



# POTTSVILLE. SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 2. DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR.  
**HONEST JOHN BANKS.**  
FOR JOURNAL.  
**GEORGE N. ECKERT.**  
FOR CLERK.  
**ANDREW MORTIMER.**  
FOR TREASURER.  
**JOHN H. HILL.**  
FOR COMMISSIONER.  
**JACOB MATTHEWS.**  
DIRECTOR OF THE ROAD.  
**GEORGE DEIBERT.**  
AUDITORS.  
**WILLIAM HAGGERTY, for 3 years.**  
**JACOB KAERCHER, for 1 year.**  
TAXES.  
**CHARLES WITMAN.**  
**JOSEPH HAMMER.**

GEORGE N. ECKERT.—The report that George N. Eckert has declined the democratic nomination for Assembly is false and without the slightest foundation. He has ACCEPTED the nomination; and we have every assurance that he will be elected.

The Locofoco Address.—The Prosecuting Attorney of Schuylkill County, Porter's extravagance; an examination into Colonel Straub's democracy; Eckert and Banks.

The Locofoco Address to the democratic citizens of Schuylkill county is decidedly one of the most curious documents of the day. It is an assertion without fact, and a declaration without argument. It may be compared to Joseph's famous garment, for it is a compilation of statements which have graced the columns of the locofoco papers of this state for the last three years; but, unlike the said garment, the colors are not judiciously arranged, neither are the pieces put together in a workmanlike manner.

Although this address, or "compilation," is ostensibly the child of many fathers, the honor of paternity may be solely claimed by the prosecuting attorney of this county, and we dare say no one will have the hardihood to dispute the claim. He has evidently not consulted his own understanding or put but a low estimate on the intelligence of our citizens, for a greater issue of absurdities was never published. A notice of the most striking passages may prove amusing if not instructive.

The Democratic "Whig party" succeeded at the last fall elections in gaining an "apparent triumph," says the address. "Apparent," indeed; yes, it was very apparent. The old Hero of Tippecanoe carried nineteen states out of the twenty-six by an overwhelming majority. Not a vestige of locofocoism apparently was to be seen. Its defiant carriage apparently was buried with apparent decency on the 4th of March last. And, apparently, New Hampshire in the North, and Alabama in the South, stand as the head and foot stone to mark the spot where locofocoism apparently expired in apparent agonies.

The land bill, as passed at the Extra Session of Congress, is stigmatized as a high handed federal measure—as an act giving away the public domain without value received in return. What pure, unadulterated nonsense! Does the writer of the address know the meaning of the word federal? His practices are certainly a beautiful exemplification of federalism, (vide quid pro quo case) but still we are inclined to believe that he has not a clear idea of the true meaning of the word. By the passage of the Land Bill, the rights of the old states were asserted and protected. Party had nothing to do with the question. The democrats and locofocos of this state were equally interested in the passage of that bill, and thereby securing to Pennsylvania her rightful portion of the Public Domain. To be sure, Martin Van Buren thought he could obtain the votes of the Western states by ceding to them the Public Lands within their borders, which was the common property of the whole confederacy, and advocated such a course of policy on the part of the general government; and he found many in his own party who adopted the same views. The design, however, could not be mistaken. All honest men of all parties looked upon it as a bid to obtain the votes of the Western States in favor of the philosopher of Kinderhook at the last presidential election. The Prosecuting Attorney has calculated altogether too much on the credulity and gullibility of our citizens if he supposed he can make any political capital out of the Land Bill. It stands now as an enduring monument of the wisdom and patriotism of a Democratic House of Representatives, a Democratic Senate, and a Democratic President.

Allusion is made to the "mighty revolution" in Maine. Well, what does this revolution amount to? Why, that at the last presidential election the democrats of Maine polled over 45,000 votes and at this election they only polled some 35,000, owing to the supineness and apathy of our friends. There was no change of opinion—no swelling up of the enemy's ranks by desertion—but merely an indifference as to the result of a local election. The same "mighty revolution" may be effected in Pennsylvania, if the democrats of this state evince the same apathy as their brethren of Maine. The last presidential election gave us a clear and undisputed majority of 353; and that majority will be swelled by thousands by the disaffection in the Porter ranks, and if our friends but merely do their duty—if they only and all deposit their votes in the ballot box at the coming election. If, from a feeling of conscious stretch and security, they fail to exercise the highest and most indisputable right of an American citizen, the consequences must be on their own heads. They have the power and the ability to raise the democratic banner in triumph over the Keystone state, and we feel assured that they both can and will.

The commendations so liberally bestowed upon Governor Porter for the manner in which he has conducted the affairs of state is all judge. If the governor read it, he must have laughed in his sleeve. Praise undeserved is the most cunning species of satire. In this instance, however, the text was admirably suited to the commentator, and the commentator to the text; and we doubt not the gratitude of our worthy executive will be in proportion to the zeal of the prosecuting attorney. If the former is re-elected, the latter may safely hope that his illegal draft on the State Treasury for \$500 will be duly honored.

After a most long and impotent defence of the gross and wanton extravagance of Porter's administration, the gentle voice of the democracy of Schuylkill county is gently solicited in favor of Col. Straub, the candidate for Assembly. We are plainly told that in this case it will not do to exercise individual preferences, for "black and blue"—if such preferences are exercised, the gallant Colonel's supporters will be reduced to a corporal's guard;—and, furthermore, that he is the nominated candidate of the party. It would seem from this that in this matter the people have nothing to do with the selection of their representatives; they are saved that trouble by the buidable efforts of a clique or party.

The Prosecuting Attorney stands security for the pure democracy of his protégé—the would be representative of Schuylkill county. He is pronounced an unadulterated democrat, without stain or blemish—nursed in a hickory cradle, and reared in such a manner as to go the "whole hog," bristles, Porter, state tax, previous pardons, the bribe, and all. What errant humbuggery! Col. Straub a democrat and George N. Eckert a federalist!!! The raw head and bloody bones of federalism are invoked to defeat Eckert and Banks, men whose principles—whose interests, hopes, and wishes, are identified with the working classes of this country. Not your silk stocking gentry, who dress in purple and fine linen, who ride about in coaches imported from England, and who sip their champagne and madeira out of English cut glasses; but the men who earn their living by the sweat of their brows—the Simon Pures themselves—the stout hearted and heart fasted yeomanry of the country.

Col. Straub a democrat! In the name of all that is good and great, how sad when has he proved the principles he now so warmly professes on the eve of an election! By what public or private act of his life has he shown himself the friend of the democrats of Schuylkill county, whose suffrages he now so humbly solicits? How long has he lived among them? Is he acquainted even with their interests? Has he any thing in common with them? Does he follow any business? Who is he, what is he, that he should thrust himself forward as a candidate to represent one of the greatest counties in Pennsylvania? We do not hold to the doctrine of faith without works. The delegated power of the sovereign people should never be conferred on strangers—should never be conferred on any man whose principles have not been tested by the severest ordeal. For our own part, we view with suspicion and distrust the noisy mouthed professions of candidates for office; and never give them credit for honesty and patriotism *in advance*. We deal altogether on the cash principle.

Col. Straub a democrat! Connected with his democracy, can there be an association of ideas more ridiculous? Is he not the open and unflinching advocate of the iniquitous sub-treasury scheme? Did not his speeches in favor of that odious law subject him to the ridicule, scorn and contempt of every working man in this region? Is he not opposed to high wages for labor? Is he not in favor of reducing the condition of the working classes of this country to the same pitiable and lamentable state as the working classes of Europe? Is he not in favor of reducing the wages of the American laborer to NINE CENTS a day? Is he not in favor of that system which Gov. Porter has pursued, which has brought so much misery and distress on this state—which has swelled the State debt up to nearly FORTY MILLIONS of dollars—and which will shortly overrun the State with TAX GATHERERS? Is he not the friend of Porter, notwithstanding he is flooding the State with an irredeemable shin plaster currency, to all intents and purposes, that may be looked upon as mere rags, so far as their real value are concerned. A democrat, forsooth! Had the Colonel flourished in the days of Adams and Jefferson, he would have been considered a rank federalist—a black cockade federalist, one regularly died in the wool, and sufficiently rabid to defy all hopes of conversion.

It is true, that the Colonel is more than an average specimen of a Porter democrat. If he had not been weaned so suddenly, he might have been a Canal Commissioner by this time. He received his first lessons in democracy when he was a private contractor on the State works, and no doubt is perfectly conversant with the system of getting money out of the State Treasury on the *non quid pro quo* plan. If he has not improved his opportunities, it is not the fault of his instructors.

Mr. Huber, the President of the Canal Board, has lately been on a visit to this borough, and, doubtless, takes a lively interest in the Colonel's success. If he is elected, his vote may be of so much importance to the Canal Commissioners, as to warrant them again to take him into their employ; and the example of Senator Headley's fat contracts may have such an effect on the Colonel as to make him a most admirable representative—not of Schuylkill county, but of the Canal Commissioners. The example of Senator Headley should not be too strictly imitated. There are certain dark transactions in that gentleman's life, which it would be not only prudent but decent to shun.

TO OUR READERS.—Until the election is over, a large portion of our paper must necessarily be devoted to political subjects, to the exclusion of our usual miscellaneous matter. We are now fairly in the heat, bustle and turmoil of the gubernatorial contest, and until the battle is lost or won, it is not to be expected that we can keep up with the current news of the day.

TO BE REMEMBERED.—Remember that Banks and Eckert have proved themselves the friends of the mechanic, farmer and laboring man, at all times and on all occasions. They are the warm and strong advocates of such a Tariff as will protect the AMERICAN WORKMAN from the ruinous effects of FOREIGN COMPETITION.

THE "BETTER TIMES."—During the last presidential campaign, the friends of Harrison promised "better times" in case the "old Hero" was elected. He was elected. Have not the times improved? Are not our miners and laborers receiving higher wages than they did last year under Van Buren's dynasty. Is not the farmer obtaining a higher price for his products?

IS IT NOT SO!—Our State is literally flooded with worthless rags. Specie cannot be obtained without the most ruinous sacrifices. Is it not so, fellow citizens? Elect David R. Porter, and the currency will remain in the same deranged state for the next three years.

THE CONTRAST.—In Berks county, where Judge Banks lives and is known, the desertion in the Porter ranks in his favor is beyond precedent. In Huntington county, Governor Porter's home, the locofocos have not sufficient strength to get up a ticket. Keep it before the people.

THE RALLYING CRIES.—Banks and Reform, Banks and the One Term Principle, Banks and a Protective Tariff, Banks and Economy in the expenditure of the public money, Banks and no Previous Pardons, Banks and no Vetoes, and Banks and a Constitutional currency.

A QUESTION.—Can you vote for such a man as Governor Porter after his abuse of the pardoning power—after leaving loose upon society the abandoned and reckless inmates of our prisons and penitentiaries?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Until the present political campaign is over, correspondents must have patience. Their favors will be attended to at an early day.

ARE YOU ASSESSED!—This is the last day. If you are not assessed, you have not a moment to lose. See to it before it is too late.

THE MADISONIAN.—The title of the daily Washingtonian is to be changed to "The Constitutional." Booh!

OHIO.—Forty four steamboats were built in Ohio last year.

## Spontaneous Combustion of Bituminous Coal.—Capt. Hosken and the Great Western—Another British Steamship on fire—A letter from Professor Johnson.

The following article was published in the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser of the 23d ultimo, and has since been pretty extensively copied into the eastern papers:

Great Western, 20th September, 1841. To the editors of the Commercial Advertiser: Gentlemen: My attention has been called to an article in the "Pottsville Miners' Journal" of the 7th of August last, reply to which is entirely unnecessary. I cannot, however, allow that portion of it which relates to the Great Western to pass without the most decided and unqualified contradiction. Mr. Irwin, the agent, was quite correct in stating that "during the thirty eight voyages (now forty-one) the Great Western has completed across the Atlantic, neither the ship nor the coal on board has ever been on fire, either by spontaneous or accidental combustion." The statement by "a person formerly attached to the Great Western, in a subordinate capacity," as well as that of "a gentleman who came out passenger in the Great Western" I assert to be entirely false and without the slightest foundation. I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant.

JAMES HOSKEN.

This is certainly a flat contradiction; but contradictions or assertions; no matter how strong or positive the language may be in which they are couched, are neither arguments nor proofs; and we much mistake the intelligence of the American public if the mere *ipse dixit* of even such a respectable gentleman as Captain James Hosken will carry much weight with it.

Our readers, doubtless, recollect that we stated that the bituminous coal on board of the Great Western had been several times ignited from spontaneous combustion, and that the names of our informants would be given up on personal application at our office. Our informants are men of high character and standing, and their veracity has never before been called in question. Captain Hosken may pronounce any or all the statements which we have published false, in whole or in part, but will be believed? We think not.

Captain Hosken does not deny that bituminous coal is liable to spontaneous combustion—does not deny that the fuel on board of the different Atlantic Steamships has frequently ignited from that cause—does not question the truth of the innumerable cases which we have published, where bituminous coal had spontaneously ignited in nearly every situation and under a variety of circumstances; but intimates that all this may be very true, but no accident of the kind has ever occurred on board of the Great Western. He would have the public to suppose that the Western is built in such a peculiar manner, is constructed of such peculiar materials, is so ably officered and manned, and its internal arrangements so perfect, that the very laws of nature are suspended, in order that bituminous coal may be used on board, as fuel for raising steam, with perfect impunity.

That bituminous coal is liable to spontaneous combustion, no honest or intelligent man now denies. The fact is established beyond all dispute. The causes which produce this combustion have been given by us in such an intelligible manner as will be comprehended by the meanest understanding; and as all our positions have been fortified by the strongest testimony, it is no longer a matter of surprise that conviction has so generally followed a perusal of our statements. If the fuel on board of the Atlantic steamships has spontaneously ignited—it may happen again—it may happen on every passage which they make. That it has happened, we have such recorded testimony as cannot be disputed; that it will happen again, and probably be attended with the most appalling circumstances, we have too much reason to fear.

Captains of steamships may publish statements destitute of truth, or even the color of truth, agents may endorse and industriously circulate them, but the public can no longer be bamboozled, deceived or trifled with. They are now fully aware of the imminent danger to which they have been and are still exposed. This is not mere assertion. Look at the marine records of the New York and Boston newspapers for the last six weeks. It is notorious that travelling on the English steamships has fallen off more than FIFTY PER CENT. Not later than last week, the *Caledonia* left Boston for Liverpool with only NINETEEN passengers; and we are assured by a gentleman engaged in the New York and Liverpool trade, that the packet sailing vessels were never better patronized by passengers than they have been for the last eight or ten weeks. In England, where the dangerous properties of bituminous coal are not so generally known as in this country, they look upon their steamships as the *safest* and most speedy mode of conveyance, and, consequently, while their steamships leave our ports with but few passengers, they return with nearly every berth occupied.

The issue between Captain Hosken and the Miners' Journal will be left, as we take it, to a discriminating public to decide. We said that the bituminous coal on board the Great Western had frequently been on fire from spontaneous combustion, and gave what we believed, and still believe, good authority for the assertion. This is flatly contradicted by Capt. H. Now, we ask, in a spirit of candor, whose testimony is to be believed, passengers whose interests cannot be directly or indirectly promoted by bearing false witness, or the mere word of a Captain who has so much at stake in the matter in question?

It would be an insult to Capt. Hosken's understanding to suppose that he disbelieved that bituminous coal was liable to ignite from the cause before mentioned; but lest he may have some doubts on the subject, we shall give him a case in point. As the Captain may not place the most implicit confidence in Yankee statements, this time we give us our authority the redoubled organ of the great party of England—the *London Times*. The following is an extract from that paper, of August 5th, of the present year. The accident must have occurred when Capt. Hosken himself was in England:

FIRED ON BOARD THE DUCHESSE OF SUTHERLAND STEAMSHIP.—On Tuesday night, at 11 o'clock, the large steamship *Duchesse of Sutherland* arrived at her moorings off St. Katharine's, from Aberdeen, with 100 passengers, and a large and valuable cargo, consisting of 174 oxen, a number of sheep, about 50 tons of dead meat, 300 boxes of Salmon, about 500 barrels of herrings, and the inside skin of the vessel, and a great quantity of manufactured goods. The cattle were landed the same night. Yesterday morning, soon after 6 o'clock, the crew and labourers commenced discharging the cargo into the lighters and barges alongside. A few minutes afterwards the people were alarmed at a dense body of smoke ascending from the engine-room, and it was soon ascertained that the vessel was on fire. No time was lost in manning the hand engine on board, and a stream of water was discharged into the after part of the boiler, where the fire was raging. The flames, however, and the inside skin of the vessel, were scorched, and some injury done by the water, but not to any amount worth naming. The fire was caused by the ignition of the coals in the bunker by the heat of the furnaces during the voyage.

This is decidedly one of the strongest cases which we have adduced to show the great danger of using bituminous coal on board of steamships, even when on short voyages. From the above it will be seen, that notwithstanding the coal was stowed away in bunkers (as in the case of the *Great Western*) spontaneous combustion was produced, owing to the great heat which the fuel was exposed to during the voyage.

Since the above was in type, we have received the following letter from Professor Johnson, of Philadelphia. It will be read with great interest:

To the Editor of the Miners' Journal.  
Lowell, Mass. Sept. 23, 1841.

In the conduct of every inquiry into physical laws, truth is of more consequence than victory, and facts more convincing than syllogisms. Under this impression I will barely relate what has this morning fallen under my notice in connexion with the subject of bituminous coal and anthracite.

The Merrimack Company, one of the largest manufacturing corporations in this city, has occasion in order to supply heat to its dye house, bleaching and print-works, to use a large amount of steam, and by its production, they employ from 7 to 10,000 tons of coal either bituminous or anthracite, per annum.

About five weeks ago, they laid in a stock of 230 tons of Sydney coal (bituminous) in the state of "slack," that is, fine coal and dust, fit to be mixed with the dust of anthracite, under a steam boiler, and burned with a fire blower. Last evening, the chemist of the establishment, Dr. Samuel L. Dana, was called to notice a pretty rapid evolution of steam from the hear, and immediately brought his thermometer to try the temperature of the mass. On digging about 18 inches below the surface, this was found to be 138 degrees, Fahrenheit. He invited me this morning to look at it, when our applying the thermometer at about the same depth, the temperature was found to be 150 degrees, and about one foot lower, it was 160; thus increasing rapidly on going deeper beneath the surface. Wherever the hear was opened a little, the steam was given off so copiously as to fill the upper part of the shed in which it is lying. This coal was taken in as dry as it came from the mine, and as the shed is perfectly new and free from leaks, there is no reason to suppose that it has been moistened by any other means than that which has developed the heat and evaporated what hygrometric water the coal may have imbibed from the atmosphere, or contained as an original constituent. I should not be surprised to learn that spontaneous combustion takes place in this heap, if not already commenced; and should the process not be arrested, by throwing over the coal with shovels, I have very little doubt that it will occur.

In the present instance, the bursting out of fire here can do little more than burn down the shed in which it is placed, and even that can be prevented if duly watched, as the admirable arrangements of the company enables them by a system of hose and fire plugs, to direct at pleasure within one minute on any part of the establishment, streams of water urged by 10 enormous water wheels, with an aggregate force of not less than 1200 horses. I hope they will let the process go on, and I have expressed this wish to the superintendent. After making the observation on the temperature of the heap of bituminous slack, we went to a still larger heap of anthracite dust, had a hole opened, and tried its temperature, but found nothing above that of atmospheric air. Should I hear more of this matter, as I expect to do, I will apprise you of the result. Dr. Dana told me that a quantity of Sydney coal in large lumps, taken into the establishment about a year ago, had in less than 6 months, fallen almost entirely into slack, indicating the same kind of chemical action which is now going on in this heap. But as among the large pieces the cold air could circulate more freely than among fine coal, no actual combustion then took place. The formation of sulphuric acid from the sulphur in the coal or in the pyrites, and its combination either with iron or with water, may account, on known chemical principles, for a very large development of heat, and if not conducted away, this may amount to enough for actual combustion. A very high temperature is already existing in the interior of this mass, which probably has a depth of 9 or 10 feet, a length of 60 or 80, and a breadth of perhaps 15 or 20.

I am, very respectfully,  
your obedient servant,  
WALTER R. JOHNSON.

THE THEATRE.—The theatre closed in a very sudden and unexpected manner last week, in consequence of several desertions in the corps dramatique. In this dilemma, the indefatigable manager immediately proceeded to Philadelphia, beat up a sufficient number of recruits, and arrived in Pottsville in time to re-open the theatre on Monday evening last. During the week the houses have been good, both as regards numbers and respectability, and the performances of a superior character. By reference to the advertisement on the next page, it will be seen that the entertainments provided for this evening are rich and varied.

DREADFUL MURDER.—Another most diabolical murder was committed in New York last week. Mr. Samuel Adams, a highly respectable printer of that city, was murdered by a cold blooded villain, named J. C. Colt, a professor of book keeping, and brother to the celebrated gun and pistol maker of that name. The murder was committed in the second story of the large granite building, on the corner of Chamber Street and Broadway, and occurred in the middle of the day, while hundreds of persons were passing within a few feet of the place where the diabolical deed was committed. Colt is now in prison.

A MAGNANIMOUS ACT.—The New York Commercial states that the Hon. JOHN GRANG, of Canada, has resigned his seat in Congress as a member from the county of Ontario. Mr. GRANG, it will be remembered, was elected to Congress last spring, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. GRANGER, on his appointment to the office of Post Master General. Now that circumstances have brought Mr. GRANGER back again among his constituents, as a private citizen, Mr. GRANG has determined to give those constituents an opportunity of sending Mr. GRANGER, who was their first choice, back again to the House of Representatives.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT.—It is said that President Tyler has agreed upon a plan of a National Bank which he will submit to Congress in December, if desired or permitted. Of course he will be permitted. Too good of the chance.

SPORTING.—Bird shooting on the picturesque marshes bordering on the Delaware is now all the rage with the cockney sportsmen of Philadelphia. The "reed" and "rail" birds have suffered some.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.—The Prince de Joinville wears a moustache of fearful dimensions, smokes cigars in the streets, and always gives the girls when he meets 'em, an Irish look—i. e. between a wink and a stare.

ACCEPTED.—Joseph R. Ingersoll, Esq., has accepted the nomination of Representative to Congress, from Philadelphia, in the place of William B. Reed, who declined the nomination.

GOSE HOME.—Daniel Webster is on a visit to his down east friends. It is expected that he will be absent from Washington about three weeks.

NIGGER STATISTICS.—There are 47,854 free blacks in this state. In Maryland, 62,820.

McLEOD.—There is a cloud of reporters in Utica, on purpose to report McLeod's trial.

## All Sorts of Items.

Our new postmaster, John T. Werner, Esq., entered upon the duties of his office yesterday morning. We learn that Mr. Werner has disposed of his newspaper establishment—the Democratic Free Press—to Mr. J. P. Bertram, a gentleman admirably qualified for the arduous task he has undertaken. We sincerely wish him success.

The papers are teeming with war rumors. Don't put much faith in them.

A young man has been arrested in Albany charged with the murder of Mary Rogers, the cigar girl.

Col. Worth says the Florida War has ended. The Seminole appear to entertain a different opinion.

Four officers have committed suicide in Florida since the commencement of the campaign. No wonder.

The murder of Adams by Colt has produced a most wonderful sensation in New York. Nearly all of the penny papers of that city have published portraits of the murderer.

The Southern papers are raising the cry of a "short crop" of cotton. Old tune.

The Governor of New York has issued a proclamation exhorting the patriots to keep the peace.

A large number of immigrants have lately arrived at New York and Boston.

Tylerize is a word now getting into general use. Francis J. Grund, of Philadelphia, has been appointed U. S. Consul for Bremen. Excellent appointment. Fat birth. "Oh, those ramparts."

There is a lady in this borough who is so modest that she won't touch or taste bear meat for any consideration.

No lady ever captivated a gentleman by advocating atheistical principles.

Never smoke in the streets. It is a practice equally irreputable and offensive.

Learn to say no. It will save you any quantity of trouble and money in the course of your weary pilgrimage through this world.

Drinking and carousing may be very manly and very amusing, and all that sort of thing; but the character of being a good fellow "is too frequently acquired at the expense of your purse, reputation and health.

If you attempt to talk too fine—to make an immense impression by the profundity of your remarks—ten to one you "put your foot into it." We speak from sad experience.

Our friend Wallace is on a visit to our borough to see his old friends and acquaintances. The old gentleman is in excellent health and spirits and does not appear to have suffered the least fatigue from his journey.

The first Court Marshal in Schuylkill county was held last week. We may shortly give the particulars.

Heavy fall of rain on Wednesday morning last. Regular, old fashioned soaker. Talking of a fall, puts us in mind of Autumn. Here we are in the beginning of October, the thermometer down to 60 (Fahrenheit, of course) and cool, blustering winds. The trees are half robbed of their green branches, and 't'other half, shaking in the wind.

It is now pretty well understood that if it was not for the bolts, John Tyler would have signed the second bank bill. From the late writings of Prof. of Indiana, we should judge he must have caught the same disease.

Mahantango street is now undergoing great improvements; and householders on that street should avail themselves of the present opportunity to embellish that thoroughfare, by planting trees in front of their dwellings, before the pavements are laid. We understand that Mr. Robert Smith, of this borough, will procure and plant some of our most beautiful forest trees, at an expense only of fifty cents each.

We understand that Mr. J. M. Crosland's new steam canal boat will make an experimental trip in the course of ten or twelve days. A number of our operators, with characteristic liberality, intend making a present to Mr. Crosland of a boat load of coal, in order to defray the expenses which he has incurred in constructing his boat. We trust the example will not be lost on our neighbors of Port Carbon and Schuylkill Haven.

The receipts at Mrs. Maeder's benefit at New York amounted to \$2000. O humbuggery!

McLeod's trial was to have taken place on Thursday last.

The Hon. Nicholas Brown, of Providence, R. I. is dead.

An American citizen, named Col. Crogan, has been captured at St. Albans, Vt., by a party from Canada, and forcibly taken across the lines. Caused great excitement.

Lieut. Thayer, of the U. S. Dragons, lately committed suicide.

The Mansion House at Vicksburg has been destroyed by fire.

Lynching is still fashionable in Texas.

What beautiful moonlight nights last week. We love to look at the gals by moonlight. Can't tell 'em from angels then.

A clear conscience and a clean shirt are very desirable things.

Col. Green says that he lately saw nine martyrs at a stroke. Shocking!

A country editor says his sweetheart's lips are as sweet as molasses. He must love lasses.

97 deaths in Philadelphia last week.

We once saw an actress play Lady Macbeth in pantaloons.

James Gordon Bennett's eyes were evidently placed in his head to watch his nose. This may account for his squinting.



## Schuylkill Coal Trade.

REMARKS.  
The shipments this week amount to 24,461 tons. Total this season, 398,949 tons. To the same period last year, 309,872 tons. Excess in favor of 1841, 89,077 tons.

We regret to notice another advance in the price of freights this week. We quote to Philadelphia at \$2.00; to New York \$3.75. Every advance in the price of freight has the tendency to lessen the profits of the operator and dealer. This fact will be fully corroborated by the experience of any person engaged in the trade.

The demand for Anthracite coal is still very brisk in New York and Philadelphia, and the holders are firm at the rates last quoted by us.

Up to the 24th of September, the receipts at Philadelphia from the Lehigh mines were 46,358 tons. There is still a great demand for coal vessels at Philadelphia, and freights could be readily obtained for a very large number. The arrivals in the Schuylkill during the last week have been very light.—Freights to Boston and Salem, \$2.00; to Providence, \$1.62; to New York, \$1.37.

A part of the railroad for the Reading Railroad has arrived at Philadelphia. As an instance of extraordinary despatch, it might be mentioned that in twenty four hours after the arrival of the ship at the wharf at Philadelphia, upwards of thirteen tons of the rails were laid on the road. The company are pushing on their great work with the utmost rapidity.

Shipments of Coal for the week ending on Thursday evening last.

Shipped by	Boats.	Tons.
Delaware Coal Co.	67	3514
Miner & Spencer,	27	1457
Brill & Bolton,	25	1323
S. Heilner & Son,	24	1190
Miner & Haywood,	20	1021
G. Bast,	17	871
Bennet & Taylor,	16	802
Hill & Carner,	15	717
Geo. H. Potts,	13	688
Miller & Haggerty,	13	625
George Payne,	13	619
J. Pinkerton,	11	594
Charles Lawton,	10	544
S. B. Reese & Co.	10	533
Sillyman & Nice,	10	502
F. J. Parvin,	10	480
C. Ashley & Co.	9	474
Charles Elliot,	8	429
Sillyman & Evans,	8	420
Taylor & Clayton,	7	383
Union Collieries,	7	380
Hewes, Baber & Co.	7	378
R. Kear,	7	350
C. De Forest,	7	340
Thomas Morris,	6	307
Potts & Bannan,	5	23