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THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

Vol. VII, No. 35.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1842.

[Whole No. 347.]

PUBLISHED BY
THEODORE H. CREMER.

TERMS.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, if paid IN ADVANCE, and if not paid within six months, two dollars and a half. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid. Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for every subsequent insertion twenty five cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.



POETRY.

From the Louisville Journal.

The Golden Ringlet.

Here is a little golden tress
Of soft unbraided hair,
The all that's left of loveliness
That once was thought so fair;
And yet, tho' time has dimm'd its sheen,
Though all beside hath fled,
I hold it here, a link between
My spirit and the dead.

Yes, from this shining ringlet still
A mournful memory springs,
That melts my heart, and sends a thrill
Through all its trembling strings.
I think of her, the loved, the wept,
Upon whose forehead fair,
For eighteen years like sunshine slept
This golden curl of hair.

Oh sunny tress! the joyous brow,
Where thou did'st lightly wave
With all thy sister tresses, now
Lies cold within the grave.
That cheek is of its bloom bereft,
That eye no more is gay;
Of all her beauties thou art left,
A solitary ray.

Four years have passed this very June,
Since last we fondly met—
Four years! and yet it seems too soon
To let the heart forget—
Too soon to let the lovely face
From our sad thoughts depart,
And to another give the place
She held within the heart.

Her memory still within my mind
Retains its sweetest power;
It is the perfume left behind,
To whisper of the flower.
Each blossom, that in moments gone
Bound up this sunny curl,
Recalls the form, the look, the tone
Of that enchanting girl.

Her step was like an April rain
O'er beds of violets flung;
Her voice the prelude to a strain
Before the song is sung;
Her life, 'twas like a half blown flower,
Closed ere the shades of even;
Her death the dawn, the blushing hour,
That opens the gates of Heaven.

A single tress! how slight a thing
To sway such magic art,
And bid each soft remembrance spring
Like blossoms in the heart.
It leads me back to days of old—
To her I loved so long,
Whose locks outshone pellucid gold,
Whose lips o'erflowed with song.

Since then, I've heard a thousand lays,
From lips as sweet as hers';
Yet when I strove to give them praise,
I only gave them tears.
I could not bear amid the throng
Where jest and laughter rung,
To hear another sing the song
That trembled on her tongue.

A single shining tress of hair
To bid such memories start?
But tears are on its lustre—there
I lay it on my heart.
Oh! when in death's cold arms I sink,
Who then, with gentle care,
Will keep for me a dark brown link—
A ringlet of my hair? AMELIA.

From the Louisville Journal.

Amelia's Ringlet.

"Oh! when in death's cold arms I sink,
Who then, with gentle care,
Will keep for me a dark brown link—
A ringlet of my hair?"
Say, sweetest minstrel, dost thou think
There's none, with gentle care,
Would keep for thee a dark brown link—
A ringlet of thy hair?
Then think'st thou that sweet poetry
No more can souls inspire;

Else who'd not prize a tress from thee,
Loved mistress of the lyre?

All listless thou, and not a tress
Snatched from the darksome grave!
No kindred heart of tenderness
The treasure that would save!
O! think it not, o'er earth and sea,
Where'er thy song has sped,
A tress of thine would cherished be,
If thou wert with the dead.

If mute the chord whose music soft,
Once charmed the listening throng—
The lute if hushed, whence numbers oft
Gushed forth in thrilling song—
That lute, though silent, still would be
Esteemed a sacred thing,
And in the ear of memory
Its music ever ring.

And thou, whose fairy touch awakes
The melancholy strain,
So sweetly it from sorrow takes
Whate'er is owned of pain;
Will none, when stilled the heart that now
Swells with the soul of song,
Save one loved tress from o'er thy brow,
And guard the treasure long?

When song no more can fill the heart
With feelings pure, refined—
When music ceases to impart
Balm to the troubled mind;
When love the soul no longer knows,
When friendship earth has fled,
Then may thy 'dark brown link' repose
Neglected with the dead.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Amaranth.

A Stray Leaf from the Book of Life.

BY JAMES REES.

CHAPTER I.

"This Book of Life, how fairly it was written!
And fancy's pen had sketch'd its frontispiece!
But why, O fancy! did'st thou mock him thus!
Scarce had he time to read its preface through
Before an angel from the throne of God,
Seal'd up the book no more to be perused."

I have often wondered why some of our southern writers have not taken up the subject of the yellow fever in New Orleans as a theme for the exercise of their talents; it is one of interest, and quite a romance might be woven from its history. It is also true that death would claim a conspicuous place in its annals and the records of its progress would be but a monument of his power. One circumstance I will relate, as it fell under my own notice; leaving the field rich in all the ingredients for story telling to those of more learning, and leisure.

In a little town of Massachusetts resided a family by the name of Morton, consisting of four persons, viz: a man and his wife, and two children, boy and girl. They held property in the town, and when Robert the son reached his twenty-first year—the deeds and titles of his portion were placed into his hands by those who were constituted his guardians. Up to this portion of his life Robert had lived in the words of the church of England's prayer-book, "a sober upright and righteous life," he was indeed a model for the young men of that, or any other town in the Union, but soon a change came o'er his dream of life, the smooth current, was to be ruffled, and the cup of human happiness dashed from his lips. It came in this wise. There had been no religion in the town since its incorporation by town council assembled, but that of Presbyterian, beyond that the good people neither knew, nor wished for another. The march of improvement however does not overlook the morals of the people in its onward course, for numerous missionaries fully authorized by the church were travelling over the country endeavoring to establish their new doctrines in every town and village through which they passed, nor is this to be wondered at—for speculative religion is not incompatible with the speculative spirit of the American people, it is a part of them—it is their nature. Among those who are zealous in their attempts to enlighten mankind upon the mystified subject of religion, (which by the way is as plain and as simple as a pike staff,) where the universalists—they indeed performed wonders, nor did the little town of which we have spoken escape their eagle eyes, they picked it up as they would a lost sheep, and endeavored to restore it to the fold. Presbyterianism had laid its eternal net upon the place, and the promises of Eternal happiness could not remove it—Universalism tried to get a foothold, and offered a high price for a piece of ground, for the purpose of rearing its temple thereon—not one from the great mass of inhabitants would sell an inch of ground for that purpose. "What," exclaimed an old grey headed man—"sell to the arch-fiend—sell our souls for lucre? Avant sathanes—avant foul fiend!"

Now it so happened that Robert Morton heard of the proposition—he had no such scruples as the good folks of the town—he had read much—wondered more, and cared less. He immediately called upon the "agents of the devil" as parson Parker called them, and offered his lot—it was purchased, and Robert Morton was looked upon as a doomed man. His father's curse was upon him, his mother's prayers could not avail—his sister's tears were as nothing—the deed was done, and no human power could recall it—it was registered in heaven or hell, as the opinion of the "high court" might determine. Sanctified as the people of the town were, still there were some who had the spirit of Judge Lynch in them. A meeting was held in the bar-room of a temperance hotel: and it was there resolved that Robert Morton should be publicly disgraced—which, in other words, means that he should be lynched. That night it was performed. Next morning Robert Morton was missed from the town: Weeks, months, rolled away, and no tidings of him could be heard. There was mourning in his father's house, and the deep curse that had been uttered was revoked. Still no tidings of Robert. A mother's prayer was unanswered—a sister's tears disregarded; he came not; even his disgrace was forgotten, and the mild blue eyes of an orphan girl who had loved, were filled with tears; her cheeks had paled as it were for "hope deferred;" and she sickened and died, weeping for him she loved—loved even in death: Then followed another death: old Morton remembered his curse, and it withered his own heart; and it recoiled upon him, and he died. Again there was mourning in the house; again had misery touched the chords and produced discordant sounds in the human heart. Still no tidings of Robert. Suspense was maddening; it lengthened the chord which held hope almost to its fearful tension; one more stretch and it was broken. The agony was over; hope was silenced; and the dead mourned, as those we loved while living are mourned, and when the clay cold sod covers them, and the green grass grows upon their graves, as the broad waters rolling calmly, bearing upon its bosom the bodies of the departed, announced in a New York paper, that a young man named "Robert Morton," died at sea, on his way to Liverpool, in the packet ship Ohio, Captain Williams. The account gave the place of his birth, and some slight allusions was made to the supposed cause of his death. It left no doubt of its truth, and his memory was treasured by two fond hearts whose duty it was to remember him.

CHAPTER II.

"The noiseless sorrow tells the tale
That the strings of the heart are broken."
Six years had rolled away since the incidents in the last chapter had occurred, and the memory of Robert Morton was forgotten by all save two whose task it was to pray for the dead, that when their last sleep is broken, they may avail something with Him who sits upon the eternal throne in all the majesty of the king of kings, to judge all according to the deeds done in the body.

I had left my native village after the sudden appearance of Robert—I knew him well, we were school-fellows. I knew nothing of his disgrace, until it became such—then it was too late—he left us. Business called me to New Orleans and detained me there; I passed thro' the severe summers of 1831-2, when the combined foes of the human race—cholera and yellow fever—were "going it strong" in that fated place. I will not describe the horrors of that time—abler pens than mine have attempted it, and they have failed; why should I dream of it.

It was in the month of August, 1837, while seated in my office, (for I am an exchange broker, or more properly speaking a shaver, a sort of blood-sucker on society, a "gatherer up of trifles," one of those whose business it is to get rich on the misery of his fellows, a sort of amphibious reptile, that all mankind shun, but all are compelled to approach as if by the power of its fascination—our profession is a bad one, and thus admitting it, I care not how soon the system is destroyed. A shaver's confession would tend to palliate even a murderer's crimes.) I was interrupted by the entrance of a young man whose appearance afflicted me so much that I could scarcely speak, a cold shiver came over me—my knees trembled so that I was compelled to sit down—having attended to his business which was the exchanging of some money, I enquired if his name was not "Morton"—for so certain was I that he stood before me, I would have sworn to it unhesitatingly upon a Catholic, or Campbellite bible. He gazed at me for a moment—a shade passed over his countenance—as it were a cloud of other days. He answered, "No sir—my name is Mortimer." It was a prevarication—I knew my friend, and thus addressed him—"Robert it is useless to deny your name—I had credited the rumour of your death—

and when you first came into my office your appearance quite unmanned me—speak! why this disguise?" "Well Jones—there is no use denying it, give me your hand. I have kept my secret long enough—it is grown tiresome—now that in is out, tell me of my parents—my sister?" "Your father, Robert, sleeps with the dead—your mother mourned your death long, but recently an idea came into her head that you were not dead but would return—will you write—or shall I?" "Write for me, Jones—get her pardon and I will return, like the prodigal son—asking for—and receiving—forgiveness."

The yellow fever had just made its appearance—a few deaths had already occurred. I advised Morton to quit the city, and I would communicate with him; this he promised to do, and the letter was sent to his mother. Time sped on—winging its flight—while death after death filled up the gloomy catalogue of seventy or eighty of its victims a day in our city. How strange, how mysterious are the ways of heaven—the third day after the departure of my letter, Morton was taken sick, and died—the black vomit did its work.

I awaited somewhat nervously for the good old lady's letter—it came—joy was in it—every line breathed a mother's spirit—she spoke of her boy—her Robert—she spoke of dreams which she had in the sad solemn hours of midnight, which told of his return, she spoke of mysterious feelings which whispered hope to her breaking heart, "and," she exclaimed "he has come—he has come to bless my old heart, and make my household happy—my son—my poor boy, whom I mourned dead is alive—bid him come—if he be poor—give him money, anything only let me embrace him once more ere I die—then I care not how soon I am laid in the tomb." So wrote the mother! but alas—I will not proceed. My task was simply to announce his death—gather up his money and effects, deduct expenses, and commission, (even friendship could not sway or alter the immutable love of gain which is engendered in the breast, and linked as it were to the human heart.) The proceeds I remitted honestly to his family. The announcement of the death of the young man king o'er the blasted heart, levelled all that could not bend, and yield submissive to its force. The mother endeavored to stem this torrent of woe, this whirlwind of grief, her strength failed—and she died. Her troubles were over, and the temple of woe was closed. The spoiler set his seal of silence there!

The daughter still lives, as Mrs. Morris, the wife of the worthy magistrate of the town, the pride of her husband, and the admiration of her friends. It may be well to state here, that there are now seven churches in that place, and each of them glory in being antipodes to the other in their opinions and notions of salvation. They are, however in despite of this a moral and intellectual people.

Badgering an Irish Voter

"You're a Roman Catholic?"
"Am I?" said the fellow.
"Are you not?" demanded the agent.
"You say I am," was the answer.
"Come, sir, answer—what's your religion?"
"The true religion."
"What religion is that?"
"My religion."
"And what's your religion?"
"My mother's religion."
"And what was your mother's religion?"
"She tuk whiskey in her tay."
"Come, now, I'll find you out, as cunning as you are," said the agent, piqued into an encounter of wits which this fellow, whose baffling of every question pleased the crowd. "You bless yourself, don't you?"
"When I am done with you I think I ought."
"What place of worship do you go to?"
"The most convenient."
"But of what persuasion are you?"
"My persuasion is that you won't find out."
"What is your belief?"
"My belief is that you are puzzled."
"Do you confess?"
"Not to you."
"Come! now I have you. Who would you send for if you were likely to die?"
"Doctor Growling."
"Not for the priest?"
"I must first get a messenger."
"Confound your quibbling!—tell me, then, what your opinions are—your conscientious opinions I mean?"
"They are the same as my landlord's."
"And what are your landlord's opinions?"
"Faix, his opinion is, that I won't pay him the last half-year's rent; and I'm of the same opinion myself." A roar of laughter followed this answer, and dumb-founded the agent for a time; but, angered at the successful quibbling of the sturdy and wily fellow before him, he at last

declared, with much severity of manner that he must have a direct reply.
"I insist, sir, on your answering at once, are you a Roman Catholic?"
"I am," said the fellow.
"And could you not say so at once," repeated the officer.
"You never axed me," returned the other.

EXTRACT

FROM THE SPEECH OF MR. JAMES IRVIN, OF PENNSYLVANIA, IN FAVOR OF THE TARIFF BILL REPORTED BY THE COMMITTEE OF WAYS AND MEANS.

Delivered in the House of Representatives of the U. S., July 11th, 1842.

Mr. Chairman, notwithstanding the great interest I feel in this question, I had determined, on the commencement of this debate, not to take any part in it, or to consume the time of the committee one moment, believing that action was what the people wanted, not talking, and that I would be promoting the interests of my constituents by a silent vote; but there have been some remarks made within the last few days, by some gentlemen on this floor, which I feel called upon to notice, particularly those that were made by my colleague (Mr. Snyden) from the adjoining district to the one which I represent. I extremely regretted those remarks at the time they were made, believing they would be taken hold of and be used to our disadvantage, on account of coming from a State that had, at all times and under all circumstances, supported the protection of our own industry; and in the tariff of 1824 and 1828 were found, with but one single exception, voting for those bills. I am not disposed to charge my colleague with having exhibited a false statement in regard to the expense of making pig iron, knowing it to be so, but I think he might have been satisfied that his estimates were incorrect, from the fact that the establishments which he referred to had all been obliged to stop operations; and when I asked him the question, if they had not done so, instead of answering it fairly, he threw out the insinuation that they had done so for the purpose of influencing Congress, and that the manufacturers of the country were all doing the same thing from the same base motives. This, I think, to say the least of it, was not only unkind, but also unjust to those persons immediately interested, and also to some in my district who have, from the difficulties of the times, ceased operations. Now, sir, as to his calculation, that metal could be made at from \$10 to \$13 50 per ton, there is no reality in it, and, as it was correctly remarked by my colleague from the Wilkesbarre district, it was a mere paper calculation, probably made for the purpose of increasing the value of ore and coal lands, and without any expectation at the time that it would be realized; but, whether this is so or not, I have been informed by gentlemen concerned, that no metal has been made at any thing like that price. The smelting of iron with anthracite coal in this country is of very recent date; the first successful operation, I believe, was made by Mr. Lyman, at Pottsville, in 1840, and I find, in an English work on the iron trade, as late as 1841, the following notice taken of it, a part of which, as it contains valuable information, I take the liberty of reading to the committee. On the 18th day of January, 1840, a dinner was given at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, by W. Lyman, Esq., on the occasion of his having successfully introduced the smelting of iron with anthracite coal by the use of the hot blast. There was a number of talented gentlemen present, and from a speech made at the time, I extract the following:

"In two years alone, in 1836 and 1837, the importations of iron and steel amounted to upwards of twenty-four millions of dollars. The importations for the last five years have been about forty-nine millions of dollars. It is especially mortifying to see that, even in Pennsylvania, there has been introduced within the last seven years, exclusive of hardware and cutlery, nearly 80,000 tons of iron, and that of these there were about 49,000 tons of railroad iron, costing probably three millions and a half of dollars. Nay, this very day, in visiting your mines we saw at the farthest depths of these subterranean passages, that the very coal and iron were brought to the mouth of the mines on rail tracks of British iron, manufactured in Britain, and sent to us from a distance of 3,000 miles. This dependence is deplorable. It ought to cease for ever; and let us hope that, with the new power this day acquired, we shall rescue ourselves hereafter from such a costly humiliation. We owe it to ourselves not thus to throw away the bounties of Providence which, in these very materials, has blessed us with a provision wholly unknown elsewhere. The United States contain, according to the best estimates, not less than 80,000 square miles of coal, which

is about sixteen times as much as the coal measures of all Europe. A single one of these gigantic masses runs about 900 miles, from Pennsylvania to Alabama, and must itself embrace 50,000 square miles, equal to the whole surface of England proper. Confining ourselves to Pennsylvania alone, out of fifty-four counties of the State, no less than thirty have coal and iron in them. Out of the 44,000 square miles which form the area of Pennsylvania there are 10,000 miles of coal and iron, while all Great Britain and Ireland have only 2,000; so that Pennsylvania has five times as much coal and iron as the country to which we annually pay eight or ten millions of dollars for iron.— If coal and iron have made Great Britain what she is, if this has given her the power of 40,000,000 of men, and impelled the manufactures which have made us, like the rest of the world, her debtors, why should not we, with at least equal advantages, make them the instruments of our own independence."

Now, sir, notwithstanding the furnace which occasioned this celebration was built by a gentleman who was anxious to have the experiment made, and who gave Mr. Lyman the furnace without any charge, it was soon discovered that the business was not profitable, and the furnace has not been doing any business within the last year. Soon after the experiment was made at Pottsville, a company commenced operations on the North Branch, and several furnaces were built and put in operation, and, I believe, succeeded in making metal of fair quality, but cost considerably more than was at first anticipated; and I see, by a newspaper I received from Danville not long since, that the works have been entirely stopped and some four or five hundred persons thrown out of employment. I would not give much for paper calculations made in advance. I have seen some which were about equal to those exhibited by my colleague. A company some time since commenced making iron from bituminous coal, about twenty-five miles from where I reside. Their calculation was to make metal at about \$10 per ton, but, after spending about one hundred thousand dollars, and making a few hundred tons of iron, it was abandoned. Another concern, located in the district I kind, but, after spending near half a million of dollars, they found that the metal cost more than it would sell for; and that concern has also been abandoned. But these calculations and failures are not confined to our particular region, and I am somewhat astonished that the Southern gentlemen seemed to place so much reliance on the calculation exhibited by my colleague; for, if I am not much mistaken, such estimates are sometimes made in their section of country. I recollect last summer, that a member from Georgia stated on this floor that a concern had gone into operation in his State, which was making iron, and clearing thirty-three per cent. on their investment; and that he was astonished that iron in Pennsylvania needed any protection. I made some inquiry of the gentleman—who was part owner—respecting their operations, and was told that it was a furnace producing about seven tons a week, and sold iron at six cents per pound, and castings at five, but as yet they had not realized any profit, but they were assured by their manager, an experienced man from Pennsylvania, that he had no doubt they would clear 33 per cent. upon their capital. Now this was a paper calculation. But mark the result. A few days since I asked the same gentleman how they were getting along with their iron works. The answer was, they have turned out badly, our manager deceived us, and, after running us in debt very much, we have given the business up, and the property is now to be sold, and will be sold very low. So this is the winding up of a thirty-three per cent. concern in less than a year, and one that required no protection. Now, I presume, the gentleman from Georgia, at least, and some of his constituents, will not put much faith in my colleague's paper estimates.

Mr. Chairman, I have statements which may be relied on, furnished me by persons engaged in making pig metal, and taken from their books for years, which show a very different result in the expenses of manufacture. I have scarcely time to refer to them, particularly as my time is short; but I will state the result to the committee, and will probably publish the statements more fully. They show the expense to be from \$22 to \$24 per ton, and, from a calculation I have made of the expense of making bar iron from metal, at \$23 per ton—and, which calculation, I have submitted to two of my colleagues, acquainted with the business, and they have permitted me to refer to them for the correctness of it—(to wit: Messrs. KEENE and PLUMER)—I make the cost of a ton of hammered iron to be \$72, and expenses to Baltimore or Philadelphia, at least \$8, would make \$80, without any profit to the maker beyond a regular interest on his capital. But admit, for the sake of argu-