# 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, JUNE 11, 1836. NO. 30.



**TERMS OF PUBLICATION.**

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☞ 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.



**CLOTHS! CLOTHS!!**—50 pieces broad Cloths embracing a great variety of colors and qualities, just received and for sale cheap at the new store of

may 14 26 I. H. MOODIE & Co.

☞ Dont mistake the store, in Centre street, a few doors above Norwegian.

**New Store.**

SUPERFINE Flour by the Barrel, just received and for sale by the subscriber, together with Dried Peaches, Apples, Cherries, Hams, Shoulders and Bacon. CAVEN & TEAS.

May 7 25–

**Court of Appeal,**

FOR the 30th Regiment, 2nd Brigade, 6th Division, P. M. will be held on the 2nd Monday in June, (the 13th) between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock of said day, as follows:

For the 1st Battallion, at the house of Benjamin Bensinger, in McKeansburg, by Captains Seltzer, Hartranft and Matthews.

For the 2nd Battalion, at the house of William Mortimer, in Pottsville, by captains Braley, Gundermann and Hebe.

By order of the Colonel.

June 4 29–

**Cobb's Series of School Books.**

1000 COPIES of Cobb's Series of School Books, just received and for sale, wholesale and retail by B. BANNAN.

June 29–

*PROPOSALS*

WILL be received until Monday evening June 13th next, for grading, laying and finishing about an half of a mile of Rail Road, to connect with the West Branch Rail Road, near the York Sawmill. The rout of rail road will be ready for examination in a few days. For further information apply to

SAMUEL LEWIS,
Agent for Joseph & Thomas Wood.

May 28 28–3

FIGS.—35 Drums Figs just received and for sale by the subscriber, Centre, next door to the Corner of Mahantango street.

JOHN S. C. MARTIN.

Also a fresh supply of Oranges and Lemons, which will be sold low for cash.

May 7 25–3

**D. B. Smith & W. Hodgson, jr.**

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRUGGISTS,

*N. E. Corner of Arch & Sixth Streets,*

**PHILADELPHIA.**

STOREKEEPERS and others supplied, on liberal terms, with Drugs and Medicines of the finest quality, also with

*Osborne's American Water Colours,*

(the Manufactory of which forms a part of their establishment.)

Drawing Paper and Bristol Boards, various sizes.
Camel Hair and Sable Hair Pencils.
Varnish Brushes and Portrait Brushes.
Poonah and Tyndrem Colours and Brushes.
Colours and Brushes for painting on Velvet.
Hickson's Drawing Pencils.
Varnishes in great variety.
Pink Saucers, Blue Saucers, Gold and Silver Saucers.
Indian Ink, Black Ink, Red Ink.
Diamond Cement for repairing broken Glass, China, &c
Durable Ink, for marking Linen, Muslins, &c.
Do. Improved, to use without the common preparatory Liquid, thus saving much time and trouble, and a general assortment of Drawing materials, &c. of the best quality and on reasonable terms.

May 28, 1836 28–1mo

**NOTICE.**

TO all the heirs and legal representaitives of Jacob Remaly, late of West Penn township in the county of Schuylkill, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Coert, of the county of Schuylkill, an inquest will be held on the premises lately occupied by Jacob Remaly, dec'd. in the township of West Penn, in the county of Schuylkill, on Monday the 27th day of June next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon to make partition of the real estate of the said deceased, to and among his children and legal representatives, if that can be done without prejudice to and spoiling of the whole, otherwise to value and appraise the same; when and where you may attend, if you think proper.

HENRY RAUSH,
Sheriff of Schuylkill county.

Orwigsburg, May 25, 1836 28–4

**NOTICE.**

TO all the heirs and legal representatives of John F. Probst, late of ——— township, in the county of Lehigh, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Court, of Schuylkill Co. an inquest will be held at the house of Christian Holderman, Innkeeper, in the township of West Penn, in the county of Schuylkill, on Tuesday the 28th day of June, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon to make partition of the real estate of the said deceased, to and among his children and legal representatives, if that can be done without prejudice to and spoiling of the whole, otherwise to value and appraise the same; when and where you may attend if you think proper.

HENRY RAUSH,
Sheriff of the county of Schuylkill.

Orwigsburg, May 25, 1836 28–4

**To Millers and others.**

FOR Sale, the Fixtures of a Grist Mill, consisting of two pair of French Burr Stones, Iron Gearing, Shafting and Framing Complete, made in Philadelphia, and have been but little used—calculated to grind three hundred bushels per day. For particulars apply to

HAYWOOD & SNYDER,
May 28 28–tf Colliery Works, Pottsville.

The Berks and Schuylkill Journal, Reading, will insert the above 6 weeks, unless otherwise ordered.

ELEGANT Family Bibles, from $2 25 to $7 per copy, just received and for sale by

May 14 24 B. BANNAN.

**2000 lbs. Bacon & Ham**—Just received and for sale by

May 14 26 SAM'L. HARTZ & Co.

THE WIFE.

I could have stemmed misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich man's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear!
I could have smiled on every blow
From Life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be "alone!"

I could—I think I could have brooked,
Even for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own,
To win thee back, and whilst I dwelt
On earth, not been "alone."

But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slowly, meek;—
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel, I'll be "alone"—

To mark thy strength each hour decay
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heavenward trust, they say
"Earth may not claim thee longer;"
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
Must break when thou art gone;
It must not be; we may not part;
I could not live "alone!"

*From the Daily Albany Advertiser,*

**'OLD TIPPECANOE FOREVER.'**

When deep-plotting spoilers endanger the State,
And Corruption opposes Reform,
Let us vote for the man who's undaunted and great
Can steadily weather the storm.
The good of our country to him is the goal
From whence he will never depart;
Our laws and our freedom are dear to his soul;
Our welfare's enshrined in his heart;
Then fill to the man who our friendship enjoys,
May nothing our union sever,
And now for a toast to delight you my boys,
Here's Tippecanoe, forever!
Tippecanoe, forever!
Tippecanoe, forever!
And now for a toast to delight you my boys,
Here's Tippecanoe forever!

Like good Cincinnatus, the Roman of old,
From retirement called forth by the State,
As a statesman, he's firm, consistent and bold—
A general without a defeat—
The assault of his foes, all malice and vain,
Like a "sea-mark" he's firmly withstood;
And exulting, I tell ye, we'll have him again,
For he's lov'd by the great and the good:
Then fill to the man, &c.

Then let him be pilot, and we'll be the crew,
A gallant commander is he;
To a vessel so sound, what tho can accrue?
She never can founder at sea:
Though tempests may shake her, though fortune may sport,
And storms for awhile overwhelm,
Yet proudly and safely she'll ride into port,
When a HARRISON stands at the helm.
Then bumpers to him who our friendship enjoys,
And may nothing our union sever:
And now for a toast to delight you my boys,
Here's Tippecanoe forever!
Tippecanoe forever!
Tippecanoe forever!
And now for a toast to delight you my boys,
Here's Tippecanoe forever!

**THE BRIGAND'S CHILD.**

AN ADVENTURE IN THE APPENNINES.

I was journeying among some of the rugged and romantic scenery of Italy, when my guide suddenly stopped, and by his amazed looks plainly indicated the presence of danger. It was mid-day, and we were impatient to reach our destination ere nightfall. I had scarcely asked the postillions what had occasioned the stoppage, when a bullet whizzed past us, and looking in the direction whence it came, I saw a half-a-dozen or more fierce looking fellows with presented rifles, taking aim at us. Perceiving death to be near, and desirous of asserting it, I signified to the brigands my perfect readiness to give up all that I possessed, and only required the preservation of our lives. My words had the effect of arresting the brigands' purpose, and they came down from their position, informing us, however, that we must accompany them to their commander, and who had solemnly sworn to kill every Englishman that fell into his power, in order to revenge the death of his brother, who had fallen in an action with a party of Englishmen a few days before. This was not pleasant intelligence; my life seemed only spared for a moment, for the brigands assured me that their chief was implacable, and my guide had previously entertained me with some narratives of the ferocity of Michael Barossini, the recollection of which served to corroborate the testimony of the robbers. I afterwards learned that this savage chief had ordered his men to bring every Englishman they found on the road before him, that he might have the luxury of putting them to death himself, and that two days before he had sacrificed a fellow countryman of mine to his revenge. I was blindfolded and conducted through glades and ravines for some considerable time, and when the handkerchief was taken from my eyes, I found myself in the presence of the dreaded brigand, Michael Barossini. He was a man of herculean proportions, with large dark eyes, and matted locks, thickly falling over his sunburnt cheeks. He eyed me with savage ferocity, but there was still something noble in his appearance which led me to expect that my appeal to his mercy would not be ineffectual. But the death of his brother was too recent in his memory, and all my words were of no avail.

"The Englishman's blood must be shed," cried he, "to satisfy my murdered brother."

Entreaties were of no avail, he was firm and resolute, and having given me a few moments for preparation, he turned away to fondle his child, a boy of about three years old, who came running towards him. I thought it strange that after deciding upon such an atrocious act, and with the expectation of slaughtering a fellow creature in his mind, he could caress his child; and display so much of human emotion. At length, putting the little boy from him, he turned savagely towards me, and ordered his men to conduct me to the place of execution.

This was the brink of a precipice which it was fearful to look down from. "Gracious Heaven!" I cried, "you are not going to dash me down this precipice." "Not alive," growled one of the banditti; "you will fall down when the Captain has nicked you, and spare us the trouble." The few moments that ensued was solemn and awful. I stood upon the brink of eternity; the savage herculean brigand was preparing his rifle for the death shot, and the brigands were gathering around him anxious for the horrid sight that was to ensue. At length, every thing was ready; Michael Barossini took up his position, and ordered his men to stand away from him; the rifle was uplifted, and the savage eyes of the brigand was taking aim at my heart; at that moment the brigand's child, who had no knowledge of the dreadful proceedings that were going on, came dancing up towards me. A thought struck me that this child might be made the instrument of my preservation. I darted forward, snatched the boy in my arms, and then cried out to the brigand to fire!

The rifle fell from Barossini's hand, and was coming towards me as if for the purpose of tearing the child from my breast. But I drew towards the precipice and holding the boy stretched over it, I demanded my life as the condition of the safety of the boy.

Barossini stung to the quick, seized upon his rifle and was presenting it again, when his wife rushed upon him, held his arm, and besought him to save her child.

This scene was solemn and striking. The natural feelings of the man were combatting with the savage ferocity of the brigand. Barossini remained with his eyes fixed upon me, and his child, who still remained suspended over the precipice, and crying aloud for his father to save him. The mother hung upon the brigand's arm, and endeavoring to move him from his purpose. Nature triumphed, and he cried, "Give me my child, and go."

"And what security shall I have for my safety?" I enquired.

"The Brigand's honor," was Barossini's reply.

Seeing that I hesitated, he continued, "You do do not know me. You have not heard of Michael Barossini, or you would have known that, brigand though he be, his word has never yet been broken. But here, stranger," he continued, throwing a dagger towards me, "take that and the boy with you, till my men shall have placed you in safety."

The nobleness of this action was in striking contrast with his previous conduct. I took the dagger, and gave my honor that the boy should be returned in safety. "I expect it," Barossini replied, "so long as the boy is safe, you are safe also." He looked at the boy as wishing to embrace him, but evidently thinking that the action might make me suspicious, he mastered his feelings. But the mother could not assume such heroism. She saw the boy in my one hand, while the other held the brigand's dagger, and she came towards me beseeching me that I would permit her to kiss her child!

The look, the tone, the action of the woman were all so touching, that whatever little heroism I may have possessed forsook me, and placing the trembling boy in his mother's arms, I cried, "Barossini, I will not take away your child!" The brigand's features relaxed on but after regarding me for some seconds, he remarked, "You shall not loose any thing, Englishman, by your humanity and your respects for the feelings of the mother of my child!" and then turning towards his men he gave them some directions, and as they departed he entreated me to remain with him a few moments. "I am glad to see you have so much confidence in an enemy," he said.—"You have won my admiration. For your sake I make peace with all your countrymen." The brigands now returned, and Barossini informed me that they were ready to conduct me to the road, and that they should attend me so far as there might be any danger of falling in with the brigands of his party. I thanked him and asked him one favor, that he would return some miniatures which were among the property the brigands had captured. They will return them to you, was Barossini's reply." "Farewell." I kissed the little urchin that had been the instrument of my preservation, and departed. On my arrival in the road, I found the chaise exactly on the spot where it had been stopped, with the guide and postillions in waiting. But what surprised me most of all, was to find that not an article of my property was missing. The brigand had restored the whole.

**Sunday Evening Reading.**

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL.

'Tis difficult to feel that she is dead.
Her presence, like the shadow of a wing
That is just lessening in the upper sky,
Lingers upon us. We can hear her voice,
And for her step we listen, and the eye
Looks for her, wonted coming with a strange,
Forgetful earnestness. We cannot feel
That she will no more come—that from her cheek
The delicate flush has faded, and the light
Dead in her soft dark eye, and on her lip,
That was so exquisitely pure, the dew
Of the damp grave has fallen! Who, so loved,
Is left among the living? Who hath walk'd
The world with such a winning loveliness,
And on its bright brief journey, gather'd up
Such treasures of affection? She was loved
Only as idols are. She was the pride
Of her familiar sphere—the daily joy
Of all who on her gracefulness might gaze,
And in the light and music of her way,
Have a companion's portion. Who could feel
While looking upon beauty such as hers,
That it would ever perish? It is like
The melting of a tear into the sky
While you are gazing on it, or a dream
In its most ravishing sweetness rudely broken.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

Since, to have the thought of death is impossible, it only remains to make that thought, by some means, less intolerable. And this has been attempted through many different suppositions, of which the greater part have only served to show the weakness and inconsistency of those by whom they were brought forward. Some have attempted to support us under this last visitation of our mortal nature by reminding us that it is, in our case, no more than all the rest of the world have suffered or must suffer; that Scipio, and Cæsar, and Alexander have passed to the same silent dwelling; that "Abraham is dead, and the prophets are dead," and that it, therefore, ill becomes us to repine that death should be *our* portion, also. "Poor, fluttering, lively spirit," said the philosopher Hadrian, on his death, "poor guest and companion of the body! to what unknown regions wilt thou wing thy way, pale, naked, and trembling?" "Whether to live or die be most profitable," were the words of a far better and wiser man than the Roman emperour; whether my lot, oh men of Athens, be in this respect better than yours, there is no one who knoweth, save God." But how different were the dismal anxiety of Hadrian, and the doubtful hope of Socrates, from the sure and certain faith of that great apostle, to whom, "to die was gain," and who exclaimed, in triumphant anticipation of his approaching martyrdom, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day. "To die is gain," but it is gain to them only to whom it has been "Christ to live;" and by how much the greater salvation has been tendered, and by how much the easier the term have been on which it was tendered, so much the blacker confusion must our faces one day gather, if our obstinacy in sin has abused the long-suffering of the Lord, and we have presumed on the merits of His blood to disgrace the name of His religion! Those are ill taught in the language of Scripture who suppose that salvation is not offered to us, but forced on us; who forget that they are the children of God who only are heirs with Christ of immortality, and that the promise is not that we shall be made the sons of God, but that "power shall be given us" to become so.

NECESSITY OF CONVERTING THE HEATHEN.

The heathen, by far the greater part of them, are anything but innocent and conscientious followers of the law of nature. Child-murder, unkindness to parents, dishonesty, lying, and bloody cruelty abound among them to a degree of which the wickedness of christians, great as it is, can furnish no adequate idea. And if by some rare advantage of temper and situation, a comparatively innocent and holy man may be here and there met with, like "a fire-brand plucked out of the burning," this is but a fresh encouragement to make known the ways of peace to the multitudes who are perishing, and to give to those few, who make so good use of their imperfect lights, the far greater help and comfort of the Gospel. Be sure, my friends, it is not a needless task which He, who knew all things, undertook when he came to give light to those who sate in darkness. It was no superfluous revelation to confirm which so many miracles were wrought, so many prophecies delivered, so pure and precious blood poured forth on the rocks of Calvary. It was no needless labour which Christ imposed on His apostles to go and preach His gospel unto every creature, nor is that an idle and unmeaning prayer which we are taught to utter in the words, "Thy kingdom come!"

EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

The prayer of a righteous man availeth much. We have indeed, no reason for hoping that our tardy devotions can open the gates of heaven for a sinner whose day of grace is faded into darkness, and who has gone to his account in unbelief and final impenitence; but of those who yet live it is hard to decide who have absolutely "sinned unto death," and we are still less able to determine how often the devotions of the faithful have obtained for those, whose case was most to be despaired of, a fresh and efficacious visit from the Spirit of Grace and Comfort, and a little further respite to recover their strength before they departed hence and were no more seen. It was a memorable saying of Ambrose to the mother of Augustin, when she lamented to him the indisposition which her son at that time displayed to all religious feeling: "I have never known the son allowed to perish for whose soul so many prayers and holy tears interceded." Nor when we hear, in like manner, complaints from parents and teachers, of example and of entreaty thrown away on the levity and stubbornness of those whose hearts they have desired to soften and ameliorate, can we avoid sometimes suspecting that their pains might have had a happier effect if His help had been duly sought for who only giveth the increase either to the earthly or spiritual husbandman.

From the Somerset (N. J.) Whig.

A gentleman has handed us the following address delivered by Gen. Harrison on the occasion of Gen. La Fayette's visit to Cincinatti, in 1835. If we recollect right, Gen. Winfield Scott, who now commands in Florida, was to have addressed Gen. La Fayette, in behalf of the citizens of Cincinnatti, but was prevented by indisposition. Gen. Harrison was then waited upon by the committee of arrangements, only fifteen minutes before the arrival of Gen. La Fayette. He had not time to prepare for so unexpected an honor, yet, like Cincinnatus of old, he promptly obeyed the call of his fellow citizens, and delivered the following address extempore.

GEN. HARRISON'S ADDRESS.

Gen. La Fayette—In the name of the people of Cincinnati, I bid you welcome to their city.

In other places, General, your reception has been marked by a display of wealth and splendor which we could not imitate, even if it were not incompatible with the simplicity of manners and habits, which distinguish the backwoodsmen of America. But let me assure you, General, that in no part of the Union, or of the whole earth, is there to be found a greater respect for your character, a warmer gratitude for your services, of a more affectionate attachment to your person, than in the bosoms of those who now surround you.

But if we cannot rival some of our sister states in the splendors of our exhibition, or in the fascinating graces of a highly polished society, to a mind like yours, we can present a more interesting spectacle—the effects of those institutions, for the establishment of which your whole life has been devoted in producing in the course of a few years a degree of prosperity and a sum of human happiness which you have seen no where surpassed in the wide extent of your tour. When you first embarked from your adopted country, General, the bounds of this extensive state did not contain a single white inhabitant. No plough had yet marked a furrow on its luxuriant soil. One unbroken mass of forest equally sheltered a few miserable savages, and the beasts which where their prey.

In this immense waste no human being offered the song of praise or thanksgiving to the throne of the Creator: the country and its inhabitants, presented the same appearance of wild, savage, uncultivate nature.—But now see the change, "the wilderness and the solitary places have been made glad, and the desert to blossom as the rose."

There is no deception, General, in the appearances of prosperity which are before you. This flourishing city has not been built, like the proud capitol on the frozen Neva, by the command of a despot, directing the labor of obedient millions. It has been reared by the hands of freemen. It is the natural mart of a highly cultivated country. These crowded streets are filled with the inhabitants of this city and its vicinity, and are a part of the seven hundred thousand christian people who daily offer up their orisons to Heaven for the innumerable blessings they enjoy. The youth who form your guard of one hundred thousand enrolled freemen, whose manly bosoms are the only ramparts of our state. They have all assembled to present the free will offering of their affections to the benefactor of their country.

Happy Chief! How different must be your feelings from those of the most distinguished commander, who, in the days of Rome, conducted to the capitol the miserable captives, and the glittering spoils of an unrighteous war. This, your triumph, has not brought to the millions who have witnessed it, a single painful emotion.—Your victories have not caused a sigh from the bosom of a human being unless it be from the tyrants whose power to oppose their fellow men they have curtailed.

Happy man! The influence of your example will extend beyond the tomb. Your fame, associated with that of Washington and Bolivar, will convince some future Cæsar, that the path of duty, is the path of true glory. And, that the character of a warrior can never be complete, without faithfully fulfilling the character of a citizen.

Welcome! then, companion of Washington, friend of Franklin, of Adams and Jefferson devoted champion of Liberty, Welcome!"

*From the Seneca (N. Y.) Farmer.*

Mr. Van Buren's principal strength as a candidate for the Presidency, is concealed in a full blown bubble, which is liable to burst when it comes in contact with a strong popular breeze from an opposite quarter. His safety-fund banks and the whole train of official influence, have not half the weight among the less informed, as has this painted semblance of strength in the impression that he will be elected. Dissolve this bubble, and it is sought but a bubble, and thousands in this State would cheerfully desert his colors, and rejoice in their regained liberty. Mr. Van Buren himself distinctly knows, that his chance at best is extremely precarious—that it hangs on a brittle, rotten thread. He is already preparing to take a refuge in the citadel—I mean the house of Representatives—and yet his opponents have but just commenced concentrating their forces. Well for him, that the great body of his supporters do not know his weakness as well as he knows it. The knowledge would be fatal to him in his own State. He knows that he cannot be elected by the people—by the electoral colleges. Every well informed elector may know it. It is becoming no secret. Yet ask his *bubble* charmed partisans what particular States will go for him, after enumerating three or four which all conceded, they claim the remainder en masse, scarce leaving a solitary state for their opponents. This easy method of electing their favorite without the trouble of reflection, is truly congenial to party purposes, and commonly enacted with an assurance calculated to impress upon their own minds at least, a belief of the correctness of their assumptions. Nor are all the Whigs entirely destitute of this mystified though erroneous impression that seats Mr. Van Buren in the Presidential chair as if it was so fated to be, without taking the pains to cast their eyes over the different States for a more rational basis on which to found their opinion. To these sickening, feminine whims, I humbly beg leave to demur. I set down the following States with their respective votes, as certain to go against Mr. Van Buren, and appeal to the intelligent politician for the accuracy of my statement:

| | |
|---|---|
| Louisiana, | 5 |
| South Carolina, | 11 |
| North Carolina, | 15 |
| Tennessee, | 15 |
| Kentucky, | 15 |
| Indiana, | 9 |
| Maryland, | 10 |
| Ohio, | 21 |
| Pennsylvania, | 30 |
| Delaware | 3 |
| Massachusetts, | 14—143 |

The States as they now stand, give 288 electoral votes, 145 being necessary to a choice. If Michigan and Arkansas be admitted into the Union during the present session of Congress, the list will be swelled to 294 votes, 148 being necessary to a choice—the precise number claimed as indisputable, and sufficient to defeat Van Buren even on the contingency of the admission of the two additional States. I have purposely kept the following States in reserve, to supply any discrepancy that might possibly occur in any of the foregoing States:

| | |
|---|---|
| Vermont, | 7 |
| Illinois, | 5 |
| Mississippi, | 4 |
| Virginia, | 23—39 |

Nor do the rational claims of Van Buren's opponents rest here. The following States are far more likely to go for them than for him, especially under the present excitement of the abolition question at the South. It still continues to agitate the people there, however the spirits of the office holders may have been quieted by the smooth and fair professions of Mr. Van Buren:

| | |
|---|---|
| Georgia, | 11 |
| Missouri, | 4 |
| Alabama, | 7—22 |

Moreover, it is far from being improbable that the following States may cast their votes against Mr. Van Buren, when the additional 10,000 electors are brought into the field in Connecticut, and the illegal voters of Rhode Island are discarded:

| | |
|---|---|
| Connecticut, | 8 |
| Rhode Island, | 4—12 |

The truth of the matter is, notwithstanding all the blustering and boasting, the following are the only States which can be intelligibly claimed for Mr. Van Buren with any degree of certainty, when he shall come before the people, separated from Gen. Jackson, as he must come, at that exacting and trying crisis:

| | |
|---|---|
| New York | 42 |
| Maine | 10 |
| New Hampshire, | 7 |
| New Jersey, | 8 |
| Michigan, | 3 |
| Arkansas, | 3—73 |

I have put down Arkansas and Michigan, because they will undoubtedly be admitted, since

"New Jersey, says the Editor of the Somerset (N. J.) Whig, is contested ground, and it is believed that she will return from her wanderings at the ensuing presidential contest.

it is certain that Mr. Van Buren and his friends in Congress are already aware that the election will be carried to the House of Representatives, where these small states will count as much as the two largest in the Union. Mr. Van Buren, no doubt in my mind, will have a majority of the States in that body. It is this fact that will defeat him in the colleges. Pennsylvania and Vermont have led off, setting an example. The Whig and Antimasonic conventions of each of those States have nominated the same electoral ticket. The friends of Gen. Harrison and Judge White in Virginia, and in most of the Southern States, will also nominate the same electoral tickets—and the friends of General Harrison and Mr. Webster in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, will likewise run the same electoral tickets—all with a perfect understanding that he who obtains the most votes of the other States, shall receive the whole. This arrangement would secure the triumphant election of General Harrison. And this arrangement would be readily conceded by the three candidates and their friends, as they would well know if the election was carried to the house, neither of them could succeed. Some arrangement of the kind I have mentioned, is all that is now necessary to defeat the Baltimore nominees—and that it WILL BE MADE, none need to fear.

I shall close my remarks by inviting intelligent men to examine the different tables as placed as bove, state by state. Scrutinize them closely—get information—make inquiries—and if it is thought probable or possible that any States in the first table might go for Van Buren, then examine, and see if the deficiency cannot readily be made up, and more than made up, from the second, the third, and the fourth, to say nothing of the fifth. Examine I say, carefully and impartially—but intelligibly. I am aware that ten months ago, the belief was almost universal, that Mr. Van Buren would be elected President with little or no opposition, and I know how difficult it is to eradicate erroneous impressions when once fixed in the mind. Many who would even wish it could be otherwise, still continue to nurse the impression, and to brood over the melancholy idea as though all was lost, without taking the trouble to reflect on the important changes that have taken place, or to examine into the politics of the different States, or the many complicated obstacles he has now to encounter. I am aware, too, that Mr. Van Buren possesses many apparent advantages in the moneyed and official influences of the nation. But even in these he has overreached the mark. Many honest men of the Jackson party in other States, are becoming alarmed at this gigantic combination of Monarchical and Aristocratical power. They judge, and judge rightly, that when an Executive is placed upon the American people by means of official patronage and millions of the public revenue, our country ceases to be a republic. The corruption is thought to be too gross not to work its own cure.

C.

*The new Hotel at New York.*—This splendid edifice is now open for the reception of company, and for the following description of it we are indebted to the Mercantile Advertiser.

*Astor Hotel.*—This splendid public house which was commenced two years since, was opened on the 30th ult. to the inspection of the editors of the public press, and we had opportunity to pass through this magnificent edifice, and to take a bird's eye view of its internal arrangements.

The hotel is situated in Broadway, and occupies the block between Vesey and Barclay streets, opposite the Park. Its front on Broadway is about 200 feet, and is 150 on Barclay and Vesey streets. The exterior is of Quincy granite, and, viewed in any direction, makes a plain yet imposing appearance. It is five stories in height. The wings of this building form a hollow square, the yard being in the centre—so that the rooms on all sides receive light and air from the streets and centre.

The lower story of this building is occupied by stores, whose entrance on Broadway are nearly even with the side walk; they are ten in number, and there are five stores on Vesey and Barclay streets. The main entrance to the Hotel is in the centre of the building on Broadway—it has also entrances on the other streets above named. The main entrance opens to a splendid vestibule, supported by columns, the floor of which is of Mosaic work, of blue and white marble, and this marble extends throughout the halls of this floor, and has a very pretty effect. On the north of the vestibule is the "office," answering to the description of "the bar," as named in other public houses.

On the south of the office is the Gentlemen's Reading Room. On the first floor is the Dining Room, which is on the Barclay street wing, and 100 by 40 feet, with a ceiling 19½ feet high. On the same floor on the corner of Broadway and Barclay streets, is the Gentlemen's Drawing or Smoking and Conversation Room—this room commands a fine view of the Park, City Hall and Broadway. On the same floor, corner of Vesey street and Broadway, is the Ladies Drawing Room, which is richly and elegantly furnished with Brussels carpeting, marble tables, ottomans, sofas and chairs, of splendid workmanship and costly materials.

On the Vesey street wing is the Ladies Dining Room, sufficiently capacious to seat 100 ladies, and is richly furnished. The first floor contains about 20 parlors. The second floor has a hall running the whole length of the building on Broadway, and on Vesey and Barclay streets. The rooms which look into the streets are all furnished as parlors, and on the opposite sides of the hall are the bed rooms. On this floor on Broadway, is a Club Room, which has been named "the Duke's Room," probably