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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 command.—DAVIDSON.

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FOR THE MINERS' JOURNAL. EPICRAM. INSCRIBED TO MR. CUSHMAN, M. C.

SATURDAY NIGHT. BY A JOCKEYMAN MECHANIC.

THE DRUNKARD.

ENGLAND.

Exchange at New York, London 9 a 94 per cent. premium.

A powder mill in Kent lately exploded. Four persons killed and several wounded.

Lord Castlereagh has been obliged to submit to a surgical operation in consequence of his wound received in his duel with Mons. de Meley, husband of Margate Grist.

AMERICA. Two SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE. The Times proposes that they should be sent to Mr. Van Buren, to be placed among the archives of the United States.

By experiments made by order of the British association, the tide in the British channel, compared in East Deep Hains kept suspended in their waters at least 700,000 tons of mud.

Queen Adelaide, with a party, in twenty-five palanquins, had succeeded Mount Vesuvius.

IR. LAND. An Apology.—The Nenagh Guardian says that an apology was posted on the gate of Ennisk Castle, addressed to Mr. Johnston Stoney, stating that he was not the person intended to be snubbed, and hoping he would overlook the little accident he had met with.

SCOTLAND. The Forfarshire.—The body of the late Mr. M. Laidlaw, who was drowned in the Forfarshire, has been washed on shore near Newton-on-Ay.

WALES. Bangor Ferry Fair, on Wednesday was the largest and best attended that has been known for very many years.

Longevity.—There is now residing at Green Meadow, in Glamorgan, a cottage, Thomas Matthews, in perfect health, who is known to be in his 107th year.

A Cymreiddiaid Society, was formed, on Monday last, in Brecon, under the able presidency of Philip Wiggins, Esq., who on the occasion, after fully explaining to the meeting the objects of the proposed Society, adverted to the Etistedd and Musical Festivals, held in the town of Brecon, in the years 1829 and 1836, at which he had the honour to act as Secretary, and which many of those who heard him witnessed with so much delight; and he expressed a hope, that when the Society then about to be constituted, became matured, it would lead to having similar meetings, in the town, which might equal if not surpass those of former occasions, and afforded pleasure and satisfaction to all who would be enabled to attend the same.

Examination in Grammar, at a fashionable Seminary for Young Ladies.—Pray, Miss, what part of speech is a conjunction, madam. A conjunction, Miss? What kind of a conjunction? A copulative conjunction, madam. Why a copulative conjunction? Because he "connects like cases, and like moods and tenses."

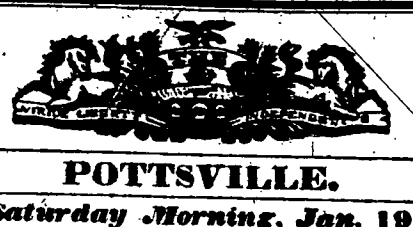
Female education in Egypt.—Mohammed Ali, the late Pasha of Egypt, seems determined to prosecute his plan for the civilization of his country in his dominions. It appears by the late London papers that in March last he applied to Miss Halliday, an English lady, residing at Cairo as a missionary teacher, to take under her charge a hundred female children, connected with the Royal Family, consisting chiefly of the daughters of officers and other near relatives of the Pasha. She writes that her school contains 114 pupils and that it was steadily increasing.

A Law Decision.—Chief Justice Parks of New Hampshire, has decided that a payment of any kind in the bills of any bank after it has failed, though the fact of its failure may not be known at the time to either of the parties, is not valid in law. The decision is on the ground that the receiver of the bills, by accepting them, has agreed to take, in lieu of the bills, the assets of the bank, which the bills issued to be on the failure of the bank.

General Jackson's administration was noted for detecting previous defaults, rather than for committing new ones.—Globe.

THE AVENGER, OR THE JEWISH FATHER. BY JAMES S. WALLACE.

Wales. Bangor Ferry Fair, on Wednesday was the largest and best attended that has been known for very many years.



POTTSVILLE. Saturday Morning, Jan. 19.

Improved Safety Lamp.—Mr. J. S. Fletcher of Bromsgrove, England, has made an improvement on "the Davy" well worthy the attention of the philanthropist and the curious in science.

Albany Rail-Road.—An immense meeting has been held at Albany, in favor of a continuous rail road from N. Y. to that city. Among other resolutions was one which "took a bull by the horns," as it stated the advantage of opening a truster communication, throughout the whole year!

Removal on correct grounds.—Mr. Wolf, Collector of Philadelphia has appointed G. W. Williams, an Inspector of the Customs, in place of James H. Hutchinson, who was removed for going to Harrisburg during the riots, contrary to orders.

The splendor of Chivalry never shone with greater lustre, than during the reign of Cosmo, Duke of Medina. The knights who owed him allegiance, were among the most renowned in Christendom, and none excelled in chivalric spirit and grace of person, the young heir of the dutchy, Julio de Montalvan. It was the day, on which the Duke was celebrating the semi-centennial year of his reign, when the grateful rejoicings of his people were increased by the return of Count Julio, from conquest, at the head of a princely train—the knights and the retainers of his father. Strillyng the soul-reviving trumpets! and the sub-urban mountains re-echoing back the sound, as if participating in the heart-felt rejoicings of a freed people, which arose, long, loud, and heartily to heaven!

After the necessary preparations had been concluded, the charge was sounded—the combatants closed, and Count Julio sank down as though he had been a reed! Being however an experienced horseman, and courageous knight, he disengaged himself from his fallen charger, and seized his battle axe from the saddle-bow—twas in vain—the stranger knight aimed but one blow, and he fell lifeless to the ground—his brains were scattered among his lists!

"My son! my Julio!" groaned the unhappy Duke.

The Faith of the State.—During the last summer when the disasters occurred on the public works by the overflow of the Juniata, three things were left to the choice of Gov. Ritner. To suffer the tracks of the state to lie dormant through the remainder of the season, to convene the Legislature at an expense of between 30 and 50,000, or to borrow money on the faith of the State, to repair the works. He was relieved from this embarrassing situation by the Bank of the U. S. who hearing of the disaster, authorized Mr. Biddle to offer every assistance in their power, to remedy the misfortune. If the Governor had no authority to borrow, they offered to lend a necessary amount, relying on the spirit of the Legislature of Pennsylvania to provide for advances made in a time of need, to protect her interest.

It was under these circumstances that the temporary loan of \$300,000 was effected, about which such a hue and cry has been raised, and which the public presses are saying should never be paid! This is the loan which has been said to have been used for purposes of bribery and electioneering, and yet, before the end of the season the whole route of the Canal was placed in navigable order, and work finished, which could not have been performed after the session of the Legislature, on account of the severity of the season.

Would it not be worth the trouble, if some of our Philadelphia friends were to publish the expenses of the Federal Government for the last 20 years? We cannot claim in possession of the requisite documents, but think it would prove highly interesting at the present crisis of reform. Of my recollection is not treacherous, the expenditures of the year, 1838, under Martin Van Buren, equal, if they do not exceed, the whole four years of John Quincy Adams' Administration. Now as the dominant party eleven years ago, turned the latter President out of office, on account of extravagance, we sincerely repeat "give us light" on the subject.

The last case of absence of mind.—A young married lady during her honeymoon, being about to mail a letter to her husband, who was necessarily absent on business, became so hurried, that she put herself into the letter-box instead of the post! she was not aware of the mistake until the post-master asked "single or double!"

When grappling in the light, they fold Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold, Friends meet to part, love laughs at faith, True foes once met—ere joined all death.

Between each pause, wild and thrilling melodies pealed out triumphantly, for the land had been oppressed and was free! banners waved their "scotch" and "pink," and Ladies Kerchiefs scattered perfum in the air. Bright eyes looked on heroes, and many who had bled on death unmov'd, amid the carnage of the battle-field, now quiv'rd before a timid maiden's glance! As each gallant knight galloped by, at the head of his followers, the grateful people hailed him with acclamations, and invoked blessings on their deliverers. The pageant passed, and the crowd was sweeping towards the lists, where the aged monarch in person, intended to thank the victors, and hold a tourney, when a warrior rode by, unattended—his armor hacked and bruised, and in his hand, he held a torn and soiled banner. Vainly had he been urged to take the precedence his valor merited, for when dismay had seized the ranks of Count Julio, he it was who had turned the fortunes of the day, by his intrepid daring—few were the knights so reckless, as to follow where he led, and he ever stood alone, apparently unharmed, by the example of others—Many thought his headstrong daring arose from despair, but the well-judging few discerned, that though he held life at a cheap rate, he manifested no disposition to sacrifice it rashly. He was apparently laboring under some poignant grief, but none could divine its source, as he shunned all intimacy with his brethren in arms, and passed by even the common terms of courtesy.

The his presented a glorious spectacle—glittering with the golden armor of mailed knights, and blazing with the beautiful of the land, decked in their proudest habiliments. The monarch was bowed down by the weight of years, age had exercised its withering influence over him, in all except his eye—his limbs were shrivelled, and his grey head, shook with the palsy of time, but his eye was unquenched—that still was kingly. When he arose to address the assembled multitude, his repressed breathings were distinctly heard, arising like the softened murmur of the ocean, when the storm has sunk to rest, and the glad rays of the unclouded sun, play brightly on the parting waters. His words were few, but energetic; warriors were seen to weep, and women's tears fell fast, as the venerable old Duke thanked God for his country's deliverance!

At length, all the knights who had distinguished themselves above their comrades, were summoned by marshals before the throne, and there the Duke, in token of his gratitude, swore by his knightly honor, that he would grant each one a request, even were it the half of his Dukedom. Many a splendid feat, and many a lovely dame, did the good old Duke bestow that day, on those whose valiantry had saved their country.

and broken fields, presented himself before the throne; he offered a powerful contrast to the younger knights, whose armistices of gold, silver, scarves, and ornaments, sparkling with jewels, about like the setting sun upon the towers of a Turkish minaret. He approached reverently, and bowed with an air of humility—his Duke arose, and taking him by the hand, bade him stand up.

"Stranger," replied the Duke, "thy words are full of mystery, but thy boon is granted!"

"I have another question," hastily rejoined the warrior, "may my knight in the world, whether he be King, Emperor, or Kaiser, refuse my challenge, constantly with honor?"

"Of a certainty not," answered the Duke, "I pronounce thee now, as I do not so before—Julio my son, thy sword is stranger, as my throne—revenge thy God, serve thy country, be true to thy lady-love, and arise a knight of the order of Medina, and Count Marchese of our realm! Now thou art a match for the proudest hero in Christendom."

"Then," chuckled forth the stranger, springing like lightning, to his feet with nervous haste, "I challenge thee own son, Count Julio, he, whose sword is still in thine hand—the hair of thy dukedom—to mortal combat for life and death—as one who has been false to the honor of a knight, and to his oath—as a remorseless, treacherous villain—who which all will prove, so God maintain me!"

An awful silence reigned around—the young Count, who was standing at his father's side appeared thunderstruck—the Duke himself was speechless with surprise, and the numerous armed retainers, partook of the general astonishment. Count Julio was the first who recovered himself, and thus broke silence.

"Stern tiller of knightly fame, I know thee not, and might refuse an unaccounted challenger, but my legs fate has pronounced thee noble, and I accept thy challenge—so keep me heaven, as thou list!"

"Amén!" sternly ejaculated the stranger, knight, and every one who heard the voice, trembled, for it seemed unearthly, so deep and dreadful was its tone. "Heaven judge the right!" exclaimed the Duke, "to-morrow's dawn shall witness the combat: myself will be the sponsor of our new created marshal, for such assertions against our son, must speedily be effaced or proven—the air which a true knight inhales, is polluted by such dreadful criticisms!"

"On the following day, while darkness was yet struggling with the rising sun, thousands had assembled around the lists. At length the Duke and his nobles entered the arena: they were not greeted with the same joyous shouts, they were accustomed to receive, for there was a panic terror which swayed the minds of the many: all were expecting some great or horrible event, and the few who hailed the good old Duke as he entered, struck back in affright from the hollow sounds of their own voices!