Miners' Journal.

POTTSVILLE, PA.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1859.

SOUTH CAROLINA, for the 27th time, is ready to go out of the Union.

THE New York city election on Tuesday, resulted in the choice of Fernando Wood for Mayor.

THE Virginia Legislature has unanimously passed resolutions approving the sentence of the prisoners at Charlestown, and refusing to interfere.

HENRY S. EVANS, Esq., of the West Chester *Village Record* is urged by the Media *Advertiser*, as the next Opposition candidate for Governor of this State. Mr. Evans has certainly a strong political record, on which to go before the people; he is an unexceptionable, excellent man, and should be be nominated for the position, we know no gentleman whom we would more cheerfully support.

A good joke about Harper's Ferry is laid at the door of Thaddeus Stevens. He was talking of "the invasion" at a Washington Hotel the other evening to a Southern friend. Southern waxed hot and declared that John Brown "d—n him, deserved a dozen hangings." "Yes," said Thaddeus, in his solemn, drawling style, "yes, you are right, he deserved hanging. He only brought down seventeen men; if he had brought thirty he would have settled the Slavery question for ever!"

THE GUBERNATORIAL CHAIR.—Quite a number of worthy gentlemen are now named for the Opposition nomination. The most prominent candidates, we think, are Hon. John Covode and Hon. David Taggart. Three of the four delegates from this district, to the State Convention, will support Mr. Taggart. It is satisfactory however, to see so many good names suggested. From them we will be able to select an unexceptionable candidate.

In less than two hours after Congress assembled the Slavery question was sprung in both Houses—in the Senate by Mr. Mason of Virginia, and in the House by Mr. Clark of Missouri. Even the Senate Chaplain, Mr. Gurley, hastened to lug Jno. Brown into his prayers, and denounce "fanatics." The Republicans would like to go to work at the national business, and keep at it, till it is finished up. The South will monopolize nearly all of the session with its negro interests.

RATHER SEVERE.—In the debate in the United States Senate, on the Investigation of the Harper's Ferry Affair, Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, in his remarks, said:

"The occurrence at Harper's Ferry was a very remarkable one. Had twenty-two men—not Captains, but Virginia Generals—undertaken to seize the Armory at Springfield, the "women" alone would have bound them in thirty minutes; and had no man been there to assist, they would not have asked for an Investigating Committee, or expected any particular sympathy."

A GOOD REPLY.—Virginia has sent to Congress, Mr. Pryor, principally distinguished for his attacks during the last Presidential election, on the workingmen of the country, terming them "mudsills," "greasy," etc. This week in the House, Mr. P. inquired of Mr. Nelson of Tennessee, whether he, as a representative of a Southern constituency, in the event of the election of a Black Republican President, would vote to remain in the Union? Mr. Nelson replied that he spoke only for himself. "Much as he would deprecate such an event, yet he did not believe that the election of a Black Republican President would of itself be cause for dissolution, for they ought to wait and see whether he would do anything injurious to the rights of the South. [Applause.] In further reply to Mr. Pryor, he said that if such a President should commit an overt act, he would link his shield with those of the Secessionists to right the wrong." A manly reply to an impertinent query from a rank disunionist.

THE PHILADELPHIA UNION MEETING.—There were undoubtedly, some sincere persons at it; but cotton in the main, controlled it. At present the Southern is more valuable than the Western trade, and an effort was required to retain it. We cannot help believing that the proper place to hold Union meetings is in the South, from which section threats of disunion are now pouring in upon us. *They* should prove to the North that they wish the Union preserved. However, we have no objections to these meetings. It is perfectly proper to quiet the fears of Virginia; but we cannot help wondering that the "Old Dominion" will persist in continuing an institution which places a John Brown in every slave-holder's bosom. Other States disposed of slavery quietly and systematically, in the manner Missouri is doing. Virginia had better follow suit. Eh, Wise?

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS.—On the first of January, 1860, Gleason's PICTORIAL "LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP" will commence its second volume in an entirely new shape, with a beautiful new heading, and with new type; in short everything about it will be new from top to toe. The Paper will also be greatly enlarged from its present form of eight pages to sixteen pages; it will be a mammoth weekly of fifteen hundred square inches, and will contain nearly double the quantity of reading matter and illustrations that it now has. A host of new contributors and artists have been engaged for it, and the most liberal arrangements have been completed, such as will enable Mr. Gleason to produce by far the finest ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL yet published.

What surprises us, is, that, with all these great improvements, and the additional expense to the publisher, the price for 1860 will be so very cheap, that certainly no one will forego the pleasure of its weekly visit. Terms $2.00 a year. A. WINCH, 320 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Wholesale Agent.

By request we publish a sermon delivered on Sunday last in the Second Presbyterian Church of this Borough, by its pastor, Rev. Samuel F. Colt. We admire the sentiments; we prove the tone; and agree quite cheerfully, with the reverend gentleman as far as he goes. We are quite as much opposed to any interference with slavery where it at present exists, and to any raid such as Brown's, upon the slaveholders, as the reverend gentleman can possibly be. But one point is almost invariably forgotten, in conservative, Union-saving addresses. While the North is placed in an unfavorable light, and the South is made a patient, non-resistant, the fact of the persistent efforts to re-open the barbarous African slave trade made by the South, is rarely, if ever alluded to. Why not condemn a traffic, which is held by the laws of the country, not higher than piracy and murder? It is Constitutionally prohibited; it is obnoxious to every feeling of humanity; it is anti-Christian; yet we hear in Union-saving addresses delivered from the pulpit and the rostrum, no words of condemnation against it. The ground should be covered. Any other course adopted, but distracts, when an opposite effect is contemplated. We make those remarks in all kindness, as far as they may refer to a highly esteemed minister, and to one whom we hold personally, as an able scholar and high-toned gentleman. The offence we charge is one of omission, not commission.

WASHINGTON AFFAIRS.

"Independent" writes to the *North American*, under date of Dec. 6, as follows:

"The temper in which the session opened yesterday, discloses the state of feeling in the Democratic party of the South, and proves that the leaders are bent upon keeping up a sectional excitement at any cost or consequence. They will not separate fanatics from the great mass of sound and conservative opinion at the north, but confound them indiscriminately and insultingly, as if with a purpose of provoking irritating resentment or collision. If a gathering of negroes, and boys, and idle spectators assemble in one of the great cities—where a multitude may be assembled in twenty minutes by a single man pointing senselessly to a church steeple—to gazed at the passing coffin of John Brown, or to crowd objects in a public hall to hear the intemperate harangue of some furious declaimer, it is charged to the account of the north, just as if such proceedings attracted any more respect there than where they are so much denounced. The ignorance and folly of these criminations are becoming offensive, for no people will choose to have their motives and conduct so grossly and constantly misrepresented without cause.

"The clause over Helper's obnoxious book is a mere pretext for this discussion. If it had not existed, some other would have been found to serve the same purpose.

"It ought to be remembered by the people of Pennsylvania that the three democratic members of the delegation—Messrs. Florence, Dimmick and Montgomery—were conspicuous, yesterday, in voting for Mr. Boocock, of Va., as Speaker, who is avowedly and ardently one of the most decided free traders in the House of Representatives, and who, more than any other member of his party, has for years past consistently and resolutely resisted every measure in Congress which in any way proposed to give protection to American industry. This fact requires no comment. It is a matter of record, and proves conclusively that the dictation of party is superior to every other consideration with those who obey the discipline and respect the usages of the democracy. The constituents of these gentlemen will now discover how much sincerity was contained in their professions before election."

Washington, December 7.

"The whole sitting of the House, yesterday, was consumed by an exciting discussion, forced upon it from the democratic side, and against the protest of the Opposition, who were anxious to vote, and, therefore, submitted in silence to much provoking injustice. Thus far the Administration party have nearly monopolized the speech-making, and squandered two days in charges and misrepresentations. Every Republican member who has thought proper to notice the sweeping imputations concerning Helper's book, has disavowed it in the most unqualified terms. Not one approval has been expressed. And yet, in the face of these distinct disclaimers, and the perfect understanding on the floor how the signatures were obtained, the charges are persistently rung on this single allegation, and reiterated after being positively denied by those who are assailed for the responsibility.

"There can be no mistaking the motive of the proceeding. Mr. Sherman's manly and frank statement ought to have disarmed all this wretched clamor, which, at best, is but a pretext for opposing him, and a contrivance to get possession of the organization, in order to prevent the threatened exposures. He said, distinctly and unqualifiedly, that he had never seen or read the book or the compendium, and had no recollection of signing the recommendation for it, though he may have done so carelessly, as such papers are signed in the House. He also declared emphatically that he was opposed to any interference by the people of the free States with the relation of master and slave in the slave holding States; that he would not touch upon a single right of a single citizen of the South, and defied any man to say that he had ever uttered a word anywhere authorizing such a conclusion.

"Notwithstanding this declaration, and Mr. Sherman's Congressional record, Mr. Leake, of Virginia, and others, continued their assaults, just as if he had not uttered a word. The discussion ran on in this temper until a late hour in the day, when Mr. Thaddeus Stevens interposed, as he had done in the morning, to bring the House back to its duty, by maintaining that the clerk could not entertain any question except to proceed with the election of Speaker or to adjourn. In a playful, and, perhaps, rather sarcastic manner, he suggested that the south was not altogether to be blamed for their language of intimidation, as it had succeeded so often before, when weak and recreant traitors from the north had surrendered. Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, seemed to misunderstand the purport of these remarks, and undertook menacingly from his place to near where Mr. Stevens stood, on the front row, denouncing the north and gesticulating with an excited manner. Mr. Stevens remained cool and unmoved, saying, "that is the way they used to frighten us." A crowd collected instantly in the area before the clerk's desk, by the side of both Mr. Crawford and Mr. Stevens. For a moment a collision seemed inevitable, and was greatly feared by the few calm spectators of this exciting scene. Some of Mr. Crawford's friends, who saw that no provocation had been given, endeavored to prevent further interruption, and after repeated efforts tranquility was restored. When it was all over, Mr. Stevens, still standing in his first position, from which he had not budged an inch, remarked very composedly that the ebullition was only momentary, and he supposed nothing was meant by it. If there was, it had not reached him. Finally the House adjourned, probably to repeat the scene to-day, unless wiser counsels prevail.

"The President is anxious about his message, but thinks he can hold it till Monday, without any serious inconvenience. A large portion of its expected capital has been anticipated by the premature discussion in Congress.

"It is understood that the recommendation of the last message concerning the tariff will be repeated."

THE EXECUTION OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN.—The following account of it we extract from the Harper's Ferry correspondence of the N. Y. *Tribune*. Brown died as courageously as he had lived:

THE EXECUTION.

On leaving the jail, John Brown had on his face an expression of calmness and security characteristic of the patriot who is about to die with a living consciousness that he is laying down his life for the good of his fellow-creatures. His face was even joyous, and a forgiving smile rested upon his lips. His was the lightest heart, among friend or foe, in the whole of Charlestown that day, and not a word was spoken that was not an intuitive appreciation of his manly courage.—Firmly and with elastic step he moved forward.—No flinching of a coward's heart there. He stood in the midst of that organized mob, from whose despotic hearts petty tyranny seemed for the once eliminated by the admiration they had in once beholding a man—for John Brown was there every inch a man.

As he stepped out of the door a black woman, with her little child in arms, stood near his way. The twain were of the despised race, for whose emancipation and elevation to the dignity of children of God, he was about to lay down his life. His thoughts at that moment none can know except as his acts interpret them. He stopped for a moment in his course, stooped over, and, with the tenderness of one whose love is as broad as the brotherhood of man, kissed it affectionately. That mother will be proud of that mark of distinction for her offspring, and some day when over the ashes of John Brown the temple of Virginian liberty is reared, she may join in the joyous song of praise, which on that soil will do justice to his memory.

But to return to my narrative. The vehicle which was to convey Brown to the scaffold was a furniture wagon. On the front seat was the driver, a man named Hawks, said to be a native of Massachusetts, but for many years a resident of Virginia, and by his side was seated Mr. Sadler, the undertaker. In the box was placed the coffin, made of black walnut, inclosed in a poplar box with a flat lid, in which coffin and remains were to be transported from the county. John Brown mounted the wagon, and took his place in the seat with Capt. Avis, the jailor—whose admiration of his prisoner is of the profoundest nature. Mr. Sadler, too, was one of Brown's staunchest friends in his confinement, and pays a noble tribute to his manly qualities.

"What a beautiful country you have," said Capt. Brown to Capt. Avis.

"Yes," was the response.

"It seems the more beautiful to behold because I have been so long shut from it."

"You are more cheerful than I am, Captain Brown," said Mr. Sadler.

"Yes," said the Captain, "I ought to be." He continued, "I, too, do citizens here—where are they?"

"The citizens are not allowed to be present—none but the soldiers," was the reply.

"That ought not to be," said the old man, "citizens should be allowed to be present as well as others."

The scaffold is approached. He alights from the wagon and ascends to the platform, which last sustains Old Brown alive. There is no faltering in his step, but firmly and erect he stands amid the almost breathless hiss of soldiery that surround him. With a graceful motion of his pinioned right arm, he takes the slouched hat from his head and carelessly casts it upon the platform by his side. The cap is drawn over his eyes, and the rope adjusted about his neck. John Brown is ready to meet his God.

But what next? The military have yet to go through some senseless evolutions, and near ten minutes elapse before Gen. Taliaferro's chivalrous hosts are in their proper position, during which time John Brown stands with the cap drawn over his head, and the hangman's knot under his ear.

Each moment seems an hour, and some of the people, unable to restrain an expression of their sense of the outrage, murmur "Shame!" "Shame!"

At last Virginia's troops are arranged *a la mode*.

"Captain Brown, you are not standing on the drop—will you come forward?" said the Sheriff.

"I can't see, gentlemen," was the reply; "you must lead me."

The Sheriff led his prisoner forward to the centre of the drop.

"Shall I give you a handkerchief, and let you drop it as a signal?" inquired the Sheriff.

"No; I am ready at any time; but don't keep me waiting needlessly," was the reply.

A moment after, the Sheriff springs the latch—the drop falls—and the body of John Brown is suspended between heaven and earth. A few convulsive twitchings of the arms are observed.—I heard none after a moment.

John Brown is dead.

The majesty of Virginia law and the erections of Virginia vengeance are now satisfied—but time alone will tell whether Virginia peace will be conserved by it.

The surgeons say he died easily—that the neck was not dislocated, but the spinal column was ruptured, and that his death was probably instantaneous. What is unusual in executions (so I am informed, for this was the first I ever witnessed,) his legs were not drawn up by convulsive twitchings.

The body remained suspended about 38 minutes, and was then taken down and placed in the Coffin.

JOHN BROWN'S LAST LETTER TO HIS FAMILY.

CHARLESTOWN PRISON,
JEFFERSON COUNTY, VA., NOV. 30, '59.

MY DEARLY BELOVED WIFE, SONS AND DAUGHTERS—EVERY ONE:—As I now begin what is probably the last letter I shall ever write to any of you, I conclude to write, to all at the same time. I will mention some little matters particularly applicable to little property concerns in another place.

I recently received a letter from my wife, from near Philadelphia, dated Nov. 22, by which it would seem that she was about giving up the idea of seeing me again. I had written her to come on if she felt equal to the undertaking, but I do not know that she will get my letter in time. It was on her own account chiefly that I asked her to stay back. At first I had a most strong desire to see her again, but there appeared to be very serious objections; and should we never meet in this life, I trust that she will in the end be satisfied it was for the best at least, if not most for her comfort. I inclosed in my last letter to her a draft of $50 from John Jay, made payable to her order. I have now another to send her, from my excellent old friend Edward Harris of Woodscoet, R. I., for $100, which I shall also make payable to her order.

I am waiting the hour of my public murder with great composure of mind and cheerfulness, feeling the strong assurance that in no other possible way could I be used to so much advantage to the cause of good and of humanity, and that nothing that either I or all my family have sacrificed or suffered will be lost. The reflection that a wise and merciful, as well as just and holy God rules not only the affairs of this world, but of all worlds, is a rock to set our feet upon under all circumstances—even those more severely trying ones into which our own feelings and wrongs have placed us. I have now no doubt but that our seeming disaster will ultimately result in the most glorious success. So, my dear shattered and broken family, be of good cheer, and believe and trust in God with all your heart, and with all your soul, for He doeth all things well. Do not feel ashamed on my account, nor for one moment despair of the cause or grow weary of well doing. I bless God I never felt stronger confidence in the certain and near approach of a bright morning and glorious day than I have felt, and do now feel, since my confinement here. I am endeavoring to return, like a poor prodigal as I am, to my Father, against whom I have always sinned, in the hope that he may kindly and forgivingly meet me, though a very great way off.

Oh! my dear wife and children, would to God you could know how I have been travailing in birth for you all. That no one of you may fail of the grace of God. Through Jesus Christ—that no one of you may be blind to the truth and glorious light of his Word, in which life and immortality are brought to light, I beseech you every one, to make the Bible your daily and nightly study, with a child-like, honest, candid, reachable spirit of love and respect for your husband and father.

And I beseech the God of my fathers to open all your eyes to the discovery of the truth. You cannot imagine how much you may soon need the consolations of the Christian religion. Circumstances like my own for more than a month past have convinced me beyond all doubt of our great need of some theories treasured up when our prejudices are excited, our vanity worked up to the highest pitch. Oh! do not trust your eternal all upon the boisterous ocean without even a helm or compass to aid you in steering. I do not ask of you to throw away your reason; I only ask you to make a candid, sober use of your reason.

My dear young children, will you listen to this last poor admonition of one who can only love you? Oh! be determined at once to give your whole heart to God, and let nothing shake or alter that resolution. You need have no fears of regretting it. Do not be vain and thoughtless, but sober-minded; and let me entreat you all to love the whole remnant of our once great family.—Try and build up again your broken walls, and to make the utmost of every stone that is left. Nothing can so tend to make life a blessing as the consciousness that your life and example bless and leave you the stronger. Still, it is ground of the utmost comfort to my mind to know that so many of you as have had the opportunity have given some proof of your fidelity to the great family of men. Be faithful unto death; from the exercise of habitual love to man it cannot be very hard to love his Maker.

I must yet insert the reason for my firm belief in the divine inspiration of the Bible, notwithstanding I am, perhaps, naturally logical, certainly not credulous. I wish all to consider it most thoroughly when you read that blessed book, and see whether you cannot discover such evidence yourselves. It is the purity of heart filling our minds as well as work and actions, which is everywhere insisted on, that distinguishes it from all the other teachings, that commends it to my conscience. Whether my heart be willing and obedient or not the inducement that it holds out is another reason of my convictions of its truth and genuineness, but I do not here omit this my last argument on the Bible that eternal life is what my soul is panting after this moment. I mention this as a reason for endeavoring to leave a valuable copy of the Bible to be carefully preserved in remembrance of me, to see many of my posterity instead of some other book at equal cost.

I beseech you all to live in habitual contentment with moderate circumstances and gains of worldly store, and earnestly to teach this to your children and children's children after you, by example as well as precept. Be determined to know by experience as soon as may be whether Bible instruction is of divine origin or not. Be sure to love no man anything, but to love one another.—John Rogers wrote to his children, "Abhor that arrant whore of Rome." John Brown writes to his children to abhor, with undying hatred also, that sum of all villainies—Slavery. Remember, he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth in spirit than he that taketh a city. Remember also, that they, being wise, shall shine, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

And now, dearly beloved family, to God and the work of His Grace I commend you all.

Your affectionate husband and father,

JOHN BROWN.

The body was placed in the possession of Mrs. Brown, and on Thursday last was buried at North Elba, N. Y.

☞ PROF. MCINTIRE'S Cough Drops and Dandelion Pills can be obtained at Feger's Hotel, in this Borough. The pills are excellent for many ills that flesh is heir to.

☞ C. SCHOENER at her new store, corner of Centre and Norwegian street, has on hand Groceries, Dry Goods, &c., of the best quality, and at the lowest prices.

NEURALGIA.—A gentleman living in Philadelphia says:

"In passing through Pittsburgh, some months since, I purchased a bottle of *Boerhave's Holland Bitters*. I relieved me so much, that on returning home I bought two more bottles from Dr. Dyott, which completely cured me of Neuralgia. I have recommended the article to many of my friends, and four or five of the number say it cured them. I think that my recommendation has done more for its sale in Philadelphia than your advertising."

(We are not permitted to publish the name, but any person calling at the store, or communicating with us by letter, will be convinced of the truth of this statement.)

THE COAL TRADE.

Pottsville, December 10, 1859.

The quantity sent by Railroad this week is 36,557 10—by Canal 38,872 07—for the week 75,429 17 tons against 79,315 for the corresponding week last year. Loss for the week 3,885 tons.

The trade is rapidly drawing to a close, and the supply of Coal sent by the Canals after this week, will not be large unless the weather should become mild again. For the last three days we have had seasonable wintry, freezing weather, with a couple inches of snow on the ground, which shows no disposition, while we are writing, to melt away.

The trade some up this week as follows:

	Schuylkill Navigation	Schuylkill & Lehigh Navigation	Lehigh Navigation	Lehigh Valley Railroad	Little Schuylkill Railroad	Mine Hill & Schuylkill Haven Railroad	Pottsville & Danville Branch	Pottsville & Sunbury Branch	Pottsville & Tuscarora Branch	Total
Anthracite										
Coal										
Total										