

MINEERS' JOURNAL,

AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

WEEKLY BY BENJAMIN BANNAN, POTTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PA.

VOL. XVII.

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 5, 1842.

NO. 6.

Education.—We copy the following interesting article from the Newark Advertiser. It will be seen by the statistics which it presents, that in some of the Southern and Western States, and indeed we may say, in every State in the Union, there is work for the schoolmaster. The ignorance of the white population in the slave-holding States is indeed deplorable. There is a few exercises, a powerful influence over, and control the many. It would appear by the late census that there are upwards of half a million of the free white inhabitants of our country, over 20 years of age, who are unable to read or write! The uneducated population in the Southern and Western States, and the proportion which that number bears to the whole number of whites in New Jersey, it will be seen, is according to the standard, the eighth part in point of popular intelligence. By the same rule, Connecticut stands at the head of the Union, and North Carolina the lowest in the scale. The 'chivalrous south' appears to be far below the Northern and Eastern States. The difference between South Carolina (the birth place of Nullification) where every twelfth man is unable to read and write his name, and Connecticut, (the land of common schools,) where the proportion is the other way more than five hundred to one, is a most striking and instructive commentary upon the state of social and moral improvement in the respective States.

It is proper to remark in justice to our common country and its peculiar and beneficial institutions, that the apparent proportion of popular ignorance is materially increased in some of the States by the presence of large numbers of aliens. Thus New York and Massachusetts, second to none in the facilities for education, have in their large towns great numbers of foreigners, not yet assimilated to American institutions. The same is true to a great extent of the new States. But for those proud members of the 'old thirteen,' Georgia, Virginia and the two Carolinas, there is no such excuse: *Number of whites over 20 who cannot read or write.*

| State | Number of whites over 20 who cannot read or write |
|----------------|---|
| Connecticut | 526 |
| Maine | 3,241 |
| Massachusetts | 4,418 |
| Michigan | 1,600 |
| New Hampshire | 2,270 |
| New Jersey | 3,907 |
| New York | 4,418 |
| Pennsylvania | 3,910 |
| Ohio | 35,394 |
| Louisiana | 4,861 |
| Maryland | 11,695 |
| Mississippi | 8,360 |
| Indiana | 33,100 |
| Illinois | 27,502 |
| Missouri | 17,475 |
| Alabama | 22,593 |
| Georgia | 20,717 |
| Kentucky | 45,018 |
| Virginia | 58,732 |
| South Carolina | 20,615 |
| Arkansas | 6,567 |
| Delaware | 4,832 |
| Tennessee | 58,531 |
| North Carolina | 56,609 |

The reflecting reader will derive some important lessons from the contemplation of this table. It would be a useful service if some one having the leisure and means, should furnish an estimate to show the relative progress of popular intelligence from the commencement of the present century, including the increase of population and the means of popular instruction. We trust our political institutions to the people, and we do well, but it cannot be too often repeated that the public mind must be enlightened to understand, and cultivated to prefer, what is upright and honorable, if we would make them secure, and advance in the highest moral and political happiness.

STATISTICS OF THE IRON MANUFACTURE OF CHESTER COUNTY.

| Year | 4 Furnaces, making annually pig metal and castings—4,000 tons. | 5 Forges, making annually bar-iron and blooms—1,800 tons. | 6 Boiler mills, making annually boiler plate—1,400 tons. | 3 Sheet-iron mills, making annually sheet iron and mill plates—600 tons. | 4 Nail Factories—amount not yet known. | 3 Poulteries. | 3 Trip Hammers. |
|---|--|---|--|--|--|---------------|-----------------|
| Each family consumes per annum 15 bushels wheat—at \$3.00 bus. at \$1.25 | \$18,750 | | | | | | |
| Do. do. 25 bus Corn—15,000 at 40 | 7,500 | | | | | | |
| Do. do. 10 do. potatoes—240,000 at 40 | 24,000 | | | | | | |
| Do. do. 400 lbs. beef—240,000 lbs. at 15 | 12,000 | | | | | | |
| Do. do. 200 lbs. pork—312,000 do. at 12 | 12,480 | | | | | | |
| Do. do. tobacco—4,680 do. at 25 | 1,170 | | | | | | |
| 200 horses employed at the various works, using half a bushel of corn each per day, amounting to 350 bushels. | 18,750 | | | | | | |
| Consuming also 400 tons hay, at \$10 | 4,000 | | | | | | |
| 3 charcoal furnaces, and 6 forges consume annually 24,000 cords wood, at \$1 | 24,000 | | | | | | |
| 624 families, 5,240 do. | 1,620 | | | | | | |

Amount paid annually to our own farmers, \$101,116. The number of persons above enumerated, comprises about the one twenty-third part of the population of Chester county, or one out of every twenty-three, depending entirely for their support on our iron manufactures, beside a large number more remotely dependent, such as wheelwrights, shoemakers, boatmen, carmen, &c. Here also we have a market for the products of 120 farms of 150 acres each, which is more than the one-twentieth part of all the tillable land in the county.

The Louisville Journal furnishes the following sketch of a rather daring movement of a young lady: A LOUISVILLE BELLE.—A few nights ago, one of the most accomplished belles of this city, while sleeping in the arms of her partner with Mr. Charles W. Thurston, who is in feeble health, was suddenly roused by a slight noise. Looking around her, she saw a ruffian, evidently a robber, at a window, in the act of raising it. Leaping up, she made him depart. He hesitated a moment; but seeing that the two ladies were alone in the room, he proceeded with a terrific frown in affecting his entrance. Therupon the young lady instantly seized a large pistol which happened to be in the apartment; cocked it, presenting it at him, and declared her determination to blow his brains out if he did not instantly fly. He knew from her countenance that the would be good as her word, and snatching some small articles of dress from a chair within arm's length of the window, he fled with precipitation. We are told that the young heroine would have fired if she had known that the pistol was certainly loaded; but she feared that it was empty, and that a snare would betray her defencelessness.

A prelate, walking with Dr. Johnson, in St. James Park, remarked, that the trees grew very large and strong, "But," said the prelate, "they have nothing else to do."

The Cry for Bread.
Many will recognize in the following lines from *Sartre's Magazine*, a picture of wretchedness and sorrow of the English poor, in Lester's *Glory and Shame of England*. "While a portion of the people are shouting and rejoicing and wailing millions of it there in celebrating the birth of a child, another portion are dying in the damp cellars for the mere want of food. The kind hearted and philanthropic person of our country can almost hear the deep sighing cry of the destitute and starving mother, as in vain she begs,—*Give my children bread.* Such is the *Shame of England*."

I saw a starving mother stand,
By the gates of a palace proud,
With a whining cry in either hand,
And an infant in her arms;
An infant wailing loud—for dry
Was the font that wont to wash its cry;
And she struck the stones with her feet,
Wailing—*Give my children bread!*

From the palace porch there came
Three high and noble ones;
And chief in the Church's sons;
Softly he strove, for he was fain,
That a charitable heart should be fain,
Whose cries disturbed his reverend head;
Yet the number of utter—*bread!*

The next light passed from that palace door
Was a poor of ancient race;
And he scowled on the beggars, and loudly swore,
"To drive them from the palace—
"Twas hard, 'twas very hard his doors
Should be beset by three and four;
Still the woe only murmured—*bread!*

And then paced forth a lady fair,
With a pale and haggard brow;
But she struck the stones with her feet,
And her eyes were full of woe;
But a pumpled mercy and a sick
With a charitable heart and woman's head,
Spoke out—*Imposters thou! 'tis he!*
So the mother vainly begged for bread!

That night as the Bishop, Peer and Dame,
Sat at their board, and drank and ate,
From a equal cheer shrills came,
A wild and maniac cry;
And then by her own hand lay slain
That starved mother's children twain;
And the wail—*bread!* before was dead,
For there was none to give it bread.

POVERTY IN SCOTLAND.—An American cannot readily imagine the real destitution and suffering prevailing among the poor of Scotland and Ireland. There is in Glasgow a society to afford shelter to the houseless, and twenty-two thousand applications (16,000 of them in different parishes) have been made to secure a night's lodging in a single year. The cost of food supplied to the individual who betakes himself to this refuge, for the night, from the winds and rain, does not exceed three pence per day, and in ordinary cases, those who find protection for the night, go forth, trusting only to the compassion of Heaven in the morning. Typhus fever, produced by extensive want and misery, is never absent from Glasgow or Edinburgh. That these causes have acted powerfully to produce epidemic disease in Scotland, is evident from the following extract from *Observations on the Management of the poor in Scotland*, by Dr. Wm. Pultney Allison, "son of the distinguished author of the *Tax*." "The first epidemic of the first in Edinburgh in 1817, after two bad harvests, and at the same time as the Irish one; the next in 1826, after the great failure in 1825, and the sudden cessation, particularly of building expectations in Edinburgh; and the last in 1836, after the great depression of trade both in Glasgow and Dundee, with which towns the lower orders here are much connected, and under the combination of other circumstances already mentioned, which have depressed the condition of the poor in Edinburgh of late years. In Glasgow the evidence of the operation of this cause is still stronger. Fever seems to have increased and diminished for forty years past, nearly as it did in Edinburgh, until the year 1836, when, after the stagnation of trade, it became much more formidable. For twenty years before 1815, when the town was increasing in wealth, the number of patients in the infirmary never exceeded 100 in the year. In 1817, 1818, and 1819, it amounted to an average of 905 in the year. After the great failure in 1835, it spread so extensively that the numbers taken into Hospitals in 1836, '37, and '38, were 3240 per year, and of these 5387 were in the year 1837 alone. The cases of fever in Glasgow during the three years previous to 1840, were nearly 40,000, and the deaths 2835. In 1837, 2180 died, about one sixth of the whole mortality. During this year 3073 unemployed male operatives applied for work from a public charity; 2273 of these being married men. Dr. Allison is an earnest and eloquent advocate for the introduction of the poor law system into Scotland, and in this respect differs from his friend Dr. Chalmers—*Journal of Commerce.*

EDUCATION AND CHINA.—During the year 1840 the total number of persons educated in England was 19,977 of these 4,105 were transported, out of which number only 390 had received such an education as enabled them to read and understand the Bible, the remaining 3,717 being more or less, and the great majority wholly uneducated. In the county of Salop, during the year 1840, there have been 41 persons transported, not one of whom had received education sufficient to enable him to read the Bible, and the chaplain's report stated that of 222 prisoners in the jail during the last quarter, 56 of them were so deplorably ignorant that they did not even know the name of the Saviour; 61 only had been confirmed 18 only were communicants of the Church of England; the remainder were either Deists or of no religious persuasion whatever. A considerable portion could not read, but many of them had been taught to read, and even write and do the first four rules of arithmetic, while in prison. In Worcestershire the total number of prisoners committed from the year 1835 to 1841, both inclusive, amounts to 1,954. Out of this number of 1,954 no less than 771 prisoners could neither read or write. This is about two-fifths of the whole. And taking the last six years of the number of prisoners who could read and write well were about 231 to counterbalance the 771 who were in a state of complete and deplorable ignorance.

The Earl of Mulgrave, who arrived here in the Britannia, is a pretty good Yankee, being a descendant of William Pitts, who was appointed Governor of Massachusetts by King William in 1691, after having been knighted by King James for his success in recovering £30,000 from a sunken wreck near the Port de la Plata. William Pitts was a pretty good farmer on the Kennebec river, in Maine, before he was Governor, and commanded an Eastern coaster. His father was a gunsmith in Bristol, England.—*Boston Post.*

From the Boston Atlas.
Temperance.
We propose in this number, to make a few remarks upon the cause of the low price of labor in England and Asia. It arises from their different forms of Government. The Government of England is a mixed aristocracy of nobility and wealth. The lands are, with few exceptions held by the nobility and retired capitalists, and leased to their tenants. The independent farmers, who form so important a class in this country, are scarcely known there. As the ballot has not been adopted in England, and the vote is taken viva voce, the large proprietors influence every tenant who pays a rent of ten pounds, and, of course, all the counties of England are under this influence. The counties, with few exceptions, returned members in favor of the Tory majority, who now constitute the Tory majority of the House of Commons. The Tory monopoly gives to the landed proprietor about £2 for every bushel of wheat raised. As only a portion of what is necessary for the consumption of the country is raised, a duty is laid by the sliding scale, whenever it is below that price. So that every inhabitant must pay that price for his bread—and, in case of scarcity, a much higher price.

The great reduction in the price of labor and the high price of food, have produced distress and destitution in the lower classes, exceeding any in Europe. In the year 1834, £7,511,219 sterling, equal to \$47,556,035, were assessed for the poor rates of England exclusive of Ireland and Scotland. It amounted to one-third of the rental of the real estate. It has arisen, principally in this manner. A laborer, with his family applied to the poor house for assistance—upon the ground that the sum he obtains for his work will not support his family. Rather than have the whole family in the poor house, an allowance is made of a sum sufficient, with what he can earn to support him. This has been the common practice. In other instances, their labor has been sold at public auction, at so much per week—and the residue necessary for a support, is paid by the parish. The inevitable effect was to reduce the price of labor, as the regular workman was discharged, and the class substituted. So that a great portion of the laborers of England were impoverished, and still no effectual relief was obtained. The immense sums expended have alarmed the public, and induced Parliament to enact a new poor law, by which relief was limited to the actual inmates of the poor house.

Its operation has sensibly diminished the tax for poor rates—but has produced so much distress, that the Radical party have changed sides in great numbers, and now support the Tories.—The price of labor is, at this moment, as low as it has ever been known. In the last discussion of the corn laws in the House of Commons, the statement was made, and not denied, that the highest price obtained by a wheat in Manchester, per week, with the assistance of his wife and two children able to work, was 10s. 6d. sterling, equal \$6.38. In this country at the present time, several thousand females are employed at Lowell, in the factories, who receive, upon an average, \$3.25 per week—deducting \$1.37 paid for board, they earn \$1.87 per week. The difference in the price of labor for men is greater.—Where the disparity is so great, no competition can be sustained without an efficient protection by government.

With respect to the labor of Russia, it is equally low. We have not, however, the same information upon the subject, that we have relating to England. It is sufficient to state that there are twenty millions of the subjects of that empire who are serfs, and attached to the estates of the proprietors. We now add a statement of the quantity of iron manufactured in this country in 1830 and 1840, and also the quantity imported. It is official, and furnished by the marshals of the United States. The competition in iron is from England, Russia and Sweden.

| Year | Tons | Im. Bars | Tons |
|------|---------|----------|--------|
| 1840 | 310,807 | 201,581 | 95,650 |
| 1830 | 112,000 | 21,750 | 27,600 |

It will be perceived that since the year 1830, the imported Bar Iron has increased in a greater ratio than the domestic, notwithstanding the duty of 30 per cent.

These remarks upon the price of labor in Europe, have been made with a view to show the inability of the United States to compete with those productions of England and Russia of which labor constitutes the chief value. If this fact is established, there can be no question but the Tariff ought to be so framed as to protect, in any event, those manufactures which are necessary for the military and naval defence of the country.

LIVING IN PARIS AND LONDON.—The comparative expenses of London and Parisian house-keepers are often discussed. It is probable that persons of very small or very large fortunes gain by a residence in the French capital; while those of moderate have greater advantages in England. The luxuries of life are incomparably cheaper in Paris; and though an income of £1000 or £2000 per annum may accomplish the same position in either capital, £1000 a year in France is equal to 10,000 pounds in England. This arises in a great measure from the stationary habits, from the smaller number of servants composing a great establishment, and from the inferior manner in which they are accommodated. The upper servants absorb half the expense required by those of the English aristocracy. The stables and equipages are, costly in England, are of less importance. Public amusements, such as the French and Italian opera, are less expensive, and enjoyed with greater moderation; and the sites of the French, though brilliant as regards illumination, are of a more economical order than our own. There is less prodigality, less ostentation; no forced fairs or exotic flowers; no "chickens" wings for half the money; but simply good music in a well-lighted series of rooms with plenty of ice for refreshment, and bouillon for support. The ball rooms of Paris, are consequently secure from that voracious class of the community which till a few years since numbered the dancing rooms of London. (Mrs Gore's *Picturesque Annual.*)

TABLES BETWEEN TWO MEMBERS.—A street affray took place on Wednesday morning, between eleven and twelve o'clock, in front of Gadsby's Hotel. The combatants were Mr. Wm. B. Campbell, of Tennessee, and Mr. Boardman. The origin of the difficulty I do not know, further than that something was alleged to have been spoken in the Hall of the House of Representatives yesterday, by Mr. B. offensive to the member from Tennessee. Mr. C. chose to redress his grievance upon the avenue, and to that end made an attack upon Mr. B. Blow was interchanged, but the parties were soon separated, and without any material damage, except that of character to either party.—*Correspondent's Ball. Post.*

Competence.
From the Public Ledger.
Lines written by a Lady.
As an excuse for her zeal in the cause of Temperance addressed to a friend who told her that she was almost a monomaniac on the subject of alcoholic drink.

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt;
And the cold grave your child's scene—
That struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief sealing the tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every agonizing groan sweep,
Youth's sweetest dower a stern'd gale way
This lonely frame, for a day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Sweep the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay—
The woe that comes from year to year,
Thy prayers beseech'd, 'tis fears deal.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow;
With quaking teeth, his blood in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wailing glance, and see
There, mirror'd, his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,
As a weary fellow's heart hath stir'd,
As a weary fellow's heart hath stir'd,
And his revealing tears,
Her wailing frame, her trembling lip;
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go, to thy mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer,
Mark her own deep sighs and sobs,
Thee own dear'd eye, her farrow'd brow,
The gray that streaks her hoar hair now,
Her wailing frame, her trembling lip;
Had she the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go, hear, see and feel as I know,
All that my soul hath felt or known—
The woe that comes from year to year,
See it's brightening can alone,
Think if it's worth your while to try,
If it's worth your while to try,
If it's worth your while to try,
If it's worth your while to try.

REPORT
Made by the Board of Managers, to the Stockholders of the Mine Hill and Schuylkill Haven Railroad Company, January 10th, 1842.

The net miscellaneous tonnage transported on the Company's road during the past year, amounts to two hundred and thirty-eight thousand one hundred and eighty tons.

| Item | Amount |
|--|-------------|
| For repairs and maintenance of the road, | \$5,929 69 |
| For salaries and expenses of the Board, | 1,670 00 |
| Interest account, | 2,468 68 |
| Total, | \$10,066 37 |

The expenditures during the past season, on account of permanent improvements, amount to thirty-one thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven dollars and eight cents.

The ascending track has been renewed with heavy iron rails, from Schuylkill Haven to the Company's office, a distance of one and a half miles; and also from Indian Run to a point on the Main Branch, one and a half miles above its junction with the West Branch, a distance of two and three quarter miles; making the whole distance thus laid four and a quarter miles.

The West Branch from the Mudly Branch, extension to Deep Creek, a mile of the distance has been laid with heavy iron rails.

On the Wolf Creek lateral, iron rails have been laid, making the whole distance at this point thus renewed nearly a mile.

The damages occasioned by the frosted early in January, and of which the stockholders were informed in the last Annual Report, have been fully repaired—the expenditures being eleven hundred and sixty-three dollars fifty seven cents, chargeable to the contingent fund.

From the Western Statesman.
The Word of God.
When scenes of some horror stand,
And not a source of bliss is found;
We to the word of life we go,
From whence all lasting pleasures flow.

This is the source of lasting joy,
Which all our moments should employ;
Their richest mines are hidden still,
The searching mind with wealth to fill.

Then may that choice, O Lord, be mine,
To search these pages all divine,
And there may I that jewel find,
That so enlarges every mind.

The mind that does these treasures prize,
Is truly ripening for the skies;
To love, not ang, with angels bright,
And dwell in realms of endless light.

An Evening Ramble in Autumn.
At the decline of a day in autumn, just as the wearied sun was withdrawing his cheering rays from the earth, and veiling his face behind the hills that tower up far off in the west, I stood before the old Methodist burial ground.

A stranger might have passed it without bestowing on it a passing glance; not so with me. Often in the summer season, when a boy, had I wandered over its consecrated ground, and wept over the graves of a fond and ingenuous father, and two lovely sisters.

And now, although night was fast setting in, with a bleak north-westerly wind, my feelings carried me to its rude fence, and as I entered, the old worm-eaten gate, in its emblem of corruption—as an ungainly and closed behind me, with a chilly grating sound that chilled my blood.

The trees had cast off their foliage, and every where it might be seen straggling the ground these little emblems of man's mortality. Autumn is a melancholy and contemplative season. The leaves become withered and sere, and fall to the ground—the flowers die, and nature disposes herself of her green and beautiful drapery—the profusion of buds, and the mournful dirge and echoes of the spheres are attuned in sad harmony with the sombre appearances around. The seasons of breeze laden with sweet odors—the beauties and scents of spring—the delightful shades and refreshing showers of bright and joyous summer, are all past, but forgotten. Yes, autumn is here, and though it may be less enchanting, less thrilling than the seasons of fragrant flowers and brighter skies, yet it imparts a healthier, purer lesson to the soul—a calm and more chastened pleasure to the eye. A writer in one of our useful periodicals says—*"A writer is emblematic of the spirit, and innocent gambols of boyhood—summer, of ripe innocence, stirring manhood—but autumn, gloomy, hospital, autumn, with its rich and varied stores, typifies the calm and serene musings of man's more mellowed age—lignified, serene."* Such an evening! The winds were wafting in plaintive cadence among the leafless trees, conveying to my soul their own sad sympathy, melting it down, and filling it with heaven-born aspirations, as my eye almost involuntarily rested on a little mound of earth near the entrance by the lane. A newly placed head-stone informed me that beneath it rested the remains of a little girl aged 12 years—one with whom I had went to school, the sharer of my infantile joys.—"The snows of eight winters had covered her little grave; but twice, my twenty times that number of years could not blot out the fair creature's appearance, which was now so often fixed before my mind—so meek, so heavenly. Oh! how I loved that girl; with what grief was my young bosom rent, when, on returning from a visit to the country, I learned her fate. Death spurs neither age nor sex, else had little Maria lived. But why should we sorrow for the dead, who have gained a rich above the lamentations of the living? When our hearts are called away by the unerring, unalterable will of the Great Architect of the Universe, some wise end is to be accomplished.

"Weep not for her! she is an angel now,
And treads the asphodel flowers of paradise.
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
She, sorrow, suffering, banished from her eyes,
Victorious over death, to her appears.
The vista's joy of heaven's eternal years—
Weep not for her!"

My soul began to die within me, and seeing myself on the cold ground raised about her mound, I gave myself up to reflection—
All who now lie here—the rich and the poor—the staid and the virtuous—the learned and the unlearned—once crowded the streets of yonder city, and all who now move through them, must find a similar relief; the grave is no respecter of persons—no bribery avails it.

Rising from the damp earth, I wandered toward the grave of my schoolmaster, N. A. D.—a man who will long be held in fond remembrance by all who were so fortunate as to be placed under his charge. With the name of schoolmaster, for that is too cold an expression—but the love of his pupil. It were vain to attempt an eulogy of his character here—nothing the writer could say would place an additional layer on the cenotaph which his friends have reared in their own bosoms. Suffice it to say, when Arel Rappold's hand laid his cold clay on his own head, he was not a man who had been forgotten, but a man who was loved, and whose name will long be held in fond remembrance by all who were so fortunate as to be placed under his charge. With the name of schoolmaster, for that is too cold an expression—but the love of his pupil. It were vain to attempt an eulogy of his character here—nothing the writer could say would place an additional layer on the cenotaph which his friends have reared in their own bosoms. Suffice it to say, when Arel Rappold's hand laid his cold clay on his own head, he was not a man who had been forgotten, but a man who was loved, and whose name will long be held in fond remembrance by all who were so fortunate as to be placed under his charge.

On behalf of the Board of Managers,
JAMES DUNDAS, President.
January 10th, 1842.

We have before us a tabular statement of the ruling prices of iron, under various modifications of the tariff, almost from the commencement of the Government. This statement speaks for itself, showing conclusively that whenever the duty upon iron was sufficiently high to protect the home manufacture, the current value in the home market has been invariably reduced, and vice versa. The following fact: In 1798 the duty was \$15 per ton, the current value in the home market was \$90 and \$95 per ton; in 1816 the market was reduced to \$95 per ton, the current value in the home market was \$110 and \$120 per ton; in 1824 the duty was increased \$22 40 per ton, the current value in the home market was \$80 per ton. What, then, do these facts show? Unquestionably that the home manufacture, by the importation of the whole past kept down the price of the imported article. And the reason is palpable. Only destroy the home manufacture, by a mere nominal duty on imported iron, and the price in the home market at once advances to whatever sum the cupidity of foreign capitalists may choose to ask.—*Cin. Republic.*

A chap being asked what he took for a cold—answered: "four pocket handkerchiefs per day, and an out."

The triumph of mind over matter," as the printer said, "was the printed post, lated an out."

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