



BOAT SONG.

"Eripte o' socii, paritque int'gritate remis."
Brazo on your oars—for the sky it is dark,
And the wind it is rising apace!

THE DEATH WARRANT.

The mist of the morning still hung heavily on the mountain top, above the village of Redcliff, but the roads which led towards it were crowded with the varied population of the surrounding country from far and near.

But in proportion as you drew near the ponderous cliffs, in the midst of which the little town of Redcliff was situated, you mingled again in the thick bustle and agitation of the world, of men, and women, and boys, and horses and dogs, and all living, moving and creeping things, that inhabit the wild districts of Pennsylvania.

The village was crowded to overflowing, long before the sun had gained a sufficient altitude to throw its rays upon the deep valley in which it lay. There the bar was crowded, and the fumes of tobacco and whiskey, the jingling of small change, and the perpetual clamor of the throng, was sufficient to rack a brain of common flexibility.

Within the walls of the old stone jail, at the foot of the mountain, a different scene had been that morning witnessed. There chained to a stake in the miserable dungeon, damp, and scarcely illuminated by one ray of light, now lay the emaciated form of one whose final day seemed near at hand.

His name was John Creel, his place of residence said to be in Virginia. He had been taken up while travelling from the northward to his home, and tried and convicted at the county town some miles distant, for the murder of a fellow traveller, who had borne his company from the lakes, who was ascertained to have a large sum of money with him, and who was found in the room in which he slept, at a country inn, near Redcliff, with his throat cut.

The money was not found on him—he was sentenced to be hung, and was removed to the old stone jail at Redcliff for security, the county prison being deemed unsafe.

The officers of the jail held a short consultation, which ended in a determination to look sharp after the man in grey, with the white hat—accompanied with many hints of resignation of the prisoner, and the possibility of his innocence being asserted by a supernatural agency—the prison doors were closed, and Creel, pale and feeble, with a hymn book in his hand, and a train of all meekness and humility was seen tottering from the prison to the scaffold.

He had no sooner ascended it than, his eyes began to wander over the vast concourse of people around him with a scrutiny that seemed like faith in dreams—and while the sheriff read the warrant, the convict's anxiety appeared to increase—he looked and looked again, then raised his hands and eyes a moment towards the clear sky, as if breathing a last ejaculation, when he as he resumed his first position, the very person he described, stood within six feet of the ladder!

Three days had elapsed—Creel had vanished immediately after his liberation, when the pretended Lewis astonished and confounded the magistrates by declaring Creel to be her husband—that she had assumed the disguise, and performed the whole part by his direction; that he had given her the money which he had till then successfully concealed about his person; and that the whole, from the prison to the scaffold scene, was a contrivance to effect his escape, which having effected, she was regardless of consequences. Nothing could be done with her; she was again set at liberty, and neither her nor her husband were heard of again.

A NOBLE SPECTATOR.—Major Heath, one of the survivors from the Steamboat Pulaski, dissuaded his comrades in distress from committing murder, in the following manly language.

"We are Christians," said he, "and we cannot innocently imbue our hands in the blood of a fellow creature. A horrible catastrophe has deprived hundreds of their lives, brought sorrow to many a heart, and thrown us upon the mercy of the winds and waves. We have still life left, let us not give up all manliness and sink to the brute. We have all our thoughts about us, and should face death, which sooner or later must overtake us, with the spirit that becomes us as a Christian man. When the hour arrives, I lay down my life without a murmur, and I will risk it now for the safety of any one of you, but I will never stand by and see another sacrificed that we may drink his blood and eat his flesh!"

The dissuave appeared them; and fished, and desperate, and insane as they were, no violence was afterwards proposed, and he had the satisfaction to come safely to land with his companions. This single speech, with the rest of his conduct while on a fragment of the wreck, gave us an opinion of his moral courage and excellent qualities, altogether, above what any feat of arms could have done. And seeing that his coolness under these most trying circumstances must free him from every suspicion of cowardice, and also that his profession of a Christian man, and the idea that he is prejudiced, unnecessary, against warlike deeds,—his sentiment above quoted is entitled to very great attention. As Christians, it became them to use no violence, even to preserve their own lives from famine. As men, it became them calmly to wait the event of their sufferings. This was the substance of his advice, and his whole demeanor showed that he was himself under the influence of the principles which he laid down for others.

Each sentiment could be made to prevail among our people and rulers, our officers and citizens, the republic would stand on a basis much firmer than could be secured by any amount of power in fleets and armies; that is, it would rest safely on the unshaken virtue of its citizens, relying on the smiles of the Divine Providence for protection and prosperity.

Mexican Blockade.—We learn that it is the intention of the Secretary of the Navy to establish a line of steam government packets between New York and New Orleans during the continuance of the Mexican Blockade. This is a prudent step, and we have no doubt will prove a valuable auxiliary to our naval force in the West Indies.

Harassing Verdict.—In the case of Harrass, tried last week in New York for the murder of Casey, the jury have agreed upon a verdict of manslaughter.

POTTSVILLE. SATURDAY MORNING OCT. 13, 1838.

For Passports, Checks, Cards, Bills of Lading and Handbills of every description, neatly printed at his Office at the usual charges.

We must accord our hearty thanks to those friends, who have forborne with us during the recent political contest, and especially to those who have differed with us in opinion. That the general reader has found but little interest cannot be denied, and we can only say that our endeavors in future will be to make amends for the recent exclusive political character of our paper.

OUR NEW PROSPECTUS.

The Patrons of the Journal will perceive that we have this day issued a prospectus, embracing proposals for enlarging and otherwise improving this paper. It is the wish of its proprietor to render the "Miners' Journal" inferior to none in the state, in point of general usefulness and miscellaneous intelligence; to draw from foreign papers such a summary of transactions and news, as will be interesting to the adopted citizens of our country, and to keep up a correct statement of all improvements, both in mechanics and science, which may be useful to the coal region. With these views we have determined to enlarge, that is, if our friends shall evince by a corresponding and increased subscription, their concurrence in our views. We only need patronage to carry out our scheme. The body of the prospectus itself, embraces our more extended wishes and terms; we only require an increase of subscribers without any increase of price to our present patrons. We therefore trust that those of our friends to whom they may be addressed, will oblige us with their exertions to secure a sufficient number of additional names to render the plan we have proposed safe, and we promise them every exertion to render our Journal a medium for their amusement and instruction.

We are extremely sorry to have raised the hopes of our friend Chandler, only to prostrate them again on the result in our County. Schuylkill has bowed down before the idols of Van Burenism, and is stubborn in her heresy. We did hope to have raised a glad shout of victory, but we have been only generated, out-manoeuvred and routed; the anticipated song of triumph dwindles into a lamentation for defeat; and all our Welsh, Latin, Irish, Scotch, and English, have been thrown away. We have now only to laugh at long faces, and smile as our card castles one by one come tumbling down! The Whigs of Schuylkill are defeated, but we die game; we currow yet, and have the proud consciousness that each man has done his duty. As the editor of the United States Gazette has made a recent tour among our coal-filled mountains, we need hardly inform him that our Borough and its vicinity is a miniature Babel, and that most account for the confusion of tongues observable in our last week's Journal. We tried to "call up spirits from the vasty deep," but they would not come; "in fact our county has been in confusion worse confounded."

Schuylkill County Returns.

We give in another column, the official returns of our County; it will be seen that the increased year had been very great, beyond all the calculations of either party. The gubernatorial vote in 1835 was 2491, with a majority of 795 for the Administration party; whereas this year more than half that number in addition viz: 3778, and the locos have a majority of only 768, being a gain of 84 votes, and as a little is better than none, why we must content ourselves with this. It will be seen that taking every thing into consideration, we have nothing to reproach ourselves with; we have "scotched the snake, not killed it." The most sanguine never hoped for a higher Whig vote than 1500; and it is in the unparalleled increase that we have been beaten. The avenues to correct information over the larger portion of the surface of our county are blocked up by prejudice, misrepresentation and party tactics; the Whigs are giant-like in spirit, but their energies are crippled. In the Coal region, our gain has been immense, but there is a country spirit which is jealous of its rising prosperity; and will go against its interest, and vote different from it on any result.

We have found out too, that we are but infants in politics, compared with the old experienced tacticians who are arrayed against us; we have no politicians by profession in our party; we do not understand the various modes of changing, and mixing, and counterfeiting tickets; if we did, we could not descend to it. We have no interested mail contractors or office holders to besigue the polls, and press in doubtful votes; we had no one among us who could demean themselves to make false quotations, garbled extracts, expert statements, or throw aside all moral obligation, and swear to lie out! We are not acquainted with the means of modern politics; we have been beaten by weapons which we were loath to handle, and if we cannot console ourselves with having redeemed our county, we can at least, with the reflection that the Whig party have greatly increased, and that, in a much larger ratio than our opponents, and we promise ourselves that in a very short time, loco goism will be rooted from its districts.

THE WAR IS ENDED!

Well, the election is over, the race is run, and we are either saddled with a Sub-Treasury, or our state will rise up reinvigorated by new impulses, to consummate its grand plans of improvement and internal transportation. The politician rests from his labor, the editor lays down the caustic tipped pen, upsets the ink-stand of gall, and feels as "Briareus might, should Athena be removed from his distasteful form." The morbid man again seeks his evening fire-side, away from meetings and confabulations; the lawyer resumes his digest, and the midnight lamp is again shining through the student's casement. Let us then forget the past; let all former bickerings be merged in civility, and let the general welfare of all be again our philanthropic determination.

We should remember the nature of the political elements; the furiously agitated wind which leads the tempest its force, and robs the hurricane in all its violence, is the same gentle breeze which when unexcited, fans the cheek with perfumed airs, and kisses the riptlet on the tranquil summer lake. Let us then cordially, frankly and freely restore social feeling; let us mutually extend the right hand of good fellowship; let the two streams form a junction, and thus conjoined into one broad river, flow on calmly but majestically in united strength. With last Tuesday's result, be it what it may, we bury all unkindness; and if the zeal of prosecuting our favorite ticket, has at any time led us to the commission of thoughts, words, or actions, which may have hurt the feelings of another, let our country be the common mediator to reconcile conflicting interests, unite our undivided ties, and make us resolve to live for that country, and for her welfare only!

NAYLOR & INGERSOLL.

We are as much rejoiced at the success of Mr. Naylor as we shall be if Joseph Ritner be re-elected Governor. It has been the peculiar wish of the General Government to secure the election of the "would be tory," in order to make him a leader of that party. They have boldly asserted that if money could procure his success, it should not be wanted. All the influence, corruption and finesse of the Van Burenists, have been thrown into the scale, but the third district has done itself great honor, and shown that the tory's meanness of our country cannot be bribed, brow beaten or deceived.

An Autumnal view.—Mount the hill west of our Borough, look down the gorge of the Sharp Mountain, where the Schuylkill breaks through on its southward course; observe the varied foliage of the trees, the busy life of the canal, and the placid river in the distance, and it will amply compensate you for a half hour's walk. The extreme warm weather of the past summer has made the diversity of tints more varied than ever, and there is not a sweeter view anywhere this side of Mahomet's paradise. Beautiful and picture-give as is our whole vicinity, this is the diamond gem of the whole. Our town like a panoramic view, is at our feet; here and there through the foliage of the sun-lighted valley the crystal river is seen peeping, and then bounding away to the south; the towering mountains which overhang the stream seem like the work of Titans, and

"The loose crags with threatening mass, Lay uttering o'er the hollow pass, As if an infant's tooth could urge Their headlong passage down the verge."

The scenery of Schuylkill county will in a few short years hold a conspicuous place in the port folio of the artist, and the sketch book of the tourist; every diversity of view from the quiet domestic scenes of rural life, to the bold majestic grandeur of towering rocks and beading mountains may attract the eye. We have no Niagara, or Catskill, but there is much to interest of placid beauty and imposing magnificence.

The Abduction Case in N. Y.—There has been a great excitement in New York in consequence of two of the crew of the French ship Alexander, having been some time spotted on board the Frigate Didon and taken away. The Alexander, it may be recollected, put into Newport (R. J.) some time ago and was seized by the authorities, and these two persons afterwards bailed by the consul general at that place. It appears this French Government attaches more importance to this affair than we can learn the reasons for. The visit of the Prince De Joinville when in this country to Newport in his frigate, and the arrival of the Didon in the port of N. York without any ostensible business shortly after, plainly show that the abduction of these men has been maturely deliberated.

There has been much discussion in New York in this affair. Many have been examined, and the result of the investigation has been the arrest of Mons de la Flechelle, who holds we believe the rank of Vice consul, Secretary, or some such an office. He attaches a deal of importance to himself and threatens bombs and congreve rockets in consequence of the indignity. He told the officers sent to arrest him, that "La France got Algiers for one slip in a deck, and La France will get this country for dis." The affair is seriously becoming important, as involving consular rights, and we shall look with some anxiety to the result. In the mean time if France should declare war, we will not forget to mention it. Noss Verons!

The following from the U. S. Gazette shows some of the advantages arising from the use of anthracite; the remarks are to the point, and we feel great confidence that the time is not far distant, when wood will be entirely superseded by this more compact and certainly more economical produce of our Pennsylvania mines.

Anthracite Coal for Steam Boats.

Much complaints is justly made by the passengers in the Great Western, of the dirt arising from the use of bituminous coal which, while it gives a blaze for the boiler, is most bountiful in its black, sooty smoke, which it spreads upon every object in the vessel. Anthracite coal is not liable to this objection, and should any steam ship be built to run between Philadelphia and Europe, we may expect that the furnaces will be so constructed as to admit of the use of the clean, clear burning and cheap fuel which the mountains of Pennsylvania produce in an abundance, wholly unknown in any other portion of the world. That anthracite can be used to great advantage in propelling steamers, has been abundantly proved. A friend who was travelling a few weeks since from Portland to Boston, found that anthracite was used entirely for the large boat that plied between those two cities, and very little alterations had been made in the furnace to change it from a wood burner to a coal burner. The grate had been raised some inches, and a fan wheel was rigged in front of the fire. The whole was conducted with ease, and without any difficulty consequent upon the hardness of the coal.

Now it is remarkable that Maine, which is emphatically a wood state, supplying as it does lumber for many other states and for the West Indies, and cord wood for Boston, should resort to anthracite coal to propel her steam machinery, while Pennsylvania, which does supply the United States, and can supply the world, with anthracite coal, uses wood in her steam boats and locomotive engines. This remarkable difference extends still further. Maryland is a wood state, supplying the very pine wood used in the steam boats of Pennsylvania, while in Maryland the locomotive steam engines are propelled by an thracite coal, taken from the mountains on the north side of Pennsylvania. A single company in that state purchased this year from a Pennsylvania coal company, 8,000 tons of anthracite, for the use of their steam engines.

While speaking of the steamboats of Maine, our informant mentioned the amount of coal used in a trip from Portland to Boston. He also gave us the comparative amount of coal and wood, which we will hereafter state.

It appears to us that the subject is one of great consequence to the citizens of the United States—to Pennsylvanians certainly. But the amount of wood burnt in steam engines is already enormous, and is increasing at a rate that must make a frightful havoc with our forests, while coal may be dug without danger from diminution, and with evident profit to the community.

MISCELLANY.

A Blunder.—Some of the English Journalists know about as much of this country, as we do of Kamchatka, or a cat does of the use of boxing gloves. A relate court Journal says that the Queen recently wore the elegant hat lately sent her by the State of Massachusetts by her Hon. Representative Carl King! Now the fact is friend Carl, though he has a kingly name, is an honest, unpretending, plain citizen of New York, never was in any office, and merely sent to show that Yankee land could rival Tuscany and even Leghorn in the manufacture of bonnets. We must send the "master over to the Court Journal."

Interesting Correspondence.—New subscribers writing to editors, and enclosing money in advance!

Canada.—Lord Durham has resigned his office in Canada, in consequence of Lord Brougham's opposition to his measures. He will not be butted off his path; he is a bull of the true Durham breed.

Review of the Market.—Lime, rather slack; blue sticks in the market; castor oil, uninteresting to takers; scythe blades a sharp demand; Russia duck going down; hops very lively; flaxseed tending upwards; whiskey, heavy holders will probably experience a fall; wool, there is a deal of life in southern wool; hogs, none retained; no new feature in the cattle market; diapers brisk for the home supply of manufactures; and sheetings worse and worse.

The Dumb not Dumb.—A gentleman visiting the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Paris, asked one of the pupils "what is eternity?" and received this beautiful answer, "it is the life-time of the Almighty."

As I why has Worth so short a Date?—Married at Haverhill (Gen.) Edward G. Worth, to Miss Ellen Date, who has attained the age of 27, and is only thirty five inches in height, her mother was also a dwarf.

Humbugs.—An insect about the size of a bee, but without wings, and sending forth a humming sound has been doing damage to the southern crops.

Difference of Opinion.—One traveller says Queen Victoria is pretty—another that she is plainly pretty, and the last that she is pretty plain.

Conservation.—The New York conservatives have held a convention at Syracuse. Their resolutions and address are highly spoken of, they propose an alteration in the Constitution to make the Secretary of the Treasury elective in both Houses of Congress, thus preventing the executive abuses at present existing. They likewise determined to go against the Sub-Treasury: this will ensure the election of Mr. Seward.

Georgia.—A ship from the Augusta Chronicle contains returns from ten counties which show a net gain of about 900 in favor of the Whigs since 1836. All subsequent returns tend to evince a corresponding gain throughout the state, as the counties heard from are those where Mr. Calhoun exerts most influence. If as is hoped, the entire Whig Ticket should be elected, it will make a gain of eight members in the next Legislature.

Long Odds.—Five brothers of Southampton Mass. named Odds, are on an average six feet one inch in height!

The Weather.—After the late storm the weather is now clear and cold. Stores are in demand, coal active, and visions of Joe Silver's and hot whiskey punch begin to float before our mind's eye.

His and Ours.—In spirits and out of spirits—in office and out of office—in pocket and out of pocket—in luck and out of luck—in hopes and out of hopes, are the leading political symptoms of the day.

Shop lifting.—The brick house occupied by Mr. Genvais as a residence and a tailor's shop in Merrimack street Portland, has been lifted by screws and moved back 17 feet without taking down the chimney.

Java.—A sa's retreat after the present election campaign for those who cannot settle their 'i' over you.

Going, gone!—A subtreasurer from Indiantown (Miss.) named Ellis Gowing, has absquated with the Government strong box, and \$2,300. "Thus runs the world away."

Steam boat law!—The N. Y. papers are but on the high pressure principle against all the steamboats that have not passed inspectors. That's right gentlemen, blow them up or they will take the same liberty with you!

Good.—Why is a bad lawyer like necessity? Because he "has no law."

What's in a Name!—A Mr. Bellows is lecturing on the mechanical properties of air, at the Stuyvesant Institute in New York.

Half persuaded!—The Banks of Mobile have remained on a partial resumption of specie payments on and after the first of October.

A Lumber Man!—A Montreal paper says a drowned body, apparently that of a lumberman, was "dragged out of the St. Lawrence near their city. How do they know he was a lumberman, did he have a wooden leg?

Emigration.—All the Whigs of the Empire State of New York are bound seaward!

A New Reign.—A salute was fired at Wheeling, (Va.) on the commencement of the new year which succeeded the late drought.

Col. Almonte of San Jacinto memory, is the Mexican Charge de Affairs in London.

The following happy hit is from the Phila. Gazette: the non-committal President is painted to the life:

The President having returned to Washington, it is proper to mention a few of the perils and vicissitudes, to which his precious existence was subjected, on the way from Virginia thither. On his last night at the Sulphur, (we forget the color) he slept in the same apartment with a damp towel, the consequence of which was that he caught an egericous cold. On the morning he left, a Virginian who had him good bye, observed that he had a fine day for travelling. He replied, "there are differences of opinion on that subject, my dear sir, and not wishing to commit myself on a topic so common to the people, I shall delay the expression of my views until I can see Mr. Horiza, my attorney general, by the way." He added broadly, "Horiza is a poet of every considerable calibre. The Globe has spoken of a sonnet of his, on account of its not being long—only fourteen lines—is considered a gem."—The President was very thoughtful, and occasionally moved his person slightly in the carriage, with the view, 'as was conceived at the time by the closest observers, of riding more easily. As this however, was not unanimously entertained by the escort, it is mentioned with diffidence. On looking at the van, near the Potomac, he sneezed thrice; the muscular agitation, however, in time subsided, and the effects passed away. Many thought at that conjuncture that he would be favored with a coup de soleil, but it turned out otherwise.

These interesting notabilities are given in anticipation of the Richmond Enquirer. We ought to add, that the President has a most picturesque way of throwing his leg over a saddle, when he mounts a horse. Those who have seen him on top of that quadruped, have wondered at the ambidexterity wherewith he climbs the beast, and attained his seat outside. Other equally momentous particulars with respect to the Chief Magistrate of the nation, might be mentioned, but it would be unfair to attribute the glory of the Enquirer. One instance, exemplifying the President's cautionary organ, may however be indulged. Notwithstanding his handsome remark upon the yards of Boston, it is said, that when he encountered any of the papers, he generally utters these words "impertinent!" or some other interjection, but of eulogium. Volumes indeed would not suffice to record the marvellous events of the "Washington and thought-exercising" mission of the President to Virginia. It will give him the highest rank as a republican tourist, and earn his name upon the imperishable scroll of ages, of all American travellers and statesmen.

The liberal, virtuous, discreet, best!