

**Terms of Publication.**  
 Two DOLLARS per annum, payable semi-annual in advance. If not paid within the year, \$2 50 will be charged.  
 Papers delivered by the Post Rider will be charged 25 cents extra.  
 Advertisements not exceeding twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for one insertion. Larger ones in proportion.  
 All advertisements will be inserted until ordered unless the time for which they are to be continued is specified, and will be charged accordingly.  
 Yearly advertisements will be charged \$12 per annum, including subscription to the paper, with the privilege of keeping one advertisement not exceeding two squares standing during the year, and the insertion of a smaller one in each paper for three successive times.  
 All letters addressed to the editor must be post paid otherwise no attention will be paid to them.  
 All notices for meetings, &c. and other notices which have heretofore been inserted gratis, will be charged 25 cents each, except Marriages and Deaths.

Half Pamphlets, Checks, Cards, Bills of Lading and Handbills of every description, neatly printed at this Office at the lowest cash prices.

**PENNSYLVANIA HALL.**  
 POTTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL CO. PA.

This elegant and commodious establishment will be open for the reception of travellers from this date. It has been completely refitted, and supplied with Furniture entirely new; the Bedding &c. is of the first quality, and particular attention has been devoted to every arrangement that can contribute to comfort and convenience.  
 The Wines and Liquors have been selected in the most liberal manner, without regard to expense, and will embrace the most favorite brand and stock.  
 The Proprietor solicits the support of his friends and the travelling community in general. Should they think proper to visit his house, he hopes by assiduous attention to their wants, to establish for it such a character, as may ensure a return of their favors.  
**FREDERICK DESTIMATI**, Proprietor.

**RAIL ROAD IRON.**  
 A complete assortment of Rail Road Iron from 2 1/2 x 10 1/2 to 12 1/2 x 12 1/2.

**RAIL ROAD TIRES.** From 33 in. to 56 in. external diameter, turned & annealed.  
**RAIL ROAD AXLES.** 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 135, 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 165, 170, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200, 205, 210, 215, 220, 225, 230, 235, 240, 245, 250, 255, 260, 265, 270, 275, 280, 285, 290, 295, 300, 305, 310, 315, 320, 325, 330, 335, 340, 345, 350, 355, 360, 365, 370, 375, 380, 385, 390, 395, 400, 405, 410, 415, 420, 425, 430, 435, 440, 445, 450, 455, 460, 465, 470, 475, 480, 485, 490, 495, 500, 505, 510, 515, 520, 525, 530, 535, 540, 545, 550, 555, 560, 565, 570, 575, 580, 585, 590, 595, 600, 605, 610, 615, 620, 625, 630, 635, 640, 645, 650, 655, 660, 665, 670, 675, 680, 685, 690, 695, 700, 705, 710, 715, 720, 725, 730, 735, 740, 745, 750, 755, 760, 765, 770, 775, 780, 785, 790, 795, 800, 805, 810, 815, 820, 825, 830, 835, 840, 845, 850, 855, 860, 865, 870, 875, 880, 885, 890, 895, 900, 905, 910, 915, 920, 925, 930, 935, 940, 945, 950, 955, 960, 965, 970, 975, 980, 985, 990, 995, 1000.

**T. & J. BEATTY.**  
 HAVE just received from New York, 2000 lbs superior Simons' & Co's, 1000 do do new Hams, 1000 do do Shoulders, 4000 do do Dairy Cheese, 10 Bbls do Small Pork, 10 do do No. 1 Mackrel (late Fare) 50 do do Pickled Herring, 2000 lbs. Coffee.  
 All of which they offer on as good terms as can be obtained elsewhere.  
 Nov. 28, 49

**NEW STORE.**

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he has opened a store in Centre Street, 3 doors below T. & J. Beatty's Store, corner of Norwegian and Centre Streets, where he offers for sale a general assortment of

**Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, &c.**

All persons desirous of purchasing Goods Cheap for Cash, are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves.  
**EDWARD HUGHES.**  
 November 21, 49

**Plain & Figured DeLanes.**

A NEW supply of these beautiful and fashionable goods, just received and for sale by  
**T. & J. BEATTY.**  
 December 5, 49

**Old Established Passage Office.**

THE subscribers having completed their arrangements for the year 1841, for the purpose of bringing out steamer passengers, beg leave to inform their friends and the public in general, that a first class vessel will be dispatched from Liverpool to New York, on the 1st, 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, and 25th, of each month throughout the year.  
 Passengers on their arrival at Liverpool from the outside, will be furnished with lodgings and a convenient place to cook in during the time they may be detained there by head winds or stormy weather, free of any expense to themselves, on application at the company's office, to Mr. P. W. BURNES, No 36 Waterloo Road, who will, in connection with his numerous agents throughout England and Ireland, afford every assistance to those who may be engaged to come by this company's ships.  
 Passengers will be found in provisions for the passage for \$10 extra, or \$26 for passage, provisions and hospital money.  
 As usual in all cases, where the persons decline coming, the money will be refunded to those from whom it may have been received, on their returning the passage certificate.  
**GLAUBER & MURRAY,**  
 Corner of Pine and South sts.  
 The subscriber has been appointed Agent for the above line, and is ready to receive the passage money for those who wish to send for their friends, and will also attend to transmitting money to Europe. For particulars apply at the Miners' Journal Office.  
**B. BANNAN.**  
 Jan. 2d, 50

**Gen. Harrison.**

A Pamphlet of 48 pages, entitled the civil services of Gen. Harrison, President elect, price 3 cents, just received and for sale by  
**B. BANNAN.**  
 December 26, 49

**NEW GOODS.**

JUST received, a large and splendid assortment of New Fall and Winter Goods, viz:  
**Dry Goods of every description.**  
**Groceries of all kinds.**  
**Glass & Queensware &c.**  
**Fur, Cloth and Hair Seal Caps,**  
**Maker, Salt &c.**  
 All persons wishing to purchase Goods cheap for cash, are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves.  
**SAMUEL HARTZ.**  
 October 10, 49

**BREWSTER'S Pectoral Mixture.**

FOR the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Phthisis, Spitting of Blood, pain and weakness of the Breast, and Lungs, and all pulmonary affections. Price, 25 cents per bottle.  
 A supply of the above medicine just received and for sale at the Drug Store of  
**JOHN S. C. MARTIN.**  
 November 28, 49

**BOOK-BINDERY**

**B. BANNAN** has commenced Book Binding, in connection with his Book Store, where all kinds of Books will be bound at the shortest notice at low rates.

**MINERS' JOURNAL,**  
 AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

"I will teach you to pierce the bowels of the Earth, and bring out from the caverns of mountains, metals which will give strength to our hands and subject all nature to our use and pleasure.—Dr. JOHNSON."

Weekly by Benjamin Bannan, Pottsville, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania.  
 VOL. XVII. SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 6, 1841. NO 10.

**Foreign Items.**

**From late English papers received by the Steamer Britannia.**  
 On the morning of the 2d inst., one of the most destructive fires which has occurred in London for some years past broke out in the premises formerly belonging to the celebrated Mr. Lackington, bookseller, in Finsbury place, North Finsbury square, but since that occupied by Messrs. Painter, cabinet makers. Estimated extent of damages, £25,000.

At the Haymarket Theatre, Bulwer's new play of 'Money' continued the current attraction, and bid fair to attain the *clat* of a fifteenth night. Mr. J. S. Buckingham was delivering a course of lectures on America and Americans.  
 The celebrated physician, Sir Adley Cooper, was severely ill, and the most serious apprehensions respecting his recovery are entertained by his friends.  
 A German Jew had recently died at an advanced age, leaving the enormous fortune of £2,500,000, being, perhaps, the largest sum possessed by any single private individual in modern times.

Owing to the great distress in the manufacturing district of England, the emigration to New South Wales is rapidly increasing.  
 Bertrand Barre lately died in France at the advanced age of 85. He was a conspicuous actor in the French Revolution.  
 Daniel Brent, the American Consul at Paris is dead.

On Saturday last, says 'Bell's Life in London,' Jane Petre, or Harris, who, it will be recollect, in the month of October last committed thefts in the inns and hotels of Glasgow, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to 18 months imprisonment; she had been a beautiful woman, with piercing black eyes, but from mental suffering, she now appeared with a squalid and her countenance exhibited marks of painful depression. Her origin is still involved in mystery.

A new vocalist has appeared in Paris, by name Madame Locke. The papers speak of her as an eighth wonder of the world, as a *chanteuse* with whom Persiani, Grisi, and others, will scarcely venture to sing as *coquilles*.

The house of Garry and Curtis, a leading firm in the Riga trade, has stopped payment. Their engagements are stated at \$50,000.  
 Several great floods had taken place in England, occasioned by an unusual quantity of snow which had suddenly thawed, carrying away many houses, mills, &c. and destroying much property, attended with loss of life.  
 The prize fight for the Championship of England, between Caut and Nic Ward, has been decided after a short fight in favor of Ward, Caut having struck him a foul blow.

The London and Dublin Company's steamer Thames, on her voyage from Dublin to London, was wrecked on the Southwest rocks of the Scilly Islands, and all on board, consisting of from sixty to seventy persons drowned, with the exception of a lady passenger, two stewardesses, and one man.

The Dublin Evening mail says that the state of Ireland is truly lamentable; it is never much worse in the golden days of Tom Steele the Pacificator in Chief—nor in the most halcyon weather of Norman's the Tranquilliser General. Carlow and Wicklow are harassed with threatening notices; in the former, leveled against the landlords and the tenants who supported them at the late election—in the latter against the contractors for building the district workhouse for the poor. We have also the account of a murder perpetrated in the county of Kilkenny; and very mysterious reports are in circulation, touching the death of a priest, the Rev. William Downes, of Patrickswell, in the county of Limerick, who is now supposed to have been led into ambush and barbarously murdered, by some miscreants of his own persuasion, whose crimes he had denounced from the altar.

A London paper says—that of the five new war steamers of a large class which have been built in Her Majesty's dockyards, and are to be immediately fitted for active service, the first has arrived in the river, and is now lying at the Isle of Dogs, where on Wednesday her boilers were put on board. She is a most majestic vessel, of the same class as the Cyclops and Gorgon, lately found so effective in active service. She is to be fitted with two engines, of 140 horse power each, and her tonnage about 1400. She is named the Driver, and is already commissioned, a great part of the crew being now on board assisting toward her completion. It is said that she will be furnished with two 98 pound guns on her upper deck, working on swivels, besides other guns of a large calibre on her lower deck. The steam power of the Driver is 20 horse power each engine less than the Cyclops and the Gorgon; but the peculiar build of the vessel and the improvements in the engines will, it is stated, place her on a perfect equality with those war steamers.

An unfortunate accident occurred at Boulgong on the 15th of Jan.—The French steamer from London to Boulgong not being able to enter the harbor on account of its being low tide, several persons undertook to go ashore in a boat with the mail bags, and among the first an American named Webster, of Virginia, unfortunately the boat swamped, and Mr. Webster was drowned.  
 The splendid steamship President was to leave Liverpool on the 10th with full freight, and a large number of passengers. She goes out under the command of Capt. Rodgers, R. N.  
 The packet ship Sheffield, carrying out the President's Message, arrived at Liverpool on the 14th of January.

Affairs are evidently in a very unsettled state in France. The people there appear to be ripe either for a war or a revolution.  
 The Eastern question is settled. The intelligence received in London on the 1st instant in despatches from Admiral Stopford, in which it is stated that Commodore Napier had arranged affairs with such success at Alexandria, that the whole of the Turkish fleet was given up to Admiral Walker on the 11th January, and that Mehemet Ali had completely submitted to the Sultan. On the 12th of January one of the officers of the Sultan left Constantinople for Alexandria, the bearer of a firman, by which his highness officially accords to Mehemet Ali the hereditary possession of Egypt.

The son-in-law of the English Commodore Napier is about to be married to the daughter of the Prince of Lebanon, which is considered likely to consolidate the power of Turkey in Syria under the alliance of Great Britain.

**FOR THE MINER'S JOURNAL.**  
**THE MIND.**

"The mind, what is it? a point of view. Infinite in its capabilities, unlimited in desire, Eternal in duration."  
 Changeless as truth's immortal law, Unmeasured as creation's bound,  
 O'er all above, below, and round, The mind can wing its tireless round.  
 Ere time and nature first began, Till earth and earth's proud ruler man, Stepp'd forth the image of his God.  
 Through the long past its journey takes, And present scenes, and scenes to be, Through "where the future mars or makes," Till time has brought eternity.  
 Conscious of its immortal birth, Ascents to its Creator's throne, And leaving far the things of earth, Seeks what on earth can ne'er be known.  
 When Time, when Earth, when Sea and Sky, And all that mortal cease to be, Undying still, untouch'd to die, The Mind shall roam renew'd and free.  
**OSWEGON, Feb. 8, 1841. E. A. R.**

A late number of Bell's Life in London, under the head of London Particulars, gives the following poetical sketch of a Billingsgate Fish Woman:  
 Thou foul blown bud of Billingsgate, In piscatory duty clad, In manners mild, with graceful gait, In face and figure all attractive.  
 Thy beauty makes my heart rejoice, And every charmed beholder please, And oh, the music of thy voice, Steals gently as the morning breeze.  
 Ah fair one, to my prayer attend, And do excuse me that I ask it, As I have some business to attend, What are the treasures of thy basket?  
 With thee, sweet Sal, I fain would deal, And to a bargain would seduce ye; Flounder, or dab, or skate, or eel, Or native oyster plump and juicy.  
 O floor me not with those bright eyes, That like a farthing rutilign glimmer, For, as my peace of mind I prize, Would that those sparkling orbs were dimmer.  
 Sir don't keep poking fun at me, I scorn your impudence, you teller; So cut your lucky, or d'ye see Mayhap you'll catch it on the smeller?  
 I want no customer like you, For may I never smoke my bakky, I don't believe you've got a screw, To stand a drop of rum or jeky.  
 With your swell toes you cut a dash, Prigg'd from some tailor's shop no doubt, But let me ax, my man of flesh, Does your old mister know you're out?

**DETENTION OF AN ENGLISH STEAMSHIP.**

The London Herald says—Much surprise and indignation has been expressed in the city at the detention of the General Steam Navigation Company's large steam ship James Watt, by the French authorities at Havre. It will be recollected that about three months ago a collision took place between the Britannia steamship and the Phoenix, off Dunegness, by which the latter vessel was sunk, and a valuable cargo, and property to a large amount, including the baggage of M. Guizot, were lost. The Britannia, the largest and stoutest ship of the two, was the property of the General Steam Navigation Company, and the Phoenix belonged to French owners. The Britannia sustained considerable damage, and has ever since been laid up, and the James Watt, a first class and powerful steamer, was substituted in her place. An action has since been commenced in the Tribunal of Commerce, at Havre, against the General Steam Navigation Co., of London, for the recovery of seven hundred thousand francs, the alleged value of the Phoenix, and the proceedings have not yet terminated. The French authorities in the meantime have seized the James Watt as security for the amount of the loss, in the event of the award of the Tribunal of Commerce being in favor of the owners of the Phoenix, which there is no doubt will be the case, for the people at Havre are strongly prejudiced against the English, and the vessels and commerce of the British nation. The captain, crew, firemen and stokers have all been detained in Havre, and not allowed to leave port. The owners of the Britannia and James Watt have, we understand, protested against the whole proceedings as illegal, and dispute the authority of the French Tribunal of Commerce to interfere in the matter, the General Steam Navigation Company being composed only of British subjects, amenable only to the laws of England. A representation of the affair has been made to Her Majesty's Government, and it is said that the General Steam Navigation Company have made a formal demand for the restoration of the James Watt, and the liberation of the crew, who are now prisoners in a foreign port.  
**NEW JERSEY SENATOR.**—When the citizens of New Jersey were engaged in canvassing the question of the succession to Mr. WALL in the Senate of the United States, no name among her sons was received with more general favor for this honor than that of Captain STOCKTON. The letter which we annex explains the reasons which induced his friends to withdraw his name from the canvass.  
**PANICKTON Feb. 16, 1841.**

To Charles G. McCleesney and others: Dear Sirs—To be proposed as a candidate for the office of U. S. Senator from the State of New Jersey by so many members of the Legislature as you have named, is certainly a high honor to be conferred upon me. It is especially gratifying, as it may be considered an approval of the state rights principles which I have so recently advocated; recognizing those principles which claim unconditionally for New Jersey, the first allegiance, and best services of all her citizens. I might consent to be presented as a candidate for that office, and stand the chance of an election, were it not for the unfavorable aspect of our foreign relations. Holding the highest commission in the Navy, I may perhaps in the event of war be placed where I can better serve the interests of New Jersey, as well as of our whole country, than I could in any other situation. At all events should war unfortunately come, I would prefer sharing with my brother officers the trials and hazard of so unequal a contest, considering the present condition of our Navy, than to accept any place of honor or profit.  
 If, therefore, it becomes indispensable for me to accept the office if I should be appointed, I desire that you will leave the kindness to withhold my name as a candidate for U. S. Senator.  
 With great esteem,  
 I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,  
**R. F. STOCKTON.**  
 "What's that long thing in the window?" asked one boy of another. "It's a tallowcope." "What do they do with it?" "They look into foreign parts with it."

**WHO'S THE LADY.**

All was bustle and confusion among the fashionables of a quiet little town in one of the western tier of counties of our State, on the day preceding the evening for a select ball. The ladies became great pedestrians, and were on foot, for hours together, whilst husbands and fathers were at home waiting in awful suspense for their return, with the shop keeper's bill. The shop keepers were more polite than usual, inasmuch as gauze, lace and ribbons were the only articles in demand, and were sought without the irritating queries, "can't you take less?" and not a milliner could complain at night of the want of custom and a full purse. Evening advanced and the bustle increased. Deaux just from the band-box might be seen with a glove in one hand and courage in the other, tapping at the door of the wealthy, and tipping and bowing as if made of vibratory material, with as much cash in her pockets as brains in their noddies, and more brass in their face than either.  
 One of these mushroom gentry, who had the faculty of talking nonsense, had captured the charming, Melitabile Clarissa Adelia Bacon, third daughter of the wealthy Capt. Jacobus Bacon, of the invincible volunteer company of heroes vulgarly called 'barefoot', who, with remarkable valor during the late war, effected a bloodless (not a *mildless*) retreat through a swamp two miles wide with the enemy in expectation at their heels. At the appointed hour and according to promise, this sprig of the *beau monde* alluded to, pulled the bell at the door of the redoubtable Captain, which was answered by the female servant, who among the rest was preparing for the ball, and in her 'best bib and tucker,' made a polite bow and invited the young coxcomb in. Twilight deceived his already defeated vision, (defective, for it is sometimes said that love, like wine, makes men see double, especially if they run against a lamp post) and he mistook the servant for his Melitabile. Doffing his hat, and describing with his body all the figures of Euclid, such as circles, squares, and triangles, he at last completed his bow *a la mode*, and lisped the fact that he had - the oneness of being in readineith to escort her to the Athenaeum Room."  
 "I am engaged, sir," said the kitchen belle.  
 "Engaged," exclaimed the youth, chapfallen, "Mith Bacon engaged?"  
 "Oh! it's Miss Bacon you wish to see, then," replied the girl.  
 "Why they—I am mistaken—faith—the devil! bowing and talking to a thervant girl!—Wherthy your mistress?"  
 "Walk into the parlor, sir," answered the insulted girl, "I will call her."  
 Reader, wouldst thou know who this servant girl might be, of whom we have been chatting? Well, listen and I'll tell thee. Düst er hear of William K——, once a very wealthy shipping merchant of New York, who, through multiplied losses, was exiled from the dominion of wealth, and consequently fashion, and for many years dwelt obscurely in a country village with the only remnant of a once large family, a charming daughter!  
 This was the very child. At the age of ten she became an orphan, but not friendless. The gentlemanly character of her father, even in poverty, had won the esteem of all, and this last survivor of his accumulated misfortunes found a home and a friend with a wealthy country gentleman. She grew up to womanhood, beautiful and accomplished, and beloved by all the family as a sister and a child. But death claimed her adopted mother as his, and her prospects changed. The woman who supplied her place a few months afterwards was her antipodes, and Amanda K—— stepped forth into the wide world dependant upon physical strength alone for subsistence. But the good wishes of her adopted family went with her, and a situation in the family of Capt. Bacon was secured to her, at which place the reader will recollect he or she found her. But I will resume my story.

At an early hour the ball room was filled with a truly brilliant assemblage. There were red cheeks in profusion, some painted by nature and others by art. Bright eyes in abundance, some sparkling with intelligence, others with joyous excitement, and among the rougher sex, many with wine. Mirth and hilarity bore regal sway, until a discovery was made—a discovery, considered by that Assembly, of equal importance to Herschel's lunar observations. The dance was suspended, notwithstanding Sambo still saved his cut-gut, and a whisper ran through the crowd. The pure-proud vinegar faced Mrs. Z——, had the honor of making the discovery—a discovery in which was involved the reputation of all present. It was nothing less than the lamentable fact, that Amanda K——, the servant girl of Captain Bacon, had imperceptibly intruded herself into the company of her betters, and actually danced two cotillions with them before the degraded truth was known.  
 "Did you ever see such impudence!" says one.  
 "What a brazen thing!" said another.  
 "Why, such how she's dressed!" said a third.  
 "See a character!" whispered a fourth.—"They say—but never mind now!"  
 A pot-stewer in our company—the wench, chimed in Mrs. Z——, with that elegance of expression which characterized her, and turning up her nose, advised the ladies to leave the room and no longer be insulted with her presence. This advice was assented to by the intelligent company, and the poor, but infinitely superior girl, was left alone—abashed confused, and almost overcome with emotion. He who invited her thither was the son of her adopted father, who united with intelligence a graceful and gentlemanly deportment, and the command of extensive possessions in one of the most fertile portions of our state. He was absent when the revolution in the ball room took place, but returned just as it was evacuated by the ladies. Astonished at the change, and perceiving Amanda standing with face suffused with blushes, he hastily enquired the cause. A friend drew him aside, and communicated the facts as I have penned them—the young man was enraged, and with an emphasis, adequate to his just excitement, he exclaimed, "What's that pure-proud fool—that ignorant parrot of fashion worth, who seems virtue because it is coupled with poverty."

"Ten thousand dollars," answered his friend.  
 "Ten thousand dollars! eh! Well, Amanda is worth that sum, and the handsome foot in the bargain. Ten thousand dollars! and that, forthwith, balanced against virtuous respectability. Here, Amanda, my girl," said he, taking her by the hand, and bowing respectfully to the gentlemen present, "let us leave this place, where haughty pride, pampered and fed with crumbs of wealth, exercise an influence superior to the dictates of good sense, when virtue is endangered."  
 So saying, they left the place and returned home.

The very next morning after the ball, Amanda K——, the poor, the slighted, the abused girl, who was denied the boon of mixing in society, because she wore the russet mantle of poverty, received from the hands of the indignant young man, an instrument in writing, securing to her possession the full and undisturbed amount of ten thousand dollars. The gift, and the motives which prompted it, were soon made known to the haughty Mrs. Z——, and envy, more rankling and painful than disdain, supplied the place of the latter. Nor was the cup of bitterness yet full. With all the solitude of a mother, she had had snares to entrap the young man in question, as a husband for her own charming gray-eyed daughter, and fondly imagined that his urbanity was an evidence that she had caught him in her meshes. But, alas! how soon do the most towering expectations fall from high stations. Ere two months had elapsed, the humble Amanda became the wife of Edgar N. Time rolled on in its silent course, bearing upon its tide sweet flowers and beaming sunshine, and every index of happiness for the youthful pair; and those who turned their backs upon Captain Bacon's servant girl, became the courtiers, the fawning sycophants of Mrs. N——, who, in her new station, was no more amiable, no more worthy of esteem, no more beloved by the truly good. Twenty summers have since scattered their blossoms around her quiet mansion, and the slight touches of the frost of age are gathering upon the temples of her fond husband. Yet love, pure and holy, still warms the domestic circle wherein the altar of true benevolence is raised. The good things of life are poured into her lap in abundance, whilst she discharges with a prodigal hand her blessings among the children of cheerless poverty; and it may be truly said, that her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her."

What an instructive moral may be gleaned from incidents of this kind—incidents which occur almost daily in the great mass of society. The simple tale I have told is not the fillagree work of fancy, wrought up from the tinsel of fancy, based upon fact. How often are such facts exhibited to our view, to the great discredit of intellectual worth! Virtue, beauty, intelligence, moral worth, the highest attributes of intelligent creatures, are often forced to bow before the gilded shrine of Mammon, whose altars are often built up amid the mouldering ruins of Genius, and whose sacrificial rites consist in the utter prostration and destruction of all that is great and noble in nature, all that is bright and lovely in humanity.

**EDUCATION IN LONDON.**—At Worship street Police office, London, the other day, the following scene took place:—  
 A lad named Cotton was called into the witness box to speak to the circumstances of a robbery, when the following colloquy took place:—  
 Magistrate.—How old are you?  
 Witness.—Fifteen.  
 You can read, I suppose?  
 No, I can't.  
 Why don't your mother teach you?  
 Cos she can't too.  
 Nor your father?  
 No, he can't read neither.  
 Do you ever go to church?  
 No.  
 Were you ever there?  
 I don't know as I ever was.  
 What do you do with yourself on Sundays?  
 Fetches beer and 'baccy for father, and sleeps about.  
 What becomes of wicked people when they die?  
 They buries them.  
 Did no one ever tell you that they are punished in another world?  
 Witness (with an incredulous grin.) Never heard o' sth.  
 Mr. Broughton ordered the boy to stand down, and he desired the officer to censure the parents severely for having allowed him to remain in such a shocking state of ignorance.  
 A COON Joke.—I have heard a first-rate joke about John Turman, late of Athens. He was stopping at a tavern up the country, and used to lounge about the bar, and come out over other people's heads, to slip a glass could be left for a moment but he would slyly slip up, and drink its contents. One day a stage-driver came in and called for a stiff horn of brandy toddy. John immediately shuffled up to the bar. The driver knew his man, and immediately played possum, by leaving his brandy while he stepped to the door. The bait took—on returning he saw the glass empty, and exclaimed with all the diabolical horror he should affect— "Brandy and opium enough to kill forty men! who drank that poison?"  
 "I stammered John, ready to yield up the ghost with affright.  
 "You're a dead man," said the driver.  
 "What shall I do?" beseeched John, who thought himself a gone sucker.  
 "Down with a pint of lamp oil, or you are a dead man in three minutes," answered the wicked driver.  
 And down went the lamp oil, up came the brandy and opium together with John's breakfast. The joke was told, and he has never drank other people's liquor since.  
**CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.**—The Portland Advertiser relates an amusing case, in which a beggar in that city received what he asked for, but not what he wished for:—  
 "A few days ago, a full grown able-bodied man, presented himself at the door of one of our citizens, and solicited the lady of the house to give him two cents. She remarked that she had none, and inquired what he wanted of them. "To buy a dose of castor oil marm (was the reply) for I am dreadful sick."  
 The lady had no cents but she had plenty of oil, and she prepared him a stiff dose. He tried hard to get excused from taking it; but she was firm, he was a sick man, and it must go down. He was caught in his own trap; and where he meant to have a glass of liquor, he got a dose of physic; but, making a virtue of necessity, and with sundry very fancy, he gulped it down and cleared. He'll not call at that house again, we dare say.

The very next morning after the ball, Amanda K——, the poor, the slighted, the abused girl, who was denied the boon of mixing in society, because she wore the russet mantle of poverty, received from the hands of the indignant young man, an instrument in writing, securing to her possession the full and undisturbed amount of ten thousand dollars. The gift, and the motives which prompted it, were soon made known to the haughty Mrs. Z——, and envy, more rankling and painful than disdain, supplied the place of the latter. Nor was the cup of bitterness yet full. With all the solitude of a mother, she had had snares to entrap the young man in question, as a husband for her own charming gray-eyed daughter, and fondly imagined that his urbanity was an evidence that she had caught him in her meshes. But, alas! how soon do the most towering expectations fall from high stations. Ere two months had elapsed, the humble Amanda became the wife of Edgar N. Time rolled on in its silent course, bearing upon its tide sweet flowers and beaming sunshine, and every index of happiness for the youthful pair; and those who turned their backs upon Captain Bacon's servant girl, became the courtiers, the fawning sycophants of Mrs. N——, who, in her new station, was no more amiable, no more worthy of esteem, no more beloved by the truly good. Twenty summers have since scattered their blossoms around her quiet mansion, and the slight touches of the frost of age are gathering upon the temples of her fond husband. Yet love, pure and holy, still warms the domestic circle wherein the altar of true benevolence is raised. The good things of life are poured into her lap in abundance, whilst she discharges with a prodigal hand her blessings among the children of cheerless poverty; and it may be truly said, that her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her."

What an instructive moral may be gleaned from incidents of this kind—incidents which occur almost daily in the great mass of society. The simple tale I have told is not the fillagree work of fancy, wrought up from the tinsel of fancy, based upon fact. How often are such facts exhibited to our view, to the great discredit of intellectual worth! Virtue, beauty, intelligence, moral worth, the highest attributes of intelligent creatures, are often forced to bow before the gilded shrine of Mammon, whose altars are often built up amid the mouldering ruins of Genius, and whose sacrificial rites consist in the utter prostration and destruction of all that is great and noble in nature, all that is bright and lovely in humanity.

**EDUCATION IN LONDON.**—At Worship street Police office, London, the other day, the following scene took place:—  
 A lad named Cotton was called into the witness box to speak to the circumstances of a robbery, when the following colloquy took place:—  
 Magistrate.—How old are you?  
 Witness.—Fifteen.  
 You can read, I suppose?  
 No, I can't.  
 Why don't your mother teach you?  
 Cos she can't too.  
 Nor your father?  
 No, he can't read neither.  
 Do you ever go to church?  
 No.  
 Were you ever there?  
 I don't know as I ever was.  
 What do you do with yourself on Sundays?  
 Fetches beer and 'baccy for father, and sleeps about.  
 What becomes of wicked people when they die?  
 They buries them.  
 Did no one ever tell you that they are punished in another world?  
 Witness (with an incredulous grin.) Never heard o' sth.  
 Mr. Broughton ordered the boy to stand down, and he desired the officer to censure the parents severely for having allowed him to remain in such a shocking state of ignorance.

A COON Joke.—I have heard a first-rate joke about John Turman, late of Athens. He was stopping at a tavern up the country, and used to lounge about the bar, and come out over other people's heads, to slip a glass could be left for a moment but he would slyly slip up, and drink its contents. One day a stage-driver came in and called for a stiff horn of brandy toddy. John immediately shuffled up to the bar. The driver knew his man, and immediately played possum, by leaving his brandy while he stepped to the door. The bait took—on returning he saw the glass empty, and exclaimed with all the diabolical horror he should affect— "Brandy and opium enough to kill forty men! who drank that poison?"  
 "I stammered John, ready to yield up the ghost with affright.  
 "You're a dead man," said the driver.  
 "What shall I do?" beseeched John, who thought himself a gone sucker.  
 "Down with a pint of lamp oil, or you are a dead man in three minutes," answered the wicked driver.  
 And down went the lamp oil, up came the brandy and opium together with John's breakfast. The joke was told, and he has never drank other people's liquor since.

**CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.**—The Portland Advertiser relates an amusing case, in which a beggar in that city received what he asked for, but not what he wished for:—  
 "A few days ago, a full grown able-bodied man, presented himself at the door of one of our citizens, and solicited the lady of the house to give him two cents. She remarked that she had none, and inquired what he wanted of them. "To buy a dose of castor oil marm (was the reply) for I am dreadful sick."  
 The lady had no cents but she had plenty of oil, and she prepared him a stiff dose. He tried hard to get excused from taking it; but she was firm, he was a sick man, and it must go down. He was caught in his own trap; and where he meant to have a glass of liquor, he got a dose of physic; but, making a virtue of necessity, and with sundry very fancy, he gulped it down and cleared. He'll not call at that house again, we dare say.

**A PRACTICAL AGRIANIAN.**—Mister Ann Child, of Connecticut, late agent of the Norwich Railroad Company, who has left the company minus \$33,000 and committed eight forgeries and perjured himself four times before the Legislature, is one of the most rabid locofocos that ever railed against the banks, has been his candidate for some of the highest offices in the state, and was on the Connecticut Van Buren electoral ticket, last November.

**COL. ANDREW JACKSON HUTCHINGS**, aged 28, an adopted son of the "old chieftain," and educated in his family, died at the residence of the late General Coffee, in Alabama, on the 15th inst., of pulmonary consumption