

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...

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

PERIODICAL AGENCY OFFICE. The publisher has opened a Periodical Agency Office in connection with his establishment...

- Philadelphia. Godey's Lady's Book, 83 00. Graham's Magazine, 3 00. Young People's Book, 3 00.

COUNTERFEITERS' DEATH-BLOW. Public notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed receiver of the estate of the late John W. ...

GOLDEN SWAN HOTEL. (REVISED). No. 69 N. Third St., above Arch, Philadelphia. Board one dollar per day.

POTTSDALE INSTITUTE. Winter session of this institution commenced on October 7th, and will continue twelve weeks exclusive of the vacation...

FRESH SPRING GOODS. We have just received and are prepared to sell at reduced prices a general assortment of Staple and Fancy Goods...

HOUSES & LOTS FOR SALE. Also, a large number of building and lot of lots in various sections on the Navigation tract, lying principally in the Borough of Philadelphia...

JAMES H. CAMPBELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW. POTTSDALE, PA. Has removed his office to the west side of Centre Street, a few doors above Mahanongo St.

MINERS' AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

WEEKLY BY BENJAMIN BANNAN, POTTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 29, 1842. VOL. XVIII. SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 29, 1842. NO. 44.

POTTSVILLE.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 29, 1842.

Whilst looking over an old Port Folio the other day, we suddenly came across the following emanation from our youthful genius...

THE ANGEL BRIDE. (A Tale from the MSS. of a late Physician.) It was evening—the evening of a summer Sabbath...

Walking. I would never walk by habit, it never amounts to pleasure. I would walk when my feelings prompted—when my heart yearned for the earth...

Office Lyrics, No. 30. There is a shadow on thy brow, A coldness in thy tone, And my heart quivers with the thought...

FOUNTAINS.—New York, while its business cognome is the commercial emporium, may well be also named the Fountain city. No city in the world can have such fountains as we...

POTATO TRADE.—The Wiscasset (Me.) Republican says: The Potato trade in this town now appears pretty well revived. They are selling quick at a shilling a bushel, and 20 cents in exchange for Gold.

[FOR THE MINERS' JOURNAL.] THE SPIRIT OF SONG. How shall I woo thee, with high numbers swelling...

With the wild heart's fierce raving dark commotion; With the crushed spirit's pensive frowns, And the dim eye that heralds that emotion...

It was evening—the evening of a summer Sabbath. The sweet hush of Nature, unbroken by a single sound of busy life, harmonized and too painfully with the oppressive stillness which pervaded the chamber...

How is thy heart? Earth's dark life is given. Lo! the soul gushes forth with burning prayer; Whither we turn aside from mortal care...

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the life and the joys to which I am hastening. Three weeks had passed. It was again the evening of the Sabbath...

Clarence Hamilton was pursuing his studies at a distant college, and the letter which summoned him to Pottsville, had scarcely intimated danger in the illness of his betrothed...

Three months before the Sabbath evening on which we write, Lucy was in health, and with her companion Ellen was performing her delightful duties as Sabbath School teacher...

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From the Dublin University Magazine for May, 1836. BY G. P. R. JAMES. Oh, say me not, To days long gone...

Learned I first in boyhood's hours, In youth's exulting May; And sung it oft amidst the flowers...

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury. Short Patent Sermon BY HOW, JR. I have taken the following as a text for this occasion: The autumn leaves now falling fast...

My hearers! I fear that too many of you flatter yourselves with the idea that you are to live to a great and good old age, and then die, in the quietude of a happy old age...

My friends—the autumn leaves that now fall around you warn you, with speechless eloquence, to prepare for death. They seem to say that every fair object of earth must fade and fall...

My hearers—this generation will have passed away ere that awful crisis shall occur, and you will all escape the attending terrors; nevertheless you are doomed to die, and the sooner you begin to think about it, and make the necessary preparation, the better it will be for you...

My worthy friends and fellow citizens—when you see how that tender plant is drooping, and the leaves are dropping one by one to the ground, you have a picture before you representing the constant egress of your friends and kindred from this world of wickedness and sin...

My dear hearers—learn your destinies from the falling leaves. Young maiden!—allowing you three score and ten years to enjoy yourself, painfully at best, upon the Almighty footstool, it will be but to-morrow ere your raven hair is gray as a woodcock. Ah! soon those sparkling eyes will lose their lustre in the dim evening twilight of existence...

the parlours of wisdom, in order that you may be thought beautiful, even when the perishable portion shall have become blighted and withered by the frosts of age...

My hearers—all that I wish is, that you may live in such a manner that your last days may be as mild and glorious as those of autumn, and that when you depart, you may bid adieu to the world with hope in your hearts and a smile upon your lips...

Doctor Channing. The New York Journal of Commerce containing the following tribute to the memory of this truly great and good man. Dr. Channing was born at Newport, R. I. His grandfather was William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence...

Of Dr. Channing's father we are not particularly informed, but Dr. C. himself, though for many years an invalid, was, in early life, quite vigorous. Though small in stature, and possessing a light frame, he had muscular strength, and in college was considered an athletic young man...

Dr. Channing's published Sermons during the year of 1812, brought him into general notice throughout the country. Subsequently his Review of the writings of Milton, the character of Napoleon Bonaparte, and other able performances, established his reputation among the eminent scholars and distinguished writers of the country...

Dr. C. was a man of great independence of mind. He was never swayed by popular applause to do an act which his principles condemned. He paid no respect to men on account of their power or office. He honored moral worth wherever he found it. He was serene on the parental character of God, on the loveliness of the example of Jesus Christ, on the evidences of Christianity, and on political and moral integrity, affable, eloquent, and in intelligible terms, on conjugal infidelity and licentiousness...

Dr. C. was the poor man's friend and advocate. He prized the principles of our Government, but was chiefly anxious that the people should be righteous rather than prosperous. He loved the cause of peace, and by his tongue and pen did all he could to stave off the calamities of war. In this, however, much more might have been done. His theological opinions, no man who knew him could fail to prize his purity of character, his indefatigable industry, his lofty purposes, his literary taste, his eloquence, and his able discussions. His death is a great loss, not only to his family, but to the city where he resided, to the country which gave him birth, to the cause of letters, and freedom throughout the world.

Exonerate.—Noah Webster says, that by substituting *to exonerate*, in his version of the Bible, he has saved thirty-four pages of close letter-press.