

THE MINERS' JOURNAL,

AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER

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.

VOL. 12.

POTTSVILLE, PA. SATURDAY MORNING DECEMBER 1, 1838.

NO. 2.

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WEEKLY.

Two Dollars per annum, payable semi-annual in advance. If not paid within the year, \$2 50 will be charged. All advertisements exceeding twelve lines will be charged 31 for three insertions, and 50 cents for our insertion. Larger ones in proportion. All advertisements will be inserted until ordered to the contrary, or until they are continued or discontinued, and will be charged accordingly. Variety of notices will be charged 12 per annum, including subscription to the paper, with the privilege of withdrawing at any time, and the insertion of a small notice in each year, for three successive times. All notices inserted in the paper must be paid for in advance, unless otherwise stated. All notices for meetings, &c. and other notices which have heretofore been inserted gratis, will be charged 12 cents each, except Marriages and Deaths.



From the Hartford Courant.

TO AN INFANT.

Welcome and smiles, are greeting
Sweet babe, thine usher here!
And bliss with love is meeting,
In hearts that hold thee dear;
And joy itself seems heighten'd,
While through the mind doth pass
Thy future life, as brighten'd
By Hope's prescient glass.
Yet, little bud, unthinking,
Upon a world of storms!
Upstart, while beholding
The ill of thousands, forsook,
Which may thy beauty wither,
In but life's dawning hour;
And bear thee babe, from flither,
While yet an opening flower.
And still, the mind stuporous,
From whom thy being came—
Which hath with skill so wondrous,
Devised thy tiny frame;
Can yield that life protection,
Which now is in the bud,
Till time shall write perfection,
On thee, sweet gift of God!
May He, whose love is changeless,
Who whispers e'en "the wind
To the sparrow-lark" defenceless,
Be true, in love as kind;
Guard well thy young existence,
And tender care of it;
Or great Avenging angels,
That thou withstand their strife.
And Oh! be thine the offering,
Which in the bud is hid,
To Him, whose care now proffering,
Thy blessedness defend;
And thus, when years are granted,
Till life hath passed its prime;
Be thou a flower transplanted,
As ripe for Heaven's pure clime.
Cedar Brook, Oct. 1838. E. C. S.

THE GRAVE OF FRANKLIN.

No chisel'd urn is reared to thee,
No sculptured scroll enroll its page,
To tell the children of the free
Where rests the patriot and the sage.
Far in the city of the dead,
A corner holds thy sacred lay;
And pilgrim foot, by reverence led,
Have worn a path that marks the way.
There, round thy lone and simple grave,
Encircling on its marble base,
Wild plaintive weeds and tall grass wave,
And sun beams pour their shadeless rays.
Level with earth thy lettered stone—
And hidden oft by winter's snow—
Its modest record tells alone
Whose dust it is that sleeps below.
That name's enough; that honored name
No aid from eulogy requires,
'Tis blazon'd with thy country's fame,
And flashes round her lightning fires.

ENGLAND.

Exchange at New York, on London 9 1/2 per cent. premium.

New Railway.—Rail road communication between Penarth and Cardiff is to be opened immediately.

Fire.—The large cotton factory of Messrs. Cartwright of Ayr, has been destroyed by fire, doing damage to the amount of £10,000, and throwing 300 hands out of work.

Junction Canal.—From Hulme Hall on the Bridgewater canal, a new line of locks has been made to join the Mersey and Irwell navigation, at the mouth of the river Medlock. This junction will be a great advantage to the trade of Manchester.

The Fofarshire.—The body of Mrs. Patrick, wife of Capt. Patrick Hull, who were both lost in this vessel, has been picked up at sea.

Presentation.—A valuable serjeant has been presented to Geo. Croft, Esq., the first reform mayor of Richmond. Mr. C. has served in his magistracy capacity two years gratuitously.

Railways.—The first act of Parliament for the construction of a Rail Way was granted in 1801, since which exclusive of the present year, upwards of 175 similar grants have been made.

Carrier Pigeons.—The news of St. Leger race was received in Manchester in two hours and twenty minutes, being conveyed by a carrier pigeon.

Manchester.—This flourishing Borough had received a charter, and is henceforth a town.

Rare Avis.—A female specimen of the peregrine falcon has been shot near Norwich.

Silk.—The silk, hose, and glove trade is very low in many of the manufacturing districts.

IRELAND.

A High Compliment.—Sir B.—R.—, an Irish knight, was married to the daughter of a French noble, a connection of which the knight was somewhat proud. Boasting of this union

once to a friend, he observed that his Lordship had paid him the highest compliment in his power. He had seven daughters, said he, and he gave me the *coldest*, and he *could* not do that if he had an *older* I should have her.

The Church.—Mr. Sherman Crawford is becoming a powerful antagonist of Mr. O'Connell in the cause of the Protestants, but Catholics. The population of Ireland is divided as follows:—Roman Catholics, 6,437,719; Members of the Established Church, 853,064; Presbyterians, &c., 664,164. O'Connell.—Mr. Sherman Crawford is becoming a powerful antagonist of Mr. O'Connell in the cause of the Protestants, but Catholics. The population of Ireland is divided as follows:—Roman Catholics, 6,437,719; Members of the Established Church, 853,064; Presbyterians, &c., 664,164. O'Connell.—Mr. Sherman Crawford is becoming a powerful antagonist of Mr. O'Connell in the cause of the Protestants, but Catholics. The population of Ireland is divided as follows:—Roman Catholics, 6,437,719; Members of the Established Church, 853,064; Presbyterians, &c., 664,164.

Spain.—Estella has been abandoned by Esparto; the Carlists have passed the Ebro, sacked Amado, and carried off all the females. Another body of Carlists have surprised Alax. These defeats have occasioned more energy in the Queen's officers, and the Carlists have been checked.

Russia and Circassia.—The warriors of Circassia have proved themselves as worthy of the reputation of bravery, as their women are of beauty, having obtained another decided victory over the troops of the Czar under Milutine. They took 50 pieces of cannon, and killed 200 men.

Old Newspapers.—The British Museum has purchased 700 volumes of newspapers, embracing a period of 200 years from 1603 to 1818. The price given was 1000 guineas.

The largest fire ever known in Liverpool broke out on the 5th ult. in the Warehouse of Davies & Co. Great Howard Street. Some of the neighboring stores were filled with Saltpetre, oil, cotton and other combustibles. Total damage estimated at £20,000.

Prince Louis Napoleon.—The firebrand dread of by the Trojan Princess never scattered more terror than does the name of Napoleon among the French. The young Prince Louis Napoleon has been the subject of their greatest fears, as if he "had a name to conjure the devil withal." To expatriate him from Switzerland, she has fitted out an invading army, and their terror has sought an asylum in England. On his journey over land he was every where received with great attention. They say the French King was more than anxious not to proceed to extremities against the Swiss, fearing that his own troops might produce another "three days" not particularly favorable to himself. The affair has therefore passed noiselessly off, and we shall soon receive intelligence of the recall of the troops.

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway.—This work is 46 miles in length, and is travelled in two hours with stopping stations at five intermediate points.

Caledonian Hunt.—The Western Meeting will be the most splendid enjoyed for many years. The Caledonian Hunt at Ayr has long been distinguished for its beauty and fashion, and the Fancy Ball is generally apt to bring about more than one happy marriage.

Grace Darling.—The heroine of the Fofarshire disaster, has received from the Glasgow Humane Society their Honorary Silver Medal with the following inscription:

"Presented by the Directors of the Glasgow Humane Society to Miss Grace Hornley Darling in commemoration of her dauntless & heroic courage in saving (along with her father) the lives of nine persons from the wreck of the Fofarshire steamer 7th Sept., 1838."

This Society some time since also presented their Honorary Silver Medal to an individual in the neighborhood of Olan, for saving the lives of several persons endangered in consequence of the upsetting of a ferry boat.

The Great Western Steamer, which brought the news of Lord Dusham's resignation, made the voyage from New York to Bristol in twelve days and a half, although she encountered strong head winds for three days.

There is a very strong and general impression in the commercial circles that the French blockade of Mexico is about to be brought to a close. Mr. Packenham, the British Charge d'Affaires, is about to return to Mexico, and it is understood that the blockade is not to last very long.

Information has been received of the apprehension of Samuel Green, who stands charged with having absconded from the Menar, Rothchilds with £1,400, and for whom a reward of £100 had been offered. He was taken at Plymouth, and the greater part of the property has been recovered.

WALES.

Foreign Missions.—On Wednesday last, a no innumerable and highly respectable Meeting of the District Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign parts, was held in Pool, when Lord Clive, president, and in an address very ably explained the objects and intentions of the society. The Rev. Wynne Jones W. Clive, J. G. Longeville, J. Evans, R. C. Wolfe, Panty, Esq., Mr. J. Pugh, and several others addressed the meeting, expressive of their solicitude for the prosperity of the society, as well as detailing its operations and influence.

Marriage Feast.—The marriage of Thos. Ireland, Esq. of Wem, to Miss Elsemere, was celebrated at the New Llwynymaen Colliery, near Orwastrey, on Wednesday, where the colliers and workmen's families had distributed among them several sheep. The men were also regaled with plenty of brown stout.

Aberystwith.—It is proposed to hold a grand Eisteddod and Music Meeting at this flourishing Sea-Bathing place next year, immediately before or after the Musical Festival at Worcester.

Taff's diadem.—The last river pier of the large dock for the Taff Vale Railway near Quaker's Yard has been successfully laid, after four months' hard struggle with the flood. During that period the river overflowed its banks eleven times. The work will now proceed rapidly, as there will be no further difficulties to encounter in completing this stupendous structure.

Manifcence.—Sir John Walsh, Bart. M. P. has subscribed the sum of £100 towards rebuilding the old Church of Llanvibinol.

Sports of the Turf.—The annual Races of Llandudno took place at the usual time. The first stake was the Borough Plate; four horses started; two were drawn after the first heat; and after a spirited contest the race was won by half a length, by Mr. D. K. K. Caroline, beating P. Lewis's Betsy Baker, and Mr. D. Stephenson's Snap.—The second race was by Ponies, carried weights, for a new Saddle and Bridle, and a Purse added, heats, about a mile, and was won by Mr. Pryce, of Pantdrain, beating Mr. Turner's Maid-of-all-Work, and Mr. Stephenson's Don John.

During the afternoon several matches took place, amongst was one that excited particular interest, viz. a Hurdle Race for 100 sovs; four started, two drawn, won by a length. The sports of the day concluded with foot-racing and other amusements, to the general satisfaction of a respectable and numerous assembly. The judicious arrangements by the committee were highly satisfactory, and no accidents happened.

European Items.

Second Sam Patch.—An American Sailor, named Sam Patch, was drowned near Cheltenham, England, while emulating Sam Patch.

Mount Atlas.—This volcano has been in a state of eruption. The lava approached the town of Cass Ingles, at one time threatening its destruction, but providentially turned into the Val de Bore without essential damage.

Piedmont.—Two regiments quartered here, not being half pleased with each other, fought until almost wholly exterminated, when they were separated by the cavalry.

Spain.—Estella has been abandoned by Esparto; the Carlists have passed the Ebro, sacked Amado, and carried off all the females. Another body of Carlists have surprised Alax. These defeats have occasioned more energy in the Queen's officers, and the Carlists have been checked.

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PATHEPIC PETITION OF A WIFE.

In consequence of a hint conveyed in a note to correspondents, we have been favored by several friends with copies of the subjoined petition.—One of our correspondents asserts that the beauty of the fair petitioner was fatal to her husband; but we ought not to give credit to such an imputation on the character of Warren Hastings, without the most unquestionable evidence. The petition is one of the most heart rending appeals we ever read; and that records the catastrophe more appalling in the probability that the only crime of the husband was patriotic hostility to the enemies and despoilers of his native country.

A literal translation of the Petition presented to the Governor Hastings, by the wife of Almas Ali Cawn, in behalf of her husband, who was seized and put to death for political purposes in India.

To the high and mighty servant of the most powerful Prince, George, King of England, the lowly and humble slave of misery, comes praying for mercy to the father of his children.

"Most mighty sire,—May the blessings of thy God wait on thee; may the son of glory shine around thy head, and may the gates of plenty honor, and happiness, be ever open to thee and thine, may no sorrows distress thy day, may no griefs disturb thy night; may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and the pleasure of immagination attend thy dreaming; and when length of days makes thee tired of earthly enjoyments, and when the curtain of death gently closes around the last sleep of human existence, may the angels of thy God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction. Oh! hearken then, to the voice of distress, and grant the petition of thy servant; spare, oh! spare the father of my children, save the partner of my bed, my husband, my all that is dear! consider, oh! mighty Sire, that he did not become rich through iniquity, but that which he possessed was the inheritance of a long line of flourishing ancestors, who when the thunder of Great Britain was not heard in the peaceful plains of Hindostan, reaped their harvests in quiet and enjoyed their patrimony un-molested.

"Think, oh! think, the God whom thou worshipst delighteth not in the blood of the innocent; remember thine own commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and obey the ordinance of God.—Give me back my Almas Ali Cawn, and take our wealth; strip us of our jewels and precious stones, our gold and our silver, but take not away the life of my husband; innocence is seated on his brow, and the milk of human kindness flows around his heart. Let us go wander through the deserts, let us become hunters and laborers in those delusive spots of which he was once lord and master; but spare, oh! mighty Sire, spare his life,—let not the instrument of death be lifted up against him, for he hath committed no crime. Accept our treasures with gratitude, thou hast them at present by force; we will remember thee in our prayers, we will forget that we were ever rich and powerful.

"My children; the children of Almas Ali Cawn, send their petition for the life of him, who gave them life,—they beseech from thee the author of their existence. By that humanity which we have often been told glow'd in the breast of European lovelessness, by the tender mercies of the

enlightened souls of Englishmen, by the honor the virtue, the beauty, and the maternal feelings of thy great Queen, whose numerous offerings is so dear to her, the miserable wife of thy prisoner beseeches thee to spare her husband's life, and to restore him to her arms. Thy God will reward thee, thy country must thank thee, and she now petitioning will ever pray for thee, if thou grantest the prayer of thy humble wretch." This petition was presented by the janabary woman to the Governor, who, after having perused it, gave orders that Almas Ali Cawn should be immediately strangled, and this order was put into execution.

From the Maine Farmer.

THE WEALTH OF A COUNTRY DEPENDS UPON ITS FARMERS AND MECHANICS.

What is wealth? those things which are convenient and necessary to use, and which administer to our wants and comfort. Money alone cannot, therefore, be considered as wealth, because if the articles or things above mentioned are not to be had, or are not in existence a man would be poor, though he were loaded with gold and silver. If he were hungry, and there was no bread to be bought—if he were shivering with cold, and there was no garment to be bought—his gold would be but of little service. It is true, man, or the farmer and mechanic, have agreed that gold and silver should be the signs or evidence of property, or, in other words, the measure of property; and he who has a certain amount of it has evidence of so much wealth. He can exchange it for the very things of articles which do in fact constitute wealth.

Thus, a man who has a hundred dollars in his pocket, has his ticket, as it were, to entitle him to enter into the possession of a hundred bushels of corn, or a hundred yards of cloth, or a hundred acres of wild land, or a yoke of oxen, or a horse and wagon, as the case may be. But if these things do not exist, and he needs them, his ticket is of no more use, than if he had a ticket to go into a theatre, and it should have burned down before he used it. The elements, therefore, of wealth, consists in natural productions, brought together, changed and modified by the hand of man, or the farmer and mechanic. Commerce, though necessary and honorable is nothing more than the moving or changing of these productions from place to place. It has always appeared singular to us, that merchants should consider themselves as too many of them do, above the farmers and mechanics, merely on account of their profession, when they are indeed only the teamsters to the others. They are the agents to transport their productions hither and thither, as calls may exist for them. But return to the subject. If we are right in the position we have taken, that wealth consists in natural productions changed and wrought upon by the labor of man, it follows, that the country which possesses the most of the elements or materials to work upon, such as good soil, abundance of water power, forests of timber, quarries of different kinds of stone, mines, and beds of different kinds of minerals, &c. &c. must have the natural wealth, and then only requires the hand of industry and skill to put these materials into shape, and to put them together to form real substantial wealth. They are the second creators of wealth. They take the raw materials, as it came from the hands of the Almighty, and change it, by their labor, into the thousands and tens of thousands of different forms, which render it useful to man and make it subservient to the wants and comforts of human life. The more industrious and skillful this class is, the more wealth will be accumulated in the country. Do farmers and mechanics consider these things rightly? Are they not too apt to think themselves as mere plodders and servants, rather than as second to the Great First Cause in the production and increase of wealth? Do they not see in their own minds, and in the respectability too for them. But return to the subject. The productive classes apt to measure their services by it? This standard appears to be idle, and a fine coat; and consequently, the more idle a man can be, and the finer the dress, the more of a gentleman. Not so. Respectability consists in an improved mind, and skillful and industrious hands. More qualifications being equal, he should have the most honor who, by the combination of the efforts of his mind and physical powers, has contributed most largely to the increase of those things which constitute wealth.

Such an one has done more for the amelioration of society, than a thousand unproductive Dandies, who lol in the shade and wash in Cologne; and society should bestow upon such a corresponding meed of honor.

THE YOUNG FIREMAN.

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

It was deep midnight, as this startling cry resounded through the streets of the city.—The booming of a dozen bells aroused the inhabitants from their heavy slumbers, and soon the flaring of torches and rattling of engines told that the watchful guardians of our safety were on the alert. Thrice blessed is that city which, in the hour of danger, has strong hands and willing hearts, "always ready," to protect and save their property. We have no foe more to be dreaded than the devouring element, and we cannot be too lavish of our attention to that department; whose province it is to battle this enemy.

A broad lurid glare lit up the heavens, and served as a guide to those in search of the source of alarm. It was found to be a large three story dwelling house. The building being of wood, by the time a sufficient number of persons had arrived in concert, the flames had made such progress that the salvation of the building was impossible. The attention of the firemen, therefore, was directed towards the neighboring buildings. The fire had taken the cellar, and the lower part of the house was completely enveloped in flames, before the family were aroused to their danger. The cry of a child who was nearly suffocated with smoke, was the first alarm they had. Catching at such articles of clothing as were within reach, the inmates barely had time to escape from a back window.

They stood in a group, congratulating themselves on their narrow escape, and watching with melancholy interest the destruction of their house, occasionally

casting glances around to see if all were there, when a sudden thought seemed to flash at once upon their minds, and a wild acclamation of "Louisa—Louisa is not here!" broke from each lip. As the words passed from mouth to mouth, that there was a person in the house, a groan of horror burst from the assembled multitude.—Inevitable destruction seemed to be her doom. No ingress could be made from the lower part of the house, and from the upper windows there appeared no chance to escape. Still the awe-struck spectators wasted no time. As quick as thought a dozen ladders were raised, and as many resolute firemen mounted them to the rescue. Window after window was heard to crash, as the intrepid men proceeded in their search. Alas, their attempts were in vain—the dense smoke and flames drove them back, half suffocated. They were about giving up in despair, resigning the mission to her fate, when a young fireman at a distant part of the line, broke through the dense crowd with the impetuosity of an avalanche, and with haste; flew rather than ran up one of the ladders, which reached to the roof.—He was observed to have attached to his belt, a coil of small rope. Before the astonished firemen had time to warn him of the fruitlessness of the attempt, and his danger, he had disappeared over the railing that surrounded the roof.

Louisa Wentworth, for whose safety all were now so anxious, was a niece of Mrs. Littleton, the owner of the dwelling. She arrived at her uncle's but the afternoon before, on a visit to her cousin.—She had been so short a time with them, that in their fright they had forgotten her. Miss Wentworth was about nineteen years of age—eminently beautiful and the sole stay of a widowed father. His heart was bound in his daughter, and it was only at the repeated and urgent solicitation of his nieces that he consented to part with her, (he lived in an adjacent country village) for a short visit.—The agony of the Littleton family may be imagined as they stood trembling watching the efforts made to rescue her. They thought no more of the destruction of their property—their hearts were bound up in the peril of the relation and guest. With despair they witnessed the unsuccessful termination of the efforts made to save her, while hope again animated them as they witnessed the desperate attempt of the Young Fireman. No one could tell who he was. His coming upon them, and his appearance up the ladder had been so sudden and rapid no one had time to recognise him. A minute or two of anxious suspense, which to the spectators seemed so many hours, passed by and there was no sign of his re-appearance. As they stood gazing at the desperate attempt of the Young Fireman, a black body of smoke rolled from the upper windows, streaked with flame, and soon broad sheets of the destroying element shot fiercely up, like fiery tongues lapping the air. A universal shiver ran through the crowd below, and anguished cry "they're lost—they're lost!" was uttered from many a whitened lip. The ladders were hastily removed, for the fire had seized upon them, and hope had fled from every bosom. At this awful crisis a hoarse and half smothered voice was heard from the back part of the house; there was a general rush to that point. The flames had not reached this part of the building, but heavy wreaths of smoke were curling from all the windows, giving evidence of their fearful proximity.—As the wind occasionally blew the smoke aside, the young fireman could dimly be seen, clinging to the railing, making rapid and vehement gestures to those below. Ladders were placed against the building, and men rushed up, their way amid the blinding smoke to their assistance. Not observing this demonstration in his favor, the young man was seen to lift, as it was a dead weight a body over the railing, and bending fearfully over the roof to lower it carefully down. The apparent lifeless form of Miss Wentworth was received into the arms of the crowd. Seeing his charge in safety, the young fireman threw himself over the railing and descended by the small rope which he had secured around the chimney, with the rapidity of lightning to the ground. A sudden cracking of timbers—and a loud roaring of the flames caused a cry that the building was falling. In the agitation of moment he escaped from the scene, and when the grateful crowd turned to reward him for his noble deed he was not to be found.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

The next day the city rang with praises of the young fireman. His recklessness of danger, determined courage and successful attempt, were the theme of every lip. And still he remained unknown.—Diligent inquiry was made, but no trace could be found of him.

In the evening a group of persons were collected in the house in the neighborhood. They consisted of a household family; the rescued one, and her father had just arrived, they were listening to her account of her escape. She had not yet recovered from the excitement of the scene and was

reclining on a sofa, over which her father bent with a pale face, listening with trembling eagerness to her recital.

"I was roused," said Louisa, "from a deathlike slumber by the crashing of a window in the back part of the building.—It was sometime before I collected my senses to perceive a thick smoke filling the room. I immediately arose from my bed and hastened to the door which led into cousin Mary's chamber. As I opened it a dense volume of hot smoke drove into my face, which nearly blinded and strangled me. I had presence of mind enough to close the door. Finding my escape cut off in that direction, I rushed to the windows, but owing to my haste and terror and not understanding the manner of their being fastened, I could not raise them.—Filled with despair I stood for a moment unresolved what to do. An idea darted through my mind—if I could but reach the roof I might get assistance from those below, as I could plainly distinguish the shouts of the firemen. With the intention I rushed out of the door which leads into the back entry—it was like plunging into a hot oven. The hot air and smoke nearly destroyed my respiration, and the cracking of the burning wood with the fierce hissing of the flames, like the sound of a serpent at my heels, overcame me with terror. How I reached the third story I know not. I was on the point of ascending the garret stairs, when a sudden dizziness seized me—my head reeled violently—I have a recollection of grasping the banisters as a draught of suffocating air passed by me. A wild harrowing feeling of despair—of utter hopelessness—thought of home and of my dear father—of your desolation—flashed through my mind and I became insensible. When consciousness returned, I found myself in this room in the arms of my uncle!"

"And may kind heaven bless the preserver of my child!" said Wentworth, in a tone of deep feeling, as he pressed his daughter to his bosom.

"Is it not strange that no trace can be found of him?" said Mr. Littleton. "I have made diligent inquiry, but have been unable to get the least clue of him. He was seen to descend the rope and in the consternation that ensued he was lost sight of."

"You will oblige me with," added the father of Louisa, stepping to the table and writing on a slip of paper, "by continuing your inquiries, and should you be successful and he be found one in needy circumstance, you will present to him this," handing him a paper which was an order on his banker for \$1,000, "as a trifling recompense for restoring to me a treasure for which the wealth of the world would be a poor return. And do not fail, in bringing him with you, that we may thank him in person for his noble praise-worthy exertions."

In a few days Mr. Wentworth returned home with his daughter, regretting that mysterious concealment which prevented his rewarding the preserver of his child. He however requested Mr. Littleton not to relax in his endeavors to find him out. But a year rolled by and in despair of bringing the generous unknown to light, Mr. L. give up his search, after questioning, individually, every member of the fire department, and inserting advertisements in the papers of the day and mentioning the reward.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

In the village of C——, the place of Mr. Wentworth's residence, Louisa was a general favorite. Though the daughter of the wealthiest man the village could boast, she had a kind look and friendly word for all who were worthy, unfettered by those vain feelings which are so often attendant on those who enjoy the smiles of fortune. Of all aristocrats, your rich family in the village is most unendurable.—The father of Louisa had too much good sense to give way to this weakness. He allowed Louisa to choose her own associates, and the daughters of the poor and humble were welcomed as heartily to this board as were those who had been born to a better fortune. It was thus free in permitting her to select companions of her own sex, he was not regardless as to the acquaintances she formed with young men of the place. Deprived of a mother's watchfulness and counsel, her father early instilled into her mind strict notions of propriety. He felt the responsibility that rested upon him, and perhaps he guarded her with more care from forming chance acquaintances with his own sex than he would have done, had she had a maternal eye to scan her conduct, and a maternal hand to guide her in the path of duty and safety. The obedience and affection of Louisa simply repaid the care that was bestowed on her. Her father's wishes were her own. From him she imbibed those principles which moulded her character, and to him she looked for instruction and advice.

Two years before our story commenced, there resided in the village a young gentleman who had commenced the study of the law, in the office of a distinguished