

THE MINERS' JOURNAL.

POTTSVILLE.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 13, 1838.

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

A PROPOSITION!

In order to place our paper in the reach of every person, during the present Gubernatorial contest, we have come to the conclusion to receive subscribers to the weekly Journal, to be forwarded regularly until the second Tuesday of October next, at the low rate of FIFTY CENTS; or TWELVE SUBSCRIBERS for five dollars; monthly subscribers will also be received until that period, at 12½ cents each per month, payable in advance.

Our friends, in various parts of the country, will please act as agents in transmitting the names and cash of those who feel disposed to subscribe for that period.

APPRENTICE.

An active intelligent boy, aged about 13 or 16 years, of good moral habits, is wanted at this office, as an apprentice to the printing business.

We refer our readers to part of the proceedings of the Young Men's Convention, which will be found on the first page of this paper. The Address and Resolutions, as soon as published, will be furnished to our readers in an Extra to the Journal.

Banking Capital.—The assertion, that the Banking Capital of the State has been increased nearly forty millions of dollars, during Ritner's administration, is, in the light in which the Porter men wish it to be understood, incorrect. The Bank of the United States was in existence, and the re-charter of that institution by the legislature of Pennsylvania merely transformed it into a State instead of a National institution. The Bank was formerly a United States Institution, it is now a State Bank. There is no more stock held in the institution now, by citizens of this State, than there was before it was chartered by the legislature of Pennsylvania. The chartering of the institution, therefore, by the legislature of Pennsylvania, was no increase of the banking capital of this State by the increase of stock, but merely retaining the capital in the state, held in that institution.

Can't go it.—The last Bedford Inquirer contains the names of no less than twelve persons who decline serving on the Porter Committee of Vigilance, for that county, and declare their intention of supporting JOSEPH RITNER, the people's candidate for Governor.

Read the remarks of the Editor of the Carlisle Republican, who supported Mr. Muhlenberg at the last election.

The great Whig State Convention, which assembled at Columbus, Ohio, to the number of upwards of Five Thousand Delegates, nominated the present incumbent, Gov. VANCE, for re-election—passed a resolution stating that they had undiminished confidence in Gen. HARRISON, but solemnly pledging themselves to abide by the decision of a National Convention—and requested the Senators from that state, Messrs. Morris and Allen, to resign their seats in the Senate, because they are misrepresenting a large majority of the people of that state.

The Globe states that upwards of three hundred and fifty-eight thousand dollars were coined at the Mint, during the last month. What has become of this money? Is it all used by the office-holders? The people very seldom see anything but rags.

Dr. LUTHER KIRKLEY declines standing a candidate for re-election to Congress, in the Dauphin and Lebanon district. Reason—Can't be re-elected.

Lamentable.—Messrs. previous question CUSHMAN, of N. H. and PETRIKIN, of Penn., lately got at loggerheads in Congress, and the former absolutely threatened to move, if in order, to have the Doctor's queue cut off.

The New Hampshire legi-lature assembled at Concord last week. The Van Buren majority in the House is stated to be fifteen.

Repeal of the Five Dollar Restriction.—Mr. Kilgore, of Ohio, offered a resolution in the House of Representatives, for the repeal of so much of the Deposits Act, as prohibits the receipt of the notes of banks which have, since July, 1836, issued notes of a less denomination than five dollars.

The resolution was objected to, and permission to offer it refused.

The Virginia Banks.—The Richmond Enquirer of Tuesday says: "We feel ourselves authorized to state, that our Banks are prepared, and will resume specie payments the very moment they can ascertain that the banks of Baltimore have commenced, or will commence with them the same day. We all know that that city is the great receptacle of our paper, and it is not perfectly safe for our banks to resume until the Baltimore banks will agree to receive our checks on Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, instead of specie, in the redemption of our notes."

The legislature of Connecticut, at its late session, passed a resolution, by a large majority, denouncing the sub-treasury bill, now before Congress, as "in its character and tendency, contrary to the spirit of our institutions, dangerous to our liberties, and destructive of our dearest interests."

An insane colored man, who had escaped from the Hospital, murdered a Watchman, in Southwark, Philadelphia county, on Thursday night last, by beating him on the head with a club.

Since the above was placed in type, we find the following in the Commercial Herald of Monday last:

ANOTHER FOUL AND ATROCIOS MURDER.

A young man named Francis Mc Kearney was killed on Saturday night, near the corner of Seventh and Shippen streets, Moymensing, by a stab from a black fellow named Jim Williams. The circumstances, as near as we could learn them from two or three of the principal witnesses examined before the Coroner's Jury, were, that Mc Kearney was standing on the side walk near the place above mentioned, about nine o'clock, in company with a sister, about thirteen or fourteen years of age, when he was approached and accosted in a friendly manner, by the black fellow, to whom he replied in the same friendly tone. That the black man, Williams, as he approached the deceased, drew, or opened a knife, which was observed by the sister who immediately requested her brother to leave the place; but as he did not see the knife, or suspect any harm, said "why should I? I am not afraid," or words to that effect. She had scarcely however, spoke, when Williams came up, and in passing his brother gave the stab in the left side of the abdomen just below the short ribs.

We might give full testimony before the Coroner's jury more at length, but do not deem him either mentally or morally qualified. His talents (with all the opportunities he has had) are below mediocrity; and his moral character is not so unquestionable that a free and enlightened people could make him the depository of their rights, moral, civil, political, and religious. A man of loose moral principles, as we believe David R. Porter to be, who is not grieved with a godlike intellect to counterbalance and sway his moral infirmities, is not fit to be the ruler of a free people.

In the third place, because, like every other male member of his family, he is a trammeling politician, in whose integrity no confidence can be placed; and further, because his whole family connexion have been fed and pampered, for a period of forty years and upwards, upon the "spoils of office"—in other words, upon money wrung from the hard hands of laborious industry, in the shape of taxation. His father and each of his brothers were, in their day, the recipients of public favor; and fed without stint upon their master's crib.

In the fourth place, because, if elected, we are led to believe he will sustain the pernicious measures of Martin Van Buren's administration, by which the energies of the country have been prostrated, their treasures squandered upon worthless parasites, or expended in barbarous and disgraceful wars upon unoffending Indian tribes, who have been wronged, cheated, and persecuted by white speculators sent among them as Government agents.

In the fifth place, because he is the candidate, not of the people, but of the broken down ex-office holders, who expect that him to come again into power, and support themselves in a course of profligacy and licentiousness at the public expense.

Finally, we shall not support him, because we have no confidence in the man, or in the party by whom he is sustained; knowing, of our own experience, that all their professions of democracy and love of the people are hypocritical, and all their designs low, sinister and selfish.

But who shall we support? We do not like to keep our friend of the Volunteer in the dark on this subject, but we cannot let him no further into the secret now, than to say, that when, in our estimation, the proper time shall have arrived, we will do what our conscience tells us is right, and strike fearlessly and zealously for what we believe to be the best interests of the state, and the prosperity and happiness of the people.

The facts of this last act, as we gather them from the captain of the Telegraph, are substantially as follows:

The Telegraph left Oswego at 6 o'clock on Saturday evening—touched at Prescott as usual—and reached Brockville about 9. Here she landed at the lower dock—took on board and left a number of passengers—received the visits and insults of an unarmed mob, who ransacked the cabin, and otherwise evinced a turbulent disposition—and was moving past the upper wharf, when she was hauled and commanded to "come to." The captain commanding there were passengers in waiting, stopped the engine and dropped down to within 20 feet of the dock, but apprehensive that all was not right, told the passengers to come on board in the small boat. But this would not satisfy the crowd, who insisted upon the boat coming up to the dock.

After a few words had passed, the captain peremptorily refused to land, set the engine in motion, and moved off. Immediately upon this, and while the boat was within a few feet of the wharf, about twenty muskets were fired, and FOUR OF THE BALLS ENTERED THE LADIES CABIN!—One passed within a few inches of the chambermaid, and two struck very near the captain.

It is said that the men who fired the guns were the guard called out by the public authorities. If so, the outrage is ten-fold more aggravated, and may lead to ten-fold more serious consequences! If the perpetrators are demanded by our government, they will not, of course, be delivered up. In that case, our Government cannot, consistently with its dignity, give up the wretches who destroyed the Sir Robert Peel, and thus a collision may be made inevitable.

But we hope that they were not in the service of the government, or if they were, that they did not act in accordance with the command of any officer. Indeed, we will not, for a moment, harbor the thought, that it was aught else than an unauthorized act, which the Colonial Government will

be as prompt to repudiate, as our Government will be that of the destruction of the Sir Robert Peel. Those on board of the Telegraph suppose that the object in commanding her to land was to destroy her; and attribute her escape from such a catastrophe only to her landing at the lower wharf, where the body of men were not assembled. But we believe such an opinion to be erroneous.

The fact, however, that she was fired into, the lives of those on board endangered, and an insult offered to the American flag, is enough to alarm every one for the consequences.—Something efficient must be done to prevent a repetition of the outrages, or (if it fails to dislodge it) war will ensue.

A letter from Montreal dated 5th June, states that the wretches who fired into the American Steamboat, have all been committed to prison by the authorities.

The Carlisle Republican of the 31st ult., a zealous Muhlenberg paper in the contest of 1835, and undecided in relation to the candidates now before the people of Pennsylvania for the office of Governor, comes out in the following unequivocal manner against David R. Porter.

That we shall not support David R. Porter we think extremely probable. But why shall we not? Because, in the first place, he having held office either from the people or by Executive appointment, for fifteen or twenty years; to support him would evince, on our part, a most shameless disregard of the democratic doctrine of ROTATION IN OFFICE, a doctrine founded in wisdom and safe policy, and never sacrificed to mere questions of expediency, by the pure fathers and founders of the Democratic school.

In the second place, because we do not deem him either mentally or morally qualified. His talents (with all the opportunities he has had) are below mediocrity; and his moral character is not so unquestionable that a free and enlightened people could make him the depository of their rights, moral, civil, political, and religious.

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The Springfield Mass. Gazette, quotes the following from a Van Buren paper published in that State. It will be seen that the invitation is a very pressing one:

"Let the grocer, the tavern keeper, the rum-drinker come into the ranks of democracy. LET ALL THE OUTCAST OF SOCIETY come to our help.—THEY BELONG TO US. They have a common cause with us. Like us, they abhor the crushing power of human despotism, the withering blight of pharaonic insolence. Let them come. They shall receive our sympathies!"

The River of Intemperance.—An English paper calculates that the quantity of liquor, alias poison, drunk in England and Ireland every year, would be sufficient to form a river 60 feet wide, 3 feet deep and 8 miles long. A more frightful calculation would be one showing the miseries that are occasioned by intemperance, of the number of men whom the waves of this modern Styx bear into prisons, madhouses and the graves—of children who perish of hunger while their parents wallow in drunkenness, and of wives who pass their nights in anguish, lamenting the intemperance of their husbands.

[From Mr. Dewy's Address before the Mechanics' Institute.]

Labour.—Industry is the great school of human virtues. It is not enough to say, that the industries are always the most virtuous classes. But it is to be observed that human industry is placed in peculiar circumstances especially fitted and designed to elicit and try the virtues of human beings. The animal, following his instincts finds a certain facility in his path. Human industry, on the contrary, is always a conflict with difficulties. The animal organs are precisely suited to their respective tasks, and are already sufficient to all the purposes of animal industry. But man has to adjust his powers to an infinite variety of exertions; one thousand delicate manipulations and feats of dexterity are required of him; his eye is to be trained to precision, and his mind to taste; new instruments, too, are constantly to be invented to overcome the difficulties in his way. This, then, is the theater of energy and patience; yes, and I add, of moral wisdom and self-restraint. The animal may gorge himself, and can then lie down and sleep over his surfest; but he takes no harm from the midnight cold, or the open chill campagna that is spread over him. But man cannot endure such indulgence of exposure. If he gives himself up to sensual excess, his power at once begins to fail him. His eyes lose their clearness, his finger its nicely of touch; and he becomes a lame, deficient and disbarred workman.

Nor is this all. How many natural ties are there between even the humblest scenes of labour, and the noblest affections of humanity? In this view the employment of mere muscular strength is embodied. There is a central point in every man's life, around which all his toils and cares revolve. It is that spot which is consecrated by names of wife, and children, and home. A secret, almost imperceptible influence from that spot, which is like no other on earth, steals into the breast of the virtuous laboring man, and strengthens every weary step of the toil. Every blow that is struck in the workshop and the fields, finds an echo in that holy shrine of his affections. If he who fights to protect his home, rises to the point of heroic virtue; no less so may he who labors, his life long, to provide for that home—Peace be within those domestic walls, and prosperity beneath those humble roofs! But should they fail for me? I see in every honest workman around me, a hero.

So material do I deem this point—the true nobility of labor, I mean—that I would dwell upon it a moment longer, and in a larger view.—Why, then, in the great scale of things is labor ordained for us? Easily, had it so pleased the great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machinery for the production of all that man wants. The motion of the globe upon its axis might have been the power, to move that world of machinery. Ten thousand wheels within wheels might have been at work; ten thousand processes, more curious and complicated than man can devise, might have been going forward without man's aid; houses might have risen like an exhalation,

with the sound

Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,

Built like a temple;

gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxurious banquets spread, by hands unseened; and man, clothed with fabrics of nature's weaving, richer than imperial purple, might have been sent to distract himself in these Elysian palaces.—Fair scene! I imagine you are saying, "fortunate for us, had it been the scene ordained for human life!"

But where, then, fell me, had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroism? Cut off with one blow from the world; and mankind had sunk into a crowd, nay, far beneath a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries. No, it had been torture—Bitterer than torture to labor. Better that rude and untidy materials be provided in the ore bed and the forest, for him to fashion into splendor and beauty. Better, I say, not because of that splendor and beauty, but because the act creating them is better than the things themselves; because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because labor is greater and more worthy of honor than the idler. I call upon those whom I address, to stand up for the nobility of labor—it is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it then be built up again; here or in any where, on those shores of a new world, of a new civilization. But how, if it may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men tell, it may be said. They do indeed tell, but they too generally do it because they must. Submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much of earth, as to escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit; fulfil it with the muscle, but break it in the mind. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every laborer should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theatre of improvement.—But, so he is not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system; under which workers and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to tell, art thou? Ashamed of the dingy work shop and dusty labor-field; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother nature has embroidered, mid sun and rain, midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of those tokens & titles and environs of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is a treason to nature; it is impurity to heaven; it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat!—Toil either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, is the only true nobility.

Statistical.—The population of Mississippi by the census of 1830, was 70,443 whites, and 65,659 slaves; and by the census taken in pursuance of an act of the Legislature, approved January 19th, 1837, it was 144,351 whites, and 164,393 slaves—showing an increase in seven years of nearly 74,000 whites, and 100,000 slaves; the cotton crop was returned at 31,782 bales, and the acres under cultivation at 1,048,630. The number of acres in the state is nearly thirty millions.

We infer that the controversy which has so agitated the Presbyterian Church is to be continued in the civil tribunals of the country. The New School, so called, elected six trustees of the Theological Seminary, and removed six of the Board. The Board, however, refused to admit the new members to seat, and the old ones continued to act. A contemporaneous says—"Heretofore issues the writ of quo warrantum, by which the whole local question will be decided, concerning the rights of the respective parties to the name, property, &c. of the General Assembly.—Philadelphia, Nat. Cat."

Upon one point, we hope that we are all agreed—that the means of the parents may increase and multiply with the number of their offspring.—Rich. Eng.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Harp, Major Edward Horneback, of Schuykill Haven, to Miss Elizabeth Kahn, daughter of George Kahn, Esq. of Orwigburg.

REVIEW OF THE MARKET.

Potomac, June 13, 1838.

WHEAT FLOUR, by the bushel was worth 47 50.

RYE FLOUR, 2 25 per cwt. in demand.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR 2 50 per cwt. in demand.

RYE, by the bushel 80 cents by the bushel ready.

SWEET CROP 20 cents per bushel in demand.

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