



POTTSVILLE.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 20

Mr. Taylor's Lectures.—During the last week, our citizens have been favored with two lectures from Mr. J. O. Taylor, of New York, on the subject of Common School Education. We attended both lectures, and was alike pleased with Mr. Taylor's manner and matter. Mr. Taylor's style of delivery might be imitated by many public speakers with much effect: simple, familiar and eloquent. He addresses himself directly to the hearts as well as the minds of his hearers; and his earnestness soon convinces his auditors of his sincerity. As he warms with his subject, he throws aside what some would deem the dry details of "facts and figures," and creates an enthusiasm where indifference before existed.

If we are not mistaken, the reformation which Mr. Taylor seeks to effect in the present system of common school education, is simple, and can be accomplished without much effort. He is in favor of making the Common Schools the only elementary schools in the country; and to the rich as well as the children of the poor. Private academies and seminaries, where the higher branches are taught, he believes are absolutely necessary; but, as he justly observes, in education as in building, the foundation must be firmly, thoroughly laid, before an attempt is made to add the superstructure.

Our limits this week will not permit us to give a detailed account of the system of education which Mr. Taylor so strongly and ably advocates—of his views in relation to the mode of imparting instruction—and the necessity of selecting only such persons for teachers as are competent, and who take a pride and a pleasure in their profession.

It is admitted by all who have bestowed a thought upon the subject, that the present system of education, both in public and private schools, is lamentably deficient and loudly calls for reform. Something must be done, and speedily done. Thousands of boys are annually let loose from school, to float or sink in the crowded and dangerous current of life, with minds imperfectly developed, and ideas crude and without shape or form. They have been crammed with the usual quantity of grammar, geography, arithmetic, rhetoric, philosophy, chemistry, &c., &c., but they do not know in what way to dispose of their stock in trade; for they have never been taught how to make a practical use of their acquirements. And yet what important parts these boys are destined to play in the great drama of life.

Too little attention is paid by parents and teachers to the art—for it is an art—of writing well, and speaking well, of being able to express one's ideas in good language, and with perspicuity and force. We are, ourselves, acquainted with more than one graduate of the eastern colleges, who can neither write with ease nor propriety, and who cannot converse on the most ordinary topics without violating some rule of Kindley Murray's at every breath. Is not this disgraceful? Of what use is knowledge, without it to be made portable? Of wisdom, if the possessor is to be the sole depository of so priceless a treasure? Why boast of a powerful mind, if its workings are to be a sealed book? Language is to ideas what legitimate bank notes are to property. Both stand as representatives. The one is the circulating medium of the mind, and the other is the circulating medium of property. Both should be established on such a firm basis, that ideas and specie could be paid on demand.

Anthracite Coal.—Col. Stone, of the N. Y. Commercial, says that Anthracite Coal is not fit for domestic use, except in kitchens. This must be news to most of the Colonies' readers. The great excellence of anthracite for parlor use, is acknowledged by all who have used it, or made a comparative examination between the hard and soft coals. The superiority of anthracite over bituminous in point of safety, economy, cleanliness, and the quantity of heat evolved, must always recommend it to the favorable notice of housekeepers. The Colonel must recant.

Our Relations with England.—The Richmond Enquirer, which no doubt speaks by authority, says, "That Mr. Stevenson has brought out important despatches with him. He had an interview with Mr. Webster on Tuesday in the city of New York—and on Wednesday, Mr. W. set out for Washington. The most important correspondence which Mr. S. had in England, took place, we understand, but a few days before his departure. Pres. Johnson was fired on both sides, but the correspondence was conducted in good temper. Our Minister gave the last blow. His successor was, of course, expected every day to arrive in London."

Just as we expected.—Semmes, the student indicted for the murder of Prof. Davis, at the University of Virginia, who had escaped a conviction by the forfeiture of his bail (\$25,000), is now safe and snug in Texas. Veily, a man can now rob, murder, violate the chastity of a lady, and commit murder, with perfect impunity—provided he has money in his purse, is respectably connected, or possesses political influence. What the corruption of judges may leave undone, is more than made up by the criminal clemency of the governors.

President Tyler's Letter.—The citizens of New Kent county, Va., invited the President to a public dinner, during his late visit to that state. The President declined the invitation in a short but sweet letter. The conclusion of the epistle is worth preserving for the decided hit. Here it is: "The light reflected from burning candles, has only served to render the path of duty more plain."

To Capitalists.—We would call the attention of capitalists to the advantages of property of Jones, Keim & Co.'s full description of which will be found in our advertising columns. The furnace and rolling mill will make a safe and profitable investment. The rolling mill is advantageously situated, and is the only one in the county; and we understand its profits, in one year, exceed \$8,000.

As a new one.—Our talented brother of the Wilkes-Barre Advocate is informed that the cost of sweeping the streets of Philadelphia, annually, is somewhere in the neighborhood of \$15,000. He has our permission to file this item.

The President.—Mr. Tyler's health is perfectly restored. He thinks—and the thought gives him pleasure—that his course has been approved of by Virginia.

N. Y. Exchange.—The merchants of New York have met in their magnificent Exchange, for the first time, this week. The rents for offices in the Exchange will amount to about \$100,000 annually.

Go ahead!—The Secretary of the Navy says that the frigate Harriet, on the stocks at Philadelphia, shall be finished and launched instantly. Right, old fellow! We like such abstractions.

Some Live Left.—The stock and the notes of the U. S. Bank have undergone a slight improvement in Philadelphia during the last week.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MINERS' JOURNAL.

Sir—When I wrote you the article signed "Miles," I never dreamt for a moment that you would view it in the light which I am now constrained to think you do. You certainly think, sir, judging from the very expressive notice you had the courage to give it, that it was written at the instigation or desire of one of the parties. Now, rest assured that the author of that article when he penned it, felt an interest in the matter commensurate, only with that which you, I hope, and the rest of the community feel; and although he would willingly sacrifice a sum quadruple the cost of the "advertisement," rather than have such an obnoxious advertisement resting on his neighborhood; he scores the idea of bribing a mercenary editor to promulgate that which it is his duty to make public, or ministering to the cupidty of any man who may have done his channel an honest and praiseworthy sentiment. I hereby enclose a sufficient sum to pay for one insertion of this as an "advertisement."

MILES.

The above is a beautiful communication, and calculated to cover us with shame and confusion. The best part in it was a \$1 note on a Reading Bank. For that, "Miles" is entitled to our warmest thanks. Seriously speaking, the above communication is worthy of notice and explanation. Let us commence at the commencement, and unravel "Miles'" dark and mysterious insinuations, to the satisfaction of the reader. Some few days since, we received a lengthy epistle from "Miles," in relation to Corcoran Murphy's case, which we refused to publish, except as an advertisement, and except that advertisement was paid for. We had no idea of permitting our reading columns to be filled with letters, statements, and counter statements, of no interest to the public, and on matters, too, in which our readers cannot be supposed to have part, lot, or concern.

We believe we best consult the interests and wishes of all our readers by giving them the current news of the day, and discussing the most prominent questions which may from time to time agitate the public mind, in the place of ascertaining them with long winded communications, remarkable only for their bad grammar. We may be mistaken, however; and it is possible that the Tariff or Bank questions, and even the interests of this great coal region, are as a feather in the balance, compared with the stake which our citizens have in the result of a militia subaltern's Court Martial.

The importance which many people attach to their personal affairs always put us in mind of an anecdote of a London tailor. There had been a "strike" for higher wages among the tailors of that meridian, and, of course, considerable excitement was the consequence. A mass meeting of the fraternity was held, when the nameless individual above alluded to was called upon for a speech. He complied, and his first exclamation was worthy of observation and preservation: "Gentlemen tailors! The eyes of Europe are upon you!"

"Miles" dollar will be returned to him by applying for the same at our office. The recovery of the money may possibly console him for the gentle reproach which he has received at our hands.

New Publications.—We have received the "Young People's Book" for November. The embellishments are beautiful in the extreme. The original and selected matter evince talent and taste of a high order. Published at Philadelphia, by Morton McMichael. Subscription, \$2 per annum. Although this work has only reached its third number, the circulation is enormous—beyond all former examples. The same publisher has issued a new work, called "The People's Library." The "Library" was devoted principally to reprints of the most popular novels and romances of the day. Single copy, \$3 per annum. "Godey's Lady's Book" must not be forgotten. Decidedly the best publication of the kind in the country. The engravings alone are worth double the price of subscription.

As we have been appointed the agent for the above works in Pottsville, persons wishing to subscribe for them, will please call and leave their names at this office. We have several specimen numbers on hand which will well repay the trouble of an examination.

Quackery.—How pleasant is the life of a quack! Oh, how often we have wished ourselves one! It must be such a comfortable feeling after you have rolled your bread pills to the right size and roundness, to sit down in your chair, with your "principle" in your mouth, your feet on the table, and reflect that thousands of poor fellows are "leaping every day from the bed of sickness, through the happy influence of a few bread pills. How gratifying to know that they will not harm the tenderest babe, and that females of the most delicate constitution, may take them with perfect safety. How delightful to know that the "genuine" have never been known to fail in a single instance, where the directions have been strictly followed, and that thousands could be produced to attest the gratifying fact! And how pleasing to know that orders from the country, (post paid) enclosing a fee, will be attended to with punctuality and despatch—especially the fee! Ah! it is a comfortable thing to be a quack!

That enlargement.—Our new press and types have arrived, and in a few weeks, only, we shall make a graceful appearance before the public in a new and larger suit of clothes than we can now boast of. We trust our new breeches will not lead us into scrapes and difficulties; and that the remembrance of the old pair will teach us a lesson of humility, as we prevent us from looking down with a feeling of scorn or pity upon the small or ragged wretches of news, literature and politics. Persons desirous of subscribing for the new series will find us at the old stand, on Centre street. No advertisement except on business. Single copies of the Journal, 5 cents. Children not half price. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates, when we can't get more for them.

Meat Business.—If there is one employment more contemptible than another, it is that of an editor stealing articles from his brethren and passing them off for original matter. It is worse than "striding on borrowed capital," and bankruptcy should always await these unprincipled scissor editors. In one of our "exchanges," lately, we discovered no less than thirty seven articles, which had been taken bodily out of the Miners' Journal, without a line or syllable of credit. It was emphatically an abstraction, *par se.*

Got a beating.—Brown, the celebrated comedian, received a most painful whipping, at the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, in Philadelphia, last week. The lady does the most mischief. With a billet of wood, she beat the unfortunate comedian's head into a perfect mummy.

Changes.—It is said by the knowing ones that there are to be some important changes in Gov. Porter's Cabinet. Mr. Muhlenberg is spoken of for the Secretary of State. An ex-minister to Austria playing second fiddle to David R. Porter! What a fall, my countrymen!

New Store.—Messrs. Troutman and Sillyman have taken the store formerly occupied by J. W. Lawton & Co. on Centre street. Their stock of goods is rich, varied and extensive. We speak by the card.

Pitching Pennies on the Sabbath is neither a profitable nor reputable business in a decent and christian community.

A Jeremiah.—The remarks of the Philadelphia Gazette on the Paris correspondent of the National Intelligence—Mr. Robert Walsh.

Poetic Genes.—A fair correspondent, who signs herself "Emily," is of opinion that the columns of the Miners' Journal would be vastly improved, if a larger space was devoted to the poet's corner. We are not so sure that Emily is right. Poetry, like plum-cake, should only be taken in small quantities. A surfeit of either is attended with the most unpleasant results. Solely to please Emily, however, we have considerably, carefully, and conscientiously collected a respectable amount of poetic trifles—gems of the first water. Let us look at a few samples on hand. The first is the production of that sentimental youth, "Spoons," of the N. Y. Sunday Mercury:

Then meditate with things superhuman,
The proper study of mankind is—woman.
My wife I love—
The gentle dove—
My boys are fat and easy,
My girls are fair,
Although their hair
Is curly and gray.

The following fling at little Queen Vic—late Miss Kent—will be recognised as a bantling of the London Satirist's:

"With all my heart, Home cried,
"Our Queen is a sight to beaming;
"Why art thou so thoughtful of summing?
"Her Majesty's crown is a burden,
"The leaves of Cocker thimble."
"Cause, then," said Joseph, archly dry,
"Her Majesty couldn't multiply."

The following epigram is a sad conclusive evidence that a few more recruits for the temperance cause might be made with signal advantage to the community. The author, we believe, is known to the editor of the N. O. Picayune:

I'm a bit of a "Shorter,"
But cannot stand water;
I must, though, confess, when I'm mixed up with brandy,
Or with rum, or with rum, sometimes comes handy;
And a bad whisky toddy at the Hall is the dandy.
But here—behold—water!
Is to me "kinder softer."

A Visage detector.
A Gothiaite thumping the praises of hot buckwheat cakes. The subject is worthy of the poet:
Oh, hot buckwheat cakes! in a cold frosty morning,
When smoking and light from the griddle they come,
With fresh melting butter their surface adorning,
Would strike all the praise of an epicure dumb!
And behold, too, at eve, by the fire-side bright beaming,
When Beauty prepares what her husband's desires,
In honey and cream so deliciously swimming,
A full plate of light, smoking hot buckwheat cakes!
The above is enough for one dose. We may repeat it from time to time.

Poor Folks.—The country is filled with poor folks out of employment. Poor people have tough scratching in times like these. Money is scarce beyond example even with those reputed wealthy. Every body complains, and no man knows when the times will be more prosperous. Well, heaven's above all! and the world is wide, and owes us all a living. We shouldn't like to starve to death. It is a lean way to die, and a fellow that drops off in that way, must make an indifferent looking corpse—vulgar and hungry even in his winding sheet. We hope none of our readers will ever starve to death, but die in a respectable manner—fall down dead, for instance, in the bloom of health—or get cut in two by the Reading Railroad—so as never to know what hurt 'em. That's the worst wish we have for them.

How to Live.—Gentle reader, if you don't know it, let us inform you, that the ways of obtaining a livelihood are endless in number, without resorting to hard work. In the course of our peregrinations, we once heard of a loafer who set himself down on a stump, and thus soliloquized: "I must either set up for a pill inventor, a mormon preacher, or an exiled Pole. I am not quick enough for the first; I am not talkative enough for the second. I will turn Pole, for then I need not speak a word. An I want is a petition. Any editor will write me out a character for two dollars."

A Paragraph.—A lady who was walking down Centre street yesterday afternoon, tore her dress, which appeared to be new and costly, by coming in contact with a rude box of merchandise, which lay insolently on the sidewalk. The lady looked woe-begone enough, but we laughed full in her face. The fact is, we were glad of it; for it furnished us with matter for this paragraph. Had she been a man, we should have rejoiced to see her stumble over the box and break her neck. There would have been an item worth having.

Atrocities!—We perceive in an exchange paper that a man in North Carolina, found guilty of bigamy, has been sentenced to be branded with the letter "B" on his left cheek, to be imprisoned three years, and to receive thirty-nine lashes at three several times. Are we living in a free and civilized country?

A Substitute.—The Philadelphia Gazette humorously observes that the Baltimore Visitor is a most excellent substitute for Brandreth's pills. We have been taking it as an emetic for some time.

Love.—Love as well as matrimony, is a ticklish sort of thing. How many fools has it made out of the race of our common parents, who, even in their pristine purity, gave birth through its influence to the first sin.

Remon's.—The papers are full of rumors this morning. Among others, that the triumvirate, Messrs. Gilmer, Mallory, and Wise, have had a fare up, and dissolved partnership.

Daniel Webster.—Mr. Webster's recent trip to New England has been of infinite service to him. He never enjoyed better health than at the present time.

Ohio.—The democratic majority in Ohio, on the popular vote in the recent election in that state, is over 2000; and yet the locomotives have a majority in both branches of the legislature.

The N. Y. Tribune speaks positively of Mr. Clay resigning his seat in the Senate, and it is equally certain that he will be succeeded by Mr. Crittenden.

The Weather.—A miserable imitation of a snow storm on Monday last. Since then, the weather has been cool and variable.

Tinder.—Some body describes tinder to be a thin rag, such as the modern female dress, intended to catch sparks, raise flames and light up matches.

"Robanna, the Ugly One," ain't out. We found it in the Richmond Compiler. Where the Compiler found it, we know not and care not.

Still Another.—The proprietors of the N. Y. Atlas will shortly issue a daily paper from their office.

That Lecture.—Bishop Hughes' lecture is spoken of in the warmest terms of commendation by the Philadelphia papers.

Dead at Last.—The Raleigh Rap publishes the official account of the death of Stan. A better organ could not have been selected.

Miss Hannah Gould, one of the best of our poets, is a lively little gal, aged about fifty five. She resides at Newburyport, Mass.

Guilty.—Reinhardt, recently tried at Reading for the murder of Conrad Clegg, has been found guilty.

A Fact.—We hardly ever saw a Washington letter writer whose nose was not tipped with red.

[FOR THE MINERS' JOURNAL.]

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

It is composed of 24 letters.
My 12, 3, 4, 5, is a river in Europe,
My 10, 11, 9, 1, 17, is a county in Pennsylvania,
My 8, 2, 8, 19, is a city in South America,
My 23, 9, 2, 21, 14, 9, is a city in Spain,
My 19, 16, 4, 20, is a city in France,
My 22, 6, 19, 16, 24, 5, is a town in Ireland,
My 13, 8, 6, 5, is a city in Europe,
My 18, 17, 20, 6, 10, 7, 15, is a county in Penna.,
My 4, 11, 3, 4, 9, 19, is a city in Spain,
My 1, 9, 20, 17, is a town in Brazil,
My 7, 21, 10, 5, is a town on the coast of Zanzibar.

My 14, 9, 1, is an island in the Pacific,
My 4, 2, 17, 18, 6, 19, is a town in Guinea,
My 17, 4, 9, is a city in Finland,
My 19, 6, 17, 4, 2, 17, is a country in Asia.
My 6, 15, 14, is a sea on the western coast of Asia,
My 2, 23, 19, 16, 20, is a country in Europe,
My 17, 3, 19, 4, 17, 8, 19, is one of the U. States,
My 19, 6, 17, 3, is a sea in Asia.
My 1, 24, 9, 6, 1, 2, 19, is one of the U. States,
My 9, 4, 20, is a river in Russia,
My 8, 9, 20, is a cape on the coast of the U. S.,
My 24, 16, 4, 17, is an island in the Mediterranean,
My 18, 3, 9, 13, 2, 16, 17, is a territory belonging to the U. States.

My whole was the name of a distinguished officer of the American Revolution.

ALPHA.

Answer next week.

Dreadful Accident!—A daughter shot by her father!—We copy the following heart rending accident from the N. Y. Courier and Inquirer of Wednesday morning last:—

An accident of the most deplorable and melancholy nature, causing the death of a young and beautiful female, occurred in the upper part of the city yesterday morning. Mr. Noble, a master mason on the Croton Works, residing in Eighty-sixth street, having heard that persons had threatened to attack his house, has recently been in the habit of keeping loaded pistols in readiness in case of such an event. Yesterday morning some friends called to see him, and these pistols were lying on a chair, and one of the gentlemen, without perceiving them, sat upon them; but at the request of Mr. Noble, who said they were loaded, immediately got up, and Mr. N. took one of them up to show it and raised the hammer. While in this position his finger slipped, and the hammer coming down upon the cap, which remained in the socket, the charge exploded, and horrible to state, the ball with which the pistol was loaded struck his daughter, Jane Noble, who was standing two or three yards off, in the right side of the head, passing through the brain and causing instant death. The unfortunate young lady was about twenty two years of age, and was as universally beloved, as her untimely end will be deplored. The wretched father is in a state of frenzy, and it is very questionable if he ever recovers his reason.

An inquest was held upon the body of the deceased, and the jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to her death by the accidental discharge of a loaded pistol in the hands of her father.

A CORONER'S INQUEST.—Here is a negro's satisfactory explanation of a Coroner's Inquest:—"Pomp, what do debbil am a jury ob inkest." "Wal do fac is nigger—a jury ob inkest am a lot ob fellows what sit down on a dead man to find out whether he am dead for sartin, or only playing possum."

Cool, but right.—The following is the leading article of a paper published in Isaac Hill's state:—"No editorial this week! Reason—Joos! Moral—Better earn X by hard labor and get it, than to spend a shilling in spooling paper to strut out."

We cheerfully endorse the above.

New England.—If faith is to be placed in newspaper statements, the New England states are now in a most flourishing condition. This should not excite a feeling of surprise, as the banking system of the yankees is the most perfect of any in the country.

The locomotives of New York forget to remember, and remember to forget, that Governor Seward can put his veto on any of the jacobinical measures which they threaten to pass at the approaching session of the legislature of that state.

Another.—The Savannah Republican says: "We have a report from Milledgeville, that the Hon. William C. Dawson has sent in his resignation to the Governor, as Representative to Congress. It wants confirmation."

Our Churches.—We notice with pleasure a visible improvement of late in the congregations, in point of numbers, of the several churches of this borough. A church loving people are a happy and intelligent people.

We Place a Van Buren democrat, a Harrison democrat, or a democrat on his own hook. His leaders revolt us occasionally.

Revolution at hand.—The completion of the Reading Railroad will revolutionize the present mode of doing business in Pottsville. Mark the prediction!

Scintillity.—A paper called the "Sublime Patriot" has been started in Buffalo. Its chief object is to urge the release of the American prisoners in Vag Diem's Land.

Musical.—Miss Stoman, the pianist, is making quite a sensation down east by her extraordinary powers.

Bennett thinks he stands some chance being made government printer. Stranger things have happened.

Theatrical.—The celebrated comedy of London Assurance is likely to have a very successful run at the National theatre, Philadelphia.

Specie.—The amount of specie sent abroad within the last few months will not fall short of six millions.

Destroyed.—The Mercer Luminary notices the destruction by fire of the woolen factory of Criswell & Curry, in Wolfcreek township.

Winter.—When our paper went to press, a regular snow storm had set in. Winter is upon us at last, and no mistake.

The N. Y. Mercury is perfectly and decidedly correct in calling us a gentleman. It is not our fault, however.

A Question.—When are those balls coming off? Don't all speak at once.

All Sorts of News.

The walls and tower of the new German Catholic Church are nearly finished. It will be a cheap and beautiful edifice, when completed, and quite an ornament to the borough.

The Reading Democratic Press calls Bully Donnan an eloquent but much abused person. The same person raises the cry of "long live Gen. Jackson!" in the old monarchical cry, of vice versa in another form.

Several very interesting quill parties to come off in the course of the next fortnight.

A fine opportunity is now offered to capitalists for investment in real estate. See the advertisement, next page.

The opening of the Railroad which is to connect Pottsville with Philadelphia will doubtless be celebrated in a manner worthy of the people of this great region. A dinner—to say nothing of a ride, free, gratis, and for nothing—is the least that can be expected.

The Rev. Mr. Maginnis' house, on Mahanango street, took fire on Tuesday morning last. It was soon extinguished. Damage not worth speaking of.

The shipping season is drawing to a close. Our business men will soon have an opportunity of calculating their losses and profits.

Members of Congress and members of Legislature are resigning in all directions.

We regret to announce the death of the venerable Bishop Moore of Virginia.

Wild ducks, geese and brandt very numerous this year on the shores of the Delaware and Chesapeake.

Pleasant to write editorial when you have caught such a cold that you can neither hear, speak nor see.

1600 tons of iron were worked up by eight furnaces at Rochester, N. Y., last year.

A few days since, in Baltimore, John Morton kicked his wife, and then bit her thumb off. What a brute!

Our exchanges are quite dull now. We have not seen a respectable accident or murder for a week.

That lecture—hump!

John Dennis, convicted of Murder, at Little Rock, has been sentenced to be hung.

David Paul Brown has been astonishing the New Yorkers with a lecture on eloquence.

Nearly \$1200 was paid for a single pew in the Church of the Ascension, New York.

There has been a reduction in the charge on iron passing through the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal. The present rate is now only 25 cents per ton of 2000 pounds.

Gen. Duff Green has got an appointment at last. He has left for England as bearer of government despatches.

Knowles' play of "Old Maids" has been produced at the Theatre, New York. Failure.

Mary Bord, alias Foster, of Philadelphia, convicted of bigamy, has been sentenced to thirty days imprisonment in the county prison. Poor Mary!

The Postmaster General is very anxious to get in his new building before the meeting of Congress.

The New York papers are poking their fun at Dr. Lardner, on account of his heavy side.

Nothing is more unbecoming to young ladies, having the least pretensions to good figures or good looks, than morning wrappers.

On Wednesday last, the passengers from Philadelphia did not arrive at this place before midnight. Considerable anxiety was both felt and expressed. Cause—the locomotive on the Reading Railroad got out of order, and the train was detained mid-way until another locomotive was procured.

Johnson is fitting up the parlors in the Hall in capital style. Carpets and furniture spick and span new.

What queer fellows those John Bulls must be. Only think of dressing pretty girls in boy's clothes and making them work in Coal pits. For further particulars, see "Descent into a coal mine," on the first page.

Never contradict your wife on a washing day, or when she's among the pots and kettles—that's all.

It is probable that Mr. Clay, will pass the winter in Cuba.

Take no credit to yourself for making virtuous resolutions, and keeping them, when your high resolves were not subject to temptation. We once heard of a ragged rascal—hastless and shoeless—declare that he was so well convinced of the injurious tendency of eating oysters and drinking Madeira for supper, that he was resolved neither to touch one nor the other. If he did not keep this resolution, the probabilities are that his poverty did.



Schuylkill Coal Trade.

REMARKS.

SHIPMENTS.—The shipments this week amount to 19,374 tons, including the Little Schuylkill. Total this season, 568,164. The season is drawing to a close. Many operators have already ceased shipping; and, judging from the present wintry aspect of the weather, in a few days all the boats will be taken off the Canal.

SUPPLY OF COAL.—In the early part of the season, we gave an estimate of the probable amount of Coal that would be sent to market from the different anthracite regions. At the time, we were publicly accused of publishing statements which we knew to be untrue, and that their object was the furtherance of speculative purposes. We can now say with propriety, that all our predictions, in whole or in part, have been verified; and that the actual supply of anthracite coal this season will not differ more than 10 to 20,000 tons from the estimate above alluded to. The following table will show the amount of anthracite coal shipped this season, compared with the corresponding periods last year.

	1840.	1841.
Schuylkill, Nov. 18.	421,876	568,164
Lehigh, Nov. 7.	208,375	110,040
Lackawana, Nov. 7.	138,420	171,320
	<hr/> 768,671	<hr/> 849,524
Remaining over from former years, April 1,	150,000	50,000
	<hr/> 918,671	<hr/> 899,524
The increased supply this year from all the		