THE MINERS' JOURNAL.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY BENJAMIN BANNAN, OPPOSITE THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, IN THE BOROUGH OF POTTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

I WILL TEACH YOU TO PIERCE THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH AND BRING OUT FROM THE CAVERNS OF THE MOUNTAINS, METALS WHICH WILL GIVE STRENGTH TO OUR HANDS AND SUBJECT ALL NATURE TO OUR USE AND PLEASURE.—DR. JOHNSON.

VOLUME 9. SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 19, 1836. NO. 18.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

Two Dollars per annum, payable semi-annually in advance.

Advertisements not exceeding twelve lines, will be inserted three times for one dollar—twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion.

☞ All letters, &c. addressed to the Editor on business connected with the establishment, must be post paid or they will not be attended to.

AGENTS FOR THE MINER'S JOURNAL.

Philad'a.. Jonathan Coffee, Merchants Coffee House
Reading .... Samuel Ritter, P. M.

Notice.

THE subscriber, grateful for past favors, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that he has purchased a lot of ground of Mr. John Hughes, from which he has laid pipes into his Brewery for the purpose of obtaining a supply of fresh water, which will enable him to supply his former friends and all those who may favor him with their custom,

Beer, Ale and Porter

by the barrel or half-barrel of the best quality at the shortest notice.

DAVID G. YUENGLING.
Jan 2 7-3m

New Cheap Store.

JACOB BULL & SAMUEL LEWIS

HAVING purchased the entire interest of Henry and Robert Neligh, in the Store at the South West corner of Centre and Market streets in the borough of Pottsville, formerly known as and conducted under the firm of Neligh, Lewis & Co. respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they intend continuing the business at the old stand under the firm of

JACOB BULL & CO.

where they will be happy to supply their friends and former customers with merchandise at the lowest rates.

They are now opening, in addition to their former stock, a large and extensive assortment of merchandise, consisting in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Liquors, Wines, Teas, China, Glass, Queensware, &c. consisting of

Cloths, cassimeres, sattinetts, flannels, muslins, linens.
Canton flannels, gloves, stockings, yarns, prints, ginghams.
Checks, tickings, silks, satins, shawls, handkerchiefs, velvets;
Marinos, circassions, vestings, laces, fringes, threads, cottons.
Lawns, wadding, blankets, coatings, Plaids, &c. &c.

GROCERIES.

Rio, Laguira, St. Domingo Coffees.
St. Croix, New Orleans, Havanna sugars.
Loaf and lump do
New Orleans and Sugar House molasses.
Gun Powder, Young Hyson Souchong
Pouchong and Bohea Teas.
Chocolates and spices, &c.
Brown and yellow soap
Cloves, Mace, nutmegs and cassia
Cayenne pepper, mustard
Box and keg raisins
Currants and rice
Cheese, codfish, mackerel and herring
Mould and dipt candles
Sack and bbl salt
Pipes and smoking tobacco
Spanish, half spanish and common segars

LIQUORS & WINES.

Cogniac and common brandy
Holland and common gin
Old Irish whiskey, and Jamaica spirits
New-England rum and whiskey by the bbl
Lisbon, madeira, port and malaga wines
Assortment of Boots and Shoes.
Crockery, China and glass ware.
Glass by the box.
Dupont Eagle gun powder, FFF, do.
Blasting OP, FF, FFF. do

All of which will be disposed of cheap for cash, or in exchange for country produce at the market price. Dec 19 5-tf

FORT CARBON

Saving Fund Society.

THE Port Carbon Saving Fund Society, is now open every day from 9 to 3 o'clock at the Office of Discount and Deposit, for the purpose of receiving deposits to any amount not exceeding $500, from any one person, upon which an interest of 4 per cent will be paid on every $5 and upwards, but no interest will be allowed on any fractional parts of $5. The whole or any part may be drawn out on giving notice, two to four weeks, at the office on Mondays. The business of the Society will be conducted by the following officers and managers, until the first Monday in May next.

President—AQUILA BOLTON.

Managers.

Abraham Heebner — Edward B. Hubley
Edward Hughes — E. S. Warne
Jacob Bull — Jesse Turner

L. Whitney, Secretary and Treasurer.

Article 3d of the Charter. "No emolument whatsoever shall be received by the President or Managers for their services, nor shall any Manager become a borrower from the institution." oct 3 46tf

Public Notice.

REUBEN CREITZ, of Tamaqua having made a general Assignment of all his property, real, personal and mixed, to the subscribers, in trust, for the benefit of his creditors, they hereby give Notice to all persons indebted to the said Reuben Creitz in any way, to pay the same immediately, and those having demands against him to present the same to either of the subscribers, Assignees of the said Reuben Creitz, as aforesaid.

MICHAEL EVERET,
SAMUEL DE PUI.
Tamaqua, Jan 27, 1836. 13-6t

New Flour and Feed Store.

T. & J. BEATTY & JOHN RUCH

HAVE succeeded Mr. Samuel Bell in the Flour and Feed Store in Centre street, inform their friends and the public in general, that they intend conducting it under the firm of Beatty & Ruch, where they solicit a share of patronage.—The highest price given in cash for Flour and Feed of all kinds.

Pottsville Feb 20 14-tf

Life of Gen. Harrison.

A Memoir of the public services of Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison, of Ohio, by James Hall, with a portrait of the gallant Commander, just received and for sale by B. BANNAN.
Jan 30 11-

In the Court of Common Pleas of Schuylkill County.

Susanah Wilkes by her next friend Valentine Mellon, vs. Alexander Wilkes. } Subpœna sur Divorce.

TO ALEXANDER WILKES.

TAKE Notice that your wife Susanah Wilkes, has filed her Libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Schuylkill County, in which she prays to be divorced from the Bonds of Matrimony, into which she has entered into with you. The Court of said County have ordered that you be and appear at a Court of Common Pleas to be held in and for said county, at Orwigsburg, on Monday the 21st day of March, 1836, to answer the libel of your said wife.

HENRY RAUSH, Sheriff.
Feb 13 13-6

A CARD.

John Silver

TAKES great pleasure in informing the public, and his friends, and also his patrons in particular, that he has opened a REFECTORY, under the Pennsylvania Hall, in Pottsville. He hopes from his past reputation for keeping a respectable establishment, acquired during the experience of three years in the same line of business, and by desire to please and application to business, to merit a continuance of your favor and patronage.

Families, by sending to the Pennsylvania Hall Refectory, shall have oysters of a superior quality served up in the best style, and every other delicacy that the Pottsville market can afford in season.

BILL OF FARE.

Stewed Oysters per dozen	18¾
Fried do do	37½
Roasted do do	18¾
Venison Stake	37½
Pepper Pot per bowl	12½
Pigs Feet	12½

Nov 28 48 2-6m

PROCLAMATION.—Notice is hereby given that a Court of Common Pleas, for the trial of causes at issue, in and for the county of Schuylkill, will be held at Orwigsburg, in the county aforesaid, on Monday the 21st day of March next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Therefore all persons having suits pending, and all persons whose duty it shall be to appear at said Court, will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

HENRY RAUSH, Sheriff.

Sheriffs Office, Orwigsburg, Feb 27, 1836. 15-4

☞ Punctual attendance is demanded of the Jurors and Witnesses summoned to attend this Court.

To Coal Miners or Coal Dealers.

WHARF accommodation for the stacking of Coal, (intended for City sales chiefly,) may be had on fair terms, on one of the best Wharves in the City, to the extent of 6000 tons, by any one concern, or that quantity by two or more; if taken up by one, the party might attend to the business of receiving and delivering, if desirable, and would be accommodated with the use of Office and Scales, and if some part of it should be required to be shipped, any facility which would not interfere with the business of the advertisers would be given. Apply to

WEST, HODGSON & CO.
11 Bank St. or Lombard St. Wharf.
Phila. Feb 27 15 tf

SCHUYLKILL

Variety Clothing Store,

Corner of Chesnut and Schuylkill Beach streets, Philadelphia, opposite the city Store Houses.

THE subscriber thankful for past favors, begs leave to inform his former customers and the public generally, that having made extensive additions to his store and stock of goods, he is now prepared to offer them Superfine and Common Bangup, Frock & Dress Coats; Pants, Vests and Roundabouts, wholesale or retail, much below the usual market prices, for cash.

A general assortment of Cloths, plain and ribbed; Cassimeres, plain and striped; Cassinetts, Summer Cloths and Vestings, which will be made to order at prices that cannot fail to please.

Silk, satin and super side plate Bombazine stocks, to which the attention of country merchants is particularly invited.

Also, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Suspenders, Shirt collars & Bosoms, Handkerchiefs, Cravats, Hosiery, Gloves &c.

Country people visiting the city, will find it an object to call and examine before purchasing.

Orders will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

Persons doing business on the Canals, Boatmen, &c. will find this establishment particularly convenient to their business, and worthy of their patronage, and all who favor with a call, may be certain of better bargains than can be obtained in any other part of the city.

IRA M. COLLOM.
Philadelphia, Feb 27 1836. 20-tf

Notice to Supervisors.

THE Supervisors in the several townships in the county of Schuylkill, are hereby notified that the 7th Section of the general road laws, makes it their duty respectively, to make out and return to the County Commissioners of the several counties of this Commonwealth, within six days after they have proceeded to the collection of taxes from the inhabitants of their respective districts, a fair transcript of the several amounts due and unpaid on the several tracts of unseated lands within their respective townships, to which transcripts the several supervisors shall sign their names.

This part of the duties of the several supervisors of Schuylkill county, have been heretofore neglected by them, but will hereafter be strictly exacted from them; their attention is therefore particularly directed thereto.

By order of the County Commissioners.

ELIJAH HAMMER,
March 5 16-4 Clerk.

Greenwood Foundry.

THE subscribers inform the inhabitants of Pottsville and its vicinity, that they have taken the establishment formerly occupied by M. Brooks Buckley, where they will be glad to receive orders for Car Wheels, or any other Castings, which they will execute promptly and faithfully.

MYERS & FINCHER.
March 5 16-tf

N. B. The Foundry will be put into operation about the middle of March next.

Lumber for Sale.

2,000 feet inch and half inch cherry boards
3,500 do half inch and inch poplar do
2,000 do panel and common pine do
all well seasoned and for sale by
SAM'L HARTZ & Co.
Feb 27 12tf

FOR THE MINERS' JOURNAL.

THE MINER.

Who with incessant murky toils,
From depths profound (nor back recoils)
Doth raise th' inflammable massy spoils,
The Miner.

Who is it, that with dauntless breast,
With powerful nerves and stubborn crest,
Extracts earth's hidden ores the best?
The Miner.

Who delves through rocks with mining lore,
Where never wight has been before,
And culls from earth the various ore,
The Miner.

As with the probing tube, the Bee
From various flowers, with humming glee,
Extracts their latest prime—thus he,
The Miner.

When hyperborean blasts do blow,
'Midst smoking hail and driving snow,
They, then the Promethean warmth bestow,
The Miners.

On summer nights, or winter days,
He whistles loud his cheerful lays,
And recks not who may scold or praise,
The Miner.

Too oft alas! untimely fate
O'ertakes him, while with heart elate
Perhaps he thinks not of a future state;
The Miner.

Pottsville, Feb. 29th, 1836. R. L.

THE SWITZER'S WIFE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The bright blood left the youthful mother's cheek,
Back on the linden-stem she lean'd her form;
And her lip trembled, as it strove to speak,
Like a frail harp string, shaken by the storm.
'Twas but a moment, and the faintness pass'd,
And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

And she, that ever through her home had moved
With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile
Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,
And timid in her happiness the while,
Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour,
Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,
And took her fair child to her holy breast,
And lifted her soft voice, that gather'd might
As it found language.—'Are we thus oppress'd?
Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,
And man must arm, and woman call on God!

I know what thou wouldst do,—and be it done!
Thy soul is darken'd with its fears for me.
Trust me to heaven, my husband!—this, thy son,
The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free;
And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
May well give strength—if aught be strong on earth.

Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread
Of my desponding tears; now lift once more,
My hunter of the hills, thy stately head,
And let thine eagle glance my joy restore!
I can bear all, but seeing thee subdued,—
Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

Go forth beside the waters, and along
The chamois paths, and through the forests go;
And tell in burning words thy tale of wrong
To the brave hearts that midst the hamlets glow.
God shall be with thee, my beloved!—Away!
Bless but thy child, and leave me.—I can pray!'

He sprang up like a warrior youth awaking
To clarion sounds upon the ringing air;
He caught her to his breast, while proud tears breaking
From his dark eyes, fell o'er her braided hair,—
And 'Worthy art thou,' was his joyous cry,
'That man for thee should gird himself to die.

My bride, my wife, the mother of my child!
Now shall thy name be armour to my heart;
And this our land, by chains no more defiled,
Be taught of thee to choose the better part!
I go—thy spirit on my words shall dwell:
Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps—Farewell!'

And thus they parted, by the quiet lake,
In the clear starlight: he, the strength to rouse
Of the free hills; she, thoughtful for his sake,
To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs,
Singing its blue half-curtained eyes to sleep,
With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep.

From the Knickerbocker for February.

THE DUTIES OF THE AGE.

BY REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

The Duties of the Age, though they can scarcely be made to appear so interesting as those which spring from the more private and intimate relations of life, have nevertheless their importance, and may deserve at least an occasional discussion. They may not appear as really to be duties, as many others. We may scarcely feel that it is given to us to exert an influence on so large a scale. Yet in this, I see but the stronger reason for presenting them, if, as I believe, there are such duties. It is the very character of the moral signs of every age, that they elude observation: and the signs of these times, especially, are signals of duty. The great work to be done in the world, is a work to be done in the minds and hearts of all men.—The cause of human nature is the great cause now to be carried forward.—Liberty is only an opportunity for its furtherance. Good governments are only auxiliaries.—Nay, such governments, the wisest and freest, so far from being wonder-working engines for carrying forward the great cause of human welfare, are themselves to be sustained by the steady hands and faithful hearts of the whole body of the people.

Indeed, the main duty, I think, which we owe to the age, is the duty which we owe to our own institutions.—The eyes of the world are upon us, it is often said; and they are fixed upon us, we may add, with a more and more intense interest. Thousands there are, in every enlightened nation of the world, who are hoping that their communities may enter upon the same or a similar career, and they are naturally looking to us, as the forerunners in the great race of political freedom. The advocates of despotic rule are so eagerly watching for our failure.—They say that it is all very fair in theory, but will prove to be impracticable in the experiment. If it does prove impracticable, if the experiment does fail, a shock will be given to the hopes of political liberty, for which no man may dare to answer!—what do I say?—for which every man in this country, shall bitterly answer, in the overwhelming anarchy and misery that will follow. Nay more—if failure and overthrow do wait the experiment here, the guilt as well as the ruin will be our own.—The fault will not be in our stars, not in our circumstances, but in ourselves. The ruin will come, because we should not arouse ourselves to provide against it; because we could not see the signs of the times, because our pulpit, and our press, and our conversation, did not hold the right language, and because our practice did not conform to it.

There must be public spirit among such a set of men. If every man pursues his own private interest, with an eye to nothing else; if his whole soul is bent upon accumulation, or upon pleasure; if he thinks it but a dream of enthusiasm to have account of the public weal & the world's welfare; if he cannot understand even the old Roman patriotism, nor the Grecian citizenship, he is not faithful to the country, nor to the age in which he lives. He is not qualified to take his part now, and here. In some other period, when no hope was rising before the world, in some other land where all public spirit and all cheering promise were pressed down beneath the iron rule of arbitrary power, he might have acted his selfish part with some excuse—but not now, I repeat, and not here. And if he cannot act it here, fitly nor with dignity, neither can he with safety. He may busy himself with gathering up his little heap of treasures, or with expending it; he may think scorn of those who look beyond—while the storm is rising that may scatter his gains, and whelm his fortunes in the ruins of his country. And it will rise; this very selfishness, infecting the whole mass of our citizens, will furnish the materials, the very elements of that wide spread destruction; a universal grasping on the part of every man, and of every community, and of every state among us; a perpetual strife about the revenue, and appropriations, and tariffs, regardless of all considerations but gain, must, if not checked, rend the whole fabric of society and government.

In such a country as this, there must not only be public spirit, but a jealous guardianship over the morals of the people. Men must speak and act, as though they felt that the hope of this nation lay in its morality. If parents and guardians among us, if the influential and the wise, see, or suspect, that vice is making inroads in the habits of the rising generation, they must arouse themselves, and set themselves to arrest it, as they would to stop an army of incendiaries approaching our cities and villages. And it is high time to look to one of the fruitful sources of vice among any people—I mean youthful extravagance among all classes. There is a most urgent call for more of the primitive sobriety and simplicity in our habits and modes of living. Our children are too commonly educated to wants which honesty can with difficulty supply.—This applies especially to the rich, perhaps, but it applies to all classes. The property that is to be divided among several, heirs, cannot supply to each one all the comforts and luxuries which it was capable of yielding to them as members of one family. If, therefore, our luxuries keep full pace, with our means, it is certain that habits will be formed which it will be, by-and-by, difficult to satisfy.—In the same proportion, the temptation to dishonesty will increase; the temptation to rash speculation or selfish overreaching in trade; and, at any rate, the exposure to that entire, and restless, and anxious absorption in business, which is not good, either for the mind or the heart.

In the speaking of duties to our country, I cannot entirely pass over the duty of honest suffrage. When—I am ready to ask—are the consciences of citizens and Christians among us, to be awakened to this subject? When is suffrage to be made a matter of honest judgment, and, I say, of conscience? It is the organ through which a mighty people expresses itself. If that will is formed by passion or prejudice, or if it is bent and mechanically directed by the force of party combinations; if it is guided neither by reason nor conscience, it is impossible to calculate the evil that may flow from this boasted and abused privilege. The right of suffrage is considered as the glory of freemen, and the safeguard of free institutions. It is the glory of freemen; but it may be made their shame. It is our safeguard, if we will rightly use it, but it may become our ruin.—Yes, a people while boasting of their free elections, may vote away their freedom. And they will do so, sooner or later, and if they choose the incapable or the unworthy, if they choose those whose lives are stained with private vices, vainly expecting them to be more faithful to the public good, than they are to their private relations,—if they choose, to gratify their own bad passions, to please a party or to gain a place. If such are the offerings which they bring, the very altars which are reared to liberty, will be the altars on which it will be sacrificed and slain: there will be blood upon those altars and it will be the blood of the sacrifice—the priests will be the victims!

I would not be thought to speak, in tones more monitory than becomes a remonstrance so humble as mine must be. But I will freely say, that if I had exercised the privilege of suffrage, and had always exercised it with thoughtless indifference, or with blinding prejudice and passion,—if I had never consulted calm reason, nor holy conscience; if I had never felt that a stronger bond was upon me than private favor or political expediency,—I should feel that I could not complain, if I where doomed to walk a slave, in the land that once was free. I should feel that I had forsworn myself, and adjured the grace of Freedom, in her very temple!

From the duties that we owe to our country, I would now pass to a single view of the duties that we owe to one another,—not merely as members of the same community, but simply as men.

A proper adjustment of the relations that ought to subsist between man and man, offers one of the greatest difficulties in the present, and yet more in the prospective state of society. It was one thing to stand upon the footing of political equality; and men where slow to understand that. In the old world they do not yet understand even so much of their common rights and duties. A hereditary aristocracy is found in every country of the world but this; and that aristocracy so little thinks of admitting the mass of the people to a political equality with itself, as it thinks of admitting the lower creation to that privilege. This political equality is one thing, I say; but it is quite another thing, to stand upon the ground of that mutual and equal respect, which beings of the same nature, and creatures of the same God, owe to each other. And this kind of equality, I apprehend, is about as little understood among ourselves, as the other, the political equality, is understood by the people and the privileged classes of Europe. And yet this, I think, is what the progress of society is urging and will finally compel us to understand.

The lower classes of society are rising in importance: the higher are proportionably sinking in importance.—This is undoubtedly one of the great changes that is going on in the world. It is a change not to be resisted; it is a change not to be regretted; but it is a change which certainly brings with it duties that have never yet been discharged on earth. There is reason to fear, that the sense of oppression and wrong, long endured, may break out into violence and anarchy. There is perhaps some reason to fear,—though I have too much confidence in our communities to say there is great reason to fear it—that in this country, a party, absurdly enough entitling itself the Working-men's Party—since all here are working men—that such a party may arise, and gathering all their materials of popular prejudice and discontent against wealth and learning, and eminent talents may gain strength to hurl from the high places of power and influence, all that is respectable and dignified in the land.

But if there be any such danger, the only barrier against it must be found in the discharge of those duties to which I have referred. It must be found in a more intelligent, and a more Christian like regard for themselves, and for one another, among all classes of society. I freely avow it: I do not believe that the regard which the rich pay to the poor, and employers to the employed, is what it ought to be. I observe a style of treatment, a tone and bearing, a manner of speaking of one to the other, which I do not believe is right—a treatment, and tone, and bearing and language, which I do not believe that creatures of the same nature, and of the same God, should assume toward each other; which I am persuaded could not, for one moment, stand the scrutiny of our Christian principles; which I am certain that devoted, and humble, and thoroughly enlightened Christians could not use. But as I freely say, that I am just as little satisfied with the feelings and treatment of those styled the lower classes toward those denominated the higher. The bond of brotherhood is not yet felt in society, as it must be, to preserve it from strife and disunion, amidst the new questions and claims that are arising out of its progress.

This new spirit of society on which I would insist, may seem to be a slight and frail defence against danger, to those who can think of nothing as a safeguard, but some law, or constitution, or frame-work of government; but I believe that the time has come when nothing can save society but the *spirit* of society. Let men be enlightened, sober, true-hearted, and kindly affectioned, and I fear nothing for them. But let them want the only safe and saving spirit of society,—and though mountain barriers were lifted around them and between them, they would only create the wider divisions, and be beaten down at last in the fiercer wrath.

There are situations and times in which the subject of our duties most naturally presents itself in the form of peril, when we see our duties most clearly and strikingly, through the danger of neglecting them. Such is the state of our American communities, and such are the times in which we live.

Let me then more distinctly say, that there are dangers arising from our political institutions, against which it is our duty most earnestly to guard.

One of our dangers is that which springs from the boundless strife for precedence. Where is the man in this country less than the highest, who takes his condition in life, and position in society, as that in which he expects to live and die? None is so poor but he hopes to be rich—none so low, but he seeks to be far higher—none so ignorant, but what he aspires to wisdom—none so inconsiderable, but he aspires to influence. I do not call this an evil condition of things, but I call it a dangerous condition. I say not, that nothing like it ever existed before, or that nothing like it now exists elsewhere; but I say that the same thing exists nowhere else, and never did *in the same degree*. In all other countries, multitudes are doomed, and feel that they are doomed, as inevitably to poverty, to mediocrity, to a humble lot, as they are doomed to life. There are barriers in society beyond which they never look—above which they never think of rising.—The distinctions of rich and poor, educated and ignorant, nobleman and commoner, prince and peasant, are so marked and fixed, that on many points these classes never come into collision.—It is not so here. And just in proportion as all classes are mingled—just in proportion as the path of advancement is left open to all, is there no danger of competition, rivalship, and strife—of anger in feeling, of extravagance in expense, of slander in society, of quarrels between families, and all social disorder and discomfort. I do not think there is the same or as much danger of out-breaking feuds, of open and civil war; but the danger is of social war, of universal strife—the strife for precedence.

Another and distinct danger is that of universal coldness and distrust in society. No man here is born a gentleman; no women is born a gentlewoman. Every position in society may be disputed; every position, therefore, is defended; and defence produces distrust. Hence, every body is on his guard; every body is afraid to make advances; each one is afraid that he shall be misconstrued, repelled or ridiculed. Hence the minds of men are liable to become misanthropic, their manners cold, their maxims cautious, their morals severe and unamiable, their intercourse constrained, and their friendships reserved. And especially is all this liable to happen between persons who are in different situations in life. "I would appeal," says an eloquent writer* on this subject, "to those who remember the earlier state of our domestic relations, when the scripture terms of 'master and servant' were in use. I do not fear contradiction when I say that there was infinitely more of good will then than now—more of trust on the one side, and fidelity on the other—more of protection and kind care, and more of gratitude and affectionate respect in return; and because each understood well his place, there was actually more of a certain freedom, tempered by gentleness and by deference. "As a general truth," the writer goes on to say, "I verily believe that with the exception of near blood-relationship, and here and there peculiar friendships, the attachment of master and servant was closer and more enduring than that of almost any other relation in life.—The young of this day, under a change of fortune, will hardly live to see the eye of an old servant fill at *their fall*; nor will any old domestic be longer honored and warmed by the fireside of his master's child, or be followed by him to his grave. The blessed sun of those good days has gone down, it may be for ever, and it is very cold."

Another danger among us, is that of general and pervading discontent. While all are aspiring to higher situations, it is certain that but few, comparatively, can be satisfied. Hence the discontent of society must be almost universal; and it must be keen and bitter, in proportion as the hopes and aims of men are raised high. The fact, I am afraid, but too well agrees with this obvious theory, if I were asked to say what seems to me to be the most prolific source of social misery among us, I should say, it is this disappointed ambition—this mortified desire of notice,—this secret, wearing, private, personal, domestic discontent. There are multitudes around us, who, if they would open their bosoms to us on this subject, would tell us, that nothing in life wears upon them like the neglect of society. I verily believe, that this state of mind has an effect upon the very health of the country. An able medical writer* has stated, that there is more insanity in this country than in any other; and he ascribes it, in part, to this very cause.

These dangers, if they be real, point out to us our duties. And what are they? I still say, and repeat, that they are the duties of mutual love, and of Christian meekness and faith.

We must feel the body of humanity and of Christian kindness upon us, as no other people ever felt it, or we shall be an unhappy people.—We must feel a meekness that bows low before the majesty of heaven, or we shall never learn to live wisely, and peacefully, and contentedly, amidst the intermingled ties and relationships of society around us. Then the poor will not envy the rich, nor will the rich despise the poor. Then will not the high look down haughtily upon the low, nor will the low look up despitely upon the high. Then will kindness, gentleness, deference, courtesy, self-respect, and mutual respect, be seen in our streets, in our market places, on our wharves, in our work-shops, in our dwellings.—Oh! what matter is it, if we are passing but a brief period here, and are entering upon a boundless immortality—what matter is it, that differing apparel clothes us—that differing state surrounds us—for this vanishing hour! What matter is it, —if the divinity of virtue may array us. If the goodliness of heaven may enrobe us, if God himself will be our friend, and the infinite, and the everlasting, and the all-perfect and blessed, and beautiful, may be our possession and heritage—what matter is it that we are high and low in worldly state, in worldly honour? Gracious Heaven!—is not all this enough for thy creatures, but they must still strive for the precedence, and struggle with jealousy, and pine in discontent?

I am addressing my readers as fellow-citizens. And shall it be thought strange that I should address to them in that capacity the highest, and purest, and most spiritual law of our religion?—Forbid it wisdom, and truth, and the true light that has come into the world! I tell them that they must be good Christians, or they never can be good citizens of such a country as this. I say that Christianity was never so necessary to any people under heaven, *as a people*, as it is to us.—Wo betide the hour when infidelity, irreligion, irreverence to God and to the laws, shall stalk uncontrolled through this land, for it will be the hour of a sad and last farewell to all the hopes of patriotism and of humanity!

I am not one of those whose fears exceed their hopes. I see, amidst some dark signs, increasing light. I know that there is danger, but I believe that danger to every people, is the measure of opportunity. I firmly trust in the good providence that this great opportunity is not to be thrown away. The general and great danger certainly is of moral deterioration. But I do believe that the tendency is the other way. I have lived long enough to see the vices of profaneness, gaming, and intemperance, visibly decline among us. I am persuaded, too, as I have elsewhere remarked, that the religious spirit of the country is gaining strength. Nor can we fail to notice, with regard to the late excesses of popular violence, that a firm and decided, and universal public opinion has lifted its voice against them. There is then, as I believe, a good, and reasonable, and strong hope for us. But our hope, let us never forget, stands in virtue, in morality, in Christianity.—Grant it were an instrument formed by the powers of darkness, it is the only instrument that can work our country's well-being. But no,—beneficence comes not from hell. The most beneficent of religions—that religion on obedience to which the true happiness of unnumbered millions depends—could have come only from the Father of lights and of mercies. May that religion be our nation's defence, and strength and prosperity!

* Richard Dana.

*Dr. Brigham of Hartford, (Con.)

A Backwoodsman, in New York.—The New York Commercial describes an amusing scene which took place lately in the upper part of Broadway, between an original from the west and a porter dealer. The former had taken offence at expressions of the later, derogatory to the character of the inhabitants of the great western valley, and being too well instructed in the rules of good breeding to resent the insult in his opponent's own shop, dared him into the street to have a fair fight. The Kentuckian stripped, and put himself in the attitude of "Big Ben," while the dealer in malt liquor was quietly listening to the effusions of his wounded pride, leaning against the door, and puffing a segar. His eloquence had no effect on the imperturbable equanimity of the other, and he quitted him instantly, after the following salutation:—"You are too mean a chap for my notice; I won't whip you now at any rate; but I've got a brother, only sixteen years old—oh, how he'd lick you—*he's the hyena of Kentuck, wintering in Orleans!*"

Encouraging.—A young man in the country who had the facility of waiting upon one of the young ladies home from a party, took the opportunity while she was searching for the door latch to enquire whether she was *courted*. "Why," replied she with the greatest ingenuousness, "I'm sort o' courted; and sort o' not, but rather more sort o' not than sort o'."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

(From our last English papers.)

A public meeting is about to be held in London, for the purpose of expressing the deep sympathy of the British people with the people of New York, and also their grateful recollection of the generosity of the Americans upon the occasion of the awful fire in Nova Scotia. This is as it ought to be.

According to a census taken last year, the population of Rome is 152,457, exclusive of foreigners and Jews, making an aggregate of about 160,000 souls.

A young married woman, named Guiett, residing at Guernsey, died suddenly, last week, from excess of joy produced by receiving a letter from her husband, who is in America.

The Bishop of Norwich is married to a Roman Catholic lady, and the lady constantly enjoys the privilege of having her confessor resident in the Bishop's house.

A German journal states that a young author, having some cause of complaint against the director of the Theatre at Ludwig, Mecklenburg, blew his brains out on the stage, and that the performances were continued [illegible].

At Manchester, last week, a fellow sold his wife, with a new halter round her neck, which cost 5d. for 6d. and a quart of cider.