon that she was not likely to find her mother quite as readily as she had supposed. She accordingly looked about for work to earn a living. Shortly after her arrival, she was visited, among many others by an elderly lady from Monaca, who came to inquire after the rescued author's generally and to hear more particulars of those who were left with the ship and from the boat. Having heard of the repeated story, the old lady ventured to make one particular inquiry: "Was Mary—on board the William Brown?" "Yes, she was."

The next question dropt tremulously from her lips: "Was she saved?" "Yes, I am she."

"My child!" exclaimed the mother. "And so the old lady supplied her daughter with a home, which she was about to earn among strangers.—U. S. Gaz.

SHINGLING A HOUSE.—The now "reformed farmer," had fallen asleep, it being nearly midnight, when he heard the landlord's wife say: "I wish that man would go home, if he's got one to go to."

"Hush! hush!" says the landlord, "he'll call for something else directly."

"I wish he would make haste about it, then, for it is time for every honest man to be a bed," said the wife.

He's taking the shingles off his house and putting them on our's! said the landlord. At this James began to come to right senses, and commenced rubbing his eyes and stretching himself as if just awake, saying "I believe I'll go."

"Don't be in a hurry, James," said the landlord, "O yes, I must go," says James, "good night," and off he started. After the absence of some time the landlord met, and accosted him— "Hallo, Jim, why ain't you been down to see us?" "Why," says James, "I had to take the shingles off my house, and it began to leak!" so I thought it was time to stop the leak, and I have done it!" The tavern keeper was astonished, went home to tell his wife about it, and James ever since has left room alone, and attended to his own business. He is now a happy man, and his wife and children are happier than ever.—N. Y. Mechanic.

The New Orleans Picayune says if a man is thrown in the river, by order of Judge Lynch, he might be bailed out unless he should happen to kick the bucket.

Fanny Elsler did not return in the Great Western. She is to play a short engagement at the Chestnut street theatre, Philadelphia.

Within a very short time, thirteen hundred persons have taken the Temperance pledge at Hudson, N. Y.

Why should we grow rich by seeing Fanny Elsler dance! Because she extends to all a fine leg-1-see (legacy.)

Paris has 37 daily papers, with a circulation of 90,000; while London has only 9, with a sale of 45,000 per day.

Truth is milder—so is cheese, Fancy's lighter—so is fish!