



POTTSTOWN

Saturday Morning, Jan. 4, 1845.

The New Year—Ourselves.

It is fitting that, in the first number of our Twenty-first Volume, we should chat with our readers of ourselves, and the hopes and fears that meet us at the threshold of a New Year; we might upon such an occasion, bury ourselves like some old mortality, over the grave of the year, in brushing away the milldew and the rubbish that conceal the inscriptions, and teachings, and solemn admonitions of time; but we leave individuals to make their sentimental retrospect for themselves—our business as public journalists is with events, with the agitations and struggles that have marked the past—the doubts and hopes that hang over the future.

When fifteen years ago, the "Journal" came into our hands, it was printed upon a small medium sheet, with old type, and the whole stock of materials in the office would hardly have paid for one hundred dollars. Indeed, the paper had nearly expired for lack of support. Its circulating list had dwindled down to one hundred and fifty names, and the impression generally prevailed that an English paper could not be supported in a German country. We were young then, full of hope and full of enterprise; we entered upon our labour with a stout heart and determined will—to us there was "no such word as fail." We devoted all our energies to the task we had devolved upon ourselves; and succeeded, how far and how well we have succeeded—the appearance and character of our paper must tell. We have progressively improved and enlarged our sheet, as our support enabled us, till we are now among the largest in the State. No effort of labor has been spared—we have labored incessantly and severely night and day for the public, and the public has reaped all the benefit so far. We have never made one dollar from our paper—all the little we have done fortunate enough to make has been from the other business which we have managed to connect with the office. Our circulation is more extensive than the generality of papers in the country. Although limited to a certain extent at home, in consequence of the Coal Region, being completely surrounded by German settlements, where few English papers penetrate, we have a much larger circulation abroad than any other country paper in the State—yet still it is not large enough to remunerate us for the labor and expense bestowed upon its publication. All that the paper has yielded has been expended on it, and our constant aim has been to present the public with a sheet equal to the best, and worthy of the Coal Region of Schuylkill County. We have labored to make it useful and interesting; to put every item of intelligence before our readers and so to fill our columns that most should be our only reliance for support. We have aimed to inculcate proper principles and give a proper direction to the public mind; we have endeavored to throw our eyes over the whole of the vast field in which a public journal should operate, and take in with careful scrutiny the interests of the whole country, and of every class, and employment of men; but chiefly we have had a care for the Coal Region of Schuylkill county, its men and its interests—we have been the active and undeviating advocate of protection, because we believed conscientiously, that all the great interests of the country, and every class of her citizens was dependent upon it. We have always been found arrayed on the side of law and order, and the determined foe of mobs and mobism as a remedy for supposed or real abuses; from this cause we have incurred the slanders of demagogues, and partisans have slandered us as the enemy of the laborer and poor man; and held us up to public view as the advocates of the capitalist, and the champion of aristocracy. As an editor and as a man, we shall never acknowledge any aristocracy than the aristocracy of merit; the honest and industrious man, who diligently attends to his customary employment, and properly improves his hours of leisure, is the true nobleman of nature. We are not and have never been more the friend of the operators than the laborers—we have ever held that labor was entitled to its fair reward, and that low wages were as injurious to the interests of the employers as prejudicial to the comforts of the employed. It is true we have never played the demagogue by flattery; the "dear people" for the purpose of betraying; and deceiving them—but we have advocated those measures of government calculated to foster and protect the business of the country, and thus secure to the laborer the reward of his toil, which it is in vain to look for when industry is paralyzed and confidence destroyed. We have received all resort to the popular "clay-troops" of the day, for applause, nor have we wandered to the depraved and vicious appetites of the community, for effect—we have appealed to the reason and intelligence of the people, and prefer being judged by our acts alone. We have endeavored to avoid as much as possible, the discussion of religious sectarian questions. In politics we adhered to and proclaimed all those sound and operative principles which have distinguished the Whig party. During the past year, we have had to regret the fierceness of party contentions, and trembled sometimes to see the local jealousies of distant sections of the country mingling with and embroiling the discussion of questions that should have been calmly and fairly considered; and the threatened severing of that knot which binds the union of the States, and amidst all the tumult of popular clamor, fervor and ferment, agitations and struggles, the mighty heaving and convulsions of society, we have tried, hold, but in vain, to speak the truth, and have used our most strenuous exertions, and employed all our influence, to check the growth of opinions and practices which we deemed inimical to the country's interests. The political contest is over; the lococofo candidates have triumphed; but on our part the contest was a noble one, conducted fairly and honorably—we have been discomfited—yet, but strong still, we will marshal forth for a new campaign with close and unbroken phalanx, and push forward shoulder to shoulder with stout hearts, and still those principles which we advocate are instilled into the administration of the government, which alone can inspire confidence, and lead our beloved country to prosperity and renown. For the part we played in that contest we have nothing to regret; standing were we doing, and looking back upon the past year, we see nothing in our course which we would wish to alter, and what we have meant to be—we have always meant to be—will be.

our opinions upon all matters of public concern, and shall do so in the future. We have never sought notoriety for ourselves or asked a popularity and support for our paper which was not due to its merit. We have received a good share of public favors, and if we can secure its continuance by employing the same means, and pursuing the same course, we shall labor cheerfully and diligently in our calling. Personal rancor and jealousies have never disfigured our sheet, nor shall they—the world is large enough for all to live in; and we believe that a paper to merit confidence, should be free, bold, fearless, but mild and decent; and to make our sheet, we have spared, and shall spare no labour.

New Year's Day.—The new year opened gloriously—a morning without a cloud and a day of mellow and delicious sunshine. Our good citizens, animated by the delightful influence, seemed determined for one day to banish care and yield themselves to pleasure.

We are gratified to observe the general prevalence of that most excellent practice of keeping one's house on new year day. No single custom contributes more to foster kindly feelings, strength on kindred ties which kind our human hearts together, and call into exercise those social qualities which a wise being for benevolent ends, mingled with our natures. A large number of houses in our borough were open on Wednesday, and the hospitable board in each amply furnished with refreshing viands; the whole day was passed in rejoicing and merriment, and mutually interchanging kind wishes. It is a beautiful thought, that on the first day of the new year, the animosities engendered by the strife and misunderstandings of the past, may be buried in the grave, over which time is telling his passing bell, and performing his sad and obsequies—the grave of the old year—that men who met as strangers and looked coldly on each other, may make a sacrifice of their mutual wrongs, or imagined, and the heart which all along beat warm, feel a new spring in the pulse of sympathy while friendship grasps in friendship's name the hand of friend.

MILITARY.—The Washington Artillery, Captain Nagle, paraded in their usual strength on the first day of the new year. We had an opportunity of remarking their style of drill, and really, we have never seen volunteers perform their evolutions with greater precision—it is a beautiful company, and a good one, provided, too, with officers who understand their duties, and are competent to discharge them.

The Marine Rifles also paraded on the first, and, if they continue to improve in drill and discipline, as they have done for the few months past since the formation of the corps, they will soon rival the best company in the county.

THE COAL TRADE.—It was our intention to lay before our readers our annual tables, showing the state and progress of the anthracite coal trade in the United States, but the short period that intervened between the first of January, and our day of publication, and having been disappointed in receiving the official quantity shipped from two districts, we have concluded to postpone their publication until next week. In the mean time we give below the quantity shipped from this region.

Table with columns: BY RAIL ROAD, BY CANAL, and BY STEAM. Lists quantities for Schuylkill Haven, Pottsville, and Port Clinton.

To which add from Swatara region, 31,531 00 Total from Schuylkill county, 871,464 14 Making 902,995 tons of coal shipped from this county during the year 1844, which exceeds the quantity shipped last year by 171,251 tons, and the amount sent from all the Anthracite regions in 1840, by upwards of 6000 tons.

Should nothing intervene to check the growing prosperity of the country, we confidently anticipate a shipment of at least one million tons of coal from Schuylkill county the present year.

FRANK CONVERSION IN THE POLITICAL AFFAIRS OF MEXICO.—Mexico is convulsed with her internal revolution, the result of which no one can predict; both parties are powerful; the departments of Jalisco, Aguascalientes and Zacatecas have declared against Santa Ana, with Gen. Paradas as their leader, and it is generally believed that other departments will follow the example thus set. The Courtes de Etats Unis, asserts on the authority of a letter from Mexico, that a special envoy has arrived there from the French Government, charged with a demand for the repatriation for the outrages committed by the Mexicans on French citizens since the treaty of Vera Cruz. The same letter confirms the report that the Mexican Congress has removed Santa Anna from the command of the army, and given it to Gen. Bavaquero, a constitutional objection, it is said, is the cause of this change. Most of the principal towns, and a large proportion of the people have joined the insurrection against Santa Anna, and his prospect of sustaining power is exceedingly doubtful—it is thought he will fly the country. Unhappy Mexico! there seems no peace for her within or without.

COTILLION PARTIES.—The first Cotillion Party of the season came off in the saloon of the Pennsylvania Hall, on Thursday evening—the second night of the New Year, a fine time to be gay, and with fair sights and sweet sounds, and smiles and music, to banish sombre reflections: "Time on the furnace bow the grave's parting May play" he writes no wrinkles on the heart.

Why, then, should man refuse to enjoy his "bright hours and weeks," with buoyant spirits, far reaching hopes and cheerful anticipations—there is wisdom in being innocently happy; a moral utility.

THE TEXAS QUESTION.—This question was made the order of the day for Monday last. A correspondent states that the matter has been pushed by promptings from the Heritage, instigated without doubt by the President elect, and his friends, who wish to dismember the coming administration of this matter, for such is the import of letters received by the hands of Col. Polk, the brother of the President elect. He is the bearer of a letter from Gen. Jackson, pressing action at this session on the question of annexation, and urging, among others, the consideration, that if it is postponed to the next Congress, the composition of the Senate may be such as to give to Dallas the casting vote, a position of embarrassment from which he desires to see him freed; either because he may distrust him or for the reason that, as the candidate of the party for the succession, his vote, however given, may take from his political strength. The faithful here are also referred to Col. Polk for further information as to the views and wishes of both the Ex-President and the President elect, the latter of whom, ever since his nomination, has by a species of cunning policy, demonstrated, never been permitted to appear before the public in a political connection with the old hero, who argues little for his individual worth and promises badly for the future; it shows him to be a man not self-sustained, and liable to be made the dupe of the sinister influences of those who may be around him. Although he may have the best intentions, he will in all probability be the slave of a back door influence as baneful as that which, in its control over General Jackson, was so fruitful of evil to the country. It is rumored that Col. W. H. Polk is to be of the kitchen cabinet; but he is young and his appearance indicates inexperience of the world, and too great a constitutional proclivity to rashness to warrant his occupying the post of chef de cuisine.

A Heart in the Wrong Place.—Some students at Madrid, lately dissected a body, and found the heart on the right side!

A lady remarked that 'carelessness was little better than a half-way house between accident and design.'

During the past year there has been three hundred and ten buildings erected in Rochester, New York.

Alabama's Repudiation.—On the 17th inst. the House of Representatives of the State of Alabama passed, by an almost unanimous vote, a series of resolutions denouncing the repudiation of debts by the State.

Men of true and original perceptions belong alike to all ages. For truth is at all times the same, and when once uttered finds ever after an echo in the human breast.

The lawyer, it is said, can hardly go to heaven! It can't be true for no class of men believe more firmly in the law and the profits.

Change of Name.—The Moraymening Bank at Philadelphia is to be hereafter called the Bank of Commerce. The directors applied to the Court of Quarter Sessions to have the name of the institution changed, and the application was granted.

The late foreign news states that Queen Victoria enjoys excellent health, and is again in a very promising situation.

The Catholic priests of France and Germany have interdicted the reading of the 'Wandering Jew' by the members of their Churches.

American Candles are beginning to be exported to England.

ON MISS ANN BREAD. 'Twas not any girl buter,' said Ned, 'With every other butter. I'll be content with ANNE BREAD, And won't have any buter.'

The Hon. Mr. Cushing, Minister to China, has arrived at New York.

The desire to gain information of passing events is laudable—particularly if one pays the printer punctually; but stealing newspapers from the doors of subscribers is a very different thing.

Mr. J. S. Richards has retired from the editorial chair of the Reading Journal, and Mr. J. Knabbe of the Clay Bugle, takes his place.

Mr. JAMES N. HENNER, member elect to the Legislature from Berks county, died at the residence of his father, at Sally Ann Furnace, on the 26th instant.

Mr. NEWBERRY, January 1, 1845. Dear Sir, I may not be interesting to some of your readers to know the state of the weather, or rather the temperature of the atmosphere for the past year 1844. I take the liberty, therefore, to send you the state of the Thermometer as noted at my residence, as nearly as may be at sunrise, every morning.

Table with columns: Highest, Lowest, Average. Lists weather data for January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December.

THEATRICAL.—The management of the Theatre at the Town Hall has fallen into the hands of Messrs. Meryfield and Grierson. This Evening Mr. Cantor, who has a family of four children depending upon her exertions for support, takes a benefit. On Monday Evening Mr. Lewis will take a benefit. On Tuesday Evening, Mr. Meryfield will take a farewell benefit, which we understand, will be the last performance. Those of our citizens who may wish to attend, will, by availing themselves of either of these opportunities, be agreeably entertained.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The second trial on Monday last for the election of Congress in the districts in which there was no choice at the November election, resulted as follows: 1st district, Daniel P. King, Whig, elected. 4th district Benjamin Thompson, Whig, elected. 5th district Charles Hudson Whig, elected. 9th district no choice.

So far not a single Lococofo has been elected to Congress, and in the 9th district at the next trial, it is believed that the Whig will succeed. There are two Lococofoes from that state in the present Congress, Messrs. Parmenter and Williams.

MONK PROSECUTION.—Mr. John Proctor, the comox and gentlemanly Post Master of Milersville, has been removed, and Michael Westover, a noisy politician, appointed in his place. Reason—because Mr. P. voted for Henry Clay. Yet this is the party that accuses the Whigs with proscribing for opinion's sake. Out upon such hypocrisy.

The Daily Forum has been enlarged, and made its appearance on the 1st of January, under the title of 'The Morning Post,' at \$5 per annum, payable in advance, or \$6 at the end of the year. It will be sold at two cents by the carrier. Its new dress looks very neat and it is conducted with ability and spirit.

EXTRAVAGANT MEN.—Mr. John Daniels mined from a single slope of the Delaware Company's property, fifty five thousand tons of coal during the year 1844, being much the largest quantity of coal ever taken from a single slope in this region in one year.

Our carriers desire us to return their thanks to the patrons of the Journal, for their liberal donations on the first inst.

Secrets worth knowing.—The following extract, taken from one of the most trusted of the organs of the Democracy of New York, makes a curious revelation, if we may so confide in its truth, of the state of things in our Department of Foreign Affairs.

From the New York Morning News. The following paragraph from a letter which we find in the Philadelphia Ledger, gives us an entirely new view of the intelligence which we receive from a well-informed correspondent that we lay before our readers: 'The whole Cabinet, individually, have condemned Mr. Shannon's conduct, and were it not for the correspondence of the President of State, some effort would be disavowed. If the wishes of Mr. Calhoun could prevail. He, too, is committed through the improper use made of a despatch, and this accounts for the effort to withdraw mistakes, to which there happens to be higher...

All sorts of Items.

A Dandy.—The Boston Post furnishes the following graphic epigram on a dandy: A Dandy is a chap that would, Be a young lady if he could, But he can't, does all he can To show the world he's not a man.

The Rev. Charles Torrey, has been sentenced to six years confinement in the Penitentiary in Baltimore, for enticing slaves to leave their masters.

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The Carrier's Address

TO THE PATRONS OF THE MINERS' JOURNAL.

The World which God has made, and years roll on, As they have rolled, since first creation dawned, As when the doors of light, first set ajar, Through Heaven's blue headed arch, his course began; And still the Stars, and still the New Year's time, Call on his patrons with accustomed prayer.

The World which God has made, rolls on, and still, The ancient King of day, from Eastern Hill, Through trackless ether drives his fiery car, As when the doors of light, first set ajar, Through Heaven's blue headed arch, his course began; And still the Stars, and still the New Year's time, Call on his patrons with accustomed prayer.

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From the St. Louis Revue: SWALLOWING OYSTERS ALIVE

BY SOLITAIRE.

A Sucker—His First Oyster—Swallowing it Alive—Terrible Situation—The Recent Disappearances.

At a late hour the other night, the door of an oyster house in our city was thrust open, and in stalked a hero from the Sucker State. He was six feet high, spare, somewhat stooped, with a hungry, anxious countenance, and his hands pushed clear down to the bottom of his breeches pockets. His outer covering was hard to define, but after surveying it minutely, we came to the conclusion that his suit had been made in his boyhood, of a dingy, yellow linen woolsey, and that, having proceeded up with astonishing rapidity, he had been forced to piece it out with all colors in order to keep pace with his body. In spite of his exertions, however, he had fallen in arrears about a foot of the necessary length, and consequently, the state of his trousers was indescribable. His crop of hair was surmounted by the funniest little seal skin cap imaginable. After taking a position, he indulged in a long stare at the man opening the brackets, and slowly ejaculated—'Eterns!'

Yes, sir, responded the attentive operator, 'and fine ones they are, too.'

'Well, I've heard tell of isters afore, says he, 'but this the first time I've seen 'em, and perhaps I'll know what 'thar made of afore I get out of town.'

Having expressed this desperate intention, he cautiously approached a plate, and scrutinized the unopened shells with a gravity and interest which would have done honor to the most illustrious searcher for the secret of the benzoin bower. At length he began to soliloquize on the difficulty of getting them out, and how queer they looked when out.

'I never seed any, thin' hold on so—'takes an amazing slice of screevin' hose, to get 'em out, and what they slip by when they do come out, 'as an ace! I've a good mind to give feller lodgins,' just to realize the effects, as uncle Jesse used to say about speculation.'

'Well, sir,' was the reply, 'down with two bits, and you can have the Sucker, 'now come, that's stickin' it on right strong, how, for isters. A dozen on 'em nite to a chicken and there's no gittin' none a plexus an apiece for them. I've only realized a play on my first venture to St. Louis, 'I'll give you a gin you two chickens for a dozen, if you'll consent to deal.'

A wag, who was standing by indulging in a dozen, winked to the attendant to shut out, and was not accepted.

'Now mind,' repeated the Sucker, 'all 'Liners' chickens for a dozen—your witeless, mister, turning at the same time to the wag; 'none of your tricks, for I've heard tell that you're a fellar as mity slip by cos.'

The largest shell he selected, our Sucker squared himself for the contest—deliberately put off his seal skin, tucked up his sleeve, and fork and fan, awaited the appearance of No. 1. It came—'how—saw—and quickly it was bolted! A moment's dreadful pause ensued. The wag dropped his knife and fork with a look of stinging amazement and horror—something akin to Shakspeare's Hamlet on seeing his daddy's ghost—while he burst into the exclamation—

'Swallowed alive, as I'm a Christian.'