

MAUCH CHUNK.



The Coal Landing and town of Mauch Chunk, of which the above is a correct view, is situated on the right bank of the River Lehigh, in Northampton county, twelve miles above the Water Gap, the point where the Lehigh breaks through the Kittatinny or Blue Mountain, and enters the Lehigh Valley. It is 80 miles by land and 127 by canal from Philadelphia, and 96 by land, and 152 by canal from New York. It is 36 miles from Easton, the seat of justice of Northampton county, and 32 by turnpike from the Susquehanna and Pennsylvania canal at Berwick.

The town occupies a small area at the confluence of the Mauch Chunk creek and the Lehigh, and is nearly encircled by a chain of mountains some of which obtain an elevation of a thousand feet. The face of these mountains, although covered with fragments of rocks, and displaying in many places huge precipices of great extent, is scattered over with trees and shrubs, which in the summer season spread their green canopy before the eye obscuring the rough surface of the mountain, and forming a pleasing contrast with the white cluster of buildings which lie buried beneath its shade. Previous to 1818, the spot where the town now stands, was a perfect wilderness, covered with forest trees and under brush, affording a secure retreat and covert for the wild animals common to this mountainous region. It had been known many years previous to this date, that the Mauch Chunk Mountain contained anthracite coal,* but up to this time

every attempt which had been made to work the mines and convey coal to market, had proved abortive.

In the spring of 1818, JOSIAH WHITE and ERSKINE HAZARD, having satisfied themselves of the advantages of anthracite coal as a fuel, by a series of experiments which they had made with it in the manufacture of iron wire at the falls of the Schuylkill, determined on visiting this region, with a view to ascertain the extent of the coal beds, and the facilities which the River Lehigh presented for a slack water navigation. Their exploration was completed in the course of a few weeks, and notwithstanding numerous obstacles presented themselves to the accomplishment of the enterprise which they had in view, such as the elevation of the coal beds, their distance from the Lehigh—the rapidity and turbulence of that stream, foaming and dashing over a confined and rocky bed for many miles, and varying its course to nearly every point of the compass—the general sterility of the country, and the want of a convenient market, they determined on making a trial; and accordingly in the summer of 1818, commenced operations in the immediate vicinity of Mauch Chunk.

From that time to the present, the town, under the auspices of these gentlemen and their associates, protected by an act of incorporation, has continued to increase until it has justly acquired the celebrity of an active business place, as well as become the favorite resort of the wealth and fashion of our populous towns and cities. But the improvements of the town have thus far been marked by the progress and limited by the extent of the trade which first brought it into existence; and few investments have been made in the

* For an interesting narrative of the discovery of the anthracite of this region, see a paper by Dr. James, of Philadelphia, in the Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Lascivious Love. She standeth in her bower; she courteth their regard; she spreadeth her temptations. Her limbs are soft and delicate; her attire is loose and inviting; wantonness speaketh in her eyes, and on her bosom sitteth temptation. She beckoneth with her finger, she wooeth them with her looks, and by the smoothness of her tongue she endeavoureth to deceive. Ah! fly from her allurements; stop thy ears to her enchanting words: If thou meetest the languishing of her eyes, if thou hearest the softness of her voice, if she casteth her arms about thee, she bindeth thee in chains forever. Shame followeth, and disease, want and care and repentance. Enfeebled by dalliance, with luxury pampered, and softened by sloth, strength shall forsake thy limbs, and health thy constitution: Thy day shall be few, and those inglorious; thy griefs shall be many, yet meet with no compassion.

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THE BIBLE.

The idea of the existence of God, and of a future state, cannot owe its origin to any reasoning on the outward appearance of the works of nature. Some notion of an undefined power might arise from this source, but no notion of a Supreme Intelligence and its consequent handmaid, immortality, can arise from simple reasonings. In fact, the external results of every thing around us, and with which the senses come more immediately in contact, exhibit decay and destruction. The bodies of all living creatures, in time, become so entirely changed as to have no resemblance of what they once were; and the same reasoning which indicates the absence of the soul at the death of the body, will apply to all other animated nature as well as man. From whence then would the thought of immortality arise? If the position be true that reason fails to produce it, there must be an innate revelation possessed by all; an "elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand" upon the soul. From no other source could the heathen nations have derived this light, since they were utterly destitute of Scriptural Revelation. This idea is not new—the poet speaks of the "Divinity that stirs within us," and the Apostle of the approving and disapproving monitor.

But without the prime articles of a soul-cheering faith established by innate or internal revelation, there still remains a void. A God without a moral government throws us into the gloom of Atheism, where the celestial spark is smothered if not extinguished. We take shelter among the wild vagaries of a vain philosophy, which, insisting on a natural cause for all things, concludes by declaring that every thing is uncaused—which leaves us in doubt and uncertainty, and shuts from the soul's vision the last ray of that light beyond the grave, which the Psalmist so beautifully describes.

At this point the Bible presents us with the moral precepts of the Supreme Governor of the Universe—with the assurance of the immortality of the soul, and of the resurrection of the body—and although these truths are they which the mind panted after, as the "hart panteth for the

water brook"—yet strange to tell, they are the very truths which the mind is willing to reject, in this embodied form. And why? Are not all the moral rules of the Bible calculated for the happiness of man in this life—no one can deny it. Are not the ten commandments such as every man would wish his neighbour to obey? Most certainly they are—there is not an intelligent being on earth that would not deprecate the breach of the least of them toward himself. The idea of Supreme Governor, becomes now perfectly intelligible, when we see a moral government producing the happiness of man and worthy of the goodness and glory of its authors. We see further, the prospect opened of an immortality, to all who will seek it, of greater blessedness than the soul, in its most sanguine anticipations of joy, could have hoped for. Why then should I reject a book that removes every obstruction in the way of an instructive contemplation of the character of the Deity, and the wonders of the universe?

But the Bible, though abounding in historical, religious, and moral learning, presents sentences, which appear to some unintelligible and absurd.—And shall we reject a book which is unrivalled in historical simplicity, poetic beauty and persuasive eloquence, because a few scattered sentences appear obscure or unmeaning? Do we reason thus concerning Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, or any of our favourite authors? No! Then how can we reject this which contains matter of more importance than language can express, and fail to discard those, which in comparison, are lighter than vanity?

Let us cling, then, to this pilot of our hopes and safeguard of our destiny. Let us endeavor to learn more of Him, who "sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers"—who "bringeth princes to nothing and maketh the judges of the earth as vanity"—nor reject, on slight and trivial grounds, that sacred Revelation on which all our hopes of happiness depends.

SPANISH WOMEN.—They are remarkable for the beauty of their hair. Of this they are very proud, and indeed its luxuriance is only equalled by the attention which they lavish on its culture. I have seen a young girl of fourteen, whose hair reached her feet, and was as glossy as the hair of a contessa. All day long, even the lowest order, are brushing, curling, and arranging it. A fruit woman has her hair dressed with as much care as the Duchess of Ossuna. In the summer, they do not wear their *mantilla* (black silk shawl) over their heads, but show their combs, which are of very great size, and are worn on the back of the head. The fashion of these combs varies constantly. Every two or three months you may observe a new form. It is the part of the costume of which a Spanish woman is most proud. The moment that a new comb appears, even a servant wench will run to the melter's with her old one, and thus, with the cost of a dollar or two, appear the next holiday in the newest style. They are of tortoise shell, and with the very fashionable they are white.—*Contarini Fleming.*