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The Dead Mariner.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Sleep on—sleep on—above thy corpse
The winds their Sabbath keep,—
The wave is round thee—and thy breast
Heaves with the heaving deep.
O'er thee, mild eve her beauty flings,
And there the white gull lifts her wings;
And the blue halcyon loves to lave
Her plumage in the holy wave.
Sleep on—no willow o'er thee bends
With melancholy air,
No violet springs, nor dewy rose
Its soul of love lays bare;
But there the sea-flower, bright and young,
Is sweetly o'er thy slumbers flung,
And, like a weeping mourner fair,
The pale flag hangs its tresses there.
Sleep on—sleep on—the glittering depths
Of ocean's coral waves
Are thy bright urn—thy requiem,
The music of its waves;
The purple gems for ever burn,
In fadeless beauty, round thy urn!
And, pure and deep as infant love,
The blue sea rolls its waves above.
Sleep on—sleep on—the fearful wrath
Of mingling cloud and deep,
May leave its wild and stormy track
Above thy place of sleep.
But, when the wave has sunk to rest,
As now 'twill murmur o'er thy breast;
And the bright victims of the sea,
Perchance, will make their home with thee.
Sleep on—thy corpse is far away,
But love bewails thee yet,
For thee the heart-rung sigh is breathed,
And lovely eyes are wet;—
And she, thy young and beautiful bride,
Her thoughts are hovering by thy side;
As oft she turns to view with tears
The Eden of departed years.

The Mexican correspondent of the New York Courier and Inquirer tells the following: "I have a good joke for you, and although it is interlarded with a good many oaths, yet I must tell it or die. Immediately after the siege of Vera Cruz, Col. K. was walking along the streets when a parrot, seeing him coming, screeched out—'Great God Almighty! here comes the Americans! run! run!' The Colonel entered the house to take a look at the creature, and as he left it screeched out, with a most knowing look at the family, 'any one hurt?' It was too much for the Col., who returned and bought the parrot. The rascal was unfortunately drowned by the upsetting of a boat. I give the anecdote as a slight exemplification of the fear in which we were held by the Mexicans. No doubt the cunning bird every day of the siege had heard similar expressions; the bursting of the shells must often have caused the inquiry, 'any one hurt?'

Breaking the Pledge.

In a certain "Ladies' Moral Reform Society," existing not many miles from the banks of the Kennebec, the members were obliged to sign a pledge not to "set up," as it is termed, or do anything else that might be supposed to have a tendency, however remote, to immorality. One evening as the President was calling over the names, to know whether each member had kept the obligation, a beautiful and highly respectable young lady burst into tears, and on being questioned as to the cause, said she feared she had broken the pledge. "Why, what have you done?" asked the President. "Oh," sobbed the young lady, "Dr. B. kissed me the other night, when he waited on me home from meeting." "Oh, well, that is nothing very bad," said the President; "his kissing you does not make out that you broke the pledge." "Oh, but that isn't the worst of it," replied the conscientious young lady, "I kissed him back!"

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

Organization of Labor.

We have heard much and read something about the Organization of Labor, without getting a very exact idea of what was intended by it, and certainly without having seen any practicable scheme for carrying the theory into practice. But we have it now in full detail.

The Commission of the French Provisional Government, at the head of which is the celebrated reformer, M. LOUIS BLANC, has given his plan to the world, and defended it in a public discussion against the doubts and the fears of his colleagues, less sanguine and enthusiastic than himself. It is certainly a novel and a bold one. It will unquestionably unite in its favor the lazy, the imbecile, and the least honest portion of the community, but we have strong doubts whether even these could be persuaded to follow out the plan long enough to make a fair experiment of its value.

We propose to give our readers a view of this scheme for the Organization of Labor, and endeavor to ascertain how it will work in practice. It is obvious that there is no need of any revolution in the United States for its introduction here; nor can there be any objection on the part of any one to such an organization by those persons who choose to carry on their labor in the manner proposed. Nor did the practicability of this scheme necessarily require a revolution in France. There, as here, labor was free. A man might work or not work at his pleasure, taking the consequences of his industry or his idleness. He might ask for his labor any compensation he deemed it to be worth. That was the laborer's privilege. But the employer might avail himself of his labor or refuse to engage him. That was the employer's liberty. Of course, it takes two to make a bargain. All that Government had to do in such a case was, after the bargain is concluded by the mutual consent of the parties, to enforce upon each of them the faithful performance of it. Now with the exception that M. Blanc proposes to do by force of the power of the State that which the world over, is a portion of the personal liberty of freemen, we see no reason why an experiment of his organization of labor may not be made any where—in Boston or Paris—by whomsoever feels inclined to test its advantages.

To be sure, M. Blanc starts with the proposition that the State is bound to find work and wages for every man that is unable to find work for himself; and though it is not so nominated in the bond, he means no doubt every woman also. Such an organization would very soon become one great infirmary of imbeciles under another name, avoided by the honest and proudly independent, and filled by the idle, profligate, and incompetent. In Massachusetts each city and town finds work and wages for every body who cannot find them for himself, and organizes the labor of such establishments as are required for this purpose at the expense of those who can and do, by their ingenuity and industry, support themselves. In this part of the theory, therefore we see nothing new, except that in France these establishments are to be called workshops of associated labor, while here they are called almshouses or houses of reformation.

It is but justice, however, to M. Blanc to say that he treats them as great manufactories of profitable product, equal or superior to those existing establishments where the aristocratic capitalist eats up the industry of the humble operative, and that he proposes to divide those large profits in a manner more equitable and just, upon a principle of perfect equality. Let us see, then, how this is to be done.

To do so the more satisfactorily, we propose not to examine the theory as it is plausibly exhibited in his programme, but to make an application of it to some particular establishments, and we shall ask leave of our friend of Oak Hall [a clothing establishment in the city of Boston] to borrow our illustration from his prosperous emporium, because he has made it familiar to the purchasers of clothing all over the United States.

First, then, M. Blanc proposes to buy the whole concern at a price to be settled of course by arbitration, and to pay for it by an issue of government paper at five per cent. interest per annum, which, however, is only to be paid when one quarter part of the net profits shall enable the Government so to do.

The proprietor having hitherto employed two hundred work people, men, women, and children, these are the people who are to continue in their usual duties if they please, and whose labor is to be organized on the new plan.

Their first step is to assemble and choose a director, because it is the first principle of the system that they are to train under their own officers. As we never heard of any complaints against the enterprising head of the establishment, we presume he would have a unanimous vote. Thus far things are pretty much as they were. But now for the books. The two hundred operatives are found to have received two hundred dollars per day, in sums from three dollars to fifty cents, according to the services each was able to render. This is evidently a

gainst equality and contrary to the new order of things. It is to be organized differently on the principle of fraternity. Two hundred dollars is to be paid for labor to two hundred persons, and of course each individual is to have one dollar per day. Here begins the improvement, to the great joy of the majority; the sweeper, the porter, the seamstresses, and all that class that before had deemed it a piece of good fortune to be employed at all. The first consequence of the new organization is probably that our old friend, the former master of the establishment, to whose enterprise, skill, and judgment it owes its reputation, sees fit to resign. The book-keeper, the cashier, the first cutter, and may be the second, follow his example. But no matter; there are plenty of candidates remaining among those who formerly had only four and sixpence a day. Well, the work goes on; clothes are made and sold; new stock is purchased for cash, if there be any, or on credit, if any body is willing to trust the concern, and possibly for a month or two there may be money enough in the till every Saturday night to pay the laborers their stated salaries. M. Blanc, we believe, thinks about thirty cents per day is enough for his laborers; but on the American soil labor is a more productive plant, and we have estimated its average at over three times the Paris rate.

According to his calculation there is to be created by the labor thus organized a great profit on the capital employed; and to ensure the certainty of this result, and to induce men who are inclined to be idle not to waste their time, a great post is to be erected in the workshop, bearing a flag with this inscription, "EVERY LAZY PERSON IS A THIEF."

By the help of this scare-crow, which would be something like that in which the robin built his nest, great profits would be derived at Oak Hall, and these profits are to be divided into four parts.

After the payment of wages, interest on the capital at five per cent., cost of support and material for the workshop, one quarter part of the income is to be reserved as a sinking fund to pay off the debt contracted by the Government in purchasing the capital, one other quarter part is to form a fund to be distributed on charity to old, infirm, and poor, laborers, no longer able to work.

The other two parts are to form separate funds of reserve. One of them to be united with a like contribution from all other associations of the same trade or business, is to be divided equally among all the operatives of such trade or business in all similar establishments.

The other quarter is to be joined to a like contribution from all similar associations of organized labor, of all trades and employments, and so divided as to equalize the general profits of the whole community; that the misfortune or deficiency, or loss in any one branch of business, may be made up from the prosperity of the more successful. The control of these funds is to be placed in the hands of two councils of administration nominated by the State.

It is obvious that before these sums can be distributed they must be acquired. They are the supposed profits of business. They are creations heretofore made by the talents, the industry, the enterprise of those who have directed such establishments, and when that intellectual and moral power is wanting, will no more exist than the spindles of a cotton mill will turn when the great water-wheel is at rest.

We go back again to the supposed organization at Oak Hall. The new Director may buy cloth more or less fit for the purpose, and the new cutter may shape the garment, not perhaps in the same taste and fashion as his predecessor, but still about as good as his neighbors.—The new book-keeper too is pretty good of his sort; but this will hardly do. He must be very good, or he is good for nothing, the confusion in his accounts will throw every thing into the wind. On him depends the adjusting of the nice balances of those four contingent funds, which, heretofore called Charity, are now to go by the popular term Fraternity. There is some doubt too whether that great post and banner that denounces the idler as a thief, will prevent a disposition to laziness, which hitherto nothing but a personal interest has been able to overcome.

We should apprehend that under such an administration the splendid establishment of Oak Hall, which has hitherto flourished like a deep-rooted and mighty oak of the forest, would shrink into the minuteness of the acorn from which it sprung.

But, if such would be the fatal result of a clothing establishment, dealing with articles which are necessaries of life, how would it be with those who thrive only by means of fashion, taste, and luxury, and which from one-third of all the occupation of labor in civilized life, with the exception of agriculture and the cultivation of the soil.

But, as the agricultural interest is the largest, and employs the greatest number of human beings, it most demands this reform, if reform there be. What would our farmers say to a copartnership in this organization of labor, with the population first of their village and

then of the State? What would our merchants say to fitting out a ship on this new principle, and who would be passenger where the cook might be captain and the cabin boy cook?—What say our enterprising mechanics to building houses in such copartnership, and whom could they build them for?

The system instituted against the great principles of human nature. Without muscular labor no enterprise can succeed; but none can succeed by muscular labor alone. What we call chance, luck, accident, enter very largely into the destiny of human life. It is the effort and object of all systems to control, and in some degree equalize them. But the power to do so is not inherent in physical force. It is accomplished, if at all, by mental as well as corporeal exertion—by the joint agency of the intellectual powers, the moral faculties, and bodily strength.

Interesting Sketches of Mexican Life and Country.

Several graphic description of Mexican life, character and country, have emanated from the pens of American citizens in Mexico. A transcript of some of them may be interesting to most readers. The variety of temperature in Mexico has been compared with that in the immense empire of Russia. On the tops of the Mexican mountains, it is as cold as in Siberia. Vera Cruz is always hot. Jalapa is ever temperate and bland, hardly changing twenty degrees Fahrenheit, in a whole year. Puebla is higher, colder, and more changeable; yet never uncomfortably cold, unless when visited by high winds from the Gulf. The city of Mexico is still higher, and in the winter the coldest nights make ice, and after sunset the winds are cold, though during the day there is almost always a bright warm sun. One writer says that on the 15th of January last the Pasco was thronged with equestrians and carriages, the ladies dressed as at the operas, and the gentlemen without overcoats, and the weather as warm as a fair day in October, in Philadelphia. It was several weeks after, before a sprinkle of rain or a cloudy sky visited the valley of Mexico. Such is a winter in Mexico.

I have been, (says a writer) so long in Mexico that it seems like home—almost. There are so many English, German, French and American residents here, besides the large number of American officers and citizens, that in the hotels and places of public amusement Mexico resembles N. Orleans or New York. The habits of these are the same as in our own cities, and from force of circumstances, the city seems much as any other great capital. We have had an American theatrical company and an American circus, (both have now left us, the first some time since) and our amusements—billiards, ten-pins, &c., are the same as at home. There is a fine cricket club, composed entirely of foreigners—principally of Englishmen—and before the cold weather set in, we used to have a match every Sunday—Sunday being here the holiday of the week. But of late there has been no playing, and there will be none till March, when the Spring will be in full bloom, with its endless trophies of flowers. The Winter is now in its wane, and buds are starting from the shrubs and trees, and the grass begins to start up in the meadows. I am told that Spring here is a season of enchantment, and one may well believe it, since the Autumn is so rich and the Winter so mild. A naval officer, writing to the Washington Union, from Tuspan River, Mexico, describes the country as a perfect Eden. He says:

You never, in all your dream of fancies, pictured to yourself as perfect a paradise as this country. The river is never disturbed but by gentle and cooling zephyrs, and meanders through a country over which reigns a perpetual spring. The land is rich and fertile, yielding of some things two crops, of others three a year. The common productions of the soil, almost without cultivation, are corn, sugar cane, tobacco, and wheat. The articles abounding in abundance, without cultivation, are dyewoods—such as log-wood and vanilla beans, oranges, pineapples, bananas, and a thousand other delicious fruits and luxuries. Papeta, the hemp plant of this country, and far superior to Manila, grows wild all over the country.—Deer, wild turkeys, partridges, wild hogs and cattle, are numerous—in fact, nature has done every thing for this country, and man nothing. If you could induce from four to five hundred families to emigrate here, they would be more happy and wealthy in one year than they would be in any part of the United States in four or five. The land is held here in common; and any person, by paying \$25 to the municipal authorities, can take up as much land as he can work, and hold it during his own lifetime, and his children can do the same. You can also enter a pre-emption, and keep the land, by purchasing from Government at the rate of about ten cents an acre. If this country was in the possession, or I should say a part of the United States, with its natural passes, the difficulty of access, and the vast resources which would soon develop themselves, it would become, in a few years, the most wealthy and powerful nation on earth. It only requires to be inhabited by a free and enlightened com-

munity. The production of the vanilla bean alone (and it can only be raised here) would produce more wealth in this province than is made in the whole states of New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia combined. Every thing at present is wild, beautiful and abundant. In my most dreamy imagination, I never pictured myself so beautiful a country; nor could I give you, by the most excited or lively description, the least idea of this paradise.

Of society in Mexico, this writer thinks that one fault with correspondents is that they waste too much foolscap in describing soirées, balls, masques, et cetera. The materials for these descriptions, he says, are often drawn from fancy, and the descriptions themselves greatly exaggerated. The large majority of respectable Mexican citizens keep their doors closed, and generally remain at home in the evenings. The Americans and Mexicans do not mix socially, though the rigid formality which at first existed is wearing away. In a year or two the prejudice will subside. There are so many Mexican families whose grief, caused by the terrible loss of life in the battles, has not yet subsided, and before they can mix socially with the Americans, there must sufficient time elapse for blossoms to grow over the graves of relatives and friends who fell in defence of the city.

Profane Swearing.

"To swear—is neither brave, polite nor wise; You would not swear upon the bed of death— Reflect—your Maker now could stop your breath!"

Brother S—— and myself were entertained, during the Convention week, at the house of a medical gentleman, eminent in his profession, but addicted, it was said, to profanity in ordinary conversation. Without a premonition, no suspicion of so blame-worthy a practice could have arisen in our minds—for no real Christian ever showed guests greater courtesy, or seemed further from profaneness than our gentlemanly host. He did not even annoy us with lady-like mincing, putting forth the budding of profanity in "la me!"—"good gracious!" and the like.

But on Sunday night, our conversation taking a religious turn, and the subject of profane swearing was incidentally named, when I could not resist the temptation of drawing a bow at a venture, and so I said:

"Doctor, we leave you to-morrow; and be assured we are very grateful to Mrs. D—— and yourself; but may I say dear sir, we have been disappointed here?"

"Disappointed!"

"Yes, sir, but most agreeably——"

"In what way, Mr. C——?"

"Will you pardon me, if I say we were misinformed, and may I name it?"

"Yes, sir, say what you wish."

"Well, my dear sir, we were told that Dr. D—— was not guarded in his language—but surely you are misrepresented——"

"Sir," interrupted he, "I do honor you for your candor—yet sir, I regret to say, you have not been misinformed. I do, and perhaps habitually use profane language; but sir, can you think I would swear before religious people, and one of them a clergyman?"

"Tears stood in my eyes, (the frank-heartedness of a gentleman always start them,) as I took his hand and replied:

"My dear sir you amaze us. Can it be that Dr. D——, so courteous and so intelligent a man has greater reverence for us than for the venerable God?"

Timing it.

A minister in the Highlands of Scotland found one of his parishioners intoxicated. The next day he called to reprove him for it. "It is very wrong to get drunk," said the parson.—"I ken that," said the guilty person, "but then I dinna drink as meikle as you do!" "What, sir! How is that?" "Why, gin it please ye, dinna ye aye take a glass o' whiskey and water after dinner?" "Why yes, Jemmy, surely I take a little whiskey after dinner merely to aid digestion." "And dinna ye take a glass o' whiskey toddy every night before ye gang to bed?" "Yes, to be sure, I just take a little toddy at night to help me to sleep!" "Well," continued the parson, "that's just fourteen glasses a week, and about 60 every month. I only get paid off once a month, an' then if I'd take sixty glasses, it wad make me ded drunk for a week;—now ye see the only difference is, ye time it better than I do!"

The Genesee Farmer says that a pained onion will immediately relieve the pain occasioned by a scald or burn.

Judge Persham, of Maine, (as the story goes) was trying a case of Felony; and while in the delivery of his prosy and tedious charge, the jury and counsel fell "fast asleep!" The sheriff having charge of the culprit, was likewise seen to nod. A spectator who was awake, noticing the universal nodding, and apprehending an escape, exclaimed, "Wake the sheriff!"—"Never mind," said the judge, who was something of a wag, "the officers may have their nap out, for the prisoner is fast asleep also!"