Miners' Journal.

POTTSVILLE, PA.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1867.

MAXIMILIAN—NAPOLEON—JEFF. DAVIS.

While the war-cloud of the Rebellion hung over the land, and its fearful power, and the still mightier force of the struggling Republic with which it was related, excited the wonder of the world, there sailed on the ocean almost along our borders, and almost in sight of the terrific throes of the gallant nation engaged in a desperate life-conflict for freedom, a vessel which carried from the bayo net-guarded, and the dungeon and fetter-built throne of Austria, to the unhappy shores of distracted and ill-fated Mexico, a land clothed in glowing and exuberant beauty, in sad contrast with the gloomy desolation that seemed to hang over all her hopes and prospects—a Prince and a Princess, who were hailed and were crowned with the imperial diadem.

Both, descended of ancient lines of large hereditary fame, and more or less intimately related to some of the most distinguished powers of Europe, encouraged and endorsed by imperial power, before which the world trembled,—they came to wield the power of a throne, which romance and classic story had invested with an interest and a coloring, beautiful, thrilling, and sad as time, with her prolific and changeful pencil, had ever painted on any human dynasty. Both engaging in appearance, bland and winning, of refined and gentle culture, and the young Empress endowed with even more than the ordinary fascinations and intellect of her sex, they ascended the throne, beautiful, grand, romantic in the past and the present, as their fond imaginations hailed it, yet resting on a fearful volcano, amid whose dark and hidden terrors, were concealed a cruel and tragic destiny, which would soon make the world grow pale and her great heart to bleed.

It seems but a few moons have passed, till the wonderful drama, hurried through its several parts, is closed—the curtain drops on the Emperor, defeated, captured, executed, and the Empress for a time a sad and repulsed suppliant at the thrones of France and Rome, and now at her gloomy home, bereft of reason, and rushing prematurely through the maniac horrors of starless night, into an early grave.

Crowned heads may go into mourning, and royal blood in all its family ramifications, may tingle, and mortal sensitiveness and even healthy refined sensibility may weep over this dreadful tragedy, yet the execution of Maximilian does not seem to be without full and entire justification. Maugre all the lies and shams of a popular election, he was in Mexico, simply and only a foreign usurper, forcing upon that people by foreign hirelings, a form of government which they detested, and at last attempting to establish the church power, which had long been the bane and curse of that fair land, crushing out every noble aspiration for popular freedom, and even grinding to powder all the highest and noblest elements of popular power.

Let us bring this sad case to its truest test. Let any civilized nation on earth change places with Mexico, and sure as the crisis came, the result would have been the same. Talk of moderation, clemency, civilization, as we may, the rebuke to the infamous and shameless interference of wicked and selfish despotic powers, in the domestic and most cherished interests of a great and struggling nation, could in no other way have been toned with such an emphasis and such a loud and earnest protest; and with a trumpet blast, so clear and thrilling as to make every ear in despotic Europe to tingle. In this one grand, noble, yet severe act, Mexico has won for herself a clear field and a fair fight; and may the God of battles crown the right and the truth, and the great cause of popular freedom with success. If the patriots of Mexico be wise and unselfish, as they are ardent and brave, the report of the guns at the execution of Maximilian, and his last dying groans, will usher in a brighter day than has ever dawned on Mexican independence; and they will prove to the world, that the people who have the courage to execute usurpers and traitors, have the ability and virtue to establish and perpetuate civil liberty with all its blessings.

There is a poetic justice in this sombre passage in history, that seems weird and fabulous. The "Monroe Doctrine" was emblazoned on all our banners, and proclaimed aloud before all the world. All the struggling nations of this continent looked to it with hope; all the despots of Europe with respect and fear. The Rebellion came, and through one of its emissaries near the throne of France, and from assurances from the enemies of the Government in the North, Napoleon was induced to believe, that in our hour of peril, he could trample upon it and cast it into our teeth, disgraced and dishonored before the world. He sends the usurper to Mexico, and backs him with French troops and cannon. Time rolls on. The eyes of the world are turned to the Queen of Cities, for she had sent her Emperors and her Princes, and her wealth and all the varied workmanship of cunning brains and cunning fingers, and above all, labor stood in that august assembly, the mightest monarch of them all; and the pride of the Emperor's heart exulted grandly in that world's pride and wonder which he had wrought. On the very day when the crowning summit of his glory had been reached, and the world was ready to exclaim, "All hail, glorious Monarch!" there came from Mexico a shadow that overcast the Throne and the Queen City, and dimmed the splendor of that day, and darkened all the glad glory of the Palace. Royal hearts through Europe stood aghast, for the people of Mexico had vindicated the "Monroe Doctrine," and had sent to the Palace-gates of the Emperor, the ghastly corpse of the usurper, and the stricken form of the maniac-bereaved Empress, there to remain forever. No power in France can ever remove them. They will ever proclaim from the French Palace, "The Monroe Doctrine is vindicated."

A false clemency has saved the life of the architrator and high-priest of our Rebellion. A life is spared to be filled with the torments that will arise from the hecatombs of his slain countrymen, and the sufferings of bereaved families, and all the horrors and barbarities of that war. He will even be summoned to the Palace-gates of France to behold the shadowy forms there of the Mexican Emperor and Empress, and be charged as one of the prime authors of all this war and bloodshed in Mexico, and all this bereavement in France and Austria. Rebel bonds, now worthless, have brought loss and poverty on many of their holders; but the intervention of Bonsparte in Mexico, urged and accomplished by Jeff. Davis, has cast sorrow and bereavement into many families in France and Austria, that can never be forgotten as long as the names of Maximilian, Napoleon and Jeff. Davis are remembered.—Let the sad fate of Maximilian and his heroic and noble wife, be brought home to the traitor who made the impious attempt to blot out in the destruction of this Republic, the hope of Human Freedom on the whole earth.

Some well meaning but we fear, thoughtless persons think that Mrs. Jefferson Davis should escape entirely the punishment as far as public detestation is concerned, due the traitor and murderer, her husband. In that they err. When our soldiers were dying by hundreds and thousands of neglect and starvation, and when the North would gladly have contributed food and medicine, and sent surgeons to alleviate their distress, did Mrs. Davis use her influence with her husband on the score of mere humanity, to have those sufferings mitigated? No,—she turned a deaf ear to the groans and cries at Belle Isle which must have penetrated her chamber in Richmond. She was not only cold and heartless but inhuman. We would wage no war on Mrs. Davis or on the wife of any other traitor, simply because they are the wives of rebels, but we contend that Mrs. Davis merits the severest condemnation of the American people because she did not plead with her husband to spare the helpless Union soldiers who were confined in his prisons during the Rebellion. We thus look at the matter, and we do not esteem it an honor to this State, that Mrs. Davis fixes her residence on its soil.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE August number of The Lady's Friend contains a number of engravings, fashion and pattern plates of use to ladies, and choice reading by popular writers. Published by Deacon & Peterson, 315 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

THE American Journal of Horticulture and Florist's Companion, published by Tilton & Co., Boston, is an important companion and guide to the lady who has only a window for her garden, as well as to the proprietor of the largest garden and green-house.

"THE NURSERY" for August, is a fine number. We have no publication in this country for little children so excellent as this. The pictures always delight them, they are so natural. Edited by Fanny P. Sauvens, and published by John L. Shorey, 13 Washington street, Boston, at $1 50 a year—single copies, 15 cents.

GODEY'S LADY BOOK for August has made its appearance. It is the great favorite fashion magazine in this part of the State. The engravings and fashion plates are splendid. The serial story, "For better, for worse," is a very interesting novel. In fact the Book contains nothing but what is interesting. Godey cannot be excelled.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, 124 Tremont street, Boston, have published the August number of this first-class American magazine. The contents are, The Guardian Angel; Hospital Memories; Dirge for a Sailor; By the Editor; Poor Richard; The Growth, Limitations, and Toleration of Shakespeare's Genius; Longfellow's Translation of Dante's Divina Commedia; The Old Story; A Week's Riding; The Little Land of Appenzell; The Lost Genius; Circumstance; A Library Window; Reviews and Literary Notices. For sale by Bannan & Ramsey.

"OUR YOUNG FOLKS."—The contents of this magazine for August, are, Cast away in the Cold, with two illustrations; Bird-Catching, with a full-page illustration; About Me, with an illustration; The Little Maid; Fussy and Emily at Sixteen; Good Old Times; A Midsummer Night, with an illustration; Round-the-World Joe, with two illustrations; The Wish; Birdie's Garden; The Sports of Archery, with an illustration; Summer Morning; Music, with an illustration; Round the Evening Lamp, with two illustrations; Our Letter-Box, with an illustration. A remarkably fine number of this favorite monthly. Published by Ticknor and Fields, Boston.

DEMOREST'S "YOUNG AMERICA."—This handsome little periodical started with many competitors, but has outlived, or outstripped, nearly all. Since its first issue last November, it has exactly tripled its circulation, and expects confidently to quadruple it ere 1868 shall dawn upon us. It is as great a favorite with the little folks as DEMOREST'S MONTHLY with their "mammas,"—and deservedly; for the efforts of the editors to amuse them are increasing. No other juvenile magazine contains so many toys, stories, games and puzzles. No wonder the children like it. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 473 Broadway, New York.

MRS. HENRY WOOD'S NEW BOOK.—T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia, have just published a new book, by Mrs. Henry Wood printed from the author's manuscript and advanced proof sheets, purchased by them from the Author. It is entitled "Orville College," and will no doubt command a very large sale, as it is said to be full equal to her "East Lynne," and the interest in "Orville College" never flags for a moment. It is but justice to say that in this respect, will be the secret of Mrs. Wood's great popularity as a novelist, this, her latest work is her best. This volume will add greatly to her high reputation, and will be perused with eagerness by the whole reading public. It is remarkably well printed, in large type and on fine paper. Price 50 cents a copy.

LITTLE DORRITT by Charles Dickens has been published in beautiful library form by T. B. Peterson and Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. It contains thirty-eight illustrations. We have repeatedly spoken of the merit of this Edition, and invite an inspection of it at the bookstore of Bannan & Ramsey in this Borough, where it is for sale, as far as published. Of the story of Little Dorritt we need not speak. All know that it is one of the most simple and touching of Dickens' productions, and has called alternate tears and smiles where neither are usual. Peterson has made it richly worth a place beside our Mutual Friend, and others of the series

THE REBEL CHIEF.—By Gustave Aimard, Philadelphia. Almard is a French Cooper. His Prairie Flower, the best of all his works, Indian Scouts, Trail Hunters, Indian Chief, Red Track and other tales, have made him a reputation which is bounded by no limit, and annually grows. Those who love Cooper will like the Rebel Chief, and higher praise we can give no one. The story has been published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, in a cheap and handy form, and will well repay all who possess themselves of it. Copies of this work can be obtained at the bookstore of Bannan & Ramsey, this Borough.

DIX MONTHLY.—The first number for August of this beautiful Fashion journal has just been received in New York from Europe. It is invaluable, and should be seen by every lady. Each number contains eight pages of finely executed cuts, representing monthly everything in the way of dress that is beautiful and to be desired by the ladies. In a word, there is nothing in the way of economy and good taste that cannot be found in this paper. In addition to the paper, subscribers will receive a finely executed pattern sheet, giving during the year somewhere between three hundred and four hundred finely drawn patterns, well explained and easily to be taken off. The superiority and utility of these patterns will soon be seen and appreciated by those who have been in the habit of getting plain or trimmed patterns from some of our ordinary pattern shops. S. T. Taylor, Importer of Ladies' Fashions, 349 Canal street, New York, has the exclusive agency of this Journal for this country. The terms of subscription are:—One Year, monthly, $3; single copies, including the pattern sheet, 30 cents. No lady who sees a specimen copy of this journal, will neglect to order it regularly.

A most charming and instructive publication for young people, is The Riverside Magazine, published by Hurd and Houghton, 459 Broome street, New York. The contents of the August number are, a finely designed and artistically executed frontispiece, "As I was going to St. Ives;" August Days, illustrated; The Billing Fairies; Pere Nova; or Coast Life in Newfoundland, illustrated;—A True Story of a Spanish Shepherd-dog; Frank Gordon or When I was a Little Boy, illustrated; The Ballad of the Heir of Linne, illustrated; Breaking in for a Summer Term; The Stars in August, with a map of the heavens; Harry O'Hom both Sides of his Drum, illustrated; The New Book-keeper at Burton Harbor; Plays at a Party, illustrated; Among the Trees: August, With a flower-drawing; Harvest Festivals in Pomeranis; The Window-Seat.—By Firelight and Starlight; A Summer Song, set to music for voice and piano.

The publishers state that the September number will open with a new story by the author of the "Sissy Books," called "Six Little Princesses, and what they turned into;" to be continued through the rest of the year. Mr. H. L. Stephens the able artist, will furnish a frontispiece.—"Pussy sits behind the log, How can I help but win. An extra full-page illustration will be given,—"The Exiles," by J. N. Hyde. September being the month of winds and storms, there will be three or four articles of a breezy, sail-air character.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.—This is the fifth volume of the handsome and popular "Diamond Edition" of Dickens' Works, and in style and appearance it is an exact copy of the four elegant little volumes that preceded it.

"Martin Chuzzlewit' is of unusual interest to American readers, as it was written soon after Dickens' visited this country, and contains the result of his observations. On its first appearance it aroused great indignation in the United States by the severity of its satire. We were ready to admit that Pecksniff, Jonas Chuzzlewit, Sairey Gamp, and Montague Tigg were accurate representatives of English society, but declared that Elijah Pogram, Mrs. Hominy, Colonel Diver, and Jefferson Brick were gross caricatures of people in this America. But when we remember the locality of "Eden"—now better known to the world as Cairo, at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers—the peculiarities of the Missouri bushwackers and their leading politicians at the same time Dickens visited America, and their outrages all through the Rebellion, we can forgive the novelist for doing what the leading illustrated papers of the past two years have done in sketching society in the border and Southern States. For this is exactly what Dickens has done in "Martin Chuzzlewit." He never loses an opportunity to sketch the frailties of the English people quite as severely, and probably as truthfully as he did the "half-horse, half-alligator" men who formerly ruled in the regions bordering on the Mississippi river. These individuals come within Mr. Dickens' scope of acquaintance when he was here, and they were as fair game for his satire as Pecksniff himself.

Aside from the prejudice which once existed against this novel, and which is evidently wearing away, it possesses a fund of humor, pathos, and entertainment. As for this edition, its pocket convenience, its clear type, and exceedingly attractive appearance throughout, have already made it a favorite, and most deservedly so.

The price of this illustrated edition is $1 50; of the plain, $1.25. Either can be procured at the bookstore of Bannan & Ramsey in this Borough, or will be sent post-paid by Ticknor and Fields, Boston.

Local Affairs.

Weekly Almanac.

'67.—July.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	MOON'S CHANGES.	D.	H.	M.
27 SATURDAY,....	4 51	7 29				
28 SUNDAY,.....	4 52	7 19	New M. 1	4	52	ev.
29 MONDAY,.....	4 53	7 18	First Q. 8	4	53	mo.
30 TUESDAY,.....	4 54	7 18	Full M. 16	3	0	ev.
31 WEDNESDAY,	4 55	7 17	Last Q. 24	9	49	mo.
1 THURSDAY,...	4 56	7 16	New M. 30	11	5	ev.
2 FRIDAY,.....	4 57	7 15				

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

Temperature at Greenwood for the week.

JULY, 1867.	7 A. M.	NOON.	3 P. M.
19,.....	66°	69°	69°
20,.....	66	65	66
21,.....	64	74	72
22,.....	55	75	68
23,.....	60	80	84
24,.....	61	81	83
25,.....	70	80	74

To-morrow.—Thirtieth Sunday of the year, and sixth after Trinity. Day's length, 14 hours and 27 minutes.

Some of the barbers in town we understand, intend to test the authority which orders their shops to be closed on Sunday.

Peter S. and Wm. J. Martz, late of this County, have been appointed to positions in the Philadelphia Custom House by Col. Jos. Cake.

Cricket.—The United Eleven Club of this Borough, requests us to state that it is prepared to receive challenges from any other cricket clubs in the County.

Mining Accident.—On Saturday last James Purcell, a miner, employed at the mine of the Duncan Coal Company, had one of his legs broken by a fall of coal.

The Rev. Mr. Sembower preached powerful sermons in the Baptist Church on Sunday last. This Church being without a Pastor, has extended to Mr. S. a call.

Dwelling Robbed.—On Saturday night last the residence of Mr. Silas Ball, Market street, was entered and robbed of a quantity of provisions, such as eggs, ham, butter, bread, etc.

In Tamaqua on the 18th inst., a frame dwelling on Lehigh street, was injured by fire. The only sufferer to any extent was Dennis Breslin, who lost his clothing and a watch valued at $45.

Rev. John Philip Stein will preach in the German Reformed Church, Market street, to-morrow at 10 o'clock in the morning in German, and at 7½ o'clock in the evening in the English language.

In the account which we published in our last in reference to the robbery of Isaiah Kline in Mt. Carbon, the name of Carroll should have been Jeremiah Collins. Collins has thus far, eluded arrest.

The First and Second Presbyterian Churches will hold Union services to-morrow, July 28th. Preaching in the morning at the Second Church, at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at the First Church, at 7½ o'clock.

Frank Barnhart of Llewellyn, who during the Rebellion was first a private in and then Captain of Company B, Fifteenth Pennsylvania Regiment, has been appointed to a Lieutenancy in the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry Regiment.

Postponed.—The parade which was announced for Tuesday last, and in which all the posts of the Grand Army of the Republic in this County, were expected to participate, was postponed in consequence of orders from headquarters to that effect.

Whitley's circus will be exhibited in Pottsville on Monday next, afternoon and evening. It will be remembered by those who contemplate going that the canvas will be pitched on a vacant lot situated between Ninth and Tenth and Mahantongo and Norwegian streets.

Accident in a Mine.—On Thursday, 18th inst., Edward Henderson, a miner employed at Thomas Ridge Colliery, near Mahanoy City, fell down a heading in which was working, and was seriously injured. He is doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances.

The American Hose Company, No. 2, of this Borough, will have a pic-nic at the Agonizing Park grounds, on the 14th of August. As the object is to procure needed equipments for this fine company, we trust that the pic-nic will be largly attended. The ladies are invited to attend.

Davenger, of the Union Hall restaurant, Mahantongo street, has received a large and fine sea-turtle which can be seen during to-day at his cellar. On Monday next the turtle will be served up, in the shape of soup, a luscious dish in the manufacture of which Davenger cannot be excelled.

The potter's field in this Borough is in a wretchedly neglected condition. The fences are down, and swine and goats make it an abiding place. We know not whose duty it is to attend to this burying ground, but we think the credit of the town it should be put in better condition than it is at present.

Death of an Aged Lady.—Mrs. Ann Rogers, relict of the late James Rogers, of Berks County, died at the residence of her son, Stephen Rogers, in this Borough, on Thursday last, aged 92 years. Deceased was a native of Berks County, and a daughter of the late Adam Board, a Revolutionary soldier. The funeral will take place this afternoon at 3 o'clock, from the residence of her son, Norwegian street.

Joseph H. Downing, brother of Major John H. Downing of the Borough, died at Philadelphia on the 1st instant, aged 46 years. He was born in Orwigsburg, and graduated in the printing business in this place. For a number of years he was clerk for the coal firm of Miller & Patterson, and more recently for the firm of Caldwell & Co. Mr. Downing was an excellent man, and enjoyed the respect of all who knew him.

A band of gipsies reached this Borough yesterday afternoon, and encamped at Tumbling Run. From the large number of horses they had with them we judge that they must do an extensive business in that line. One of the women stopped her wagon in which there was a bed, to have her get medicine for her sick child. They are a swarthy, rough-looking set. The horses very generally, were in good condition.

Run Over and Killed.—On Saturday, the 20th inst., a little boy aged 6 years, son of Mr. William Williams of Mahanoy City, was killed by being run over by a railroad car at Hill & Harris's mine at that place. He had been sent to the mine with his brother's dinner, and in crossing the railroad, he was knocked down by a car which was being run into the coal solutes to load. His legs were terribly crushed. He died soon after he was taken home.

First National Bank of Mahanoy City.—The new Board of Directors of this Bank is composed of the following gentlemen:—E. S. Silliman, Henry Meyer, William Reagan, Godfrey Laury, Thomas Wren, N. Balliet, Wm. L. Yoder. At a meeting of the Board held on the 17th inst., Nicholas Balliet, Esq., formerly of Pottsville but more recently a resident of Philadelphia, was elected President, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Abraham Focht, Esq. The selection is excellent.

On the 19th instant the body of a an unknown man was found drowned in the Schuylkill Canal below Mount Carbon. Near the spot a few days before a carpet-bag had been found, which it is supposed belonged to the deceased. It contained pension papers which bore the name of Charles Relief, of Tremont township, this County. It is thought the deceased had been in the service. Deputy-coroner F. W. Conrad held an inquest, and a verdict of accidentally drowned was rendered. Mr. Conrad has possession of the effects of the deceased, for identification.

Persecuted Christains in Turkey.—Rev. Arthur Bogden, a Nestorian Priest from Turkey, will preach to-morrow in the following churches, viz: In the Lutheran Church, Market street, in the morning at 10 o'clock. In the First Presbyterian Church, Mahantongo street, in the evening at 7½ o'clock. Subject: "The Persecuted Christians in Turkey and their struggles for Christian liberty."

The cause represented by Mr. Bogden, is certainly one in which Christianity and humanity have an interest, and we feel confident our people will show sympathy with the struggling brethren in Candia. The reverend gentleman comes to us strongly endorsed by our missionaries in Turkey, and by the Rev. Dr. Sprague from Albany; Rev. Dr. Wing, from Carlisle; Rev. G. F. Stalling, from Harrisburg, and hundreds of other prominent clergy, belonging to every Christian sect. The subject is *liberal*, it is of such universal interest, as must secure for Mr. Bogdon large and attentive audiences.

Severe Injuries and Skillful Surgical Operation.—A few days ago a son of Mr. John Boyle, aged 10 years, fell into the monker-rolls at the mines of the Glen Carbon Coal Company, and was so seriously injured that Dr. O. M. Robins of Minersville, who attended him, found it necessary to amputate the boy's right arm at his shoulder, and his left arm between the hand and elbow. We understand that the lad is doing remarkably well, with every prospect of recovery.

Death from Over-exertion.—In the local affairs of to-day's Journal will be found the score of a base ball match played at Yorktown on the 20th inst., between the Eagle and Little Eagle clubs of that place. We understand that J. Allen, a member of the Eagle club, over-exerted and strained himself on the occasion to such an extent, as to cause his death on the following Monday. Mr. Allen formerly resided here, but at the time of his death lived near Hazleton.—His remains were interred in this Borough on Wednesday last, attended to the grave by the Order of Good Templars, of which he was a member.

Steam Sausage Machine.—Mr. Jacob Ulmer, the enterprising butcher, No. 301 Centre street, this Borough, has introduced at the rear of his shop, a steam machine for cutting sausage meat. The engine which works the knives is four-horse power, and the machine will cut from eighty to ninety pounds of meat per hour ready for stuffing. By the old process an hour and a half were consumed by two men in doing a similar amount of cutting. The steam machine cuts the meat finer than it can be cut by hand. The machine is from the manufactory of S. Rutschman, Philadelphia. Mr. Ulmer has long needed a machine such as the one he now has, and he deserves all the possible heretofore to supply the demand for sausage. With this machine he can supply both his retail customers and dealers, by making quantities of it days before it is sold. Mr. Ulmer is to be commended for his enterprise.

The pic-nic of the German Catholic (St. John) congregation of this Borough, was held at the Agricultural Park grounds on Monday last. The weather was very pleasant, and a large number of persons was present during the day. In the morning a number of German societies proceeded to the grounds, headed by the Pottsville Band. The receipts must have been large.

This congregation contemplates erecting a new church edifice, the present one being inadequate to accommodate the attendance on occasions of divine service. A lot on Mahantongo street near the old water head has been purchased of Mr. Patterson, for ten thousand dollars. An architect of Reading has prepared a plan for the contemplated building, which will be constructed of brick, and is estimated to cost thirty-five thousand dollars. Work on the building will be commenced this Summer, and the edifice it is anticipated, will be completed in about two years.

Riot and Larceny.—On Saturday night last, six Irishmen, residents of Cass Township, named John Delaney, Jeremiah Curran, John Boyle, James Burgan, Henry Dooling and John Nash, came into Minersville on a "bit of a spree." While in Minersville they succeeded in getting drunk and into a fight with some of their fellow-countrymen there. Finally they left Minersville to return home. While on the road they stopped at the public house of Martin Finley. They commenced operations there by knocking the landlord down; continued them by drinking all the whiskey they could swallow, and finally they broke open the rest, rifling the money-drawer, and decamping. The same night they were arrested by Marshal Shoemaker, Policemen Hughes and Chas. W. Taylor, of Minersville, and committed to prison—Delaney in default of $1300 bail; Curran in default of $1200 bail, and the others in default of $1000 bail each. On Monday the required bail was furnished, and the prisoners were discharged from custody.

The two Presbyterian churches of our Borough during the absence of Rev. Mr. Riley, the pastor of the First Church, are holding a Union service in the morning in the Second Church, and in the other in the evening. Rev. Prentiss DeVeuve the pastor of the Second Church, officiating. The fraternal feeling evidently manifest in the large audiences that attended the Union services last Sunday, was but a reflection of the growing desire for Union in the two great branches of the Christian Church in this country, as far as the eye can reach which, ignoring all petty differences of doctrine and recognizing the great principles which have made the Presbyterian Church in its sphere a powerful champion of Christianity and Christian and civil liberty the world over, would concentrate the forces of the church to secure their most effective operation. We trust that every true friend of Christianity will share our sincere pleasure in chronicling the harmony and kindly feeling displayed in these united services.

Unfounded Charge of Murder.—On Monday last a man named Joseph Bishop appeared before Squire Reed and made oath that upon information he had received he believed that Peter Dillman, coal train engineer on the Reading Railroad, did on the night of the 16th inst., at the upper station in Reading, willfully and maliciously start his engine and train, while Andrew Lienhede, conductor, was uncoupling cars, without receiving a signal or blowing the whistle, thereby causing the death of Lienhde, who was then and there killed. A warrant for Dillman's arrest was issued and on the same day he was arrested in Palo Alto and committed to prison. On Tuesday Dillman had a hearing before Squire Reed, and there not being a particle of evidence to show that Lienhde came to his death in any but an accidental manner, Dillman was discharged from custody. A man named Owens with whom Dillman had a difficulty about some days since, gave the information to Bishop that led to Dillman's arrest.

The Mozart Musical Association of Pottsville.—This Association which starts with favorable auspices, has been formally organized by the election of the following permanent officers:—President—Wm: H. Gore. Vice President—Myer Kuhn. Secretary—B. Galland. Treasurer—F. W. Huntzinger. Librarian—Chas. Glenn.

The number of active members was originally placed at thirty, which is now full, and will be increased in the future, by a proposal in each and election. The initiation fee will be five dollars.

Citizens are invited to become contributing members to the Association, for the purpose of the purchase of instruments, to pay room rent, etc. In all the social musical gatherings which the Association may have in this Borough, of course contributing members with their families would participate. As the object of this Association is solely to cultivate a taste for music and for mutual pleasure and improvement, it should embrace a large contributing membership.

Debate.—The question, "Which has been the greater evil, Intemperance or Slavery?" will be discussed by the Minersville Literary Association next Monday evening in the Odd Fellows' Hall. The disputants will be Messrs. Morgan, Morris, Jenkin Wells, Rev. A. Judson Hastings, and Dr. J. W. Danenhower, and on the Negative, Messrs. Jno. Davies, Evans, Chas. R. Brown, and Jno. Watkins. This question is an interesting one, and the debaters chosen will no doubt ably contrast the vices of Intemperance and Slavery, the two great evils which have made America famous. It is hoped and expected that the Hall will be filled with a large and appreciative audience, who will attend, not only for the purpose of hearing this National question discussed, but to encourage the members of the Association in their praiseworthy effort to sustain a good debating school in the town.

The debate will be opened at precisely 8 o'clock, and the members as well as all others, are requested to be punctual in their attendance.

Proceedings of the Pottsville School Board.—A stated meeting of the Board was held on Wednesday evening last. Present, Messrs. Bell, Huber, Smith, Hodgson, Heebner, Martz, Derr, Fox, Sheafer, and Roseberry, President pro tem. The minutes of previous meeting were read and adopted.

Committees on subject on salary of Mr. Cake and on repairs at Norwegian street school house, were continued.

The Building Committee on putting in water at Sharp Mountain school house, reported work done. The President was authorized to set up a wood-house, because wood is evidently one of the great staples of England. Between Liverpool and London, and such districts we visited in the first two days, we found almost every field, however small, containing flocks of sheep from 10 up to 200 and more; we have no recollection of seeing so many sheep before. England has been famous for its roast beef and plum puddings, but from what we have seen, we should be inclined to believe that more mutton than roast beef is consumed in England. The country we traversed appeared to be largely devoted to the raising of hay and grazing. We scarcely saw a field of grain, and only one field of clover, and this was quite short. They were in the midst of hay-making, and the yield with but few exceptions, appeared to be very good. They have had a late and cold season the same as in the United States. The laboring population of England is evidently improving, as we have witnessed so far, but little equalls poverty, and scarcely any beggars. That it exists to a great extent, is well known, but it is kept out of sight particularly in the cities of Liverpool and London, or at least such parts as I have witnessed. If we do not check the rpm traffic in the United States, we will soon present more squalid misery and poverty than can be witnessed in Europe by travelers.

It is rather amusing to hear the arguments advanced by Englishmen in favor of free trade. We fell in with several who tried very hard to convince us that protection was very injurious to the interests of any nation, and that it was rapidly becoming obsolete. We replied, that notwithstanding their boasted free trade principles, England was the best protected nation in her industry in the world. We then cited the protection maintained for upwards of one hundred and fifty years, she has built up machinery equal to the working capacity of seven hundred millions of men, drawing wealth from every nation in the world, until her coffers were full, and capital could be obtained, under some peculiar circumstances, at rates varying from 2½ to 5 per cent., to her business community; that with this immense machinery in motion, she had cheapened the price of all her manufactured products, so that she could undersell the rest of the world, while the price of labor has absolutely advanced, and particularly skilled labor required to operate this machinery, is now as high, if not higher, than in the United States. This we considered the greatest system of protection that any nation could possess. Give us your machinery and capital, and I will guarantee that we will also advocate the kind of free trade that England advocates, and remove all our duties to the same extent that England has (done—but until then, we deem it the policy of our Government to protect our industrial pursuits in a similar manner, and when we have the same amount of *seven* less machinery constructed than Great Britain, we will be willing to adopt the so-called principle of free trade. This stopped the discussion on that point very suddenly.

Business in England, and in fact throughout France and Europe, partakes of the same dullness as in the United States. Dull times in the United States, with its great market for these surplus productions, always affects these countries, because it operates doubly against them—first, the inability of the great masses in the United States to consume to the same extent at home, which checks importations, and carries a stagnation in business here also, which also checks consumption in these countries, in addition to the destruction of their United States market to a considerable extent for these surplus productions. Intelligent men here admit that dull times in England are caused by the depression in the United States, to which may be added the numerous railroad defalcations and rascality, which have recently been brought to light by stringent investigations. The same rascality that controls many of the railroads in the United States has its counterpart in England, and the consequence is that moneyed men are afraid to invest in such securities.

When I took around and see the power and the wealth which has been created by the protective policy in England, we would appeal to the American people and particularly to the working classes. Swear on the altar of your country, that you will never vote for a man for any office, who does not support the protective policy of the country, or who, while he professes to be in favor of such a policy, adheres to and strengthens the party opposed to protection, such a person is a curse to the country, an enemy to the productive industry of the nation, and in fact, an enemy to humanity. Far better put them in our asylum, and support them at the public expense, than suffer such persons to make laws to govern a free people. We use strong language, but would to God that every laboring man and mechanic in the United States, could see what Protection has done for England, and they would not think our language too strong.

Here we must close. Adieu, dear Journal, for the present. THE SENIOR EDITOR.

[The following letter should have been received before that published in our last. For some reason unknown to us, it did not come to hand until this week. —ED. MINERS' JOURNAL.]

LETTER FROM MUNICH.

Visit to the Griesbach Waterfall—The Stambbach Cascade—Interlaken—Geneva—The Turner-fest—Trip to Chamouny and Ascent of the Alps—The Castle of Chillon—Return to Zurich—En Route to Munich.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MINERS' JOURNAL.]

MUNICH, June 29th, 1867.

Having returned in safety after the adventurous visit to the Grindelwald glaciers, I proceeded in a steamboat on Lake Brienz to the Griesbach waterfall, which is undoubtedly, one of the finest cascades in the world.—The Griesbach is a stream of water about the size of Norwegian Creek after a pretty smart rain. It has its source in the great Scheidecc Mountain, whence it here falls in a series of pitches that follow each other in immediate succession, a distance of probably, six hundred feet. Under one of these distinct shutes, about midway from the commencement of the fall, a bridge is constructed, over which one may pass and look through the sheet of water and spray into the valley below. At night during the summer season, the proprietor of the hotel here situated is in the habit of illuminating these falls with Bengal fire, and the effect which this produces is eminently grand.

Another beautiful cascade is the Stambbach at Lauterbrunnen, about nine miles from Interlaken. This is about the size of Tumbling Run, and precipitates itself from a perpendicular rock, the enormous distance of nine hundred and twenty-five feet. If the weather is at all windy, it becomes so scattered before reaching the ground that it has the appearance of a column of dust—hence its name—and settles upon the earth, moistening a great surface like a heavy dew. During sunshine it looks like a long veil, whose light and gauzy texture waving to and fro, assuming a variety of shapes by its constantly changing folds, and reflecting a bewildering succession of prismatic colors, produces a result that can only be appreciated by being seen.

Interlaken is a very fashionable resort, and just now the season is in its zenith of bustle and excitement. It is a kind of breathing place—a lova's situation to pause and reflect in for the hundreds, I might say thousands of the unemployed of God's glorious architecture, who are engaged in what is technically termed "doing" Switzerland. There are sixteen hotels, every one of which is capable of accommodating about two hundred guests; yet I am told that the influx of visitors is so great that the establishment of additional boarding places is in immediate contemplation. The Bernoise Oberland presents the most magnificent and indescribable magnitude and grandeur, in the centre of which the towering Jungfrau, veiled in perpetual snow, constitutes the chiefest object of man's wonder and admiration.

Leaving Interlaken, I passed through Bern to Lausanne, and thence to the beautiful city of Geneva—where where the current of the Rhone rushes out with an arrow's swiftness from the bosom of Lake Leman. Geneva, with its fine houses, wide and cleanly thoroughfares, pretty gardens, numerous fountains, magnificent bridges, and—shall I say it?—handsome women; yes, for their faultless figures, fair and spotless complexion, regular and well-defined lineaments, speaking eyes, cheerful expression of countenance, graceful carriage, and the pleasant manner in which they conduct themselves in them that I had not heretofore witnessed in Europe. But here we came under German management, and the pleasanter cars and extreme attention and politeness of the officials came upon us with a suddenness of contrast that was both curious and agreeable.

Geneva was the place of assembling for a number of days previous to my arrival, for the purpose of attending the Turner-fest, or Fete Gymnastique, which is an annual period of festivity and great jubilee, continuing five successive days, on which occasion the Turner or Gymnastic Associations of the different cantons of Switzerland come together in one of the cities, and indulge in reciprocal trials of strength and gymnastic performances, on a great field prepared for the occasion, and decorated with flags, wreaths and flowers.—Indeed, as far as I could see, every house in the city exhibited more or less bunting from windows and windows, and among these all the hotels had the Stars and Stripes floating from at least one window, a circumstance that I strongly suspect was occasioned more by a love for our mooted impressions of the American eagle than any practical information on the subject. I attach itself to that glorious old bird. That is may be said that Geneva came under my observation clothed in its gandiest holiday attire; and were it not for the marring circumstance of great cannon firing, processions with the lond accompaniment of brass bands, boisterous hilarity, bonfires, speeches and illuminations which characterized the commencement of the fete on the Sabbath day, my impression of the city would be an exceedingly pleasant and satisfactory one.

On my way hither I had formed the acquaintance of a worthy gentleman from Pittsburg, Pa., who had just returned from an extensive tour through Syria and the Holy Land, and with whom I now proceeded in a diligence to Chamouny, to see the great giant of the Alps, Mont Blanc, and its associate chain of mountains. This was my first acquaintance with the European institution, a diligence, a great lumbering concern like a menagerie wagon, two and a half stories high, and drawn by six powerful horses. On this occasion the caravan contained nineteen passengers—which accounted for the interior, and whose view of the scenery as we passed along was very obscure; six who were above these, in the second story, and five others, who were perched still higher up in the front part of the vehicle, and protected from the weather by an awning. These five constituted myself and my friend and myself, two gentlemen and a lady from Australia. The distance from Geneva to Chamouny is forty-two miles, which we made in twelve hours. On the following