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 25, 1843. NO 13

TERMS OF PUBLICATION,
On the Cash System.

The Miners' Journal will after the 1st of January next, be published on the following terms and conditions:

For one year,	$2 00
Six months,	1 00
Three months,	50

Payable semi-annually in advance by those who reside in the county—and annually in advance by those who reside at a distance.

☞ *No paper will be sent unless the subscription is paid in advance.*

Five dollars in advance will pay for three years subscription.

☞ *Papers delivered by the Post Rider will be charged 25 cents extra.*

TO ADVERTISERS

Advertisements not exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged $1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for one insertion. Five lines or under, 25 cents for each insertion. Yearly advertisers will be dealt with on the following terms:

One Column	$20	Two squares	$10
Three-fourths do	15	One do	6
Half column	12	Business cards, 5 lines,	3

All advertisements must be paid for in advance unless an account is opened with the advertiser.

The charge of Merchants will be $10 per annum, with the privilege of keeping one advertisement not exceeding one square standing during the year and inserting a smaller one in each paper. Those who occupy a larger space will be charged extra.

Notices for Tavern Licence, $2.

All notices for Meetings and proceedings of meetings not considered of general interest, and many other notices which have been inserted heretofore gratuitously, with the exception of Marriages and Deaths, will be charged as advertisements. Notices of Deaths, in which invitations are extended to the friends and relatives of the deceased, to attend the funeral will be charged as advertisements

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 rich 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

To Dyers, Bleachers, Paper Makers, Steam Engine Builders, and others.

PASCAL IRON WORKS.

WELDED WROUGHT IRON TUBES

From 4 inches to ¼ in calibre and 2 to 12 feet long, capable of sustaining pressure from 400 to 2500 lbs. per square inch, with Stop Cocks, T's, L's, and other fixtures to suit, fitting together, with screw joints, suitable for STEAM, WATER, GAS, and for LOCOMOTIVE and other STEAM BOILER Flues

Manufactured and for sale by

MORRIS, TASKER & MORRIS.

Warehouse S. E. Corner of Third & Walnut Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

July 11 21—

PHILADELPHIA, READING, AND POTTSVILLE RAIL ROAD.

RATES OF FREIGHTS ON MERCHANDIZE, between Pottsville and Philadelphia, from April 1st, 1842, per ton of 2000 lbs.

Plaster, Slate, Tiles, Gypsum and Bricks,	$2 10
Pig Iron, Blooms, Timber, Marble, Lime, Tar and Pitch,	2 50
Nails and Spikes, Bar and Rolled Iron, Hollow-Ware, Grain, Salt, Bark, Lumber, Staves, Salt-fish, Tobacco and Lead,	2 90
Groceries, Hardware, Whiskey, Ale and Beer, Oil, Leather, Cotton, Steam Engines and Machinery, Seed, Butter, Lard, Tallow, Rags, Wool, Oysters, Hides, Hemp, Earthen-Ware and Glue,	4 25
Dry Goods, Wines and Foreign Liquors, Drugs and Medicines, Glass, Paper, China and Queens-Ware, Meat, Fish and Confectionary,	5 25

No Storage will be charged for receiving or delivering Freight at any of the Company's Depots on the line, unless allowed to remain over 10 days.

Days of starting of Freight Trains, on THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 3, P. M.

March 26 13—

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, Barraclough, Pearson, Clarkson, Stevenson, Little Tracey, Peach Mountain Vein, Green Park, 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

UMBRELLAS & PARASOLS.

SILK, Scotch, Gingham & Muslin Umbrellas, Parasols and Sun Shades.

A complete assortment, just received and for sale by E. Q. & A. HENDERSON.

May 28, 22—

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,
Real estate agent, Centre St.

July 16, 29-tf

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 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

INFORMATION WANTED.

MY daughter MARIA POWELL, aged 15 years, left the residence of Mr. James Wood, at Morehall near Phœnixville, about 4 weeks ago, and I have not since heard of her.

As I am anxious to ascertain her safety and know where she is, any information concerning her directed to me through the Pottsville Post Office, will be gratefully acknowledged.

WILLIAM POWELL,
Norwegich Rail Road.

March 11, 11—3t

From the Knickerbocker for March.

The Pine Tree.

STERN dweller of the mountain! with thy feet
Grasping the crag, and lifting to the sky
Thy haughty crest!—stern warrior-king! thy form
Scarce deigns to shake, when e'en the mighty blast,
Which the strong eagle fears to stem, swoops down
And breaks upon thee. O'er the glimmering chasm
As lean'st thou, with one giant limb outspread,
Thy sceptre, and seamed armor on thy breast,
What is more grand, more glorious than thee!
The headlong torrent pitching at thy base
Sends forth but vassal rumblings, when the storm
Awakes thy thunder! and the puny woods
Seem like bent saplings when thy towering shape
Swings in its majesty. The lightning's dart
Hath streaked, but not consumed thee; upward still,
As the black chariot of the fiend o'er rolls,
Upward still, warrior-king! thy crest doth point,
And in sublime defiance dost thou fling
Thy emerald robe from off thy wounded breast,
For other blows to fall, fierce hissing forth
Thy scorn as flies the tempest. On thy rock,
Thy throne impregnable, thou hast not reigned
During the lapse of ages, for a blast
To break thee, or a lightning shaft to cleave
Thy plumed head to the earth. The hurricane
And showers of blazing levin-bolts alone
Can hurl thee from thy post of centuries.

Yet art thou gentle, monarch of the crag!
When all is gentle round thee—when the sky
Is soft with summer, and the sunshine basks
In love upon thy branches, bright-winged birds
Flutter within thy plumes, and make thee gay
With their sweet songs; the downy-pinioned breeze
Soothes thee, until thou murmurest in a voice
Of blandest music, that upon the ear
Steal sad, but oh, how winning!
As thy head
Bears the wild tempest when the rains are launched
In slanted phalanx so when from the west
The wind fans lightly, and the parted clouds
Let the fresh sunshine leap, thy branches drop
Their sprinklings on the blossom hung beneath,
Till its blue eye is deeper in its blue,
And floats its sweet breath sweeter; while the moss
That plump and green o'erspreads thy iron roots,
Fringed delicate sandals, seems some trysting-place,
Where fairy shapes of gold and ebony
Glance o'er in mazy dances. Winter stern,
Howling through forests changed to skeletons
At the first mimicking breath of Autumn, sent
As the mere courier of his dread approach,
Though hurling all his blasts, from thee recoils,
His fury spent in vain: not one slight plume
No, not the tiniest fibre of thy sprays,
Blanches or falls; but as thou stood'st when earth
Leaped living at the blue bird call of Spring,
Unchanged wilt thou again her carol hail,
And tell where passed her timid steps from prints
Of violets and of cowslips. Let us mark,
Proud pine!—thou one of myriad instruments,
Through which mysterious, solemn Nature breathes
The music of her wisdom in our souls—
Oh, let us mark thy likeness in the world,
The wondrous world of man. True Greatness towers
A glorious monarch throned on craggy thought,
Decked in its proud regalia. When the blast
Of Fortune bursts, it bends not; o'er the herd
It spreads its sceptered arm, and weaker souls
Bow, when occasion wakes its energies
In all their native glory. Earth's wild storms
May sweep across it, and their lightnings touch
Its lifted crest; but haughtily it dares
The scathing wrath, and casts its deepest scorn
At the endeavor baffled. Glorious gifts
Are not bestowed for every passing cloud
Of life to lay them darkened in the dust.

And it is gentle too, when gentle hearts
Are round it; love for love it freely gives;
And while it bears the storm upon its head,
It yields a cherishing care to those that cling
Unto it for protection. In life's change
It changes not; but as it smiled in joy,
So in the bleak waste of adversity
It wears its 'customed look, and welcomes back
The sunshine of renewed prosperity.

ALFRED B. STREET.

To the Editor of the Miners' Journal.

POTTSVILLE, PA.

SIR:—In carrying out, what a "A Blighted Stockholder" left your readers to calculate, I find the following result:

RAIL ROAD F.

	tons.	$	
Cost of rails per mile	80X70		$5600
Yearly Quotient	5600 / 20	= $280	
Value of old rails,	80X20	$1600	
Yearly Quotient	1600 / 20	= 80	
Loss to be covered per annum in 1 mile			$200

RAIL ROAD G.

Cost of rails per mile	110X30		$3300
Yearly Quotient	3300 / 20	= 165	$2200
Value of old rails	110X20	$2200	per mile in favor of cast iron rails.
Yearly Quotient	2200 / 20	= 110	
Loss to be covered per annum in 1 mile			$55
Difference in favor of cast iron rails per annum for 1 mile			145

Taking the whole system of internal improvements in *Pennsylvania, to be 800* miles of railroads, we have an annual loss in the dividends merely resulting from the difference in the repair of cast and rolled iron 145X800 $125,00

RAIL ROAD F.

In the first outlay	5600X800,	$4,480,000

RAILROAD G.

In the first outlay	3300X800	$2,640,000
Difference		$1,840,000
The 5 per ct. interest on which amounts to		92,000

Total loss in Dividends per annum on the Pennsylvania Railroads. $218,000

This unnecessary annual loss gives the Public a right to investigate the matter. Why have not our canal commissioners brought it before the Legislature long ago? Or are our engineers afraid of speaking? Is the wind thus strongly blowing from England as to drown their voices? Is their knowledge only to serve for their study or barren disputes and learned discussions in the halls of Institutes, when facts like the above have been, and are still starting in their very eyes? Is there none so bold as to attack the monsters "prejudice and interest?" Will there be none to bring the whole subject before our Legislature? Something must be done, the public stands in want of it, *and we confidently expect that we shall finally be permitted the use of our own mineral riches to relieve this county from her present distress*, notwithstanding the outcry, which may be expected from the English owners of iron works, backed by degenerate Americans in their eagerness to serve *their* foreign masters.

"A MINER."

GOLD COINS.—Congress, at its late Session passed a bill providing that the English gold coins called sovereigns, should hereafter pass at $4,83 instead of $4,84 as formerly.

To the Editor of the Miners' Journal,

POTTSVILLE, PA.

MR. EDITOR:—I am right glad to find that you have given us poor folks a chance to put in a little word of our own. Knowing something about iron, I always wondered, since cast iron is so generally used (yet much more so in England and France, where they build roofs and houses of this most useful of all metals,) I was astonished, I say, that cast iron has not yet found its way to our railroads. As we can make malleable cast iron at very little extra cost, I have no doubt that we shall be able to produce rails of an infinitely superior quality to the common rolled rails, that I wish to see born off our railways, as coming from the other side of the water. The fibrous texture of these wrought iron rails has never appeared to me the right sort of thing. In the process of rolling the piles, the oxyde will and must always remain between the component parts of the aforesaid piles, stretched and flattened into laminæ.—Well, I should think that they give percussion a fair chance to separate the laminæ. That this actually takes place, I would witness from my window, under which the cars were passing every day, when I resided at Wilmington. I have seen rails first get loose inside, if I may say so, then open and exfoliate, and finally crush off.—The Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad offers many more illustrations of this occurrence, than the Stockholders will be pleased to meet with, or our Engineers, who have been over to England, to order rails there, be willing to admit of.

Things of this kind can never take place with cast iron. Make a soft casting of a beam, support it thoroughly, and it will bear any weight, and stand pretty smart blows. It is only the vibration and its reaction on the granular texture of cast iron that kills it. This, however is stopped, when laid flat and in close contact with wood.—Cast iron, in my opinion, for railroads has many other advantages. Not to mention the facility of casting rails according to the radii of the different curves, I will but say, that it can be run in any mould, and therefore can be given a shape so as to cover entirely the stringpiece. This is an essential advantage, as it preserves for a much longer space of time the most perishable part of the wooden superstructure, which all know must be renewed every 5 or 6 years, whilst the sleepers, generally made of oak or some other hard wood, will last 10 or 12 years. In such a way we shall be able to make stringpieces and sleepers equal in duration, and renewing both only every 10 or 12 years, we save one set of stringpieces, amounting, I should say, to a couple of hundred dollars, or $20 per annum in one mile.

Whenever I have anything to make, I always ask myself, can't I make it of cast Iron, I being convinced from thousand fold experience that its use can be extended to nearly every article serving for use or comfort. I am glad that our Engineers appear to take a practical view of the whole matter, and that our people are beginning to open their eyes. It is true that I had my doubts with regard to wrought iron tires running upon cast iron rails. But thank God' also these are about to be banished from our railroads, and since I see many of our Engines, I think the "Lafayette," "William Penn" and others, do as well without wrought iron tires, I have no doubt, that in running cast iron upon cast iron we shall have more adhesion than we want, and thus enable our Engines to draw heavier loads.

"A ROLLER AND CASTER."

The Outrage Consummated.

The following iniquitous bill, districting the State for members of Congress, has at length, by the force of party drill, being pushed through both Houses of the Legislature, and only needs the Governor's signature to become a law. By this bill the Whigs of Pennsylvania are graciously *allowed* about FOUR! Members of Congress certain, and *three or four* doubtful districts!

The Yeas and Nays on this monstrous Gerrymander, on its final passage in the Senate yesterday, will be found in our synopsis of the proceedings in another column. It will be seen that Mr. CHAMPNEYS, notwithstanding his loud professions of honesty, and his disposition to do *justice* to the Whig party, and his avowal on the floor of the Senate that the Whig party *were justly entitled to at least ten members of Congress*, VOTED FOR THE BILL! Away with such empty professions—such hollow hearted hypocrisy. We trust the Democratic whigs of the "Old Guard" will remember this vote, and will reward this faithful and honest public servant accordingly, should the day of reckoning ever arrive.

Washington—the home of our noble McKEANON, it will be seen, is saved from the general wreck. There is some small consolation in the fact, that this district has not also been swallowed up in the voracious jaws of the monster Locofoco Gerrymander. Considering the extraordinary efforts of a certain nerveless gentleman to place her in a Loco district, it is indeed marvellous that she escaped.

Huntingdon—faithful, honest, persecuted Huntingdon—*she has fallen a sacrifice!* This favorite object being accomplished, His Excellency will no doubt sign the bill with alacrity.

The following is the Bill:

I. Southwark, Moyamensing, Passyunk, Kingsessing, Blockley, West Philadelphia, and Cedar Ward of the city of Philadelphia.

II. The city of Philadelphia, except Cedar Ward and Upper Delaware Wards.

III. The Northern Liberties and Spring Garden in the county of Philadelphia, and Upper Delaware Ward of the city of Philadelphia.

IV. Kensington, North and South Penn, Roxborough, Germantown, Bristol, Unincorporated N. Liberties, Oxford, Lower Dublin, Byberry and Moreland, in the county of Philadelphia.

V. Bucks and Lehigh.

VI. Montgomery and Delaware.

VII. Chester.

VIII. Lancaster.

IX. Berks.

X. Dauphin, Lebanon, and Schuylkill.

XI. Northampton, Monroe, Pike and Wayne.

XII. Columbia, Luzerne and Wyoming.

XIII. Bradford, Susquehanna and Tioga.

XIV. Lycoming, Northumberland, Union and Clinton.

XV. Cumberland, Perry and Franklin.

XVI. Adams and York.

XVII. Huntingdon, Centre, Juniata and Mifflin.

XVIII. Green, Fayette and Somerset.

XIX. Westmoreland, Bedford and Cambria.

XX. Washington and Beaver.

XXI. Allegheny.

XXII. Venango, Mercer and Crawford.

XXIII. Erie, Warren, M'Kean, Potter, Jefferson and Clarion.

XXIV. Butler, Armstrong, Indiana and Clearfield.—*Pennsylvanian.*

The Despairing.

He said that I was proud, mother; he said I looked for gold:
He said I could not love him, that my words were few and cold;—
He said I kept him off and on, in hopes of higher game,
And it may be that I did mother;—but who hasn't done the same?

I did not know my heart, mother;—I know it now too late:
I thought that I whithout a pang could wed some nobler mate;
But no nobler suitor sought me, and he has gone elsewhere;
And my heart is gone, and I am left to wither in despair!

You may lay me in my bed, mother, my head is throbbing sore;—
And, mother, prithee, let the sheets be duly aired before;
And, if you would do pleasure to your poor despairing child,
Draw me a pot of beer, mother; and mother, draw it mild!

Double-Bedded Room.

WELL, after all,' I exclaimed, 'there are few things so comfortable as snug quarters in a good inn;' and, so saying, I drew up my chair a foot or so nearer the fire, and manifested the exuberance of my satisfaction and the soundness of the poker by reducing a superincumbent mass of the best Walls, and to minute fragments. A ride of some eighty miles outside the mail in a biting November day had thrown me into that state of delicious languor, which disposes one to regard everything in the best light, and I had abandoned myself to the enjoyment of the pleasurable, so far as it was to be obtained in the best parlor of the head inn in the provincial town of Nibbington. 'A neat repast had feasted me slight and choice,' and a second tumbler of brandy and water, 'warm with,' stood exhaling its fragrance at my elbow. The fire was in fine spirits, and went laughingly and cracking up chimney; it took part in the satisfaction it afforded—we were sworn friends.

'What a glorious thing it is,' I muttered to myself, as I rested my heels upon the fender, and stretched myself backwards into my chair,—what a glorious thing it is, this taking one's ease in one's inn! It hath a relish almost too fine for earth—It smacks of Elysium! You have cheated fate for once, given business the go-by, and left the anxieties that dog your footsteps daily, in the lurch.—'Here you are 'yourself alone,'—none to thwart, to fret, to frown upon you,—with a few sovereigns in your pocket, you are yourself a king. How respectful is mine host!—he is your chancellor, and holds you tenderly in his keeping, as royal consciences are kept. The waiter, how obsequious, like angels, ever eager eyed,'—these be your minister, watch'ul to do your will all the more that the prospect or the *gratuity* to be secured thereby is ever vividly present to their imagination. The chambermaids, your maids of honour and honoured as maids,—lighting you to dreams of love and bliss, like sacred Heros, with warmin-pan and bed-room candlestick of brass. Your bed—but, ecod! I never thought of that,'—and started up tugged the bell in considerable trepidation.

My call was answered by the appearance of one of those smirking animals, that go about inns with towels over their left arms.

'Have you secured a bed for me?'

'Yezzer.' I resolved the dog should have an additional half crown for his attention. 'Sorry, sir, could not let you have a room to yourself, sir!'

'Eh, what!' I exclaimed, and my contemplated generosity sunk at once below zero.

'Single bedrooms all engaged, sir.'

'The devil!'

'Yezzir'—full of lawyers' sir, Assizes week—crowded—not a corner to cram a cat in.'

'And where am I to be stowed away, pray?'

'Excellent apartment, sir—third story behind—two capital beds, well aired. Other gin'l'm'n very quiet, sir.'

'Who or what is he?'

'Don't know, sir. Came here a week ago, sir—breakfast at ten minutes to eight precisely—cup of coffee, sir, and half a roll—goes out, and comes home at eleven every night. Mute as a mouse—tried myself to draw him out—wouldn't work, sir. Strange man, sir—neither speaks nor eats—how he lives, can't tell—what he does, ditto—where he goes, a mystery as dark as dark as *Omnibus*, sir.'

'Hum! Queer fish, seemingly.'

'Yezzir, singular man, sir—indeed I may say a very singular man, sir. Seems in rather low spirits, sir. Any more brandy and water, sir?'

I ordered a fresh supply of this terrestrial nectar, and flung myself into my chair with the air of a man who feels himself a victim to untoward destiny.

That this should have happend to me, of all men in the world!—to me, who never tolerated bedfellows in my life!—slepted with locked door and window fast, and not a soul within half a dozen rooms of me—me, whose chief motive for remaining single—my Marion was certainly a very, *very* charming creature; I do half incline to believe was the horror of having my old habit of loneliness invaded! Possibly the wretch snores. Oh, horrible! most horrible! Well, if I do strangle him, no enlightened jury *can* bring in a worse verdict against me than that of 'justifiable homicide.' Looks melancholy, too! Oh, your melancholy men have a trick of speaking in their sleep; and I shall be kept shuddering all night at his incoherent *ohs!* and *ohs!* It is positively too bad! And again I dashed the poker into the bowels of the fire, and stirred it fiercely. The exercise only threw my brain into a fivelier state of activity, and my fancies assumed a darker hue. To be shut up in an out-o'-the-way room in a confounded old rambling wilderness of an inn, with a fellow whom nobody knows anything about!—to have your valise and breaches-pocket ransacked, their *silver* lining turned out upon the night, while you are wooing the caresses of the drowsy god,—or, possibly, like the Irish member, to wake in the morning and find your throat cut! A cold line seemed to be drawn across my weasand at the thought, and I groaned inwardly. Seizing my brandy and water, I whipped it off at a gulp; but it had lost its flavor, was cold, vapid, ineffectual stuff, and left no relish on the palate. I sank into a reverie, a dull and quasi-collapse state of misery, on starting from which I found that the fire had sunk down to a few cinders and the ghost of a flame, which looked up for a moment, as if to reproach me of my neglect, and quietly went out. Conjuring up a smile at my fears—a very hectic *sort of an affair, indeed*, I called for a light, and following the pilotage of the 'cham'maid,' was heralded along a succession of passages, and up a labyrinth of staircases, until I reached the room that had been selected as my dormitory.

Its dimensions were something of the smallest. Two beds, placed directly opposite each other, engrossed three fourths of the apartment. They were divided by an alley of some four feet in breadth, at the end of which, in the window recess, stood a table with the usual appurtenances of mirror and curaffes, and the window itself looked out upon Cimmerian darkness, and the devil knows what.—The old furnishings consisted of certain cane chairs, whose appearance was anything but calculated to inspire confidence in their trust-worthiness. The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire, stood shivering in the yawning fireplace, above which a cloudy mezzotint, conveying the faintest possible intimation of a blasted heath, with a gibbet in perspective, decorated a wall, which time and damp had reduced from its primitive shade of green to the most miscellaneous diversity of tints. Here was an appearance of things, not certainly the most favorable for dissipating the unpleasant feelings, that had for some time been fretting my lesser intestines to the tenuity of fiddlestrings;—but I put a bold face upon the matter, and after a leisurely survey of the apartment, deposited myself in bed. Sleep, however, was not to be thought of till the arrival of the person who was to share the apartment with me, and I lay forming all sorts of speculations as to his probable appearance.

At length, towards midnight, a heavy step sounded on the staircase, and I heard some one advancing with a stately tread to the room in which I lay! Now, then, for a solution of my uncertainty! I half raised myself on my elbow to examine the person that should enter. The door opened leisurely, and a figure advanced into the room, that increased rather than abated my perplexity.—It was that of a tall powerfully-built man dressed all in black, with a cloak of the same color about his shoulders, and as he held the candle before him as though he held it not, its light fell upon the features of a character singularly impressive, but pale and blasted, as it were, with untold woe. His long raven hair fell away in masses from his forehead, like blackening pines upon a lightening-scathed mountain summit, and his eyes burned with a dull, moveless glare. He appeared to be utterly unconscious of my presence, notwithstanding my endeavors to excite his attention by sundry admonitory coughs and hems. Finding those of no avail, I resolved to attack him more directly, and, in as indifferent a tone as I could muster, exclaimed,

'Good night, sir!'—no answer—'Good night, sir!' with a stronger emphasis—still not a word; and it was not till I had repeated the salutation several times that he turned his eyes upon me.—And oh! what an inward hell did that look reveal!—in words that dropped like minute-guns from his lips, he said,

'I wish you *may* have a good night, sir.'

This was enough; I was thoroughly relieved of any desire for farther converse with a gentleman of this kidney; so he relapsed into his abstraction, and I into my pillow and my speculations.

I was fatigued, and would fain have slept, but this I soon found to be impossible. In vain I turned from the left side to right, from right to left, and then in despair threw myself on my face, and dug my head into the pillow. I tried to think of discourses on political economy, of sermons on temperance, of all the most sovereign narcotics I could recall. I repeated the alphabet letter by letter, and then groped my way through the multiplication-table, but it was of no use. Sleep was not to be cajoled. The gentleman in black had betaken himself to bed. The room was as dark as midnight could make it, and I heard a sigh, and the curtains drawn closely round in front of where he lay. Strange precaution, I thought,—What can he mean! Has he the same doubts of me that are haunting me with regard to him, and so wishes to place even the slight barrier of a piece of dimity between us! Or perhaps the gentleman is conscious of sleeping in rather an ungainly style,—tossed the bed-clothes off him perhaps, or lies with his mouth agape, like a fish in the death pang,—and may not wish the morning light to disclose his weakness! But this comfortable view of the matter soon faded away as the remembrance of his appearance pressed upon my vision. Those features so pale and rigid; that massive figure, trained in no ordinary toils; those eyes dead to all outward objects, and lighted up with fires, that seemed inwardly consuming him, stared vividly before me. I saw him as he entered the room, and went through all the operations of undressing, with a motion merely mechanical. What could so have palsied the senses and the will? Was it remorse for some unutterable guilt that preyed upon his heart, or was he even then meditating some act of inexpiable crime? I was lying alone, in darkness, with a felon, perhaps a murderer! And then his answer to my friendly salutation. I wish you *may* have a good night, sir!' came back upon my ear. *May* have a good night! There was, then a doubt, which he even confessed. I stirred in bed with as much noise as possible, coughing at the same time, to see if I could elicit any corresponding sound from my neighbor. But all was hushed, I could not even catch his breathing. Oh, I thought he must have gone to sleep. He, at least takes the matter easy. But still his words—'I wish you *may* have a good night, sir!'—haunted me. What was there to prevent my having a good night, but something of which he himself was alone conscious? The night was a quiet one, and our room too much out of the way to be visited by any of the usual sleep dispelling noises of an inn. Would to Heaven it had been less so! Again I thought of the curtains drawn so carefully in front of his bed. Might he not behind them be preparing the knife, with which he was to spring upon my secure slumbers! I coughed louder than before, to assure him that I was still wakeful. This horrible fancy now took entire possession of my mind. His sepulchral 'I wish you *may* have a good night!' pealed a perpetual alarm in my ears. It was an intimation to settle accounts with the world.

He would not kill my unprepared spirit. Not he! He was a sentimental murderer, an amateur assassin and Fate had kindly quoited me into his grasp. I lay rivetted to my couch, expecting every moment to hear the curtains torn apart, and to feel his fingers at my throat. Every nerve and faculty were strained to the utmost pitch, till even the suspense grew more fearful than the reality itself could have been. A death-like stillness filled the chamber. Its very hush and creeping grew oppressive. The stirring of a mouse would have been worth worlds to me.

Worn out with this excitement, I fell into a perturbed and gasping slumber, and, on starting from it, my ear seemed to catch the expiring echo of a groan. It might, however, have only been the wind striking a favorite note in the crannies of the chimney. Day had by this time begun to break, and the gladsome light gave me courage to look out between my curtains. Those of the opposite bed were still down, and its inmate seemed locked in profound repose. I turned my eyes towards the window to strengthen myself by the sight of a cheering object against the anxieties that still hung about my mind, and found that it looked out upon a desolate court, commanding a prospect at the same time of which the leading features were some crazy old chimney-stacks. The sky was wet and weltering, and no sound of life was audible, except the occasional rattle of a cart, blended with the driver's whoop, rousing the echoes of the slumbering streets. The whole feeling of the time and place was as cheerless as possible; and, to complete my discomfort, a superannuated raven, a creature worn with the throes of luckless prophecy, settled upon a chimney right before my eyes, and began croaking a monotonous chaunt of woe. Oh, how that eternal 'caw! caw!' did chafe me, 'mingling strangely with my fears,' and presaging the coming on of some unknown horror! It threw my thoughts back into their old channel. Alarm, however, had not given place to curiosity, and I determined at all hazards to know more of the mysterious man who had occasioned me such a night of torture. I lay intent to catch the minutest sound, but in vain. Fine-ear himself, that hears the grass grow in the fairy-tale, could not have detected the shadow of a breath. This, I thought, is the most unaccountable man I ever met with. He comes nobody knows whence, goes nobody knows where, eats nothing, and says nothing,—and sleeps like no other mortal beneath the sun. I must, and will sound the heart of this mystery.

Here was I, with fevered pulse and throbbing brow, after a night of agony, while the cause of my uneasiness was taking deep draughts of that 'tired Nature's sweet restorer,' of which his singular appearance and ominous words had robbed me. It was not more strange than provoking. I could bear this state of things no longer, and discharging a volley of tearing coughs, as if all the pulmonary complaints of the town had taken refuge in my individual chest. Still there was not a movement to indicate the slightest disturbance on the side of my tormentor. I sprang out of bed, and paced up and down the room, making as much noise as possible by pushing the chairs about, and hitching the dressing table along the floor. Still my enemy slept on. I rushed to the fire place, and rattled the shovel and against one another. He cannot but stir at this, I thought: and I listened in expectation of hearing him start. Still the same death-like silence continued. I caught up the fire irons, and hurled them together against the grate. They fell with a crash that might have started the Seven Sleepers,—and I waited in a paroxysm of anxiety for the result which I had anticipated. But there were the close curtains as before, and not a sound issued from behind them to implicate the presence of any living thing. I was in a state bordering upon frenzy. The fearful suspense of the past night, the agony of emotions with which I had been shaken, working upon a body already fatigued, had left me in a fever of excitement, which, if it had continued, must have ended in madness. I was wild with a mixed sensation of dread and curiosity, and suspense. One way or another the torture must be ended. I rushed toward the bed; upsetting the dressing-table in my agitation. Tore open the curtains, and there, oh God! lay the cause of all my agony—a suicide—weltering in a pool of blood. I felt my naked foot slip in something moist and slimy. Oh Heavens, the horror of that plashy gore! I fell forwards on the floor, smitten as by a thunderbolt into insensibility.

When I revived I found the room crowded with people. The noise of my fall had alarmed the occupants of the room beneath, and they had burst into the chamber where we lay. But my sufferings were not yet at an end. The noises I had made in endeavoring to arouse the stranger had been heard, and were now construed into the struggle between the murderer and his victim.—How it happened I know not, but the razor with which the suicide had effected his purpose was found within my grasp. This was deemed proof-conclusive of my guilt, and I stood arraigned as a murderer in the eyes of my fellow men. For months I was tenant of a dungeon. It passed, a weary time; but at length the trial came. I was acquitted, and again went forth with untainted name. But the horrors of that night have cast a blight upon my spirit that will cling to it through my life; and I evermore execrated the wretch who first projected the idea of a DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

A Perpetual Miracle.

The beautiful extract which follows, is a description of that wonderful people the Jews, as true as it is striking. *Infidels ask for miracles—they have one*, not appearing to the eye in a flash, and then becoming a mere matter of historic record; but one standing *cut before all eyes, and enduring for 2000 years.* If they believe not upon a miracle so stupendous and indisputable, neither would they be persuaded, though one were to rise from the dead.

"The present physical, moral and social condition *of the Jews must be a miracle*, had they continued from the commencement of the Christian era down to the present hour, in some such national state as that in which we find the Chinese, walled off from the rest of the human family, and by their selfishness on a national scale, and their repulsation of alien elements, resisting every assault from without, in a shape of hostile invasion, and from an overpowering national pride, forbidding the introduction of a new and foreign customs, we should not see so much of miracle interwoven with their existance. But is this their state; far from it. They are neither a united and independent nation, nor a parasitic province. They are peeled and scattered into fragments; but like broken globules of quicksilver, instinct with cohesive power, ever claiming affinity, and ever ready to amalgamate. Geography, arms, genius, politics, and foreign help, do not explain their existance; time and climate, and customs equally fail to unravel it. None of these are or can be springs of their perpetuity—They have been spread over every part of the habitual globe; have lived under the reign of every dynasty; they have shared the protection of just laws, the oppression of cruel ones, and witnessed the oppression of cruel ones, and witnessed the rise and progress of both; they have used every tongue, and have lived in every latitude. The snows of Lapland have chilled, and the suns of Africa have scorched them. They have drank of the Tiber, Thames, the Jordan, the Mississippi—In every country and in every degree of latitude and longitude, we find a Jew. It is not so with any other race. Empires, the most illustrious, have fallen, and buried the men that constructed them, but the Jew has lived among the ruins, a living monument of indistructibility. Persecution has unsheated the sword, and lighted the fagot; Heathen superstition and Modern barbarism have smote them with unsparing tenacity, penal restrictions and deep prejudice have visited on them most unrighteous chastisement; and notwithstanding all, they survive. Like their own bush on Mount Horeb, Israel continued in the flames unconsumed. They are the aristocracy of Scripture, relic of coronets—princes to degradation. A Babylonian, a Theban, a Spartan, an Athenian a Roman, are names known in history, alone, haunt the world, and flicker on its tablets. A Jew walks every street, dwells in every capital, traverses every exchange, and relieves the monotony of the nations of the earth. The race has inherited the heir-loom of immortality, incapable of extinction or amalgamation. Like streamlets from a common head, and composed of waters of a peculiar nature, they have flowed along every stream, without blending with it, or receiving its color or its flavor, and traversed the surface of the globe, amid the lapse of many centuries, particular, distinct, alone,—The Jewish race, at this day, is perhaps the most striking seal of the sacred Oracles.—There is no possibility of accounting for their perpetual isolation, their depressed but distinct being on any grounds save those revealed in the record of truth."

From the N. York Correspondence of the National Intelligencer.

A Visit to the Five Points.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

As I presume you are interested in the one portion of New York made classic by a foreign pen, let me jot you down a *mem.* or two from my first visit to Dicken's Hole at the Five Points, made one evening last week with a distinguished party under charge of the Boz officer.

I had an idea that this celebrated spot was on the eastern limit of the city, at the end of one of the omnibus routes, and was surprised to find that it was not more than three minutes' walk from Broadway, and in full view from one of the fashionable corners. It lies, indeed, in a lap between