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Two Dollars per annum, payable semi-annually in advance, to those who reside out of the County. The publisher reserves to himself the right to charge $2 50 per annum, when payment is delayed longer than one year.

TO CLUBS.

Three copies to one address,	$5 00
Seven Do Do	10 00
Fifteen Do Do	20 00

Five dollars in advance will pay for three years' subscription to the Journal.

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One quare of 16 lines, 3 times,	$1 00
Every subsequent insertion,	25
Four lines, 3 times,	75
Subsequent insertions, each,	61
One Square, 3 months,	$3 00
Six months,	5 00
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SINGLE COPIES OF THE MINERS' JOURNAL can be obtained every Saturday of William Oldknow, Minersville; Henry Shissler, Port Carbon; at the corner of Centre and Market streets, Pottsville and at the counter of the publication office.

☞ Mr. E. J. Fay is authorised to receive subscriptions for the Miners' Journal, and receipt for the same at his Drug store, in Tamaqua.

☞ The circulation of the Miners' Journal is greater than any other paper published in Northern Pennsylvania, and has nearly double the circulation of any other published in Schuylkill county. It also circulates largely among capitalists, manufacturers, iron and coal dealers, throughout the Atlantic and Eastern States.

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.

Miners' Journal.

Saturday Morning, July 15.

BENJAMIN BANNAN, *Editor.*
ELE BOWEN, *Assistant Editor.*

THE PROTECTIVE POLICY OF THE COUNTRY!
The People Demand its Restoration!

For President,
General ZACHARY TAYLOR,
Of Louisiana.

For Vice President,
Hon. MILLARD FILLMORE,
Of New York.

For Canal Commissioner,
NER MIDDLESWARTH,
Of Union County.

TAKE NOTICE.—There is a *time* for all things, saith the proverb; and now, we take it, is the time for subscribers to the *Miners' Journal*, and all others indebted to this establishment, *to pay up.* We have just finished making out the bills, and those concerned would confer a favor by immediately attending to the settlement of their respective accounts. Our distant subscribers are always safe in remitting the amounts of their bills through the Post-office; while those residing nearer the office of publication can settle at the "Captain's office."

We dislike to employ collectors. The small profits accruing from each individual subscription will scarcely justify the per centage for collection—the amounts being invariably small, while the trouble of collecting is just as great as if they were large. During the present year we have encountered some heavy expenses in the enlargement of our journal; and if our patrons will generally reflect that we provide nearly *twice* the amount of matter for the same money, that they usually obtain in country journals, they will perceive that our *expenses* must be of corresponding character; and that to meet these, our subscribers must be prompt in the discharge of their obligations.

Our collector will visit some portions of this county very shortly;—nevertheless, we should be pleased to see, and settle personally at the office, with all our friends.

RESIGNATION OF GOV. SHUNK.

The Executive of this State, as our readers are doubtless aware, has been laboring under the severest bodily indisposition for several months past. Of late his disease has assumed an extremely dangerous cast, and all hopes of his recovery have been abandoned.

It is rumored that some persons connected with the Locofoco party in this State, looking upon his final dissolution as near at hand, repaired to Harrisburg a few days ago, to request his immediate resignation of the office which he held. This indelicate proposition, having been first communicated to certain of the Governor's relatives, was very properly disregarded; but such was the moral and political turpitude of the persons in question, that it is said they gained access to the chamber of the sick man, while the wife and immediate family connexions, wearied with the loss of sleep and continued attendance upon him, had sought repose. The reflections of the dying man were thus interrupted and his senses shocked with a proposal which would have been dishonorable at anytime;—but in *such* a place, more than dishonorable. It was urged upon him, that in case he did not immediately resign, it would be too late to hold an election, and as the present Speaker of the Senate, who is a Whig, would succeed him in the office for his unexpired term, "the party would loose the opportunity of electing a *Democrat*, and thereby, perhaps, sink into a hopeless minority in the State."

If this be true (and it is credibly sustained in Harrisburg,) it is enough to disgust one with the spirit which animates politicians. It is no wonder that the sober and reflecting people of the country are now advocating *moderation*; it is no wonder that in all parts of the United States they are daily severing their connexion with this so-called Democratic party,—and we are not astonished to see it shaken from the corrupt foundation it has so long occupied, and the remnant of its strength scattered to the winds. Men who can thus coarsely invade the chamber of the sick; interrupt the serenity of the dying, and destroy the solemnity of his last moments upon earth, deserve the execration of the whole community, and a timely check should be placed upon them.

A serious difficulty is presented by this resignation, which will not easily be overcome. The Locofocos were anxious to have it executed in time to hold an election in October next. But although the resignation has taken place agreeably to the terms of the Constitution, it was not effected in time to allow the new Governor to comply with the election-law of the Commonwealth, in such cases made and provided. By this law, the Governor's proclamation for an election must be issued at least three calendar months before the election, in October next; whereas the resignation was not tendered *soon enough* to permit the new Governor to effect this! What will be done under the circumstances, remains yet to be seen. It has been suggested that an extra session of the Legislature should be called; but many others, deeming the constitution as the superior law, think the Governor should issue his proclamation at all hazards—leaving its legality to be hereafter tested.

The following is the resignation. It had been prepared several days before it was signed, which was deferred from day to day, until *Sunday last!* The paper as executed, was then taken to the *public offices, and filed!*

To the People of Pennsylvania:—In having pleased divine Providence to deprive me of the strength necessary to the further discharge of the duties of your Chief Magistrate, and to lay me on a bed of sickness from which I am admonished by my physicians and my own increasing debility, I may, in all human probability, never rise; I have resolved, upon mature reflection, under a conviction of duty, on this day, to restore to you the trust with which your suffrages have clothed me, in order that you may avail yourselves of the provisions of the constitution to choose a successor at the next general election.

I therefore hereby resign the office of Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and direct this my resignation to be filed in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth.

In taking leave of you under circumstances so solemn, accept my gratitude for the confidence you have reposed in me. My prayer is, that peace, virtue, intelligence and religion may pervade all your borders; that the free institutions you have inherited from your ancestors may remain unimpaired till the latest posterity; that the same kind providence which has already blessed you, may conduct you to a still higher state of individual and social happiness; and, when the world shall close upon you as I feel it is soon about to close upon me, that you may enjoy the consolations of the Christian faith, and be gathered, without a wanderer lost, into the fold of the Great Shepherd above.

FRANCIS R. SHUNK.

The undersigned were present at the execution of the above instrument of writing:

H. BUEHLER.
W. R. DEWITT.

Harrisburg, July 9, 1848.

At the request of Gov. Shunk, I have this day handed this paper to the Hon. Jesse Miller, Secretary of the Commonwealth.

JOHN R. FINDLAY.

Harrisburg, July 9, 1848.

I hereby direct Henry Petriken, Esq., Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth, to file this paper in accordance with the direction contained in it, in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth.

JESSE MILLER, S. C.

Harrisburg, July 9, 1848.

Jesse Miller:—Secretary of the Commonwealth:

In obedience to your direction, I have filed this instrument of writing, this 9th day of July, 1848, at 10 minutes before 6 o'clock, P. M.

H. PETRIKEN,
Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth.

SUPPOSED MURDER.

The body of a woman was found in the Canal, at Schuylkill Haven, on Saturday last, and upon examination it was believed that she had been murdered. She was identified as the wife of Thomas Corbet, of Schuylkill Haven, and from the fact that they did not live with each other on the most amicable terms, and it was known he had struck her violently but a few days previously, he was arrested on suspicion of having caused her death. He was committed to the County Jail, to undergo a trial before the Court.

Suspicion, however, has since been directed to another, who has made good his escape, thus giving additional evidence of guilt.

THE WHIG CANDIDATE.

It is generally conceded that the Governor will issue his proclamation for an election in October, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Gov. Shunk, and the respective parties are already arranging the preliminaries for the nomination of candidates.

We have heard several names suggested for the Whig candidate, and should judge that the nomination will rest between the Hon. James Cooper, the Hon. Andrew Stewart, the Hon. T. M. T. McKennon, and the Hon. William F. Johnston. Others have been named, but we think there is no doubt but that one of these will receive the nomination. They are all thorough Whigs, and the three first named voted for the Tariff of 1842.

SUSPENSION OF BUSINESS.

Many of the Eastern manufacturers have suspended business for the present—their warerooms being filled with goods, and the markets glutted. Nearly every cotton establishment in Delaware County has suspended. Several at Manayunk have suspended. The cotton factory at Phœnixville has suspended, and the extensive nail works of the Phœnix Company, at that place, lately destroyed by fire, will not be rebuilt.

Thus, the Tariff of 1846 begins to show its true colors every day. Every one begins now to *complain* of hard times. This was not so two years ago.

GOVERNOR JOHNSTON.

Agreeably to the resignation of Gov. Shunk, the duties of the Executive office devolve upon William F. Johnston, of Armstrong County, the present Speaker of the State Senate. Mr. Johnston is the first Whig who has occupied the Executive chair during the last ten years; and we are confident that he will so administer the laws, that the people will be well satisfied to continue the Whig succession for at least ten years to come. Of Mr. Johnston it is unnecessary to speak—he is well known in Pennsylvania, and universally esteemed. His talents are of the highest order; his character is unblemished; and his course in the Legislature has been moderate, wise, and just. At home he is greatly beloved by his neighbors and friends, and he was elected to the Senate in a district which gives a large Locofoco majority.—We look forward to his administration with the highest confidence.

THE NEWS FROM FRANCE.

Our worst fears have been realized! The new Republic of France has already steeped its hands in the blood of men whom it so recently declared free. Paris has been the seat of slaughter, and ten thousand have fallen by the hand of that government which, we are assured, adopts the government of the United States for its model!

The great mass of the French people are utterly disqualified for a republican system of government. Our own government would not be secure, were it not bound and riveted together by a federative principle—a centripetal and a centrifugal force, which derives all its power from the virtue and intelligence of the people, and dispenses its blessings to and among them. But *such* a government can never be sustained in France. The people are disqualified for it. Forty per cent. of the French population can neither read nor write; yet Paris is the Literary emporium of the world, and her Philosophers, Literateurs, and Artists, stand first in our admiration. It is this latter fact which makes us forget the former; and the mental excitement in Paris goes beyond, or else overlooks the actual necessities of the people: if beyond, it *creates* wants and expectations which cannot be accommodated; if the latter, it makes them restless and impatient for the thing they cannot understand. There is a queer mixture—a Babylonian confusion which, believe us, can never be overcome with the brilliance of Republican institutions until the people themselves are first enlightened in Religion, Education and Morality.—They must be *nationalized*; their military spirit must give place to intellectual *nationality*.

GEN. TAYLOR AS HE IS.

An intelligent friend of the editors of the Philadelphia Daily *News*, lately returned from Baton Rouge, La., the residence of Gen. Taylor, furnishes the following general outline of his character and personal appearance. He says that the General in person bears a near resemblance to Gen. Markle, of Westmoreland, being a strongly-built, well-proportioned man, of medium height, and without any tendency to corpulency; that he is plain in his apparel, and exceedingly bland and prepossessing in his manners; that he is a man of sound common sense, and possesses a most discriminating and correct judgment, and evinces deep reflection and much research in regard to all general subjects, especially those of a practical character. He had frequent conversations with him on the subject of slavery, and was pleased to find that he was opposed to its extension, and that he had always been opposed to the acquisition or conquest of any part of Mexico. He speaks of Gen. Taylor's friends in Mississippi and Louisiana, as being, for the greater part, confined to the sugar planters, who are Whigs and sound Tariff men, while the only opposition he will meet with in these States will be from the cotton planters, who are Locofocos and free traders. What makes this information the more reliable, says the editors of the *News*, are the circumstances that it comes from a gentleman of acute observation, high sense of honor, inflexible integrity, and one of the most indomitable Whigs in the country.

☞ *The Reading Railroad Co.* are arching the first span of the Schuylkill Bridge in Schuylkill Haven, so as to obviate the difficulty heretofore experienced by the Schuylkill Navigation in passing under the bridge with their large boats.

[For the Miners' Journal.]

A STORY OF SUNRISE.

By Mrs. Juliet H. S. Campbell.

Where the old Cathedral towers
With its dimly lighted dome,
Underneath its morning shadow
Nestles my beloved home;
When the Summer morn is breaking—
Glorious with its golden beams,—
Through my open latticed window,
Matin music wildly streams.

Not the peal of deep-toned organ
Smites the air with surging sound,—
Not the voice of singing maiden,
Sighing softer music round:—
Long ere these have hailed the morning,
Is the mystic anthem heard,
Wildly, fervently outpouring
From the bosom of a bird!

Every morn he takes his station
On the Cross which crowns the spire,
And, with heaven-born inspiration,
Vents in voice his bosom's fire:—
Every morn, when light and shadow,
Struggling, blend their gold and grey,
From the Cross—mid-way to Heaven—
Streams his holy melody!

Like the summons from the turrets
Of an Eastern mosque, it seems:
"Come to prayer—to prayer, ye Faithful!"—
Echoes through my morning dreams.
—Heedful of the invitation
Of the pious messenger,
Lo! I join in meek devotion
With the lonely worshipper!

And a gushing, glad thanksgiving
From my inmost heart doth thrill,
Up—high up—to God in Heaven!
Mingling with the music's trill.
Then the boy who rests beside me,
Softly opes his starry eyes;
Tosses back his streaming ringlets—
Gazes 'round in sweet surprise!

He, though sleeping, felt the radiance
Struggling through the curtained gloom,—
Heard the glad harmonious hymning
Break the stillness of my room.
These, deliciously commingled
With the rapture of his dreams,
And the Heaven of which I've told him,
On his childish vison gleams:

Guardian seraphs!—viewless spirits!
Brooding o'er the enchanted air:
Pause, with folded wings, to listen
To the lispings of *his* prayer!
Up to the "Recording-Angel,"
When their work on earth is done,
They will bear the guileless accents
Of my infant's Orison!

Pottsville—June, 1848.

[Correspondence of the Journal.]

TAMAQUA, July 5th, 1848.

Mr. Editor:

In my notice of the celebration of our anniversary of Independence last week, I neglected to say anything of the Sabbath School. It is gratifying equally to the Patriot and Christian, to see the growing interest manifested in the rising generation. Everywhere do we see efforts made towards instructing and preparing them for situations of honor and usefulness. And whether we view the subject in its bearing immediately upon Christianity, or mediately upon the prosperity of our country, it should ever engage the attention of a free Republic. For it is a maxim, fully confirmed by experience, "that as the child, so the man." That is, the character of the man principally depends upon the early government and instruction of the child. Although a trite, yet it is not less a true saying, "As the twig is bent, so the tree's inclined." And which, if more faithfully regarded in the early training of children, would save much feeling to parents, and great expense to the community. No institution has a greater tendency to the accomplishment of the future welfare of the rising generation, than that of the Sabbath Schools. And nowhere should it be more highly appreciated, and supported than in this section of country. The majority of the population having their attention taken up with the necessary labor of the week, have little opportunity of bestowing upon their children the requisite religious instruction. And many of the children themselves being deprived of the usual amount of instruction through the week, more especially should receive some kind of instruction on the Sabbath. To compensate this deprivation during the week, is one of the objects of the Sabbath School. Besides this, it operates as a wholesome restraint upon the children; throwing around an influence both upon their present and future conduct. How often is the lover of good order and decorum pained, as on going through the streets of our towns throughout the country, he meets crowds of boys and grown up youths, desecrating the Sabbath by indulging in all manner of wickedness. I say *pained*, for the thought cannot be absent from his mind, that these very persons will soon enter upon the duties of life, and engage to some extent in forming the destiny of our country. Sabbath School instruction is well adapted to the prevention of this evil. Let parents and guardians co-operate with that institution by placing under its care those under their control, and follow up the precept by domestic restraints, and when they grow up they will have acquired not only a distaste for such desecration, but also a proper respect for the nature and obligations of the day. I think then, it is an obligation of every one who wishes well to his country, to countenance and support the institution of Sabbath Schools. Let our youth there imbibe principles of truth and right, and when they grow up they will not depart from them. But to my account of the Sabbath School celebration of the 4th inst.;

Ever ready to provide for the entertainment and instruction of the children, the teachers and parents of the Presbyterian School, determined to observe the day in a manner worthy of the glorious event it commemorated. Having procured sufficient care, through the kindness of the Little Schuylkill Company, they left the town about 8 o'clock, and repaired to a beautiful grove on the river, about 6 miles distant. About 200 in number, they spent the day very pleasantly: the children reciting pieces, singing hymns, and engaging in suitable juvenile sports. To explain the reason of the observance of the day, the Declaration was read and an address made. About 5 o'clock the whole company returned to Tamaqua, greatly delighted with their trip.

Yours, &c. F.

[For the Miners' Journal.]

INDEPENDENT TAYLOR CLUB OF POTTSVILLE.

Saturday, July 8th, 1848.

According to previous notice, the friends of Gen. Zachary Taylor, met at their Club Room, (corner of Centre and Mahantongo Streets,) this evening, for the purpose of forming an Independent Taylor Club.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted.

The committee appointed for the purpose at a previous meeting, reported through their chairman a Constitution for the organization of the Club, which was adopted. After signing it the members elected the following gentlemen officers of the Club:

President—E. N. Carvalho, Esq.
Vice Presidents—Owen Marrin,
Augustus Elmore,
Kimber Cleaver,
Gabriel Drake,
James Lafferty.
Rec. Secretary—Jno. P. Ely.
Cor. Secretary—C. S. Wynkoop.
Treasurer—Geo. Martz.

On motion, it was resolved that the regular meetings of the Club be held on Saturday evening of each week, until otherwise ordered,—and that the Secretary publish a standing call to that effect, in the different papers of this Borough.

On motion, it was ordered that the proceedings of this meeting be published.

Adjourned.

☞ *Keep it before the People*—That General Cass, "the Hero of Hull's Surrender," was one of the *fifteen* Senators who *refused* to concede Gen. Zachary Taylor a *vote of thanks* for his brilliant victory of Monterey, without coupling it with a *censure*.

TERRIBLE NEWS FROM FRANCE.

Four Day's Fighting—The Archbishop of Paris Murdered—Fourteen Officers, Six Deputies, and 15,000 Men Killed and Wounded—The Republic Triumphant, &c., &c.

One of the bloodiest dramas the world ever witnessed—one of the most ferocious and obstinate insurrections which the ensanguined history of France has had to record, from her earliest annals, has just been brought to a close in the streets of Paris, by the absolute annihilation of the revolted party, and the triumphant success of republican arms.

To furnish any adequate idea of this appalling occurrence, would be immeasurably to surpass our limits; and we, therefore, refer to the newspaper accounts, which doubtless will be perused with feelings of the profoundest solemnity.

After four days and nights of incessant fighting, the insurgents have been utterly vanquished, with a loss on both sides of 10,000 killed and 2,500 wounded, which is believed to be much beneath the true estimate.

The commencement of rebellion appears to have been by a deputation of *ouvriers*, who waited upon M. Marc, at the Luxembourg. He listened to their grievances, but observing that their spokesman had been active in the affair of the 15th of May, said to the men, "you are not the slaves of this man; you can state your own grievances."

This expression was distorted amongst the workmen that M. Marc had called them slaves, and it seems to have been the sign for the conspirators, who had organized a vast movement, to commence their operations.

On Thursday night, the 22d of June, the first barricades were raised, and the troops and the National Guards called out. On Friday the 23d, the insurgents possessed themselves of all that portion of the right bank of the River Seine, stretching from the Faubourg, *St. Antoine* to the river; whilst on the left bank they occupied all that portion called the city, the faubourgs St. Marcel, St. Victor and the lower quarter of Jacques.

The communications of the insurgents between the two banks of the river were maintained by the possession of the Church St. Germain, a part of the quarter of the temple; the approaches of Notre Dame and the bridge St. Michel. By these extensive lines of operation the insurgents occupied a vast portion of the most defensible part of the city, and actually threatened the Hotel de Ville, which, if they had succeeded in taking, might have secured the final victory to their side.

On Friday there were but partial conflicts, but the insurgents seemed to be occupied more at fortifying their positions than in actually fighting, but whatever successes the government troops may have had in various quarters where conflicts took place, as at St. Denis and St. Martin, it now appears that the enthusiastic courage of the insurgents repulsed them, and even beat them, in other parts of the city.

M. Lamartine rode with the staff of Cavaignac, through Paris, to quell the insurrection, but it was evident that nothing but the power of arms could compel the insurgents to yield. The government forces were divided into three divisions, and large masses of troops were brought to bear with artillery upon the position of the insurgents, but still Friday passed and the insurrection had evidently gathered strength.

On Saturday, the 24th, the National Assembly declared itself in permanence, and Paris was placed in a state of seige. The executive power was delegated absolutely to Cavaignac, and at half past 10 the members of the Executive Government resigned. They declared that they should have been wanting in their duties and honor, had they withdrawn before a sedition or a public peril; they only withdrew before a vote of the Assembly. Reports poured in every hour to the Assembly, and as the intelligence spread of the slaughter of the National Guards, and of the fall of one General after another, who were killed or wounded by the insurgents, the sensation became deep and alarming.

Various proclamations were issued by Cavaignac to induce the insurgents to lay down their arms, but to no effect.

The whole of Saturday was employed in desperate fighting on both sides, except a lull during a frightful thunder storm. On the afternoon of Friday the conflict was without intermission.

On Saturday, however, the carnage and battles on the South of the river were horrible. During the whole of Friday night, and until 3 o'clock on Saturday, the roar of the artillery and the noise of the muskets were incessant.

In this frightful state of things, the Assembly betrayed not a little alarm. Deputations from the Assembly were proposed to go and to entreat of the combatants to desist from this fratricidal strife, but all the successive reports prove that the insurgents were bent on only yielding up the struggle with their lives, and their valor was only surpassed by their desperate resolution.

On Saturday night at 8 o'clock the Capital was in an awful state.

Fighting continued with unabated fury. Large masses of troops poured in from all the neighboring departments, but still the insurgents, having rendered their position almost impregnable, resisted more or less effectually all the force which could be brought against them.

The red flag, the banner of the Republique Democratique et Sociale was hoisted.

On Sunday morning, at the meeting of the National Assembly, the President announced that the government force had completely succeeded in suppressing the insurrection on the left bank of the river, after a frightful sacrifice of human life; and that Gen. Cavaignac had given the insurgents on the right bank, till 10 o'clock, to surrender, when if they did not lay down their arms, he would storm their intrenchments in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where they are now driven, and put the whole to the sword.

The heaviest artillery had been brought to bear upon them, and little doubt could be entertained that the insurgents could be put down. The hope thus held out of the termination of the insurrection was not however realized.

The fighting continued the whole of Sunday, with a fearful loss of life, especially to the National Guards.

On Monday the reinforcements General Lamoreciere had received from Cavaignac enabled him to hem in the insurgents in the eastern part of the city, and although reduced to extremities, they still fought with incredible valor.

It was thought on Monday morning early, that they would surrender, but again the hope thus held out of the termination of the insurrection was not immediately realized. At half-past ten the fighting was resumed, and it was only after a frightful struggle of about two more hours that the Government troops everywhere prevailed, and of the insurrection being broken, the insurgents were either shot, taken prisoners, or fled into the country in the direction towards Vincennes.

The eastern quarters, comprising the Faubourg, St. Antoine du Temple, Meuilmontant, and Pepingcourt were the last subdued. The last band took refuge in the celebrated cemetery of Pere la Chaise, but the Guarde Mobile routed them even from this sanctuary, and they were slaughtered in the neighboring fields.

On Tuesday the insurrection was definitely quelled. The loss of life has been terrific—no fewer than fourteen general officers had been put hors du combat; a greater loss than in the most splended engagements of Napoleon. Amongst those who fell are General Megzier and General Deart and Bres, Generals Cheraudnel and Rendult, and others severely wounded; four or five members of the National Assembly are amongst the killed and as many more wounded.

But the most touching death is that of the Archbishop of Paris. The venerable Prelate on Sunday, volunteered to go to the insurgents as a messenger of peace. Cavaignac said that such a step was full of danger, but this Christian pastor persisted.

He advanced, attended by his two vicars, towards the barricades with an olive branch borne before him, when he was ruthlessly shot in his groin, and fell mortally wounded. The venerable patient was ordered by the insurgents to the nearest hospital, in St. Antoine, where he received the last sacrament, languished and has since died. The Editor of the Pere Duchesne, Mr. Sarothe, was shot in the head at the barricade Rochechouat, where in the dress of an ouvrier he was fighting at the head of a party of insurgents.

It will, probably, be never correctly ascertained to what extent the sacrifice of human life in this fearful struggle has reached. Some compute the loss on the side of the troops at from 9,000 to 10,000 slain, but we hope this is exaggerated. The number of prisoners captured of the insurgens exceed 5,000. All the prsons are filled, as well as the dungeons and vaults of the Tuilleries, the Louvre, Palais Royal, the Chamber of Deputies, and the Hotel de Lille. A military commission has already been appointed to try such as were found with arms in their hands, and they will probably be transported to the Marquesan Islands, or some transiantic French colony.

A decree has been proposed with that object. We have not space to recount many acts of individual heroism. Many soldiers exhibited sublime courage. On the other hand, the savage cruelty with which the insurgents waged war almost exceeds belief. They tortured some of their own prisoners, cut off their hands and feet, and inflicted barbarities worthy of savages. The woman were hired to poison the wine sold to the soldiers, who drank it, reeled and died. It seems to be believed generally, that if the insurgents had succeeded in following up their most admirably conducted plan of operations, and having advanced their line, and possessed themselves of the Hotel de Ville, and followed up their successes along the two banks of the river, that the whole city would have been given up to pillage, indeed the words pillage and rape are said to have been inscribed on one of their banners. Not less than 30,000 stand of arms have been seized in the Faubourg St. Antoin alone.

[From the National Intelligencer.]

PRIVATE LETTER TO MAJ. JACK DOWNING.

Post Office, Downingville, State of Maine.
June 30, 1848.

Dear Nephew: Bein our army is about breakin up in Mexico and coming home, I thought the best chance to get a letter to you would be to get your old friends, Mr. Gales and Seaton, to send it on that way, and may be it might come across you somewhere on the road, if so be you are still in the land of the living. Your aunt Keziah is in a great worriment about you, and is very much frightened for fear somethin has happened, because we haven't heard nothin from you since your last letter. I try to pacify her, and tell her the fighting was all over, and nothin to do but to finish up the court martial the last time you writ, and that there isn't agoing to be no more annexin' till Mr. Cass comes in President, and you'll soon be along. But all wont pacify her; she's as uneasy as a fish out of water, and says she lays awake half the night thinking of them gurillas, for fear they've got hold of you. So I hope you'll write home as soon as possible, and let us know whether you are dead or alive, and set your aunt Keziah's heart to rest.

For my part, I hope you will hurry along back as fast as you can. Our politics is very much mixed up and in a bad way about the Presidency. It would puzzle a Philadelphy lawyer to tell how it's comin out. It was a very unlucky hit when President Polk sent old Zac Taylor down to Mexico. He wasn't the right man. But, then, I spose Mr. Polk had no idea of what sort of a chap he had got hold of. It can't be helped now, but it's like to be the ruin of our party. The Democratic party haint seen a well day since Taylor first begun his Pally Alto battles; and now we are all shiverin as bad as if we had the fever and agay. I dont know, after all, but this annexin' Mexico will turn out to be an unlucky blow to the party; for what will it profit the Democratic party if they gain the whole world and lose the Presidency? Ye see, the Whigs have put up Taylor for President; and it has completely knocked us all into a cocked hat. There isn't one half of us that knows where we stand or which way we are goin; and there isn't a party fence in this country that is high enough to keep our folks from jumping over. They are getting kind of crazy, and seem to feel as if old Hickory had got back again, and they was all running to vote for him. The Whigs laugh and poke fun at us, and say they have got as good a right to have a Hickory as we Democrats have. We put up General Cass first, and thought we should carry it all hollow; for he's a strong man and took a good deal of pains to make the party like him all over the country. And if the Whigs had done as they ought to, and put up Clay, or any one that they had a right to put up, we should a carried the day without any trouble. But the conduct of the Whigs has been shameful in this business. Instead of taking a man that fairly belonged to 'em, they have grabbed hold of a man that got all his popularity out of our war, and was under the pay of our Administration, and has been made and built up by our party, and the Whigs had no more business with him than they had with the man in the moon. But, for all that, the Whigs had the impudence to nominate him. Well, that riled our water all up, so we couldn't see bottom nowhere. But we soon found there was a shiftin and whirlin of currents, and the wind and the tide was settin us on to the rocks, in spite of us. We soon see that old Rough and Ready, as they call him, was going to be too much for Cass. But, as we was all making up our mind that it was gone goose with us, Mr. John Van Buren, of York State—he's a smart feller, a son of President Van Buren, and a chip of the old block—he sings out, "Don't give up the ship yet; if one hoss aint enough to draw the load, hitch on another." Well, the idea seemed to take; and they stirred round and got up another Convention at Utica, to see who they should put up, and they all pitched upon President Van Buren. Mr. Van Buren patted them on the shoulder, and told 'em to have good courage and go ahead, for they was on the track, but they must hitch on somebody else besides him, for he had made up his mind four years ago not to take hold again. But they stuck to him with tears in their eyes, and told him there wasn't another man in the country that could draw like him alongside of Cass, and if he still had any patriotism for the party he's mustn't say no. And they worked upon his feelins so much that at last he didn't say no. So now we've got two canditates, Cass and Van Buren, and good strong ones too, both of 'em; and if we cant whip Taylor, I think it's a pity. I know as well as I want to that we shall give him a pesky hard tug. Some are afraid we aint hardly strong enough yet, and they've called another Convention to meet in Buffalo the 9th of August, to put up another candidate. But others are faint-hearted about it, and say it's all no kind of use; we may put up twenty candidates, and Taylor will whip the whole lot: it's a way he has; he always did just so in Mexico. If they brought twenty to one again him, it made no odds; he whipt the whole ring, from Pally Alto to Bona Vista.

So you see what sort of a pickle we're in, and how much we need your help just now. But there's one thing, I have on my mind pretty strong. You know this appointment in the Downingville Post Office, that you got Gineral Jackson to give me, and it would be a sad blow to me to lose it now in my old age. I wish you would make it in your way to call and see Gineral Taylor as you come along home, and try to find out how he feels towards me; because, if he is to be elected any how, I can't see any use there would be in my biting my own nose off for the sake of opposing his election. And I dont think that patriotism to the party requires it; and I'm sure prudence dont.

When you get to Washington, call and see Mr. Richie and try to comfort him; I'm told the dear old gentleman is workin too hard for his strength—out o' nights in the rain, with a lantern in his hand, leading the campaign. Try to persuade him to be calm and take good care of himself. And be sure and ask him how the Federals are goin this election, for we cant find out any thing about it down here. I used to know how to keep the run of the Federals; but now there is so many parties, the Democrats, and Whigs, and Hunkers, and Barnburners, Abolition folks, and Proviso folks, all-crossin one another, that I have my match to keep the run of 'em. But your aunt Keziah says the clock has struck, and I most close the mail.

So I remain your loving uncle,
JOSHUA DOWNING, P. M.

[From the N. American and U. S. Gazette.]

THE FREE TRADE HUMBUG.

When is this miserable illusion of Free Trade to end? It is true that England—when her harvest failed, and she could not supply her wants from the Baltic and the Black Sea—did temporarily open her ports to our American flour and corn. But was that free trade? No! No sooner did that season of scarcity pass by, than *her* wise Sir Robert, forgetting all the sycophancy of *our* Sir Robert applied the screw—again revived his famous sliding scale—and so effectually drove our breadstuffs from her market, that the export of 1848 was not one-tenth part of the amount shipped by us in '46: and now, in 1848, threatens to shrink to one tythe of last year's tenth, in spite of our "daft" Sir Robert's promised grand total—for the millennium—of nine hundred millions per annum!

Again—Great Britain condescends to admit our cotton duty free, while declaring "that to put arms in the hands of the Southern slave is a fair business transaction"—(see Frazer's Mag.)—but she does this only when our better fabrics threaten to drive her coarse goods out of many foreign markets,—protesting all the time, most virtuously, against using the "blood-stained products of the guilty South"—and spending millions for the avowed purpose "of crushing the Southern staple" by and through the "free labor produce" of her ryot slaves of Hindostan, or of her convict slaves of New South Wales. True, she will receive our spirits and tobacco at 1200 per cent. duty. *This* is Free Trade with a vengeance! But, as if to put our supple Sir Robert to shame, the true Sir Robert issued an order, "commanding the Lord Chamberlain to announce to the ladies who shall attend the drawing-room, and shall be honored with an invitation to Buckingham Palace, that her Majesty, *ever* desirous of giving encouragement to the trade and industry of the United Kingdom, and particularly at this time of commercial depression, would wish to see them in dresses of British manufacture." As the Queen had expressed the same wish the previous month, this reiteration can only be regarded in the light of a royal order. We can hardly believe that a Democratic American Ambassador, though representing a British free-trade administration at Washington, could tamely submit to his lady appearing at court, clad in British costume, at H. B. Majesty's command. As little can we conceive one of our Eastern merchants—after paying a discriminating duty of 300 per cent. on his cottons at Calcutta—relishing such a comment on our Sir Robert's doctrine of free trade, as to find his wife excluded from court, unless rustling in British silks—on compulsion. Yet such, after ruthlessly sacrificing the iron, woollen, and cotton manufactures of our country on the altar of this Moloch of Free Trade, robbing our operatives of bread, and our farmers of the British markets promised to them by elevating Polk and Dallas to power, are the sad truths forced upon us as bitter comments on the celebrated Kane letter, which will ere long, shroud the furnaces, forges and factories of Pennsylvania. We commend our readers to an attentive perusal of Mr. Niles' speech in the U. S. Senate, in which the speaker, warning his brother Locofocos of the coming evils of their British Tariff, admits that the balance of trade against us in 1848 will be at least $42,000,000. But Mr. Niles warns in vain a Senate so hopelessly inimical to home industry and national independence. There, party rules, and the country is forgotten—Locofocism has a powerful majority, and the republic none: here we find many politicians, few statesmen—lost great men, and perverted patriots of the Goldsmith school, who hold the interests of faction superior even to those of mankind—a Senate with an impracticable Locofoco free trade majority!

With no hope, then, of relief from our own Government—with no demand abroad for our breadstuffs—with our ports filled with the emigrating labor of Europe, anxious for employment—it requires no prophet to fortell the result. Our manufactories closed—our specie drained to pay for foreign fabrics inferior to our own—our farmers without a foreign market, and their home market paralyzed in the midst of a teeming harvest—our honest and high-minded merchants ruined by the villainies of foreign agents—(who deem ingenious frauds on the custom houses of all rival manufacturing nations perfectly innocent, if necessary to their success)—ruin and repudiation must again stalk through our land. Shall we, then, tamely submit to witness these inevitable consequences of the iniquitous policy of Polk, Dallas, and Walker? The remedy is in our own hands. Popular calamity and popular prosperity are alike ordained in America by the popular pleasure. If the people of the United States choose, they can at once escape all these thickening evils of free trade. If they will it, they can in a moment change—they can utterly annihilate—the free trade majority in the Senate. Our great periodical, quadrennial revolution of the Presidential election is now coming on. A number of new Senators are to be chosen by Legislatures not yet elected. A whole House of Representatives is to be elected. A President and Vice President are to be elected. Why do we not say Protection to American Labor is also to be elected? If the people will it, they can have it.

☞ INDEPENDENT TAYLOR CLUB.—A stated meeting of this association is held every Saturday evening, at their Club Room, corner of Centre and Mahantango stre.—over Lippincott & Taylor's Store. A general invitation to all is extended.

☞ CENTRAL TAYLOR CLUB—A meeting of this club will be held on Thursday evening next, at 8 o'clock. The friends of Taylor & Fillmore are invited to attend. J. P. BERTRAM, Sec'y.

☞ GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH.—By Divine permission, the Rev. Mr. Hoffmeier of Orwigsburg, is expected to preach in the English Language, next Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in the German Methodist Church.

☞ TRINITY CHURCH POTTSVILLE.—Service will be held regularly hereafter in the new edifice every morning and afternoon at the usual hours.

☞ STAR OF BETHLEHEM TEMPLE OF HONOR No. 37, S. of T., will meet every Tuesday evening at the usual time, until further notice, at Temperance Hall, corner of Centre and Market streets.
Feb12—7—3m] A. RETHERINGTON, W. R.

☞ A FREE AND FULL GOSPEL.—The University school section, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. J. W. McMaster, continue to hold morning and evening services every Sabbath, in the Lecture room of Stichter's new Hall, at the usual church hours.

☞ PREACHING IN MINERSVILLE.—The Rev Robert Bonnell of the Presbyterian Church in this place will preach, Providence permitting, every Sabbath morning, at 10½ o'clock, in the English Baptist Church Minersville. 15

MARRIED.

At Minersville, on the 2d inst. by Rev. Joseph Wythes, Mr. WILLIAM BARTON, of Tamaqua, to Miss MARTHA E. JONES, of Minersville.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. J. B. Hagany, Mr. THEODORE THORN, to Miss SARAH ANN RICHARDS, both of Pottsville.

DEAT