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THE PHILADELPHIA & SCHUYLKILL COUNTY RAILROAD

AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Weekly by Benjamin Bauman, Pottsville, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania. SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 23, 1839. VOL. XV. NO. 47.

OPPOSITION LINE.

THE PHILADELPHIA & SCHUYLKILL COUNTY RAILROAD, POTTSTVILLE AND DANVILLE RAILROAD, AND NEW POST COACHES.

THE Subscribers having made arrangements to form the route in connection with the Daily Line of Post, Shoe, Finery, & Co. on its route in Pottsville from Philadelphia, for the purpose of transporting passengers from Philadelphia to the Schuylkill County, and to Pottsville, we have started a Tri-Weekly Line of Stages, to leave Pottsville on

RATES OF FARE.

From Philadelphia to Pottsville, \$6.00
do. do. to Northumberland, 6.00
do. do. to Sunbury, 7.50
do. do. to Shamokin, 7.50
do. do. to Northumberland, 9.25
do. do. to Danville, 9.50
do. do. to Pottsville, 1.75

EXCHANGE HOTEL, POTTSTVILLE.

William G. Johnson

Davy's Safety Lamps.

OF the best construction, and most approved kind also makes new gauges to old lamps, and other repairs done at the subscriber's Clock and Watch Shop, in Centre street, Pottsville, Pa. dated Friday, June 1, 29-J. JOSEPH CATSWORTH.

A BARGAIN.

For Sale or to Rent, 75 Acres Coal Land, with Waggon, Schutes, Scales, Landing, &c., all in complete order for working, having 3 good Veins open, situated near Middleport, and known as the Lewis & Bull Tract.

PATENT SPRING STEEL Cross-Strained Saddles.

RICHARD D. S. HOENER, Saddle, Bridle, and Trunk Manufacturer.

IRELAND.

A Man rescued from a Tiger by a Lion—A Bird captured in the Dublin Post, dated Friday, says:—"Since I came here I have heard an anecdote of one of the lions, which shows the sagacity of that noble animal in a remarkable degree."

ENGLAND.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM LIVERPOOL.

The packet ship Oxford, at New York, sailed from Liverpool on the 21st October. From the New York afternoon papers, and especially the Commercial Advertiser, we copy the following items.

The intelligence by this arrival is precisely the same character as that of the Great Western, and indeed it could not be expected that two days would produce any change of moment. The worst feature of it is the continued decrease of specie in the coffers of the Bank of England, as shown in the quarterly average.

We quote an article from the London Spectator, in which it is stated that application has been made for an order in council authorising the issue of one paper note. The same statement was made in papers brought by the Great Western.

The arrivals of Flour from America at Liverpool were considerable. Over five thousand barrels had reached there the week previous, and more, it was expected.

The Cotton Market had undergone no material alterations. Prices no better.

Elderman, the last living member of the National Convention, who voted for the death of Louis 16th, died at Straburg the beginning of October.

The British Queen had only 130 births taken on the 18th of October, and not 300 as before stated.

amusement of all present, the lion seized the tiger by the neck, and carried it off to the top of the rock, and while the men were engaged in the struggle, the bleeding in a dreadful manner. He was immediately placed under the care of Dr. Tynan, of this town, and now quiet recovered.

It is the current report at the Post Office that stamped labels, saturated with gum, and to be affixed on the direction side of the letter, will be the means used for carrying the new Penny Postage Act into operation. Mr. Rowland Hill is to have, it is said, although in an imperfect state, it has been found to offer an effective barrier to the south-western swell.

SCOTLAND.

Locomotive power applied to Canal transit.—On the 21st and 22nd instant an experiment was conducted on the Firth of Clyde Canal, of a novel and highly interesting nature, by John Macneil, C. E., and consulting engineer to the canal company.

The foreign exchanges have declined slightly since the report of the late meeting of the Council in London, but the Bank has drawn upon Paris to the full extent of the amount (£2,000,000) that the Bank of France undertook to discount; and as the support to the exchanges has been withdrawn, a further decline is anticipated.

STATE OF TRADE IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—At present, it is absolutely distressing, much embarrassment and anxiety prevail in England and America.

It appears that immense quantities of merchandise have been within a month been sold at auction in New York and Philadelphia, at low prices, on account of English owners. No doubt the gain of such transactions rests eventually with the purchaser—the loss with the wretched seller; but the present time, additional pressure is put upon the American money market, which most needs relief.

Wales Literature.—The poems of Lewis Glyn Cothi, a Cambrian bard of the nineteenth century, the second part of which was advertised a few weeks since, are having been just published by Mr. Parry, of Chester, and Mr. Geo. Deighton, under the editorial superintendence of the Rev. Walter Davies, and the Rev. J. Jones, appear calculated to impress the reader with an elevated idea of the poetic claims of the Welsh people; and the preface, which is written in English, gives some interesting and original material connected with the wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, which cannot fail of being equally instructive to the antiquarian and the historian as well as to the general reader.

WALE.

Wales Literature.—The poems of Lewis Glyn Cothi, a Cambrian bard of the nineteenth century, the second part of which was advertised a few weeks since, are having been just published by Mr. Parry, of Chester, and Mr. Geo. Deighton, under the editorial superintendence of the Rev. Walter Davies, and the Rev. J. Jones, appear calculated to impress the reader with an elevated idea of the poetic claims of the Welsh people; and the preface, which is written in English, gives some interesting and original material connected with the wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, which cannot fail of being equally instructive to the antiquarian and the historian as well as to the general reader.

It is a beautiful fancy that first peopled the world with ethereal beings, and placed their homes amid the blossoms of the woods and fields. Often in my rambles, when passing to pluck a flower, has the idea crossed me, that I might be destroying the abode of some spirit, who, though invisible to me, was even then imploring my mercy, and, sparing the flower, I have walked on with a feeling of pleasure, as I heard in fancy her tiny voice warbling out a song of thanks. But now the race of sprites with ban and spell, is fast disappearing: the present generation is too young to be galled by tales of witches and fairies walking about in the moonlight, under the form of cats and rabbits; and such is the story, or a well authenticated tale of a haunted house, is received with the most decided marks of disbelief. It is, therefore, with a feeling of deprecation for my own unqualified credence, that I venture to offer the following legend of Glen Cove, which was narrated to me one warm summer afternoon, as I lay in a luxuriant grove of locusts, overlooking the Long Island Sound.

Many years ago, when this notorious little place still slumbered under the uninviting appellation of Mosquito Cove, an elder, equally notorious with the town, flourished there under the name of Ralph

From the New Yorker. Scientific Essays.—I. MINERAL COAL IS NO TA VEGETABLE PRODUCT. [Concluded.] For the purpose of showing that, I am not so speculative as some may imagine, I will found my calculations upon different data.

Degeer and Anderson, who have given much attention to growth of vegetation, assures us of a fact: to the truth of which every one must be sensibly, viz: "That the most fertile soil will not cover the earth, when fresh cut, half an inch deep." Then a bed of solid moat, two and a half feet thick, allowing half an inch to be produced annually, would require 80 years. This would yield, admitting it to be 60,000, six inches of coal which would require 800 years to produce the materials; and if so 208,000 years.

VI. And last, Drifts of logs, trees, plants and brush have been considered, by the fruitful imaginations of our geologists, to resemble very closely that which must have been, originally, the case with the coal beds. Mr Comstock says that—

Those who have seen the pine forests of our western country can, perhaps, have some conception of the vast pile which a single square mile of these trees would form if thrown together. Now, if hundreds of square miles of such timber were accumulated, we might suppose there would be a quantity sufficient to form a single bed of a large coal formation.

timber, and then explain, who can, the manner by which the coal beds became divided by these strata of shale, or iron, or lime-stone, or all three, having plane surface and uniform thickness; and how it happened that no foreign matter was drifted between the timbers. Drifts of trees at this day are associated with mud, sand and gravel, interposed. Everything connected with coal and its shales indicates a quiescent condition of the water in the basin, which excludes the idea of drift; but leaving this out of the question, how was the timber brought to the basin? Nothing less than a current could do it; out the same current that brought it in would transport it out—except such as might lodge, which would present remarkable inequalities. But the coal beds were formed, and so were their shales and sandstones, before any strong currents entered their basin, as is evident from their unbroken character—except at points where rivers subsequently broke through them.

Admit the necessary drifts to have taken place: how were they covered, first with shale, and this again with sand stone? De La Bêche (p. 434) tells us that upon this vegetable mass—sand, silt or mud were accumulated; and leaves us to infer, from his next paragraph, that they were transported from some adjacent region. What was the nature of this transporting agent? At one time it brought mud, and at another sand; or they were both brought at the same time; and if so, how were they separated so as to place the mud underneath the heavier particles of sand? That is, how did it happen that the finest, lightest and most impalpable particles were deposited first? This is not the law of drifts, inundations and transporting basins of water. But admit that no difficulty exists in explaining these usual phenomena: what produced the regular regularity of the coal beds, with their shales and sandstones? Will it be contended that the requisite drift for a coal bed was produced every year? Can we predicate the most exact regularity, order and arrangement, to obtain fifty times in succession, upon accidental or unusual inundations? Suppose the requisite drift to obtain for one coal bed: whence could another be had, to form a second coal bed, in less than a hundred years? Finally, will any one contend after reading the exposures I have made, that coal is a vegetable product? Yes; those who stand committed by the public.

Grant that coal is a vegetable product: and what is gained to the science of geology? Does the admission enable us to account for the beautiful harmony that exists!—for the shales and sandstones—iron-ore and lime-stone? Does it give us an insight into the reason why anthracite and bituminous coals are never found in the geological place of each other?—and why lignite is never found in the place of either of them?—Or why bitumen is found without coal, and vice versa?—Or why some shales contain the impressions of plants, and others neither?—Or why it is that lakes of bitumen now exist in which nothing is discoverable that indicates a vegetable origin, or that super-increment pressure ever obtained?—Or why it is that a coal bed, in a state of formation, is not known to exist in this time!

I have now examined, with entire impartiality, all the important evidence that is generally brought forward in defence of the theory which attributes mineral coal to a vegetable origin; and find, to my satisfaction, that it is not sustained. On the contrary, I am brought to the conclusion, that mineral coal is any thing else than a vegetable product. As I have no opinions to cherish at the price of truth, I will feel much obliged to any gentleman who will expose the fallacy of any one argument I have used.

My next essay will present a system deduced from facts—not a theory—that will explain all the phenomena of a coal formation:—a positive system on the subject, and one that is equally applicable to all other regularly formed portions of the earth's crust:—one that exposes the causes of crystalline, drifted, and sedimentary rocks, and their *modus operandi*.

SCRAPS FROM LONG ISLAND. BY JOHN T. IRVING. The present is a matter-of-fact age, when fancy is strangled in her cradle, and nothing but rugged reality permitted to come to maturity. The bright, but useless flowers, which grow with their beauty only, the path of existence, are trampled in the dust, whilst the blossoms which bring forth useful fruit alone are cherished. Perhaps it is for the best, but still there is a lingering charm about the dreamy tales of the olden time, when every dark wood had its nymph, every fountain its sprite, and every wild flower of the field its guardian fairy, who stipped the dew from its leaves, and sang as it rocked in the evening breeze.

It was a beautiful fancy that first peopled the world with ethereal beings, and placed their homes amid the blossoms of the woods and fields. Often in my rambles, when passing to pluck a flower, has the idea crossed me, that I might be destroying the abode of some spirit, who, though invisible to me, was even then imploring my mercy, and, sparing the flower, I have walked on with a feeling of pleasure, as I heard in fancy her tiny voice warbling out a song of thanks. But now the race of sprites with ban and spell, is fast disappearing: the present generation is too young to be galled by tales of witches and fairies walking about in the moonlight, under the form of cats and rabbits; and such is the story, or a well authenticated tale of a haunted house, is received with the most decided marks of disbelief. It is, therefore, with a feeling of deprecation for my own unqualified credence, that I venture to offer the following legend of Glen Cove, which was narrated to me one warm summer afternoon, as I lay in a luxuriant grove of locusts, overlooking the Long Island Sound.

RALPH CRAFT—A LEGEND OF GLEN COVE. Many years ago, when this notorious little place still slumbered under the uninviting appellation of Mosquito Cove, an elder, equally notorious with the town, flourished there under the name of Ralph

Craft, from whom, it is rumored, are descended all of the name who inhabit the neighborhood of Glen Cove. Every village has its pool-natured vagabond, who hangs about the place, lives, heaven knows how, and is hand and glove with all ranks, from the negro who sleeps in the sunbath, to the gentleman who rides in his carriage. This officer for several successive generations, had been in the Craft family; the spirit of vagabondism had descended in their race, pure and undiluted, from father to son, until the concentrated strength of several generations had centered in Ralph. In truth, he was a scape-goat of the pure water, and but for the influence of a tyrant with who bullied him soundly, keeping him in mental subjection, and his comrades in bodily terror, he would have passed through the world with much comfort, though little notoriety. It will generally be found that Ralph, with her usual kind discrimination, has taken a peculiar care to throw something in the lot of every man to make him uncomfortable, and fill his breast with a free, jolly-bellied fellow never lived, but was built; if not coddled, by a peppy-bellmate. Be that as it may, Ralph found it too long in his case; he was weary of all he surveyed so long as his face was turned away from his own dwelling; but the moment he crossed its threshold his soul sunk within him, his jets were thrust, his swagger laid aside, his voice dwindled to something between a white and a whisper; his step became quiet and stealthy like that of a cat, and he always listened to her lectures as a dutiful and bespectacled husband should—in silence; and so great was his tenderness for her feelings, that he had never been known to utter a word against her, except when she was out of hearing. Ralph was not however, singular in his feeling of awe; everything under her sway partook of the general influence. Even the dung-hill cock, who at a distance swelled and ruffled among the poultry with a very patronizing air, seemed to feel a weight upon his spirits when her eye; his strut was quickened to a sidling run, his tail was doctored down to a shawl, and his vociferous crow was frequently cut short in the middle.

It is but justice to Mrs. Craft, however, to remark, that if good advice could have effected a change in her husband, he would have been a paragon of excellence; for he never entered his dwelling without having his worthless head up to his own disapprobation, and he never went to bed without being shewn the folly of his ways, and being fully convinced that he was a disgrace to his wife and her connections. To all this Ralph had but a single reply—that his father was a vagabond before him, and that what was bred in the bone never came out at the heels.

Like many persons of his description, he was something of a sportsman, and frequently whiled away the long sunny days of summer in tilting about the neighboring woods with his gun and dog, until every part of them was as familiar, ay, more so, than his own dwelling.

It happened one day, that Ralph had been loitering about the village, with a vagabond crew of the same calibre with himself, and in the excess of his feelings of good fellowship, had indulged in positions of unusual profanity. On returning home, urged on by the unwonted stimulus, he mastered courage to venture upon an expostulation with his wife. The result was inevitable; he was thrust neck and heels from the house, and obliged to seek for terms. Fortunately for his cause the domestic ladder was empty, and his wife made it a condition of the treaty, that he should forthwith sally out with the dog and gun, and replenish it with game. It was also hinted that in case he returned empty handed, he would find the doors closed against him. Ralph, glad to make his peace on any terms that were not enforced by a broomstick, set about his task with alacrity. He replenished his horn, adapted a new flint to his gun, and whilst his dog, Grim, his new flint, directing his steps towards Dorsous Lane. It was still early in the day, and being a tolerable shot, he had no fears for the result of his errand, and was right happy at being obliged to undergo a penance so much in consonance with his own inclinations. On entering Dorsous Lane, he whistled Grim into the bushes at the road-side, whilst he sauntered along, keeping a watchful eye on the brushwood, and occasionally glancing upward, in hopes of catching sight of a pigeon among the thick foliage overhead. His search was fruitless; he reached the end of the squire lane, without having started any thing except a black snake, which glided swiftly across his path and disappeared in the opposite brushwood.

"Comfortable this!" muttered he, as he once more whistled for Grim, and leaning on the end of his gun, ran his eye over the landscape. At the foot of the hill on which he stood, lay a small lake, and on the opposite side rose the wooden canal peninsula, now known as Living Tor's Island. It was a beautiful and delicious afternoon; the lake lay in mazy smoothness, reflecting in its tranquil bosom the pines that darkened the island. Not a ripple broke its calmness, save when now and then some fish dashed in pursuit of an insect, or itself the sign of some voracious fish of its tribe. In the hope of seeing a darter fork like a spark of silver and fall glittering back in the pure element. Nature, too, was in her rainbow garb, and wore the thousand tints which spoke the waning year, and which decked the forests for a season only to mark more strongly their desolation.

Ralph's mind, however, was engrossed with other thoughts than the scenery. He ran his eye narrowly along the margin of the lake. Nothing was to be seen except a solitary kingfisher perched upon a rail overhanging the water, and who, to judge from his moody air, had been sent out on the sidge errand as himself. After a long and unsatisfactory survey, Ralph descended the hill, and as it was growing late, redoubled his speed and exertions. In vain, however, he secured the borders of the pond, and beat through all the swamps and thickets of the neighborhood; fate seemed against him, and just as the last rays of sun disappeared from the sleeping waters of the Sound, he stood upon its beach as empty-handed as ever. Flock of crows, high up in the air, were winging their flight towards a distant farm. Distant cattle were slowly wending their way to the farm-yard of their respective owners; the pale disk of the moon was just peeping above the eastern horizon, and several bats were beginning to flit about in the twilight. Ralph seated himself disconsolately upon a stone, supporting the sides of his head between his hands, with his eyes wistfully fixed upon the heaven. Sound as its gentle breeze rippled over the pebbles at his feet. Grim, too, seemed to sympathize with him; for whenever Ralph received a rough welcome at home, Grim was sure to partake of the same fate. He seemed aware of the nature of the errand, on which they had been sent; he had no his utmost, and now stretched himself panting at the foot of his master.

At a short distance from the spot was a narrow strip of swamp generally known as Flag-Brook, and the idea suddenly occurred to Ralph, that as it was not yet dark, he might meet with something in that quarter. With a great deal of stealth, and something like hope, he set out, but had not gone far before the twilight deepened, and the thick shadow of the woods which bounded one side of the swamp, made the obscurity equal to that of night. "There was no longer any hope, and forcing his way out of the bushes, and throwing his gun upon the ground, Ralph cast himself beside it, and began to mutter some words of prayer, in the hope of seeing the moon rise gloriously in the heaven, and throwing the shadow of the gigantic figure of Grim, which he lay, far out in a narrow field between him and the swamp.

"With the device had that wife of mine! I should like to be turned in my elbow and hand in his breeches pocket: an easy stomach and a name better sleep out all night." As he muttered this, he struck into a thoughtful whistling. "God