

TERMS OF PUBLICATION, On the Cash System.

The Miner's Journal will after the 1st of January next, be published on the following terms and conditions: For one year, \$9.00; For six months, \$5.00; For three months, \$3.00; For one month, \$1.00.

MINERS' JOURNAL, AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

WEEKLY BY BENJAMIN BANNAN, POTTSVILLE, SCHUYKILL COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 4, 1842. NO. 23.

TO ADVERTISERS

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

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The following beautiful verses said to be written by Charles Swain, the Manchester poet, are full of original poetry both of thought and feeling.

Yes, this is love, the steadfast and the true! The immortal glory which hath never set; The best, the brightest, loveliest heart ever knew.

The following from Mr. Marshall's Temperance-Speech, is so true, so much to the life, so eloquent, feeling, powerful, and convincing, that we cannot refrain from giving it a place.

It is the story of the humber and the poorer who have been reformed by means of that Society, which I was first connected, that I have had occasion to repeat.

It does appear to me, that, if the loftiest among the lofty spirits which move and live from day to day in this Hall—the proudest, the most gifted, the most fastidious here—could bear the tales I have heard, and see the man I have seen, restored, by the influence of a thing so simple as this temperance pledge, from a state of the most abject, outcast wretchedness, to industry, health, comfort, and in their own emphatic language to peace, he could not withhold his contentance and support from a cause fraught with such actual blessings to mankind.

At length the lower studding sail was ready for hoisting. The men slipped on the balliards and outboard—the wind struck the sail, which, fastened by the four corners, billowed out, and caught more than a capful of wind.

At this interesting moment, Captain Cornelius Grampus made his appearance on deck. Captain Grampus was a man, who, although he commanded a Temperance Ship, was never a member of a Temperance Society.

At this moment, the wind piped harder than ever. The weather fore-bree, of old cork rope, could no longer stand the racket—'ported' the studding-sail-boom broke short off by the iron— the fore-mast flew fore and aft, and the top-sail-boom, having doubled the force of its motion, strongly developed, followed its example.

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