

TERMS OF PUBLICATION, On the Cash System.

The Miners' Journal will after the 1st of January, be published on the following terms and conditions: For one year, \$5 00; For six months, \$3 00; For three months, \$1 50; For one month, \$0 50.

Advertisements not exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for each insertion. Yearly advertisements will be dealt with on the following terms: One Column, \$20; Two squares, \$30; Three-fourths do., \$15; One do., \$10; Half column, \$12; Business cards, \$15.

All advertisements must be paid for in advance on a separate account from the printer. 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 Licenses, \$4. All notices for Licenses for keeping a saloon or for the sale of liquor, and many other notices which have been inserted heretofore gratuitously, with the exception of Marriage 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 prepared to furnish papers residing in this place with all the Magazines published in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Washington, at the publisher's subscription prices, except of course, by having their names registered 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: Graham's Lady's Bazaar, \$3 00; Graham's Magazine, 3 00; Ladies' Musical Library, 3 00; World of Fashion, 3 00; Young People's Book, 2 00; Little'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; The Boston Miscellany, \$3 00; Robert Merry's Museum, 1 00; Democratic Review, 5 00; Cold Water Magazine, 5 00.

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 other supplied free of postage applying at this office. Subscriptions also received for the Dublin University Magazine, \$1 00; Bentley's Miscellany, 4 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 should send their names to the subscriber, BENJAMIN BANNAN, Miners' Journal and Periodical Agency Office, June 18, 1842, No. 25.

COUNTERFEITERS' DETAIL-BLOW. THE public will please observe that no Brandt's Pills are genuine, unless the box has three labels on it, (one on each side and the bottom) each containing a fac-simile signature of my hand writing, thus:—B. BRANDT, M. D. These labels are engraved on brand, beautifully designed, and done at an expense of over \$20,000. Therefore it will be seen that the only thing necessary to prevent the medicine is its purity, in its own case, and the bottom.

Removes the teeth and the bottom. The following respective persons are duly authorized, and hold Certificates of Agency for the Sale of Brandt's Pills, in SHUYKILL COUNTY. Wm. Mortimer, Jr. Pottsville; Hunzinger & Levan, Schuylkill Haven; E. G. Hammer, Orwigsburg; S. Seligman, Port Clinton; James Robinson & Co., Port Clinton; Edward A. Kutzner, Minersville; Benjamin Heintz, Pottsville.

Observe that each Agent has an Engraved Certificate of Agency, containing a representation of Dr. BRANDT'S Manufacturing and Sign Shop, and on which will also be seen exact copies of the new labels now used upon the Brandt's Pill Boxes. Philadelphia, office No. 3, B. BRANDT, M. D., 8, North Fifth St. Feb. 19, 1842. 8-1y

GOLDEN SWAN HOTEL, (REVISED.) No. 69 N. Third st. above Arch, Philadelphia. BOARD ONE DOLLAR PER DAY. CHARLES WEISS has leased this oldest-established hotel, which has been completely put in order for the accommodation of traveling and permanent boarders. It is provided with business, and is especially desirable to strangers and residents of the city. Every portion of the house has undergone a complete cleaning. The culinary department is of the first order—with good cooks and servants selected with attention to guests. All accommodations for 70 persons.

Those who may favor the house with their custom, may be assured of finding the best of care, single day, \$1 25. Room for horses and vehicles. Also horses to hire. POTTSTVILLE INSTITUTE. FINE Winter session of this institution commenced on October 7th, and will continue twelve weeks exclusive of the holidays. Carefully 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 re-education. No allowance will be made for the absence of either parent or child, unless by a certificate of absence except in protracted sickness.

Plain English branches, \$4 00; Higher, 6 00; Classics, 8 00; Stationery, 25. C. W. PITMAN, A. B. Principal. N. B. Books will be furnished to the pupils at the customary prices when requested by the parents. Oct. 31. 25-17

MINERS' JOURNAL, AND POTTSTVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

"I WILL TEACH YOU TO FEEL THE POWERS OF THE EARTH, AND BRING OUT FROM THE SAVENS 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, POTTSTVILLE, SCHUYKILL COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 5, 1842. VOL. XVII. SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 5, 1842. NO. 45.

EDITORIAL.

Crowell's charge then flew away unbidden: By that sin fell the angels, And well did Wolsey, as he stood with all his dying grandeur around him;—well did he charge his tried and faithful servant to beware of his setting sin;—By that sin fell the angels, and since—henceforward the morning star, man hath tolled and striven, but to fall. The strange frenzy this Ambition. Men forsake their present good, and happiness, and like the plover and this thing traveler, pursue the mirage fast receding in the distance; and how seldom is it that even in life, they find one moment of the thrilling rapture they covet; for it grows upon them like a disease, and even when possession of that they become coveted world, had them pause, they seem fain from their prize. And should conquest after conquest crown their efforts, like the warrior of the East, they would weep that naught was left for them to conquer. There is something exciting in the thought of rising over those who find we have bow our necks to our burden; there is a godlike feeling of grandeur in the man who shakes off the trammels and narrow rules prescribed by his fellows, and stands forth unaided and alone in the night of a superior nature; and there is a melody in the stirring trumpet notes of Fame, to him, unknown and untrumpeted by the common herd around him. And in the hoarse shout of the multitude; in the repeated echo of his praises, there is a music that swells in the deepest places of his heart. But for all this proud and haughty joy he must stand alone, the very feeling which prompts him to ascend, breaks off his fellowship with his kind. Wrapped in the solitude of his own imaginations, he must remain as he hath willed himself, alone; household ties, domestic affections, all the holiest feelings of his nature are alien to his advancement, and they must bow and bend to the dizzy height that fills his bosom, and then, when all is gained, and the loneliness of his soul palls heavily upon him, does he look in vain for the sympathy his nature would court. But there is no sympathy in Ambition. It admits of no rival; it must go forth unaided and alone; it is alone in the meridian of its glory and splendor; it is alone when the thunderbolt crashes it again to earth; alone, when the Pan is ringing in the ear; alone, when the curses and execrations of the multitude would hurry it to the deepest abyss; alone, with the dark and bitter memory of triumph past, with the wreck of human hopes and passions, with the kiel of dying and departed dreams.

THE MYSTERIOUS WEDDING. A DANISH STORY. On the north-west of Zealand, connected with the main land by a narrow strip of waste ground, stretches a small and fertile Peninsula, bounded by bays. Beyond the only town which this little peninsula possesses, the land runs out into the stormy Bælt, and presents an awfully wild and desolate appearance. The living sands have obliterated every trace of vegetation; and the barrens which blow from all points of the ocean, are constantly operating a change on the fluctuating surface of the desert whose hills rise and fall with a motion as incessant as that of the waves which roar around them. In traveling through the country I saw upwards of an hour in this district, and never shall I forget the impression which the scene made upon my mind.

While riding along through the desolate region a thunder storm rose over the ocean, toward the North; the waves roared, the clouds scudded along in gloomy masses before the wind, the sky grew every instant more dark, a mizzling rain, and sea; the sand began to move in increasing volumes under my horse's feet, a whirlwind arose and filled the atmosphere with dust, the traces of the path became invisible, while air, earth and every object seemed mingled and blended together, every object being involved in a cloud of dust and vapor. I could not discern the slightest trace of life or vegetation—around the dismal scene; the storm roared above me, the waves of the sea lashed madly against the shore, the thunder rolled in the distance, and scarcely could the loud lightning-pings pierce the heavy cloud of sand which whirled around me. My danger became evident and extreme; but a sudden shower of rain laid the sand and enabled me to push my way to the little town. The storm had just encountered was a horrid mingling of all elements. An earthquake has been described as the sigh which troubled nature heaves from the depth of her bosom; perhaps not more fancifully might this chaotic tempest have typified the conclusion of a wildly distracted mind, to which pleasure and even hope itself have been long strangers—the cheerless desert of the past, revealing only remorse and grief—the voice of conscience threatening like the thunder, and her awful anticipations casting a lurid light over the gloomy spirit—till at last the long sealed sources of tears open a way for their floods, and bury the anguish of the distracted soul beneath their waves.

In this desolate country, there existed in former times a village called Roerwig, some miles distant from the shore. The moving sands above now buried the village, and the descendants of its inhabitants, mostly shepherds and fishermen, have removed their cottages close to the shore. A single solitary building, situated upon a hill, yet near its head above the cheerless shifting desert. This building and the village church were the scene of the following mysterious transaction:

In an early year of the last century, the venerable cure of Roerwig, was one night seated in his study, absorbed in pious meditations. His house lay at the extremity of the village, and the simple manners of the inhabitants were so little tinged with distrust, that bolts and locks were unknown among them, and every door remained open and unguarded.

The lamp burned gloomily—and the sullen silence of the midnight hour was only interrupted by the rushing noise of the sea, on whose waves the pale moon shone reflected, when the curate heard the door below open, and the next moment the sound of men's steps upon the stair. He was anticipating a call to administer the last offices of religion to some one of his parishioners on the point of death, when two foreigners, wrapped up in white cloaks, entered the room. One of them approaching, addressed him with politeness: "Sir, you will have the goodness to follow us immediately. You must perform a marriage ceremony; the bride and groom are already waiting your arrival at the church. And the sun,"—he will recompense you for the trouble and expense our sudden demand has given you."

The curate started in mute terror upon the strangers, who seemed to carry something fearful—so ghostly in their looks; and the demand was repeated in an earnest and comparative tone. When the old man had recovered from his first surprise, he began mildly to represent that his duty did not allow him to celebrate so solemn a rite without some knowledge of the parties, and the intervention of those formalities required by law. The other stranger hereupon stepped forward in a menacing attitude: "Sir," said he, "you have your choice, follow us and take the sun we now offer you, or remain, and this bullet goes through your head." While speaking, he levelled his pistol at the forehead of the venerable man, and coolly waited his answer, whereupon the curate rose, dressed himself, and informed his visitant—who, had hitherto spoke Danish, but with a foreign accent—that he was ready to accompany them.

The mysterious strangers now proceeded silently through the village, followed by the clergyman. It was a dark autumn night, the moon had already set; but when they emerged from the village, the old man perceived with terror and amazement, that the distant church was all wrapped up in their white cloaks, and became the most popular song of the day. His "Genius Slumbering" is a beautiful thing, indeed it seems as though he had embodied himself in its creation, and then his "Waking" is a glorious conception. It is not often that he touches the lyre, but when his fingers do sweep across its strings, it yields forth some of the sweetest and most ravishing harmonies. He is said to be eccentric, but that is a fault of genius: sensitive and morbid, and it too is the lot of those who feel more intensely than the rest of their fellow mortals; but take him altogether, he is a man America should be proud to hail as one of her noblest sons.

Office Lyric, No. 30.

THEY LOVE. Like deer upon the mountain brow, Like sunlight on the sea, Like music on the fife breeze, Come they clear love to me. A thing aside from earthly cares, From earthly toil apart, The one bright blessed sunny spot, Of summer to my heart. Thy faithful love hath been to me, The smile through boyhood's tears, The bliss that makes the present bright, The hope of future years. Fear not sweet one, though all is dark; Though tempests abroad o'ercast; Such fond and tried enduring faith, Must triumph at the last. Now in the future I can meet, Thy bright rejoicing brow, And feel the dear possession blest, My weary spirit now. Yet we shall have some happy home, Where dust may brightly move, All dead and great as thou art, To blossom with thy love.

THE MYSTERIOUS WEDDING. A DANISH STORY. On the north-west of Zealand, connected with the main land by a narrow strip of waste ground, stretches a small and fertile Peninsula, bounded by bays. Beyond the only town which this little peninsula possesses, the land runs out into the stormy Bælt, and presents an awfully wild and desolate appearance. The living sands have obliterated every trace of vegetation; and the barrens which blow from all points of the ocean, are constantly operating a change on the fluctuating surface of the desert whose hills rise and fall with a motion as incessant as that of the waves which roar around them. In traveling through the country I saw upwards of an hour in this district, and never shall I forget the impression which the scene made upon my mind.

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that the side floor of the church had been violently burst open. They entered full of expectation, and the priest showed them the grave which he had seen opened in the night; time, it was evident that the stone had been lifted up and replaced again. They, therefore, put their implements in motion, and soon came to a new and richly adorned coffin, in which lay the murdered bride—a bullet had pierced her breast—the magnificent diadem which she had worn at the altar, no longer adorned her brow, but the distracted expression of deep grief had vanished from her countenance, and a heavenly calm spread over her features. The old man threw himself down on his knees near the coffin, and wept and prayed aloud for the soul of the dead, while mute astonishment and horror seized his companions.

The clergyman found himself obliged to make this event instantly known, with all the circumstances, to his superior the bishop of Zealand; meanwhile, until he got further instructions from Copenhagen, he bound all his friends to secrecy by an oath. Shortly afterward, a person of high rank suddenly arrived from the Capital; he inquired into all the circumstances, visited the grave, commended the silence which had been hitherto observed, and stated that the whole affair must remain forever a secret, threatening at the same time severe punishment, to any person who should dare speak of it.

After the death of the priest, a writing was found in the parochial register narrating this event. Some believed that it might have some connection with the violent political disturbances which occurred in Russia, after the death of Catherine and Peter the first; but to resolve the deep mystery of this mysterious affair, will ever be a difficult, if not impossible task.

MOTHERS. Bonaparte once asked Madame de Staël in what manner he could most promote the happiness of France. Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said—"Instruct the mothers of the French people." Because the mothers are the affectionate and effective teachers of the human race. The mother begins this process of training with the infant in her arms. It is she who directs, so to speak, its first mental and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it along the impressive years of childhood and youth; and hopes to deliver it to the rough contest and tumultuous scenes of life, armed by those good principles which her child has first received from maternal care and love.

If we draw within the circle of our contemplation the mothers of a civilized nation, what do we see? We behold so many an angel, looking not on frail and perishable matter, but on the immortal mind, moulding and fashioning beings who are to exist forever. We applaud the artist whose skill and genius prevent the mimic man upon the canvas, we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out with some image on enduring marble—but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and fairest in all the department of human mother! They work not upon the canvas that shall fall, or the marble that shall crumble into dust—upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last forever, and which is to bear, for good or evil, throughout its duration, the impress of a mother's plastic hand.

Our security for the duration of the free institutions which bless our country, depends upon the habits of virtue and the prevalence of knowledge and education. Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the larger term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined—the passions are to be restrained—true and worthy motives are to be inspired—a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated, under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education. Mothers who are faithful to this great duty, will teach their children that neither in political nor in any other concerns of life, can man ever withdraw himself from the perpetual obligations of conscience and duty; that in every act, whether private or public, he incurs a just responsibility; and that in no condition is he warranted in trifling with his rights and obligations. They will impress upon their children the true character of the elective franchise as a sacred duty, of as solemn a nature as man can be called to perform; that a man may not innocently trifle with his vote; that every free elector is a trustee as well for others as himself; and that every man and every measure he supports, has an important bearing on the interests of others as well as his own. It is in the inculcation of high and pure morals, such as these, that in a free republic, woman performs her sacred duty, and fulfils her destiny. The French are remarkable for their fondness for, sententious phrases, in which much meaning is condensed into a small space.—The first page of one of the books of popular instruction in France, contains the motto—"Pour instruction on the heads of the people; you owe them that baptism." And certainly, if there be any duty which may be described by a reference to that great institute of religion, a duty approaching it in importance, perhaps next to it in obligation, it is this.—Selected.

A GEM FOR THE BEHAVEN.—There are four lines of Pollock's Course of Time, the authorship of which we would not exchange for that of many of the "two volume" works which the world is daily infested. They contain the similitudes, admirable beyond any thing we have met with for a teaching description of a dying woman. Speaking of her eyes shining with refulgent brightness even in the moment of her dissolution, the poet says— "They set as the morning star, which goes Not down behind the darkened West, nor hides Obscured among the tempests of the sky, But melts away into the light of heaven."

The close of life has often been compared to the flower, fading in its loveliness—to the going down of the sun—to the stars. "That fall to rise no more." These descriptions are mournfully welcome to the human breast, bleeding with anguish, when all that it loves descends to the remorseless tomb, but they leave even hope in darkness. In the simile of which we speak in no measured language, the effect is the very reverse. The eyes closing in death, still beaming with celestial brightness, are compared to the beautiful Hesperus, shining from the unclouded heavens, and gradually melting into the refulgence of the rising day. It is indeed beautiful—transcendently beautiful. There is a something—'tis a moral solemnity in the very thought, that affords us a consolation through the fruitless of humanity, and we almost voluntarily exclaim—"How beautiful is the court of death!"

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A Woman's Heart. Say, what is woman's heart? A thing Where all the deepest feelings spring, A harp whose tones could reply Unto the touch of harmony; A world whose fairy scenes are fraught With all the colored dreams of thought; A bark that still will blindly move Upon the treacherous sea of love. What is its love? A careless dream, A changeless star, an endless stream, A smiling flower that will not die, "A beauty and a mystery." Its storms are light as April showers, Its joys as bright as April flowers, Its hopes as sweet as summer air, And dark as winter its despair.

What are its hopes? Rainbows that show A radiant light when they pass by, Smiling when Heaven is overcast; Yet melting into storms at last; Bright cheeks, that come with ayeer words, Beguiling it like summer's birds, That stay where it rains, and fly when it rains, But fly away when winter comes. What is its hate? A passing frown, A single weed 'mid blossoms fair, That cannot flourish there for long; A harsh note in an angel's song; A summer cloud, that all the while, Is lightened by a summer sun; A passion that scarce hath a part Amidst the gems of woman's heart.

And what is its despair? A deep Fever, that leaves no tears to weep; A woe that works with silent power, As cancer-worms destroy a flower; A viper that shows not its fangs, Until the heart is rent in twain; A passion that robs the star of light, And wraps it up in darkest night. Then what is woman's heart? A thing Where all the deepest feelings spring; A harp whose tones could reply Unto the touch of harmony; A world whose fairy scenes are fraught With all the colored dreams of thought; A bark that still will blindly move Upon the treacherous sea of love.

A SHARP COUNTRYMAN OUTWITTED.—A stout middle aged man, whose appearance showed that he was fresh from the country, came into a store in Catherine street yesterday, in evident excitement, to enquire the route to the Police Office. His apparent agitation induced the owner of the store, who, like Paul Pry, was naturally curious to know, to enquire as to the difficulty he was laboring under. He stated that while traveling through South street, he felt something grazing his leg, and on looking for the cause, saw a man picking up a pocket book, which appeared to be well filled, and made off with it with great haste. At the same moment another man addressed the countryman respecting the transaction, and advised that they both should start in pursuit. The countryman thinking he had as much right to the pocket-book as the thief, as the man who found it, was eager to obtain its possession. They fortunately found the man on a dock behind a wood pile, the pocket-book in his hand, gloating over its rich contents of X's and Y's. The man who joined the pocket book that he (the countryman) was the owner of the book and money, and it must be given to him, and this our sharp countryman also insisted upon. The thief, however, refused to do this, unless he was paid for his trouble, and was bent on keeping it unless he received at least five dollars. The countryman, eager to obtain possession at so small an outlay, handed out a double quick time five dollars hard money from a buckskin purse, which the finder received, delivered up the pocket book, and made himself scarce.

The gentleman who aided in finding the fellow, also informed the countryman that he certainly was entitled to something for his trouble, and demanded five dollars also, adding that he was then yielding up a fair claim to half the contents of the pocket book. This, too, was paid, and the countryman hastened to the store, pulled off his coat, and drew forth the treasure in order to have the pleasure "all alone by himself;" of counting it, his head already filled with the good he intended to do, and blessing the fortunate event that carried him to York. There was a thick roll of ten, five, and smaller denominations, all handsome looking bills, as if fresh from the different banks on which they were, as their face stated, payable on demand. Notwithstanding the bills were so handsome, our countryman who knew but little of the bills, except the bills of the Long Island Bank (he was from the island) went to a broker's office to get "mint drops" in exchange. The broker politely informed him that the money, which consisted of \$100 in City Trust and Banking Co. Post Notes, Bank of Milwaukee, Hoboken Graving Co., and other suspended institutions, was not worth a red cent, that the banks on which these bills were had "all busted long ago!" Our hero's eyes were opened, he had been cheated by two knaves, and rushed from the office to find the police. He was friendly advised by the storekeeper to let the police office advise—that he had no more right to the money (had it been good) than the two men, and was justly punished for his dishonest intention of appropriating to himself that which he evidently had no right to.—N. Y. Union.

SOMEWHERE RICH.—We will condense a good story, we saw a few days since in a southern paper. This is the gist of it.—A gentleman quitted at New Orleans, was prompted by curiosity to visit the battle ground of Gen. Jackson's fame. Arrived at the spot, he fell in with an old negro, who bore the marks of valor on his person as manifestly as a scar and wound. The gentleman inquired of shony how long he had lived in the neighborhood; he answered 40 years.—You recollect the battle then?—To be sure I do.—I was here myself.—You can tell me the situation and relative position of the forces, then?—Yes, I can. The cotton can do dat ting—there (pointing) was de cotton bags, all along out to de wood; goob, how I did work dat day.—The day of the battle, ob?—No, mass, de day afore, in carrying dem bags down from de city.—Do you call that work, when compared with the glorious achievement of the day after, when you received those cars, which make your old age so honorable?—Oh, I did not get these cars on that day, by no means—I got 'em when I was blowed up by de Mississipp;—but five years ago this blessed fall—dat was a butcher, and no mistake about it.—Where were you, then, on that glorious morning?—Inquired the gentleman, who was impatient to get all the information he could.—When the first gun announced the commencement of the engagement—where was you, then, my good fellow?—About dat time, I was running like de rabbit, ob?—You, replied the old dicky.—N. Y. Sun.

REMARKS OF GEN. JAMES TALLEMAGE, On taking the Chair of the Home League, after his Election as President. New York, Friday Evening, Oct. 14. Gentlemen:—Before proceeding to business, allow me to express to you my high gratification at the high compliment you have paid me in selecting me your President. Although I had desired to be excused from further service in this post, and had so informed you, I am glad you have decided to command me further, I accept the honor indicated, and shall endeavor to discharge its duties with zeal and assiduity.

It appears to me a fit occasion for one or two remarks touching the principles and objects of our Home League. I feel that our labors for the last year have been beneficial to the country. We have raised the standard of true American principles, and demonstrated truths which will long exert a salutary influence. I feel that our associations should be perpetuated, and that we should urge the importance of forming similar Leagues of the friends of Home Industry in every State, until we shall present an organization complete and unbroken from one end of the Union to the other. Never were our principles more important than now—never was their significance more essential to the well being of the country.

The time is favorable for asking your attention a few moments to some facts connected with the principles which we seek to establish. The late census informs us of the remarkable fact that four-fifths of the entire population of the Union are engaged in, or directly connected with, agriculture. The great agricultural class are the rulers of the country. They are essentially sound in their view upon object of protection. They are right when they act upon it as it is. They need not be awakened to the importance of prompt and vigorous action to secure the decided and abiding triumph of our cause.

Let us turn a moment to the condition of our National Commerce. Our imports last year amounted to \$127,000,000, which, when we deduct and collected duties amounting to \$19,000,000, or barely 15 per cent on the aggregate. During the same year, our exports of Home Products, mainly agricultural, amounted to \$21,000,000, on which foreign duties are levied at the rate of 12 1/2 per cent, on their total value—or a balance of one hundred per cent against the labor and production of this country! Can the country bear this?—Ought not all considerations of more party interest to be set aside, and a permanent remedy against this enormous injustice? Ought we to rest contented under a burden of one hundred per cent, imposed on the free labor of this country in a competition with the casual labor of Europe, living on the bounty of the Government? The commercial statistics of our country have only been collected and preserved systematically since 1816. From that time the following facts should be obtained.

Our coasting trade is entirely protected against foreign competition. Since 1817, our coasting tonnage has quadrupled, while during that same period our tonnage employed in foreign trade has not augmented at all. During that term our population has doubled. Why not our foreign tonnage? The answer to this question is, that during this term the British tonnage engaged in trade with this country has doubled, while the German has tripled!

Inquiries made within the last year show that of the heavy importations into this port eighty-three per cent (six-fifths of the whole) were unwelcome to foreign commerce, while the residue about one-half was nominally imported by American Houses, but really by foreign accounts also. Here are our own merchants, native and naturalized, driven out of the trade of their own country, and forced into retirement or bankruptcy, because nine tenths of the business which should be theirs is surrendered into the hands of foreigners!

The time was when New York was the Commercial Emporium of our country; is it so now? Is not our importation virtually London or Liverpool? The time was when we had forty ships on the stocks; the time is when we have not one! The external commerce of the country has passed mainly into foreign hands, carrying with it our Carrying Trade, our Tonnage, or Ship-building. It is not our own people, but the foreigner who earnestly resolve to take of our own interests—to cherish efficiently its own commerce and its home labor? Let us hope that the passage of the New Tariff makes the commencement of such a policy.

Gen. James: I wish to present further facts of similar tenor to your notice, but time will not permit. Let us proceed to the business of the evening. SUNDAY IN FRANCE.—I have said that the women appear to be too busy to find time for any personal indulgence, but the frequent dancing, both in town or country, especially on Sunday, must form an exception to this rule. Through the whole of the Sunday, both men and women seem to give themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure, as earnestly as they do to labor during the rest of the week. It is on this day especially, that the English stranger feels his real distance from his native land, and sighs for the rustic life of his own country, with which the memory of the Sabbath is sanctified to him. It is true that in the South of France, the peasants do not go out to field labor exactly as on other days, that the shops in the towns are less frequented, that the common people are generally more neatly dressed, and many of them, especially the women, may be seen in the early part of the day repairing to the different churches; but the fact that it is a day set apart for amusements of every kind, amongst which may be enumerated