

# AMMERS' JOURNAL

## AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

"I 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 subvert all Nature to our use and pleasure."—DR. JOHNSON.

Weekly by Benjamin Bannan, Pottsville, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania

VOL. XVII.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 29, 1841.

NO. 35

### Terms of Publication.

Two Dollars per annum, payable semi-annually in advance. If not paid within the year, \$3 50 will be charged.

Advertisements by the Year.

One Column, \$2000 | Two Columns, \$3000  
Three Columns, \$4000 | One Square, \$1000  
Half do. \$500 | Business cards, \$1000  
Advertisements not exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions and 50 cents for each insertion.

All notices of this kind will be inserted only on order, unless the time for which they are to be continued is specified, and will be charged accordingly. The charge to Merchants will be \$10 per annum. They will have the privilege of keeping advertisements, not exceeding one square, standing during the year, and the insertion of a smaller one in each paper. Those who occupy a larger space will be charged extra. All notices for meetings and proceedings of meetings, not considered of general interest, and many other notices which have been inserted heretofore gratuitously, with the exception of Marriages and Deaths, will be charged as advertisements. Notices of Deaths, in which invitations are extended to the friends and relatives of the deceased to attend the funeral, will be charged as advertisements. All letters addressed to the editor must be post paid, otherwise no attention will be paid to them.

Blankets, Checks, Cards, Bibles, Lamps and Handbills of every description, neatly printed at this Office at the lowest cash prices.

### HUMAN HAIR.

**CLEANLINESS OF THE HEAD AND HAIR.**  
Strange it is that persons who attend strictly to personal cleanliness, baths, &c. should neglect the hair—the hair the most essential—the most exposed—and the most beautiful when properly cared for, of all the gifts of the Creator. Perfectly free may it be kept of dandruff or scurf with a certainty that the hair cannot fall out, by the use of the Balm of Columbia. Let it grow as thick as you wish, without this article? I answer fearlessly, no, if you have once tried and experienced its purifying effects—its sweet perfume.

A hundred articles have been put forth on the credit of this—the only first—the only really valuable article. A mass of testimony from all classes, to these facts.

From the Boston Chronicle, June 10.  
We see by an advertisement in another column that Messrs. Comstock & Co., the Agents for Oldridge's Balm of Columbia, have deputed to sell that article in Pottsville and elsewhere. We know a lady of the city whose hair was so nearly gone as to expose entirely her phenological developments, which, considering that they betokened a most amiable disposition, was not in reality very unfortunate. Nevertheless she mourned the loss of locks that she had worn, and after a year's fruitless resort to misceled restoratives, purchased, some months ago, a bottle or two of Oldridge's Balm, and she has now ringlets in rich profusion, glossy, and of raven blackness. We are not puffing—none of the commodity has been sent to us, and, indeed, we do not want any, for though we were obliged to wear a wig a year ago, we have now, through its virtue, hair enough, and of a passable quality, of our own.

### DARING FRAUD.

The Balm of Columbia has been imitated by a notorious counterfeit. Let it never be purchased or used unless it has the name of COMSTOCK & CO. on a splendid wrapper. This is the only external test that will secure the public from deception.

Address COMSTOCK & CO., Wholesale Druggists, New York Maiden Lane 77. And also at WILLIAM T. EPSTEIN, and CLEMENS & PALVIN, Druggists of Pottsville, June 25 1841.

### SWAIM'S VERMIFUGE.

The most useful Family Medicine ever of J. Fred to the Public.

THIS well known Anti-Desiccated Worm Medicine has proved successful in twelve years past, and is a remedy by which all who have tried it, to be far superior to any other medicine ever employed in the diseases for which it is recommended. It perfectly cures, and no child will refuse to take it.

Worms being especially apt to infest the constitution, and to lodge in the stomach, bowels and organs of digestion, thereby relieving measles, croup, hooping cough, &c. This medicine, by its purgative and antispasmodic properties, acting on the stomach, bowels and organs of digestion, will relieve Bowel Complaints, Cholera, Dysentery, Desquama, and the whole train of diseases, such as Headache, Acidity of the Stomach, Pile, Bleeding Piles, &c. It is an antidote in the early stage of Fever and Cholera Morbus.

As a general Family Medicine, it stands unrivaled, as the applicable to most of the diseases to which children are subject. Swaim's Vermifuge will be found of some utility to persons who occasionally indulge in the conviviality of the wine, and who are desirous to anticipate the effects of acidity of the stomach, not infrequently produced by wine. In the neglect of this however, a dose in the morning or the following morning will, in most instances, restore the tone of the stomach.

Families resident in the country, and isolated in a measure from medical advice, traveling journeymen, the far west, or bound to distant ports, academies and all public institutions, and charitable associations will find it a remedy constantly at hand, of great utility.

Prepared at SWAIM'S LABORATORY Philadelphia. And for sale by Agent for Schuylkill County, October 31, 44—

### PEANUTS, VEGETABLES, &c.

POTTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL CO. PA.

This elegant and commodious establishment next will be open for the reception of travellers from this date. It has been completely refitted, and supplied with Furniture entirely new; the Bedding &c. is of the first quality, and particular attention has been devoted to every arrangement that can contribute to comfort and convenience.

The Wines and Liquors have been selected in the most careful and liberal manner, without regard to expense of labor, and will embrace the most favorite brand and stock.

The Proprietor solicits therefore, the support of his friends and the traveling community in general. Should they think proper to visit his house, he hopes by assiduous attention to their wants, to establish for it such a character, as may ensure a return of their favors.

### FREDERICK DESTIMAUVILLE.

Proprietor.

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

### Salmon, Shad & Mackerel.

Haltig & Mass, No. 1 Mackerel.

No. 1 Salmon,  
Mess Shad,  
C. Fish,  
Burlington Herring,  
Digby do  
Bologna Sausages,  
Smoked Beef,  
Smoked Tongues,  
Jersey & Western Hams,  
Shoulders & Fitch,  
Cheese,  
Pine Apple Cheese,  
Sap Sago 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.

### Lyell's Geology.

AND Bookland's Geology, & Mineralogy. Just received and for sale by B. BANNAN.

June 15

### THE BREACH OF PROMISE.

BY SAMUEL KEYSER.

"Fifty Dollars!"—said the distracted lover—  
"Fifty dollars a recompense for blighted hopes and crushed affections?—D—n me if I'll take a cent less than a hundred!"

He stood before the solemn court  
With downcast looks and woe,  
And tears streamed down his wasted cheeks,  
And the bloom of youth was gone;  
And ever and anon there came  
A long and broken sigh,  
And he seemed to ask his God why he  
Could not that moment die!

I asked a lover, standing near,  
What caused the young man's grief?  
And from what sorrow he had come  
To court to get relief?  
"You see that woman, standing there  
Talk with Lawyer Thomas?"  
"I do."—"Vell, she's deceived him, and  
He has sued for breach o' promise."

O! what a dreadful thing, thought I  
To trifle with his heart!  
Till, struggling with affections crushed,  
It breaks beneath the smart!  
How sad to see that handsome youth  
Pining beneath the stroke  
He feels because a girl won't draw  
With him in wedlock's yoke.

As thus I mused the justice asked  
What damages he laid?  
And, after cursing o' sobs and sighs,  
She stepped to the man's side,  
"I am a slighted—'injured man!"  
—"I s'pose you know what follers  
Such cases, sir?—and I demand  
O'er her a hundred dollars!"

"I've wrong'd you, sir," said the sweet girl,  
"But not a penny more!"  
And, as she spoke, with a sweet smile  
She stepped to the man's side,  
But he turned away from her with scorn,  
So stubborn was his pride!

"What! Fifty—Dollars!"—(at each word  
He spoke he changed complexion)—  
A recompense for slighted hopes—  
Lost love and crushed affections!  
But Fifty?—and he roared so loud  
The tipsy waiter thought it thundered!  
But Fifty?—D—n me if I'll take  
A cent less than a hundred!"

### THE WIDOW BEWITCHED.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"I'll take course against you;  
You came into my house without my leave;  
You practised on my coming and deceitful;  
I know you not—and I hope the law will right me."  
Old Play.

In Paris there lived a widow, who, although she was no longer young, had every inclination to be thought so, and possessed beauty enough to second her pretensions. She had a daughter about the age of fifteen, whom she thought it prudent to keep in retirement, because she feared, and not without reason, that the girls budding beauty might deprive her of some of the conquests which she meditated. As it happens in such cases, her precaution turned out to be useless. Every sun that rose diminished her charms in the same proportion as those of her daughter increased; and although Madam de Menel might have overlooked, or at least pardoned this, yet when she found (as she did afterwards) that her daughter's modesty and elegance of manners were so perfect and irresistible, that they had captivated the affections of the old lady's most affectionate lover—and this, too, in spite of the rouge and patches she had employed to retain him—her anger knew no bounds. The chevalier, knowing with whom he had to deal, conducted his proceedings with so much finesse, and so completely concealed his passion for the daughter, that her coquetish mother still continued to believe herself the sole object of his affectionate attentions. The young girl, however, knew better, and was not slow in perceiving that her mother had made an impression on the heart of her mother's admirer. She was naturally enough flattered by his attentions; and with that vanity, (if it deserves so harsh a name) which belongs to her sex, whenever she expected the chevalier, she took more pains with her toilet than before; her hair was arranged, and her dress put on with a taste that greatly increased her natural attractions. Her charms soon became talked of, and she grew the object of universal attention, to her mother's great disgust.

The chevalier whose name has been mentioned, was called Pastour, and seeing the attractions of his mistress, he naturally enough feared that some rival might present himself to obviate which, he made a declaration of his passion to the person by whom it had been inspired. (For so the young lady was called) felt so much confused and pleased with this her first conquest, that she did not observe her mother who entered the room at the time. The anger of the matron was beyond control. In the greatest rage she asked Pastour if he visited her house to insult her daughter. Pastour was a little confused, but like a man who knew the world, he sought in some way to divert the old lady's rage.

"No, madam," he replied, "my intentions are honorable, and your suspicions do me great injustice. I must, however, confess that I did wrong in applying to any one but yourself on this subject; and for this mistake I very humbly and sincerely beg your pardon."

The lady's vanity and her affection together forbade her doubting that her lover still wore her chains; she put on a most amiable smile, and forgave and forgot the cause of her suspicions.

Pastour, who was so completely engrossed by his passion that he thought of nothing else, seeing that the old lady had recovered her good temper so soon, thought he might bring her over to his side and said,

"Madam, if I were now to declare the true sentiments of my heart, might I flatter myself that you would condescend to listen to them with a favorable ear?"

"Speak," said she, with a majestic, but at the same time condescending air.

"I love, madam," continued he, "with such intensity, that it is impossible for me any longer to conceal my flame."

"Do you imagine," said she, "that I have not perceived it?"

"You astonish me, madam," answered the chevalier; "I thought that my admiration was a profound secret until to-day; because the better to conceal it, I had feigned a passion for another person."

"Say no more about it," replied Madam de Menel; "you ought to have told me of it at first when I should have approved of it, as I am happy to now."

"Madam," cried the chevalier, passionately throwing himself on his knees, "I will not rise until you have promised me the hand on which my happiness depends."

"I am extremely grieved, madam, that business of importance compels me to go into Gascony, from whence I have received letters, stating that the greater part of my property (including my patent of nobility) which had been preserved by my illustrious ancestors, with the greatest care from the time of the deluge, has been destroyed by fire. All that remains to console me under this loss and disappointment, (for, without fortune or title, how can I pretend to the honor of your hand?) is, that I have been the instrument of bringing about your daughter's marriage; and bidding you farewell forever, permit me to advise you, in case you should have any more offers of marriage, to enquire a little more cautiously after the gentleman than you did respecting your daughter."

"When you will, chevalier," said the lady, with a languishing air.

The chevalier muttering his indelicate thanks, retired one of the happiest men, and told his young mistress as he quitted her, that her mother had consented to their marriage.

Delighted to hear this, Nichon ran to her mother, and kissing her, thanked her very earnestly for the excellent choice she had made; adding, that she had always thought the chevalier the most elegant and agreeable man that she had ever become acquainted with.

"I am very happy," answered her mother, "that you have no dislike to the room, and that you approve of my choice. Mr. Pastour is a very worthy man; he will do his duty by you, and you will be perfectly happy and contented with so fine a gentleman."

Nichon, who put wholly a different construction on those words to that her mother intended, blushed, and was hastening out of the room, when her mother called her back to ask her to do this.

"The chevalier Pastour himself," answered Nichon; "he was too happy at the idea of marrying me to conceal it long."

"Marry you?" screamed the mother. "Do you believe, you simpleton, that he asked for your hand in marriage? Upon my honor that is a pretty notion for a child of your age. Go nurse, your doll, and prepare to receive as your father-in-law the husband you promised yourself."

Nichon was overwhelmed at these words and thought it best to retire. The next time Pastour called, he was astonished to find his mistress in very low spirits, and he fell in the same humor from mere sympathy. The widow, perceiving it, asked him what was the matter.

"I am alarmed, madam," answered he, "to perceive the melancholy of your daughter, and fear she does not approve of our union."

"It matters not whether she be pleased," said the mother, "am I not the mistress?"

"That is true, replied the chevalier, "but I would not think of possessing myself of her hand against her consent."

"What! her hand!" exclaimed the mother; "was it her hand that you asked me to give you?"

"Yes, madam," said the chevalier; "and I swear that I will never accept any other."

"Then you are likely to remain long unmarried," said the lady, with a contemptuous sneer. "I do not intend that my daughter shall marry for some years to come, and beg henceforth you will discontinue your visits."

A thunderbolt could not have more astonished poor Pastour, who made the best of his way home overwhelmed with grief, and took to his bed, refusing to see any one. The valet to whom the order was given, a fellow of great readiness; most amiable impudence; and very much attached to his master; in consequence of Combie's good qualities and former services, had permitted him to great familiarity. Seeing his master so much dejected, he anxiously inquired the cause. The chevalier told him all that had passed.

"Is that all?" said Combie, with the greatest calmness. "Don't disturb yourself I pray. You shall be happy in less than a month. Upon the faith of your valet, who has a reputation to lose, I shall obtain Nichon's hand, and that with her mother's consent. The old lady has never seen me, but I know her character. I will obtain admission into her house in the character of a problem;—nothing is more easy than to imitate the manners of a fine gentleman, well enough at least to impose on an old coquette; and you shall see how well I'll bring matters about."

Little persuasion was necessary to induce the chevalier to accede to this proposition. Combie dressed himself conformably to his new character, hired two footmen of his own acquaintance, dressed them in magnificent livery, and took a house in the same street with the widow, who was in the habit of passing a great part of the day at her windows, dressed like a May day queen. Combie, whose first object was to obtain a footing in her house, constantly looked at her in the most languishing and amorous manner; and he even went one day to the church she frequented, to get an opportunity of speaking to her.

At the conclusion of the service, he presented her a book, with an air of profound respect, and, thus scrupulously acquainted, he attended her home. On the road he said, with a most insinuating air, that he had long wished for an opportunity of telling her the immeasurable degree of respect he felt for her, and having professed her willing ears by such a discourse, he added emphatically,

"If the homage of a man of tolerable fortune, high rank, and most fervent desire to please you, will be acceptable, you will find these qualities in your most humble, affectionate and devoted slave."

There was no resisting the compliment. The widow was so charmed with such gracious terms, that Combie ventured to ask permission to wait on her at home. The widow acceded, under the pretext of playing at tables; and the Marquis de Mascaille (as he had created himself on this occasion) said so many agreeable things and played his part so well, that the widow was perfectly delighted.

The day after the marriage, when the widow was expecting a visit from the marquis, she received from him the following letter:

"I am extremely grieved, madam, that business of importance compels me to go into Gascony, from whence I have received letters, stating that the greater part of my property (including my patent of nobility) which had been preserved by my illustrious ancestors, with the greatest care from the time of the deluge, has been destroyed by fire. All that remains to console me under this loss and disappointment, (for, without fortune or title, how can I pretend to the honor of your hand?) is, that I have been the instrument of bringing about your daughter's marriage; and bidding you farewell forever, permit me to advise you, in case you should have any more offers of marriage, to enquire a little more cautiously after the gentleman than you did respecting your daughter."

"When you will, chevalier," said the lady, with a languishing air.

The chevalier muttering his indelicate thanks, retired one of the happiest men, and told his young mistress as he quitted her, that her mother had consented to their marriage.

Delighted to hear this, Nichon ran to her mother, and kissing her, thanked her very earnestly for the excellent choice she had made; adding, that she had always thought the chevalier the most elegant and agreeable man that she had ever become acquainted with.

"I am very happy," answered her mother, "that you have no dislike to the room, and that you approve of my choice. Mr. Pastour is a very worthy man; he will do his duty by you, and you will be perfectly happy and contented with so fine a gentleman."

Nichon, who put wholly a different construction on those words to that her mother intended, blushed, and was hastening out of the room, when her mother called her back to ask her to do this.

"The chevalier Pastour himself," answered Nichon; "he was too happy at the idea of marrying me to conceal it long."

"Marry you?" screamed the mother. "Do you believe, you simpleton, that he asked for your hand in marriage? Upon my honor that is a pretty notion for a child of your age. Go nurse, your doll, and prepare to receive as your father-in-law the husband you promised yourself."

Nichon was overwhelmed at these words and thought it best to retire. The next time Pastour called, he was astonished to find his mistress in very low spirits, and he fell in the same humor from mere sympathy. The widow, perceiving it, asked him what was the matter.

"I am alarmed, madam," answered he, "to perceive the melancholy of your daughter, and fear she does not approve of our union."

"It matters not whether she be pleased," said the mother, "am I not the mistress?"

"That is true, replied the chevalier, "but I would not think of possessing myself of her hand against her consent."

"What! her hand!" exclaimed the mother; "was it her hand that you asked me to give you?"

"Yes, madam," said the chevalier; "and I swear that I will never accept any other."

"Then you are likely to remain long unmarried," said the lady, with a contemptuous sneer. "I do not intend that my daughter shall marry for some years to come, and beg henceforth you will discontinue your visits."

A thunderbolt could not have more astonished poor Pastour, who made the best of his way home overwhelmed with grief, and took to his bed, refusing to see any one. The valet to whom the order was given, a fellow of great readiness; most amiable impudence; and very much attached to his master; in consequence of Combie's good qualities and former services, had permitted him to great familiarity. Seeing his master so much dejected, he anxiously inquired the cause. The chevalier told him all that had passed.

"Is that all?" said Combie, with the greatest calmness. "Don't disturb yourself I pray. You shall be happy in less than a month. Upon the faith of your valet, who has a reputation to lose, I shall obtain Nichon's hand, and that with her mother's consent. The old lady has never seen me, but I know her character. I will obtain admission into her house in the character of a problem;—nothing is more easy than to imitate the manners of a fine gentleman, well enough at least to impose on an old coquette; and you shall see how well I'll bring matters about."

Little persuasion was necessary to induce the chevalier to accede to this proposition. Combie dressed himself conformably to his new character, hired two footmen of his own acquaintance, dressed them in magnificent livery, and took a house in the same street with the widow, who was in the habit of passing a great part of the day at her windows, dressed like a May day queen. Combie, whose first object was to obtain a footing in her house, constantly looked at her in the most languishing and amorous manner; and he even went one day to the church she frequented, to get an opportunity of speaking to her.

At the conclusion of the service, he presented her a book, with an air of profound respect, and, thus scrupulously acquainted, he attended her home. On the road he said, with a most insinuating air, that he had long wished for an opportunity of telling her the immeasurable degree of respect he felt for her, and having professed her willing ears by such a discourse, he added emphatically,

"If the homage of a man of tolerable fortune, high rank, and most fervent desire to please you, will be acceptable, you will find these qualities in your most humble, affectionate and devoted slave."

### BUYING A RING.

A SCENE—Enter Ladies.

Lady—I wish to see some of your most fashionable finger rings?  
[The Jeweller shows a number.]  
Lady—Are these the latest style? What is the price of this? (selecting one from the variety shown her.)  
Jeweller—Three dollars and a half.  
Lady—Three dollars and a half! what a price! I know I can buy them at other stores for two dollars. What do you ask for this plain gold one?  
Jeweller—I have always sold gold rings of that kind for one dollar and a quarter, but you may have it for fifty cents.Lady—Fifty cents for this plain ring! why it is a monstrous price! I never heard of such a thing.  
Jeweller—I wish I could trade with you, Ma'am; you shall have it for thirty-seven and a half cents.  
Lady—No sir, I cannot think of it—I want to buy a ring, but cannot afford to give such an extraordinary price.  
Jeweller—Say no more, Ma'am, you shall have it for twenty-five.Lady—O, that's altogether too much! I know I can buy them a good deal cheaper elsewhere.  
Jeweller—I am desirous of securing your custom, Ma'am, and I will sell it for twelve and a half cents.Lady—Al, you are getting a little more reasonable, but twelve and a half cent is entirely too high.  
Jeweller—I am resolved to please you, Ma'am, and my lowest price is six and a quarter cents.  
Lady—[After examining it very closely.] Will you warrant it to be pure gold?  
Jeweller—Gold of an extra fineness.—It suits your finger exactly, and you shall have the little box into the bargain.Lady—[Aside to her sister.] O, I almost wish we had brought some money with us. [Aloud.] Is that your lowest price, sir?  
Jeweller—That, Ma'am is my lowest price.  
Lady—If that's the case, I am afraid we shall not be able to trade—I know I can buy them for three cents at the other shops.—Good morning, sir.—[Exit Ladies.]

Jeweller—Good morning, ladies. Well, that beats all. Three cents for a gold ring, that cost one dollar by the dozen!—And this is what is called shopping.

LIFE IN PARIS.—The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Sunday Mercury relates the following story:—"Mons. D., a dramatic artist and a great favorite at one of our theatres, had the misfortune to marry, Madame D. was a charming person, scarcely twenty years of age, who married simply because it was convenient to have a husband; and well persuaded she was, that the having one did not oblige her to suffer a young student, whom she loved madly, to die in despair. Some Mors. D. saw that there were some infractions of the contract, and in a few days he surprised his wife and the young student en flagrant delit d'adultere. Infamous wretch," said he, "could I destroy you both on the spot; I have the right and the means, and he showed two loaded pistols, but it is more noble that I wish to revenge myself. I trust, sir, that you are not coward enough to refuse to meet me!" The student accepted the challenge, and they agreed to meet the next day in the wood of Vincennes, with seconds and pistols. Nothing was said about coffee. The next morning, at the hour of appointment, Mons. D. was on the spot designated, accompanied by two of his friends, but they waited in vain. At last, just as they were on the point of going away, they saw coming towards them a commissioner, who put into the hands of Mons. D. a letter thus conceived:—

"Monsieur, I might have killed you after having taken from you your wife, this would have been too much by half; I therefore resolved to let you live. You see I am no monster. I leave you life, and in order that you may enjoy it—that it may be sweet and mild to you—I charge myself with your wife, whom you will never again hear speak!"

"Mons. D., who is an homme d'esprit, thought the adventure piquante, so he took it in good part."

THRILLING POETRY.—Of late a great deal of "proper good" poetry has been floating in the newspaper atmosphere; and some of it we have published, but not a scrap have we seen for three months better entitled to the dignity of a place in our paper than the following. We have no knowledge of the purpose for which the writer intended it, but in our very humble opinion it is a prodigiously happy satire on the manly sentimentality of some of the scribblers of these latter ages:—

I saw her but once, years ago,  
Ere my brow had grown wrinkled and bent,  
Ere I'd read about Mr. John Doe,  
And gaped over Blackstone and Kent,  
But never, though all but that one  
Of boyhood's bright visions have fled,  
Has "copy" or "proof air" or "dun,  
Driven that for an hour from my head!

Around me it hovered, by day and by night,  
It steals o'er my spirit, as light  
Is the wind in the spring of the year:  
But once! and then—seen exultant  
With a hand like the Apocryphal snow,  
Away from her father's back door  
She was driving the hog with a hoe!

AT AFFAIR OF HONOR!—A most ridiculous affair of honor (?) came off in Canada a few days since. The Montreal Herald of the 17th inst. says:—"There was an affair of honor yesterday morning in the rear of the mountain, between two French gentlemen, who came all the way from New York to attend the intelligent affair. The parties were attended by their respective friends whom they found in this city, and by a medical attendant; they fired three shots each, when the result was as follows:—Killed, none; wounded, none; missing, both."

THE JURY TRIALS.—The following is the address, card of John Tyler, Jr., which may be useful to some people:—  
"John Tyler, Junior, confidential Secretary to his Excellency, John Tyler, Senior, President of the United States of America."

A Yankee painter, in order to convey an exalted opinion of the happiness of his country, represents a number of angels armed with rifles, emigrating from Heaven to the United States.

The concise adage that "Old birds are not caught with chaff," is sentimentally paraphrased by the axiom, "Experienced warblers are rarely made prisoners by the husks of grain."

Queen Victoria's baby has been named—Important news, that.

The debt of Upper Canada is nearly \$6,000,000, while that of Lower Canada is only \$500,000.

A YANKEE INCIDENT.—Not long since, but before Judge Cowett decided that people must be tried in this country for crimes committed, there happened to be in one of the principal hotels in Montreal, a pompous discussion among a quorum of British officers, upon the subject of the imprisonment of McLeod. And after talking the subject over and over, and bringing to bear upon it all the light, evidence, and sound reasoning that the subject demanded, the gallant officers and other good and loyal subjects, concluded it expedient and right to call out a regiment of Her Britannic Majesty's soldiers, march down to New York, liberate the insulted prisoner, McLeod, and bear him in triumph to his home, as becomes the dignity of so great and powerful a nation as England.

"Gentlemen," and in a moment all eyes were turned to a remote corner of the room, where sat before numbered, a very comfortable-looking stranger, in whom, however, at a glance could be discovered the true Yankee; for indeed he stood, (as we say,) or rather leaned, six feet six and a half—a perfect giant; and that he sat, seemingly only to admire the beauty of the ascending volumes of smoke, drawn from the end of his huge cigar, the like of which, together with whips and Loos Foo matches, he had for years peddled from Quebec to New Orleans. "Gentlemen," said he, "I hope before you undertake to carry your deliberations into effect, that you will use a little consideration. What, talk about taking McLeod out of prison with a regiment of soldiers?—Why, gentlemen, you talk like children."

"Why, all the forces that you can drum up between here and so far north that the thermometer won't rise as high, can't march down to the city of Albany and back again, to way back to New York? Now I am a little, small, delicate specimen of Vermont, and would like to tell you that the Vermonters have done for your case. They have made a proposition, through their Legislature, to the General Government, that they will whip up, clean and smooth, the Canadian New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, for the sum of sixty-five dollars."

"The General Government approved the plan, but thought it a price too high. The Legislature reconsidered the vote and made a second proposition, and agreed to do the work for thirty-five dollars and fifty cents. This, the General Government accepted; and now the only remaining question is settled, is, who finds the ammunition. As soon as that is settled, we shall be over here."

"The boys are now headed this way, and it is all the Government can do to hold on to their coat in three days from the meeting of the Convention; there won't be British Government enough for a by word. But, gentlemen, if you persist in going for McLeod, arrange your affairs for a long absence; and for Heaven's sake, and more particularly for your own, don't go by way of 'Flanagan's!'"

The conclusion of the matter, however, is not then with them was, as he said, but a small, delicate specimen of what was to come, they had better abandon at once the idea of sending for McLeod, and arrange their affairs at home for such unwelcome visitors.

A HAPPY LOCAL FROM A SHIRT.—We copy the following from the New York Tribune, and trust the warning will be altogether thrown away:—  
"A general locking Englishman, of prepossessing manners and address, of short time, since became acquainted with a handsome, intelligent young widow lady in this city—the adopted daughter of one of our most respectable and wealthy citizens; and