



POTTSVILLE.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 13

THANKS.—We are indebted to the Philadelphia Ledger and N. Y. Tribune for extras, containing the foreign news brought by the Great Western and Britannia.

Meeting of Congress.—The candidates for the next Presidency—A rich and running review of their claims.—The Currency.—The Tariff.—John Tyler.—The rally and triumph of the Democracy.

Congress meets three weeks from next Monday. In many respects, this session will be a most important one. The Tariff Question must come up for discussion, and we are promised that some measure will be proposed, by the administration, for the purpose of regulating the currency and exchanges. Besides, the friends of the different aspirants for the Presidential chair, in 1855, will take ground; and it will then be seen what candidates are likely to receive the nomination of the two great parties of this country. For our own part, we believe that the next contest for the Presidency, like the contest of 1852, will see a regular number of candidates in the field; two regularly nominated, and the balance running on their own hooks. The claims of the following gentlemen for the next Presidency are openly discussed and warmly advocated by their respective friends and partisans.

DEMOCRATS.—Gen. Scott, Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren, James Buchanan, General Cass, John Tyler.

This is certainly an excellent list to choose from; and with the exception of one, if not two, they are all gentlemen of undoubted abilities. Gen. Cass is the strongest man on the locofoco side, and there is every indication that he will be the regularly nominated candidate of the party. That this nomination will cause dissatisfaction, if not disaffection, in the ranks of the faithful, there can be no reasonable doubt. The General is not sufficiently radical in his notions and doctrines to suit the real Simon Pure, the levelers and disaffecteds; the men who still look forward, with confidence and hope, to those golden days, when the precious metals are to successfully stem the current—swift as it flows, and fit as it is with drift wood of the "Father of Rivers." A select band of these indomitable will probably fall back upon Gen. Stewart. The Commodore is any body or any party's candidate. The necessary quantity of votes to entitle him to become the occupant of the White House, is all he cares for, and not the quality. In this respect, he is an unadorned democrat; for he makes no distinction between votes provided they are cast in his favor. The Commodore's claims for the high office of the chief magistracy of seventeen millions of freemen, to say nothing of the indirect care of 200,000 Indians, are vastly superior to his qualifications. But what then? He is old, and a smattering of an imbecile—but did he not capture the Cyane and Levant? His education and associations entitle him for the office he seeks—but, remember the Cyane and Levant! There are gentlemen of the same party who have higher claims and are better qualified—did they ever capture a Cyane or even a Levant? He is not fit to guide the helm of state—did he not guide "old Ironsides" into that glorious action, which resulted in the capture of the Cyane and Levant? It is settled. The thing is as clear as mud. If the Commodore has not killed an Indian, and is therefore inferior in democracy to the gallant Colonel Johnson, (it was currently reported on the eve of the late election that Martin Van Buren killed Trevenish) he has lacked the English, (the Cyane and Levant) and that is abundantly sufficient. The gratitude of his countrymen should only be expressed by their votes, and their votes should only be cast for the highest office in the nation in his favor. Nothing short of that will show a proper estimate of Commodore Stewart's services in capturing the Cyane and Levant. The universal tendency of the civilized world to peace, imperatively calls upon the American people for prompt and decisive action. Our race of military and naval heroes is nearly extinct; and, as yet, we have been unable to obtain a single recruit from the Florida wars; for neither our gains nor our worth have been able to conquer or catch a few miserable red skins. They have even been permitted to march up and down that land of hummocks, everglades, marshes, musquitos, toads and reptiles, "soil free."

It is through by many, that the locofoco party may possibly return to their first love, and take up Martin Van Buren for their candidate. That Martin is anxious, extremely anxious, for the nomination, all who know the man readily admit. But he will never receive that nomination. The locos are too good judges of horse flesh to run a distanced horse a second time. It remains to be seen whether or not he will come out as an independent candidate, run, and be defeated—as defeated he would be—nor continue in his beautiful retreat at Kinderhook, cultivating cabbage and the grass. His friends should advise the latter course; for the Ex-President will only cease to be despised by his countrymen, when he is unknown and forgotten.

Mr. Buchanan is also a prominent candidate for the next Presidency. It is understood that this gentleman is willing to waive his claims in favor of General Cass or Mr. Van Buren; but will "allow his teeth," in case Com. Stewart should receive the nomination. The probabilities are that Mr. B. will have no occasion to disfigure his mouth, or kick in the traces. We may be mistaken, however.

We have dropped of the locofoco candidates, and we cannot close this article better than by saying a few words about our own men, our party, and our party's prospects. In connection with the mass of our fellow citizens, we may have our individual preferences for particular men; but those preferences will be promptly and cheerfully sacrificed for the unity and consequent success of the democratic party, and so long as that party is identified with the best interests of our country. But it is too soon to commence the Presidential campaign. The country wants and seeks repose. The people—and, we believe, the whole people—are anxious for the success of certain measures, and not of men or parties. The country, as it now stands, presents a strange aspect. We are poor, in the midst of plenty—in difficulties, and surrounded with all the true elements of wealth. This unnatural state of affairs may be chiefly attributed to two causes, namely, it may be: A want of a good circulating medium, of equal value, which can at all times be converted into specie—and, if you choose, which will favor of the "color of nationality"—and the still greater want of a Protective Tariff, a tariff that will protect the American mechanic and laborer from the pauper labor of Europe, and which will prevent the United States from being annually drained of her specie, to support the foreign merchant and manufacturer.

We said it was too soon to commence a Presidential campaign. What have we to battle for, or to battle against? We have achieved a glorious victory, and let us rest for a moment on our arms, and endeavor, if we can, to secure and enjoy the fruits of that victory. We have a democratic House of Representatives, a democratic Senate, and we hope the result

will prove a democratic President, although he has in part disappointed our expectations. John Tyler has more than three years yet to serve, and it is but decent and reasonable to wait quietly until the policy of his administration is distinctly shadowed forth. The result of the recent elections held throughout the country should admonish us not to bite off our nose to spite the face. We have suffered state after state to go by default, through the almost neglect and most reprehensible apathy. But the time is not far distant when we shall again rally in all our pristine strength and vigor; and, with overwhelming majorities, redeem the land from the scourge and pestilence of locofocoism.

LATER FROM ENGLAND.—Arrival of the Great Western and Britannia.—The Great Western arrived at New York on Monday last, having started on the 23d ult. The Britannia arrived at Boston on Sunday afternoon last. By these arrivals, we have nineteen days later intelligence from England. Whether the news is or is not important we leave for other folks to decide. Here is the cream of it.

The Great Western brings 130 passengers. In the list we notice the name of Mr. Stevenson, our late minister to the Court of St. James.

The Russian steam frigate Kamschotka—lately built at New York—arrived at Southampton, England, on the 21st ult.

Great excitement in the money market both in France and England. Trade is dull. Cotton has risen.

The Queen—that is, Victoria—has not added a unit to the population of her kingdom, although that interesting addition was hourly expected.

The Lottery System is to be revised in England. Daniel O'Connell is a candidate for the Lord Mayorship of Dublin.

Parliament has been prorogued to the 21st of Dec. The Queen's speech by proxy—amounts literally to nil.

Sir Charles Bagot, the new governor of Canada, has left England in the steam frigate Styx.

No later news from China.

The distress among the inhabitants of many of the towns of England is most dreadful. Relief meetings still continue to be held.

Lady Amelia Lennox, Sir H. Wyatt's lady, Lady W. Jordan, Sir H. Martyn, and the Bishop of Killmore, are dead.

Lord Eldonborough has been appointed Governor General of India.

It is reported that Lord Lyndhurst is about to resign the Chancellorship, and be succeeded by Sir W. Follett.

The price of bread stuff has fallen. Horrible fire at Glasgow. An immense amount of property destroyed.

The town hall of Derby has been burnt down.

The Royal Line of West India Mail Steamers will commence running on the 15th of November.

The long correspondence is published between Mr. Stevenson, our Minister, and Lord Palmerston, on the subject of the seizures of American ships on the coast of Africa.

The Paris papers think that war is inevitable between the United States and Great Britain. Fudge! Ireland is quiet.

France is uneasy.

The Spaniards have failed in getting up an insurrectionary movement in favor of their Ex-Queen.

The Dutch still retain possession of Holland.

The weather is rather cool in Russia.

His highness, the Sublime Porte, has taken upon himself some additional two or three hundred reis.

We believe the above is the sum and substance of the whole news.

THE OLD BAY STATE, FOR EVER!—We halt indulged in the hope that the Empire State—true to her ancient name—would have rolled back the tide of locofocoism which threatened to sweep over the land; but that honor, that glorious honor, has been reserved for Massachusetts—the good old Bay State—the home of the Quiners, the Adamses, the Osbors, the Warrens, and the Hancock. The election for State officers took place on Monday last, and resulted in the complete and signal triumph of the Democracy; notwithstanding thousands of our friends—as was the case elsewhere—did not go to the polls, and the locofocos polled their entire vote. We have re-elected Honest John Davis and have a large majority over his locofoco competitor, Morton, who nearly reach 5000. There were nearly 3000 abolition votes polled.

NEW YORK ELECTIONS.—The locofoco majority, on the popular vote in the State, will be between twelve and thirteen thousand—enough in all conscience. In the city, we have elected three out of thirteen members for the Assembly, and one of the Senators (Morris Franklin). The House of Assembly will stand, 93 locofocos to 35 democrats. The Senate 15 democrats to 17 locofocos.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We beg Mr. Whitney's pardon for not acknowledging, last week, a present which we received from him, of something less than a bushel of the finest, the largest and best flavored turnips and potatoes that we ever saw or tasted. We trust our neglect will not prevent Mr. W. from trying us a second time.

CURRENCY CONVENTION.—There has been a Currency Convention in Baltimore. At the first session of the proceedings of the Convention, it struck us of the object was to bolster up the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.

PHILADELPHIA.—Philadelphia is remarkable for getting up remarkable meetings. The last public meeting there for the purpose of urging upon the Navy Department the necessity of launching a frigate.

CONSPIRACY.—Mr. Dunn, a highly respectable citizen of Philadelphia, came very near being made a victim of one of the basest and vilest of conspiracies. The particulars are of too disgusting a character for publication.

NO NEWS.—Many of our Philadelphia friends tell us that they never stopped at a better house—whether for eating, drinking, or sleeping—than the Pennsylvania Hall, of this borough. We have found that out long ago. Eh, Col-nel!

THE GARRIAN CASE.—Mr. Johnston, an officer of Colonel Dyer's corps, for participating in the capture of Grogan, in the territory of the United States, has been sentenced to be discharged from his company. A most righteous sentence.

HERE SO.—It is thought that the Tennessee Legislature will shortly go into an election, for two U. S. Senators. Of course the election of two democrats would be certain.

MR. MANSU'S PERFORMANCE OF WILLIAM TELL, at the theatre, on Monday evening last, evinced talent of a high order. The house was quite full and the applause considerable.

CAN IT BE TRUE!—It is stated in several of our exchange papers that Mrs. Mallin, the wife of the eloquent divine of that name, is keeping a boarding house somewhere in Texas.

CHINESE MUSEUM.—This rare collection, and once the pride of Philadelphia, has been shipped on board the Hendrick Hudson, at New York, for London.

STOCKS.—U. S. Bank stock is selling in Philadelphia at 4; State Loans, sizes, 1846, 84; Girard Bank, 22; Schuylkill Navigation, 47; Reading Railroad, 25.

THE PORT'S LATEST.—The following are the lines—by "Orion"—which we promised last week: These lines, you'll love me, these lines, you'll love me. The sorrow that I've met with art you people see. I look toward the wilderness of human folk I see. And well I know there's not a vessel in the sea. Halloo, halloo for ever comes that sound of black de-
part!

HALLOO! I've met me down and hollered out in prayer; Ven'the black rag of bitterness round heavy ope was thrown. I stood in silent solitude to fight with herth alone. O my, o my, and what a life is ven'the fight with mine. Should by lines if I left behind to suffer any pain; Like some light and sorrowful soldier, I'll be true. With nothing round him but a lot of little brush to sue. I've made my mind up to be bold, I don't care a care. I'll bring my myghs down and make a rotten fare. And like a Comet with a tail I'll leave a streak of light; And make common people stare with wonder at the sight.

MACHINE FORTUNE.—A down east editor—we believe somewhere in New Hampshire—has purchased a machine for manufacturing poetry. The following is given as the first sample from the product of the said machine:
Sound the loud bugle from Lincoln to Groting. Low it is up, and Aahin is snoring; The new a which we have all round in quite cheerin'. So whigs do your duty and don't be afearin'.

FIRST PAGE.—On the first page will be found an article on the Coal Trade, copied from the American Railroad Journal. The writer attempts to show that all the interests of this region are or can be made identical; and although we do not endorse all his statements, yet they are deserving of consideration.

A LARGE TON.—The Philadelphia North American says that on Saturday afternoon last, the steamer John Jay towed up to that city, from the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, via the Tide Water Canal, twenty canal boats, all heavily laden with produce.

IRON MANUFACTURE.—A meeting of the inhabitants of Scioto, Lawrence and Jackson counties, Ohio, interested in the Iron Manufacture, was called for the 5th inst. to memorialize Congress against the importation of free iron, and in favor of laying additional duties on foreign iron.

PARDONED.—Governor Porter has pardoned Dr. Chauncy. It will be recollected that the Doctor was tried, convicted, and sentenced for a term of years to the Penitentiary, for producing abortion, which resulted in the death of his victim.

FORBID IT, DECEIT!—It is rumored that Senator Tappan (of Ohio) is to resign his seat in the U. S. Senate, and that the famous, or, rather, the infamous, Dr. Duncan—Bully Duncan, par excellence—is to be elevated to the vacancy.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The merchants of New York are about presenting the Prince de Joinville with a splendid life boat. Better give the money, which the boat will cost, to the poor. They will be sadly in want of it during the coming winter.

A RECIPE.—If you are up to your ears in troubles and difficulties—pecuniary, we mean,—take off your coat, roll up your sleeves, and go to work in earnest; and with a clear head, a light heart, and a thick pair of breeches, success must crown your efforts.

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LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—The first meeting of the Literary Association will be held at the Academy on Thursday evening, the 25th November. An introductory lecture will be delivered and an original poem will be recited on the occasion. The introductory lecture will be delivered by a young gentleman of this borough, with whom we have had a long and warm personal acquaintance. We have been requested to publish the following correspondence.

THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 11, 1841.
J. F. Carter, Esq.
DEAR SIR:—As I stated meeting of the young men of the borough of Pottsville, convened for the purpose of forming themselves into a Literary Association; it was resolved that a committee of three be appointed to procure a suitable person to deliver before said Society, at its first regular meeting, an "Introductory Address." The undersigned, composing said committee, respectfully invite you to the performance of said duty, in conformity with the resolution above mentioned, and beg leave to express a hope that you will accede to their request.

We pleased to accept from the Society and ourselves, individually, the continued assurance of our sincere respect and esteem.

CARL HOLTZER,
JOHN PORTER,
THOMAS FOSTER, } Committee.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 12, 1841.
GENTLEMEN:—Your polite letter, inviting me to deliver the "Introductory Address" before the Literary Association, has been received. Duly impressed with the honor which you have conferred, I still accept the invitation with reluctance, believing that a more suitable person could have been found—one who can boast of a longer residence among you than I can; and, let me add, who is blessed with a greater share of abilities than I pretend to. I remain, Gentlemen, respectfully,
your old servant,
JOHN F. CARTER.

TO MESSRS. HOLTZER, PORTER, AND FOSTER.

THE THEATRE.—We are positively assured by the manager that on Monday evening next the theatre closes. That evening has been set apart for a complimentary benefit to Mrs. Powell, a pretty and talented actress and a most deserving woman. The entertainments provided for the occasion are of a novel and highly attractive character, and cannot fail to draw the largest and most fashionable house of the season. The afterpiece is a new farce, abounding in good points and laughable situations. The hero of the piece, Tom Moore—the "Irish Lion"—will be personated by our townsman, Mr. Lafevre. The part was evidently intended by the author for Mr. Lafevre, or Mr. Lafevre was intended for the part, for it possesses all that rich, broad humor, so peculiarly characteristic of that gentleman. In the play, a young gentleman of Pottsville will sustain the arduous character of Damon.

"HOLLY EVE."—Paying dearly for a Frolic.—A very serious affair occurred at Washington on the evening of the last day of October. A party of young individuals detested to amuse themselves by a frolic of stealing cabbages, and accordingly ventured upon the premises of a gardener near the city, who expecting something of the kind on "Holly Eve," lay in wait for the aggressors, fired a gun, which severely wounded one of the persons engaged in the sport. Finding the individual severely wounded, the party retired to a dwelling adjacent, when, strange to tell, an examination disclosed the fact that the sufferer was a young girl dressed in men's clothes.

—So says the Phila. Spirit of the Times.

POTTSVILLE.—The premonitory symptoms indicate that we are to have lively, busy, and joyous times in Pottsville during the coming winter. Parties, balls, soirees, and game dinners, are to be given, ad infinitum; to say nothing of fairs and sleigh rides, by way of interlude. The railroad will be completed in a few weeks; and if the company cannot transport coal over it, they can passengers, and live stock, as all the world knows, is the most productive.

CRIME IN NEW ORLEANS.—John Milligan was arrested on the 11th inst., charged with throwing a bucket of boiling water on Mrs. Hazzard, keeper of an artificial flower manufactory. A man named Mitchell was arrested the same day, charged with being a counterfeiter; and John Murray with a sailing \$200. Another was arrested for stealing \$600, and having \$2,500 of New Orleans counterfeit money in his possession. Madame Moreau, who kept a perfumery store at the corner of St. Peter and Royal streets, committed suicide by drowning herself in the Mississippi.

MOST DREADFUL.—A late foreign paper says—At Salem, United States, a house took fire the other day, and not a drop of water could be had to stop the conflagration, in consequence of the whole of it being required for the teetotalers, who were then holding a festival. We regret the name of the paper from which the above is copied.

TOLLS.—The tolls on the New York Canals for the month of October, of the present year, amount to \$359,992.

LEVIS.—The notorious Levis is living in quite a retired manner in the vicinity of Galveston, Texas. His residence is called "Levis' Retreat."

A CHANGE.—Mr. Allen has disposed of his interest in the Washington Madisonian to Mr. John B. Jones.

CONVICT.—The exports into the United States for the year ending September 30th, 1840, amount to \$132,085,956; imports \$107,141,519.

COMS HOME.—The New Orleans papers request the absentees to "come home," as no danger from sickness need now be apprehended.

DIVIDENDS.—The Exchange Bank of Pittsburg has declared a dividend of three per cent. The Merchants and Manufacturers' Bank, four per cent.

THE WEATHER during the last week has been wet, cold, damp and foggy, with occasional glimpses of a clear sky and an unclouded sun.

TREASURY NOTES.—The amount of outstanding Treasury notes on the 1st inst., was \$7,371,705.

TOBACCO.—About 7,200 hogsheads of tobacco were inspected in Philadelphia from the 1st of January last to the 1st inst.

QUICK TRIP.—The ship Tippecanoe lately arrived at New Orleans in 9 days from Baltimore. There is magic in the name of Tip.

THE PHILADELPHIA wags are getting up all sorts of jokes about clairvoyance and animal magnetism.

TALKED OF.—There is some talk of the New Orleans Banks resuming specie payments.

MICROSCOPES.—The locos are successful in this state. "Bring us no more reports."

MR. GALE will please accept our thanks for several valuable papers and reports.

APPOINTED.—The Secretary of War has appointed Gen. Parker Chief Clerk of his department.

PARTLY FISHED.—The N. York and Erie Railroad is fished to Goschen.

VERY LOW.—The Susquehanna.

STOPPED PAYMENT.—The Bank of Buffalo.

SCARCE.—News of any kind.
DEATHS in Philadelphia last week, 83.

All Sorts of Items.
Messrs. Webster, Forward and Buchanan were in Philadelphia last week.

Bishop Hughes was to have delivered a lecture before the Mercantile Library, Philadelphia, last evening. Subject, "Pope Pius VII."

Mr. John Vaughan, one of the oldest merchants of Philadelphia, is about to retire from business. President Tyler has returned to Washington. Nearly 6000 letters were received in New York by the Great Western.

The steamers Governor Moreland and Omega were recently snagged in the Mississippi. Deaths in Baltimore last week, 33.

Snow fell in New York on Sunday last. Burton's theatre, Philadelphia, is doing a good business. There is some talk of his uniting with Pratt of the Chesnut.

The average trips of Cunard's Boston steamships have been a few hours over 14 days. This is about equal to 16 days to New York. A large portion of the village of Chittenango, N. Y., was recently destroyed by fire.

187 prisoners were committed to the New York Tombs last week. Mr. Mansu and the Sequins are giving concerts in Philadelphia.

After dinner, sit for an hour. It assists digestion and is conducive to comfort. Our friend Dow, Jr. justly observes, "if you see anything that doesn't exactly accord with your notions of pea-soup and propriety, spread on the mustard of reproach as thick as you please; but don't ridicule."

If the conductors of country papers generally would think and write a little more on their own account, and borrow (stead of too harsh a word) less from their city contemporaries, their subscription lists might be very materially increased.

The breakfast table is the most appropriate place for meditation. As you sip your coffee, and flirt with your toast, you can then and there think of the sins of omission and commission of the right previous. The breakfast is emphatically the most silent of all meals.

The very flattering notices which several of our exchanges have taken of the Miners' Journal puts aside to the blush. However, we deserve all that is said of us.

The editor of the Sunday Mercury, in announcing the approach of cold weather, intimates that it will be necessary for him either to get a wife or an extra ton of coal, (anthracite, of course.) He adds that no girl need apply unless she is qualified to sew on shirt buttons.

The public are respectfully informed that there will be no very urgent necessity to "keep cool" for the next six months.

We tremble lest our friend Wallace should get any of the state's next winter. A few young fellows could not be given to a more deserving fellow. He is a true democrat, a rare wit, and a choice spirit; for he is not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others.

Hold up your head and keep your hands out of your pockets, while you are walking in the streets. What a woman lacks in strength of mind, she makes up in purity.

What a queer and pleasant situation it is to fall up stairs, or run your head unexpectedly against a lamp post.

The editor of the Eastern Sentinel has a queer way of cyphering. He gives the locofoco a majority of 13,000 at the late election in Vermont. Try again, friend.

It is the height of cruelty for our friends to expect us to give the full returns of the late elections. Time should be given for our wounds to heal before they are exposed to the public gaze.

The citizens of the Atlantic cities are again inoculated with a rage for hearing all kinds of lectures from all sorts of persons.

On a banner, borne in a late locofoco procession in New York, was the following inscription: "Suzer of Democracy arise and show the Whigs you will never fail."

The Reading papers are filled to the exclusion almost of all other matter, with the trial of Nicholas Reinhardt, for the murder of Conrad Christ, of Berks township, Berks county. A conclusion of the trial cannot be expected before the latter end of next month, in consequence of the adjournment of the court.

Off the coast of Africa, a British sloop of war has had an engagement with a slave. The former was beat off with considerable loss.

Elster is still in Boston. Mrs. Sigourney has published a volume of her fugitive pieces. She is a sweet poet.

The Bostonians are quite crazy about a ball they are getting up in honor of the Prince de Joinville. In keeping with many of their notions.

It is now pretty generally admitted, on all sides, that the more you eat the less you want to.

We spent the other evening in company with—balance next week.

Horace Greeley says that a hurried marriage with a stranger is but a poor disguise for seduction.

Uncle Sam has made an unsuccessful attempt to purchase the lands belonging to the Sauks and the Foxes.

Brownson says that locofoco means light, and that he is not ashamed of the name. According to the Courier and Enquirer, locofoco was originally written locofogo. The definition of the latter word is, "moving stench."

Fanny Fitzwilliam had a bumper of a benefit at the National theatre, Philadelphia, last week. She is a glorious actress.

One of the pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of Philadelphia gave the following answer to the question, "What are Yankees?" "They are a people living in the Eastern States, famous for making wooden nutmegs."



Schuylkill Coal Trade.

REMARKS.—Our Canal is again in fair navigable order, in consequence of the heavy rains last week. The shipments, including the Little Schuylkill, amount to 18,963 tons—total this season, 548,890 tons.

PRICE OF COAL.—The price of Coal both in N. York and Philadelphia, remains without any material change since our last quotations. In Philadelphia, it is so stated in the Commercial List, many families have neglected to lay in their winter's supply of coal, believing that coal will be cheaper. In this belief they have been strengthened by the deceptive statements of unprincipled speculators, as they will soon find to their cost.

PREZENTS.—But little change in the price of freight since our last. We quote to Philadelphia at \$1 65 to New York \$4 00. Vessels still continue in thick demand on the Schuylkill at Philadelphia. We quote to Boston, \$2 50; to Providence, \$2 25; and to New York, \$1 75.

RECEIPT OF COAL.—Up to the 28th ult., the whole amount of Anthracite Coal shipped from the different regions, amounted to 810,238 tons.

SCHUYLKILL NAVIGATION.—\$469,818 is the amount of tolls received on the Schuylkill Canal this season up to the 30th inst. To the same period last year, \$404,255.

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

Table with columns: Shipped by, Boats, Tons. Lists various coal companies and their shipments.

Per last report 11,364 494,547. 12,708 512,775. Ship