

MINEERS' 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 subject all Nature to our course and pleasure."—P. JOHNSON.

Weekly by Benjamin Bannan, Pottsville, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania

VOL. XVII.

SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 11, 1841.

NO 50.

Terms of Publication.
Two Dollars per annum, payable semi-annually in advance. If not paid within the year, \$2.50 will be charged.
Papers delivered by the Post Rider will be charged twenty-five cents extra.
ADVERTISEMENTS BY THE YEAR.
One Column, \$20.00; Two Squares, \$100.00; Three Squares, \$150.00; One Square, 5.00; Half do. 12.00; Business Cards, 5 Lines 3.00; Advertisements not exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for one insertion. Five lines or under, 25 cents for each insertion.
All advertisements will be inserted until ordered out, 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 an advertisement, 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 will be charged as advertisements.
All letters addressed to the editor will be post paid, otherwise no attention will be paid to them.
Pamphlets, Checks, Cards, Bills of Lading and Bills of every description, neatly printed at this Office, at the lowest cash prices.

Public Sale.
PURSUANT to an order of the Orphan's Court of Schuylkill county, the subscriber, Administrator of the estate of John Dreher, Esquire, late of the borough of Orwigsburg, in the county of Schuylkill, deceased, will expose to sale by Public Vendue, on Saturday the 11th day of December next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the house of Joseph Haughwout in the Borough of Orwigsburg, and county aforesaid, Inkeeper,
The following Real Estate to wit:
1st. A Frame two story dwelling house and half lot of ground, situate in the Borough of Orwigsburg, in Schuylkill county, fronting on the Centre Turnpike, and bounded in the rear by a twenty feet wide Public alley, on the east by lot of Stephen Ringer, and on the west by lot of Edward Conner.
2d. The undivided half of 119 acres and 27 perches and allowance of land situate on the Little Schuylkill, partly in West Penn and partly in Schuylkill township, in Schuylkill county, bounded by lands of Daniel Focht, lands surveyed on warrants granted respectively to Jacob Busby, Adam Kalbach, and Daniel Focht.
3d. The undivided half of 178 acres and 36 perches and allowance of land, situate on the Swatara river, in Pinegrove township, in Schuylkill county, bounded by lands now or late Messrs & Kaply, Leonard Emmert, and by the Sharp Mountain.
4th. The undivided eighth part of 387 acres and 91 perches of land, situate in Norwegian and Barry townships, in Schuylkill county, late the estate of the said deceased. Attention will be given and the conditions of sale made known at the time and place of sale by
JOHN M. BUCKEL, Administrator.
By the Court, JACOB KREBS, Clerk.
Orwigsburg, Nov. 20, 47—4t

Agency for Periodicals.
THE subscriber is now Agent for the following popular Works, which will hereafter be received at this office, and delivered to subscribers in this Borough free of postage.
Godey's Lady's Book, and Ladies' American Magazine, edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale at Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Price \$3 per annum, in advance.
The Young People's Book, or Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, edited by John Frost, A. M. Professor of Belle Lettres in the High School of Philadelphia, and published by Morton M. Michie, Monthly, with numerous illustrations at \$2 per annum, payable in advance.
Godey's Library or Magazine of Choice and Entertaining Literature, by Morton M. Michie published monthly with illustrations, Price \$3 payable in advance.
Merry's Museum, at \$1.50 per annum in advance.
Subscriptions for either of the above Works will be received at this office.
B. BANNAN.
November 20 47—

Fall Fashions.
THE subscribers respectfully beg leave to inform their patrons and the public generally, that they have just received by late importation, the FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS, together with French, Wool and web died Cloths; French barred Cassimers of all colors; Also a fine selection of French and English Silks, plain and figured. They have added to their former supply a fine assortment of Stocks, Bosoms, Collars &c., all of which they will warrant to be of a superior quality and made up in the most approved style.
LIPPINCOTT & TAYLOR,
Merchant Tailors Corner Centre & Mahanongo Sts. Pottsville.
September 18, 1841.
If the public are invited to call and examine the goods, so that they may be able to judge for themselves.
L. & T.

Macrel, Salmon & Herring.
JUST received and for sale by
TROUTMAN & SILLYMAN.
November 27 49—

Grapes.
A FEW Kegs Malaga Grapes, in prime order, just received and for sale by
JOHN S. C. MARTIN.
November 27 48—

Almanacs for 1842.
GERMAN, English and Comic Almanacs for 1842. Just received and for sale by the Gross dozen or single by
B. BANNAN.
November 6 45—

Sarsaparilla Compound.
BROWN'S Celebrated Sarsaparilla Compound, a fresh supply just received by
E. Q. & A. HENDERSON.
September 10 37—

Cheese.
SAPSAGO, Pine Apple & Herkimer County Cheese, for sale by
E. Q. & A. HENDERSON.
August 28 35—

Slate Memorandum Books.
SUITABLE for Miners. Just received and for sale very cheap by
B. BANNAN.

Doctor Ad. Lippe.
RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Pottsville and its vicinity, that he has moved in town, and offers his professional services in all the medical branches to the public.
Practising the Homoeopathic system, and if requested, the Allopathic, he hopes from long experience to give full satisfaction to such as will call on him. He will be ready for professional services at any time at his residence.
AD. LIPPE, M. D.
Greenwood, December 4 49—

Harness Leather.
A SUPPLY of Harness Leather, suitable for Saddles, just received and for sale by
R. D. SHENNER.
December 4 49—3t

Fountain Ink Stands.
FOR Red & Black Ink. Just received and for sale by
B. BANNAN.
December 4 49—2

Visiting Cards.
ENVELOPPED and Ivory cards, for sale by
B. BANNAN.

Mathematical Cases.
A GOOD and cheap article, with Ivory Seals, just received and for sale by
B. BANNAN.

A Royal Colloquy.
"If our next should be an heir,
We'll call him Edward Albert, dear."
"Not so fast," the Queen replied;
"Those two names so much I prize,
They shall not be worn by one,
Though he be our eldest son.
I'd have you Albert, understand,
The nomenclature I have planned:
If our next should be an heir,
The name of Edward be shall bear,
In memory of my father Kent;
Our second son (his my intent)
Shall take, of course, your own dear name.
Our third I think may justly claim
That of my uncle Sussex; then
Our fourth I'll name from Leiningen,
My own half brother young and bold;
Our fifth we'll christen Leopold;
Our sixth shall Gotha—"Gracious Queen!"
"Exclaim the Prince with awe-struck mien."
"But if some girls should intervene?"
"Well," answered she, "suppose they do?
They go for nothing in my view;
But proceed—the sixth and seventh.
And eighth and ninth and tenth and 'leventh
I'll thus baptize."—"The Queen turn'd round,
The Prince was stretch'd out on the ground,
And look'd most ghastly wan."
"What is the matter, my ador'd?"
"Oh! please your Majesty, I'm floor'd;
I am no Solomon!" [Figaro in London.

The Loving Couple.
There cannot be a better illustration of the wise and ancient instance, that there may be too much of a good thing, than is presented by a loving couple. Undoubtedly it is most proper that two persons joined together in holy matrimony should be loving, and unquestionably it is pleasant to know and see that they are so; but there is a time for all things, and the couple who always happen to be in a loving state before company, are well nigh intolerable.

And in taking up this position we would have it distinctly understood that we do not seek along the sympathy of bachelors, in whose objection to loving couples, we recognize interested motives and personal considerations. We grant that to that unfortunate class of society there may be something very irritating, tantalizing, and provoking, in being compelled to witness those gentle endearments and chaste interchanges which to loving couples are quite the ordinary business of life. But while we recognize the natural character of the prejudice to which these unhappy men are subject, we can neither receive their biased evidence, nor address ourselves to their inflamed and angered minds. Dispassionate experience is our only guide; and in these moral essays we seek no less to reform lymenial offenders than to hold out a timely warning to all rising couples, and even to those who have not yet set forth upon their pilgrimage towards the matrimonial altar.

Let all couples, present or to come, therefore profit by the example of Mr. and Mrs. Leaver, themselves a loving couple in the first degree.
Mr. and Mrs. Leaver are pronounced by Mrs. Starling, a widow lady, who had lost her husband when she was young, and lost herself the same time—for by her own account she has never since grown five years older—to be a perfect model of wedded felicity.

"You would suppose," says the romantic lady, "that they were lovers only just engaged. Never was such happiness! They are so tender, so affectionate, so attached to each other, so enamored, that positively nothing can be more charming!"
"Augusta, my soul," says Mr. Leaver.
"Augusta, my life," replies Mrs. Leaver.
"Sing some little ballad, darling," quoth Mr. Leaver.
"I couldn't, indeed, dearest," returns Mrs. Leaver.
"Do, my dove," says Mr. Leaver.
"I couldn't possibly, my love," replies Mrs. Leaver, "and it's very naughty of you to ask me."
"Naughty, darling!" cries Mr. Leaver.
"Yes, very naughty and very cruel," returns Mrs. Leaver, "for you know I have a sore throat, and that to sing would give me great pain. You're a monster, I hate you. Go away!"
Mrs. Leaver has said "go away" because Mr. Leaver has tapped her under the chin. Mr. Leaver, not doing as he is bid, but on the contrary sitting down beside her, Mrs. Leaver slaps Mr. Leaver; and it being now time for all persons present to look the other way, and hear a still small sound as of kissing, at which Mrs. Starling is thoroughly enraptured, and whispering her neighbors that if all married couples were like that, what a heaven this earth would be!

The loving couple are at home when this occurs, and may be only three or four friends are present, but unaccustomed to reserve upon this interesting point, they are pretty much the same abroad. Indeed, upon some occasions, such as a picnic or water-party, their lovingness is even more developed, as we had an opportunity last summer of observing in person.
There was a great water-party made up to go to Twickenham and dine, and afterwards dined in an empty villa by the river side, hired expressly for the purpose. Mr. and Mrs. Leaver were of the company; and it was our fortune to have a seat in the same boat, which was an eight-oared galley, manned by amateurs, with a blue striped awning of the same pattern as their Guernsey shirts, and a dingy flag of the same shade as the whickers of the stroke oar. A coxswain being appointed, and all matters adjusted, the eight gentlemen threw themselves into strong proxioms and pulled up with the tide, stimulated with the compassionate remarks of the ladies, who one and all exclaimed, that it seemed an immense exertion—as indeed it did. At first we need the other boat, which came alongside in gallant style; but this being found an unpleasant maneuver, as giving rise to a great quantity of splashing, and rendering the collars and other viands very moist, it was unanimously voted down, and we were suffered to shoot ahead, while the second boat followed ingloriously in our wake.

It was at this time that we first recognized Mr. Leaver. There were two fishermen in the boat, lying by until somebody was exhausted; and one of them who had taken upon himself the direction of affairs, was heard to cry in a groff voice, "Pull away, number two—give it her, number two, sir, think you're winning a boat." The greater part of the company had no doubt begun to wonder which of the striped Guernsey it might be that stood in need of such encouragement, when a stiff shriek from Mrs. Leaver confirmed the doubtful and informed the ignorant; and Mr. Leaver, still further distinguished in a straw hat and no neck-cloth, was observed to be in a fearful perspiration, and falling visibly. Nor was the general consternation diminished at this instant by the same gentleman (in the performance of an accidental aquatic feat, termed "catching a crab,") plunging suddenly backward, and displaying nothing of himself to the company, but two violently struggling legs. Mrs. Leaver shrieked

again several times, and cried piteously.—Is he dead! Tell me the worst. Is he dead?
Now a moment's reflection might have convinced the loving wife, that unless her husband were endowed with some most surprising powers of muscular action, he never could be dead while he kicked so hard; but still Mrs. Leaver cried, "Is he dead? Is he dead?" and still every body else cried—No, no, no, "until such time as Mr. Leaver was replaced in a sitting posture, and his oar (which had been going through all kinds of wrong headed performances on its own account) was once more put in his hand, by the exertions of the two fishermen-watermen. Mrs. Leaver then exclaimed, "Augustus, my child, come to me;" and Mr. Leaver said, "Augustus, my love, compose yourself, I am not injured." But Mrs. Leaver cried again more piteously than before, "Augustus, my child, come to me;" and now the company generally, who seemed to be apprehensive that if Mr. Leaver remained where he was, he might contribute more than his proper share towards the drowning of the party, disinterestedly took part with Mrs. Leaver, and said he really ought to go, and that he was not strong enough for such violent exercise, and ought never to have undertaken it. Reluctantly Mr. Leaver went, and laid himself down at Mrs. Leaver's feet, and Mrs. Leaver, stooping over him said, "Oh, Augustus, how could you terrify me so?" and Mr. Leaver said, "Augustus, my sweet, I never meant to terrify you;" and Mrs. Leaver said "You are faint, my dear;" and Mr. Leaver said, "I am rather so, my love;" and they were very loving indeed under Mrs. Leaver's veil, until at length Mr. Leaver came forth again, and pleasantly asked if he had not heard something said about bottled stout and sandwiches.

Mrs. Starling, who was one of the party, was perfectly delighted with this scene, and frequently murmured half-aloud, "What a loving couple you are!" or, "How delightful it is to see man and wife so happy together!" To us she was quite piteous, (for we are kind of cousins) observing that hearts beating in unison like that, made life a paradise of sweets; and that when kindred creatures were drawn together by sympathies so fine and delicate, what more than mortal happiness did not our souls partake! To all this we answered, "Certainly," or, "Very true," or merely sighed, as the case might be. At every new act of the loving couple, the widow's admiration broke out fresh when Mrs. Leaver tried to keep his hat on, lest the sun would strike to his head, and give him a brain fever. Mrs. Starling actually shed tears, and said it reminded her of Adam and Eve!

The loving couple were thus loving all the way to Twickenham, but when we arrived there, (by which time the amateur crew looked very thirsty and vicious) they were more playful than ever, for Mrs. Leaver threw stones at Mr. Leaver on the grass, in a most innocent and enchanting manner. At dinner, too, Mr. Leaver would steal Mrs. Leaver's tongue, and Mrs. Leaver would retaliate upon Mr. Leaver's fowl; and when Mrs. Leaver was going to take some lobster salad, Mr. Leaver wouldn't let her have any, saying that it made her ill, and she was always sorry for it afterwards, which afforded Mrs. Leaver an opportunity of pretending to be cross, and showing many other pretences. But this was merely the smiling surface of their loves, not the mighty depths of the stream, down to which the company, to say the truth, dived rather unexpectedly, from the following accident. It chanced that Mr. Leaver took upon himself to propose the health of the bachelors who had first originated the notion of that entertainment, in doing which he affected to regret that he was no longer of their body himself, and pretended to grievously lament his fallen state. This Mrs. Leaver's feeling could not brook, even in jest, and consequently exclaimed aloud, "He loves me not!" she fell in a very pitiable state into the arms of Mrs. Starling, and directly becoming insensible, was conveyed by that lady and her husband into another room. Presently Mr. Leaver came running back to know if there was a medical gentleman in the company, and as there was (in which company is there not!) both Mr. Leaver and the medical gentleman hurried away together.

The medical gentleman was the first who returned, and among his intimate friends he was observed to laugh and wink, and look as unmedical as might be; but when Mr. Leaver came back he was very solemn, and in answer to all inquiries, shook his head, and remarked, that Augusta was far too sensitive to be trifled with—an opinion which the widow subsequently confirmed. Finding that she was in no imminent peril, however, the rest of the party betook themselves to dancing on the green, and merry and happy they were, and a vast quantity of flirtation there was; the last circumstances being no doubt attributable, partly to the fitness of the weather, and partly to the locality, which is well known to be favorable to all harmless recreations.

In the bustle of the scene, Mr. and Mrs. Leaver stole down to the boat, and disposed themselves under the awning. Mrs. Leaver reclining her head upon Mr. Leaver's shoulder, and Mr. Leaver grasping her hand with great fervor and looking in her face from time to time with a melancholy and sympathetic aspect. The widow sat apart, leaning to be occupied with a book, but stealthily observing them from behind her fan; and the fishermen-watermen, smoking their pipes on the bank hard by, nudged each other, and grinned in the enjoyment of the joke. Very few of the party missed the loving couple, and the few who did hastily congratulated each other on their disappearance.

ADAMS AND WELLINGTON. Two of the most remarkable men now living are the Duke of Wellington and John Quincy Adams. Their sphere of greatness, and their career, have been widely different, but in the union of homely, though not too common virtues, of industry, punctuality, faithfulness, and self denying effort, their practice is identical. The following paragraph, from the London Chronicle, illustrates a trait or two in Wellington's character. [Salem Gazette.]
The Duke of Wellington is always to be found in his seat from the opening of the House, and if at the commencement of each sitting there should be no other peer present to later prayers, he, at least, in his iron frame begins to totter, and his mind is no longer equal to the conduct of grave and important affairs; yet the scrupulous exactness of his habits, his sedulous attention, and his manifest anxiety, combined with his blunt straight forwardness, make him apart from his character as the Duke—not a little remarkable in the House of Lords.

RETURNED TOAST. The following remarkable statement is "the rule of three" is a toast given at a late loco loco festival at Newport, N. H.
By S. Belknap, New Hampshire.—With her principles of eternal truth and justice—What the Christian Religion is to the world, she is to the ocean.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.—The Irish Emigrant's Lament, written by Mr. Price Blackwood, is one of the most touching ballads we ever read. It has been set to music by Dempster, the vocalist, and the music is as beautiful as the words. We make room for the first three verses—there are eight in all:
I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning, long ago,
When first you were my bride
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on thy lip, Mary,
And the love-light in thy eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is as bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the red was on thy lip, Mary,
And the love-light in thy eye.
But I miss the soft gleam of your hand,
And your warm breath on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words,
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And then the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

Aphorisms.
Aphorism.—A gentle reply to scurrilous language is the most severe revenge.

FIVE FACTS.—A firm faith is the best destiny; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

FRIENDSHIP.—A true friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, defends courageously, and continues a friend unchangeably.

DANGEROUS HEIGHTS.—As the tallest trees are most in the power of the winds, so are ambitious men in the blast of fortune.

REVENGE.—By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior.

GOD SENSE.—He who wants good sense is unhappy having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself.

ENJOYMENT OF LIFE.—We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day because we may happen to be so to-morrow.

DUTY PROVED.—Thefts never enrich, always render impoverished, and prayers hinder no work.

GRATITUDE.—He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

Geographical Enigma.
I am composed of 20 letters.
My 5, 14, 16, is a cape on the coast of America.
My 5, 15, 17, 8, 2, 1, is a river in New York.
My 8, 7, 16, 7, is a town in Arabia.
My 13, 2, 14, 4, 7, 12, is a country in Asia.
My 10, 1, 7, 11, 18, is a lake in Lapland.
My 12, 14, 19, 4, 5, is a cape in Europe.
My 11, 10, 17, is a sea in the Eastern Continent.
My 13, 10, 11, 1, 6, is a town in Switzerland.
My 4, 6, 9, 16, is a town in Africa.
My 8, 15, 12, 17, 7, is an island in Polynesia.
My 14, 7, 12, is a town in Barbary.
My 17, 6, 3, 16, 7, is a town on the northern coast of Africa.
My 5, 7, 3, 7, is a lake in central Asia.
My 8, 9, 7, 12, 9, 5, 2, 16, 20, is a fall in Wisconsin.
My 5, 6, 16, 19, 20, is a cape on the coast of the United States.
My 5, 15, 17, 8, 2, 16, is a bay in North America.
My 2, 17, 18, 8, 8, 7, is a town in Europe.
My 19, 2, 8, 10, 9, 4, 7, is a town in Africa.
My 1, 7, 16, 4, 18, 8, is a town in France.
My 4, 7, 9, 4, 7, is a town in Hindoostan.
My whole is a topic which has caused a great sensation in the United States. E. B. S.
Answer next week.

A YANKEE THICK.—It takes a Yankee, says the Boston Transcript, to do a cut thing. The duties on coffee, by the new British tariff, for the provinces, are, on green coffee 20 per lb, ground coffee 40. The Yankees take it over roasted, and so do duty free—it being neither green nor ground.

A PARRICIDE.—A man named Pominville, a respectable farmer near Montreal, was recently killed by his son. After some dispute, the son, aged about 28, drew his knife and stabbed his father in five places. He died soon after. The son has been arrested.

IF HE HAD ONLY TARRIED.—The Zanesville Gazette says that if the Prince de Joinville had tarried in that city a few hours, he might have visited the site of the log cabin where his father, Louis Philippe, was accommodated 40 years ago when an exile, and have seen, also, the old lady who was his hostess!

GREAT RACE.—The friends of the race Fashion have accepted the challenge of Boston to run Fashion over the Union Course, Long Island, four mile heats, spring of 1842, for Twenty Thousand Dollars aside, one-fourth forfeit. The 10th of May next has been named for the day of the race.

"Oh, Yes!"—At a late meeting of the Lewisburg Lyceum, the following question came up for debate: "Would it be judicious for the people of Pennsylvania to pay their State Debt in fifteen years?" Oh, yes! certainly—very judicious; but "damned improbable," as the man in the play said.

WORKING OF CONSCIENCE.—The Secretary of the Treasury acknowledges the receipt of fifty dollar notes in an anonymous letter, post-marked New York, Nov. 30.

USURY.—The Indianapolis Sentinel says the grand jury of that county, at a late session, found forty indictments against bank directors for usury.

WON'T BEAT LICKED.—The Albany Argus is out in favor of Van Buren for the Presidency in 1844. The Argus evidently speaks "by authority."

VOTING.—In Inverly, Scotland, and Wales there is but one voter to every seventeen inhabitants; Ireland only one in every eighty!

DUELING.—The New Orleans papers of the 19th ult. contain an account of two fatal duels at that place. Swords were the weapons used.

GREENOUGH'S STATUS OF WASHINGTON has been placed at last upon its pedestal in the rotunda of the Capitol.
LECTURES are still all the rage in New York and Philadelphia. Can't something be done that way in Pottsville?

Clippings.
The following from the Troy Guard is decidedly good.—
"To Inevitable"—Feather beds and bedsteads, fifty sleepy feather beds, filled with down and feathers plucked from geese fed on opium. Also fifty of the Rip Van Winkle bedsteads, made from timber cut in Sleepy Hollow and to match the above beds. For sale at No. —, River street.
A farmer at the North has a fine, fat, blooded calf, that he calls "Fanny Elsler." The cow, that she sucks, ought to go by the name of "American Public."

A man should never marry a widow, however attractive, whose first husband had not been hanged; as that ignominious catastrophe furnishes the only security for her not continually reverting to him.

When we see a neat, pretty girl, with a free but innocent air—dressed lastly yet simply—with cheeks which we can hardly help kissing, and with a pair of heavenly blue eyes, which seem to repose in perfect security beneath their alkanet lashes, how can we help but loving her?

Why do fine ladies queening linen, remind us of fire? Because the bells are w-ringing.
What is that which is above all human imperfections, and yet shelters the weakest and wisest, as well as the wickedest of all mankind? A hat.

Why is a hole torn in a man's coat by a dog, like a passage stream? Because it's a current.
Why is a man seeking for lodging, like a celebrated American tragedian? Because he is Forest.

Well, well, you look rather muddy this morning, and your face is badly scratched—guess you was boozed last night, and tumbled into the ditch—did it storm? "Oh, no sir—I'm a Vig—a regular Vig, and am troubled with apathy—that's all."

"Do, sir!" (doceur) as the little French chambermaid looked at the English boarder, when he was departing.
If you banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her all the virtue that is in it.
Never was there a pact to whom the love of praise was not the first and most constant of passions.

IN A BAD WAY.—"Spoons" of the Sunday Mercury is in a sad predicament. He has fallen in love with a fat, squint eyed woman, who rejoices in the name of "Betsey," and he is grinding out poetry to her with a perfect looseness. Only hear him: "The flowers of fond friendship I've stolen, dear creature, and wove me a garland of love; And they'll bloom on forever, when every fair feature Of yours is bewitched by my dove."
Yet I'd like to know whether, All through this cold weather, We can live together, Like a couple of coons— As happy and pleasant As a partridge or pheasant— No more for the present Your affections SPOONS.

STATE OF MARRIAGES IN LONDON.
Runaway husbands, 1,132
Married persons legally divorced, 2,245
Runaway wives, 1,132
Married persons legally divorced, 4,175
Living in open warfare, 17,245
Living in private misunderstanding, 19,320
Mutually indifferent, 55,340
Regarded as happy, 3,175
Nearly happy, 127
Perfectly happy, 13
My fathers' only thirteen perfectly happy!!
Wonder what the proportion is in Pottsville!

A CONVERSATION DAY.—When Charles Fox stopped payment, his creditors had a meeting, as is usual, and desired him to name a day when he would be able to settle with them. They offered him his own election, and he chose the day of judgment.
"Thus," said the creditors, "will be too busy a day with us."
Well, then," said Fox, "let us name the day after, that'll suit all parties!"

A WHOLE FAMILY MURDERER.—A Mississippi paper gives an account of the murder of a whole family named Wilson, at a small village called Hannville.—The atrocious act was committed by a negro slave, in revenge for some small chastisement he received at the hands of one of the family, who he immediately killed with a broad axe, and followed up the act by slaying the sister, the father, the mother and an infant child.

AWFUL ACCIDENT.—Went over the Falls!—The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser states that a boat, with three men, went over the Falls of Niagara on the night of the 22d ultimo! Part of one of the mangled bodies has been found. The names of these unfortunate men were Jehiel D. Kinney and John York, and the other was a stranger from Canada.

BEAUTIES OF A MONARCH.—The total expense of Queen Victoria are \$300,000 per annum, whilst there are 400,000 of the queen's subjects on the verge of starvation, with no prospect of relief. Can such a government long stand?

JUDGE UPSHUR, the new Secretary of the Navy, appears to give general satisfaction. The way he abstracts vessels of war from our navy yards, that have been on the stocks for years, is a caution to the Navy Commissioners.

ALACK AND ALAS!—Governor McNutt says that he firmly believes four-fifths of the people of Mississippi prefer going to war to paying the bonds. What an exhibition of moral torpidity!

FRANCE.
The love of praise, however concealed by art, Reigns more or less and glows in every heart. The proud to gain it, toils on toils untold. The modest shun it but to make it sure.

SAME OPINION.—We perfectly agree with the sprightly editor of the Susquehanna Advocate in his estimate of the three papers named in his list.

THE MISSING SENATOR.—A letter has been received from Senator Fleming, of this state, announcing his expected return home by the 1st inst.

GEORGE shows some symptoms of following in the wake of the anti-bond paying state of Mississippi.

TREASURY NOTES.—The amount of Treasury Notes, outstanding on the 1st inst., was \$7,228,857.

FRONT.—The friends of a Protective Tariff are moving in all sections of the country.

SENATOR BENTON has been very seriously indisposed.

THE IMPORTS OF BALTIMORE, during the last year exceeded the exports upwards of \$1,300,000.

THE NEW YORKERS appear to be in great trouble about their banks.

OUR EXCHANGE PAPERS, north, south, east and west, are filled with accounts of heavy falls of snow.

CLOSED.—The New York Canals.

HUBBARD FOR THE VIMMEN!—We find the following in the Asiatic Journal:—"I will now, continued the vizier, relate to your Majesty a tale illustrating the craft of women. The king expressed a wish to hear it, and the vizier proceeded: In the kingdom of Balkia and city of Sepa (Saba or Sheba,) there lived a tailor, of whose wife a young officer became enamored. When the tailor was from home, the officer sent his servant with a message to the wife. The slave being a handsome youth, found favor with her, and staid so long, that the officer's patience being exhausted, he proceeded himself to the house. Aware of his approach, the woman concealed the slave in an inner apartment. While the officer inquired, the husband was heard knocking at the door. The woman, afraid to hide the officer in the other apartment, lest he should discover his slave there, devised the following escape, from her difficulty. She desires her lover to draw his sword, feign to be in a violent passion with her, and abusing her in opprobrious terms, to rush out of the house past her husband, without saying a word to him. The officer does so, and the husband entering, the wife hastens to his embrace. "Be thankful," cried she, "that you are delivered from such captivity! This morning, a lad rushed in here, trombling like a reed, and entreating me to save his life. I concealed him in that apartment. That furious man, whom you saw, burst in upon me and asked, 'Where is the boy, my slave?' I replied, that he was not here, and that I had not seen him; upon which he darted away in a passion. Enter the closet, and quiet the lad's fears. He is an orphan, and without relatives." The simple husband did so, and having soothed and consoled the lad, sent him away with good wishes.

NATURAL HISTORY.—The Opera Dancer.—A late English paper gives a very interesting account of the physiology, habits, reproduction, sustenance and geographical distribution of the opera dancer. (H. Cupericus.—Caton.) The writer is of opinion that the animal belongs to the Binama order of beings, because he is indebted to his two legs for existence. We make room for the following extract:
"Habits.—The habits of the opera dancer vary according as we see him in public or in private life. On the stage he is all splendor and activity; off the stage, he is a creature of indolence and sloth. He is usually for him to enter upon his public career with a tremendous bound and a hat and feathers. After standing upon one leg, he raises its fellow up to a line with his nose, and turns round until the applause comes, even if that be delayed for several minutes. He then comes six, and shuffles up to a female of his species, looking exactly like a sweetheart (in the ballet) who has been looking savage envy at him, and spiteful indignation at the audience, on account of the applause, which ought to have been reserved for her own capering—to come. When it does, she throws up her arms and steps upon tiptoe about three paces, looking exactly like a crane with a sore heel. Making her legs into a pair of compasses, she describes a circle in the air with one leg to turn upon a pivot formed with the other; then bending down so as to make a "cheese" on the ground, she spreads out both arms in the rows in the stalls, who understand the signal, and cry "Bry-bry-bry!" Rising, she turns her back and thus makes way for her lover, who being a professional rival, she invariably detests.

A DAY SEASON IN WASHINGTON.—The Washington correspondent of the New York American writes, "There is a prospect of a very gay season in the city this winter. An unusually large number of members have made arrangements to bring their families with them; and provision is making for numerous entertainments. Mr. Legare has taken Mr. Bell's house, (late Count Demoussin's) with his furniture, "all standing," and will keep house on a great scale, though a bachelor. Mr. Galen has taken the lease of the half of St. Clair Clark