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, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PA.

VOL. XIX. SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1843. NO 22

Miners' Journal on the Cash System.

Owing to the frequent losses which newspaper Editors are liable to sustain—the prevalence of laws at the present time, which makes it almost impossible to collect small debts, and the great expenses and waste of time we are forced to incur in the collection of our subscriptions, which not unfrequently equals the amount of the debt; we have concluded to publish the Miners' Journal henceforth upon the cash principle, in accordance with the following terms and conditions:

For one Year in advance	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50
One Month	18
Single Copies	4

As it will take some time to perfect the change and in order to give all a fair opportunity to comply with our regulations, and choose their own mode of payment from among the above terms; our subscribers in the Borough will not be called upon for collections until the end of the month of April. We leave it entirely to their own option to take the paper upon either of the terms as above; they can subscribe for it annually, semi-annually, quarterly, or by the single copy. Those who have paid in advance will receive the paper as usual.

We shall continue sending the paper to our numerous subscribers abroad, as we have been accustomed to, until the 1st of July. In the mean time the accounts of those who are in arrears will be made out and forwarded, and if not paid, together with the advance subscription, we shall be forced to discontinue the paper.

CLUBBING.

In order to accommodate Clubs who wish to subscribe, we will furnish them with this paper, on the following terms—invariably in advance:

3 Copies to one address—per annum	$5 00		
6 do	10 00		
10 do	15 00		
20 do	25 00		

Five dollars in advance will pay for three years subscription.

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	$25	Two squares	$10
Three-fourths do	20	One do	6
Half column	15	Business cards, 5 lines,	3

For any period shorter than a year as per Agreement.

All advertisements must be paid for in advance unless an account is opened with the advertiser, or it is otherwise arranged.

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

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.

We confidently expect the co-operation of our friends in this our new arrangement.

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 unexampled 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 375 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. B. WINDLEY,

No. 129, Madden 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. A. MOORE,

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. 1 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 incredible. It has been used by several persons on this neighbourhood 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.

Granville, 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. 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. MARTIN, Agent. 22—1y.

Envelope and Post Office Paper.

THE subscriber has just received a supply of excellent Envelope Paper, at $2 and $3 25 per ream, medium size. B. BANNAN.

April1, 14—

METHODIST HYMN BOOKS.—A fresh supply. Also Barnes' Family Prayers just received and for sale by B. BANNAN.

February 25, 1843. 9—

CURTAIN PAPER.—Printed on both sides, price 50 cents per peice, just received and for sale by B. BANNAN. 19—

THE POCAHONTAS, OR INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

THE remedies prescribed for the cure of diseases, have correctly been divided into classes according to their operation upon the human system. Thus we have one class which causes the stomach to eject its contents, called emetics, another inducing perspiration called diaphoretics and a third which evacuates the stomach and bowels, denominated cathartics, &c. Cathartics or purging medicines, have in every age and country been the favourites of the physicians for the cure of the most obstinate and alarming maladies. The wonderful success attending this mode of treatment will readily be understood when we reflect that the stomach and bowels have assigned to them, the important function of digestion, or the conversion of food into blood, that vital fluid intended for the growth and nourishment of the whole system. It follows that whenever the digestion organs become depraved or disqualified for the healthy performance of their duty (and this occurs daily in civilized society) impure blood, and consequently diseases are the results.

It has been remarked, that whenever the stomach is not usefully employed it is always at mischief. That individual who would deny that the most formidable diseases are daily cured by the use of Pills compounded and for sale in almost every hamlet of our country, would certainly risk his reputation for veracity. The Pocahontas, or Indian Vegetable Pills cleanse the stomach, purify the blood and remove inflammation, and have proved eminently useful in curing bilious fever, bilious cholic, inflammation of the liver, rheumatism, dropsy, jaundice, pleurisy, costiveness, &c. &c. Females of sedentary habits and subject to indigestion, flatulency, headache, depression of spirits and uneasiness, will find relief from the use of these pills. There is not a disease attended with a full pulse, a dry skin, and a coated tongue, that these pills will not relieve. The following simple narrative will show the benefit derived from these pills in a very common disease:

CERTIFICATE.

Having been cured by the use of the Pocahontas Pills of an alarming disease of the liver of several years standing, I deem it a duty to make my case known to the public, for the benefit of others. I had taken various remedies which afforded only temporary relief, after using two boxes of these pills, my disease yielded, and I have enjoyed good health for the last six months.

WILLIAM FOLLMER.

Milton, April 22, 1843.

Agents for the sale of the above.

W. T. Epting, Pottsville, George Reifsnyder, New Castle, Steiner & Kopp, Schuylkill Haven, Hugh Kinsley, Port Carbon, Schualm & Hesser, Orwigsburg. Throughout the state a supply can always be had of Fred. Klett & co. Druggists, corner of 2d and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia. 13—1y

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. 47—

November 19,

TYPES AT REDUCED PRICE.

TYPES, and all other Printing materials manufactured at CONNER'S UNITED STATES TYPE AND STEROTYPE FOUNDRY, corner of Nassau and Ann streets, New York, can be had at EIGHTEEN PER CENT deduction from old prices.

The undersigned respectfully informs the old patrons of the Type and Stereotype Foundry, formerly known as James Conner's, and more recently as Conner & Cooke's, and the public in general, that they are prepared to execute orders for

PRINTING TYPES, PRESSES,

Chases, Cases, Imposing Stones Ink Frames, and every other article necessary to form complete Printing establishments, on as favorable terms, and of as good quality as any other establishment in the United States.

New prices, per pound.		*Old prices, per pound.*	
Agate	96 cents.	Agate	108 cents.
Nonpareil	66 "	Nonpareil	81 "
Minion	54 "	Minion	66 "
Brevier	46 "	Brevier	54 "
Bourgeois	42 "	Bourgeois	46 "
Long Primer	36 "	Long Primer	42 "
Small Pica	34 "	Small Pica	40 "
Pica	32 "	Pica	28 "

Borders, Cuts, Brass Rule, and all other articles manufactured at this establishment, at the same reduced rates.

New Articles got up to order, on being furnished with patterns.

The Type cast at this establishment is, both in the style of Face and the material of which it is made, particularly adapted for service in Newspaper Printing.

All kinds of Stereotype furnished to order.

JAMES CONNER & SON.

April 22. 17—

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

25,000 lbs, of Feathers, for sale very low in any quantities to suit purchasers for cash, at prices from 10, 15, 20 and 25 cts. per pound. Ready made Beds, Bolsters, and Pillows and curled hair Mattresses, Moss do, and all other kinds to suit any sized Bedsteads, always on hand. Curled Hair and New Orleans Moss by the bale or single pound.

Country Store Keepers would find it to their advantage by calling on the subscriber before purchasing.

FINLEY & CO.,

South East corner of Second and Walnut Sts, Philadelphia, March 18, 12—3m.

TYPE AT REDUCED PRICES.

George Bruce & Co., Type Founders,

AT No. 13 CHAMBERS STREET, near the Post Office, NEW YORK, have on hand an unusally large stock of their well known Printing Type, Ornaments, Borders, Rules, &c., of the best metal, cast on original Matrices, and very accurately finished, all of which they have determined to sell at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES;

Placing the Book and Newspaper Font as follows:

Pica, at	32 cts. a lb.	Small Pica	34 cts. a lb.
Long Primer	36 "	Bourgeois	40 "
Brevier	46 "	Minion	54 "
Nonpareil	66 "	Agate	86 "
Pearl	120 "		

For approved paper at 6 months, or 6 per cent less for cash. Wood Type, Printing Ink, Presses, Cases, Galleys, Brass Rule, Composing Sticks, Chases, and other Printing materials furnished with promptitude, and at the lowest prices.

Printers of Newspapers who publish this advertisement with this note three times before the 1st of June, 1843, and send one of the papers to the foundry, will be entitled to payment of their bill, on buying four times the amount of it.

April 8. 15—

FOX'S BOOK OF MARTYRS:

BEING a History of Christian Martyrdom from the earliest to the latest periods of Christian persecution. By Rev. John Fox, A. M., with copious and important additions.

The above work will be completed in 8 numbers printed on beautiful type, and each number illustrated with two plates, at the low rate of 15 cents per number. Subscriptions received by

B. BANNAN,

April 15, 16— Bookseller & Stationer.

Spare the Birds.

BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE D. D.

Spare the gentle bird,
Nor do the warbler wrong;
In the green wood is heard
Its sweet and happy song,
Its song so clear and glad,
Each listener's heart hath stirred,
And none, however sad,
But bless'd that happy bird.

And when, at early day,
The farmer trod the dew,
It met him on the way
With welcome blithe and true;
So, when, at weary eve,
He homewards wends again,
Full sorely would he grieve
To miss the well-loved strain.

The mother, who had kept
Watch o'er her wakeful child,
Smiled as the baby slept,
Soothed by its wood-notes wild;
And gladly had she flung
The casement open free,
As the dear warbler sung
From out the household tree.

The sick man on his bed
Forgets his weariness,
And turns his feeble head
To list its songs, that bless
His spirit, like a stream
Of mercy from on high,
Or music in the dream
That seals the prophet's eye.

Oh! laugh not at my words,
To warn your childhood's hours,
Cherish the gentle birds,
Cherish the fragile flowers;
For since man was bereft
Of Paradise in tears,
God these sweet things hath left
To cheer our eyes and ears.

From Bentley's London Miscellany.

THE FATAL PICTURE.

BY A. ELDER, ESQ.

At the age of twenty-two, Fritz Bartholm returned to his father's house, after having finally completed his education at the university of Heidelberg. During the whole period of his residence there, he had studied with that depth of enthusiasm that appears to be almost peculiar to Germany. The only relaxation he allowed himself from his mathematical and other abstruse labors, was in running over the legendary lore of German superstition, now dipping into an obsolete work upon astrology or magic, and then returning to the lighter and more amusing accounts of the 'Wild Horsmen of the Black Forest,' or similar goblin tales. Of the world that surrounded him, he knew nothing, he cared nothing; and, except that he received from it the necessaries of life, he had little connection with mere earthly and corporeal matters.

When he did walk out, it was not to enjoy the fresh air and the sunshine, or even for wholesome exercise; but, after he had crammed his head so full of some difficult subject that it would hold no more, he found he could more easily arrange the ideas with which he had filled his brain by walking than by sitting still. When he was seen strolling along the public streets, with his lips moving, but his eyes observing nothing, he seemed like one walking in his sleep. Even though he had arrived at that susceptible age when youth has ripened into manhood, he never knew what love was. But this was not from want of susceptibility. The mind—the mind was gradually consuming the body. From his books, indeed, he had occasionally received some impressions of female beauty, vague, fantastic ideas of angelic princesses, and of fair virgins, in whom the quintessence of every beauty and every virtue was included. These occasionally visited him in his dreams, and even had been known to intrude themselves upon his thoughts during the hours of study; but, strange as it may appear, it never occurred to him to open his eyes, and look around him, and satisfy himself whether female beauty really did exist in this every day world.

Well, Fritz, the student, returned to his father's house. Old Bartholm was a dry, sarcastic, business-like man; but notwithstanding their total difference of character, their meeting was cordial. The room where they met was the old gentleman's small private room, in which he generally sat when alone. It contained no books, for Bartholm was no reader; but there were hung up round the walls an old rusty rifle and a game bag, which he used to carry when he was younger; his meerschaum and tobacco-pouch; and, standing upright upon a table, was the picture of a beautiful young lady, apparently about eighteen years of age. The colors of the painting were so fresh, that it appeared to have been newly painted, or, at any rate newly varnished. The color of the cheek was redolent of youth and happiness, which, with the modest downcast eye, appeared to be blushing with the consciousness of her own beauty.

The conversation soon flagged; for, between two such opposite characters, it may be well supposed that there were not many ideas in common.

After a pause, old Bartholm turned to his son and said, 'Did you ever see anything more beautiful than that, such a heavenly painting of such a beautiful face?'

Fritz looked at the picture, and, for the first time in his life, he appeared to feel the tender influence of female beauty.

While he was gazing intently on the picture, his father asked him whether he could trace any likeness between the portrait and any of his acquaintance?

Fritz, without being able to take his eye from the canvass, replied in the negative.

'Do you trace any likeness between the lady and old Baron Von Grunfeld? for it is one of his family.'

Fritz appeared almost to shrink back at the very idea of the relationship; for the Baron was what might be termed a most grotesque looking man. The profile of his face might be described as a perpendicular straight, with a large triangular nose projecting from the centre of it. Every part of his features and of his figure was composed of straight lines and sharp angles; in short, his form was far removed from the lines of beauty as could well be imagined; and to which, his manner was as stiff and formal as his personal appearance.

'Related to the Baron Von Grunfeld?' said Fritz, in astonishment.

'Yes, so he says,' dryly remarked old Bartholm, taking a pinch of snuff.

'Why, I do not know, but taking a pinch of snuff at the end of a sentence, adds considerable to the dryness of a remark; and at the present instance it effectually deterred Fritz from making any further enquiries respecting the beautiful form before him. Presently old Bartholm quitted the room, and let his son alone to his reflections.

'Old Baron Von Grunfeld's daughter! Impossible! He might, however, been united to a beautiful wife, (for he had been a widower for many years;) and to what woman, with any thing short of the virtue of an angel, could have remained constant to such a caricature of a man?' His father's remark, and the dry way in which he uttered it, appeared to favor such a suspicion. He paused, and stood revelling, as it were, in the beauty before him.—Such elegance of attitude!—that soft, gently-blushing cheek, that appeared almost to shrink from the caresses of her own auburn tresses, that hung in negligent profusion down her cheek—the daughter of Baron Von Grunfeld!

'Forbid it, oh ye gods!' he exclaimed, and then walked up and down the room several times in great agitation. 'And it is true that such heavenly creatures really do walk the earth, and are not solely the invention of poets and painters? It must be so, it must be so:' thought he, reasoning to himself. 'How can a painter draw what he has never seen? How can a poet describe what he has never felt?'

Thus he continued agitating himself with his fluctuating thoughts; but every moment the beauty of the image before him was impressing itself more deeply and indelibly in his heart. At length the student became so much excited, that he lit his pipe and sallied forth to try the soothing effects of tobacco, and the influence of the fresh air. He could not refrain from the inquiring for the residence of the Baron, who was only a temporary resident in the neighbourhood, but without any settled intention of calling upon him. His excitement was indeed such that he scarcely knew what he was about. Several times he passed the door without making up his mind who her he should visit him or not. Their acquaintance, indeed, was but slight, and they had not met for many years; still there would have been nothing embarrassing in calling upon the old gentleman, had it not been for the intense agitation occasioned by every thing in any way connected with the object of his adorat on.

A person hackneyed in the ways of the world will not, perhaps, be able to appreciate these feelings, nor understand the trifles that will stir up emotions in the mind of a youth so long secluded from the ordinary intercourse of mankind, and whose mind had been for a length of time feeding, as it were, upon his own imaginings. He did not know how, but it was possible that his visit might turn out to be injurious to his hopes. Again, he might meet her there, standing before him in all her bewitching loveliness. This thought, the dearest object of his wishes, was also an object of his dread. There is no intense love without a certain fear and tremor in the presence of the object beloved; and in a mind constituted like Fritz's all these feelings would be increased a hundred fold.

In the state of agitation he was then in, thought he, he might not be likely to make a favorable impression upon her. He let go the door bell that he then actually held in his hand, and took another turn; but the further he retired from the door, the higher his courage mounted, and the more his desire, to see with his own eyes this angel upon earth, increased. Again, as he approached the door, his courage fell, and he passed it by. Again and again his mind went through the same process, and with the same result. At length, ashamed with his own cowardice, he made a vow, that when next he passed the door, whatever his state of mind might be, he would ring, and ask admittance. He did so, the Baron was at home. He received Fritz with extreme kindness and civility, such as is often shown by dull, prosy, old gentlemen, who begin to find themselves laid upon the shelf as bores, when they are visited by a man many years their junior. Fritz inquired after his health.—He ducked and bowed, and jerked, and returned the compliment in due form. Fritz, then, with a wonderful effort, mustered up courage to hope that his family were quite well.

'All quite well, with many thanks,' was the sweeping, and yet unsatisfactory reply.

They talked of the weather, they talked of the crops, they talked of wars; but nothing was elicited that bore any reference to the object of Fritz's adoration.

'Had he a daughter? was he quite sure of that?' thought Fritz to himself as he left the house. He made inquiries among the neighbors; for he was too much afraid of the sarcastic humor of his father to inquire of him.

He had a daughter.

About what age?—Eighteen.

Fritz's heart leaped within him, and bumped, and bumped, as if it would have knocked out one or two of his ribs. Little did he sleep that night, and the next day his father found him a very uncongenial companion. Should he call upon the Baron again? It did not appear likely that such a course would advance his hopes. It might do him harm. Besides, the Baron's formal, priggish manner, acted like a wet blanket to his romantic day dreams.

He passed the day in wandering about by himself, seldom, however, going out of sight of the Baron's door. Hour after hour passed, and no female foot crossed the threshold, except one middle-aged woman, who had the appearance of being a servant. As, however, the dusk of evening began to close in, the Baron's door was gently opened, and a slender female form glided forth. There appeared to be a kind of bashful timidity in her manner as she came forth into the street. Her waist was slender, and exquisitely turned, and all her movements were graceful; but her features, alas! alas! the darkest, thickest, closest veil, concealed her countenance. Fritz felt confident that it was the lady of the picture. Who else could it be? so graceful, so elegant, so bashful. An attentive listener might have heard his heart beat at the o her side of the street.

Should he venture to address her? Alas! his nerves were in such a state of agitation, that the attempt would have been impossible; besides, how alarmed the timid girl would have been, to be thus accosted. She would, doubtless, have shrieked, and rushed back into her father's house for protection. He ground his teeth together in a kind of despair, to think that he should be so near the object of his adoration, and yet made no effort to advance his suite. The lady, however, appeared not to notice her admirer, who was standing under the shadow of a wall; but tripped across the street, and disappeared in a shop. Fritz contrived to be near the door when she came out. The dark veil, however, still concealed every feature of her face; but, happily, one ringlet, one long slender, silken ringlet, had escaped from its confinement, and waived gracefully its spiral form as she glided by.

Fritz clasped his hands, and squeezed them violently together in the ecstacy of his feelings.—The lady soon re-entered her father's door, and Fritz returned unwillingly home, to his sarcastic and matter-of-fact father. The next day Fritz strolled about, as the day before, keeping as much in the neighborhood of the Baron's as he could do without exciting observation. In the dusk of the evening the Baron's door opened, and the same elegant, slender-waisted female emerged into the street. But the same dark, close veil, shrouded every feature of her countenance. She did not cross over to the shop this time, but walked to nearly the end of the street, and then turned down another, as if she was going some distance.

Fritz followed her a little apart, taking care not to attract her attention. What his object was in following her, he could hardly tell, for he felt that he could not muster up courage to address her.—What should he say to her? He had never addressed a lady in his life without a formal introduction; and then the lady began the conversation. But, then, it was possible that some sort of adventure might arise. She might be attacked by robbers, and he might rush in to her rescue; or some prince in disguise might attempt to seize upon her, and carry her off, with no virtuous intentions.

Fritz's studies in the old German romance told him that such things used to be of frequent occurrence; and Fritz was better acquainted with German romances than with real life. The lady however, without molestation, passed up two or three streets, and at length knocked at a door, which was opened by an elderly female, whom she followed in.

What was to be done now? Should he wait till she came out, and follow her back again, in hopes of some adventure turning up? Although in the romances he read, a young lady seldom left the portal of her father's castle by herself without some attack being made upon her, particularly when her own true knight was near enough to her to come to her rescue, still he could not recollect any instance of such things happening in real life. And if such an adventure did not occur, the occasion so opportune for making an acquaintance with his beloved one, might be lost—for ever lost.

At length it struck him that he might accost her, and tell her the risk she ran in exposing herself, thus unprotected to every danger, and assure her that he would be near her in case of danger. He clapped his hands together in delight at the idea. The only difficulty was the mustering up courage sufficient to accost her.

The lady come forth again, to return to her father's dwelling, but Fritz felt his trembling again come over him. He pinched himself to give him courage, a curious expedient but which appeared, in the present instance to be successful. He did accost her; he told her that numerous robberies had been committed of late; but that he would continue to be near her to afford her protection in case of need. She started and seemed frightened at being spoken to by a strange man in that lonely spot; for the streets were beginning to be deserted.

Fritz's courage, it must be confessed, rather to his own surprise, rose with the exigency. He begged her not to be afraid of him; that he was the son of the Count Von Bartholm, an old friend of her father's. That if she wished it, he would follow her upon the other side of the street, and still keep his protecting eye over her. The lady expressed herself highly indebted to him for his kindness in thinking of her, and thanked him fervently for his offer of seeing her safe home.

Fritz continued to walk close by her side; but not a word could he muster to ingratiate himself with his fair one; indeed, so great was his agitation, that his tongue absolutely clave to the roof of his mouth. At length they came to a crossing which was dirty, and impeded by heaps of rubbish. Fritz offered his arm; it was accepted; but, when they had passed the difficulty, he did not withdraw it.

Presently a drunken man came reeling down one of the side streets; the lady seemed to be frightened, and pressed closer to him for protection.—Fritz at that moment felt the thrilling joy of perfect happiness. He squeezed her arm closer to his, to re-assure her. He felt his courage rise within him. He told how he had seen her go into the house, and how he had waited for her, that she might not be obliged to return home unprotected.

She expressed her gratitude by a gentle pressure of the arm, which Fritz gallantly returned with a slight squeeze, and in this manner they returned to the Baron's dwelling. She again thanked him for his attention, and retired. During the whole of this walk with Fritz, her veil was never for a single moment, raised, or allowed to fall the least on one side. Not a feature of her countenance had her admirer been allowed to see! 'What could be her object,' thought Fritz, in keeping herself so closely veiled?' There was a mystery attending her, that he in vain attempted to dive into. But this very mystery made her tenfold dearer to the romantic German student.

The next evening Fritz contrived to fall in with her during her evening walk. The third evening he was not content with protecting her home, but he walked out with her also. This continued evening after evening. Sometimes they even walked for a mile or two into the country together.—But, notwithstanding this growing kindness between them, the veil was never for an instant removed.

At length, emboldened by this constant intercourse with his fair one, he ventured an attempt to persuade her to lay aside her veil.

'Why will you,' he said, 'always keep yourself veiled? you, who are so far more beautiful than the rest of your sex?'

No sooner had he uttered the word 'beautiful,' than the lady stopped short in her walk, snatched her hand suddenly from his arm, and apparently was going to say something in anger to Fritz.—He, however, prevented her by begging a thousand pardons for his conduct, protesting that he had not the slightest intention of giving her the smallest offence. In the midst of his protestations, she extended her hand to him, saying,

'I see you did not intend it; let us forget it.'

He took her arm again, and they walked on together. The lady heaved a deep sigh, that seemed to come from the bottom of her heart; and, after walking on for some time in silence, Fritz heard a half suppressed sob—another, and another! At length a tear fell upon his hand. They reached her home. She pressed his hand at parting, and retired into the house, without speaking another word.

Fritz returned to his father's house, pondering in his mind the present curious position of affairs. No sooner does he tell his mistress that she is beautiful, than she, the meekest of the meek, draws herself up, as if she had received an insult. But, no sooner does he beg pardon, than she cries all the way home. Neither his knowledge of the world, nor his reading of romance, taught him to expect such results as these. The mystery that hung over the lady appeared to be deeper than ever.

Little did Fritz sleep that night; but lay awake, thinking of this mysterious love. But, the more he considered the matter, the less could he understand it. The next evening they walked together as usual; but the lady appeared to be very melancholy. Sometimes he thought he heard a suppressed sob. She spoke but little; and their walk was much shorter than usual. When they had returned to her father's door, she pressed his hand as she wished him good night, and then added, with a deep sigh.

'If we should not meet again on this side of Eternity, think sometimes of the unfortunate daughter of the Baron Von Grunfeld!

Fritz returned home very sorrowful. Long did he lay awake that night; and at length—for the truth must be told—he sobbed himself to sleep.—The ominous, foreboding words, and the deep sigh, had sunk deep into his heart. But what could be her meaning? What did her words foreboded he knew no more than the dead. In the morning he went into his father's little room to take one more look at the picture, as of an object that he might never, never see again. The picture was gone.—When he met his father, he asked him what had become of it. His father said that it had been packed up to be sent to the Baron's country-house; it had only been left with him to get cleaned and new-varnished.

'And was it really,' asked Fritz, 'the portrait of his daughter?'

'The portrait of his daughter!' said old Bartholm, diving to the very bottom of his snuff-box, and then heaping up a small pyramid of snuff upon his thumb, he crammed it up his nostrils, and then, sniffing it up with a longdrawn breath as if he were enjoying it amazingly, he repeated—'The portrait of his daughter! it is a picture by Titian, more than two centuries old! a portrait of Baron's great-great-grand mother; at least, so he says. By the way, did you ever hear the account of his unfortunate daughter?'

Fritz shook his head; his heart was too full to reply.

'Well! his daughter was rather an amiable, agreeable girl; and, considering who was her father, she had rather a pretty figure than otherwise. But her face, unfortunately, was the very image of the Baron's; the same rectangular features, the same carroty hair.'

Fritz twisted about uneasily. But old Bartholm, who was looking at the lid of his snuff-box, did not perceive it.

'Well,' continued he, 'this was not misfortune enough; for, last year, she was attacked by small-pox, which destroyed one eye and scarified her face to a dreadful extent: now this, added to an erysipelas, or some eruptive complaint has made her appearance so horrible that she never appears before strangers; and seldom walks out before dusk, and then closely veiled. But the queerest part of the story is to come. I received a letter from the Baron just now, stating that they left this place at five o'clock this morning, and that his daughter is going to take the veil; and has made him solemnly promise never to tell where the convent is situated, or even the direction in which they are now travelling. Why, she does not really suppose that any one is likely to fall in love, and try to run away with her!'

Here he broke out into a chuckling laugh, and finished with a long-drawn pinch of snuff. Here old Bartholm left the room. Fritz struck his hand against his forehead, staggered, and then fell senseless to the ground.

How dreadful were his sensations when he came to himself! The object of his intense adoration, the only object that he had ever loved, was as it were, split in two parts. The features he had almost worshipped, belonged to one who had died more than two centuries ago. The gentle mind and elegant figure of his beloved, were immurred in a convent nobody knew where! He could not mourn over the remains of her whom he loved for there were no remains to mourn over. The very dust of one portion of his beloved must long ago have been resolved into the elements, even if the place of her sepulchre was still remembered. The other half, not having died, had left no remains at all. Her, that is, the more recent half of his beloved, he could not even follow, had he so desired; for the place of her retirement was unknown.—Nor had he that relief common to all the rest of the afflicted, of telling his grief, without becoming an object of ridicule. He allowed the sense of his unheard of misfortune to prey inwardly upon his mind.

A fortnight passed—and from the steeple of St. Peter's tolled the knell of death. The miserable student was no more. His mind had destroyed his body.

Let his fate be a warning to all young men, never to fall in love with the beauty of a lady before they have seen her face.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

England.

PORT OF MANCHESTER.—It is stated that government have assented to the introduction of a bill into Parliament to constitute Manchester a bonding port. The "Manchester men" are to pay £500 a year for a local custom-house establishment.

Upwards of 40 persons, men, women, and children, from the neighbourhood of Sleaford, Lincolnshire, reached this town on Monday last, and the next morning proceeded by railway to Liverpool, where they intended to embark direct for America. They were all of the agricultural class, depending upon their labour for subsistence; the depression now so general is the cause of their emigrating.—Nottingham Review.

They have discovered a new method of lighting up the streets and public squares in Manchester. It is done by means of a very large gas lamp with reflectors, which being hung high, throws a brilliant light to a great distance.

EXECUTION AT LINCOLN.—On Friday last Thomas Johnson, aged 28, suffered the extreme penalty of the law on the new drop at Lincoln Castle. The culprit had been found guilty of the murder of Elizabeth Evison, an aged woman, residing at Croft. The concourse of spectators to witness his awful end could not have been less than eight thousand.—Dorchester Gazette.

MARRIAGE NIGHT.—Lately Robt. Rogers betrothed Martha Ball, and a marriage festivity followed, but on the following morning, much to the surprise of his neighbors, and doubtless to the regret of his *cara sposa*, he was summoned from his bed to appear before the magistrates of Wellington on charge of taking some Lay from the premises of Mr. John Tipton, of Mossy Green, on the night previous, and was subsequently committed to Shrewsbury gaol to take his trial. The case has caused much commiseration to be felt for the bride who is respectably connected.—Salopian Journal.

At the Derby Assizes, Samuel Bonsall, Wm. Bland, and John Hulme, were found guilty of the murder of Martha Goddard, at the township of Stanley, near Derby, and sentenced to death, the learned judge telling them there was not the least hope of mercy.

UNFORTUNATE APROPOS.—At the dinner given by the Judges to the magistrates on the first day of the late assizes, after the cloth had been removed the health of the Judges was drunk. Lord Denman was returning thanks, and saying how happy he and his brother Patteson were to come into the county of Kent, when, unfortunately, the worthy chairman of quarter sessions and another worthy magistrate had, at the moment brought an animated discussion on Mesmerism to a climax, and the former, striking the table vehemently, exclaimed, "They are the biggest humbugs on earth!" The room was convulsed with laughter, and none enjoyed to joke more than the distinguished Judges.—Canterbury Journal.

The Liverpool Times, of Tuesday, communicates the gratifying intelligence of a decided revival of trade. We are told "that there has been an immense business done in the cotton trade, the sales for the week having amounted to not less than fifty six thousand and thirty bales," and after allowing for purchases on speculation, and for export, there was still evidence of an extraordinary activity in the manufacture.

Ireland.

Father Mathew administered the pledge to Armagh and Monaghan to 12,000 persons in less than one week.

The Rev. Dr. M. Hale, Tream, has initiated nine monks into a new monastery at Mayo.

Her Majesty intends staying three week in Ireland, and will make a tour of the whole island.

TITHES.—We are enabled to announce that the war against tithes will be taken up by the people of the county of Galway immediately; and we venture to assert that our several members will be found, as they should be, leading the catholic people of Ireland in this fair, legitimate, and constitutional opposition to this most detestable impost.—Galway Vindicator.

APPREHENSION OF AN INCENDIARY.—A man named Murray, a Catholic, has been apprehended for the burning of the Roman Catholic chapel of Killyleavin, in the county Monaghan. Murray admits the charge, and says he has a church and a meeting-house also to burn. He is said to be insane.—Newry Telegraph.

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.—Mr. Sergeant Warren discharged several poor debtors in Enniskillen gaol, by paying the amount for which they were severally imprisoned.—Enniskillen Reporter.

We feel great pleasure in recording an act of kindness performed towards the tenants on the lands of Keel, in this county, by Mrs. Drew Merrion Square Dublin, who has in the most liberal manner forgiven all arrears due to her off the above lands, the property of her deceased husband, the late Francis Drew, Esq., of Mecallop.—Kerry Examiner.

Scotland.

ISLE OF SKYE.—The Isle of Skye has within the last 40 years furnished for the public service—21 lieutenants, and subalterns; 10,000 foot soldiers; 120 pipers; four governors of British colonies; one governor-general; one adjutant-general; one chief baron of England; and one judge of the supreme court of Scotland. The generals may be classed thus:—eight Macdonalds, six Macleods, two Macallisters, two M'Cashills, one M'Linnon, one Macqueen, and one Elder. The Isle of Skye is 60 miles long and 20 broad. Truly the inhabitants are a wondrous people. It may be mentioned that this island is the birth place of Cuthullin, the celebrated hero mentioned in Ossian's poems.—Edinburgh paper.

A SPARE DIET.—The Examiner says at present the Scotch poor are not fed—they exist on the recollection of what they ate in former years.

CAUTION TO