

TERMS OF PUBLICATION, On the Cash System.

The Miners' Journal will be published on the following terms and conditions: For one year, \$1.00; For three months, \$0.75; For six months, \$0.50; For one month, \$0.15; For one week, \$0.05; For one day, \$0.01.

TO ADVERTISERS: Advertisements not exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter.

Advertisements exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter.

Advertisements exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter.

Advertisements exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter.

Advertisements exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter.

Advertisements exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter.

Advertisements exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter.

Advertisements exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter.

Advertisements exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter.

Advertisements exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter.

Advertisements exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter.

Advertisements exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter.

Advertisements exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter.

Advertisements exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter.

Advertisements exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter.

Advertisements exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter.

Advertisements exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter.

MINERS' JOURNAL AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

WEEKLY BY BENJAMIN BANNAN, POTTSVILLE, SCHUYKILL COUNTY, PA. VOL XVII. SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 21, 1842. NO. 21.

Office Lyrics, No. 8. You ask me for a paragon— A picture of perfection!

My eyes may be dazzled too, And my heart may be misled; But knowing truly they are true, I hang me if I will heed them.

So here's the beauty that I love, The girl which I know best; And should my muse upward prove, Her eyes are bright as any star.

Her smile is a ruby portal, And though the corners may be far apart, yet I can courtial.

Her figure—Gods! how give me tongue, To chant its wondrous outline; For though I've oft its graces sung, I never could without you.

My eyes may be dazzled too, And my heart may be misled; But knowing truly they are true, I hang me if I will heed them.

So here's the beauty that I love, The girl which I know best; And should my muse upward prove, Her eyes are bright as any star.

Her smile is a ruby portal, And though the corners may be far apart, yet I can courtial.

Her figure—Gods! how give me tongue, To chant its wondrous outline; For though I've oft its graces sung, I never could without you.

My eyes may be dazzled too, And my heart may be misled; But knowing truly they are true, I hang me if I will heed them.

The clock struck twelve. As sound after sound rung out the stillness and died away in echoes reverberating through the house, the sick man moved in his sleep, until, when the last stroke was given, he opened his eyes and looked languidly and vacantly around.

Who was the beauty that I love, The girl which I know best; And should my muse upward prove, Her eyes are bright as any star.

Her smile is a ruby portal, And though the corners may be far apart, yet I can courtial.

Her figure—Gods! how give me tongue, To chant its wondrous outline; For though I've oft its graces sung, I never could without you.

My eyes may be dazzled too, And my heart may be misled; But knowing truly they are true, I hang me if I will heed them.

So here's the beauty that I love, The girl which I know best; And should my muse upward prove, Her eyes are bright as any star.

Her smile is a ruby portal, And though the corners may be far apart, yet I can courtial.

Her figure—Gods! how give me tongue, To chant its wondrous outline; For though I've oft its graces sung, I never could without you.

My eyes may be dazzled too, And my heart may be misled; But knowing truly they are true, I hang me if I will heed them.

So here's the beauty that I love, The girl which I know best; And should my muse upward prove, Her eyes are bright as any star.

Washington, May 6, 1842. New York Custom House. J. R. Chandler, Esq.—I had only time last night, to give you a Homeopathic dose of the New York Custom House villainies, as disclosed by the Report of Mr. Peindster, one of the Commissioners appointed to investigate the sink of corruption, just printed and sent to members.

I have my last letter how a certain George A. Wason, public stockkeeper had, in three years, received \$94,430.92 for cartage and labor, without producing any vouchers to authorize the allowance of this sum, or any other, besides a salary of \$1500 per annum, large sums of money for attending trials at Baltimore and Philadelphia, coal taken from that belonging to the Custom House, for his own use, and goods abstracted from the Public Stores, and the labor of men employed and paid by the government.

Heavenly Father, I thank thee who surmountest all lengths when affliction suffers her to speak, while the tears stream faster and faster down her cheek; he is safe, he will recover, and though she ceased speaking, her lips still moved in silent prayer.

The sick man felt the tears on his face, he saw his wife's grateful emotion, he knew that she was even now praying for him, and as he recalled to mind the wrongs which had inflicted on that uncomplaining woman, his heart was melted with pain. There is no chastener like sickness; and the most stony bosom softens beneath it.

Oh! I can forgive you? sobbed the grateful wife, yes! yes! but too gladly. But it is not against me you have sinned, it is against a good and righteous God.

I know it—I know it! said the repentant husband, and to His mercy I look. I cannot pray for myself, but I pray for you. He has saved me from the jaws of death.—Pray for me, dear Emily!

The wife knelt at the bedside, and while she husband, exhausted by his agitation, sank back with closed eyes on the pillow, she read the noble prayer from the book of Common Prayer.

When the sick man awoke at daylight, he was a changed being. He was now convalescent, he was more, he was a repentant man.—He was on the bosom of his wife, and made resolutions of reformation which, after his recovery, through the blessing of God, he was enabled to fulfil.

The fortune of Walpole was mostly gone, but sufficient remained for his necessities, to allow him the comforts, though not the luxuries of life. He soon settled his affairs and removed from his splendid mansion to a quiet cottage in a neighboring village. The only pang he felt was at leaving the home which for so many years had been the dwelling of the head of his family—the home where his uncle had died, and which had been lost only through his own folly.

Neither Walpole nor his wife ever regretted their loss of fortune; for both looked upon it as the means used by an over-ruling Providence to bring the husband back to the path of rectitude; and they referred to it therefore with feelings ardent of gratitude and reverence.

the minimum of nine dollars per gross, to the maximum of twenty-two dollars per gross, the larger portion being of the lower class, which are in general use for clerks, both mercantile and official.

The report states that Mr. Eno, offered to supply Mr. Hoyt such pens as he paid \$9 per gross for, at \$1.50 per gross; but he declined the offer so decidedly, as to prevent a repetition of it.

Believing your readers and the public generally, will have been made sufficiently acquainted with the character of this Mr. Wason, by the slight notice I have taken of his transaction, I shall deem him, to take up and look at.

The amount of money expended for stationery in the various departments of the N. Y. Custom House. Nominally 9 months of 1839 \$3,487 50

Total in just 3 years, \$51,703 22 Average, \$17,234 42 a year. Comparative prices of stationery under Jesse Hoyt and Edw. Curtis, and the market value in the city of New York, as shown by the testimony of David Felt, an old and respectable stationer.

Cash Book \$20 911 Bond Book \$15 912 98 Impost Book \$68 653 915 14 Quires, \$12 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930

These comparative statements are made from the vouchers furnished to the Commissioners by the Auditor of the Custom House. They were made, not in consideration of the amount of expenditure, but to exhibit a fair specimen of every other expenditure, great and small, in the Custom House, for a series of years past.

There was expended, for books, stationery, and printing, during the last quarter of Mr. Hoyt's Collectorship, including 20 days which Mr. Morgan was in office, and a few days before the second quarter, the following sums for the subjoined articles:

For Blank Books, \$1,577 00 Steel pens and a few quills, 1,322 50 Lead pencils, 618 00 Foolscap and post paper, 415 75 Report and envelope paper, 603 88 Letter paper, 493 60 Drawing paper, 50 00 Taps, 846 00 Wafers and wax, 449 00 Sand, 232 00 Banks, 2,425 00 Knives, 161 00 Ink, 156 00 Sundries, 116 57 Total, \$8,721 69

"This enormous sum," says Mr. Peindster, "stands charged on the books of the Custom House in the short space of three months, of which \$5,416.11 were debited to the collector's and storekeepers' office, in which there were employed clerks—nine clerks; making an average of \$287.77 per annum for stationery for each person attached to these offices. There were during this quarter, one hundred and thirty-six reams of foolscap and letter paper ordered and supplied for the use of the Custom House, which forms a part of the aggregate sum as above stated. It is evident that so large an amount of stationery could not have been required for any legitimate purpose connected with the business of the several departments of the Custom House, to be used in the short space of three months, and therefore, the greater portion of the articles purchased must have passed into the hands of Mr. Curtis, who succeeded to the office of Collector about the close of that quarter, or have been fraudulently abstracted from the Custom House, of which no evidence was given to the Commissioners; but in the accounts and vouchers rendered by Mr. Curtis in the second quarter of the same year, being the first quarter after he became collector, there is charged, for disbursements in the purchase of stationery, ordered and received by him for the collector's office alone \$1,753.75; for the appraisers \$118.50; for the Storekeeper \$203.83; for inspectors \$24.50; for the store in Washington street \$20.56, making, in the whole, the grand total of \$1,942.90 for the stationery alone, during one-half of the year 1841."

The Summer Birds. Sweet warblers of the sunny hours, For ever on the wing, I love them, as I love the flowers. The sunlight and the spring, They come like pleasant memories, In Summer's joyous time, And sing their gushing melodies, As I would sing a rhyme.

In the green and quiet places, Where the golden sunlight falls, We sit with smiling faces, To list their silver calls, To list their silver calls, To list their silver calls.

For never can my soul forget The loved of other years; Their memories fill my spirit yet— I've kept them green with tears; And their singing greets my heart at times, When not a sound of their voices, Though their music and their liveliness, Is o'er—for ever o'er.

And often, when the mournful night Comes with a low, sweet tone, And sets a star on every height, And one beside the moon— When not a sound of their voices, Though their music and their liveliness, Is o'er—for ever o'er.

In the stillness of the starlight hour, When I am with the dew, Oh! may they flatter 'mid the flowers That blossom o'er my head, O'er your poor songs of gladness forth With a calm and pure delight, Shall never sing again.

We make the following extracts from Mrs. Seymour's new and valuable work on the mental culture and formation of Female character: Religion. "Suffer me to say to those who are in the fair blossom of their being, that they are unwise while they neglect the guidance of religion. Seek her, sweet friends, with prayer, amid the bust and din of modern life, and at eve recall the day's deeds, and measure them by her standard, and weigh its words and thoughts in her equal balance.

Make that religion, which regulates the heart, a constant companion. It has been an error to suppose it should be reserved for the more highly and trying exigencies of life. Though able to sustain under the greatest extremity, it is equally willing to walk in the humblest paths. It will give a brighter robe on the Sabbath, it will gild for the service of every day, and ready to take its station by the sick-bed, which may be continually around the bed of life. If its glow be laid aside, except on Sundays, or seasons of prayer, it will be difficult to resume. It may be either so entangled, or broken, or tarnished, that the tissue will be unfit for heaven."

Religion need not be disjointed from the innocent pleasures of life. Its province is to heighten our happiness, as well to sustain toil, or to sanctify affliction. To confine it to seasons of meditation, or to give it place by the hearthstone, and in the walk among the flowers, where heart answers to heart. Let it have part in the music that cheers the domestic circle, and in the fond intercourse of sisterly and fraternal love.

"And now, if I have urged or diffidently incited the young to the pursuit of the most excellent, most enduring science, it is because in the book of divine truth, I have seen the pledge of omnipotence, that those who seek early shall find it," because I have believed, that in the docility of their happy season, there was an aptitude for its rudiments which time and change might take away."

Industry. "Times of our age, who have been distinguished by energy in the domestic department, are usually exempt from their improvement of the early hours of the day. A knowledge of those pursuits which promote the comfort and order of a household, should be woven with classical education. It may be mingled as to relieve, rather than obstruct intellectual labors. I have never heard any young lady, deny in words, the excellence of industry and have known to improve their most precious season of life. But I have seen no class of people, among whom a more efficient system of industry and economy of time was established, than the agricultural population of New England. Their possessions are not sufficiently large to allow waste of any description. Hence, every article seems to be carefully estimated, and applied to its best use. Their mode of life, is as favorable to cheerfulness and health, as the farmer, rising with the dawn, attends to those employments which are necessary for the

comfort of the family, and proceeds early with his sons or assistants, to the department of daily labor. The birds entice them with their song, and the lamb gambol, while the patient ox marks deep furrows, or the grain is committed to the soil, or the tall grass humbled beneath the scythe, or the stately corn reared from the intrusion of weeds.

Fitting tasks are proportioned to the youngest ones that no hand may be idle. In the interior of the house, an equal diligence prevails. The elder daughters take willing part with the mother, in every domestic toil. No servant is there, to create suspicious feelings, or a divided interest. No key grates in the lock, for all are as brethren. The children, who are too small to be useful, proceed to school, kindly leading the little ones, who can scarcely walk. Perhaps the aged grand-mother, a welcome and honored inmate, amuses the ruddy infant, that she may replace a stronger hand for toil.

"I trust that no young lady, however elevated her station, will conceive that a knowledge of what appertains to the experience of a family, can derogate from her dignity."

"The young ladies of the present generation seem to pass in review before me, with all their privileges, and in all their grace and beauty. Mischiefs their hands are upon the ark of their country. Let them not feel that they have only to seek embellishment, to step from the honey cups of life, or to glitter like the meteor of a summer's eve. For as surely as the safety and prosperity of a nation depend on the virtue of its people, they, who reign in the retreats where man turns for his comfort, who have power over the machinery which stamps on the infant mind its character of good or evil, are responsible, to a fearful extent, for that safety and prosperity."

Domestic Employments. "I have ever thought it desirable that young ladies should make themselves mistress of some attainment, either in art or science, by which they might secure a subsistence, should they be reduced to poverty. Sudden and entire reverses are not uncommon in the history of affluence. To sustain them without the means of lessening the evils of dependence, when health and intellect are at our command, is adding helplessness to our own affliction, and increasing the burden of others. When the illustrious Henry Laurens, by the fortune of our war of Revolution, was held a prisoner in the Tower of London, he wrote to his two daughters, who had been nurtured in all the tenderness and luxury of Carolina wealth: 'It is my duty to warn you to prepare for the trial of earning your daily bread by your daily labor. Fear not servitude; encounter it if it shall be necessary, with the spirit becoming a woman of an honest and pious heart; one who has been neither fashionably nor affectingly religious.'" The accomplished Madame de Genlis pronounced herself to be in possession of thirty trades, or varieties of occupation, by which she could, if necessary, obtain a livelihood.

Reader, a Word! What did Loco Pocosin bequest to the country? Mr. Van Duren left us a bankrupt treasury. He left the public interests every where abandoned. He left us without a currency. He left us a debt of eleven millions. He left us the North Eastern and North Western Territorial question—though of years duration—unsettled. He left the Caroline question unsettled. He left us the question in the Right of Search unsettled. The Compromise Act he left us at the year of its conclusion, and treasury notes in lieu of many revenue articles.

And with all these difficulties, foreign and domestic, piled "mountain high" upon the shoulders of the new administration, the whigs are asked for the promised reform!

Suppose a friend, that in the generosity of your confidence, you had employed an unworthy overseer upon our farm. That you had confided in him for years, trusting in his promises. Suppose this overseer to have sowed your land to run wild, to have destroyed your timber, to have leveled your buildings to the ground, to have fired your orchard, to have killed your horses, to have run you thousands of dollars in debt, and that, under such circumstances, he had been discharged by you and a successor appointed in his stead. In this state of case, while the newly engaged superintendent of your premises was busy in planning the reparation of these injuries, imagine that the villainous wretch who had caused them all, were to come upon your ground, and with a grin on his face, ask the following questions:

Why does not the corn grow upon that land which I sowed to run wild? Why is there no cash coming from the mill, for the timber which I destroyed? Why are not the houses erected in the stead of those I burned down? Why have you no horses here, that I sold the places of those which I killed? Why is there no return from orchard that I fired? Why have you not paid the thousands of dollars, to the amount of which I run you in debt? Don't you think, in this state of case, that neither church nor state affairs could prevent you from knocking the reason down?

There is a true picture of Loco Pocosin. Twelve years has it ravaged and laid waste every interest, undying in an hour, that which for years has taxed the wit and wisdom of the Nation; and now, we, who are groaning beneath its enormities, are insultingly asked—Why have you not built up what we have torn down—Liddians Journal.

Kissam.—An English judge recently decided that if a man attempts to kiss a woman against her will, she has a right to bite off his nose, if money so leads her. The decision was made on a recent trial at the Middlesex sessions. A brief abstract of the case was found in the Boston Mail. By their account it appears that Thomas Staveland, the prosecutor, stated, that the day after Christmas, he was in the room where the defendant, Caroline Newton, and her sister who had come from Birmingham, were present. The latter jokingly observed that she had promised her sweetheart that she should kiss her white arse.—It being a holiday time, Staveland considered this a challenge, and caught hold of her and kissed her. The young woman took it as a joke, and her sister, the defendant, said she would like as little of that kind of fun as she could get; and she then told him to do it, and they both fell to the ground. On seeing the woman struck him he again tried to kiss her, and in the scuffle she bit off his nose, which she kept off for a month. The action was brought to recover damages for the loss of his nose. The defendant said she had no business to kiss her; if she wanted kissing she had a husband to kiss her, a better looking man than the prosecutor was; she was justified in her savage act, as above.

No license for the sale of spirituous liquors, etc to be granted at Portland, Maine for the ensuing year.