# 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, SCHUYKILL COUNTY, PA.

VOL. XVIII. SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 23, 1842. NO. 30.



**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 of 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.



**PERIODICAL AGENCY OFFICE.**

THE subscriber has opened a *Periodical Agency Office* in connection with his establishment, and is now prepared to furnish persons residing in this place with all the MAGAZINES published in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Washington, at the publisher's subscription prices, FREE OF POSTAGE, by leaving their names at the office of the Miners' Journal. Persons residing in the neighborhood, and up the country, by subscribing at this Office for publications, will have them mailed at this place regularly and the postage will be only for the intermediate distance.

The following are some of the publications issued in Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Washington.

| | |
|---|---|
| PHILADELPHIA. | |
| Godey's Lady's Book, | $3 00 |
| Graham's Magazine, | 3 00 |
| Ladies' Musical Library, | 3 00 |
| World of Fashion, | 3 00 |
| Young People's Book, | 2 00 |
| Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature and Science, | 6 00 |
| NEW YORK. | |
| Lady's Companion, | 3 00 |
| Knickerbocker, | 5 00 |
| Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, | 5 00 |
| BOSTON. | |
| The Boston Miscellany, | $3 00 |
| Robert Merry's Museum, | 1 00 |
| WASHINGTON. | |
| Democratic Review, | 5 00 |
| COLD WATER MAGAZINE. | |

This periodical will be issued monthly, in the same style as Robert Merry's Museum, with plates, price $1 per annum. The first number is now issued. Any number supplied free of postage by applying at this office.

Subscriptions also received for the

| | |
|---|---|
| Dublin University Magazine, | $4 00 |
| Bentley's Miscellany, | 5 00 |
| Blackwood, | 4 00 |
| Christian Family Magazine, | 1 00 |

All delivered free of postage.

Subscribers to any of the weekly publications in Philadelphia and New York can make arrangements to their advantage by applying to the subscriber. BENJAMIN BANNAN.

*Miners Journal and Periodical Agency Office.*
June 18, 25—


PROPOSALS for carrying the Mails of the United States, from the 1st of September, 1842, to the 30th of June, 1844, inclusive, in Pennsylvania, will be received at the Contract Office of the Post Office Department, in the city of Washington, until 3 o'clock, P. M., of the 10th day of August, 1842, (to be decided by the next day,) on the routes and in the manner and time herein specified, to wit:

1,721. From Port Clinton, by Tamaqua, to Hazleton, 34 miles and back, daily, except Sunday, in railroad cars to Tamaqua, and thence in two horse coaches to Hazleton, with privilege of carrying the Mail in a sleigh or on horseback during the winter.

Leave Port Clinton daily, except Sunday, after the arrival of the Philadelphia Mail, say at 2 P. M. Arrive at Hazleton same days, by 8½ P. M.

Leave Hazleton daily, except Sunday, at 2 A. M. Arrive at Port Clinton same days, by 8½ A. M.

(Eleven hours to be allowed for the winter service.)

NOTES.

No proposal will be considered unless it be accompanied by a guarantee, signed by one or more responsible persons, in the following manner, viz:

The undersigned —— guarantee that —— in his bid for carrying the mail from —— to ——, be accepted by the Postmaster General, shall enter into an obligation prior to the 1st day of September next, with good and sufficient sureties, to perform the service proposed.

Dated ——, 1842.

This should be accompanied by the certificate of a Postmaster, or other equivalent testimony, that the guarantors are men of property, and able to make good their guaranty.

The proposals should be sent to the Department sealed; endorsed "Proposals for route No ——," and addressed to the First Assistant Postmaster General.

For the prohibition of bids resulting from combinations, and the terms and conditions on which the contract is to be made, see the last annual advertisement.

C. A. WICKLIFFE,
Postmaster General.

Post Office Department,
June 21, 1842. } July 2, 27—


**EXCHANGE HOTEL,**
CENTRE STREET, POTTSVILLE.
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE TOWN HALL.

DAVID CLARK,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the travelling community in general, that he has taken the above well known establishment and fitted it up with new furniture, and in the best style, for the accommodation of all those who may favor him with their patronage. The above establishment, is located in the centre of business. There is an omnibus leaves the house every day for the Rail Road depot in time for travellers to take the Cars for Philadelphia.

P. S. Good stabling attached, with attentive ostlers. April 16 16—tf

**POTTSVILLE INSTITUTE.**

THE Winter session of this institution commenced on October 25th, and will continue twelve weeks exclusive of the vacation. It is earnestly requested that all having wards or children to enter, will do so at the commencement of the session, as much of the success of the pupils depend upon a prompt and judicious classification. No allowance will hereafter be made for absence except in cases of protracted sickness.

*TERMS.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Plain English branches, | $4 00 |
| Higher " " | 6 00 |
| Classics | 8 00 |
| Stationary, | 25 |

C. W. PIPMAN, A. B. Principal.

N. B. Books will be furnished to the pupils at the customary prices when requested by the parents. October 21. 25—tf

FRESH SPRING GOODS.

WE have just received and are prepared to sell at reduced prices

A general assortment of Staple and Fancy Goods, consisting of

Prints, Lawns, Muslins, Checks, Linens, Fancy Handk's., Lace Veils, Hosiery, Gloves, Silk and Summer Hdfs., Notions, Gents. Summer Wear,
Bleached and Unbleached Muslins,
Cords, Drills, Bonetnetts, Tickings,
Laces, Cassets, Miners Wear, &c., &c.

Those wishing to purchase are invited to call at E. Q. & A. HENDERSON'S.

May 28. —22

COLLECTOR'S SALES—Just printed and for sale at this office. July 9. 27—


### OFFICE LYRICS, NO. 11.

**My First Love.**

'Twas night, a lovely night in June,
Delightful dreamy weather;
And by the pale light of the moon,
We sat and talked together;
She was a fair and dark haired girl,
With long and silken lashes:
And eyes that set all hearts on fire,
By their electric flashes.

She had a witching tone and air,
A lip forever smiling:
Ah me! those smiles, how much they tend
To our poor heart's beguiling:
She talked of manners and of men,
Of politics, of scandal;
She played from Rossini and sang
From Haydn and from Handel.

And with a signal grace she talked
Of Poets and their sonnets:
Of fashions and the perfect style
Of Madame Gaubert's bonnets:
Of Italy, the land of song,
Of music and the graces;
Of Byron and of fallen Greece,
And of the Ascot races.

But on this night she could not sing,
Her voice was faint and broken;
She answered sharply, then she sighed
That she should thus have spoken;
And then I ceased to importune,
And gazed on the still beaming
Of those unnumbered stars, and thought
How all the world were dreaming.

And silence stole upon our lips,
My head was resting finely;
In graceful bend and attitude,
I must have looked divinely,
But with a sully summer's sight
Around our senses stealing;
There often comes above our eyes
a sleeping sort of feeling.

. . . . . .

I know not how it was, we woke,
Roused by our nasal chorus;
Yet gone was the bewitching girl
We lately saw before us,
And from our open lips came forth,
Not Haydn or not Handel;
Only the last remains—of what?
A spermaceti candle!!! W.

"I see the flush of indignation mantle
On thy young cheek"—*Rocke.*

Beautiful, aye very beautiful is the opening blossom of the snow drop as it spreads its tiny delicate leaves to catch the life which a bountiful Providence sheds upon it. Beautiful is the light of that minister as it shoots forth its brilliant rays in obedience to his ever watchful mandate—lovely is the sparkle of a fine woman's eye as from its depth the liquid fire of affection beams on its idol, and sweet is the tone which its gentle warmth prompts as it breaks upon his ear amid the delicious stillness of feeling. High and strong and powerfully thrilling, whispers the answering tone of the master spirit, as he bends his proud intellect to worship before his own heart's worshipper, and in the quiet recesses of his soul feels a holy joy in protecting and cherishing her. All these are lovely and beautiful, they are the flowers which, springing up around us in our rugged and thorny pathway of life, relieve the monotony of toil and add a mellow warming to the otherwise chilly atmosphere of existence. Ramble we, where we will—on every side and in every work, do we find much to evidence the strength and prevalence of human happiness, and the provident wisdom of the great Ruler who metes it out to his deserving creations. We have traversed through the world with an eye for all these beauties, and we have seen much to repay us for the attention. From the simplest and most inconsiderate, to the highest and loftiest in nature, have we found the true essence of loveliness and happiness; but though all were beautiful and filled with rapture, we have seen nothing that could equal in enchantment, the struggles of two beautiful young girls over head and ears in water.

THE DEATH OF A DUELLIST.—Much the same sort of feeling resumed the lady, seems to have over-shadowed another successful duelist. I allude to the well known Captain Best, the antagonist of Lord Camelford. The duel was forced upon him. An abandoned woman promoted it: and Lord Camelford, before he went to the ground, told his second that he was conscious he himself was in the wrong: that Best was a man of honor but that he could not bring himself to retract words which he had once used. He fell, at once the aggressor and the sufferer. But Captain Best was never his own man afterwards. He died at the early age of eight and forty, at a boarding house called "The Blanquetts," near Worcester. Sorrow and remorse had done on him the work of years. In his closing hours he is said to have told those who were in his confidence that the recollection of that deed and its results had embittered every moment of his life; that the whole scene was as fresh in his memory as if it had happened yesterday; and that there were times when Lord Camelford seemed to stand before him and gaze on him with an earnestness and tenacity that rendered life a burden. In consequence of some embarrassments—whence contracted I know not, for he inherited West India property to a considerable amount—he was for some time within the Rules of the King's Bench. In his domestic arrangements, too, he was unfortunate. His marriage proved disastrous, and was dissolved by act of Parliament. But be calm and again deplored that every scruple would have sat lightly on him could he but have succeeded in wiping the stain of homicide from his brow.—*The Bishop's Daughter.*

THE CLERGY.—The Providence Journal pays the following deserved tribute to the New England Clergy.

"Nothing has filled the enemies of law and order with greater rage than the high and noble stand taken by the clergy against their insurrection doctrines. The clergy of New England have always been distinguished by their love of freedom and their hatred of oppression; whether it be the oppression of a single tyrant or of a mob, had they been not less distinguished for the manly independence with which they have declared their views. In a contest like that which has agitated this State, they could not remain indifferent, nor could their influence fail to be deeply felt. The writings of those who have asserted beneath their rebukes, show the justice with which they have been administered.

In St. Louis, there has been lately established a "*House of Employment for Female Poor,*" where ladies or gentlemen can have sewing, of any kind, done to order, and in the neatest manner; washing and ironing also done at short notice. Families wishing to find a nurse, seamstress, cook, chambermaid, or washer-woman, can have them sent by applying here, and the payment of twenty-five cents. Females, who wish either of the above situations, by payment of the above sum, can be accommodated. Children's clothing is kept ready made for sale; also a variety of garments for ladies and gentlemen's wear.

From the Democratic Review.

### A Legend of Life and Love.

A very cheerless and fallacious doctrine is that which teaches us to deny the yielding to natural feelings righteously directed, because the consequences may be trouble and grief, as well as satisfaction and pleasure. The man who lives on from year to year, jealous of ever placing himself in a situation where the chances can possibly turn against him—ice, as it were, surrounding his heart, and his mind too scrupulously weighing in a balance, the results of giving away to any of those propensities his creator has planted in his heart—may be a philosopher, but can never be a happy man.

Upon the banks of a pleasant river stood a cottage, the residence of an ancient man, whose limbs were feeble with the weight of years and of former sorrow. In his appetites, easily gratified, like the simple race of people among whom he lived, every want of existence was supplied by a few fertile acres. Those acres were tilled and tended by two brothers, grandsons of the old man, and dwellers also in the cottage. The parents of the boys lay buried near by.

Nathan, the elder, had hardly seen his twentieth summer. He was a beautiful youth. Glossy hair clustered upon his head, and his cheeks were very brown from sunshine and open air.—Though the eyes of Nathan were soft and liquid, like a girl's, and his cheeks curled with a voluptuous swell, exercise had developed his limbs into noble and manly proportions. The band of hunters, as they met sometimes to start off together after the game upon the neighboring hills, could hardly show one among their number who, in comeliness, strength or activity, might compete with the youthful Nathan.

Mark was but a year younger than his brother. He, too, had great beauty.

In the course of time the ancient sickened and knew that he was to die. Before the approach of the fatal hour, he called before him the two youths, and addressed them thus:

'The world, my children, is full of deceit. Evil men swarm in every place; and sorrow and disappointment are the fruits of intercourse with them. So wisdom is wary.

'And as the things of life are only shadows, passing like the darkness of a cloud, twine no bands of love about your hearts. For love is the fickles thing of life. The object of our affection dies, and we thenceforth languish in agony; or perhaps the love we covet dies, and that's more painful yet.

'It is well never to confide in any man. It is well to keep aloof from the follies and impurities of earth. Let there be no links between you and others. Let not any being control you through your dependance upon him for a portion of your happiness. This, my sons, I have learned by sad experience, is the teaching of truth.'

Within a few days afterward, the old man was placed away in the marble tomb of his kindred, which was built on a hill by the shore.

Now the injunction given to Nathan and his brother—injunctions frequently impressed upon them before by the same monitorial voice—were pondered over by each youth in his inmost heart. They had always habitually respected their grandsire—whatever came from his mouth therefore, seemed as the word of an oracle, not to be gainsayed.

Soon the path of Nathan chanced to be sundered from that of Mark.

And the trees leaved out, and then in the autumn cast their foliage; and in due course leaved out again, and again, and many times again—and the brothers met not yet.

Two score years and ten! What change works over earth in such a space as two score years and ten!

As the sun, an hour ere setting, cast long slanting shadows to the eastward, two men withered and with hair thin and snowy, came wearily up from opposite directions, and stood together at a tomb built on a hill by the borders of a fair river. Why do they start, as each casts his dim eyes towards the face of the other? Why do tears drop down their cheeks, and their frames tremble even more than with the feebleness of age! They are the long separated brethren, and they enfold themselves in one another's arms.

'And yet,' said Mark, after a few moments, stepping back, and gazing earnestly upon his companion's form and features, 'and yet it wonders me that *thou* art my brother. There should be a brave and beautiful youth, with black curls upon his head, and not those pale emblems of decay. And my brother should be straight and nimble—not bent and tottering as thou.'

The speaker cast a second searching glance—a glance of discontent.

'And I,' rejoined Nathan, 'I might require from my brother, not such shrivelled limbs as I see, and instead of that cracked voice, the full swelling music of a morning heart—for that half a century is a fearful matter of comeliness and of strength; for half a century it is, dear brother, since my hand touched thine, or my eyes rested upon thy face.'

Mark sighed and answered not.

Then, in a little while, they made inquiries about what had befallen either during the time past.—Seated upon the marble by which they had met, Mark briefly told his story.

'I bethink me, brother, many, many years have indeed passed over since the sorrowful day when our grandsire, dying, left us to seek our fortunes amid a wicked and seductive world.

'His last words, as thou doubtless dost remember, advised us against the snares that should beset our subsequent journeyings. He portrayed the dangers which lie in the path of love; he impressed upon our minds the folly of placing confidence in human honor; and warned us to keep aloof from too close a communication of our kind; he then died, but his instructions live, and have ever been present in my memory.

'Dear Nathan, why should I conceal from you that, at that time I lived. My simple soul, unguided with the wisdom of our aged relative, had yielded to the delirious folly, and the brown eyed Eva was my young heart's choice. O brother, even now, the feeble and withered thing I am, dim recollections, pleasant passages, come forth around me, like the joy of old dreams. A boy again, and in the confiding heart of the boy, I walk with Eva by the river's banks. And the gentle creature blushes at my protestations of love, and hangs her cheek upon my neck. The regal sun goes down in the west, and we gaze upon the glory of the clouds and attend his setting, and while we look at their fantastic changes, a laugh sounds out, clear like a flute, and merry as the jingling of silver bells. It is the laugh of Eva.'

The eye of the old man glistened with unwonted brightness. He panted, sighed, the brightness faded away, and he went on with his narration.

'As I said, the dying lessons of him whom we reverenced were treasured in my soul. I could not but feel their truth. I feared that if I again stood beside the maiden of my love, and looked upon her face, and listened to her words, the wholesome axioms might be blotted from my thought, so I determined to act as became a man: from that hour I never have beheld the brown-eyed Eva.

'I went amid the world. Acting upon the wise principles which our aged friend taught us, I looked upon every thing with suspicious eyes. Alas! I found it but too true that iniquity and deceit are the ruling spirits of men.

'Some called me cold, calculating, and unamiable, but it was their own unworthiness that made me appear so to their eyes. I am not—you know, my brother—I am not, naturally of proud and repulsive manner; but I was determined never to give my friendship merely to be blown off again, it might chance, as a feather by the wind; nor interweave my course of life with those that very likely would draw all the advantage of the connexion, and leave me no better than before.

'I engaged in traffic. Success attended me.—Enemies said that my good fortune was the result of chance, but I knew it the fruit of the judicious system of caution which governed me in matters of business, as well as in social intercourse.

'My brother, thus have I lived my life. Your look asks me if I have been happy. Dear brother, truth impels me to say no. Yet assuredly, if few glittering pleasures ministered to me on my journey, equally few were the disappointments, the hopes blighted, the trusts betrayed, the faintings of the soul, caused by the defection of those in whom I had laid up my treasures.

'Ah, my brother, the world is full of misery!'

The disciple of a wretched faith ceased his story, and there was silence for a while.

Then Nathan spake:

'In the early years,' he said, 'I too loved a beautiful woman. Whether my heart was more frail than thine, or affection had gained a mightier power over me, I could not part from her I loved without the satisfaction of a farewell kiss. We met,—I had resolved to stay but a moment,—I had chalked out my future life after the fashion thou hast described thine.

'How it was I know not, but the moment rolled on to hours, and still we stood with our arms around each other.

'My brother, a maiden's tears washed my stern resolves away. The lure of a voice rolled quietly from between two soft lips, enticed me from remembrance of my grandsire's wisdom. I forgot his teachings, and married the woman I loved.

'Ah! how sweetly sped the seasons! We were blessed. True, there came crossings and evils; but we withstood them all, and holding each other by the hand, forgot that such a thing as sorrow remained in the world.

'Children were born to us—brave boys and fair girls. Oh, Mark, that, *that* is a pleasure—that swelling of tenderness for our offspring—which the rigorous doctrines of your course of life has withheld from you.

'Like you, I engaged in trade. Various fortune followed my path. I will not deny but that some in whom I thought virtue was strong, proved cunning hypocrites, and worthy no man's trust. Yet are there many I have known, spotless, as far as humanity is spotless.

'Thus, to me, life has been alternately dark and fair. Have lived happy? No, not completely; it is never for mortal so to be. But I can lay my hand upon my heart, and thank the Great Master, that the sunshine has been far oftener than the darkness of the clouds.

'Dear brother, the world has misery—but it is a pleasant world still, and affords much joy to the dwellers!'

As Nathan ceased, his brother looked up in his face, like a man unto whom a simple truth had been for the first time revealed.

W. W.

**Protection.**

Mr. Jefferson understood this matter well, and in his proper light, when he made his report on "Commercial Privileges and Restrictions" in the House of Representatives, December 16, 1793, of which the following is an extract:

"Where a nation imposes high duties on our productions, or prohibits them altogether, it may be proper for us to do the same by theirs; first, burdening, or excluding those productions which they bring here, in competition with our own of the same kind; selecting next such manufactures as we take from them in greatest quantity, and which, at the same time, we could the soonest furnish to ourselves, or obtain from other countries; imposing on them duties, lighter at first, but heavier afterwards, as other channels of supply open. Such duties, have the effect of indirect encouragement to domestic manufacturers of the same kind, may induce the manufacturer to come himself into these states, where cheaper subsistence, equal laws, and a vent of his wares, free of duty, may ensure him the highest profits from his skill and industry. And here it would be in the power of the State governments to co-operate essentially, by opening the resources of encouragement which are under their control; extending them liberally to artists in those particular branches of manufacture for which their soil, climate, population, and other circumstances have natured them; and fostering the precious efforts and progress of *household* manufacture, by some patronage suited to the nature of its objects, guided by the local informations they possess, and guarded against abuse by their presence and attention. The oppression on our agriculture in foreign parts would thus be made the occasion of relieving it from a dependance on the counsels and conduct of others, and of promoting arts, manufactures, and population at home."

A QUEER CASE.—An individual in Baltimore, on Sunday, attempted to commit suicide. It appears, as we learn from the Sun, that his wife had refused to walk out with him. On her refusing, he walked up stairs, and stepping on to the piazza, which overlooks the yard, he sprang to the ground, when his wife ran out and seized him; but he, as if determined on self-destruction, rushed up stairs again, seized a knife and plunged it into his right breast, inflicting a slight wound. Medical assistance was called in, the wound dressed, and half an hour after, the individual and his wife were seen arm and arm in the street, the lady having intercited.

### 'HARRY OF THE WEST.'

BY JOHN S. WARLAND, ESQ.

Once more our glorious banner out
Upon the breeze we throw—
Beneath its folds, with song and shout
Let's charge upon the foe!
Our chosen chief, alas!—no more
Shall place his lance in rest—
But well we know the love he bore
Our Harry of the West:
Our Harry of the West, my boys,
Our Harry of the West.

Then brothers, rise and rally round
The statesman ever true,
Until his name, with trumpet sound,
Shall wake the welkin's blue,
And millions, with admiring eyes,
Shall call him from his rest—
The Hero of new victories,
Our Harry of the West!

When sought the red coats, as if old,
The empire of the FREE,
And British cannon once more rolled
Its thunder o'er the Sea—
Who loudest cheered our gallant tars
And fired the soldier's breast—
Till victory hailed our stripes and stars—
But our Harry of the West.

And when no more the groaning South
To Spain would bend the knee,
But rising, at the cannon's mouth,
Proclaimed she would be free—
Who heard his burning accents fall,
And reared her starry crest!
Young INDEPENDENCE at the call
Of Harry of the West.

Whene'er forget the common weal,
And party waves run strong,
'Till e'en the wisest halt and feel
That every thing goes wrong—
There's one the olive branch who brings
And lulls the storm to rest,
Till Peace comes on her angel wings—
'Tis Harry of the West.

Let Ty and Calhoun 'jump jist so,'
And dance 'Virginia reels,'
Each striving which to Whigs can show
The cleanest pair of heels.
Let Loco-Focos bid him hail;
We'll head their trait'rous guests:
Kentucky rifles never fail
With Harry of the West.

Let Van his mottled forces drill,
'Till Benton swears 'tis hard,
And Captain Tyler show his skill
With his tremendous 'Guard,'
What care we for them, great and small,
E'en though they do their best?
For Old Kentuck will head them all—
Our Harry of the West.

The honors which the hero won
Encircle not his head—
Like withered wreaths, they rest upon
Another's brow instead—
The Statesman never faithless known,
The worthiest and best,
Shall make them bloom again—our own
True Harry of the West.

Then let the glorious banner float
To the sunshine and the blast,
Till Victory sounds her bugle note,
The din of battle past!
No brighter name can lead us on,
High on its folds impressed,
Than thine, Truth's gallant Champion,
Our Harry of the West.

The following article from the North American, a paper which is generally moderate in its tone, and little *Tylerish* besides, sums up and comments upon the difficulties at Washington, as follows:

**Position of Affairs at Washington.**

The effect of mixing up Executive opinions with Legislative measures, is seen in the present position of affairs at Washington. Both branches of the government are irretrievably embarrassed by it.

The President refuses to sanction a Fiscal Agency, giving the parent institution power to establish in the States its offices of discount and deposit, and operate *per se* over the Union. Congress thinks this power all important, and that without it, the institution would utterly fail of accomplishing the objects intended.

The President thinks that a Tariff of duties above 20 per cent without the proceeds of the sales of Public Lands, would be a violation of the compromise act, and every way inexpedient.—Congress thinks government should derive its revenues from duties; that these duties will also aid and protect home industry in all its branches; that the sales of the Public Lands are too *uncertain* as sources of revenue, and that the compromise act ought to yield to any system of legislation which the exigencies of the government and country require.

The President thinks the Public Lands belong to the government, and that the propriety of a distribution of these proceeds should turn on the 20 per cent contingency. Congress thinks these lands belong to the States, and that in their present *embarrassed* condition they have a right to claim the aid which they can afford.

Such are the opinions of the Executive, and such the opinions of Congress. They are in opposition—irreconcilable opposition—on these great, vital measures. The opinions of the Executive cannot prevail, because they can never embody themselves in the shape of law; the opinions of Congress cannot prevail, because the Executive will exercise his veto upon them.—What then is to be done, can any Solon say? Shall Congress go to the President and ask him what bills he will sign, and shape its measures accordingly? Would this become the dignity, the constitutional privileges and responsibility of our national legislature? Would it be in harmony with that great organic feature of our Constitution, which provides that the will of the people, as proclaimed through their representatives, shall be the supreme law of the land?

What then is to be *done*? What can be *done*? Nothing can be done till each branch of the government confines itself rigidly to its appropriate duties. It is the duty of Congress to *originate legislation*, to mature and adopt such measures as, in their judgment, the exigencies of the country require; and it is the duty of the Executive to carry those measures into execution. No matter whether they are in the opinion of the Executive the most expedient or not; the question of their expediency lies elsewhere; it devolves on the *legislature*; its decision rests with that body; *there* it was placed by the Constitution; and there it must remain, or there is an end to this government. If Executive constructions of expediency can upset one measure, it can upset all measures, and resolve the government itself into a despotism. A legislature without the power of deciding questions of expediency, is a burlesque on free institutions!—a mockery of the first and most essential attribute of a free government!

NATIONAL DEBTS OF EUROPE.—President Tyler, in his late message, speaks of the United States as "having paid off her whole debt since the last peace, *While all the other great powers have been increasing theirs!*" We are sorry to see a remark in an important public document betraying such a want of information upon the history and condition of foreign countries, as is implied in the passage above quoted. How could the President have gotten the idea that all the great powers of the world, except the United States, have been increasing their respective debts? There is no one of the great powers of Europe which has not been reducing its debt during the same period in which the United States paid off hers. There are five governments usually denominated the Great Powers, all of which have been since the peace successfully engaged in reducing the enormous debts contracted by them during the long war which preceded. Great Britain which is burdened with the greatest debt, has reduced that burden fifty millions sterling since the peace, and what is more, has, by changes of investment with the consent of the public creditors, reduced the amount of annual interest five millions. The public debt of Russia, according to the latest authentic accounts, was reduced to 934,000,000 paper roubles, having been in 1830 as high as 1,500,000,000. The state of the finances of the Austrian Empire is not very satisfactorily known, but, according to the best information, the debt has been reduced since the peace more than 100,000,000 of American dollars. The debt of Prussia, which amounted in 1810 to 106,603,000 rix dollars, had been reduced, on the 1st of January, 1835, to 103,626,000, and it has been undergoing a regular reduction since, and probably does not now exceed 100,000,000 dollars. The funded debt of France has been greatly increased since the peace by the assumption of obligations to foreign countries, and the payment of a thousand millions of francs to her own subjects, who were robbed of their property in the revolution; but the amount of debt was in process of rapid reduction, until a period subsequent to the liquidation of our debt. It has recently been increased from extraordinary causes, but not to an amount equal to the previous reduction; so that the great powers, instead of all increasing their debt, while the United States was paying hers, were also all paying, and have together reduced their aggregate debt in an amount equal probably to five times the whole debt of the United States at the close of the war.—*Boston Cour.*

The Washington Correspondent of the New York Aurora, a neutral paper in politics writes as follows. The writer corroborates the charges of corruption practiced under Van Buren's administration.

"Pennsylvania is making every effort in her power to nominate Mr. *Buchanan*. The papers in the interior of that State are full of this movement; and while that gentleman has nothing *national* in his reputation, he seems to be thought much of at home, and Pennsylvania has a large number of electoral votes to commence business on. This prevents Mr. B. from being a contemptible candidate, at any rate. Leaving out of the question the minor and smaller fry, who are all intriguing to get their names entered on the books for the great race, Mr. *Van Buren* must not be overlooked. He is to be sure a broken down horse. He broke his country down and broke his party down. The attempt to re-elect him cost the people not less than ten millions of dollars.—During his time roguery rode in a coach, and honesty was sneered at and laughed to scorn. Fanny Wright was deified, and ignorance was proclaimed as a qualification of a rule superior to intelligence, and second only to vice.

Every public man who had an opportunity, under him, put his hand into the public purse and plundered all he could, and assisted every other rogue he could to plunder also. Robbery to carry the election was practised in every part of the government, and all this, it now appears, was done with the sanction of the Executive. The revenue of the country dwindled down to nearly one half the usual amount. The nation was overwhelmed with public debt, and without any satisfactory reason, in a time of profound peace, and of what, except for Mr. Van Buren, would have been a time of the greatest prosperity. The government was bankrupt, and obliged to resort to the measure of a public loan to meet engagements, and expenditures incurred to elect Mr. Van Buren. These facts have now come to light, and although but little is said on them at present, when Mr. Van Buren takes the field, the country will see them, and the late President must meet them glaring before him in every part of the country. Nothing would please the whigs so much as to have Mr. Van Buren in the field at the next election."

CELIBACY OF THE PAPAL CLERGY.—A writer in the Dublin University Magazine—a Roman Catholic priest—in discussing the possibility of a union between the church of England and Roman Catholics, contends strongly for the abolition of celibacy in the papal church, as a means of facilitating the union. He says:—

"There is one of these changes which I would most strongly urge on the attention of the rulers of our church—I mean the recasting of the law of clerical celibacy. I am, as I before stated, 'in the sear and yellow leaf,' and would have little to gain by this change; and I am fully aware that even one sentence spoken or written on this or any other subject may have an influence to be felt at the end of time. Well then in the presence of that God who is yet to judge me, I make, after the maturest judgement, the following declaration, which I wish should be proclaimed through the world:—The law of the Roman Catholic Church which obliges our clergymen to live single—no matter what advantages may be ascribed to it, I believe to be one which has at all times wrought, and still works incalculable mischief. It is my unalterable conviction that this rule is, and has ever been productive of sins most offensive to the Almighty; and that the Lord has often poured out his wrath upon the nations in consequence of those offences against him, which I should almost say have followed naturally from this unnatural restriction.

The live plants, &c. from the Exploring Expedition have reached here from the Vincennes, and are deposited in Mr. Dougliss's green house nearly opposite the building occupied by the Department of State.

We learn that there are over one hundred species of fine trees, and a great variety of roots, bulbs, seeds, &c. from different parts of the world. It is said that the *total* number collected by the Expedition amounts to *over 18,000 specimens of different species.*—*Nat. Int.*

CALEB CUSHING ON EXECUTIVE USURPATION.—It is well known that the only man of any weight and ability in Congress who lends himself to the unscrupulous defence of John Tyler, in all his acts of selfish usurpation, is Mr. Cushing. He not only apologizes for, but justifies his acts and even rejoices over the recent Veto of the Tariff Bill—based as it was upon a mere difference of opinion between the President and Congress. He is now perfectly willing to sacrifice principles, conscience and duty for the sake of influence with the Executive;' he now sees nothing alarming in Mr. Tyler's 'unparalleled disregard of the opinions of the Senate and House of Representatives'; he looks with perfect calmness now upon the 'proofs of a disposition on the part of the President to concentrate all power in the hands of a single individual.' How he regarded these matters on the 27th of February, 1834, may be gathered from the following extract of a speech made by him in the Massachusetts Legislature in reference to the Veto of Gen. Jackson:

"Are we to laud the President to the skies, right or wrong, in order to obtain credit at Washington? Is this principle? Are we to chain our consciences, and our opinions, to the car of a triumphant military chieftain? Are we to kiss the mailed heel which treads upon our necks, and tramples us into the earth? Is this democracy? So have not I learned democracy. If to *sacrifice principles, conscience and duty, for the sake of influence with the Executive*, be democracy,' I DESIRE NOTHING IT—and, of the party success flourished before us, we may say as the old Roman did, 'A cause to triumph pleases the gods—but one in adversity is loved by Cato.' In the President's unparalleled exercise of the Veto power, for but twice using which Louis XVI. was hurled from his throne—in his unparalleled disregard of the opinions of the Senate and House of Representatives—in all this gentlemen may perceive the democratic character of the President. *I see in it*, in the language of the tenth Resolution, '*the proofs of his disposition to concentrate all power in the hands of a single individual.*'"

LADIES HAVE A CARE!—We the other day hunted up the following statute of the ancient Virginia code, which would lead one to suppose that liberty is hardly so extensive in the Old Dominion as the fair sex would like it to be:—Pic.

"Whereas many babbling women slander and scandalize their neighbors, for which their poor husbands are often involved in vexatious suits, and cast in great damages: Be it therefore enacted, that in actions of slander, occasioned by the wife, after judgement passed for the damages, the woman shall be punished by ducking; and if the slander be so enormous as to be adjudged at a greater damage than five hundred lbs. of tobacco, then the woman is to suffer a ducking for each five hundred lbs. of tobacco adjudged against the husband if he refuses to pay the tobacco."

LIGHT SOVEREIGNS.—Queen Victoria has issued a proclamation to the effect that hereafter every gold sovereign of less weight than five pennyweights two grains and a half, be not allowed to be current or pass in any manner whatsoever.

*Queen Victoria* appears determined that *all* kinds of *Sovereigns*, which pass current in that kingdom, shall be kept at (*or as near as possible*) *full weight*: of this her Majesty's determination, there can be no doubt—having always exerted her authority to that effect.—*Sag. Harbor Corrector.*

The last issue of Her Majesty's mint is said to be full size, and stamped with the royal impress of Her Majesty. The *sovereign* is now always *at par.*—*N. Y. Aurora.*

PROMPT RETRIBUTION AND A BOLD ACT.—Some villain—some scoundrel of the deepest cast, was in the act of placing an obstruction on the rails of the L. Island Rail Road, east of Farmingdale, on Wednesday last, just at evening. A young man from New York who was in quest of game, in a thick wood immediately adjoining the road observed his movements but seeing him to be a very stout, gallant looking fellow, he declined interfering except from the mouth of his gun. After the villain had placed a heavy iron rail in such a way as he thought would be effectual in throwing the train from the track and was about darting in the wood opposite, the young man fired upon him with one barrel of his gun, leaving the other to defend himself, if necessary. The charge of shot took effect in his back and neck, and the guilty villain fled. This was a most meritorious act by a young man 17 years of age.—*Brooklyn News.*

INDIAN RUBBER PAVEMENT.—The London Chronicle says that amongst the marvels of the times a patent has been actually taken out for *paving the streets of London with India Rubber*, and many scientific persons are sanguine as to its success. There is to be a sub stratum of pood, on which is to be put a facing of catouchu mixed with iron filings and saw dust, to a depth of several inches. This, it is calculated, will resist the ill influence of all weathers, and make the most delightful and durable pavement.

TO PRESERVE BOOKS.—A *few drops* of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mould and damp. Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch tree, never mouldiers; and merchants suffer large bales of this leather to remain in the London docks, knowing that it cannot sustain any injury from damp. The manner of preserving books with perfumed oil was known to the ancients.—The Romans used oil of the cedar to preserve valuable MSS. Hence the expression used by Horace, "*Dignas cedro*," meaning any work worthy of being anointed with cedar oil, or in other words worthy of being preserved and remembered.—*Greenfield Gazette.*

Mr. Simmons, Editor of the Providence Herald, a paper that has always been and still is, ardently devoted to the suffrage cause in Rhode Island, has written a letter to the Editor of the Boston Post, in which he says the stories told of the cruelty exercised towards the prisoners and others of the defeated party in that State, are many of them "grossly exaggerated and many others wholly false." The story of three men having died in prison, he says is not true, and Mr. Simmons adds, "the story of the courageous conduct of one of our military corps cannot be believed by those who know the young man of which the company is composed."

Mr. Washington has another good hit at those men who belong themselves to one part of the country, with principles which belong to another.

I am proud of being a Southern man, and have as little respect for Southern men with Northern principles, as I have for Northern men with Southern principles. I have watched the political course of both classes and have found it to be a winding way. It has been well said that

"They were in and were out,
And leave the people still in doubt
Whether the snake that made the track,
Was going north or coming back."

TO PREVENT THE ROTTING OF POSTS IN THE GROUND.—Place stones or tiles