

Jeffersonian Republican.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson.

VOL. 5.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1845.

No. 33

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
SCHOCH & SPERING.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietors, will be charged 37 1/2 cts. per year, extra.
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.
All letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large elegant plain and ornamental Type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts,

JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER
BLANKS,

PAMPHLETS, &c.

Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

A "Werry" Sad Lamentation.

'Tis not that she bade me go,
And said I'd better stop my calling,
It is not that she answered, 'No,'
As loud as could be—short of bawling;
It was not that she slammed the door,
And set her nasty lap-dog on me;
Oh, no! a greater, keener grief
Weighs down my heart and preys upon me.

I cannot bear to see her go
And promenade with other fellows,
I cannot bear to see her walk
On rainy days 'neath their umbrellas;
To see such things a-going on,
Excites my virtuous indignation;
It makes me swear, as one might say,
In vulgar phrase, 'like all creation.'

To see her seated in a chair,
With half a dozen fops about her;
And hear that fool Augustus swear
He 'can't exist a day without her,'
'Tis this which makes my withered hopes
Fall thick and fast like leaves in Autumn,
And causes my poor heart to beat
Like a young bear's when dogs have caught him.

What if her father is the Squire,
And I'm a briefless-lawyer-devil!
She needn't cut me in the street—
It wouldn't hurt her to be civil.
But ah! my heart-strings are a lute
On which her hand unfeeling lingers;
We'll be it so! the tune is sad,
But then 'tis played by Beauty's fingers.

Enough! enough! I've lost the maid:
My mind is bordering on distraction;
Yes, yes—I'll leave this classic shade,
And seek a wilder field of action:
For in the distant Texan land,
In war's proud ranks I'll seek for glory,
And then perhaps in latter years
My name will sound in verse and story.

And if, oh, cruel Marianne!
You hear them tell about 'a stranger
Who wore the 'lone star,' on his crest
And never cared a cent for danger,
Perhaps you'll proudly look around,
And with a sigh of sympathy
Exclaim to all your wondering friends,
'That brave young man, once courted me.'

Girls, Jump Up!

The editor of the Portland Express, in discouraging upon early rising, talks in this wise:—'Up, with you! Mary, Anna, Eliza, Ellen, Abbey, Sarah, Olive, Caroline, Lydia, Jane, Louisa, Maria, Lucy, Elizabeth, Nancy, Harriet, Ruth, Hannah, and all the rest of you girls, arouse—wake up—rise, and see the sun rise, and brush away the dew from the beautiful grass. You not only lose the best portion of the day by lingering in bed, but you depress your spirits and contract sluggish habits. What, are you sleepy? Jump out of bed—fly round—stir about, and in a few moments you will be as bright as larks. We wouldn't give a straw for girls who won't get up in the morning. Lazy, dumpy creatures. Our advice to young men who are looking out for wives, would be—never choose a female who dozes away the precious morning hours.'

GREAT SHOOTING AT HOBOKEN.—At a shooting match which took place at Hoboken a few days since, Com. Moore, of the Texan navy, made a couple of shots with a rifle, which the True Sun says would be hard to beat in Kentucky or elsewhere. At four hundred yards distance from the target, he made two shots which were not more than three-fourths of an inch apart, and neither was over four inches from the centre of the target.

Let young people remember that their good temper will gain them more esteem and happiness than the genius and talents of all the bad men that ever existed.

From "The Friend."
Colman's Reports.

Our intelligent countrymen, Henry Colman, who is at this time making the tour of Europe, under the auspices of the State of Massachusetts, in order to obtain, by personal observation, information upon the present condition of European agriculture and rural economy, is from time to time publishing the result of his inquiries in the form of Reports; two of which have reached this country. In the first, which relates chiefly to the northern and middle counties of England, along with much other interesting matter, he gives a minute account of the condition of the agricultural labourers. It does not present a pleasing picture, yet it is one upon which it is well for an American to look, that he may more fully understand the great advantages enjoyed by the poor in his own country, under the blessing of a bountiful Providence, and how ungrateful is the feeling of discontent and habit of complaining, so common among us.

"Next to the farmers come the laborers; and the three classes [landlords, farmers, and laborers] preserve the lines of distinction among them with as much caution and strictness, as they preserve the lines and boundaries of their estates.—These distinctions strike a visitor from the United States with much force; but, in England, they have been so long established—are so interwoven in the texture of society, and men are, by education and habit, so trained in them, that their propriety or expediency is never matter of question. The nobleman will sometimes, as an act of courtesy and kindness, invite his tenant-farmer to his table; but such a visit is never expected to be returned. The farmer would, under no circumstances, invite the labourer to his table, or visit him as a friend or neighbour. I do not mean to imply that there is, on the part of the higher classes of society in England, any insolence or arrogance in the treatment of their inferiors. Free as my intercourse has been with the highest and the middle classes, I have seen no instance of this.

"The farm labourers are in a very low condition, and extremely ignorant and servile. They rarely, as with us, live in the house of their employers, but either in cottages on the farm, or in a neighboring village. They are, usually, comfortably clad, in this respect contrasting most favourably with the mechanics and manufacturers in the cities and large towns; but they are, in general, very poorly fed. Their wages, compared with the wages of labor in the United States, are very low. The cash wages paid to them seldom equals the cash wages paid to labourers with us, and our labourers, in addition to their wages in money, have their board; but the English labourers are obliged to subsist themselves, with an occasional allowance, in some instances, of beer, in haying or harvesting. The division of labour among them is quite particular—a ploughman being always a ploughman, and almost inseparable from his horses; a ditcher, a ditcher; a shepherd, a shepherd only; the consequence of this is, that what they do, they do extremely well. Their ploughing, sowing, drilling, and ditching or draining, are executed with an admirable neatness and exactness; indeed, the lines of their work could not be more true and straight than they usually are, if they were measured with a marked scale, inch by inch. They speak of ploughing and drilling or rigging by the inch or the half-inch; and the width of the furrow slice, or the depth of the furrow, or the distance of the drills from each other, will be found to correspond, with remarkable precision, to the measurement designed. But they appear totally destitute of invention, and have, evidently, little skill or ingenuity when called upon to apply themselves to a work different from that to which they have been accustomed. Their gait is very slow; and they seem, to me, to grow old quite early.—The former circumstance explained itself to me, when I examined and lifted the shoes which they are accustomed to wear, and which, when, in addition to being well charged with iron, they gather the usual amount of clay which adheres to them in heavy soils, furnish at least some reason why, like an Alexandrine verse, 'they drag their slow length along.'

"They are little given to change situations, and many of them, both men and women, live and die in the same service. Several instances have come under my observation, of thirty, thirty-five, and forty years reputable service; and many, where persons, even upon the most limited means, have brought up large families of children without any parochial assistance. But, in this case, they are all workers; the children are put to some sort of service as soon as they are able to drive the rooks from the corn, and no drones are suffered in the hive. I visited one labourer's cottage, to which I was carried by the farmer himself, who was desirous of showing me, as he said, one of the best examples, within his knowledge, of that condition of life. The house, though very small, was extremely neat and tidy; the Bible lay upon the shelf without an unbroken cobweb over its covers; the

dressers were covered with an unusual quantity of crockery, sufficient to furnish a table for a large party—a kind of accumulation, which, I was told, was very common; and their pardonable vanity runs in this way, as, in higher conditions of life, we see the same passion exhibiting itself in the accumulation of family plate. The man and woman were labourers, greatly esteemed for their good conduct, and had been both of them in the same service more than forty years. I asked them if, in the course of that time, they had not been able to lay by some small store of money to make them comfortable in their old age? I could not have surprised them more by any question which I could have proposed. They replied, that it had been a constant struggle for them to sustain themselves, but any surplus was beyond their reach.—I cannot help thinking that the condition is a hard one, in which incessant and faithful labor, for so many years, will not enable the frugal and industrious to make some small provision for the period of helplessness and decay, in a country where the accumulations of wealth in some hands, growing out of this same labour, are enormous.

"The provision for the education of the labourers, is, in most parts of England, extremely limited and meagre. There are some national schools, and there are, in many places, schools established and supported by the beneficence of the landlords, for the benefit of the labourers in their own villages, and on their own farms. Sunday schools are likewise kept up in all the parishes which I have visited; and I should be happy, if it were allowed me, to adorn my page with the names of some noble women, who, with a benevolence truly maternal take a deep interest in these institutions, and generously support them, and, better than that, personally superintend them. The education given is of a very limited character, and does not extend beyond reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic, exclusive of religious instruction.

"The common wages of farm labour vary, for men, from five shillings to twelve shillings per week; but I think a fair average would be eight to nine shillings sterling: so that the monthly wages for a man may be put down at \$8 64. This is the whole, where labour is paid for in money, excepting, as a matter of kindness, the farmer generally brings the coals for his labourer.

"It may be interesting to some of my readers to have a more particular account of the wages and condition of the labourers, and for that reason I will give some statements of their condition in that part of the country where wages are paid in kind.

"In the neighbourhood of Haddington, in East Lothian, I visited a labourer's cottage, being one in a range of six cottages, in a district of country beautifully cultivated and highly improved, and presenting some of the finest examples of agricultural improvement which I have ever seen. The wife, a very tidy and civil woman, about forty years of age, was at home; her husband and daughter labouring in the field. This was a very good specimen of a neat cottage, and its inmates had passed the greater part of their lives in it. It had no other floor but the hard ground; and two beds were fixed in the wall, like sailors' berths on board ship. The shelves were covered with crockery; and a Bible, and a few religious and other tracts, lay upon the mantel-piece. A cake made of pea flour and barley flour was baking over the fire, of which I was asked to eat, but the taste of which did very little towards quickening my appetite. There was, besides the one in which I was, a small room for coal and lumber, where, in case of great emergency, a lodging might be made up. One of her neighbours in the same block, with no larger accommodations, had eight children to provide for. Two grown-up daughters, with one smaller one, occupied one bed; the parents, with one child, occupied the other; the two grown-up sons slept in the lumber-room or coal house. There is often much closer lodging than this. The husband of the woman, in whose cottage I was, was a ploughman, and likewise a bondager, a species of service or contract, which requires him to furnish a female labourer, at ten pence per day in ordinary work, and at one shilling [24 cents] per day in harvest, whenever her services are required. If he has not a wife or daughter who will answer this purpose, he must keep a woman in his house, to be always in readiness when required. His wages were—72 bushels oats, 8 bushels peas, and 18 bushels barley,—the keep of a cow, or £5 or £6 in money, and £1 for 'lint,' or shirts. He is likewise, allowed 1000 square yards of ground for potatoes, which the farmer ploughs and manures for him; but which he cultivates in extra hours. For the rent of his house he gives twenty-one days' work in harvest, if required; but should it happen that only twelve or fourteen are required, it is accepted as an equivalent.

"For the woman's work he receives a fixed amount per day, whenever she is employed; and for her six months' service in the year, he pays her £3. For the other six months he pays her

nothing more than her board and clothes. The farmer brings his coal for him, which he purchases at a small sum, being small coals, here called pan-wood. The value of three shillings and six pence will serve him through seven weeks in winter. The farmer's shoes cost ten shillings [\$2 40], and one pair will last him eighteen months. His daughter's working shoes last a year: this is exclusive of her Sunday shoes. Their living consists of bread made of barley and peas, meal or oatmeal porridge and milk, and potatoes; and they generally have a pig. They cannot, of course, lay up any money; and she added, in her own pleasant dialect, that 'the lasses have muckle sair work in harvest.' They depend on the sale of their surplus grain for what little money they need. I will do justice to her modest merit, and say, to the shame of thousands rolling in unstinted luxury, that she spoke of her condition as comfortable, and expressed strongly and religiously her contentment.

"In all parts of the country, women are more or less employed on the farms, and in some parts in large numbers; I have frequently counted thirty, fifty, and many more in a field at a time, both in hoeing turnips and in harvesting. I have found them, likewise, engaged in various other services: in pulling weeds, in picking stones, in unloading and treading grain, in tending threshing-machines, in digging potatoes, and pulling and topping turnips, in tending cattle, in leading out dung, and in carrying limestone and coals. Indeed, there is hardly any menial service to which they are not accustomed; and all notions of their sex seem out of the question whenever their labour is wanted or can be applied. The wages of women are commonly six pence and eight pence, and seldom exceed ten pence a day, excepting in harvest, when they are a shilling. The hours for the men are usually from six to six, with two hours for meals. The women rarely come before eight, and quit at six, with an hour for dinner. Many walk two or three miles to their work, and return at night. Their meals are taken in the fields, and in the most simple form. The dinner is often nothing more than bread."

A Psalm of Night.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

Fades from the west the farewell light
Flung back by the setting sun,
And silence deepens as the night
Steals with its solemn shadows on!
Gathers the soft, refreshing dew
On springing grass and flow'ring stems—
And lo! the everlasting blue
Is radiant with a thousand gems.
Not only doth the voiceful day
That loving kindness, Lord! proclaim—
But night, with its sublime array
Of worlds, doth magnify Thy name!
Yea—while adorning seraphim
Before Thee bend the willing knee,
From every star a choral hymn
Goes up unceasingly to Thee.

Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy voice makes known
Through all the earth where thought may reach
Is heard the glad and solemn tone,
And world's beyond the farthest star
Whose light hath reached the human eye,
Catch the high anthem from afar
That rolls along immensity!
O, Holy Father! 'mid the calm
And stillness of the evening hour,
We, too, would lift our solemn psalm
To praise Thy goodness and thy power!
For over us, as over all,
Thy tender mercies shall extend,
Nor vainly shall the contrite call
On thee our Father and our Friend!

Kept by thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to thy name we pour—
Night o'er us, with its stars, we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore!
In grief console—in gladness bless—
In darkness, guide—in sickness, cheer—
Till in the Saviour's righteousness,
Before Thy throne our souls appear!

UNSOUND APPLES.—Four children in a single family, in Ohio, died with malignant scarlet fever, brought on mainly by their eating freely of rotten or unsound apples, which were buried and dug up for winter consumption. Three of the cases were attacked by vomiting the apples.

In Cleveland, Ohio, a large tumor was recently cut from a man's neck after he was put into a mesmeric sleep. He felt no pain, although the amputating surgeon was fifteen minutes in operating.

Nitrate of Soda, of excellent quality, is found on the coast of Africa, in beds fifteen inches in thickness on the surface of the ground. Like guano, it will no doubt give employment to large numbers of ships.

The Old Sojer.

The Soldier Loves to 'Fight his Battles o'er again, in Song and Story.—This thought struck me when, upon a visit to the battle ground of New Orleans, which is situate four miles below the city, I encountered an old negro, who occupied a small shanty in its immediate neighborhood. I never looked upon a more deplorable picture of humanity than he presented. His face was scarred and seemed, as it appeared, with many a scar cut—one eye and part of his nose were absent—his hands were minus half their complement of fingers—and the use of a crutch satisfied me that his leg had likewise been mutilated. Now, tho't I, I shall receive a rich reward for my pilgrimage from the city. Many were the glowing accounts I had read of the eventful Eighth of January—but now, upon the very field where 'Old Hickory' met in 'fearful fight' the flower of the British army, and from the lips of one who shared the perils of the day, was I to receive an unadorned account of the fearful struggle. With these reflections I approached his mansion. Before, however, I had a chance to accost him, the 'war-worn veteran' saluted me with—

'Ah, massa, how is you? Juss hole on half a shake, till I git my ole hat, an' I'll be dar.'
He then hobbled into the house, and in a moment, with his hat in his hand, he had returned and was at my side, and the following colloquy was held between us:—

'Well, 'uncle, how long have you sojourned here?'

'Do what, sar, said Ebony, looking confounded.
'How long have you sojourned here?'

'Dare's been no sojerin' here for some time, massa.'

'I mean, how long have you lived here?'

'Oh—why, for de lass thirty year.'

'Indeed! Then I suppose you were here at the time of the battle, and can tell me a great deal about it?'

'To be sure I ken, massa: gemmen of'en cum an' ax me all 'bout it. Does you want to buy any bullets—sell 'em picayune a piece—giniwine dug up ones, and no mistake. Sum ob de niggers down heah has been undersellin'—but de bullets dey sell is spu'rous, and what dey sell for pieces ob bom shell is bruck up dinner pots.'

'Very well, we'll talk of these things anon.—How far does this trench extend back into the swamp?'

'Well, I dun know 'zactly, massa; but it's upwards ob a debble ob a ways—'bout tree miles, I b'lieve.'

'On which side was the American redoubt?'

'On dis side, massa: whole line ob cotton bags all along heah. Thar [pointing to an old oak] is whar General Jacksion hab his tent.'

'Ah, old fellow! don't you feel proud of the glorious work you did that day?'

'What day, massa?'

'The 8th of January 1815.'

'Well, massa, I didn't work so hard on dat day as I did de day before.'

'What were you doing then?'

'Cartin' cotting bags down from New Orleans!'

'Ah, but the day, the glorious Eighth, when (becoming enthusiastic) you received those wounds, the scars of which remain as enduring monuments of your bravery.'

'Why, I didn't git dese in Jinerwary, an' it wasn't heah, nudder.'

'Where else?'

'Bout five years ago, 'board a steamboat, when she blowed up.'

'Where, then, were you on that eventful morning, when the first cannon gave the signal for the attack?'

'Runnin' like de debble up to town!'

A VAGRANT'S DEFENCE.—A fellow taken up as a vagrant, declared that he was not "a man without any visible means of subsistence, as he had just opened a store." It was found on inquiry, that he had just opened it with a crow bar in the night, and unfortunately the store belonged to another man.

We once heard of a young lady who said there were but two things which, in looking back over past life, she regretted;—and one of these was, that she didn't eat more cake when her sister Fanny was married.

Accommodating Captain.

The Providence Gazette tells a good story about a militia captain, who, on being sentenced for some sin of omission, to be deprived of his sword for one month, referred the court to a jeweller of whom he hired the weapon, with the remark that the court could have it for a month on moderate terms.

The New York Evening Mirror says, a newsboy was overheard the other evening telling his companion, that he had given up selling papers, and had gone into the magnetizing business, said he, "I get five dollars a week and play possum."