

uttered, still spread the flame of patriotism through the American breast; his counsels were still listened to with reverence; and, almost alone among statesmen, he in his retirement was in harmony with every onward movement of his time. His prevailing influence assisted to sway a neighboring nation to desire to share our institutions; his ear heard the footsteps of the coming millions that are to gladden our western shores; and his eye discerned in the dim distance the whitening sails that are to enliven the waters of the Pacific with the social sound of our successful commerce.

Age had whitened his locks, and dimmed his eye, and spread around him the infirmities and venerable emblems of many years of toilsome service; but his heart beat as warmly as in his youth, and his courage was as firm as it had ever been in the day of battle. But while his affections were still for his friends and his country, his thoughts were already in a better world. That exalted mind, which in active life had always had unity of perception and will, which in action had never flattered by doubt, and which in council had always reverted to first principles and general laws, now gave itself up to communing with the Infinite: He was a believer: from feeling, from experience, from conviction. Not a shadow of scepticism ever dimmed the lustre of his mind. Proud philosopher! will you smile to know that Andrew Jackson perused reverentially his Psalter and Prayer-book and Bible? Know that Andrew Jackson had faith in the eternity of truth, in the imperishable power of popular freedom, in the destinies of humanity, in the virtues and capacity of the people, in his country's institutions, in the being and overruling providence of a merciful and ever-living God.

The last moment of his life on earth is at hand. It is the Sabbath of the Lord; the brightness and beauty of summer clothe the fields around him; nature is in her glory; but the sublimest spectacle on that day, on earth, was the victory of his unblenching spirit over death itself.

When he first felt the hand of death upon him, "May my enemies," he cried, "find peace; may the liberties of my country endure forever."

When his exhausted system, under the excess of pain, sunk, for a moment, from debility, "Do not weep," said he to his adopted daughter; "my sufferings are less than those of Christ upon the cross; for he, too, as a disciple of the cross, could have devoted himself, in sorrow, for mankind. Feeling his end near, he would see all his family once more; and he spoke to them, one by one, in words of tenderness and affection. His two little grandchildren were absent at Sunday-school. He asked for them; and as they came, he prayed for them, and kissed them, and blessed them. His servants were then admitted; they gathered, some in the room, and some on the outside of the house, clinging to the windows, that they might gaze and hear. And that dying man, thus surrounded, in a gush of fervid eloquence, spoke with inspiration of God, of the Redeemer, of salvation through the atonement, of immortality, of heaven. For he ever thought that pure and undefiled religion was the foundation of private happiness, and the bulwark of republican institutions. Having spoken of immortality in perfect consciousness of his own approaching end, he bade them all farewell. "Dear children," such were his final words, "Dear children, servants, and friends, I trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black—all, both white and black." And having borne his testimony to immortality, he bowed his mighty head, and, without a groan, the spirit of the greatest man of his age escaped to the bosom of his God.

In life, his career had been like the blaze of the sun in the fierceness of its noon-day glory; his death was lovely as the mildest sunset of a summer's evening, when the sun goes down in tranquil beauty without a cloud. To the majestic energy of an indomitable will, he joined a heart capable of the purest and most devoted love, rich in the tenderest affections. On the bloody battle-field of Tohopeki, he saved an infant that clung to the breast of its dying mother; in the stormiest moment of his presidency, at the imminent moment of decision, he paused in his way, to give good counsel to a poor supplicant that had come up to him for succor. Of the stripes in which he was engaged in his earlier life, not one sprung from himself, but in every case he became involved by standing forth as the champion of the weak, the poor, and the defenceless, to shelter the gentle against oppression, to protect the emigrant against the avarice of the speculator. His generous soul revolted at the barbarous practice of duels, and by no man in the land have so many been prevented.

The sorrows of those that were near to him went deeply into his soul; and at the anguish of the wife whom he loved, the orphans whom he adopted, he would melt into tears, and weep and sob like a child.

No man in private life so possessed the hearts of all around him; no public man of this century ever returned to private life with an abiding mastery over the affections of the people. No man with truer instinct received American ideas; no man expressed them so completely, or so boldly, or so sincerely. He was as sincere a man as ever lived. He was wholly, always, and altogether sincere and true.

Up to the last, he dared do anything that it was right to do. He united personal courage and moral courage beyond any man of whom history keeps the record. Before the nation, before the world, before coming ages, he stands forth the representative, for his generation, of

the American mind. And the secret of his greatness is this: By intuitive conception, he shared and possessed all the creative ideas of his country and his time. He expressed them with dauntless intrepidity; he enforced them with an immovable will, he executed them with an electric power that attracted and swayed the American people. The nation, in his time, had not one great thought, of which he was not the boldest and clearest exponent.



V. R. FLETCHER, Esq., at his Real Estate and Coal Office, No. 59 Pine Street, Philadelphia, is authorized to act as Agent, and receipt for all monies due this office, for subscription or advertising.

Also, at his Office, No. 160 Nassau Street, New York.

And S. E. Corner of Baltimore and Calvert sts., Baltimore.

EULOGIUM ON THE DEATH OF GEN. JACKSON.—On our first page we have placed a number of extracts, from an oration delivered at Washington, by Mr. Bancroft, the Secretary of the Navy, on the death of General Jackson. Mr. Bancroft has already attained a high rank as a writer, historian, and statesman; and was, therefore, admirably fitted for the task.

We have also perused, with much pleasure, the eulogium, delivered at Lancaster, by Judge Lewis. It is an able production,—concise, clear, and eloquent; as our readers may judge from an extract in another column.

GEN. CAMERON.—No man stands higher in the confidence of the free and untrammelled democracy of Northumberland county than Gen. Cameron. The proceedings of the celebrations at this place, where he spent a greater part of his early life, will show how he is esteemed where he is best known. And yet we find a number of interested disorganizers, stigmatising the members from this county, for acting in accordance with the wishes of the people, instead of obeying the dictates of an interested clique of office hunters, at Harrisburg.

Statistics in relation to a Continuous Rail Road from Sunbury to Philadelphia.

In our last paper we stated that we would show the deep interest the Reading Rail Road Company had in the completion of the Shamokin, Mahoning, and Schuylkill Road. The estimated tonnage, of the descending trade, we fixed at 140,000 tons, which, at \$1.50 per ton, about the average of the present low rates on the Reading Road, would amount to \$210,000. The tonnage, from Philadelphia back, say 60,000, at \$3.50 per ton, would make \$210,000; or the whole amount of tonnage, making an increase in the receipts of the Reading Road of \$420,000, the net receipts of which may be fairly estimated at \$240,000, which would pay six per cent on a capital of four millions of dollars, and enhance the present value of the Reading Road 40 per cent on its outlay of ten millions. In this estimate we have not included the receipts from travelling, which would embrace nearly the whole of Northern Pennsylvania. But, independent of all this, if there was not a ton of this trade in existence, the coal trade, on the line of the contemplated Road, would, alone, largely increase the income of the Reading Road, besides paying six per cent on twice the estimated cost of construction. The operators of the Shamokin Coal region can now bring their Coal to this place, 19 miles by horse power, at \$10.25 per ton, and would be willing to guarantee to deliver coal at Pottsville at \$2 per ton, where it is now worth from \$2.12 to \$2.25, and pay 50 per cent more freight and toll than is now charged on the Reading Road. The vast extent and abundance of Coal, and the very superior facilities for mining, will enable them to do this with profit to themselves. But a greater part of the Coal region, that will be opened by this Road, will not be more than from 15 to 25 miles from Pottsville, and will be able to compete successfully with the most favored mines of the Schuylkill region, and thus increase the tonnage of the Reading Road to an almost unlimited extent. The estimated cost of the connection, between Shamokin and Pottsville, is \$600,000. We have shown that the tonnage will not be less than 200,000 tons, exclusive of the Anthracite Coal trade, and taking the net receipts at half of the amount, for the same trade, over the Reading Road, we have a clear income of \$120,000, on an expenditure of \$600,000. But, to cover all possible contingencies, let us fix the amount at half that sum and we shall still be able to divide ten per cent on the amount of capital invested, and all without taking into consideration a single ton of the coal trade of the region. The net receipts of the Reading Rail Road, for less than two years, would complete this Road, which might be properly termed the main artery of its future prosperity.

We may hereafter show the importance of this link in the great chain of Rail Road between Philadelphia and Erie, and the New York Rail Road. We have been informed that a company is now exploring the route from Ralston to Blossburg, by which a continuous Rail Road will be formed from Williamsport to Corning, which then would only require a link of 40 miles from this place to Williamsport, to tap the New York Rail Road.

Branch J. Arthur, of Texas, is out against Gen. Houston, in the New York papers, and charges him in connection with President Jones of Texas, of having endeavored to defeat the annexation of Texas to the United States.

GLORIOUS NEWS FROM TEXAS.—By reference to the news, in another column, it will be seen that both Houses of the Texan Congress have unanimously adopted resolutions agreeing to the Annexation of Texas to the United States, on the terms proposed by our government. The convention, to form a constitution for the "State of Texas," assembled on the 4th inst. This convention will also ratify and confirm the decision of Congress. President Jones has pledged himself, in his message, to carry out the expressed will of the people. But should the President even feel disposed to veto the bill, Congress could pass the measure by two thirds, having already passed it unanimously. But President Jones will not be mad enough to oppose a measure which he knows he cannot prevent. Mexico will probably bristle up and threaten war; but, as she will not be supported by any other power, it will amount to nothing. England might be disposed to assist; but, she is too fearful of her own discordant elements at home, to venture into a war with any formidable power. Besides, the present pacific ministry of France must soon yield to the popular will, which is a hereditary hatred of everything English, and the French will not be slow to carry out their ancient grudge, the first opportunity that may offer.

THE WISCONSIN CANAL.—Proposals will be received by this company, at Halifax, on the 30th of this month, for the completion of this Canal, with the necessary Locks, Bridges, Acqueducts, &c. The principal Engineer of the work is S. R. KNEASS, Esq.

SMUT IN WHEAT.—The Halifax Herald says some of the fields, in that neighborhood, are much injured by smut; though the straw is generally exempt from mildew and rust, and the grain is well filled. Those who soaked their seed wheat in salt water and mixed lime among it before sowing, have no smut.

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY, IN SUNBURY.

The sixty-ninth anniversary of American Independence, was celebrated, in this place, with a true patriotic spirit. Long before the hour of day, the roaring of cannon, the ringing of bells, and firing of guns, announced that our National Jubilee was at hand. About 10 o'clock A. M. large numbers of our citizens repaired to a beautiful sylvan retreat, a short distance below town, to participate in the usual festivities of the day.

The meeting being called to order on motion of John B. Packer Esq., GEORGE MARTIN, Esq., was appointed President, and Martin Irwin and C. Bauer, Esqs. Vice Presidents.

On motion of Edward B. Masser, John B. Packer, Esq., was appointed Secretary, Gideon M. Yorks, Esq., Orator of the Day, and Wm. J. Martin, Esq., Reader of the Declaration of Independence.

The Orator having been pronounced, and the Declaration read, the thanks of the meeting were then tendered to both gentlemen, for the able and efficient manner in which they acquitted themselves.

The company then sat down to a most sumptuous repast, prepared for the occasion by Mr. William Searles.

After the removal of the cloth, the following regular and volunteer toasts were drank, amid the firing of cannon, the enlivening strains of music, and enthusiastic cheering of the assemblage.

Regular Toasts.

- 1 The day we celebrate. 13 guns, 9 cheers.
- 2 The memory of Washington. 13 guns, 9 ch.
- 3 The memory of Jackson. 13 guns, 9 ch.
- 4 The memory of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence. 13 guns, 9 ch.
- 5 The memory of the departed heroes of the Revolution. 13 guns, 9 ch.
- 6 The thirteen original States of the confederacy. May each new star that is added to the galaxy, be as true and indomitable as they. 13 guns, 9 cheers.
- 7 The Presidency of the United States.—The most exalted station on earth. May it always be filled by one as honest, capable and deserving as the present incumbent. National salute.
- 8 Hon. James Buchanan, Pennsylvania's favorite son—an enlightened statesman—a skillful diplomatist—an honor to the State that gave him birth—an equal honor to the Nation. Nat. salute.
- 9 Hon. Simon Cameron.—A statesman in every way worthy of the mantle of his predecessor—possessing a perspicacious and vigorous mind, well stored with the most practical and useful knowledge—entertaining just and strictly democratic views upon all questions of state and national policy, and sustaining a character for honesty and integrity, beyond reproach. He is highly deserving the distinguished honor which has been conferred upon him. 3 guns, 16 cheers.
- 10 His excellency, Francis R. Shunk. The noblest work of God, an honest man! With him at the helm of state, we have naught to fear. 3 guns, 6 cheers.
- 11 Texas.—Without wishing to indulge in the vain spirit of prophecy, we may safely predict that ere the wane of another moon, she will be "one of us." 9 guns, 16 cheers.
- 12 Oregon.—"Clearly and unquestionably ours"—ours by discovery, and ours by cession—ours if needs be, at the point of the bayonet. 6 guns, 16 cheers.
- 13 Woman. "Heaven's last best gift to man." 9 cheers.

Volunteer Toasts.

- By George Martin, Esq.—Texas and Oregon.—We will have them; the threats and invectives of England, or any other power, to the contrary notwithstanding. 9 cheers, 3 guns.
- By C. Bower, Esq.—May political differences of opinion, never disturb the peace of social harmony, in our land of liberty. 9 cheers, 3 guns.
- By Martin Irwin, Hon. Simon Cameron.—The base attacks which have been made upon him by a band of disorganizing politicians, but serve to render him doubly dear to the democracy of Old Northumberland. 9 cheers, 3 guns.
- By John B. Packer, Esq.—Andrew Jackson.—The statesman, the chief and the patriot; the wisest of our counsellors, the most valiant of our defenders. His name shall gild the brightest page of his country's history, and his memory be cherished with the most affectionate regard, as long as the love of liberty and admiration of virtue pervade and ennoble the human breast.
- By Edward B. Masser.—Hon. Simon Cameron.—Our worthy and talented U. S. Senator—who by perseverance and honest industry, has risen from a "poor printer-boy" to the high and honorable station which he at present so deservedly occupies. The poor man's friend and benefactor. Heaven grant, that he may long be spared to us, that a free and enlightened people, who know how to appreciate true worth, may reward him. 9 cheers, 3 guns.
- By Wm. J. Martin, Esq.—The spirits that embalméd Packenham, may it teach the proud spirits of Britain, that booty and beauty can be preserved. 9 cheers, 3 guns.
- By Francis Bucher.—Washington, the father of his country—his name is engraven upon the brightest pages of history—upon the hearts of his countrymen. Let his name be a guardian to liberty, and a blessing to a people, at which tyrants tremble. 9 cheers, 3 guns.
- Tune, Washington's March.
- By Charles J. Bruner, Esq.—The Declaration of Independence—May its sentiments be engraven on the heart of every true American. 9 cheers, 3 guns.
- By Jacob Rohrbach.—Gen. Simon Cameron—once the poor boy of Sunbury, now the worthy occupant of a seat in the upper branch of our national legislature. His election affords another happy illustration of the principles of a republican form of government. Here, at least, merit and perseverance have their reward. 9 ch. 3 guns.
- By Chas. M. Hall.—Andrew Jackson.—The compact of the breast-work and leader of the patriots at the battle of New Orleans,—where he composed the lines that worked off the enemies of Independence and plained down whole columns of the foe. A job without a parallel in the history of war. He has been gathered into his fathers, where his form will be revised and corrected, and his good works registered in the book of life. 9 cheers, 3 guns.
- By Jesse M. Simpson.—Frederick J. Fenn.—The craven who dared assault the character of a departed hero and statesman, universally honored by the nation. 6 groans.
- By Col. George Weiser.—Hon. Simon Cameron.—Who ever heard his democracy doubted, until the sapient, ruffian-shirred correspondent of the mercenary organ of a clique, not far removed from the favorite haunts of the "cherry burners," suddenly enlightened us? Oh fie! Petty Martin. 9 cheers, 6 guns.
- By Edward B. Masser.—Gen. Wm. F. Packer.—The Star of the North—a tried and faithful public servant, his transcendent abilities fit him to fill and adorn any station to which he may be called. Higher honors await him. 9 cheers, 3 guns.
- By Martin Irwin, Esq.—America.—The birth place of Freedom—our sincere prayer to heaven is, that it may never be its grave—9 ch. 3 guns.
- Tune "God save America."
- By Chas. G. Martin.—F. J. Fenn.—May this contemptible wretch be scourged by every American for vilifying the deceased sage and patriot, Andrew Jackson, who for purity of motive and love of country, was seldom, if ever, equalled. 6 groans.
- By Wm. Searles.—Champaign to our real friends and real patriots to our sham friends. 6 cheers, 3 guns.
- By A. Guest.—Old Bachelors.—May the gout, tooth-ache, rheumatism and corns on their toes, not allow them rest day nor night, until they cry out in agony of spirits, *Woe-men! Woe-men! Woe-men!* 6 cheers, 3 guns.
- Tune, "Come haste to the wedding."
- By Isaac D. Martin.—F. J. Fenn.—The contemptible slanderer of Gen. Jackson—a man (?) who is so ungrateful, and guilty of uttering such base and foul mouthed slanders against a man, as far superior to him, in everything that is great and good, as Washington to Andre, would't hesitate to rob a child of its birthright—knock the crutches from under a cripple, or steel the butter off of a little "nigger's hot Johnny cake."
- "Oh, for a highway withe in every honest hand, To whip the rascal naked thro' the land!"
- Tune, "Rogue's March." 9 groans.
- By Charles S. Bogar.—The three best generals—General peace, general plenty and general prosperity. 6 cheers, 3 guns.
- By E. B. Masser.—The American Eagle.—Perched upon the dome of the Temple of Liberty—Oregon under the right wing and Texas under the left, intently gazing on California in the distance. 9 cheers, 9 guns.
- By Charles M. Hall.—Hon. Simon Cameron.—Our worthy and popular United States Senator. His election to this important station beautifully illustrates the principles upon which our R-publican Government is founded,—the youth, in the humblest circumstances in life, by proper perseverance and industry, may rise to the most exalted station in the gift of the American people. 9 cheers, 6 guns.
- By George Diehl.—Long life and prosperity To the friends of America. 9 cheers, 2 guns.
- By A. Guest.—The Chief Burgess, Second Burgess, and High Constable of the Borough of Sunbury—A worthy trio. 9 cheers, 6 guns.
- Tune, "Three jolly fellows all in a row"
- By G. M. Yorks, Esq.—"The noble sixteen," who had the independence and firmness to oppose the efforts of King Caucus and his minions, to foist upon the party an ultra free-trade, anti-tariff candidate, are deserving of the gratitude of every true Pennsylvanian. 9 cheers, 6 guns.
- By Peter B. Masser.—"The American Eagle, in its highest pride of flight," looks down with contempt upon Dan. O'Connell, and bids him, if he dare, ————— "Cry havoc, And let slip the dogs of war!" 9 cheers, 6 guns.

By Henry C. Martin.—The fair sex—Love to one, friendship to a few, and good-will to all. 6 cheers, 3 guns.

By Henry Bucher.—The American Eagle.—May each and every feather in its wings, serve to write a "Declaration of Independence," for as many nations. 9 cheers, 3 guns.

By W. H. Thompson.—General Simon Cameron.—A man whom democrats delight to honor—his elevation is offensive only to the designing and corrupt. 9 cheers, 3 guns.

By Caleb Fisher, Esq.—Simon Cameron.—May his present elevation be an inducement to all young men to persevere. 9 cheers, 3 guns.

By Francis Bower.—Francis R. Shunk, Governor of Pennsylvania—Republican in his sentiments—upright in all his actions, and steadfast in his adherence to democratic measures. With him as our leader, we will never be cursed with repudiation. 9 cheers, 6 guns.

By Duncan Myers.—F. J. Fenn, the slanderer of General Jackson.— Cursed be the man, could so abuse! All hope of Heaven may he lose! Hunger, no meat!—thirst, no drink! The air he breathes, a pestilential stink. May his flesh dwindle to a size, That he himself—himself despise. Foul reproach and scrofula hanging on, Till his sores form only one. And when in coffin, he's concealed, His face no more to be revealed, May devils whisper, in accents fell, Come Fenn, you're wanted down in hell. Tune, "The Devil's Dream." 9 groans.

By George Clarke.—May we never forget the "fifty-six," who held that "all men are created free and equal," and who, on this day sixty-nine years ago, asserted their rights, and proclaimed them to the world, to be "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." 9 cheers, 3 guns.

By John Arnold.—Texas.—This day, no doubt, she is ours; if so, we hail her, on her return into the Union, with heartfelt joy. Thus let the Tree of Liberty spread—let its branches extend over every nation, until one universal shout of freedom shall shake the very earth to its centre. 9 cheers, 3 guns.

By D. Clinton Fisher.—The Sunbury Artillerists, who commanded the cannon—May our country, in the hour of danger, never want better, or more courageous hearts, to defend her rights. 6 cheers, 3 guns.

By a Guest.—Sunbury.—May it always have the spirit to properly celebrate the 4th of July. 6 cheers, 3 guns.

By a Guest.—Our Host, Wm. Searles.—Our sincere thanks are due, for his beautiful table. May his days be many and his dreams sweet. 3 cheers, 3 guns.

Celebration of the 4th, at Wharton's.

A number of the citizens of our Borough, and visitors, celebrated the day at the Hotel of C. D. Wharton. After the company had amply discussed the viands which were bountifully provided and invitingly arranged by the host and hostess, SAMUEL D. JORDAN, Esq., was called to preside at the board, assisted by Capt. S. Hexven. The Declaration of Independence was read by Charles Pleasants, Esq., and a few pertinent remarks made by C. W. Hegin, Esq., and Major W. L. Dewart.

(Owing to the late hour at which we received the proceedings of the company, we are obliged to omit the regular, but give below as many of the volunteer toasts as we could find space for.—E.)

By Samuel D. Jordan.—Texas.—Another link in the chain that united a Free People—A bright star in the political Heaven. May it strengthen the one, and shine a pure and glorious light in the other.

By Capt. Hunter.—The great interests of the Country—Let them be fairly and justly protected, and the asperities and animosities, engendered by party strife, will soon be forgotten amidst our general prosperity.

By Samuel R. Wood.—Hon. Simon Cameron.—The able and tried friend of the Tariff. He knows the interests of his native state, and never will abandon them to subservise the selfish views of party hacks.

By Major W. L. Dewart.—The union and harmony of the Democratic party—Forbearance, concession, conciliation—every thing for the cause.

By C. W. Hegin.—Our country's honored dead—Their illustrious deeds are silent monitors, eloquently teaching her sons courage, patriotism and philanthropy.

By Charles Pleasants.—Pennsylvania—Redeemed from the disgrace of partial bankruptcy—her citizens honest and intelligent, may proudly bear aloft the escutcheon of her country: "Virtue, Liberty and Independence."

By Dr. J. B. Masser.—Hon. Simon Cameron.—The Democracy of Pennsylvania place implicit confidence in the purity and soundness of his political principles. The voice of disorganizers and political demagogues may be raised against him—mercenary presses may be established, for the purpose of crying him down, but all these efforts will only have the effect of rendering him still more dear to the people of the old "Key-Stone."

By Thomas G. Hegin.—Hon. Simon Cameron.—A worthy son of the staunch Democracy of Old Northumberland. Those who attempt to lop off the branch, wound the parent stem.

By a Guest.—Legislative dictation—Induced by the same spirit that led the precocious boy to threaten to nip his grand other in the bud. Foolish, impudent, disobedient and ridiculous.

By Dr. John W. Peal.—Oregon.—Let our rights be asserted with dignity, supported by reason, and enforced with the courage of Freeman.

By a Guest.—Edward Y. Bright, Esq.—The intelligent, indefatigable and independent representative. His industry and fearless course have endeared him to his constituents.

By the Company.—Our Fair Country Women—Like the sun, whether absent or present, their virtues shed their genial influences around us.

By the Company.—Our Host and Hostess.—Their abundant and elegant cheer give ample evidence of their knowledge of the Art Divine.

Rail Road from Philadelphia to the Susquehanna.

The following communication is from a correspondent of the U. S. Gazette, over the signature of "A Traveller."

"JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, Esq.—In a little tour which I recently made through Pottsville, across the mountains to Sunbury, and for some distance up the north branch of the Susquehanna, I was forcibly struck with the beneficial effects of the tariff of 1842. Two years ago, I made a similar tour, when business of every kind was entirely paralyzed, particularly the iron business—very few of the furnaces being then in blast. Now, in the little town of Danville, there are several furnaces in successful operation, turning out large quantities of pig iron every week. And I am told they have advertised for proposals to furnish them with two hundred thousand tons of coal, for their operations the coming year. In fact, I believe one company, "The Danville Iron Company," have alone done this without including the other iron works.

Men of experience in the business say, that pig iron can be made with anthracite coal at a cost of not more than 15 to 17 dollars per ton. It now brings in Philadelphia, I believe, from 31 to 36 dollars per ton.

This cost of production is that of works on the Schuylkill and Susquehanna rivers. These furnaces give employment to a large number of laborers, who consume the agricultural products of the farmer, and create a home market of considerable magnitude.

At Danville there are now being erected, and nearly completed, rolling mills of the largest class, with all the fixtures and appliances for making rail road iron of the heaviest kind, which will vastly increase the consumption of coal, and give employment to a great number of additional hands. These rolling mills are being built by the "Danville Iron Company," and are estimated to cost, when finished, about 100,000. So far, I am informed, the profits of their furnace has paid the expense of the rolling mills. And if iron continues a short time longer to bring present prices, the profits of the furnace will pay the cost of the rolling mills; and this as fast as the workmen can progress. I was told yesterday by a gentleman direct from Danville, that the profits on pig iron of the "Danville Iron Company," averaged five thousand dollars per week. I was surprised to learn the fact, this extensive iron company was composed of citizens from other States, who will make a princely fortune in a few years, without the shadow of a doubt. Where are Pennsylvania capitalists? why do they neglect to profit by the great mineral wealth of our mountain regions? when a little capital and enterprise, properly employed, would yield such large returns, comparatively speaking, without any risk.

The district of country lying between Pottsville and Sunbury is one of vast interest, on account of its almost inexhaustible mineral productions. Here anthracite coal of the first quality, and iron ore of a superior kind, are in the mountain side by side. I took occasion to visit Locust Gap, a narrow valley made by the passage of Locust creek through the Locust mountain, cutting it to its very base. It looks as if the hand of nature had taken a slice out of the mountain, to let the creek pass through. Here is a body of coal, the magnitude of which I had no conception before I saw it. The coal veins on the two ends of the mountain are indicated by depressions of something like one, two and three feet below the adjoining surface of the overlying earth which covers the slate veins. Experienced miners informed me that these depressions are sure evidence that they overlay the coal veins, which in many places near the base of the mountain, were entirely denuded by the overthrow of large pine trees, which had been blown down some short time before. At one place, I think there was at least half a ton of coal lying in the creek, that had followed the downfall of a large pine tree. The valley, and for one fourth way up the mountain, is covered with a heavy growth of white pine. There does not appear to be more than from two to five feet of earth covering the coal, even at the base of the mountain—of course it is less and less the higher you ascend. Iron ore is said to abound here side by side with the coal measures, making this one of the most advantageous locations for building furnaces and other iron works; all the materials for making iron being either on the ground or near by; iron ore and coal on the ground, and lime stone near by. Locust creek is a considerable stream, sufficiently large for saw mills and other manufacturing purposes. I should think—having great fall, its power could be made doubly available.

I was informed a few days ago by a gentleman of Sunbury, that the "Danville Iron Company" had lately tested the coal from Locust Gap, and pronounced it superior to any they have used. This region (that is Locust Gap and the region round about) is, in my humble opinion sure to become, in a short time, one of the greatest coal and iron manufacturing districts in the United States, if not in the world. Nature appears to have formed it for that special purpose.

All who have visited Locust Gap, that I have seen, unhesitatingly say that they never saw its equals for natural advantages. The veins of coal being accessible at the two ends of the mountain, which presents a breast of four hundred feet above water level, affording facilities for mining each way in the mountain, and at the cheapest rate. No sinking of shafts, or slopes, no excavating tunnels at a ruinous expense, no stationary steam engines, to be worked night and day, summer and winter—ash, but drifts being at all necessary for mining coal

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- 5 The memory of the departed heroes of the Revolution. 13 guns, 9 ch.
- 6 The thirteen original States of the confederacy. May each new star that is added to the galaxy, be as true and indomitable as they. 13 guns, 9 cheers.
- 7 The Presidency of the United States.—The most exalted station on earth. May it always be filled by one as honest, capable and deserving as the present incumbent. National salute.
- 8 Hon. James Buchanan, Pennsylvania's favorite son—an enlightened statesman—a skillful diplomatist—an honor to the State that gave him birth—an equal honor to the Nation. Nat. salute.
- 9 Hon. Simon Cameron.—A statesman in every way worthy of the mantle of his predecessor—possessing a perspicacious and vigorous mind, well stored with the most practical and useful knowledge—entertaining just and strictly democratic views upon all questions of state and national policy, and sustaining a character for honesty and integrity, beyond reproach. He is highly deserving the distinguished honor which has been conferred upon him. 3 guns, 16 cheers.
- 10 His excellency, Francis R. Shunk. The noblest work of God, an honest man! With him at the helm of state, we have naught to fear. 3 guns, 6 cheers.
- 11 Texas.—Without wishing to indulge in the vain spirit of prophecy, we may safely predict that ere the wane of another moon, she will be "one of us." 9 guns, 16 cheers.
- 12 Oregon.—"Clearly and unquestionably ours"—ours by discovery, and ours by cession—ours if needs be, at the point of the bayonet. 6 guns, 16 cheers.
- 13 Woman. "Heaven's last best gift to man." 9 cheers.