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, MARCH 4, 1843. — NO 10.

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 reide in the county—and annually in advance by those who reside at a distance.

☞ *No paper will be sent unless the subscription s 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

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 day*, $1 25.

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

☞ *Germantown* and Whitemarsh Stage Office.

Philadelphia, December 11, 1841 50—tf

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 o 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

PUBLIC SALE
OF A HOUSE AND LOT.

WILL be sold at Public Sale, on Wednesday, the 8th day of March next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the House of William Keahner, in Port Carbon, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

A house, and lot of ground, situate in Lawton's addition to the town of Port Carbon, in Schuylkill County, Pa., said house and lot is situated on the north westerly side of Third street, about fifty feet north east of Lawton street, containing in front on said Third street; fifty feet and in length and depth of that width two hundred feet to Fourth street, said lot is bounded north westerly by Fourth street, north easterly, by lots No 139, south easterly by said Third street, and south westerly, by lot No. 138, said house and lot was formerly known by the name of "Cowder's Lot." Late the property of C. A. Brobst.—On said lot are erected a comfortable two story frame dwelling house.

Attendence will be given, and conditions made known on day of sale, by

EZRA S. HAYHURST,
GEORGE KRUCKS.
Assignees of C. A. Brobst.

January 28, 1843 5—

COAL LANDS FOR SALE.

FOR the benefit of whom it may concern, will be sold at Public Vendue, on the seventh day of March next, at the Pennsylvania Hall, at 12 o'clock at noon, all of the land which Thomas Haven purchased of Thomas C. Williams and William Busbyshell, Executors, and Caroline Young, Executrix of the last will and testament of the late Robert Young, deceased, by deed dated July 23, 1836, and all of the assets received by the Executors in 1836, as per agreement of sale, dated Feb. 16, 1836, and all the right and title to which the said Thomas Haven has to the benefit of the said agreement The premises consist of the land lately sold to Messrs. Lawton & Haven, being three hundred and sixty acres, more or less, with all the buildings on the same, and sixty nine acres of the tract sold to Samuel Lewis. The title will be given by special warranty as given by the executors of Young to the said Haven. The condition of sale will be Twelve Thousand Dollars on the delivery of the deed, and the balance of the purchase money in four equal payments, with interest from Jan. 1st, 1843, secured by bonds, and a mortgage on the premises; interest paid semi-annually, and in default of payment of interest, the whole amount to become due, and payable with liberty to proceed against the premises. The premises can be examined by applying to Messrs. Lawton & Haven. The sale will be positive, to close a concern.

THOMAS HAVEN.

Pottsville, January 21, 4—

Valuable Coal Tracts to Rent.

TO let on leases, to suit applicants, all that tract of land belonging to the North American Coal Co known as the Mill Creek Tract, containing the following list of Coal Veins, many of which,—among others, the Peach Mountain Veins—having a range of over a mile in length, viz:—Lewis, Spohn, Barracleugh, Pearson, Clarkson, Stevenson, Little Tracey, Peach Mountain Vein s, Green rark, or Ravensdale Vein, Perpendicular, Diamond, and Big Diamond Veins, along with many others not named.

Also, all that tract called the Junction Tract, belonging to the said company, containing—the Salem, Forest, Rabbit Hole, Mortimer, Tunnel, Black mine, C. Lawton and Alfred Lawton Veins. Also, a Saw Mill, and Grist Mill, situated on the Mill Creek Tract all of which will be rented on moderate terms by applying to DAVID CHILLAS,

at his office, at the Landings of said company, at Pottsville, or to:

TIMOTHY M. BRYAN,
Market Street, Philadelphia

December 17, 51—3mo

HAMS! HAMS!! &C.

THE subscriber announces to the public that he has on hand a large quantity of well cured Hams, Dried Beef, Tongues, &c. &c., which he will sell at VERY LOW RATES FOR CASH, at his stand in Centre Street, opposite the Town Hall. All smoked meat, which on trial should prove not to be good, will be taken back.

He always keeps for sale all kinds of Fresh Meat, which will be sold at reduced prices—and respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.

JOHN REIGER.

Pottsville, Feb. 11. 7—ts

DISSOLUTION.

THE partnership heretofore existing between, Edmund Holt and Thomas Williams, colliers, trading under the firm of Holt & Wiliams, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 12th of January, 1843. The business will be continued by Thomas Williams on his own account.

EDMUND HOLT,
THOMAS WILLIAMS.

February 25 9—3m

WRIGHT'S
INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.
Of the North American College of Health.

This extraordinary medicine is founded upon the principle that the human frame is subject to ONLY ONE DISEASE, viz. Corrupt Humors, or in other words Impurity of the Blood, and nothing save vegetable cleansing, is wanted in order to drive disease of every description from the body.

If the channels of our mighty rivers should become choked up, would not the accumulated waters find new outlets, or the country be inundated?—Just so with the human body; if the natural drains become closed, the accumulated impurities will most assuredly find vent in some form of disease or death will be a certain consequence.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are eminently calculated for carrying out this GRAND PURIFYING PRINCIPLE, because they are a purgative medicine so justly balanced and withal so natural to the human constitution, that they cannot possibly injure the most delicate; at the same time, if used in such a manner as to produce free evacuations by the bowels, and repeated a few times, it will be absolutely impossible for pain or distress of any kind to continue in the body. A single twenty five cent box of the above named Indian Vegetable Pills will, in all cases, give relief, sometimes even beyond the power of words to describe, and if persevered in for a short time, there is not a malady in the whole course of human ills that can possibly withstand their astonishing and wonderful influence. WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are a certain cure for

COSTIVENESS.

Because they completely cleanse the stomach and bowels from those bilious and corrupt humors which paralyse and weaken the digestive organs, and are the cause of headache, nausea, and sickness, palpitation of the heart, rheumatic pains in various parts of the body, and many other unpleasant symptoms.

In all disordered motions of the Blood, called Intermittent, Remittent, Nervous, Inflammatory, and Putrid

FEVERS.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will be found a certain remedy; because thy cleanse the stomach and bowels from all billious humors and purify the blood; consequently, as they remove every kind of disease, they are absolutely certain to cure every kind of fever.

So, also when morbid humors are deposited upon the membrane and muscle, causing those pains inflamation and swelling, called

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, &c.,

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills may be relied on as always certain to give relief, and if persvered with, will most assuredly, and without fail, make a perfect cure of the above painful maladies.—From three to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills taken every night on going to bed, will, in a short time, completely rid the body from all morbid and corrupt humors; and rheumatism, gout, and pain of every description, will disappear, as if by magic.

For the same reason, when, from sudden changes of the atmosphere, or any other cause, the perspiration is checked, and those humors which should pass off by the skin, are thrown inwardly, causing headache, nausea, and sickness, pain in the bones, watery and inflamed eyes, sore throat, hoarseness, coughs, consumption, rheumatic pains in various part of the body and many other symtoms of

CATCHING COLD,

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will invariably give immediate relief. Three or four pills taken at night on going to bed, and repeated a few times, will remove all the above unpleasant symtoms, and restore the body to even sounder health than before. The same may be said of difficulty of breathing, or

ASTHMA.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will loosen and carry off by the stomach and bowels those rough and phlegmy humors which stop the air cells of the lungs, and are the cause of the above dreadful complaint

It should also be remembered that WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are certain to remove pain in the side, oppression, nausea and sickness, loss of appetite, costiveness, a yellow tinge of the skin and eyes, and every other symptoms of

LIVER COMPLAINT.

Because they purge from the body those corrupt and stagnant humours, which when deposited on the liver, are the cause of the above dangerous complaint. They are also to prevent

APOPLEXY AND SUDDEN DEATH.

Because they carry off those humours which obstructing the circulation, are the cause of a rush, or determination of blood to the head; giddiness, especially on turning suddenly round, blindness, drowsiness, loss of memory, inflamation of the brain, insanity, and all disorders of the mind.

Those who labour within doors should remember that they frequently breathe an atmosphere which is wholly unfit for the proper expansion of the lungs, and at the same time owing to want of exercise, the bowels are not sufficiently evacuated, the blood becomes impure, and headache, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, and many other disagreeable symtoms are sure to follow.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Being a Cleanser of the stomach and bowels, and a *direct purifier* of the Blood, are certain not only to remove pain or distress of every kind from the body, but if used occasionally, so as to keep the body free from those humours which are the *cause of every malady incident to man*, they will most assuredly promote such a just and equal circulation of the blood that those who lead a sedentary life, will be able to enjoy sound health, and *disease of any kind will be absolutely impossible.*

CAUTIONS TO AGENTS.

Country agents, and others, are respectfully informed that, owing to the great popularity, and increasing demand for the above named Pills, a host of unprincipled persons are busily engaged in manufacturing, and vending a spurious article in imitation of

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILL.

They are also further informed that I have a suit pending against one V. O. Falck, for counterfeiting the above named medicine and are cautioned against buying or receiving medicine from said V. O. Falck, as he cannot by any possibility have the *genuine* Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills for sale.

All travelling agents, with genuine medicine are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice President of the N. A. College of Health.

Travellers, who cannot show a certificate as above described, will be known as base impostors.—Shun them, therefore, as you would a Highway man, or a Midnight Robber.

Offices, devoted exclusively to the sale of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, wholesale and retail, No. 169 *Race St. Philadelphia.* No, 238 Greenwich street, Boston

N B—*Beware of the counterfeiter in Third Street Philadelphia.*

AGENTS FOR SCHUYLKILL COUNTY,
Thomas & James Beatty, Pottsville.
Bickel & Hill, Orwigsburg.
Daniel Saylor, Schuylkill Haven.
Aaron Matts, Mahantongo.
J. Weist, Klingerstown
Jacob Kauffman, Lower Mahantongo.
Jonas Kauffman, do Mahantongo,
Caleb Wheeler, Pinegrove.
John Snyder, Friedensburg.
J & G Maritz, Port Clinton
Fetheroff, Drey & Co. Tuscarora.
William Taggert, Tamaqua.
John Maurer, Mahantongo.
Mority Forreider, West Penn Township
R Schuler & Co East Brunswick Township
Seltzer & Bock, McKeansburg
C. H. DeForest, Lewellyn.
Emanuel O. & John Kauffman, Zimmermantown.

October 1, 1842. 40—

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.

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—

IRON STORE,
No. 53 North WATER ST., *2d door below Arch St.*
PHILADELPHIA,

WHERE a general assortment of IRON and STEEL may be had on the most accommodating terms.

JAMES S. SPENCER, Jr.

Philada., February 18, 8—6m

From the Baltimore American.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

MR. EDITOR:—I was setting alone before a cheerful fire, in my comfortable little room at No. 74, Fourth street, and listening to the winds of a cold stormy night, when the following lines came into my mind. The first part was written "instanter," and the last after I had crawled into a soft luxurious bed.

Oh! ye, who dwell in grandeur's lofty dome,
And bask in bliss that wealth alone bestows;
Ye little know how many a heart at home
Is fill'd with poverty's unpublish'd woes!

How many a mourning mother shivering creeps
Into her cheerless hut, to hide her tears;
O'er fortune gone, and friends that fled; she weeps,
And o'er the ruin'd hopes of happier years!

Go mark yon weeping widow—none can know,
How many tears of anguish she has shed;
Her heart seems b reaking with its weight of woe,
To hear her trembling children cry for bread.

She had fortune, friends, and round her shone
The sun shine of a spirit pure and warm,
But now she pines in poverty alone,
And tells her story to the midnight storm.

Her goods, her garments, one by one, she sold;
The ring her husband gave her too is gone;
To screen her little children from the cold,
And buy the scanty food they feed upon.

All day she works and weeps, and half the night
She labors for a paltry pittance given;
If angels sigh, it is at such a sight,
It tears are shed, they then are shed in Heaven.

How many a child of genius pines in woe,
And hides in rags and wretchedness a mind,
That favor'd might in future glory glow,
And shed immortal honor on mankind!

Oh! ye, who slumber on yo down-beds warm,
Ye rich, who cannot miss it from your store;
When in the night you hear the howling storm,
Let pity lead—REMEMBER THEN THE POOR.

'Till be a blessing in the hour of death,
To know you succor'd sickness in despair;
And many an orphan, with his latest breath,
Will for his benefactor breathe a pray'r.

Oh! then in pity think ye of the poor,
When Winters storms are roaring round your dome;
Turn not the weary wanderer from your door,
But carry comfort to affliction's home.

MILFORD BARD.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MINERS' JOURNAL.

No. 2.

Havanna, January, 1843.

Agricultural Productions of Cuba.

SUGAR.—The average amount exported from 1760 to 1767 was about 13,000 boxes of 400 lbs. each—and from 1786 to 1791, 68,000 boxes. By Royal orders of the 28th Feb. '89, and 21st Nov. '91, permission was granted for the admission of foreign vessels, on condition of their bringing in Negroes, and about the beginning of the present century, national vessels were allowed to go to Africa. In the first date the Port of Santiago de Cuba was opened, and under the administration of Governor Don Luis de las Casas, who succeeded at this epoch, free commerce was granted to all the ports in Spain, and to neutral nations. This gave an impetus to all the agricultural productions of Cuba, and chief protection to this fruit. The immigrations from Santo Domingo, growing out of the disturbances of France, and in that colony in the year 1791, and subsequently which drove many experienced and acclimated colonists hither; and the introduction of the cane from the Island of Otaheite of greater size and juice, all these fortunate circumstances for this Island meeting, fermented this plant, and bettered its production in manner so well known, that its exportation in the year 1790 to 1800, averaged 110,091 boxes per annum. From 1800 to 1810 the export was 177,998; from 1810 to 1820, 207,696; from 1820 to 1825, 250,384; in 1826, 271,013; and in 1827, 264,954 boxes, or 106 millions of pounds! To which the consumption of the Island must be added at 30 or 40 millions of pounds per annum. The exports from Havanna and Matanzas alone were

1840, 712,544 boxes 400 lbs. each, including to the United States,	127,616	box.
1841, 707,859	144,778	"
1842, 700,466	103,472	"

Nearly two hundred and eighty three millions of pounds average for each of the last three years! To which vast increase of supply the Steam Engine has in part contributed by its effective and prompt elaboration. Besides the above, a great deal of inferior sugar, called "*Rapadura*," not fit for exportation is made and consumed at home, and the great quantity of Molasses and Rum may be estimated, when the export of the former in 1827 amounted to 74,000 Hogsheads from the whole Island. In that year 35,000 pipes of Rum or '*Aguardiente de Cana*' were known to be distilled; but only 2,457 pipes exported—the great balance consumed! But both these articles have almost lost all demand, and are scarcely worth as much as the casks that contain them, owing to the protection in the United States of their Louisiana molasses, and the temperance spread, abolishing the consumption of alcohol.

The past year was a gloomy one to the sugar planters of this Island, and to all depending on their custom, from the unparalleled low prices for that staple; but one intelligent mercantile friend, of extensive business connexions and observation, tells me that 1843 promises better than its predecessor: and he anticipates an increased demand throughout Europe so as to make the coming '*Zafra*' or Sugar crop, produce an aggregate increase value of two and a half to three millions of dollars more than the past. This circulated, as it will, through all the various arteries and veins of trade, it is hoped will give new life and energy to all the commerce of this Island; cheer many a drooping spirit, and furnish employment to honest industry, languishing for opportunity to exercise it. The production of this year may probably amount in all the Island to one million of boxes, or four hundred millions of pounds of Sugar!

The first sugar cane, sown in virginal soil, will last from 20 to 24 years without any cultivation or benefitting, after which it is necessary to use the plough every three years, and renew the seed.

Culture of Coffee.

The Coffee plant was first brought from *Paris to Martinique* in the year 1727. The English commenced its cultivation in Jamaica in 1728—and, until the middle of the last century, it had not begun to be cultivated in the other Islands. It came from the Island of Puerto Rico to this of Cuba in 1769. Its culture increased slowly as partial seeds on the plantations of sugar &c., until the year 1790, before which time there was no estate of it that could be called '*cafetal*.' This was the epoch as aforesaid, which enriched this Island with industrious colonists by the emigrations from Santo Domingo, who gave a preference to this plant over that of the Sugar cane. So that the cultivation of Coffee, takes simultaneous date with that which gave perfection to our '*Ingenios*' or Sugar plantations. At first these establishments were confined to the eastern parts of this Island, owing to their proximity to Santo Domingo; but soon the greater population and wealth of this western part attracted them, so that in 1800 there numbered 80 cafetals. The exportation from Havanna in 1804 was only fifty thousand of arrobas (25 lbs. each)—in 1809 it rose to 320,000 arrobas—eight millions of pounds—from 1815 to 1820 the average was 727,448 arrabas—in 1826 it was 1,221,609, and in 1827 it was 1,433,487 arrabas, or nearly thirty six millions of pounds. The exportation from this capital is not the indication of the cultivation of the Island. It is necessary, like the sugar and other staple, to recollect the exportation from the other habilited ports of the Island, to estimate the whole amount of its production. The total exports in 1827 from Havanna, Matanzas, Santiago, Puerto del Principe, Trinidad and Barracoa, amounted to 2,000,000 arrabas—fifty millions of pounds; whilst the statistical amount of production was 2,883,000 arrabas—leaving twenty-two millions and seventy-five thousand pounds for the consumption.

To this fruit, whose production took value from the failure of the great production in Santo Domingo, to Europe, our cultivators of late years have dedicated themselves with as much energy and zeal, that at present the number of cafetales in the Island amount to 2,067. The increase which it has also had in other parts of the world, and its better quality in some of them, has reduced the prices to such degree, that what it now obtains does not correspond to the field of other fruits, nor is it proportionate to the capital invested. For this reason, and the value which sugars maintain, its cultivators have become so disheartened, that many are cutting down their trees, and dedicating their attention to the cane. Besides coffee has another disadvantage in the great inequality of the crops, which is such, that an estate which gives one year one thousand quintals, (100,000 lbs.) may not yield three hundred quintals the next year—from exhaustion of the tree or want of rains during the critical season.

The above statistics I have taken from a very interesting work in two volumes, published here by 'the Royal Patriotic Society of Havanna,' in 1830, replete with very general information concerning the Island of Cuba, is discovery, progress of settlement, and production of every description and class—and its history, civil, political, ecclesiastical and economical under the title of '*Memorias de la seccion de Historia de la Real sociedad Patriotica de la Habana.*' The materials collected was with great resarch, under a special commission from the Crown; and every facility afforded from the archieves of Spain and these colonies, for that purpose.

The average export of Coffee for the past three years of 1840, '41, '42 from Havanna and Matanza alone, including fourteen millions and a half to the United States, are thirty one millions of pounds. To this must be added the exports from all the other ports, and the consumption of the Island; and we may will wonder at the astonishing increase, throughout all these modern Hesperides, of the single Coffee plant sent from *Paris to Martinique*, only one hundred and fifteen years ago! I could give you similar details of the Tobacco, Wax, Indigo, Cotton, Honey, Rice, Corn, &c., which this brightest jewel in the corner of Spain produces, which she may well call '*La Noble y Siempose fiel Habana*,' ever noble and faithful Havanna; but it is sufficient for the present to show its wonderful wealth and commercial importance.

Your friend,
SANTA CLARA.

AGNES; OR, THE MOSS ROSE BUD.

BY MARY SPENCER PEASE.

'I say, my dear—'

'Well, my dear—'

'Well, my dear,' repeated Mr. Woodville, looking up from the paper he was reading, and gazing over his spectacles upon his letter half.

'Well, my dear,' a third time responded the patient spouse, laying down the newspaper.

'Don't you think, my dear, our Arabella has grown up into a very handsome girl?'

'Why, my dear,' replied the affectionate husband, 'I cannot say I have thought much upon the subject. But not that I do think—yes, Arabella is well enough; a fine girl; but wife, I must say my quiet, good-natured little Aggie far surpasses her.'

'My goodness! Mr. Woolville, what a singular taste. How *can* you say so? Agnes is a good girl—still a mere child, but just turned of sixteen, quiet and good-natured, as you say; but Arabella—so accomplished—so perfectly lady-like—with so much taste—such a magnificent figure, and *such* eyes. But some folks have strange notions. What I wished to say, my dear, was this—Arabella is getting quite old enough to be settled in life. Now there's that—'

'Old enough!' interrupted the father, 'why wife how old is she?'

'Arabella,' gravely responded the wife, 'is twenty years old this very day, and to-night—'

'Twenty!' exclaimed the father, 'who could have believed it? I never thought of it. How quickly twenty years fly by.'

'You are a strange, unthinking man. Why time might come and carry us half a century into eternity, and I do not believe you would ever know it. You are just like Agnes—forever at your books.'

'Any think more, my dear?'

'No, my dear.'

The husband resumed his reading, and for a short time all was silent.

At length spake Mrs. Woodville,

'Richard,' said she, 'I have invited a party of friends to meet here to-night, to celebrate Arabella's birth-day. Have you any objection?'

'None, in the least, my dear.'

'I wish Arabella was well married; she would make a splendid wife. No longer ago than yesterday she had an offer, which, at my instigation, she declined accepting.'

'Why so, Matilda?'

'Because, husband, I am determined my Arabella shall never marry a plebean. He is a very worthy young man, but not a suitable match for my daughter. She has refused a great many such offers.'

'A wholesale tea dealer! Why my dear Matilda, what was I when you married me? If you will think a moment you will recollect I was but an under clerk in the very house I now own. A plebean, Matilda! Do you expect our daughter to marry a duke!'

'Nonsense, Richard, how can I expect any such thing as that in our republican country? although she would not disgrace any kingly court. No, a member of Congress, or some other distinguished——, there is that French Consul: he has been here quite often since he was introduced to Arabella, three weeks ago. I should not wonder if he should soon propose for her; he seems very much struck with her.'

'What, that young Desmarlie? He is a fine fellow, talks English like a native—has no foolish Frenchified way with him. I like him. He played back-gammon with me all one evening.'

'He is to be here to-night; and, if I can manage—— but I hear Arabella calling me.'

Mrs. Woodsville left the room, and her spouse, after looking at his watch, left the house. He was soon immersed in business; forgetting all about Arabella, or her party. So, when he came home in the evening, he was surprised to find his house all bustle, and brilliantly illuminated.—Being a very quiet man his surprise did not last long.

Mr. Woodville began life a poor boy; now he was what the world calls wealthy. He owned ships and houses, and was the head of a flourishing mercantile establishment. Through all, he had been upright and honorable—a plain, straight forward, sensible man; fond of his home, and fond of peace.

The party, that night, was to be a splendid one. No pains or expense had been spared, by either Arabella or her mother, in arranging every thing in the most magnificent style.

When Mr. Woodville entered the drawingroom, he found the guests partly assembled, and Arabella, dressed in the splendor of an Eastern princess, ready to receive them. The father's eye, as he glanced upon the noble looking girl, acknowledged she *was* handsome. But when he turned to his youngest, quiet Aggie, his heart felt the difference.

Her dress was of simple white, with no ornament save one little moss-rose bud, half hid among her soft brown curls.

She looked very lovely; so thought her father—and so Eugene Desmarlie seemed to think also; for there he stood close beside her gazing into the blue depths of her well-like eyes; no doubt thinking of her sister Arabella.

Mrs. Woodville did not observe any of this; or if she did it never once entered her head that any one *could* prefer the timid Agnes to the brilliant Arabella.

Throughout the whole evening Desmarlie showed the most marked attention to the shrinking Agnes. Once in the dance the little moss bud fell from her hair. Eugene picked it up and said to her, in a low voice—

'Sweet Agnes, give me this. I will look at it when alone, and think of a far lovelier flower.'

Agnes held out her little hand for it; but he kept the rose, and earnestly pressed the hand.—All this was done very quickly and very quietly. The warm pressure of his hand thrilled to her very soul. The first approach of love brings with it a strange emotion. Agnes felt as though a new being had sprung up within her, and taken its abode at her heart. That heart seemed full even to pain; and it was the pain of joy. The fulness there poured itself from her soft eyes: Eugene drank the love, beaming forth from them, until *his* heart was full like hers.

The party was over, and Eugene went home to dream of her. The moss-rose bud lay next his heart: it seemed the fitting place for it; it was so like the gentle, blushing Agnes.

And Agnes!—love in her young bosom was a new guest. She cried herself to sleep, and awoke the next morning a new being; a being with a soul; a child no longer.

When Arabella found herself in her own apartment, alone, she threw herself on the nearest seat that offered itself. Her bright smiles were gone; she looked weary and unhappy. She buried her face in her jewelled hand, and seemed for a long time lost in sad thoughts. She arose at length and stood before the mirror.

'I almost thought,' said she aloud, 'I had grown ugly and deformed. Vanity is very foolish and spoils beauty. I am not vain; but I am very beautiful, and beauty is power. Every eye around me tells me I am beautiful: my glass tells me so, but I am not *conscious* of possessing any beauty, oh, no, I am *very* artless, and am not in the least aware of my own surpassing loveliness; therein, also, lies power. What a good actress I should have made. What the world has lost.'

She still looked at her own glowing form in the large mirror, and still mused on. Her muslins were a type of her own character.

'He was with *her* all the evening, with my sister. That was to try me. He cannot admire the baby face of my sister more than the one I see reflected before me. He *shall* love me: as I *live* he shall. I will sleep to-night and wear my gayest smiles and brightest eyes for him to-morrow. And to make all sure I will say to my good little timid sister that Eugene Desmarlie is a very naughty boy, and a great flirt, and warn her very kindly to beware of him. I well tell her how many hearts he has broken, but that I am certain if he loves any one it is myself—that he has told me as much. Yes, that will do. Agnes is truth itself—all I tell her she will believe. So good night.'

The morrow came, and with it came Eugene Desmarlie to the house of Mr. Woodville. He found the sisters alone in the drawing-room.

Agnes almost immediately left the room, but not until Eugene had placed within her hand a small bonquet of rare flowers, and not until she had given him a warm blush and a half glance from her soft eyes in return.

Eugene was angry at her for going. He talked and laughed the morning away with her sister; and almost vowed to himself to love her out of spite. Arabella had done what she had promised herself the night before; so far she had succeeded. She had given her brightest smiles, and her dark eyes had beamed so much fascination that Eugene seemed charmed in spite of himself. Agnes did not doubt the tale her sister had told her. She felt so fearful of betraying the love she felt for Eugene that she shunned him. Arabella saw that so far her plan had succeeded. She was one to dazzle—to take captive the heart of man by storm. Agnes could win love: she was formed to steal into the heart like low, soft music. Therein lay the difference between those two sisters.

Eugene came again the next day. Arabella was not at home—he saw Agnes alone. She seemed very shy, but her reserve gradually melted before his frank, earnest manner. She forgot her sister's caution, was her own natural self, and Eugene thought he had never seen so lovely, so loveable a thing as she was. She played and sang for him, and as he looked into her young, half down-cast eyes, and upon her blushing, tender face, he wondered how he could ever, for one moment, have admired her sister. He was on the point of telling her how lovely she was, and how well worth living his life would be with so sweet a spirit forever by his side, when the door opened and Arabella entered. She was so full of bright spirits, and looked so gay and radiant that his gentle dreams vanished with her presence. Agnes tried to make one in the conversation, but her timidity returned before her sister's sparkling sallies. She soon found an excuse to leave the room. Eugene wondered why, thought it very strange, was again half angry with her, but he soon forgot all in the syren smiles of her brilliant sister. Arabella exerted herself to the utmost to please without appearing to do so. That she did please she was sure: she always knew just what so say; and what she said was with a sprightliness and grace peculiarly her own.

Eugene was completely bewildered; scarcely a day passed that did not find him at Mr. Woodville's. Sometimes he saw the whole family, but more frequently no one but Arabella. Agnes grew more and more shy. At times when he saw her alone he could bring her out; and then he discovered what a well of rich thought lay hid beneath her every day diffidence.

Eugene was where many like him have been before—halting between two opinions. The one dazzling, bright, beautiful—the other equally beautiful, less dazzling, more loveable, more gentle.

Agnes was sitting alone, so deeply engaged in thought that she did not observe a figure entering the room until it was close beside her. Her thoughts were not happy ones, for tears were in her eyes.

'My Agnes! my dearest daughter! Agnes tell me what ails thee?'

The father sat down and gently drew his child to his bosom.

'You are not the same you were a month ago, Agnes. Tell your father all that troubles you, for something *does* trouble you. I have watched your color come and go, and your eyes dim with repressed tears. Tell me, Aggie. Tell me all.'

'Dear papa, said she, sobbing, 'I cannot, I cannot.'

'Has Eugene Desmarlie any thing to do with your grief, Aggie?'

She hid her young face in her bosom.

'I thought so. Agnes, dear Aggie, calm yourself; do not give way to so much sorrow. He shall not——'

'Do not blame him, dear papa. He has done nothing. I have been very foolish, and—you are so kind, my dear father, I will tell you how silly your child has been.'

Her sweet face burned in blushes as she revealed her heart.

'I did not know how much Mr. Desmarlie was in my thoughts, how well I liked him until my sister told me that he—that he loved her. Since then I have tried hard to forget him, but, dear papa, I cannot when I see him every day. I cannot.'

And she burst into tears afresh.

'Let me go to my aunt's in Virginia, dear father,' said she struggling with her tears. 'I am young. What I feel for him may be only a fancy that absence may remove. Dear papa let me go, I cannot stay here.'

'If you wish it you certainly shall.' And the father fondly kissed his child and tried by words of kindness to win her from her sorrow.

Eugene Desmarlie had not been that day at Mr. Woodville's. He had spent the hours in his own room looking into his own heart; the dejected expression of his face plainly indicated that he was not satisfied with what he found there. His spirits were depressed to an extent of which persons, with a less quicksilver temperament than his, know nothing. In fact conscience, that had slept so long, was aroused within him. He thought how wrong he had been. He thought of how unhappy Agnes had looked the day before, and of the bright smile of triumph her sister wore. He looked at the moss-rose bud and reproached himself that the heart of the one that had worn it, seemed withered like itself. He resolved to go to the father of Agnes and confess the wrong.

A rap came at the door of his room, and at the same moment a young man, apparently a few years the senior of Eugene, entered.

'Welcome, George,' said Eugene, warmly clasping the hand of the new comer, 'you, of all others, are the being I most wish to see.'

'What! you surely forget Arabella.'

'Name her not to me, George.'

'Ha! ha! has your song changed since I have been away? Three weeks ago the burden of it was Arabella, the bright-eyed, radiant, glorious Arabella! But Norton, friend you look unhappy; what is the matter? Speak out, man, what is it?

'I am a villain; that's all.'

'What have you done, robbed Uncle Sam's letter bags?'

'No, Willard, I have only robbed a heart of its happiness.'

'I do not wish you to be any more communicative than suits your humor,' said Eugene's friend, after a silence of some moments. 'But we have been friends together in sunshine and in shade, from boyhood and—'

'You have always known my heart and shall. You remember, George, before you went to Baltimore, that I had much to say of Miss Woodville—Arabella?'

'Yes,' replied his friend, with a half laugh, 'I think I do.'

'I had not then seen her sister. Beautiful Agnes! she loves me, George—and I am in vain; but her sister Arabella loves me—and—'

'And you love them both,—two at once; is that it; nothing strange in that if they are loveable girls. I love more than two—I—'

'I do not feel in a trifling mood, George. You remember I saw Arabella at the theatre the first night I arrived in the city. I did not hear a word of the play—I saw only her; she seemed conscious I saw nothing but her.'

'Yes, I remember all that. I also remember I told you both she and her mother were bent upon having the one for a husband, the other for a son-in-law; no common personage.'

'Yes, and I like a simpleton got introduced to her as a French Consul.'

'It was foolish; but I did nothing to discourage your mad freak. What do you intend doing now?'

'I shall see the father—'

'Shall you ask him for one or both of his daughters?'

'Agnes I love; but when I am with Arabella, I cannot but be fascinated; cannot think of aught save the bright creature before me. She is a bewildering, bewitching creature.'

'She is all you say. I have been in love with her myself. A word in your ear, Eugene—I have been rejected there because, forsooth, I am not a Count Lonjumeau.'

'You take your dismissal very coolly.'

'Ay, I agree with Tom Moore; there is more than one sweet rose in the world. But Agnes, is she as beautiful as her sister?'

'She is more lovely, perhaps, though not as strikingly beautiful. The deuce of it is, George, that I told Arabella I loved her one evening when she looked her brightest, and she promised to be mine.'

'That is nothing; when she discovers you to be plain Eugene Desmarlie, a young limb of the law not yet practising, she will resign you.'

'Flattering, very. Shall you be at the Fenton's to-morrow evening?'

'Yes, I received a card just before I came here, I have an engagement at four—it is now half past three. Farewell.'

'The sisters will be there?'

'Yes! good-by.'

The morrow evening came. Among a brilliant party assembled at 'the Fenton's,' were Eugene and his friend, and but one of the sisters. Agnes was not there.

Arabella danced and flirted the whole evening with a Don Mustachio, who sported a long, unspeakable German name, Count Von——. He talked broken English, and was extremely polite, and extremely well-dressed. She had no look for any one but him.

'You see I am right,' said George Willard, as the friends were on their way home.

'Yes, she is a coquette, and heartless. I wonder how I ever loved her.'

The next morning Eugene went to Mr. Woodville's with the determination of quarrelling with the false Arabella, and to confess *all* to the father. He found his family engaged,—went back to his hotel; a note was there awaiting him. It was beautifully written on satin pa