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BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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THE JOURNAL.

[Correspondence of the Huntingdon Journal.]

THE TARIFF.

BARRE FORGE, July 2, 1847.

Jas. Clark, Esq.—Dr. Sir:—I have enclosed you an article from a Pittsburg paper, which I will thank you to publish in your Journal, as I think it at this time *appropos*. Who does not know that Gen. Irvin has always been the steady unflinching friend of a protective tariff?

He was prominent and efficient in having the Act of 1842 passed. Witness his speech on that occasion—the various letters of members of Congress referring to that period and the convulsed condition of the National Legislature, before this act was passed. But it is needless to write dissertations on this subject now—the facts are too well known to be denied. The contrast of the Whig Tariff of 1842 and the Loco-foco Tariff of 1846 is fully set forth in the article from the Pittsburg paper. The facts there speak for themselves. Let mechanics, farmers, laborers, and manufacturers read it. Let them say then, whether the Loco Foco Tariff of 1846 shall be repealed, or whether the price of Labor shall be reduced to a level with that of the starving paupers of Europe, to sustain it.

The crisis is approximating, when we shall be called on to determine—let us act advisedly. If we sustain the present administration, by re-electing F. R. Shunk, who is nothing more or less than an "adjunct professor" with James K. Polk, we say that the British Tariff of 1846 is right—Labor must be reduced, in order to enable the mechanic &c. to compete with the foreign manufacturer.—Will the free American citizen submit to this! Can he live on the same kind of food the poor serfs of Europe do?—He cannot.

On the contrary, should we elect Gen. IRVIN to the gubernatorial chair of Pa. it will be an *entering wedge* to the rivng assunder of the present Anti-Protective Loco Foco dynasty. Gen. Scott or Gen. Taylor will succeed to the Presidency, and the whole system of British policy will be annihilated. Our country will again smile with joy—our hills and valleys, will echo with the merry sound of the hammer, and the joyous song of the husbandman. Let us look to it—let us not slumber on our posts.

Yours, OPERATOR.

From the Pittsburg Journal.

British and American Iron.
The Necessity of a Tariff to the American Manufacturer.

In the foreign news published yesterday, in the Journal, it is stated that large orders had been received in England, from the United States for British iron.

The prices of Iron in Liverpool are stated to be, for British £9 7s. a £10; and for Welsh £8 10s. a £8 15s.

This allowing \$4 83 to the pound sterling, instead of \$4.80, which is the Custom House value of the pound, would make the rates in our money, for British bar, \$45 15 a \$48 30; for Welsh, \$41 04 a \$42 24 per ton. In regarding these values, it should be borne in mind that Merchant Bar Iron in England, or what is usually quoted as Bar Iron, comprehends grades of iron which our manufacturers could not afford at less than twenty dollars per ton higher than they can afford and do sell what they call Common Bar Iron. With this understanding, it will be perceived that the contrast we present between British and

American Iron, is still more striking than our present figures make it.

By the Tariff of 1846 the duty imposed upon this description of Iron is 30 per cent.

A ton of British bar iron could be landed at New York, from Liverpool, on the following terms: If worth in Liverpool \$45 15, the addition of \$13 54 duty, would bring the price up to \$58 69. If it costs in Liverpool \$48 30—the other extreme of the market—the addition of the impost \$14 49, would advance the price to \$62 79.

To this must be added the charge of freight. This item, however, is very inconsiderable, as the iron is principally brought over as ballast. It is much more than compensated by the difference between the British and American ton, the latter being 2,000 pounds weight, and the former 2,240 pounds. Thus, even allowing the nominal rate *per ton* to be the same in both countries, in reality more British iron would be given for the same money.

The value of the 240 pounds of Iron, would in every case, double the cost of freight, but for the sake of the argument, we will allow the two items to pass, as of similar amounts.

A ton of Welsh bar, costing in Liverpool \$41 04, would be worth in N. Y., \$53.35; if it cost \$42.24 in Liverpool, it would be worth in the United States, \$54.91.

The better quality of this Iron, cannot be manufactured in this country for less than \$75 or \$80 per ton; and no description of it can be made for less than \$60 per ton.

The following table shows the posture in which these facts exhibit the iron trade in Europe and America; that is, the prices which iron of the same quality can be produced and landed in N. Y. by the one, and sold at home by the other, under the act of 1846, indicating the quality by numbers:

English Bar, No. 1,	\$62 79
American Bar, do.,	80 00
Showing an advantage in favor of the British manufacture of \$19,21 per ton.	

English bar, No. 2,	\$58.69
American, " 2,	75.00
Showing an advantage, on the part of the British manufacturer of \$16,31 per ton.	

Welsh, No. 1,	\$54.91
American, No. 1,	60.00
Showing an advantage on the part of the British producer of \$6.09 per ton.	

The rate given for the manufacture of American Iron in the above, is the lowest possible figure at which it can be placed.

Welsh, No. 2,	£53.35
American, No. 2,	60.00
Showing an advantage on the part of the British manufacturer of \$6.65 per ton.	

To present our meaning in the technicalities of the trade, we will restate the case and the facts in another shape. Juniata Bar Iron of 1 1/2 inch in width up, and from 1 inch round and square up, we call our best American Bar, and sell it at from \$75 to \$80 per ton of 2,000 lbs. This article is about equal to best English refined Iron, now worth £10 in Liverpool, and capable of being sold in New York at \$62 79 per ton of 2,240 pounds.

In the first class of Iron, (British Bar, No. 1) mentioned above, the English dealer includes portions of iron, which our manufacturers would be totally unable to make for \$80 per ton; although we have not made this specification in the tables.

These figures demonstrate clearly, to those who can be convinced by any evidence at all, that the iron trade can alone be sustained by a protective tariff.—While their labor is compensated as it is at present, it is out of the question for the American manufacturers to compete with those of Europe. Hence arises, for the sake of labor, the necessity of a Tariff for protection.

With inadequate protection the manufacturer in this country will find himself brought into competition with the European.

He must then either close his establishment, or find means to manufacture as cheaply as his foreign competitor.—Must labor be sacrificed! That is the question to be decided, for in no other way can his expenses be reduced?

Unless protection is afforded by government, labor must either go idle, or content itself with reduced compensation.

The manufacturer will not be compelled, merely, to discover means for making large profits; or the profits which he is now making. He must provide

against actual loss. After taking the difference stated above between the price of English and American iron, from the rate at which he is now selling, he will, so far from having a margin left him for profit, be the actual loser.

Hence the operation of low duties upon laborers, and the vital importance which the subject assumes in relation to them.

In reference to the interests of the iron trade, the tariff of 1842 was every way superior to that of 1846. It imposed a duty of \$25 per ton upon bar iron.

At the prices brought out by the Cambria, the following table shows the difference in the rates at which the British iron could have been sold, per ton, at New York, under the two tariffs:

British Bar.	1842.	1846.
No. 1,	\$73 00	\$62 79
No. 2,	\$70 15	\$58 69

Welsh.	1842.	1846.
No. 1,	\$67 24	\$54 91
No. 2,	\$66 04	\$53 35

The corresponding qualities of American iron cannot be sold at less than \$80, \$75, or \$60 per ton.

A glance is sufficient to show that under the tariff of 1846, the protection is as inadequate, as that of 1842 is sufficient. The former is far below the actual necessities of the trade, while the latter is neither unreasonably high nor exorbitant.

We go in for protecting Iron, because, the iron manufacturers pay liberal compensation to labor. Upon this ground, we are content to place our argument in favor of protecting, by means of a Tariff, this great interest of Pennsylvania.

A NAZARENE WOMAN.—Miss Plumley, in her journals of travels in Palestine, gives this description of the women of the city of Nazareth. There had been a wedding on the afternoon of her arrival; and in the evening, the bride with a bundle of clothes on her head, was escorted by a troop of girls with music, round the town, to the house of her husband, where they remained clapping their hands, and with the aid of a few drums, making a great noise until a late hour.

The Syrian Greek women are, beyond comparison, the loveliest in the world; we saw many of those of Nazareth, who came down with their pitchers to the fountain Nabor for water, in whom were visibly united, all that painters may endeavor to picture—all that poets dream. The features combine perfect proportion of the Greek model, with the character and expression of the daughters of Israel; their figures, the united delicacy and voluptuousness of form, which the finest statues possess. The costume of those we saw this evening, was well suited to their wearers. Their long hair, which plaited fell over their shoulders, and was in many instances ornamented with great numbers of gold sequins, and some pearls; in others, flowers of brilliant hues replaced the "pearl and gold," but all wore the full, loose trowsers, drawn tight at the ankle, (which, not unfrequently, was encircled with silver bracelets,) the petticoat reaching only to the knees, and the under vest open at the breast. It is neither bodice, tunic or jacket, but something between each.

JEFFERSON'S OPINION ON WAR.—Never was so much false arithmetic employed on any subject, as that which has been employed to persuade nations that it is their interest to go to war. Were the money which it has cost, to join, at the close of a long war, a little town, or a little territory, the right to cut wood here, or to catch fish there, expended in improving what they already possess, in making roads, opening rivers, building ports, improving the arts, and finding employment for the idle poor, it would render them much stronger, and much wealthier and much happier. This I hope will be our wisdom.—Jefferson's Virginia.

A late Baltimore Sun contains a notice of a new and valuable description of wheat raised by Capt. Henry R. Smeltzer, of Middletown valley, Frederick county. It is called "Polish wheat," and the heads contain from 90 to 120 grains each, about as much as three heads of ordinary wheat. It branches and grows very much like rye, ripening 8 or 10 days earlier than other descriptions, yielding a smooth white grain, and is said to be never effected by either mildew, smut or fly. Mr. Smeltzer has a field of this wheat which it is supposed will yield 40 or 45 bushels per acre.

A Father killed himself last Saturday week in Clarksville, Tenn., in consequence of the bad conduct of his son. The act which immediately led to his seeking refuge in death, was the detection of his son in a theft from the money drawer of a grocery, for which he is now in prison.

BE INDUSTRIOUS.

There is no situation in life, which affords so much comfort and enjoyment as that of having body and mind constantly employed. Although there appears to be in the minds of most people a natural antipathy to labor, yet it is well known, and generally admitted by those whose circumstances have at times required incessant labor, and at other times perfect exemption from care, that there is vastly more enjoyment in industry than idleness. It is the plait and express duty of every person to be industrious, and to improve every hour of their time, in the full exercise of their natural strength and faculties, in the most useful employment. No circumstances in life can furnish an excuse for the neglect of this duty. We would not in these remarks, wholly proscribe recreation; but a well balanced mind will find the most healthy and pleasant recreation in exercises which are decidedly useful and beneficial to themselves and others. For example; a boy takes pleasure in the exercise of hauling a little cart loaded with earth or stones, though there be no advantage in the removal of those articles; but does he find any less pleasure, under a consciousness of doing good, when removing the same materials from a place where they were an encumbrance, to another place where they are wanted? Certainly not. Or if a miss finds pleasure in walking in the fields, that pleasure is rather enhanced than otherwise, if she can accomplish something useful by the walking. It is a common thing for men, during their labor, to derive an enjoyment from the anticipation of the pecuniary compensation which they are to receive therefor; but this kind of enjoyment is far inferior to that of one who rejoices during his labor, in the consciousness of performing a duty and a sense of Divine approbation. The scriptures of Divine Truth, which alone furnish perfect laws and rules of duty, and guide to happiness, contain many injunctions to industry and diligence in business; and that for the purpose not of acquiring wealth, but of doing good.

The word "avarice," is not to be understood to imply a desire of earning or gaining, but of retaining or hoarding what has been acquired of wealth. The three several injunctions—"Let no man seek his own (merely) but every man another's wealth;" "Let him labor, working with his hands the thing that is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth;" and "Love thy neighbor as thyself," may very properly be considered in connection. The line of duty between avarice and extravagant liberality, has never been fully defined. It appears reasonable to many pious-minded people, that a mechanic should own at least a set of tools; and that by the same rule, a farmer should own a farm; a merchant a store; and that all should have houses to dwell in; and this principle extended, may lead to the most extravagant avarice. But our subject is the duty of industry and diligence in business, independently of circumstances; and if any man entertains and cherishes the true principle of sympathy and benevolence, deriving more pleasure in relieving the sufferings of his fellow mortals, than in the possession of such articles of wealth as are not utterly indispensable, there will be no danger of his being either idle or miserly. But the neglect of improvement of an hour of time is as decidedly a crime, as the wasting of money or property; and the neglect of doing good to others when opportunity occurs, is decidedly incompatible with the character or hope of a true Christian, for "he that knoweth to do good and does it not, to him it is sin."

A son of Erin, just arrived in this land of plenty, being in want, ventured to solicit a little aid from a person whose external appearance seemed to indicate that he he could easily afford it. He was, however, rudely repulsed with a "Go to hell." Pat looked at him in such a way as to fix attention, and meekly replied, "God bless your honor for your civility, for you're the first gentleman I invited me to his father's house since I come to the land."

A Loco-foco Editor out west is at a loss whether to support Gen. Taylor or Silas Wright for the Presidency. Prentice sees no reason why he should hesitate. The habits and characters of the two men are entirely different. "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!"—that's Gen. Taylor. "A little more juice of the grape, landlord!"—that's Silas Wright.

The Boston traveller says a passenger ship stopped at quarantine lately, when a passenger inquired, "And what country is this, sir?" "It is Deer Island," was the reply. "Oh, murder, and have I been on this long voyage, and got back to dear Ireland again. I thought you would have been bringing me to Amiriky, sure!"

FIRST PIANO IN NORTHERN ILLINOIS.

During the summer following the termination of the Black Hawk war—being among the first of the down east emigrants to the country then barely evacuated by the red men of the forest—Dr. A., of Baltimore, removed to what has since become a small town near the Illinois river, by the name of P—. The doctor's family was composed of three young ladies and his wife, all of whom were performers on the piano, and one of them possessor of the instrument in question.

As is usually the case in all newly settled places when a "new comer" makes his appearance, the neighbors (that were to be) had collected together for the purpose of seeing the doctor's "plunder" unpacked, and making the acquaintance of its possessor.

Dr. A.'s "household" was stowed away in seven large wagons—been first packed into pine boxes, on which were painted, in large black letters, the contents, address, &c.

One wagon after another was unloaded without much sensation on the part of the little crowd of lookers-on, except an occasional exclamation similar to the following, from those who had never seen the like before:

"Glass! This side up with care!—Why I tho't this ere feller was a doctor. What on yearth is he going to do with that box full of winders?"

"This side up with care!" exclaimed one. "He's got his paragonic and ile-of-spice fixens in that. Won't he fize them agur fellows down on the river?"

In the last wagon there was but one large box, and on it was printed the words "Piano Forte—keep dry and handle carefully." It required the assistance of all the bystanders to unload the box, and the curiosity excited in the crowd upon reading the foregoing words, and hearing the musical sound emitted as it struck the ground, can only be gathered by giving a few of the expressions that dropped from the spectators.

"Pine fort!" said a tall, yellow-haired, feter and ague looking youth; "wonder if he's afeered of the Injuns? He can't scare them with a pine fort."

"K-eeep d-r-y" was spelled by a large raw boned man, who was evidently a liberal patron of "old bald face, and who broke off at the letter "y" with, "consarn your temperance karacters—you needn't come round here with your tracts."

He was interrupted at this point by a stout built personage, who cried out— "He's got his skeletons in that, and he's afeered to gin them liquor, for they'd break out ef he does! Poor feller!—they must suffer powerfully."

"Handle carefully," said a man in a red hunting shirt, and the size of whose fist as he doubled it up, was twice that of an ordinary man. "That's some live critter in that. Don't you hear him groan?" This was said as the box struck the ground, and the concussion caused a vibration of the strings.

No sooner had all hands let go of the box, than Dr. A. was besieged by his neighbors, all of whom were determined to know what were its contents, and what were the meaning of the words Piano Forte. On his telling them that it was a musical instrument some reckoned that it would take a tarial sight of wind to blow it, others that it would take a lot of men to make it go, &c.

The doctor explained its operations as well as he could, but still his description was anything but satisfactory, and he could only get rid of his inquisitive neighbors by promising a sight at an early day.

Three days—days that seemed like weeks to the persons above mentioned—elapsed before the premises of Dr. A. were arranged for the reception of visitors, and various and curious were the surmises among the settlers during this time. Dr. A. and his plunder, were the only topics of conversation for many miles around.

The doctor's house had but one lower room, but this was one of double the ordinary size, and the carpets were all too small to cover the entire floor, hence a strip of bare floor appeared at each side of the room. Opposite to and facing the door was placed the "Pine fort."

All was ready for the admission of visitors, and Miss E. was to act as the first performer. The doctor had but to open the door, and half a score of men were ready to enter. Miss E. took her seat, and at the first sounding of the instrument, the whole party present rush in—Some went directly up to the critter, as it had been called on account of its having four legs—some, more shy, remained close to the door, where, if necessary, they could more easily make their escape; while others, who had never seen a carpet, were observed walking around on the strip of bare floor, lest by treading on the "handsome kaliker," they might spoil it.

The first tune seemed to put the whole company in extacies. The raw boned man, who was so much opposed to temperance tracts, pulled out a flask of whiskey, and insisted that the "gal," as he called Miss E. should drink. Another of the company laid down a dime, and waited "that's worth" more of the "Forty pains," as the name of the instrument had come to him after travelling through some five or six pronunciations. Another, with a broad grin on his face, declaring that he would give his claim and all the truck on it, if his darter could have such a cupboard. The "pine fort" man suggested that if that sort of music had been in the Black Hawk war, that 'woller' have skered the Inguns, like all 'oller.

It is needless to say that it was late at night before Miss E. and the other ladies of the house could satisfy their delighted hearers that they were all tired out. The whole country for twenty miles around rung with the praise of Dr. A.'s "consarn," and the "musikel kubburd!" The doctor immediately had any quantity of patients—all of whom, however, would come in person for advice, or for a few "agur pills" but none of whom would leave without harrigg the "forty pains!"

With an easy way and a good natured disposition; Dr. A. soon formed an extensive acquaintance, obtained a good practice and became a popular man.—He was elevated to some of the most responsible offices in the gift of the people—one of which he held at the time of his death. So much for the charms of a Piano Forte.

THE SPRING IN ITALY.—It would appear by Miss Fuller's account of it, is as uncongenial as that of our own boreal region. Her last letter to the Tribune speaks of it in this wise:

"The excessive beauty of Genoa is well known, and the impression upon the eye alone was correspondent with what I expected, but alas! the weather was still so cold I could not realize that I had actually touched these shores to which I had looked forward all my life, where it seemed that the heart would expand, and the whole nature be turned to delight. Seen by a cutting wind, the marble palaces, the gardens, the magnificent watering view of Genoa failed to charm. 'I saw, not felt, how beautifully they were.'" Only at Naples have I found my Italy, and here not till after a week's waiting—not till I began to believe that all I had heard in praise of the climate of Italy was a fable, and that there is really no Spring anywhere except in the imagination of poets. For the first week was an exact copy of the miseries of a New England Spring; a bright sun came for an hour or two in the morning just to flatter you frthly without your cloak, and then—and then—came up a vilanous, horrible wind, exactly like the worst East wind of Boston, breaking the heart, racking the brain and turning hope and fancy to an irrevocable green and yellow hue in lieu of their native rose.

At Genoa and Leghorn, I saw for the first time Italians in their homes. Very attractive I found them, charming women, refined men, eloquent and courteous. If the cold wind hid Italy, it could not the Italians. A little group of faces each so full of character, dignity, and what is so rare in an American face, the capacity for pure exalting passion, will live ever in my memory—the fulfillment of a hope."

A Tart Reply.

Alex Dumas, the great French dramatist, is of colored origin. A capital story is told of him in a very late number of Blackwood's Magazine. It seems that a person more remarkable for inquisitiveness than for correct breeding—one of those who, devoid of delicacy and recklessness of rebuff, pry into everything—took the liberty to question M. Dumas rather closely concerning his genealogical tree.

"You are a quadroon, M. Dumas! he began."

"I am sir," quietly replied Dumas, who has sense enough not to be ashamed of a descent he cannot conceal.

"And your father?"

"Was a mulatto."

"And your grandfather?"

"A negro," hastily answered the dramatist, whose patience was waning.

"And may I enquire what your great-grand-father was?"

"An ape sir," thundered Dumas, with a fierceness that made his impertinent interrogator shrink into the smallest possible compass. "An ape, sir—my pedigree commences where yours terminates."

VERY NATURAL.—A country girl said to her brother, "She could not see what it was that made him go so often and stay so late to see one girl—for her part she had rather have the company of one young man than twenty girls."