

Owing to the frequent losses which newspaper Editors are liable to sustain—the prevalence of laws at the present time, which makes it almost impossible to collect small debts, and the great expense and waste of time we are forced to incur in the collection of our subscriptions, which not unfrequently equals the amount of the debt; we have concluded to publish the Miners' Journal henceforth upon the cash principle, in accordance with the following terms and conditions:

For one Year in advance.....\$2 00
Six Months.....1 00
Three Months.....50
One Month.....25
Single Copies.....10

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In order to accommodate Clubs who wish to subscribe, we will furnish them with this paper, on the following terms—invariably in advance:

3 Copies to one address—per annum.....\$3 00
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50 do.....25 00
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Five dollars in advance will pay for three years subscription.

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Advertisements not exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for one insertion. For longer or shorter space, for each insertion. Yearly advertisers will be dealt with on the following terms:

One Column.....\$25 Two squares.....\$10
Three-fourths do.....20 One do.....6
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All advertisements must be paid for in advance unless otherwise arranged. The charge to Merchants will be \$10 per annum, with the privilege of keeping one advertisement not exceeding one square standing during the year and the insertion of a smaller one in each week for the whole year or a larger space will be charged extra.

OLD ESTABLISHED PASSAGE OFFICE

100 Pine Street, corner South Street.

The Subscriber here begs to call the attention of his friends and the Public generally, to the following arrangements for 1843, for the purpose of bringing out Cabin, Second Cabin, and Steerage Passengers, by the following:

Regular Packet Ships to and from Liverpool.
Ships Captains Days of Sailing from New York

Table with columns: Ships, Captains, Days of Sailing from New York. Includes entries for G. Washington, United States, Garret, etc.

Regular Packet Ships to and from London.
Ships Captains Days of Sailing from New York

Table with columns: Ships, Captains, Days of Sailing from New York. Includes entries for Mediator, Wellington, Quebec, etc.

Regular Packet Ships to and from Liverpool.
Ships Captains Days of Sailing from New York

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Regular Packet Ships to and from London.
Ships Captains Days of Sailing from New York

Table with columns: Ships, Captains, Days of Sailing from New York. Includes entries for Mediator, Wellington, Quebec, etc.

REGULAR PACKET SHIPS TO AND FROM LIVERPOOL.
Ships Captains Days of Sailing from New York

REGULAR PACKET SHIPS TO AND FROM LONDON.
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MINERS' JOURNAL AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

WEEKLY BY BENJAMIN BANNAN, POTTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PA.

VOL. XIX SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23, 1843. NO. 39

WRIGT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Of the North American College of Health. This extraordinary medicine is founded upon the principle that the human frame is subject to only one disease, viz. Corruption of Humors, or in other words Impurity of the Blood, and nothing save vegetable cleansing is wanted in order to drive disease of every description from the body.

WRIGT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are eminently calculated for carrying out this cleansing process, because they are a purgative medicine so justly balanced and withal so natural to the human constitution, that they can possibly injure the most delicate system. It is used in various parts of the body, and produces free evacuations by the bowels, and repeated a few times, it will be absolutely necessary to give relief to every kind of nervous ailment. A single twenty five cent box of the above named Indian Vegetable Pills will, in all cases, give relief, sometimes even beyond the power of words to describe. It is a certain cure for a short time, there is not a malady in the whole course of human life that can possibly withstand their astonishingly powerful effects. WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are a certain cure for

COSTIVENESS. Because they completely cleanse the stomach and bowels from their impurities, and remove every morbid humor, and weaken the digestive organs, and are the cause of headache, spasms, and sickness, giving rise to every kind of nervous ailment, and various parts of the body, and many other unpleasant symptoms.

WRIGT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS will be found a certain remedy for the stomach and bowels from all bilious humors, and purify the blood, and remove every kind of morbid humor, and are absolutely certain to cure every kind of fever.

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FROM THE NEW MIRROR. BEN BOLT.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown. Who trembled with delight when you gave her a smile. And trembled with fear at your frown? In the old chureyard in the valley, Ben Bolt, In a corner obscure and alone, They have fitted a slab of the granite so grey, And Alice lies near to the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the hill, Together we've lain in the noontide shade, And listened to Appleton's piece, And raptures have tumbled in, And Alice lies near to the stone.

Has followed the olden idyl. Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt, At the edge of the path, and the mill-moley limb, Which o'er the house-top stood? The cabin is carried away, Ben Bolt, And where once you would seek in vain; And where once the lords of the forest have towered, Grow grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt, With the master so cruel and grim; And the little nook in the running brook, Where the children used to swim? Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is dry, And of all the boys that were schoolmates then, There is only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt, They have changed from the old to the new; But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth, That there never was change in you. Twelve months twenty have past, Ben Bolt, Since first we were friends, yet I hail Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth. BEN BOLT OF THE SALT-SPRING.

JOHNNY BROTHERTON'S Five Sunny Days.

I have experienced many days both of sorrow and of sadness, in the course of my life and experience, (said old John Brotherton of Peobles) but with me, by past sorrows were always like an old almanac—a book that I never opened. Yet I will remember the five sunniest days of my life, without a spot to cloud them. They took place, also, at various periods of my existence. I now have had, independent of them, many pleasant, warm, sunny days—days wherein I was both pleased and happy. They, passed away like any other fine days, and they were remembered for a week. Very different from the like of these ordinary fine days, were those which I allude to as the five sunny days of my existence. They were days of pure, unadulterated, unclouded, almost instantaneous delight. They were days, the remembered sunshine of which will not set in my breast, until my life sets in the grave. But I will give you an account of them.

The first occurred when I was about twenty years of age. It was a delightful evening in the month of September, on the second day of the month, and about five minutes past six o'clock. I had just dropped work—for I was a cutter, or, more appropriately, a cord-walker—and had thrown off my apron and washed my face, and I was taking a saunter up the Tweed abbey, on the road leading down to Inverness. I cannot say that I had any object in view, beyond just the healthful recreation of a walk in the fields, after the labors of the day. The sun seemed to be about a dozen yards above the hills; but there was a cloud in the whole sky, save a few blue spots, and a haze that was like the bloom of a Queen's cheek. Hardly had I taken the first step of my walk, when I perceived a young man, who was looking over the hill, towards the town. He was a young man of about twenty years of age, and he was dressed in a blue coat, and a white waistcoat, and a white cravat. He was looking towards me, and he was smiling. I was looking towards him, and I was smiling. We were looking towards each other, and we were smiling. We were looking towards each other, and we were smiling. We were looking towards each other, and we were smiling.

I met several shepherds with their flocks, and they were all smiling and laughing at me, and some of them nodded and laughed at me, and some of them nodded and laughed at me. 'What's coming?' said I. 'And they laughed again, and said, 'Gang forward and see.'

So I went forward, and sure enough, who should I see standing beside a yett, with her book over her shoulder, and pricking the prickles of a day-nettle out of her hand, but Bonnie Kate Lowrie—not only the comeliest in the burgh of Peobles, but in all the wide country. I had long been desperately in love with Kate, but I had never ventured to say as much to her; though I was aware that she was conscious of the state of my feelings. We had often walked together on an evening, and I had given her fairing, and the like of that, but I never could get the length of talking about love or marriage; and scores of times had I held the scepter of a time, without either of us speaking a word, but saying, 'Eh, but this is a fine night, half of a dozen times over; so ye may guess that we were a happy couple.'

But on the night referred to, as I have said, I saw her standing at a yett, taking a turn of some kind of her hand; and I stepped forward and said to her, 'What has got into your head, Katie? It's a jiggly frae a nettle, I think, John,' said she. 'Let me try if I can take it out,' said I. She blushed, and the setting sun just streamed across her face. 'I'll declare I never saw a woman look so beautiful in my born days. Ye might have lighted a candle at my heart at the moment, I am certain. But I did get her bonny night, half of a dozen times over; so ye may guess that we were a happy couple.'

I would not have exchanged that hand to have held the scepter of the king that sits upon the throne. I soon got out the prickles—but I was so overjoyed at having her hand in mine, that when they were out, I still held it in my left hand; while, whether it was by accident or how, I caught it, but I slipped my right hand round her waist; and in this fashion we sauntered away. But instead of going straight to the town, we daunted away down to Tweedside.

Weel do I remember pressing her to my breast in that most mortal joy, and of saying to her, 'Oh Katie, Katie, woman, will ye be mine?—will ye marry me, and mak me the happiest man that ever put his foot in a shoe on the face of this habitable globe?'

She hung her head, and, poor thing! her bosom heaved like a frightened bird's. But oh what ecstasy it was to feel her! For a good hour did I stand pressing her breast to mine, and always saying, 'Will ye, Katie? oh, will ye, woman!'

At last, with great effort, and her very heart bursting with pure affection, she flung her arms over my shoulders, and said, 'I will John!'

Oh! of all the words that ever a human being heard nothing could match the music of those three words to me. It was sweeter than the harp of a fairy soothing o'er a moonlight sea, when the winds of heaven are sleeping.

'Oh, bless ye, bless ye!—forever bless ye!' cried I. 'Katie ye has made me the happiest man in all Peobles, and I trust I shall make ye the happiest wife.'

I absolutely danced with joy, and clapped my hands about my head. If ever there was a man intoxicated with joy, it was I at that night; and I felt as if I were walking on air. I was so happy, that I did not know what I was doing. I was so happy, that I did not know what I was doing. I was so happy, that I did not know what I was doing.

Neither the one nor the other of us heard the town clock chime nine. Three hours flew over our heads as if they had been three minutes. I set her to her father's door, and just as she was putting her hand on the knob—'Eh, John!' whispered she, 'where can I have left my book?'

'That's weel minded,' said I; 'I remember I took it off your shoulder, and put it over the yett, when I was takin' the prickles out o' yer finger. Ye may think of what both of us had been thinking about, when neither of us missed the book, or remembered leaving it till that moment. We went to seek it, with her arm through mine, (and close to my side I pressed it) and there, accordingly, did we find the book, on the yett where I had placed it.'

She rather feared to gang into the house, on account of being out so late, for her father and mother were strict sort o' folk. Therefore, I volunteered to go in with her, and explain at once how matters stood. For, bashful as I was before, I was now as bold as a lion. I had broken the ice now, and was held as brass.

She hesitated for some time; but I urged the thing, and she consented, and into her father's house I went with her. I was long in making the old man acquainted with the nature of my visit, and frankly asked him if he had any sort of objection to taking me for a son-in-law. 'I wadna, said he, but I dare say no. I donna see any reasonable objection that I ought to have. What do ye say, Tibbie?' added he to his wife. 'Ye may think I'm a decent lad and a gude tradesman; and if he likes Katie, and Katie likes him, I donna see any objection to my takin' her for a daughter-in-law; but just leave it to their own will.'

'Weel, John,' said his father to me, 'as Tibbie says, I suppose it will just have to rest between ye and her. If ye are both agreeable, we are agreeable.'

I wonder I donna jump through the roof of the house; joy almost deprived me of my speech for a moment. Never since I was born had I experienced such sensations of ecstasy before.

Now, this was what I call my first sunny day. It was a day of memorable joy—and joy, too, of a particular description, and which a man can feel but once in the course of his existence. I can say without vanity, that I had always been a saving lad, and therefore in the course of two or three weeks, I took a house, which I furnished very respectably. And my second sunny day, was that, on which Katie and her father and mother, and a host that was an intimate acquaintance of mine, came to my new house to see me. Katie never left me after that. Oh! when I heard the minister pronounce us one, and give us his benediction as man and wife—and above all, when I thought that she was now mine—mine forever—that nothing upon earth could separate us—I almost wondered that poor sinful mortals such as we are, should be permitted to enjoy such unspeakable happiness on this side of time. 'The very tears stood in my eyes,' I perfect ecstasy, and I could not forbear, before the minister and me, of squeezing her hand, and saying, 'My dear Katie, just a very mild day, and a very sunny day—indeed it might, in all respects, have passed for a day in August. After dinner, the room became very warm, and the window was drawn down from the top. There was a lark singing its autumn song right above the house, and its loud sweet notes came pouring in by the window.'

'Poor thing!' thought I, 'your joys are ending, and mine are only beginning; but I trust in the autumn of my days, to sing as blithely as you do now.'

I gazed another glance at my ain Katie, and as I contemplated her lovely countenance, I felt as if that was never to know sorrow for I donna see how it was possible for sorrow to be where such angel sweetness existed.

she and I were sitting at the fireside, by our two beds, (for we were made our house, how for enough and broad enough to let in a penny-piece edgewise; and I caused a bit of leather, like a tongue, to be nailed over the inside of the hole, so that whatever was put in, could be taken out till the box was broken open.)

For many a day, both her and me wrought hard, both late and early, to accomplish it. We neither allowed the back to gang bare or shabby, nor did we scribble or coggie, during our endeavor; and we avoided every sixpence, every farthing of unnecessary expense.

At length Katie says to me one day, just after dinner-time, 'John, I darsay we shall have our hundred pounds now. If I have no objection we will open the box and see.'

It was the very thing which I had been wishing her to propose for months; and I had been banging on the knot, and put my hand on the head of the bed, where the box was kept. It was very heavy, and it required both my hands to lift it off down.

I forced up the lid, and having locked the door, I placed the box upon the table. The sun was streaming in at the window so bright that ye would have said it was aware of the satisfaction of Katie and myself, as we saw it sitting upon the heap of treasure which our own industry had gathered together. It took us from two in the afternoon until six at night to count it, for it consisted of gold, silver and copper, and we counted it three or four times before we made it come twice to the same sum. At last we were satisfied that it amounted to one hundred and fifteen pounds, seven shillings and eighteen pence half-penny.

When I ascertained that the object of my desire, and of my late and early savings, was accomplished, I was that happy that I almost knocked the table over as it was all spread out, counted into parcels of twenty shillings. I threw my arms round Katie, with as much rapture as I did on my first sunny day, when she said, 'I will John; for the objct was of her proposing, and she had the entire merit of the transaction. It was a grand sight to see the sinking sun throwing the shadows of the table and the bed twenty-shilling towers across the table, and to the far side of the door. Folk talk about the beauty of the rainbows, but there never was a rainbow to be compared with the appearance of our floor that evening, with the shadows of the piles of silver running across it. That was my fourth sunny day.'

Being that I was now a man of capital, I took a shop in the front street, and commenced business as a master boot and shoe-maker. Katie was remarkably civil in the shop, and I always tried to put good stuff into the hands of my customers, so that in a very short time I carried on a very prosperous concern. I also rose very in the opinion of my fellow craftsmen; and, wonderful to relate! I heard that it was their determination to elect me to the high and honorable office of deacon of our ancient and respectable trade; in the ancient burgh of Peobles.

This was a height to which my ambition never could have aspired, and when I heard of the intention of the brethren, it really made me that I could not sleep. It made me not only dream that I was a deacon, but a king, a prince, a deacon—a deacon what—but anything but what John Brotherton. I thought it was a grand thing to be elected to that office, and I was very proud of the honor of the subject with great caution. But when it was put into my head, there was nothing in the world that I so much desired. I thought what an honor it would be when I was dead and gone, for my son to be able to say, 'My father was deacon of the ancient company of cord-walkers in Peobles.'

'What a sound that will have,' thought I. On the morning of the election I awoke, feeling lively, hoping, trembling. I could hardly put my legs on, and I was declared duly elected deacon of the company of cord-walkers. It was with difficulty that I refrained from slapping my hands in the air, and I am positive I would not have been able to do it, had it not been that the brethren came crowding around me to shake hands with me.

I went home in very high glee, as ye may well suppose, and Katie met me with great joy in her arms. When the supper was set upon the table—'Katie, my dear,' said I, 'send out for a bottle of strong ale.'

'A bottle of strong ale, John?' quoth she in surprise; 'remember that though ye have been appointed deacon of the shoemakers, ye are but a mortal man. Remember John, that it was by drinking wholesome water, with pickles of onions in it, that enabled ye to sink a hundred pounds in it, so to become deacon of the trade. But had ye sought for bottles of strong ale to your supper, ye would neither have saved the one, nor been made the other. Na, na, John, think nae' mair about ale.'

'Weel, weel,' said I, 'ye are right, Katie—I cannae deny it.'

That was what I call my fifth sunny day—a remarkable day in my existence, standing out from among the rest, and crowned with happiness.

ARRIVY OF THE BIBLE.—The Reverend Adolphe Monod, in a treatise recently noticed, gives the following as an illustration of the better arising from the reading of the Bible:

'The mother of a family was married to an infidel, who made a jest of Religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. I once asked her how she had preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so openly opposed to his own. This was her answer: "Because to the authority of a father, I never allowed the authority of a mother, but that I did not oppose the Bible upon my table. The holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instructions. I was silent, that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they commit any fault—did they perform any good action—I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the scriptures has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises you."

THE MORNING.—These wretched fanatics are breeding trouble again! The St. Louis New Era of the 19th inst. says:

'We were by a gentleman from Warsaw, that a meeting of the people of Hancock county, was held at Carthage, on the 10th inst., to take into consideration their relations with the Mormons. It is said that a good deal of excitement exists among them, and apprehensions of a serious riot and outbreak were entertained. The people of that section of the state are as heartily tired of the Mormons as ever the citizens of Missouri were, but they have suffered them to obtain so strong a foothold that no power exists which can deprive them of their possessions, or induce them to abandon their present residence.'

CHICKEN HAVENING.—Some enterprising persons in Brooklyn, L. I., have established an institution in that city for the purpose of hatching chickens on a large scale, which is dignified with the name of Polotokion. It comprises five or six long buildings, and several acres of land. They have a similar affair in England, which is in successful operation and turns out one hundred chickens a day. The practice has long prevailed in France, and recently has been introduced in France. Reannum, we believe, first succeeded in raising chickens by means of the common oven. The modern apparatus consists of a series of flues supplied with hot water. A good deal of care is necessary in raising the young, as they do not prove very healthy. It is said they have to be taken care of by the old hens for at least a month after they are hatched.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.—One of the most interesting anecdotes, illustrating the power of music, was related a few days since, in a social meeting, by an English clergyman, who was acquainted with the facts.

A nobleman, Lord R—, was a man of the world. His pleasure was drawn from his riches, his honors and his friends. His daughter was the idol of his heart. Much had been expended in her education; and well did she repay in her intellectual endowments the solicitude of her parents. She was highly accomplished, amiable in her disposition, and winning in her manners.

They were all strangers to God. At length his daughter attended a Methodist meeting in London; was deeply awakened, and soon happily converted. Now she delighted in the service of the sanctuary, and social meetings. To her the charms of Christianity were overflowing. She frequented those places where she met with congenial minds, animated with similar hopes. She was often found in the house of God.

The change was marked by her fond father with painful solicitude. To see his lovely daughter thus infatuated, was to him an occasion of deep grief; and he resolved to correct those erroneous notions on the subject of the real pleasure and business of life. He put at her disposal a large sum of money, hoping that she would be induced to go into the fashionable and extravagant circles of her birth, and leave the Methodist meetings. She maintained her integrity. He took her on long journeys conducted in the most engaging manner, in order to divert her mind from religion; but she still delighted in the Saviour.

After failing in many projects, which he fondly anticipated would be effectual in subduing the religious feelings of his daughter, he introduced her into company under such circumstances that she must either join the recreation of the party, or give offence. Hope lighted up in the countenance of this affectionate but misguided father, as he saw his mate about to entangle the object of his solicitude. It had been arranged among his friends that several young ladies should give a song, on the approaching festive occasion, accompanied by the piano forte.

The hour arrived; the party assembled. Several had performed their parts to the great delight of the party, which was in high spirits. Miss R— was now called on for a song, and many hearts beat high in hopes of victory. Should she decline, she was disgraced; should she comply, her triumph was complete. This was the moment to seal her fate! With perfect self-possession, she took her seat at the piano forte, and her fingers over the keys, and commenced playing and singing in a sweet air, the following words:

'No room for mirth or trifling here, No trifling hope or worldly fear, If life is soon to end, If now the Judge is near, And all mankind must stand before Thy' unerring throne.'

'No matter which my thoughts employ, A moment's mirth or joy, Be it who both shall end, Where shall I find my destined place? Still I'll everlasting days, With friends or angels spend.'

She arose from her seat. The whole party was subdued. Not a word was spoken. Her father wept aloud! One by one they left the house.

Lord R— never rested until he became a Christian. He lived an example of Christian benevolence, having given to benevolent Christian enterprises, at the end of his life, nearly half a million of dollars.

A SCENE NOT IN THE PLAY.—A scene occurred at the theatre on Saturday evening in the drama of Tom Cribb, or Mat of the Iron Hand, which had not been introduced into the play by the author. In the last scene Elizabeth Stanton raises a pistol in each hand and presents them at Mat of the Iron Hand and his followers. This act was presented by Mrs. Silbee. Through some very culpable mistake the pistol had been loaded, only however with powder. In raising one of them, Mrs. Silbee accidentally discharged it while it was nearly on a line with the face of Mrs. Potter, who played the part of Fanny Foxglove. Through this lady's countenance was covered with powder she was happily not injured, but she retired behind the scenes. Mrs. Silbee noticing this and not being aware of the extent of the injury sustained by her became much agitated. She had however firmness enough to raise the other pistol, when being completely overcome by her feelings, her hand dropped at her side, and she fell into the arms of Mr. Gilbert, who from the stage, she sprung forward, and one of the actors appearing with a request for the services of a physician, if there were any in the house, Dr. Eldridge stepped upon the stage—it being his first appearance upon any stage—and rendered the required assistance. The scene for a time was quite exciting—perplexing to some who were not aware that it was down in the play. The sympathies of the audience were fully with Mrs. Silbee and it is fortunate that the affair was so perfectly natural.—Chicago Express.

THE MORMONS.—These wretched fanatics are breeding trouble again! The St. Louis New Era of the 19th inst. says:

'We were by a gentleman from Warsaw, that a meeting of the people of Hancock county, was held at Carthage, on the 10th inst., to take into consideration their relations with the Mormons. It is said that a good deal of excitement exists among them, and apprehensions of a serious riot and outbreak were entertained. The people of that section of the state are as heartily tired of the Mormons as ever the citizens of Missouri were, but they have suffered them to obtain so strong a foothold that no power exists which can deprive them of their possessions, or induce them to abandon their present residence.'

CHICKEN HAVENING.—Some enterprising persons in Brooklyn, L. I., have established an institution in that city for the purpose of hatching chickens on a large scale, which is dignified with the name of Polotokion. It comprises five or six long buildings, and several acres of land. They have a similar affair in England, which is in successful operation and turns out one hundred chickens a day. The practice has long prevailed in France, and recently has been introduced in France. Reannum, we believe, first succeeded in raising chickens by means of the common oven. The modern apparatus consists of a series of flues supplied with hot water. A good deal of care is necessary in raising the young, as they do not prove very healthy. It is said they have to be taken care of by the old hens for at least a month after they are hatched.

THE LEAGUE OF COLLECTORS.—On Saturday, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Moore, went down to Colchester, where ample preparation had been made by the proprietors to defeat them utterly. Sir John Tyrrell, backed by the medical Faculty, was there to encounter them; and no pains had been spared to gain a victory over the much-dreaded Mr. Cobden. There was a large muster of farmers, and after a protracted Mr. Cobden carried his resolution by an immense majority. It may be said that when the voting came, a large portion of the meeting was gone; but it was still numerous, and it is to be remembered that Sir John Tyrrell most irregularly got a show of hands early in the meeting was very strong against him. These triumphs of the League in the agricultural districts are the most wonderful phenomena of the present day. We have abundant proof that Mr. Cobden is beating the right hand on the head. Mr. Ferrand loudly bearing a challenge to Mr. Cobden, was met in his Manchester, Mr. Cobden, who was well employed to waste time on an adversary, the only one left standing, reminded Mr. Ferrand of his previous engagement with Mr. M. Gibson, which he has failed to redeem; and offered to give him his choice out of a dozen hand-to-hand weavers, any of whom would meet him: July 15.

FATHER MATHEW.—This truly great man, and Ireland's best friend and benefactor, is now making a series of visits, agreeably with pressing invitations,