POTTSVILLE.

Saturday Morning, July 19, 1845.

VOLNEY B. PALMER,

At his Real Estate and Coal Agencies,

Corner of Third & Chesnut Streets, Philadelphia,
No.160, Nassau Street, New York,
No. 16, State Street, Boston, and
South east corner of Baltimore, & Calvert Streets, Baltimore, is our Agent for receiving subscriptions and advertisements for the Miners' Journal.

LIFE INSURANCE.

This kind of Insurance is beginning to attract considerable attention in this country. Pamphlets containing the necessary information, can be obtained at this office, where application can be made.

June 25

WANTED—At this office a boy about fifteen years of age, who can read and write well, as an Apprentice to the Book-Binding business. None but one who can come well recommended need apply.

☞ Doct. Faucett's Advertisement, or any other of a similar character, cannot be published in the Miners' Journal at any price.

PHILADELPHIA ADVERTISEMENTS.—We refer our Merchants to the advertisement of Mr. Thomas L. Evans, offering Boots & Shoes for sale by the package very cheap—Also the advertisements of Thompson, Pancoast, & Co. wholesale Druggists—and S. & J. J. Allen, & Co. wholesale dealers in Oil, Candles, &c., which will be found in our advertising columns.

☞ The late period at which we received the Rev. Mr. Lore's Eulogy, and its length, has crowded out a number of articles intended for this week's paper.

☞ Information is wanted of *Martin Muldouny*, son of John and Judy Muldouny, formerly of Castle Comar, county of Kilkenny, Ireland.—When last heard from, about eight years ago, he was in Cincinnati, Ohio. Any information respecting him would be thankfully received by his brother, *John Muldouny*, at Pottsville, Schuylkill county, Pa. ☞ Editors will please notice the above.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—The purpose of this new order is purely benevolent, and we are glad to see it growing into strength, as it is, we feel assured, working a vast amount of good, and exerting a strong restraining influence upon many who, through good fellowship and good companionship, are disposed to yield to the temptations of dissipation. A charter has been granted for a Division in Pottsville, and it will, we understand, be speedily organized. Such an association, or one having in view the same end, is certainly greatly needed here—the temperance cause requires some aids and auxiliaries, something that will prove a safeguard against the evil which, latterly, has increased fearfully.

JENKINS' SOIREE MUSICALE.—Mr. Jenkins, assisted by Miss Eliza Moore and Miss A. Shaw, will give a Musical Entertainment at the Town Hall this evening, interspersed with dancing.—Jenkins is a capital singer, a great favorite, and always draws full houses.

☞ It is rumored that the Hon. James Buchanan, has, or will resign the Secretary of State-ship. He finds himself rather awkwardly situated in a *free trade* Cabinet.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A lad, aged about 17, (we have not been able to learn his name,) a driver on the Mine Hill Railroad, unfortunately went to sleep on the bomper in front of one of the cars on Tuesday morning, and fell off, the train passed over him and killed him instantly.

DEATH IN THE MINES.—A Melancholy accident occurred in Messrs. Milnes Haywood & co's mines, at the "West West," on the 15th. Two men, Wm. Philips and Anthony Horen, working in one of the breasts, had put a shot into the coal, but as it did not fall, they went to undermining it; they were warned by some other miners of the peril in which they stood, but, unfortunately persisted until the body of coal fell, burying them beneath its weight and killing them instantly. Philips was a Welshman, and has left a wife and seven children, the oldest, a young man, recently met with an accident which made it necessary to amputate one of his legs; Horen was a young man, an Irishman, and had been married about two weeks.

On the same day, about two hours previous to the occurrence of the above mentioned accident, Michael Haley, was severely, but it is thought not fatally, injured by a fall of coal in another mine on the same tract worked by the same operators. Haley was sitting in the breast quietly smoking his pipe.

☞ Whew! whew!! O for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade," whew—this *is* trying weather—the thermometer stands at 98, and even the breeze, for a gentle wind blows from the south west, brings no refreshment, but comes like a heated and scorching vapor. The noble poet was right, that is, if he referred to such a day as this, "there *is* a pleasure in the pathless wood," or by "the deep sea," heigh ho! we sigh for the "wide waters," but in vain; the printer man's business is in his office, and even though it be heated as hot as "seven times," he must be there, (he ought to be a salamander) to drudge for men, and "scrawl strange words with barbarous pen!" Whew! who can write, when even the ink almost boils in the stand. We guess the "oldest inhabitant" has never known warmer weather, in this climate, than has been experienced during the last two weeks. There has been an almost uninterrupted succession of hot days, and the thermometer in that time has ranged from 93 to 98 in the shade; and once or twice it has run up to 100. We have never known more caloric dispensed with in any given 24 hours, than has been emitted to-day. Hardly a cloud has broken the direct rays of the burning sun, which, while we write, (Thursday evening,) has made a "golden set," but the air is not cooled, and "the bright track of his fiery car" in the western sky, "gives token" of as hot or a hotter "day to-morrow." Whew! it is intensely, almost insufferably hot.

The New Post Office Law is operating advantageously for the country, as is proved by the already greatly augmented intercourse by mail between different and remote sections. In Philadelphia, the number of letters passing through the office daily is nearly trebled. In New York it is said to have increased one half, and in all the large cities the increase is so considerable that the Post Masters are finding it necessary to multiply the number of carriers. The number of letters passing through the Pottsville Post Office daily, has since the new law went into operation, more than doubled.

THE FARMER'S LIBRARY, *a monthly Journal of Agriculture, No. 1. Edited by J. S. Skinner, New York. Greely & McElrath.*—This is an acceptable new comer into the world of periodical literature. It is edited by an experienced and judicious laborer in the field in which he has chosen to operate, and is well adapted to the purposes indicated in the title page; we cordially commend it to general encouragement.

In 1819, more than 26 years ago, Mr. Skinner commenced the publication of the *American Farmer*, in Baltimore; this was, we believe, the first paper in this country devoted to agriculture.—Since that period numerous similar publications, devoted to this great subject have sprung up in the country, and some of them are conducted with eminent ability, but, for the most part they are circumscribed in their range of usefulness, to what is passing in present practice. The public appetite has been whettened and sharpened by them, and improved and strengthened too, and craves fuller views of what science and scientific men are doing in this department. The present publication is intended to supply this want, and the publishers have, wisely we think, interested Mr. Skinner, who is one of the most distinguished and best qualified agriculturists in the country, in the undertaking. The work will comprise such matter as will constitute it a valuable "*Farmer's Library*," embracing prize essays, such as are applicable to American husbandry, and entire works on the natural sciences, such as Botany, Horticulture, Arboriculture, domestic animals, &c. The publishers hope, "that in its ample folds—making two volumes of 1200 pages, with engravings to illustrate every subject where they are needed, the Farmer and his family may find a copious fountain of instruction and amusement; one which shall qualify him, not only to follow his business in the field with greater success, but to maintain with credit his own part in the social intercourse and conversation of intelligent men." The No. before us, is a pamphlet of 64 pages, printed mostly in double columns, and in its outward and typographical appearance is attractive. *Petzholdt's* lectures to farmers occupy the first part of the number, (they will be completed in the second No.) after which follow numerous able miscellaneous papers, all adapted to the main topic. The No. is adorned with a frontispiece, a likeness of the late estimable Stephen Van Rensselaer, and accompanying it, is a brief memoir of his life. It contains also, an engraving of the English South Down Prize Sheep, with a paper upon the qualities, and the method of treating these animals; and an engraving of the vegetable silk plant, from Tripoli.

The matter in this publication is interesting as well as novel and valuable, and will amply repay the reader for his moderate outlay of $5 00, which is the price of a year's subscription. The work may be subscribed for at this office.

DR. LARDNER'S LECTURES, Nos. 5 & 6, *by Greely & McElrath*, are received. Of these numbers, as of all that have preceded them, we may remark that they contain a vast amount of useful information, imparted in a pleasing and popular style.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH in Mahantango street, has, under the direction of Mr. *Isaac Lykens*, builder and architect, been made a really handsome edifice, and we presume there are few churches in the State superior to it in its interior adornment and finish. There is, to be sure, rather an incongruous blending of styles, too plainly noticeable—the walls being Gothic, and the ceiling square, with ornamented Grecian work, deeply gilded, and painted in Fresco, beautifully designed and executed handsomely by Mr. *Monchesi*. The Gothic columns, supporting the gallery, and around the altar are heavily and richly gilded. The gilding was done by Mr. *Mooney* of Philadelphia. The Tabernacle on the altar is an elegant Gothic model, in heavy gold; and indeed all the altar furniture is elegant. The crucifixion, an oil painting, we have not learned the artist's name, will form the altar piece; and the twelve apostles and other scriptural pieces, done in oils, will fill the niches in the walls.

THE FALL ELECTION.—The preparations which are making for the Fall Elections in most of the counties through the state remind us that it is time the Whigs of Schuylkill were aroused, and preparing too. It seems to be generally desired by our friends, that an entire and efficient ticket be taken up, and it has been suggested that a county meeting be called, to be held at Schuylkill Haven early in August by the County Committee, for the purpose of putting such a ticket in nomination. It has been too much the practice in this county, heretofore, to delay the formation of a ticket too long. It should be selected and published in time for the people to consider it fairly, and weigh the merits of the candidates.

BATTIN'S COAL BREAKER.—Thirty-seven of these useful labour-saving machines have been erected within the 18 months which have elapsed since Mr. Battin took out his patent. Thirty-four of these, are within the Schuylkill County Region, and all of them, excepting four or five, which, we believe, are not quite completed, are now in operation. The rapidity with which this improvement has grown into use, sufficiently proves its adaptation to the purposes for which it is designed, and, indeed, all who are employing it agree that is superior to any other method of breaking and sizeing coal yet designed.

CAPACITY OF THE PHILADELPHIA & POTTSVILLE RAIL ROAD.—As the capacity of this road is frequently a subject of conversation, we give the following estimate made by a Pottsville correspondent to the editor of the Washington Union:

"The capacity of this road for the transportation of coal may be vastly augmented. Messrs. Baldwin & Whitney, of Philadelphia, offer to supply engines which they will guarantee to haul down the road 100 iron cars with 5 tons of coal in each, or 500 tons in the whole, at the rate of 9 miles per hour! Now it would be practicable to start down a train every hour; this would give, for 24 hours 12,000 tons per day, and for the year of 313 days would give an aggregate transportation of 3, 756,000 tons. They think, however by the aid of extra engines and the use of Morse's telegraph, they might, by possibility, be able to start a train every thirty minutes. This would enable them to send to the Delaware twenty-four thousand tons per day, or the enormous quantity of seven millions five hundred and twelve thousand tons per annum."

LATER FROM TEXAS.—By the Cutter Woodbury, Capt. Foster, at New Orleans, a few items of intelligence has been received from Texas not contained in previous advices.

The most sad intelligence received by the Woodbury is the death of Col. Marshall, of Nashville, Tenn. He was the bearer of the despatches brought over by Capt. Foster for our Goverment. He reached Galveston from Washington, Texas, on the 26th ult., and died on the 29th, of congestive fever.

Funeral solemnities were to be observed at Galveston on the 4th of July, in honor of the memory of Gen. Jackson.

All sorts of Items.

One hundred guns were fired at Charlestown in consequence of Annexation.

CANNOT READ AND WRITE.—Virginia and Tennessee contain over fifty-eight thousand persons, over twenty-one years of age, who cannot read and write.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL.—The repairs on this work, says the Williamsport Banner, have been completed, and on Thursday last, the waters were let in. In consequence of the plentiful harvest a brisk and extensive trade is anticipated.

The Philadelphia railroad company have finally refused to let the magnetic Telegraph run along their track. The Paterson company, however, are willing it should pass over their track.

A London paper says that in the year 1843, more than £8,000,000 were expended by the people of Great Britan in tobacco.

The Whigs of Georgia have nominated George W. Crawford as their candidate for Governor.

A court martial was convened last Monday, the 7th inst. on Governor's Island, for the trial of Captain McKenzie, for a breach of discipline.

Polly Bodine is to have a new trial.

W. C. Bryant, the editor of the Evening Post, is enjoying himself in England. He will return to this country in October.

"A glorious thing, this reduction of postage," said a fellow in our hearing yesterday, "I get a half a dozen dunning letters now, where I got one formerly."

IN STYLE.—Dr. Brewster the American Dentist, is said to live in great style at Paris. He sports an extensive equipage, coachman and rider, gives splendid dinner parties, and his business is said to be worth $20,000 a year.

The New York Sun describes Sunday last, as the warmest day for twenty years.

The Hon. Mr. Winthrop gave the following toast at Boston, on the 4th: "Our country—however bounded, still our country—to be defended by and all our hands."

The Banks in Cincinnati have resolved not to receive Spanish shillings for more than 10 cents, sixpences five cents.

THE EVENING POST says Mr. BANCROFT'S eulogy of General Jackson, that it "does not display the labor and research of the *faithful* historian.

It is estimated that they are now in progress of erection within the limits of Pennsylvania about one hundred new iron furnaces.

They now talk in New York of building a tunnel under Broadway, and running a railroad through it for the convenience of passengers.

The Glasgow Argus announces that the *Electric Telegraph* is to be laid down between Glasgow and Edinburg.

The inmates of the Lunatic Asylum, Utica, celebrated the 4th of July. One of the patients delivered a good oration.

The Delaware and Raritan Canal and Camden and Amboy Railroad and Transportation Company has declared a semi-annual dividend of four per cent.

There were deposited in the various Saving Banks in the city of New York, on the 30th, of last month, about $100,000.

AMERICAN CUTLERY.—The manufacture of fine cutlery is coming to great perfection in this country, and has indeed already reached it, in various establishments in the United States. There are several in successful operation in Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut. There is also one at Auburn, New York. Speaking of the latter establishment, the New York Courier tells the following anecdote:

"Some very superb cutlery was displayed upon a public table in this city, which became the admiration of the gentlemen seated around it, among whom was one from her Majesty's dominions, who was particularly struck with the beauty and high finish of the knives and forks; remarking to an American, as he was bound as a loyal subject to do, that he supposed of course the work was English. I presume so, says the latter, *for I understand it was done at Auburn.*

NEW FURNACE.—The Lancaster Journal says it is understood that a large steam anthracite Furnace will shortly be erected at Safe Harbor, near the mouth of the Conestoga. An ore bank of great value has recently been opened at that place, on the property of Mr. John Miller, near which the furnace will be erected. A company from abroad has purchased the bank for $11,000.

A CURIOSITY.—There is a clock on one of the tables of Washington Hall, Cincinnati, bearing the following inscription.

"This clock was a wedding present by Oliver Cromwell, to his daughter on the day of her marriage to Sir James Claypole."

It is the property of D. C. Wallace, Esq. who came in possession of it some time since in England.

LIFE INSURANCE.—No less than *ninety* persons insured their lives in a single office, in New York, during the month of July.

The Washington Union states that it is the opinion both of Gov. Shannon and Capt. Stockton, that Mexico *will* declare war against the United States.

FOOT RACING.—Jackson, the 'American Deer,' won the ten-mile foot race, on Wednesday, over the Beacon Course; Gildersleeve tagging out on the seventh mile. The third and last competitor ran only three miles. The time was as follows:—5½ 5½ 4¾ 5½ 7, 5½ 4¾ 5½ 6, 5¾—56¾ minutes. There was a fair attendance, but the stands were not crowded.

☞ Peaches and Apricots are finding their way into our markets, from the south; they are rather verdant yet, however, and somewhat of the smallest.

RUM DOINGS.—The editor of a "teetotal temperance" paper at Worcester, has sued a rumseller for a libel, and attached the rum in his store for damages. Speculation is busy conjecturing what disposition *he* will make of the rum, whether he will *drink* it or *sell* it.

The Washington Union states that Professor Morse is about to sail for Europe in August, but he will return in time for the session of Congress. He will carry with him an improved copy of his celebrated telegraph. We have no doubt he will receive that distinguished attention from the savans and statesman of Europe to which his extraordinary invention—for the rapid communication of intelligence, superior, as it is, to any similar discovery of the age—so justly entitles him.

THE BURNT DISTRICT.—It is just three months, says a Pittsburg paper this day since the great fire. In two cellars on Third street fires are still burning. Another fact may be mentioned. At least one-third of the District is either re-built or re-building.

EULOGY ON GEN. ANDREW JACKSON,

Pronounced on the 10th of July, 1845,

AT POTTSVILLE,

By the Rev. D. D. Lore.

We are assembled, my countrymen, in vast numbers, to pay the tribute that true goodness demands of Justice; and the honorable part that your partiality has assigned to me on this solemn and imposing occasion, is to deliver a Eulogy on the life and character of Gen. ANDREW JACKSON.—Eulogies are the spontaneous emotions of the human heart, excited by the virtuous and brave deeds of our fellow men; hence they are co-eval with the history of mankind. The Bards of a Country were the primitive eulogists of its heroes; they were employed to compose and rehearse verses in honor of the heroic achievements of Princes and brave men; they accompanied the armies to battle, and took their stand in some conspicuous place, and when the warrior fell, covered with honorable wounds, he turned his dying eye to the poet, who made him immortal in song. The effect of these panegyrics on the national character was indescribable; they placed glory and renown before the warrior, and in the day of battle, excited his courage to perfect enthusiasm.—History informs us that when King Edward 1st of England, invaded North Wales, he found it impossible to establish his authority, while the Welsh Bards were permitted to live; for they, by rehearsing in their songs, the glorious achievements of the Ancient Britons, kept alive an heroic spirit of freedom and independence; he therefore cruelly ordered the minstrels to be massacred, wherever they were found. And in the ancient Republics of Greece and Rome, Eulogy was one of the strongest influence in exercise, for the spirit of patriotism; it is said of the latter that in the time of Augustus, they had swelled into two thousand volumes.

Eulogies, indeed are intimately connected with Republican Institutions; they are the tributes paid by a brave and free people, to worth, to wisdom and to virtue; they are in a word, Republican monuments, more durable than

"The heaven-aspiring pyramids, the proud
Triumphal arch, and all that e'er upheld
The worship'd name of hoar antiquity."

Transmitting to deathless fame, the well earned renown of true patriotism. They had their origin in truth and in the noblest feelings of the human soul, but, have been too often debased, to the ignoble service of adulation. Even Rome herself, who had cherished, and sepulchered, and eulogized so much true wisdom and tribute worth, stooped at last, ingloriously to flatter power, and honor crimes, and servilely said to the infamous, Nero, "Choose Cæsar what place you will among the immortal Gods. Will you sway the sceptre of Jupiter, or mount the chariot of Apollo? There is not a deity who will not yield his Empire unto *you*, and count it an honor to resign in your favour." When eulogy so high born, is thus degraded, it becomes an offence to the truly magnanimous. May the tongue of the American Orator, cleave to the roof of his mouth! and his right arm fall withered by his side! who shall first attempt to bestow American praise so unworthily!! But when Eulogies are discriminately bestowed, their influence is most salutary in a republican state. They should be pronounced by the voice of the Nation, by the voice of the whole Nation, and they will excite to deeds of noble emulation, to National virtue, and to love of Country. A Nation's favor should be sold only at the highest and most honorable price. It should be made an object worthy the ambition of her noblest sons, and when won, should never be withheld. This would be an evil only surpassed by the opposite extreme. When a republic shall consent for her great men to go down to the grave, unknelled and unheralded, it will be a day ominous of evil to her Institutions.—It was the custom of the ancient Egyptians, to bring the characters of rulers and subjects; after their death, before a tribunal of Judges, were they were solemnly acquitted or condemned, according to their merits.—The profligate citizen and the richest tyrant, were delivered up to eternal infamy. But the fathers of the people, and those who had labored for the public good, received those funeral panegyrics and honors due to their virtuous deeds. At a royal funeral the ceremony was as follows: accusations were first received against the deceased; the priest then rose to pronounce his eulogy and celebrate the good actions of the Monarch. If he had reigned well, the innumerable multitudes assembled, answered the priest with loud acclamations; if he had reigned ill, a general murmur ensued, and such Kings were deprived by their people of burial, even though they had reared proud mausoleums to receive their bones; a custom worthy the Country, in which the arts and sciences were cradled, and in which Homer, Plato, Solon and Lycurgus, were schooled; and it is thus fellow citizens, that we would, perform our task to-day. Will you by your murmur, warn us to cease; or by your loud acclaims, warrant us to speak of *ANDREW JACKSON*, as an American General, Statesman and Sage.

Fellow Citizens, the man whose memory we have met to honor this day, were worthy this great National demonstration of respect. True he was born to fortune and to fame unknown. He boasted not a long line of noble ancestors; he paraded no pompous titles, he claimed no royal prerogatives. He *needed* not these adventitious circumstances to make him great; he was one of Nature's noblemen!—You will expect as a matter of course, a sketch of his history. Andrew Jackson, was an American by birth; born in South Carolina, in the Waxaw Settlement, on the 15th of March, 1767. At an early age, he was left fatherless. The spreading ravages of the revolutionary war, drove him from the Academy of Science, and at the age of 13, he laid aside his books, for the implements of war, and became a soldier in the revolution. At that hallowed altar, the pure flame of patriotism was kindled in young Jackson's bosom, which burned so highly and intensely through a long life. He was a prisoner of war at 14, when for claiming his rights as such, and resenting an indignity, he received an honorable wound from a brutal officer. One of his brothers was already slain in battle, and the other was now fatally wounded by his side. He was soon exchanged as a prisoner of war, by the exertions of his affectionate mother, and returned home, but it was only to see his last surviving relative, that mother die. We see him again, at the peace of '83, emerging from the storms of the revolution, an orphan boy, bereft of all his kindred, without patronage or property, alone in the World; and what was still worse, he had formed profligate habits. How exceedingly unpromising were the prospects of this strippling at the age of 18 years.—But there was a "divinity within him, that shaped his ends," an etheriel spirit that could not be borne down by adversity. At this turning point in his history, he entered as a law student in Salisbury, North Carolina, and in two years after, he was admitted to the bar as a practising Attorney; he immediately repaired to Nashville, Tennessee, were he established himself, and acquired honor and profit by his profession.—We now arrive at the commencement of his public career. His first public appointment to office, was by Washington, as Attorney General, for the District; he was still a young man. At the age of 29, he was honored with a seat in the Convention, assembled to form a Constitution for the State of Tennessee; the same year he was chosen to represent the State in Congress, in the House of Representatives. At the age of 30, he was elected to the Senate of the United States. After 2 years services as Senator, he resigned. He was immediately appointed to the bench of the Supreme Court of his State. This office he also resigned as soon as practicable. In 1814 we find him in the character of negotiator with the Creek Indians, and when the treaty of Spain ceding the Floridas was ratified in 1821, he was appointed by the President to receive the Provinces, and to establish the government. He was then offered by President Monroe, the post of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Mexico, but refused upon republican principles. In 1822 such was his reputation at home, that the General Assembly of Tennessee, recommended Andrew Jackson, for President of these United States, and in the following year, he was elected a second time to the U. S. Senate, which honor he a second time resigned, on being nominated by the people for the Presidency. In 1828, he was elected to this high office, by a majority in the Electoral College, of more than two to one; and in 1832, he was re-elected by a unequaled and overwhelming popular majority, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of the people; our own State, giving him a majority of [illegible] thousand votes! In 1836, he again retired from public office, to the Hermitage, on the banks of the Cumberland river.—Such is a brief sketch of the political career of Andrew Jackson; which of itself, shows that his Countrymen *trusted* him, *honored* him and *loved* him; that they esteemed him worthy and cheerfully assigned to him a place among the first of those, whom they delighted to honor; and the civil duties and offices crowded upon him, from the age of 25 to the years of three score and ten, were enough of themselves, to have filled up with unceasing activity, the full measure of the days of a common man. Contrast the Orphan boy of South Carolina, who at the age of 18 years, was pennyless, friendless and professionless, with Andrew Jackson, the politician, rising regularly, through every gradation of office, from that of District Attorney, to the Presidency of the United States, and is there not evidence enough, to convince all, that he whose memory we this day honor, was no *common man.*

No! he was an uncommon man—he filled another measure of days; he lived another life.—To justify this, we will now glance at his military character. Though he was not like the great Hamilton, taken at the early age of 12 years, to swear eternal hostility to the enemies of his Country, yet at the age of 13, we find him a soldier engaged in battle, a prisoner of war, and mingling his young blood, with that of the patriots of '76. He was thus early dedicated to the service of his Country, and the pledge then given, and sealed with blood, was ever most faithfully kept. When 32 years of age, he was chosen by the Field Officers of the Tennessee Militia, their Major General. It was in this character, that he conducted a most successful campaign against the Creek Indians, headed by the celebrated Tecumseh and abbetted by British Officers; here he first displayed the qualities of a great General—such was the vigor and celerity of his movements, that in six months, with the loss of only 90 men killed on the field, he fought three pitched battles, slew 1300 of the enemy, took a large number of prisoners, and closed the war on his own terms; and he did this under the most unfavorable circumstances; his own health feeble, his troops raw and undisciplined, his supplies cut off, until through want of food, the militia determined to desert and the volunteers mutinied, and were only checked in their retreat, by the personal courage of their General. The signal abilities of the Tennessee Commander, in this war, drew the attention of the general government, and a commission of Major General in the U. S. Army, was forwarded to him in May 1814.

In the Summer of this year on his own responsibility, he scoured the Spanish possessions in the Floridas, and disloged our enemies, both British and Indians, who availed themselves of that neutral ground for shelter. With a sagacity characteristic of the man, he already anticipated the attack on *New Orleans*; he therefore hastened to that city, and established his head quarters on the 1st of December; he found it in the most defenceless condition, and what was still worse, "filled with British spies and stipendiaries." He appealed to the citizens, the Governor and the Legislature, then in session, to exert themselves for their defence. His language was, "with energy and expedition all is safe—delay further and all is lost." He suggested to the Legislature the propriety of suspending the habeas corpus act—but there was not time for their slow deliberations, and he at once proclaimed the city of New Orleans to be under martial law. He closed the halls of Legislation and arrested the Judge of the U. S. Court, saying "I must be brief; there is treason"—and the hastening events fully justified his expedition.—He wrote to General Coffee, "You must not sleep until you arrive within striking distance." The order was obeyed, and General Coffee marched 800 men 80 miles the last day—a march unparalleled in the annals of war. On the 23d of December, at 1 o'clock, P. M. General Jackson received information that the enemy had landed and were marching upon the city. He resolved to meet them that night—he did so, and gave them battle, and made a bloody mark over which they were not permitted to pass. The preparations and skirmishings between this and the decisive engagement, convinced the enemy that they had no mean foe to contend against. Jackson seldom slept, he was always at his post, and with the keen glance and celerity of the noble bird, whose emblem he bore, he detected and defeated every movement of the enemy.

The morning of the 8th of January dawned; a thick fog concealed the movements of the advancing army, until they were within a short distance of the American entrenchments. It was commanded by Sir E. Packingham in person, and was pressing onward. The odds was fearful—the flower of the British forces, the veteran warriors of England were there, just from the battle fields of Europe, flushed with victory, with their honors thick upon them. The steady advance of that well disciplined army was majestic, awfully grand—but it was all in vain. That noble General was uttering his last command, that noble army was advancing to certain death. British honor was about to be trampled a second time into American dust! They advance, but see they waver! The fatal fire of the western marksmen is opened upon them with terrible effect. The command of the American General is given, and the rattling hail storm of death bursts forth and dashes that noble army as with a tornado of destruction. The carnage was dreadful; the defeat was total, and the enemy retreated leaving 1000 dead on the field. General Jackson was victorious, New Orleans was saved, the power of the enemy was broken, and all accomplished with the loss of but 13 men! Never did the glory of a victory more exclusively belong to the General than did the victory of N. Orleans. And here is glory enough. We need trace the military history of General Jackson no further. We need not add another leaf to the wreath of victory that binds his brow! The fame of the Hero of New Orleans is imperishable!

But Andrew Jackson was great in *moral* qualities. The energetic sublimity of his moral character has never been questioned or surpassed. His high resolve, his inflexible decision, and his defiance of danger, were a sure guarantee for the faithful discharge of every duty. Courage and firmness were the most remarkable traits in his character—indeed they formed the star of his destiny, and it was ever in the ascendency from the time it first became conspicuous on the banks of the Mississippi, until it was lost in the light of a brighter day, on the banks of the Cumberland. And that his courage and firmness were of the highest order, arising from the pressing obligations of duty, we are warranted in believing, because they acted uniformly, and never faltered under the most trying circumstances. These qualities when merely constitutional, often fail when most needed, but in Andrew Jackson they were equal to every exigency. When he saw the right he approved it, and in pursuance of it, feared no responsibility. He dared to disobey the voice of the highest authority, when obedience to their mandate would have been traitorous to the cause of humanity and justice. He dared to throw himself in front of a half famished, mutinous and deserting army, and arrested their progress at the peril of marching over his dead body, when the protection of helpless women and children from the merciless savage required it. He dared, fearless of the rampant lion, to arrest and execute foreign subjects when the peace of his country demanded the hazzard—and had the plea been, "I am a Roman citizen," in the best days of that mistress of the world, their fate would have been unaltered. (A Regulees of Rome, a Cromwell of England, a Napoleon of France, could not have acted with more decision.) As a civilian this trait was no less conspicuous. When adjusting the affairs of Florida, in order to protect orphans in their rights, he hesitated not to arrest and imprison the Spanish Governor Callava. And when elected to the Chief Magistracy of our Republic, it is well known our foreign relations called for the utmost decision and promptitude of action—and you also know how speedily those relations were adjusted. When internal disorders threatened the dismemberment of our Union, the dictate of his courageous and firm soul was "Our federal Union—it *must* be preserved."

But he was also distinguished for his *benevolence* and *humanity*. His charge to his army when about to engage with a savage foe, is the language of a truly benevolent and humane mind, "We must conquer as men who owe nothing to chance; and who, in the midst of victory, can still be mindful of what is due to humanity." At the bloody battle of the "Horse Shoe," an incident occurred illustrating these traits, that shines out like a bright star in a dark sky. It was this, a living infant was found on the breast of its dead mother; of this infant Gen. Jackson took personal charge, adopted it into his own family, and reared and educated the Indian orphan. This incident reflects more honor on the heart of the General, than the entire glory of the Creek war; and in the case of the New Orleans fine, the dignity of the man and his generosity are most happily blended. The fine imposed he paid, and the amount raised by the indignant citizens, was, at his request, benevolently appropriated.—Such is an imperfect sketch of the political, military, and moral character of Andrew Jackson. His achievements and his virtues, have inscribed his name as *second* on the scroll of his country's fame, and enshrined his memory in the hearts of the American people—Side by side, in our history and in our hearts, he shall have a place with our own incomparable Washington. Though unequal they were not altogether unlike. The one was as fond of the banks of the Cumberland, as the other was of the banks of the Potomac. Did Washington voluntarily lay aside his honors, and retire to Mt. Vernon? Four times did Andrew Jackson resign civil authority and return to rural occupations; from the conduct of three great military campaigns was he followed to his quiet home by the acclamations of his countrymen; and without a lingering wish, after filling the highest office in the gift of the people, for the longest term of years, he returned to the Hermitage to die in peace!!

Such, my countrymen, was the man we mourn; but there is joy amidst our sorrow; Andrew Jackson's greatness was completed by his Christian faith. The top stone was brought forth amidst shoutings of "grace, grace unto it." Had he departed this life without a hope of a blissful immortality, our task upon this occasion would have been a mournful one indeed: but like the cloudless sun, increasing in magnitude and magnificence as it goes down beyond his western tomb, so was the decline of his sun of life. It rose with the dawn of our national day; its upward ascent arrested attention; its burning meridian magnificence fixed our gaze, but its setting has exceeded its morning promise, or its noonday glories. He died a Christian; therefore, my beloved countrymen, "comfort yourselves with these words."—His Christian faith arrested particular attention in his latter days. With characteristic wisdom he closed his public career, retired to the silent shades of the Hermitage, and there prepared to die: and the religious responses from that quiet retreat, should be received by us with more than oracular authority. The sentiments of the dying patriot and sage, should be treasured up in the innermost sanctuary of our hearts. He was a Christian, as he was everything else, decidedly and wholly. No important interest of Christianity seems to have been overlooked by him: the Bible, the Sabbath, the Sunday School, all received the hearty approval of Andrew Jackson. Of the word of God, he said "*The Bible is true*, upon that sacred volume, I rest my hope of eternal salvation, through the merits and blood of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." His old Bible, thumbed and worn by use, he held up in his right hand, and said to Dr. Edgar, "This Book, sir, is the bulwark of our Republican institutions, the anchor of our present and future safety." Remember the sentiment, American Republicans; I will repeat it; it is a voice that comes to us on the wings of the sighing winds, from the shades of the far off Hermitage: "*This Book, sir, is the bulwark of our Republican institutions, the anchor of our present and future safety.*" It is said his Bible was ever by his side, like the pillar of the cloud, the symbol of Jehovah's covenant with Israel in the wilderness, it was moved when he moved, it rested when he rested. As the light of the Sabbath broke over his earthly habitation, he remarked, "This day is the holy Sabbath ordained by God, and set apart to be devoted to his worship and praise. I always attended service at Church when I could, but now I can go no more."

He charged his family to continue the instruction of the poor at the Sabbath school. "This new system of instruction," he said, "which blended the duties of religion with those of humanity, he considered as of vast importance." He seemed anxious to impress the family with these sentiments; and in his last moments, two of his grand children were sent for from the Sabbath school, to receive his blessing.—Here was the full-souled and intelligent Christian. He made the Bible the rule of faith and practice; he made the Bible the foundation of the liberties of his country. Observance of the holy Sabbath day—attendance upon the services of the sanctuary—and the religious education of the young, were all inculcated by precept and practice. These are the sentiments my countrymen, that I would have you treasure up in your hearts, and exemplify in your lives. What a testimony have we from the lips of Andrew Jackson, to the truth of our holy religion. *He was great because he was good.* In death we look upon him,

As some tall tower, or lofty mountain-brow
Detains the sun, illustrious from their height,
The good man dying, rears his august
Sweet peace and heavenly hope, and humble joy
Divinely beam on his exalted soul—
Destruction gild and crown him for the skies,
With incommunicable lustre bright.

Nor did the dying patriarch serve his God for nought. The hero of Marathon was left to die in a dungeon; Caius Marius in his old age, was driven to seek for shelter amidst the ruins of Carthage; Woolsey was left to die, lamenting, "Had I but served my God as diligently as I served the King, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs." But Jackson's latter end was different from all this; he had served his country, and he had served his God; and now at the death-bed of the patriot and Christian, the sympathies of both worlds combined for his support. "His God sustained him in his final hour. His final hour brought glory to his God." When questioned a few days before his death, as to his future prospects, he said, "My lamp of life is nearly out; the last glimmer has come; I am ready to depart when called." And on the day of his death, but a few hours before life's last struggle, recovering from a swoon, and finding his family around his bed in the deepest grief, he said, "My dear children, do not grieve for me, it is true I am going to leave you; I am well aware of my situation; I have suffered much bodily pain; but my sufferings are but as nothing compared with that which our blessed Saviour endured on that accursed cross, that we might all be saved who put our trust in Him." He then calmly proceeded to take his final farewell of his family individually. After which he addressed them for nearly half an hour, on the truth and comforts of the Christian religion; and closed by saying, "My dear children, and friends, and servants, I hope, I trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black; *both white and black.*"—And at 6 o'clock in the evening, on the 8th day of June, he died; full of days and full of honors.

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Such was the man, and such his death, whose virtues and whose services have called us together on this occasion. Long may his memory live; long may his virtues be cherished and practiced by *American citizens.*

FOR THE MINERS' JOURNAL.

First Anthracite Coal Basin of Penn'a.

TRANSVERSE SECTION THEREOF.

In my last article I stated that the First Coal Basin of Pennsylvania, contained about 90,000 acres of Coal land. The number of beds of coal within this area cannot exceed 30, and their original horizontal position must have covered a breadth across the Coal Basin at the widest place of about nine miles, previous to the coal having received an upward and lateral force sufficient to have forced the beds into their present narrow width of 4¾ miles at Pottsville.

These layers of coal I divide into two series, Lower and Upper. The lower series is composed of about 18 beds of coal and the upper series 10 or 12 beds.

The Lower series embrace the largest seams of coal and richest ores of iron, reposing upon the conglomerate or pudding stone of the Sharp mountain, Mine Hill or Broad mountain. The eastern edge of the series has been turned up and forced over a vertical position, as much as 10 degrees in the Sharp mountain at Pottsville, so that the coal beds form an acute angle in this mountain at its base. These same beds of coal come up at an angle of from 25° to 30° in the Borough of Pottsville—and finally disappear beneath the upper series, with a sharp, anti-clinal axis or roll in Prospect Hill, and make their appearance in the eastern branch of Mine Hill, dipping to the S. E. Here a wide separation of the coal strata have been brought about by the conglomerate rock protruding with a beautiful but sublime elevation, having torn asunder the coal beds, and leaving a barren space of coal for several thousand feet, on the top and Western flank of Mine Hill, forcing the coal seam together at its Western base, so much so, as to cause the same beds which come up in the Broad Mountain to form the letter U, and in some places the letter V.

From the fact that every bed of coal has its fossil plant and peculiar characteristic feature, also associated rocks, I have been able to identify some of the Broad mountain coal seams, with seams in the eastern flank of Mine Hill, and western flank of Sharp mountain. The Plumbago and Barraclough seams of Sharp mountain, are distinctly recognizable in Broad mountain. The Jugular vein in Broad mountain is the same as the 18 feet vein worked by Mr. Pinkerton, in the Mine Hill on Mill creek above the Danville and Pottsville Rail Road. Mammoth and Mount Laffee veins are the same. Furnace vein, at the base of the Sharp mountain and Dirt vein, beyond Gate vein, are the same.

The division between the two series, is composed of heavy belts of grey conglamatic sandstone, bands of iron ore, and blue and black shales, and is barren as regards coal.

The Upper series contain beds of coal of the first quality, and are generally more easily mined than the coal of the lower series. The bands of iron are not quite as rich in oxide of iron as those of the lower series, but are thicker and also more