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 AN SUBJECT ALL NATURE TO OUR USE AND PLEASURE —DR. JOHNSON.

WEEKLY BY BENJAMIN BANNAN, POTTSVILLE, SCHUYKILL COUNTY, PA.

VOL XIX. SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 28, 1843. NO 5.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION,
On the Cash System.

The Miners' Journal will after the 1st of January next, oe 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

COUNTERFEITERS' DEATH-BLOW.

THE *public will please observe that no Brandreth Pills* are genuine, unless the box has three labels upon it, (the top, the side and the bottom,) each containing a fac-simile signature of my hand writing, thus—B. BRANDRETH, M. D. These labels are engraved on steel, beautifully designed, and done at an expense of over $2,000. Therefore it will be seen that the only thing necessary to procure the medicine in its purity, is to observe these labels.

Remember the top, the side, and the bottom. The following respective persons are duly authorized, and hold

Certificates of Agency for the Sale of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills,

IN SCHUYLKILL COUNTY.

Wm. Mortimer, Jr. Pottsville.
Huntzinger & Levan, Schuylkill Haven,
E. & E. Hammer, Orwigsburg.
S. Seligman, Port Carbon,
James Robinson & Co., Port Clinton,
Edward A. Kutzner, Minersville,
Benjamin Heilner, Tamaqua.

Observe that each Agent has an Engraved Certificate of Agency, containing a representation of Dr. BRANDRETH'S Manufactory at Sing Sing, and upon which will also be seen exact copies of the new labels now used upon the Brandreth Pill Boxes.

Philadelphia, office No. 8, North Eighth St. } B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
February 19. 8—1y

GOLDEN SWAN HOTEL,
(REVIVED,)
No. 69 N. Third st., above Arch, Philadelphia
☞ BOARD ONE DOLLAR PER DAY.

CHARLES WEISS has leased this old-established hotel, which has been completely put in order for the accommodation of travelling and permanent boarders. It proximity to business, renders it desirable to strangers and residents of the city. Every portion of the house has undergone a complete cleansing. The culinary department is of the first order—with good cooks and servants selected to insure attention to guests—Has accommodations for 70 persons.

Those who may favor the house with their custom, may be assured of finding the best of fare, the best of attention, and, as is stated above, very reasonable charges.

☞ *Single dog*, 31 25.

☞ *Room* for horses and vehicles. Also *horses to hire.*

☞ *Germantown* and Whitemarsh Stage Office. Philadelphia, December 11, 1841 50—tf

PAPER HANGINGS & BORDERS.—The subscriber has on hand and for sale a very choice lot of Paper Hangings and Borders for Parlors and Halls, which he will sell at very low rates.
B. BANNAN.
Also for sale a few elegant Fire Place Screens.
November 5. 1842. 45—

VERY CHOICE GREEN AND BLACK TEAS.—T. & J. Beatty have just received from New York, a large supply of choice Green and Black Teas. December 28 52—

CHEAP COPY BOOKS—At 6¼ cents each for sale by
Oct. 22, 43— B. BANNAN

FEVER AND AGUE.
ROWAND'S TONIC MIXTURE.

A FRESH supply of the above Medicine, a certain cure for the fever and ague. Just received and for sale at MARTIN'S Drug Store
September 3. 36—

PURE WHITE LEAD.

WETHERILL & BROTHER, manufacturers, No 65 north Front street, Philadelphia, have now a good supply of their warranted pure white lead, and those customers who have been sparingly supplied in consequence of a run on the article, shall now have their orders filled.

No known substance possesses those preservative and beautifying properties so desirable in a paint, to an equal extent with unadulterated white lead; hence any admixture of other materials only mars its value. It has therefore been the steady aim of the manufacturers, for many years, to supply to the public a perfectly pure white lead; and the unceasing demand for the article is proof that it has met with favor. It is invariably branded on one head—WETHERILL & BROTHER, in full, and on the other, WARRANTED PURE—all in red letters.
November 19, 47—

HOUSES & LOTS FOR SALE,

Also, a large number of Buildings and out Lots, of various sizes, on the Navigation tract, lying principally in the Borough of Pottsville. Apply to
SAMUEL LEWIS,
July 16, 29—tf Real estate agent, Centre St.

MOUNT CARBON HOTEL.
Schuylkill County, Pa.

REUBEN BRIGHT respectfully announces to his friends and the public that he has taken this splendid, airy and delightful establishment, situated at the termination of the Reading and Philadelphia Rail Road, where he will be happy to wait on those who visit the Coal Region, on business, or for the purpose of enjoying the mountain air and water. The Hotel is large, finished and furnished in the best style—and no pains will be spared to render satisfaction to all who may favor it with a visit. Being within ten minutes walk of the Borough of Pottsville, though sufficiently removed to escape the dust and noise of that busy, bustling place, it is confidently believed that it will be found much more pleasant and agreeable, than any other Hotel in the vicinity. Attached to the Hotel is a large and beautiful garden, overlooking the River Schuylkill, the Schuylkill Canal, Mount Carbon Rail Road, (extending to the Mines and thence to Sunbury) the Centre Turnpike, and at the same time affording a real and romantic view of five Mountains. The house is supplied with pure mountain spring water, and a Bathing establishment unrivalled in the country. A splendid pleasure Car is kept for the exclusive accommodation of visitors, who may be disposed to visit the Mines, or enjoy the wild and romantic scenery of the surrounding country. Individuals or families may rely on having ample room, and every possible attention.
Mount Carbon, June 19, 1841. 25—tf

SWAIM'S PANACEA.—A fresh supply of this celebrated Medicine just received, and for sale by the subscriber, wholesale and retail at Philadelphia prices. 3 bottles for $5 retail.
B. BANNAN.
Oct. 22, 43— Agent for Schuylkill county

PLAYING CARDS.—The subscriber has just received an assortment of Playing Cards, Plaid and Star Backs, which he will sell wholesale and retail at very low rates. Merchants and others supplied at Philadelphia prices.
B. BANNAN.
November 19, 47—

OLD IRISH WHISKEY.—Just received by MILLER & HAGGERTY, one puncheon superior Old Irish Whiskey Quard, superior Pale and Dark Brandy, and Bohlen's Weesp A. Gin.
December 24. 52—

CONSUMPTION.

DR. TAYLOR'S
BALSAM OF LIVERWORT.

For Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Spitting of Blood, Pain in the sides or breast, Asthma, Pleurisy, shortness of breath, Palpitation of the heart, Debility, Nervousness, and all diseases of the Lungs and Liver.

PREPARED at 375, Bowery, in the city of New York, where the article first originated, and is only genuine.

This medicine has been used in the city of New York, with unrampled success for eight years and found equally beneficial throughout the country. It is now used by many of the medical faculty with increased confidence and satisfaction.

See when you purchase that you get the true *medicine*, from 37 Bowery, New York, sold by specifications!

Remarkable Cure of Consumption.

I have been an invalid for three years, and have suffered every torture from confirmed consumption. But Dr. Taylor has wholly cured me. The large quantities of matters he used to raise has subsided, my cough has ceased, and I am fleshy again, my health being wholly restored by using three bottles of his celebrated Balsam. M. E. WINDLEY,
No. 139, Maiden Lane, New York.

Shortness of Breath.

For this disease Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort has no equal. Having the Asthma, a severe pain in my left side, and some cough; I was induced to try the above medicine, and great was my joy to find it cured me in about two weeks. It also cured my mother of a severe attack of the Liver complaint, with which she had suffered two years. J. C. STONE,
23 Hall Place, New York.

Surprising Cure of Consumption.

Mr. R. Gladdin of Delhi New York, of a natural consumptuous constitution, has been saved from an untimely end by the use of Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort. A severe cold brought on an attack of Pleurisy, and thus ended in general debility and consumption. A constant cough, hectic flush, restless nights, quick pulse, and continued loss of flesh, augured a speedy death; but as soon as he commenced the use of this Balsam, he grew better, and is now fully restored to health. AGENT.

DOCT. TAYLOR'S
BALSAM OF LIVERWORT.

The cures and benefits procured by the use of this medicine, in all cases of diseases of the Lungs, is almost increditable. It has been used by several persons in this neighborhood and there is scarcely an instance but its benefits have been fully realized. Persons afflicted with

Coughs, Colds, Asthma,

difficulty of breathing, pains in the side or breast, spitting of blood catarrhs, palpitation of the heart, oppression and soreness of the chest, whooping cough, pleurisy, hectic fever, night sweats, difficulty or profuse expectoration, and all other affections of the chest, lungs and liver, should not fail of procuring a bottle of this Medicine. J. WRIGHT,
Sandy Hill, Washington county, N. Y.

The composition of Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort is only known by the Proprietor, therefore it is dangerous using any but that from 375 Bowery.

TO THE PUBLIC.

WE hereby certify that our son 6 years of age, was suddenly taken with a fever, and after a severe sickness a violent cough ensued.

He was bloated; his skin was filled, and his physician said there was no favorite symptom about him, that he had a confirmed consumption. At that time, we procured a bottle of that valuable medicine, Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort. After taking one bottle we began to have hopes of his recovery. He continued until he had used five bottles. It is now a year from that time, and his health is better than it has been since an infant.
DAVID & HANNAH ROGERS,
Cranville, Washington co., N. Y.

For proof of the above statement I refer to the subscriber above people of high respectability.
GEORGE TAYLOR.

VIOLENT COUGH AND COLD CURED.—The severe change of weather having given me a most violent cold, also expectoration and difficulty of breathing; I was much distressed until I took Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort. I found this medicine to suit my case and cured me at once which causes me to recommend it to others. J. J. FISHER, 17 Barrow st. N. Y.

PAIN IN THE SIDE AND BREAST.—These diseases have caused me much trouble, and often prevented my attending to business. Every medicine I heard of I tried, but found no relief. As a last resource I concluded to try Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort. As soon as I did, I grew better, and have been gaining ever since; am now in good health, and can truly recommend this Balsam as being far superior to any thing else. A. L. GREEN, 2 Pitt st. N. Y.

SPITTING OF BLOOD CURED.—For four months I have had a discharge of blood from the lungs, almost daily. Also a dry hard cough, some pain, great weakness. After trying the doctors in vain for 3 months, I concluded to use Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort, of which three bottles have made an entire cure.
L. V. HAVILAND, 171 Oak st. N. Y.

For sale only in Pottsville, by
JOHN S. C. MARTIN, Agent.
22—1y.

TAKE NOTICE!!
NEW AND GREAT INVENTION.
FRANCIS'S HIGHLY IMPROVED MANIFOLD WRITER.

BY this wonderful invention a letter and duplicate can be written in the operation with more ease and greater facility than a single letter with an ordinary pen and ink.

To the merchantile, professional and travelling part of the community this truly great invention as of infinite value as it is a great saving of *time, trouble* and *expense*. The principle advantage to be derived from the manifold writer is, that a copy of any document may be kept without any additional trouble to the writer, and without any necessity of using either an ink stand or a pen. The instrument used for writing is an agate point, consequently it never wears by use. For banks, insurance offices, merchants men of business generally, lawyers, postmasters, editors, reporters, public officers, and all who may be desirous of preserving copies of their letters, documents, &c. with an immense saving of time and the satisfaction of having an exact copy of what they have written, this will be found invaluable.

Francis's Manifold Writer has now been in successful operation two years, during which time the proprietor has had the pleasure of receiving the unfeigned approbation of all who observation it has come under. At the late fair of the American Institute the merits of the article were examined into by three of the most able chemists in the country, who pronounced it to be a very ingenious and useful contrivance, and not liable to change color by exposure to air, mixture, or chemical agents. Consequently a medal was awarded by the Institute.

The proprietor has lately made great improvements in this article. The paper is of the best quality manufactured in the United States being made for the Manifold writer expressly to this order. The ruling of them, which has for some time been thought impossible, has at length been brought to perfection for which a copyright has been secured. The copying books are bound in a variety of forms and sizes, varying in price from 50 cents upwards.

Stationers and Country Merchants in general will find it to their advantage to procure the article, as they meet with a ready sale. A liberal deduction made to those who buy by wholesale.

Newspapers or magazines throughout the country copying the above entire without alteration or abridgement (including this notice) and giving twelve inside insertions, shall receive a copy subject to their order by sending a paper containing the advertisement to the office of the subscriber.
LEWIS FRANCIS, 83 William street,
corner Maiden Lane, New York.
November 12 1842. 46—

SWAIM'S VERMIFUGE.—This valuable Medicine, which has gained a greater celebrity than any other Worm Medicine in the country, always on hand, wholesale and retail, at Philadelphia prices. No family, after once using it, will be without this Medicine.
B. BANNAN,
Oct. 22, Agent for Schuylkill county.

FOR THE MINERS' JOURNAL.

TO ——

Art thou a woman? and can'st thou,
With seeming truth on thy pale brow,
Bend all thy glorious energies to the vile task
Of falsehood? Does that mien, which shadows
To the eye, bright beauty's queen, serve us as a lure
To blind us? Can that voice which falls upon the ear,
Like holy music from celestial sphere,
Bear *lies* upon its melody? Thy loveliness,
Though earthly, speaks of heaven and arrogates
Its truth—Humbling thought to know
That virtue's sheen is thrown around thy heart,
To scorn its imperfections from enquiring eyes!

Perhaps that end is answered, and perhaps
The superficial gazer on the world may think thee
What thou art not—Beauty, which ravishes the gaze,
With wild and dazzling spell, oft-times deceives the gazer:
His mind is trammelled with the weight of sense,
And a dim thought of loveliness clogs sober contemplation.
Who can look into the beaming of thy tender eye,
And read thy heart's dark workings? 'Tis a scorn
At GOD'S munificence, to use his bounty thus!
He has enwrapped thee with an angel's sign
Which serves thee but to play the demon in!

Woman! 'tis not for me to cure thy weakness!
HE who gave thee thought to know *his* own existence,
Gave thee the power to follow his blest teachings.
Time wasted in deceit, is mere *existence*,
If thou cravest *life*, here and eternal, kneel thee
At that pure shrine which burns with Truth's
Own incense! A *liar* is the meanest thing on earth,
And though 'twould seem profanity to hurl
The charge 'gainst such as these—ask thy
Own heart its truthfulness, and question not
Its stern validity! Then wrestle with thyself!
And thou may'st yet become what thou in all
Should'st be—lovely in heart as still thou art
In form; and pure as the sweet thought
Which floats around thy beauty. W.

[*From "the Village Record."*]

Letter from C. M., of Wyoming,

To DR. I. T., OF WEST CHESTER.

In reply to some observations on the Coal Region.

WILKES-BARRE, JANUARY 4, 1843.

My Dear Friend,

The Constitutional doubt of the right to tax Coal, is unquestionably well founded, if it were laid on the exportation. In common with wheat, iron, hay and other articles, the right to tax all Coal within the State, exists. It is a concurrent right, existing both in the General Government, and in that of the Commonwealth. Its expediency is another, and important matter.

The proposition of Mr. N. Biddle to lay a tax of fifty cents a ton on coal surprised me. A policy more suicidal could, in my poor judgment, hardly have been suggested. Let us consider the subject with candour. That full and ample provision should be made to pay the state debt, I shall never cease to maintain. In defence of the credit and honor of Pennsylvania. "I go with him who goes farthest." Spot nor blemish, with my consent, should never rest on her integrity. Her plighted faith, come what will, should be redeemed. Such is the sentiment of Luzerne, ably set forth by Col. Wright, her eloquent and faithful representative, two sessions ago.

Permit me to observe that the whole state is too much excited to reason coolly. Pennsylvania is in a panic. All are running to and fro, crying out in alarm, "Ruin! ruin! what shall we do!" No such thing. Large as our state debt is, it is not immensely greater, all things considered, than the amount we owed fifty years ago. This assertion will strike many sober minded people with surprise. Let us see. In round numbers, the debt of the Revolution was $100,000,000: Pennsylvania constituted one eighth of the population of the Union. Of course the share which she was holden for, amounted to 12,000,000. What was her population in 1790?—Four hundred and thirty five Thousand; giving about 28 dollars, as the liability of each individual. Though it be true that the National Government made provision for its payment, it is nevertheless certain that Pennsylvania paid her full quota.

Take the State debt now at thirty four millions. What is our population? One million seven hundred thousand. It would follow that the liability of each person was but 20 dollars; and with the trifling debt due by us, in our Federative capacity, will still leave us less burdened than we were in 1790.

When the vastly increased resources of Pennsylvania, are taken into the account, the actual burden upon us diminishes materially in aspect, and in fact. I would not, certainly, underrate our difficulties. The Debt is large and pressing, and ought not to be increased. We must meet the crisis like men of integrity, jealous of the public, as sensitive to individual honor. But I see no cause for despondence. Economy, prudence, and a carefully considered system of taxation will soon restore confidence and put every thing "to rights." I deprecate all rashness—all bold experiments as equally opposed to the soundest principles of political economy,—as equally adverse to the present or permanent interests of the Commonwealth.

Let it be borne in mind that our state debt has been contracted neither for ambitious conquests, nor desolating revenge. War and its horrors, the prolific source of the enormous debts owing by foreign nations, make up no part of the amount. Peaceful, productive, and beneficent, are the characteristics of our expenditures. But to the Coal tax. The Coal trade is yet in tender infancy. What are ten years in the development of a business, destined, if nursed, to be so vast and beneficial. Instead of being checked by taxes or retarded by burdens, policy and justice conspire, to demand for it the utmost indulgence and fostering care. It is a Hercules in the cradle; but not immortal. Like the early formed fruit, promising an abundant harvest, as a slight frost would destroy the husbandman's hope, so, at this early stage, while struggling into existence, a tax would prostrate the Coal trade and wither the cherished hopes of its vast enlargement, and utility. It would be, in the words of the old proverb, to "kill the goose that lays the golden egg." Let us descend from these generalities to a more particular view of the case. Coal leave, throughout the Anthracite District, may be estimated as averaging 25 cents a ton—so that a tax of half a dollar would be two hundred per cent, on the original value. All the value it has beyond its position in the mine, is imparted by *labour*; so that, in effect, after taking the half of every man's Coal mine, *labour*, most essential to the public, would be sorely burdened; and that in one branch of business, while in others it would remain wholly or nearly free!

Demand of the miners in Luzerne 50 cents a ton for all the Coal they raise, and it would operate as a complete prohibition. Struggling now with want of Capital and an irregular market, who Luzerne, that raise 2000 tons of Coal could or could even attempt to pay the State 1000 dollars a year, and so in proportion for any quantity raised! Monstrous! But the argument comes in that the consumer will pay. I think not. Coal is contesting its way in every market against the competition of wood and foreign coal. Raise the price of Coal beyond its necessary price, fixed by the well known laws of trade, half a dollar a ton, and you extinguish ten thousand Anthracite grates in the Union, for which wood stoves would be substituted. In steamboats and locomotives, Anthracite is just beginning to be used, reluctantly by the men accustomed to wood for fuel. The proposed tax, if it did not exclude the Coal from every boat now using it, would certainly prevent its introduction into others.

This argument it appears to me, should have great weight. Manufactures flourish in a good degree, in proportion to the cheapness of fuel; so, as Coal is reduced in price, manufactures extend, and the demand for the article is increased. Enhance the price of Coal by a tax and manufactures diminish, and the demand for Coal is of course reduced. The interest of Pennsylvania is, most clearly, to yield every possible facility to the extensive exportation and widest demand for her Coal and Iron. The tribute, then, from other states would flow in, not only cheerfully, but abundantly, and the State, in the prosperous labour of her inhabitants, the appreciation of property, and directly and emphatically, in the Tolls on her Canals, would find her Treasury enriched.

The Cod and Mackerel fisheries of Massachusetts are sources of productive labour to many of her citizens. Would it not be wise for her to lay a tax of a cent a pound on all the fish caught?—What an income to her Treasury! Other States and Nations buy, says the argument, and the tax would come out of them! Argue thus to Massachusetts statesmen and they would hear with feverish impatience; listen, they would not. Suppose some financier in South Carolina and Georgia, when first the Cotton gin opened to them a fair prospect for the cultivation of the plant, by the facility of cleaning away the seed, should have said, "O! this Cotton business! How lucrative it can be made. The other States must and will have it. Let us lay a tax of $50 on each Gin, and a penny a pound on Cotton. We shall thus make them tributary to us." To say the least of it, her statesmen would have turned from the schemer as one if not wild, certainly as not wise. No, the fisheries are fostered—encouraged, not burthened. And the Cotton culture, left free to develope itself, has become a source of wealth, not only to the South, but to the Nation, and of comfort and luxury to the world. Equally politic would it be, for Pennsylvania, by every legitimate species of encouragement, to aid the development and extension of her coal trade.

The very proposition to lay this tax is fraught with mischief. Persons of capital, so much needed among us, disposed to invest money into Coal lands, or to enter into the trade in Coal, may be deterred by apprehension of the ruinous imposition. Men of capital preparing to erect furnaces, and engage in manufacturing Iron, may say—"No, not now—let us see whether the Coal, so indispensable, is to be burdened by a heavy tax."

In our cities the burden would fall heavily on the poor, whose fuel is already so expensive and difficult to be obtained.

Since New York, from her commercial advantages, is greatly outgrowing our own emporium, would it not be worse than folly for us to check—or embarrass, by any regulation, the increasing coasting trade, resulting to Philadelphia from the exportation of Coal, and the consequent cheap importation of various articles of Commerce in the returning vessels!

Is it not obvious to a moment's reflection, that Pennsylvania, to maintain her relative wealth, standing and power, must become extensively a manufacturing State? Do not her position—her water power—her fertility—the boundless extent of her mineral treasures, especially Coal and Iron, distinctly indicate that manufacturing is her policy? Why should we not erect Cotton jennies, and looms, for flannels and broad-cloths, sufficient, not only to supply the Home Market, but for export; as well as Rhode Island and Massachusetts? To this end the efficient inducement of cheap fuel, would greatly contribute. Nothing would more certainly counteract the desirable object, than a Tax on Coal. Still stronger is the argument, when we advert to manufactures of Iron, in which Coal is more extensively used.

A tax on Pennsylvania Coal, be it remembered, would operate as a bounty to that amount, in favor of British and Nova Scotia Coal, holding now a spirited competition with our Anthracite. No—no—it would be as if Pennsylvania had dug Canals to encourage the Coal trade, and then laid a Tax, to prohibit it. Lifting up with one hand to knock down with the other. Let the Coal trade, unburdened, fairly develope itself, and it will grow and expand, until in a few years four or five millions of tons will be out-put, giving fair remuneration to Coal-land owners, employment to many thousand colliers and boatmen,—markets to the farmers in the interior as well as the seaboard—prove a valuable nursery for our navy—stimulate manufactures—bring latent fields of Iron ore into use, and pay the State, in Tolls, a liberal return for her investments.

Yours, faithfully,
C. M.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.—Mr. Hulke, the lady of Mr. William Hulke, surgeon of Deal (who has been daily in attendance, by Command of Her Majesty, upon the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, at Walmer Castle), was confined of a son, on the 21st inst., the anniversary of the birth of the Princess Royal. Mr. Hulke has just received a Communication from the Queen, through the medium of the Dowager Lady Lyttelton, couched in the most gracious terms, requesting (which may be viewed as a command) that the infant son of Mr. Hulke should be named after the the Princess Royal, and that her Royal Highness's name being Victoria, the fortunate son of the Princess's medical attendant should be christened "Victor." On Sunday morning, upon Mr. Hulke visiting, professionally, the Princess Royal, as usual, her Royal Highness, in a most graceful and artless manner, presented Mr. Hulke with an elegant gold pencil-case set with precious stones, and containing a beautiful medallion portrait, in bas-relief, of Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert entwined with the Garter. The Princess rose from her chair (being at breakfast at the time) and addressing Mr. Hulke, said, "I have something to present to you, Mr. Hulke (handing the pencil-case). I beg you will give this to Victor as a present from me." This gratifying mark of the Royal favour is, of course, duly appreciated by the parents of the highly honoured "Victor."—*Kent Herald, Dec. 6.*

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands—in unskilful hands, the most mischievous.

LINES.

Can I e'er cease to love thee?
Forget thee? Ah, no!
I think of thy beauties,
Wherever I go.

The sky's dewy azure
Shall speak of thine eyes;
The evening's soft zephyr
Shall murmur thy sighs.

When the calm of the twilight
Shall lap me in bliss,
I will think of thy voice, love,
I'll think of thy kiss.

I may roam 'mong the daughters
Of beautiful Spain;
Or the darkly-eyed maids of
The gay State of Maine.

But in hall or in greenwood,
Afar from my home,
My footsteps may stray, but
My heart cannot roam.

"OTHER PEOPLE."

I remember once to have heard the following story:

In a certain northern town lived a wealthy man who had an only son. This son was universally set down by the townfolks as an idiot: the father called him weak. One morning as his father sat in his study busily employed, Jamie rushed in and stood with his face glowing, his hands working, his feet uneasily moving backwards and forwards, and every gesture evincing that he had something important to communicate, and was too nervous to communicate it.

'Well, Jamie,' said his father encouragingly 'what is it?'

'I want something, father,' answered Jamie.

'Well, Jamie, and what is it you want?'

'I want a dog, father,' answered Jamie.

'A dog!' exclaimed the astonished father; 'and what can you want with a dog?'

'I just want it,' said Jamie, twirling his thumbs and looking down.

'But what for?' again asked his father.

'Well, I don't exactly know,' replied Jamie, still twirling his thumbs; 'but I want it.'

'Tell me what you want with a dog and you shall have one,' said the father; 'but I certainly should not like to trust you, unless you show that you have some object in view.'

'Everybody in our town keeps a dog, but me!' cried Jamie, indignantly, and beginning to whimper. There's Sandy Donaldson; and Willie Alison, and Bob Gordon, and Wattie Campbell, all keep dogs! Other people keep dogs, and why mayn't I keep a dog too?

It was impossible to resist laughing at, or granting a request backed by so exquisite a reason.—The father had his joke, and Jamie had his dog; but within a week Jamie was laid up with a lacerated leg, and began to doubt whether the pleasure of keeping a dog compensated for the pain inflicted by the said dog's occasionally taking it into his head to bite his master.

Now, dear reader, perhaps you may laugh at this story of an idiot in a northern town; and having done so, let us try to extract something useful from it, and ask ourselves whether there be not many idiots in other towns, northern, southern, eastern and western, who would despise the simplicity of Jamie, and yet who do the very same thing themselves; who pay as much deference to foolish doings of "other people," who, like him, keep a dog merely because their friends and neighbors keep dogs; and who, like him, get well bitten for their pains. Yes, the mass of mankind is made up of "Jamies," and Jamie's town may represent the world.

Old Potts gives once every year a grand party of seventy people, with chandeliers, a quadrille band, ice, and champagne. Why he did so, I could never conceive; he is a merry widower, free from family cares, and above all things, partial to a quiet rubber. On a late festive occasion as I stood fixed tightly in a doorway, the master of the revels came towards me through the throng, looking exceedingly uncomfortable, and wiping his forehead with a huge white mouchoir,

'Ah!' exclaimed he, noticing me in the throng, 'hot work; isn't it? I'm as tired as if I had been walking twenty miles.'

'It is very kind of you, taking so much trouble on account of your friends,' said I, feeling that I ought to say something, and not knowing exactly what to say.

'Ah!' said Potts, bending towards me in a confidential manner; 'I hate these crowds, my dear young friend—I hate them! Nothing like a snug party of six or eight.'

'Then why ask sixty or eighty?' said I, reciprocating the tone of confidence.

'Ah, my dear young friend,' said Potts, shaking his head; 'you dont understand these things. But by and by, when you keep house, you'll know better. I invite a crowd now and then, and cram my small rooms, because it's the custom—because it's the custom—nothing more.—Other people do so, you know, and not to be singular, so must I.'

The neighborhood of ——Square is thrown into a constant fever of excitement by the incessant piano-forte practice of Miss Isabella Hawkins, the youngest and most musical of four sisters. I made a morning call there the other day, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where I found Miss Isabella alone, and hard at work on the 'Mose in Egitto,' fantasia of Thalberg. It was a trying situation: and I thought it better, under the circumstances, to hope that I had not interrupted practice, to beg that she would proceed—that there was nothing I was fonder of than music. Accordingly she favored me with the entire fantasia from beginning to end—from the first mysterious whisper to the final spirit stirring bang. I heard it without wincing, and at the conclusion was profuse in compliments and thanks, as in duty bound; the only qualification to my pleasure being a fear that the fatigue had been too much for her.

'Why, it *is* a great exertion,' said she, leaning back in a state of palpitation; 'particularly as I don't like music. Of all things on earth I detest pianoforte practice most.'

'You not like music!' exclaimed I, 'you who play so delightful.'

It was the genteel thing to say this, you know, but the fact is, she plays but tolerably—misses half the notes, and 'fudges' the other half. Still, she insists on playing Thalberg, and her friends are expected to listen.

'I assure you I care nothing for music,' she repeated: 'and as for the piano, I hate it—I hate the very sight of it!'—and she looked quite viciously at the poor instrument.

'I wonder you practice so hard then,' I replied innocently.

'Mamma makes me!' said Isabella with great animation—mamma makes me, or I never would touch it from year's end to year's end. Oh, you can't think how cross she is if I don't practice every morning; and nothing less than three hours will do. I'm sure I wish the piano on the fire! But what's the use of wishing! other people practice, she says, so must I.'

Smith is a merchant, and deals in currants, and raisins, and matters of that sort. Smith's life is very mercantile and stupid. He leaves his house at Brixton every morning by a quarter past eight, and arrives at his counting-house in the city a little after nine. Here he toils till evening, and then, riding home again, he eats a hearty dinner, and tries to digest it till bed time. Of course no constitution can stand this irrationality, and Smith is often very ill, and never at all well.—'But then,' he says, 'how is it to be avoided? The physician tells me to attend less to the cares of business, to take more exercise, to indulge in relaxation of mind; sir, it can't be done. I must be at my desk by nine, and remain there till six; and it would never do to lose my time by walking. If I flagged for an instant my connexions would go. Other people over-work themselves, and so must I.'

One night last week I was returning from a lecture, when I was startled by a groan close to me. I directed my eyes towards the spot from whence the sound appeared to proceed, and discerned, by the light of a neighboring gas lamp, a man lying at full length in the gutter. He put his hat under his head for a pillow, and was snoring with such vehemence as to endanger the repose of every inhabitant of the street. I was willing to give him the chance of securing a better resting place, and therefore shook him by the shoulder. This only succeeded in rousing him partially. He drew a long sigh, rolled over on his other side, and muttered drowsily, 'More gin!'

It would have been inhuman in the extreme to allow him to lie there. I once more, therefore, applied myself to the pleasing task of benevolence, and administered a kind but smart kick, which was so far defective that the inebriated individual opening his eyes, sat up in the gutter, and stared around him with an air of bewilderment,

'Come get up,' said I, 'or you'll find this bed rather too damp for your rheumatism! You'll kill yourself.'

'What's the matter? Who are you?' exclaimed the inebriated individual rubbing his eyes, and not yet capable of appreciating the exact condition of affairs.

'Never mind who I am,' said I, 'Get up, unless you want to end your days in a gutter. How come you to be in this case, you dissipated character.

'Why, master,' exclaimed the man, 'what's the odds of getting up? It's a good enough place to sleep in. You an't one of those temperance set, I s'pose, as wants us to live on bread and water. A drop of gin won't hurt anybody. But, besides, you should do as the rest of the world does—that's what I always say! Other people drinks, and in course I may.'

Now tell me, reader, is not the mass of mankind made up of Jamies; and may not Jamie's town represent the world?

THE TARIFF POLICY IN VIRGINIA.—The Whigs of Westmoreland county, Virginia, held a convention recently, at which LAWRENCE WASHINGTON presided, and a set of uncommonly sensible resolutions were adopted. We make from the preamble the following extract, the sound practical common sense of which is truly refreshing, considering the quarter from which it comes, and the barren abstractions with which that part of the country is so blighted. These rational and reasonable Westmoreland men say:

"With respect to the tariff, which is the absorbing topic of the day, we are decidedly in favor of such an imposition of duties as shall foster domestic manufactures to the fullest extent, consistent with such an amount of revenue as the fair and honest demands of the Treasury may require. We profess, nevertheless, to be thorough believers in the doctrines of free trade. We are convinced that if all the nations of the earth would be governed by them in their commercial relations, they would confer upon all the greatest possible amount of attainable prosperity. But we should regard it as the height of folly to throw open our ports without restriction to other nations so long as their's are shut in our faces, and they continue to act upon a wholly opposite policy. The practical statesman, under such circumstances, must lay his abstract philosophy on the shelf and work out his problems upon the actual theatre of human affairs. To buy in the cheapest market is a very plausible doctrine: but to him who is forced to sell in the cheapest market, in order to reach it, the delusion is at once made manifest. The great problem to solve is, what constitutes, under all circumstances—of selling as well as buying—in time to come as well as in time present—the most advantageous market to the consumer."

HENRY CLAY IN GEORGIA.—The following is from the Washington letter of the United States Gazette:

I have been permitted to take the following extract from a private letter from a distinguished citizen of Georgia, formerly a Nullifier, and an opponent of Mr. Clay, politically, to a Member of Congress, which I think will be interesting to the readers of the Gazette. The letter bears date but a few days ago:

"As to the Presidential contest of 1844, I have only to give my opinion that it is useless to think of any one but Mr. Clay as the Whig candidate. Some think Mr. Clay will be put aside again if we hold a Convention. It is my deliberate opinion that Mr. CLAY is the ONLY man in the Union who has popularity and force of character enough to administer the Government for the WHOLE Union and according to his own ideas of the Constitution. He can and will stamp his genius and principles on the administration, which will be felt for good for years after he is gone. Any other of the aspirants will be but the cat's-paw of a party, and used for party purposes. You know I differ in some degree from Mr. Clay on some questions, but this difference does not blind me to his virtues. I think he has more self-sacrificing patriotism than ALL the other aspirants put together. This is saying a great deal, but it is my honest opinion."

Another letter states that several prominent Locos of that State have declared their intention to leave their party, on account of its recklessness, dishonesty, and utter disregard of the wishes of the People—because they have torn down and destroyed business, credit, and every thing else, and refuse to build up again. Georgia is regenerated depend upon it.

It is well said by an exchange paper, that some people trouble themselves more about the payment of the debts of the state than they do about their own.

THE MILLENNIUM.

A sermon on the Millenium was recently preached by Dr. Tomlinson, of Augusta College. It has since been published. Dr. T. inculcates the opinion that the commencement of the Millenium will take place 155 years hence. He defines the Millenium as a period in which the Christian religion shall be universally triumphant: not only prevailing, but actually extending its refreshing and purifying influence throughout every portion of the habitable globe. President Junkin, however, according to the Cincinnati Chronicle, says that the Millenium will commence in 1866, 24 years from this time, and the editor of the paper just named says that if the world were to go on for 155 years, just as it has done for 155 past, something very like the Millenium would be produced. He argues thus:

1. The United States has, for 150 years, doubled its inhabitants each 25 years. In 150 years, more than, we must have on the continent of North America, MORE INHABITANTS THAN THE EARTH NOW HAS, provided the soil can maintain them.—But, the Arts of Agriculture, as well as all others, have so increased that it is perfectly reasonable to suppose they can be maintained. If Schools, Colleges, Churches, the Press, and the illumination of the Bible, go on as they have done, they will be the most enlightened and Christian people, by far, that have ever lived.

2. Within 150 years 100,000,000 of Hindoos have been conquered by British Arms, and the Press and the College been planted in the midst. It is, therefore, almost, may quite inevitable, that in 150 years every foot of Asia will be under the dominion of the Anglo-Saxon race. In the mean time, the Press, the College, and the Bible will there produce their natural and benign effects upon the Asiatic mind. Long before that period, then, we may expect, upon common historical grounds, by a process of mere arithmetical calculation, to see Idolatry loose its hold on the human mind, and the nations of Asia, as those of Rome did, forsake their heathen gods, and march under the banner of Christianity.

3. Mahomedanism is already expiring, and soon Constantinople will be a Christian city. Jerusalem will be re-inhabited by its ancient people, and the Zion of the Jew and Christian re-illumined with holy light.

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