MINERS' 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 USE AND PLEASURE --DR. JOHNSON.

WEEKLY BY BENJAMIN BANNAN, POTTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PA.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION,
On the Cash System.

The Miners' Journal will after the 1st of January next, be published on the following terms and conditions:

For one year,.....$2 00
Six months,.....1 00
Three months,.....50

Payable semi-annually in advance by those who reside in the county—and annually in advance by those who reside at a distance.

☞ *No paper will be sent unless the subscription is paid in advance.*

Five dollars in advance will pay for three years subscription.

☞ Papers delivered by the Post Rider will be charged 25 cents extra.

TO ADVERTISERS

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. Yearly advertisers will be dealt with on the following terms:

One Column.....	$20	Two squares,.....	$10
Three-fourths do....	15	One do.	6
Half column.....	12	Business cards, 5 lines,	3

All advertisements must be paid for in advance unless an account is opened with the advertiser.

The charge to Merchants will be $10 per annum, with the privilege of keeping one advertisement not exceeding one square standing during the year and inserting a smaller one in each paper. Those who occupy a larger space will be charged extra.

Notices for Tavern Licence, $2.

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.

Home at Last.

A shivering child one winter's night,
(The snow was deep and cold the blast!)
Hugging her ragged mother tight;
"Mother," exclaimed, "we're home at last!"
And as she spoke, poor little one,
A ruined hut she stood before,
Whence, ever since the morning sun,
They strayed to beg from door to door.

We're home at last! Sad home is this—
All lone without, all cold within;
The adder here might lurk and hiss,
Her poisonous web the spider spin—
But there's no fire to warm, no light;
And crevices are yawning wide,
Through which the storm this freezing night,
May lay you stiffened, side by side.

And yet this wayward child has been
By many a gorgeous house—and past
Where mirth and music cheer the scene,
Nor envies—for she's home at last!
Thus may the heart be trained below
To love the cot wherein was cast
Its fare of poverty and woe,
Like her's who cried—"we're home at last."

The Coquette and the Tamer.

Mabel Gray was most beautiful, but her beauty was of that sort which we gaze upon admiringly and distrustfully. She was tall, slender, and perfectly proportioned. Her eyes were large, black, and sparkling. Her hair, of the same color, fell in luxuriant tresses on her shoulders. Her eyebrows were strongly marked and arched. Her lips were rosy and mischievous. Her nose was Roman and imperious. Her complexion was dark but clear, and mantling with a delicate bloom. In these personal peculiarities her character corresponded. She was clever, capricious and tender. Fond of exciting admiration, she despised any feeling short of absolute love; and, seemingly desirous of dominion over all, she really wished only for the undivided homage of one. But, as she knew herself capable of a deep and lasting passion, so she demanded nothing less from the one on whom she should bestow her heart; and, in order to prove him, she resolved not to give the least token of encouragement until his entire love and constancy were beyond doubt. If he could remain true while she lavished smiles and attentions on his rivals, then she would, after a time, relent and make up by warmth and sincerity for previous coldness and deceit. Mabel Gray was a coquette, but likely to become something better.

It was not likely that such a girl would live unwooed; and when I state that she was an orphan with a large fortune at her own disposal, it may be supposed that her lovers (or suitors at all events) were rather numerous.

Amongst those who professed themselves enamored of her charms was Oliver Pearson, a young man of property, education, and prepossessing manners. His person was commanding, and his features handsome. He was gifted with a particular readiness and pliancy of intellect, which enabled him to adapt himself to any occasion, and to turn it to advantage. He could be grave or gay, sentimental or satirical, and all with apparent equal ease. Oliver Pearson was just the man to cope with a coquette, and, of all coquettes, with Mabel Gray.

She treated him with less favor than others, because she suspected that she beheld him with more. Indeed, she feared to examine herself strictly on this subject lest she should discover too plainly how feigned was her indifference. And what was her reason for playing this poor hypocritical part? She was not yet convinced that Pearson was as devoted to her as she considered her merits deserved. He had not humbled himself sufficiently low and sufficiently long. Before she could deign to evince the least sign of love, she must feel that she was loved as deeply as human creature was ever loved in the world before. She committed a great but a common error; inordinate womanly vanity, she considered, proper maidenly pride.

One morning she sat working, whilst Oliver Pearson sat by her side looking on. The work on which Mabel Gray was employed, was very characteristic of her. She was working a silken chain for a lover whom she despised in order to vex a lover whom she admired. Never did she touch that chain unless Oliver Pearson was present. His well known knock was the signal for her taking it up, and his departure for her putting it down. Its ostensible purpose, as a present, was quite secondary to its real purpose, as an engine of coquetry. Probably she had no intention of ever finishing it; but, if satisfied that Pearson believed she had, would have been contented with the double triumph of piquing one lover and not committing herself with another. Pearson, however, was provokingly cool. He seldom alluded to it, and when he did, it was usually with a smile, as if he were rather amused than otherwise. Could he have the impudence to think that she preferred him to his rivals? or to suppose the chain was not intended for the person she said it was? He might find himself mistaken after all!

On the present occasion he had sat for full half an hour talking about love in the old style, and being answered in the old style, and had not once mentioned the chain, though she had shown wonderful industry, and had worn all the air of being absorbed in an interesting task. At last taking hold of it carelessly, he said:

"So the chain comes on slowly, I find. My friend Mordaunt must not be impatient."

"Your friend Mordaunt may be impatient if he please, sir," said Mabel. "Patient or impatient, he must wait until I choose to give it."

"Which will not be long," said Oliver, smiling, "when we consider how great a favorite he is of Miss Gray. But I confess that this matter puzzles me: for, if he be worthy of making a chain for her, he is worthy of making a chain for a little quicker. It does not seem altogether a labor of love. I declare," said he, taking hold of the chain again and looking mischievously at Mabel, "I declare it seems exactly as if you only worked on this when I am here."

"Indeed, sir!" said Mabel, coloring; "I should rather say that you always happen to be here when I am working on it. What has your presence or absence to do with my working?"

"Oh, nothing, of course!" said Pearson; "yet it struck me as odd that I always find the happy Mordaunt's chain of the precise length that I left it; doubtless a mere coincidence! But, my dear Miss Gray," continued he, "this jesting conversation must serve as a preliminary to a more serious communication which I have to make. Are you willing to listen?"

"Certainly! Let us have your 'serious communication,' by all means," said Mabel, astonished at this abrupt turn.

Pearson drew his chair nearer. "Miss Gray," said he, "could poor Mordaunt know how many rivals he contends with, and how many smiles and favors are lavished on others, would he esteem his chain as a love token, though presented by the fair hands of Mabel Gray herself?"

"Mr. Mordaunt," said Mabel, slightly coloring, "is the best judge of his own thoughts, and will estimate any gift of mine at its proper value; you, sir, at least, have no right to assume the character of Mentor; and, if I have ever given you encouragement, you must forget the silly whim of the moment."

"It is on this very subject that I would speak to you," said Pearson. "My sentiment towards you have been declared too long and remain too unchanged to be doubted for one moment. I was dull enough once to imagine that you loved me, and Heaven knows with what rapture I believed so; but soon others were smiled upon. Mabel Gray became the idol of a few triflers, and I gradually found myself treated merely as one of the throng. This I cannot—nay, will not—bear. I have now come to a resolution on the subject, and firmly intend to act upon it."

"A very dreadful one!" said Mabel, smiling.

"Oh! do let me hear it. Something that will astonish me, now, and break the monotonous love making of my other admirers."

"A simple one," said Pearson, "but one that will set your coldness at defiance. Mabel, I have brought myself, by a long course of mental discipline, to the power of dreaming as I please. I intend to dream every night that you are the most truthful—most affectionate—most constant of your sex; that you adore me more than any lady ever adored knight in the old romances; that our days glide on in one delicious stream of uninterrupted bliss; and that our mutual conduct is a pattern worthy of imitation by every couple in the kingdom."

"So," said Mabel, affecting to laugh, "this is your pretty scheme, is it, sir? Given forth with so much parade, too, and with so grave a face! You shall see what the reality will be! I will treat you with greater coolness than ever!"

"Do, my dear Miss Gray," said Pearson, throwing himself carelessly back in his chair; "pray do; the contrast will be better; and in the mean time I will console myself with your imaginary kindness."

"This is really quite amusing!" said Mabel. "Perhaps you will go so far as to tell me your dreams, sir, in order that I may see how very, very kind I have been."

"The very thing I was about to propose," said Pearson. "I will give you an account of them every morning, and you shall listen. But mind, no interruption when you think you have been too kind to me! Is it a compact?"

"It is," said Mabel. "There is my hand; and if you will be content with such a phantom mistress, I almost think I will give you leave to dream of me every night for a twelve month."

Whether Mabel Gray was as much amused as she affected to be I cannot pretend to say, but certain it is that she was much interested; for the next morning she was sitting thoughtfully alone in the breakfast parlor, and looking anxiously towards the door every moment, as if expecting the entrance of a visiter.

At length the door was opened, and Mr. Pearson was announced. Mabel rose in a stately manner to receive him; but Pearson shook her hand heartily; with a joyous countenance, seated her in a chair, and immediately drew another close beside her.

"Miss Gray," said he, "never was love like yours! What devotion have I found at length in that bosom which was once so cold."

"Sir!" said Mabel angrily.

"In my dream," said Pearson; "O, of course, I meant in my dream. Methought I sat in an arbor covered with grape vine and jasmine. Mabel Gray was by my side, and smiling sweetly on me. A delicate repast was before us, and servants handed us flagons of wine. The fruits I love best were offered me by Mabel's own hands. I was happy beyond expression. Suddenly the seats around the table were filled with men; and methought too, that amongst the faces I recognised that of Mordaunt. Mabel Gray immediately left me, and attended to these new comers. To some she poured out wine—to others she handed their favorite fruits, talking and laughing with each one in turn, and scarcely bestowing a look on me. In the midst of this festivity a thick smoke arose, which, after curling round many times, assumed by degrees the form of a large tiger, ready in one moment to dart on its prey. All around were seized with fear and trembling, but none had the power to move. And then methought the tiger spoke, and said, "Mabel Gray, you have twelve guests. Eleven are devoted, and must die. Make choice, therefore, of one to be saved; and see that you choose as you think—for not one of the others shall survive your decision!" Mabel Gray grew deadly pale. Intense anxiety was depicted on the countenances of all. Not a moment was to be lost. She threw herself upon my neck, embraced me tenderly, and, imprinting a burning kiss upon my lips,——"

"A kiss, sir!" said Mabel, suddenly starting up, "a kiss!"

"Twas in my dream," said Pearson. "Remember, you were not to interrupt. However, I have finished: for with the kiss I awoke; so whether the tiger devoured the others or not, I have really no means of ascertaining."

"A pleasant dream, truly," said Mabel, slightly coloring. "It is entertaining, however, and shows the truth of the old adage, that dreams always go by contraries. But, Mr. Pearson, I have lost so much time to your silly story, that I am quite forgetting the chain for poor Mr. Mordaunt. He will really think that I shall never finish it."

Here she busied herself in searching for the neglected momento, and, having found it, immediately commenced working upon it in a most industrious and praiseworthy style, until Mr. Oliver Pearson had taken his leave. Then she threw it down, leaned her face on her hand, and in a few moments was buried in meditation.

At the same time the next morning Mr. Pearson was announced; but his appearance had undergone a complete change. He no longer wore a joyous look—nor did he enter the room—nor draw his chair close to Miss Gray; but he seated himself thoughtfully on the sofa, and he heaved a profound sigh.

"Mr. Pearson," said Mabel Gray, "you seem melancholy. Have I been unkind?"

"To be treated coldly night and day by the only being I ever loved, is too much to bear," said Pearson; "Miss Gray, I have tasked myself beyond my powers. I imagined that I could force myself to dream that you loved me. But last night proved the deception. Not content with rejecting me, you actually laughed at my despair. Methought that—but I dare not trust myself to relate my dream. Suffice it to say, that my doom is sealed, and I have nothing now to hope for. To-morrow I start for the Continent."

"To-morrow," said Mabel, turning pale, "leave, us do you say, to-morrow?"

"Yes," said Pearson; "why should I delay? You have pronounced my sentence of banishment, and I obey your will."

"Mr. Pearson," said Mabel, "you should not—nay, this is foolish! But I own I pity you, and to show it, come here and I will tell you a dream I had last night."

Pearson drew his chair close by her side.

"I thought," said Mabel, smiling, "that I was by the side of an altar attired as a bride. The portraits of all my admirers were passed before me, so that I might freely choose; and as soon as I had done so, the original was to present himself before me."

"Well," said Pearson, almost breathless with suspense; "and you choose whom?"

"Listen," said Mabel; "the portraits moved slowly along, and I anxiously awaited the appearance of one—the resemblance of him who alone had possession of my heart. At length it came—and I uttered the name—but, alas, the original came not!"

"And the name," said Pearson, with a look of intense eagerness, "the name was—"

"Oliver Pearson," said Mabel, looking down and blushing.

"And the original is here before you," said Pearson, rapturously taking her hand. "Mabel, do dreams always go by contraries?"

"Not always," said Mabel, sinking into his arms.

"You do love me then?" said Pearson, "and I am not treated with contempt?"

"Let this confirm it," said Mabel, taking the doubtful chain from her bosom, and hanging it round his neck.

"And was this always intended for me?" inquire Pearson, smiling.

"At least," said Mabel, "it was intended for none else."

Moral.—A coquette cannot render her lupes more unhappy and contemptible than she renders herself; and, as they suffer from too great belief in her perfection, so does she suffer from the same.

Excerps.

What is there in man which obliges him so often to say to his conscience, *be still?*

What is death? The morrow of grandeur—of riches—of pleasure. We lie down in pomp and luxury—we awake in the tomb, under a cold coffin, between the forgetfulness of earth and the eternity of hell or heaven.

Some persons laugh in the presence of *truth*, as some others laugh in the presence of *death*. Frightful laugh of stupidity or despair!

Life is like a winter's night, sad and long. Philosophy makes it hateful, Religion makes it supportable, and it is not the least of her triumphs.

Men are as avaricious of praise as prodigal of flattery.

Some men fear the truth as a criminal dreads his sentence.

Virtue is a plant whose root is in heaven and whose flowers and fruits perfume and embellish the earth.

Prayer is the last tie which binds us to heaven, when it is broken, Hell opens and receives a new subject.

Our passions never forsee, even when they reason

Remorse is a pang which warns us of some internal disorder, it serves like physical pain to the preservation of life.

Flattery is the politeness of contempt.

All our joys are sudden; they are never the offspring of reflection. One would say that they would not enter the heart but by surprise.

The *past* is like a lamp placed at the entrance of the *future*, to dissipate a part of the darkness that covers it.

Do you see on that coffin the long black cloth covered with tears? It is the emblem of life.

DOMESTIC SPORT.—Did you ever catch a flea? not you—you didn't know how—nor I neither—but they catch us, don't they? When you feel them biting the calf of your leg, just about getting up time, you slip your hand down so cautiously thinking to come it over them—you miss where you think he is—give the hair on your legs a smart pull—find you haven't got him—swear a little and all the time the vagabond was sitting on your knee, looking on laughing at you—up you bounce in a fury determined to murder the villain, and find the flea sitting in the middle of the bed rubbing his claws and pretending not to see you—down goes your open hand and you catch a handful of sheet—and you see him laughing and capering about on the pillow, and singing 'you can't come the giraffe over me,' 'Hit one of your size,' &c. This don't provoke you a bit—oh! no. You make one more grab, and he is on your arm, and to a giffy he is down your sleeve and digging away in the small of your back. Now jam your back against the bed post, tear an inch or two of your shirt—off comes that garment, and before it's over your head you feel him again on your leg. Give yourself one thundering slap, say a naughty word, and then give it up quietly, having made up your mind that a flea is invincible.

He who sleeps without supper gets up without debt.

Borrowed dresses give no warmth.
Need developes the mind.
The best friends are those that stimulate each other to good.
The best visits are the shortest.
Silence is often an answer.
Sciences are locks and inquiry the key to them.
Take council of him who is greater, and of him who is less than thyself, and then refer to thine own judgment.
The worst kind of men are those who do not care when men see them do wrong.

'TWOULD puzzle a PHILADELPHIA LAWYER.
Two Philadelphia lawyers, (pleading o'er,)
Shook hands, although they wrangled hard before;
"Zounds!" says the client who was cast, "pray how
Can you be friends, who were such foes just now?"
"You fool!" cries one, "we lawyers, though so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between!"

TRIAL OF THE REV. MR. VAN ZANDT.—An extra Rochester Evening Post gives us the result of this trial for the seduction by Mr. V. Z. of Miss Sophia Murdock. The cause was delivered to the jury at 6 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, who, after an absence of about four hours returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages $3000.

Love and Friendship.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

The birds, when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away,
Where laughing eyes in sunshine lie,
And summer breezes play.
And thus the friends, that flutter near
While fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appears
And fly before the storm.

But when from winter's howling plains,
Each other warbler's past,
The little snow-bird still remains,
And chirrups midst the blast.
Dove-like that bird, when friendship's throng
With fortune's sun depart,
Still lingers with its cheerful song,
And nestles on the heart.

A Story of Olden Time,

When Turkies smoked and Geese chewed Tobacco.

By a statute law of the State of New York, from December to April, all persons were prohibited from killing deer, under a penalty of ten dollars, half the fine going to the complainant, and in default of payment, ten lashes upon the naked back.

A Yankee, passing through the state of New York, near Albany, in the month of January, observed a young Dutchman, from his barn door, squinting over his shovel at a deer about thirty paces from him, and soliloquizing thus:

'Mine Cot! if I had mine gun here and it was not for the law, I would have some veer for mine tinner."

The Yankee had a rifle with him, and immediately shot the deer, and threw his rifle into the snow, unobserved by the Dutchman, and running up to him said,

"Ah, my good fellow, you have been killing a deer—for I saw you—you shot him with your shovel."

The Dutchman replied—

'Mine Cot! I did not think it would go off, I never knew it to go off before.'

"Well," said the Yankee, "you have killed the deer, and I will go to the justice and complain of you, and make you pay your fine, unless you give me the skin and two dollars."

"Vell," said the Dutchman; "though I did not think my taint of a shovel would go off, dat is better den pay ten dollars.'

So that bargain was concluded: the Yankee receiving the skin and two dollars, left the Dutchman to take care of his venison.

While the Dutchman was taking care of the venison, and before he had put it out of the way, another Dutchman came up and threatened to complain, upon which Hans, the Shovel shooter, related all that passed between himself and the Yankee.

Vanderhausen told Hans he had been imposed upon; that the Yankee killed the deer himself. The two Dutchmen then agreed to pursue the Yankee, and to bring him before the justice and have him fined.

They soon overtook him and carried him before the justice; and Hans entered his complaint *pro bono publico*. Whereupon the justice, after hearing all the testimony, *pros and cons*, and taking the subject matter into cool, serious, and deliberate consideration, came to the conclusion that the Yankee killed the deer with a *certain* instrument called a rifle, and that he pay a fine of ten dollars or be whipped ten lashes. The Yankee chose the latter. The justice then ordered the Yankee to be stripped, tied to a tree, and the whip applied. There being no officer present, the justice concluded to do the whipping himself, and at it he went. After he had given the Yankee five lashes, and was proceeding to give him the other five, the Yankee bawled out,

'Stop!'

'Vot,' said the justice, there is five more to come.'

The Yankee informed the justice that half (the other five) went to the complainant.

Justice—Dat is de law, by Cot; *ontie* the Yankee; tie up the Dutchman; I'll give him the other half.'

THE PRINCE AND THE BUCKLER.—We find the following anecdote in the last number of "The Knickerborker:"

During a former visit to this country, our distinguished stranger sojourned for a few days at Cincinnati, stopping with his limited *suite* at the inn of a Mr. C——, a plain-spoken, jolly Boniface, who cared little for rank or nobility, beyond the "custom" they might bring him. The Prince was very fond of fowling; and his "right-hand man" (young Las Cassas, if we remember rightly,) borrowed the landlord's rifle for his use. He met with such success with the weapon that he directed M. Las Cassas to purchase it at any price for his occasional use in his farther western travel. The morning the distinguished party were to leave, our Boniface encountered the Prince in the hall: "Oh, look a-here!" said he; "about that 'ere rifle. You may think may-be that I've walked into you 'bout a feet in chargin' you seventy-five dollars for that we'pon; but t'ain't so. I was 'tached to it, for it never missed in *my* hands nor my son Tim's; and I tell you what 't is, Mr. Johnny-ville, if you don't think, now, when you come along back this way, that that rifle 's really *worth* seventy-five dollars, *I'll take it off your hands!* Now *that's* fair, *I'm* sure!" The Prince was in high good humor with the incident; and has often reverted to it since, while the honest host is frequently heard to say: "I *thought* he'd keep her! There ain't such a rifle west o' the Alleganies!"

LAWS OF TURKEY.—A gentleman in New Orleans was agreeably surprised the other day, to find a plump turkey served up for his dinner, and enquired of his servant how it was obtained. "Why, sa," replied blacker, "dat ar turkey is been roostin on our fence tree nights: so dis mornin I seize him *for de rent of de fence*."

A REDUCTION.—The Alton Ill. Telegraph of the 25 h ult. has information that the Board of Directors of the State Bank has resolved upon curtailing their present circulation one million of dollars. Their present circulation is a little upwards of three millions.

THE SUPERIORITY OF WEALTH.—A rich upstart collector of the revenue, once asked a poor, but witty person, if he had any idea what kind of a thing opulence was. "It is a thing," replied the man, "which can give a rogue the advantage over an honest man."

INTERESTED DIVINITY.—A reverend divine being accused of negligence in his calling, and styled an *unfaithful shepherd*, from scarcely ever visiting his flock, defended himself by saying "he was always with them at the *shearing time*."

AN IRON STEAMER.—The Government steamer which is ordered to be built for Lake Erie, it is said, on good authority, is to be constructed at the town of Erie, and of iron.

CERTAINLY.—"Mind dat massa; when the sun rise bery arly in de morning, and set before he rises, there'll be sartin sign of rain 'fore noon, dat's a fact."

Clippings.

There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of beauty. All the higher arts of design are essentially chaste without respect of the object. They purify the thoughts as tragedy, according to Aristotle, purifies the passions. Their accidental effects are not worth consideration. There are souls to whom even a vestal is not holy.

An eloquent and sentimental loafer leaning against a friendly lamp post for support, lifted up his voice and cried, "How are the mighty fallen?" A voice at his feet replied, "lengthwise in the gutter."

A Turkish advertisement in the Djeridee Sadis runs thus: "For sale, a black female slave, who is unique for playing the fiddle, lute, nandina, and dulcimar; and is, moreover, a beautiful dancer. Price 3,000 piastres."

A quaint old writer remarks, that a man should dress his wife *above* his means, his children *up* to his means, and himself *below* his means. He says the ladies ought not to be told his; they will, therefore, have the goodness to forget that they have read it.

In our attempts to deceive the world, those are the most likely to detect us, *who are sailing on the same tack.*

"The light that LIES
In woman's eyes!"

So reads a favorite old song, and he is called a gallant poet, too, who wrote it.

"My son," said an affectionate mother to her son (who resided at a distance, and expected in a short time to be married,) "you are getting very thin." "Yes, mother," he replied, "I am, and when you see me next, I think you may see my rib."

Fame is like a shaved pig with a greased tail, and it is only when it has slipped through the hands of some thousands, that some below by more chance holds on to it.

A gentleman remarkable for having a great deal of lead in his forehead, called one morning on a lawyer, who asked what news. "Why," says the other, "I don't know; my head is confoundedly *out of order* this morning." "That is extraordinary news, indeed," said the lawyer. "What! an extraordinary thing for a man to have the headache?" "No, sir," says he, "I do not say that; but for *so simple a machine to be out of order* is extraordinary, indeed!

A person was lately brought before the police court, Boston, for stealing a dog belonging to a Suffolk Bank. The Times wittily calls this a "*bank security*"

The attempt to put down beggars, has provoked signal failure. They stick triumphantly out and defy the world.

Advice to Unmarried Ladies.

If you have blue eyes—languish.
If black eyes—leer.
If you have a pretty foot—wear short petticoats.
If you are the least *doubtful* as to that point—let them be rather long.
If you have good teeth—don't forget to laugh now and then.
If you have bad ones—you must only simper.
While you are young—sit with your face to the light.
While you are a little advanced—sit with your back to the window.
If you have a bad voice—always speak in a low tone.
If it is acknowledged that, you have a fine voice—never speak in a high tone.
If you dance well—dance but seldom.
If you dance ill—never dance at all.
If you sing well—make no previous excuses.
If you sing indifferently—hesitate not a moment when you are asked; for few persons are competent judges of singing, but every one is sensible of a desire to please.
If in conversation you think a person wrong—rather hint a difference of opinion than offer a contradiction.
If you find a person telling an absolute falsehood—let it pass over in silence; it is not worth your while to make any one your enemy, by proving him a liar.
It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles—what a folly to make enemies by frowns!
When you have an opportunity to praise—do it with all your heart.
When you are forced to blame—appear, at least, to do it with reluctance.
If you are envious of another woman—never show it but by allowing her every good quality and perfection except those she really possesses.
If you wish to let the world know you are in love with a particular man—treat him with formality, and every one else with ease and freedom.
If you are disposed to be pettish or insolent—it is better to exercise your ill humors on your dog, your cat, or your servant, than your friends.
If you would preserve beauty—rise early.
If you would preserve esteem—be gentle.
If you would obtain power—be condescending.
If you would live happy—endeavor to promote the happiness of others.

PUNISHMENT FOR LIFE.—Governor Seward, alluding to this subject, remarks "that every philanthropic mind will cling to the hope that ultimately, the supremacy of the laws may be maintained, without exacting, in any case, a forfeiture of life. Nevertheless, the subject requires most cautious deliberation. The substitution of imprisonment for life would be signally unsuccessful, without such a modification of the pardoning power as might prevent its being employed, except in cases where it would seem to be necessary to correct error. One hundred and ninety seven persons have been consigned for life to the State prisons within the last twenty-five years, all of whom were pardoned after terms averaging five years and two months, except those who escaped, thirty-two who died, of whom twenty-four did not reach that average period, and twenty-two now in prison, of whom fourteen have not been confined so long a term. The average of limited sentences, is four years and eight months."

"Although more than 4,000 persons are annually confined in our county jails, those penitentiaries often exhibit scenes revolting to humanity; and many a youthful prisoner, instead of being subjected to a salutary discipline, becomes more depraved."

RIGHT VIEW OF THE CASE.—The Boston Post has taken up the defence of Dr. Lardner, and says that "the question now is, shall he be deprived of the power of doing *well*, because he has done ill?"

A MODERN HERCULES.—A man living in Leicestershire, England, recently performed the astonishing feat of drawing a wagon, laden with 9 tons, 3 cwt. of manure, nearly four miles.

THOUGHT BETTER OF IT.—Samuel Brady, the Mayor of Baltimore, tendered his resignation a few days since, but the Councils prevailed upon him to withdraw it.

The Country Girls.

I love the country spinster,
Who turns the buzzing wheel,
Who plies with busy hands, the card,
With merry turn the reel.

I love the country seamstress,
Who makes the household gear,
And who, with industry and art,
Prepares the homespun wear.

I love the country milkmaid,
Whose daily task supplies
A wholesome food and beverage
For country families.

Her neat and amply dairy,
Her industry attests,
And when night finds her weary,
In innocence she rests.

A Horse Story.

Our jocose Boston auctioneer was called upon one day by a country horse-dealer from Vermont, who wished to dispose of a horse. He was one of those distinctive characters strangely indicative of both simplicity and shrewdness.

"I say," said he, "I want to see the auctioneer, that auctions off horses here on Saturday."

"I am the individual," said the auctioneer, "what can I do for you?"

"Well, I've got a horse I want to sell; *provided* I can get enough for him; don't want nothing more than his value, neither. He's a good one, though just now he's a *leetle* thin; but I reckon he ought to sell pretty smartly."

"Very good; will you have him advertised?"

"Well, I guess I don't know about that.—What do you tax?"

"One dollar for first insertion—fifty cents for every time after."

"That's *low* dollars for three times. I reckon you may put him in the newspaper *once*, stranger and after that let him slide."

"Very good—what color is he?"

"Rather brown than otherwise."

"Is he sound?"

"Sound! Oh, sound as a dollar—*shouldn't* like to warrant him, though!"

"All right; I'll advertise him and sell him on Saturday. Have your 'critter' at the mart at 12 o'clock."

"I just want to tell, Mr. Auctioneer, I should like to have the animal limited at fifteen dollars, *but* you may let him go for five."

"Exactly! and you won't take a great deal more than is offered for him, will you?"

"Well, no, I'm not dispositioned to be hard, any how, I rather calculate not!"

Saturday came, and one dollar and a half was bid for the animal brought up by the horse-dealer.

"Go on, gentleman, I have only one dollar and a half bid for the horse; how much more do I hear. One dollar and a half is only offered for the animal before you. One dollar and a half—going—going."

"*Sell him, sir, he's a dying!*" whispered the Vermont horse-dealer into the ear of the knight of the hammer.

"Gone!" shouted the auctioneer, and down went the old horse at a dollar and a half.

After the sale the horse-dealer was the first one up at the desk for a settlement.

"Well, I reckon it won't take long to settle up this little trade of mine about the horse," said he.

"Not long," said the clerk, "there's your account of sale; you have to pay us just fifty cents more than the horse brought."

"*Po*litical *de*struction!" exclaimed the Vermonter, with a humorous affectation of astonishment. "Then, with a satisfied manner he continued: "It's cheap enough! there's a fifty cent piece. Cheap enough! couldn't a gin him away at no price, and it would have cost me two dollars and a half to bury him. Jest a half a dollar saved. Good morning, Mr. Auctioneer. Cheap enough!"

THE IRON MANUFACTURE IN NEW JERSEY.—The Morristown Jerseyman of Wednesday gives the following account of an Iron Meeting at Rockaway on the 31st:

Probably there never was gathered in New Jersey a greater number of manufacturers of Iron, and those interested in that business, than at Rockaway on Friday last. The day was fine, the object self defence, which brought together a large assemblage, who appear determined to be heard by Congress, and lay their grievances boldly before that body.

Gen. Dickerson (Secretary of the Navy under Gen. Jackson) addressed the meeting in a spirited and happy manner, throwing much light upon the subject, and anticipating those present with the hope, that their petition would receive the proper attention of Congress. He stated that it had ever been the policy of England to prevent this from becoming a manufacturing nation, and more especially did she wish to throw obstacles in our way and put a stop to the manufacture of iron. Twelve feet thick in 1750 she passed a law making it a penal offence to erect or use rolling or slitting mills in any of her North American Colonies—the penalties in every case £ 250 sterling, with or without imprisonment, at the option of the court. From that time to the present hat she zealously laid her plans to prevent our becoming independent, which she has too surely effected, although we boast in the name. Her ports are closed against our beef, our pork, and our flour, whilst at the same time her operatives are starving for these very articles with which our country abounds, and which we would readily exchange with them could it be done on fair and honorable principles. All we ask, concluded the speaker, is a reciprocity—if England will close her ports against our produce, let us retaliate by levying such duties on her manufactured articles as will create a home market at our own manufactories for the produce which she refuses.

We cannot do justice to the General's speech, but merely touch on some of the leading points for the benefit of our readers. Much were we gratified to find party feelings banished from the meeting, and pure *American* sentiments pervading.—Here men of all parties united in one common cause to defend the interests of a large number of the hardy sons of New Jersey, and in a firm but respectful manner to request Congress to protect the industry of our citizens from the rapacity of foreign policy and rivalry.

O Cupid! don't you know
You ought to have a licking,
For plaguing little children so,
And your arrows in them sticking.

GOOD.—Brigadier General Atkinson will supply the command of Gen. Gaines during his *temporary* absence.

BALTIMORE.—There were 402 arrivals at Baltimore from foreign ports during the last year.

HUNG.—Keane, the shoemaker at Maysville, Ky., for killing his wife.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

Standing Committees for the Session of 1842.

SENATE.

Accounts.—Messrs. Cochran, Brooke, Penniman, Maclay, Crispin.

Pensions and Gratuities.—Messrs. Plumer, Smith, Mullin, Gorgas, M'Cully.

Judiciary.—Messrs. Sullivan, Fleming, Ewing, M'Lanahan, Stewart.

Militia.—Messrs. Brooke, Hays, Fleming, Kline, Kidder.

Banks.—Messrs. Spackman, Dimock, Mathers, Sullivan, M'Lanahan.

Education.—Messrs. Huddleson, Mathers, Smith, Gibons, Gratz.

Roads and Bridges.—Messrs. Mathers, Coplan, Farrelly, Dimock, Darsie.

Internal Improvements.—Messrs. Farrelly, Spackman, Headly, Cochran, Bigler.

Agriculture and Domestic Manufactures.—Messrs. Hiester, Headly, Brower, Fegely, Darsie.

Compare Bills.—Messrs. Coplan, Plumer, Mathers, Hays, Maclay.

Election Districts.—Messrs. Macley, Huddleson, Fegely, Brower, Dimock.

Corporations.—Messrs. Gibons, Huddleson, M'Lanahan, Kline, Bigler.

Vice and Immorality.—Messrs. Headly, Brower, Fegely, Crispin, Mullin.

Estates and Escheats.—Messrs. Fleming, Kline, M'Lanahan, Stewart, Kidder.

Finance.—Messrs. Ewing, Smith, Gratz, Hiester, Penniman.

Private Claims for Damages.—Messrs. Darsie, Plumer, Farrelly, Gorgas, M'Cully.

Library.—Messrs. Spackman, Cochran, Brooke.

Public Buildings.—Messrs. Hiester, Cochran, Ewing, Mathers, Brower.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Ways and Means.—Messrs. Gamble, M'Cahen, Wright, Crabb, Straub, Brawly, Banks.

Judiciary.—Messrs. Elwell, Dunham, Sharwood, M'Manus, Stephens, Griffiths, Dunlop, Wright, Deford.

Pensions and Gratuities.—Messrs. Hill, Scott, Correy, Thomas, Picking, Lee, Ebaugh.

Claims.—Messrs. Garreston, Lowry, Clark, Barr, Andrews, M'Farren, Ross.

Agriculture.—Messrs. Fogel, Culver, Coffright, Eyre, Kiefer, Cummins, Weston.

Education.—Messrs. Hahn, Elton, Roumfort, Lichtner, Leet, Boone, Marchand.

Compare Bills.—Messrs. Straub, Von Neida, Barr, Scott, Fauss.

Domestic Manufactures.—Messrs. Johnson, Pottieger, Beers, Butler, Beaver, Keer, Fauss.

Accounts.—Messrs. Ryan, Laverty, Crabb, Packer, Barr, Murry, Corry.

Vice and Immorality.—Messrs. Bean, Karns, M'Crum, Pathey, Hans, Snyder, Musser.

Militia System.—Messrs. Roumfort, Fogel, Pollock, Elton, M'Williams, Kennedy, M Crum.

Election Districts.—Messrs. Bonsall, Moore, (Hunt'n.) Hanna, Cook, Bugher, Clark.

Banks.—Messrs. Deford, Hill, Heckman, Painter, Rush, Dunham, Snively.

Estates and Escheats.—Messrs Griffiths, Leet, Kughter, Gamble, Morris, Shenk, M Clure.

Bridges, State and Turnpike Roads.—Messrs. Felton, Buchman, Bugher, Heldenbaum, Weston, Kennedy, Karns.

Corporations.—Messrs. M'Cahen, Pottieger, Brough, Hahn, Lane, Ferguson, Straub.

Local Appropriations.—Messrs. Broadhead, Apple, Moore, (Berks,) Brunner, Foreman, Hancock, Martin.

Lands.—Messrs. M Williams, Scott, Murray, Pollock, Pennell, Vanvalzah, Sherwood.

Printing.—Messrs. Barrett, Bonsall, Beers.

Library.—Messrs. Bonsall, Sherwood, Brawley.

Inland Navigation and Internal Improvements.—Messrs. Wright, M'Manus, Hancock, Lowry, Wilson, Dunlap, Elwell, Heckman, Marchand, Ross, Trego, Montgomery, Barrett.

Pay the Mechanic.

The rich man who employs a mechanic, does not always know how much inconvenience, loss of time and expense he exposes them to, by neglecting to pay an undisputed bill, on presentation. We to going too deep into the subject, let us present a very simple example, of constant occurrence. A mechanic undertakes a job, for which his honest charge is fifty dollars. It is done to the satisfaction of his employer. He expects his pay on the presentation of a bill. Why should he not receive it? He has no bank credit; he pays cash for stock, and he pays cash for labor. He has been employed for a week on that job, with two or three journeymen, besides furnishing the raw material, paying shop rent and other expensive contingencies. Why should he be asked to wait six months or a year for his money?—He must pay his hands on Saturday, provide for his family during the week, pay for his stock, and lay up something against rent day. Is it reasonable—is it just, that his ready employer should ask him to wait for his pay until his convenient time