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The Mission of the Angel of Death

BY MRS. S. W. JEWETT.

Go forth," said the heavenly Father,
To one of his seraphic train;
Go forth on an errand of mercy,
To the world of trouble and pain.

Loosen the galling fetters,
That bind the weary and worn;
And bear to their glorious mansions,
The souls that for bliss are born.

And away from earth's noxious vapors,
Some buds of beauty bring,
To bloom in the heavenly gardens,
'Neath the smile of perpetual spring."

And the angel with wing resplendent,
Went out from the heavenly band,
Midst a chorus of joyful voices,
Resounding at God's right hand.

In the street of crowded city,
An old man beggar'd and poor,
Hungry and sick and sorrowing,
Sank down by a rich man's door.

Sleep weighed down his heavy eyelids,
And feeble he drew his breath,
As beside him, with look of compassion,
Alighted the Angel of Death.

Then he thought of the years long vanished,
The lovely, the lost, and the dear,
Till borne on the wings of sweet visions,
He woke in a happier sphere.

There were none on the earth to sorrow,
That the old man's days were o'er,
But myriads bade him welcome,
As he neared the heavenly shore.

Slowly night's gathering shadows,
Closed round a mother mild,
Who, tearful and heavy hearted,
Watched by her dying child.

Ferred, and restless, and moaning,
On his little bed he lay,
When the bright-winged angel drew near him,
And kiss'd his last breath away.

So softly the chain was severed—
So gently was stayed the breath—
It smoothed the heart of the mourner,
And she blessed the Angel of Death.

For she knew that the soul of her darling
Had gone to his Father above—
Clasped in the arms more tender
Than even her fondest love.

And still in his holy mission,
Did the heaven-sent messenger roam,
Gathering God's wandering children
To their eternal home.

Those only, whose souls were blighted,
And withered by sin and shame,
Saw no light in the path of the angel,
And knew not from whence he came.

And those, only, who close the spirits
In wilful blindness here,
From the light of God's nearer presence
Need shrink with distrust and fear.

Discriminating Youth.

A gentleman travelling in Tennessee, stopped at a house for the night, and during the first meal observed an urchin pulling at a loaf of corn bread.

At length the youngster remarked, "Mamma, here's a hair in the bread."

The old lady remarked that it was only a piece of corn-silk.

"Corn silk, the mischief," replied the young "un—how can corn silk have a nit in it?"

'Tis our grand father's date
To sit beside an oak,
And hear these 'tarnal bull frogs join
In one Almighty croak!

Volcan de Toluca.

The following account of an expedition to the Snow Mountain, in Mexico, prepared by an officer of the Fourth Artillery, who made one of the party, was originally published in "The Outpost Guard," a small American paper at Toluca.—*Nat. Intel.*

Having breakfasted, and the day being fair, not a cloud obscuring the horizon, our pans, kettles, meats, and eatables of all kinds were stowed away in our wagons, together with the knapsacks and blankets of some fifty men, who had volunteered from the Fourth Artillery to accompany us, and at about eight o'clock on the morning of the thirteenth day of March we started upon our expedition to the Snow Mountain at Toluca. In about two hours we reached the hacienda of Guadalupe, passing the little hill of Tlacotepec on our left.

Procuring guides here we continued on, and with our wagons, entered some three miles into the pine forest that encircles the mountain, and there bivouacked for the night. Some two or three tents, brought in the wagons, were pitched, houses of pine tree boughs were built, and in a short time the place had the appearance of a small village. Huge fires sprung up all around as if by magic, and soon every one was employed in cooking, making bowers, bringing water from a small stream near by, or hunting dry wood for the fires. All was bustle, life and hilarity.

The sun soon set, and the wind now commenced blowing, bringing up huge masses of clouds, that, as the night set in rainy and starless, seemed to fill every one with desponding and anxiety for the weather on the morrow.—The cold was severe, and we continued on sitting around our fires, making merry with chocolate and hot punches until a late hour, when one by one, the party stole off, to sleep as comfortably as the number of blankets each man had brought would permit him.

The next morning before sunrise every one had prepared his own breakfast. I myself then thought that nothing could have tasted sweeter than did a cup of chocolate of my own make, and the leg of a chicken. Breakfast over, our horses were saddled and, the guides leading, we were soon on our winding way pursuing a narrow path through the forest which seemed to me interminable.

As we had feared, the morning was cloudy, and the mist so dense that we could scarcely see the guide before us. The trees became smaller and more stunted as we proceeded, and finally disappeared altogether. We then emerged into a sort of wild, ascending prairie, covered with a long rank growth of grass having the appearance, from Toluca, of banks of sand. Continuing on over this prairie for some three miles we arrived at the foot of a steep hill.—On reaching the top of this we found that we were now only separated from the highest peak by a deep intervening valley. Passing through this and up a slight elevation on the other side, we at length stood at the base of the towering snow-topped summits far above us.

Our party now scattered, some leaving their horses here, commenced the ascent of the hill, at whose base we then stood, while others continued on towards the peaks beyond the lakes. My horse being completely exhausted, I left him and commenced the first ascent at hand. After climbing a short distance I stopped and gazed with wonder upon the scene before me. My further ascent was to be over a perfect mass of piled up rocks, rent into prismatic blocks and through whose crevices the eye would occasionally penetrate into many a dark recess.

The ascent was so difficult and tiresome, from the rarefied state of the air, that but few upward steps could be taken at a time, and then the heart would throb with violence, and the air in the lungs seem exhausted. The head would swim, and not until one had inhaled a copious draught of air could he continue on. After climbing up for more than an hour, completely exhausted, I seated myself upon a projecting rock and gazed around in bitter disappointment—dense mist and clouds hid every thing from my view. But while sitting here the gods seemed to take compassion on me; and, in reward for my perseverance, with one blast swept the mist and clouds from before me, revealing to my longing eyes, in the far east, the snow topped summits of Popocatepet and Iztacihuatl.

Below me lay the fertile valley of Toluca, which, though bounded on the east by a lofty ridge, now seemed to be shut in by the misty hills. Over their tops could be seen the far-famed valley of Anahuac, and still further on to my right rose that mariner's guide, high aloft amid the clouds, the snow topped peak of Orizba. This scene was disclosed but for a moment, and again the envious mist enshrouded all in obscurity.

Continuing the ascent, I at last stood on the highest pinnacle of this range, and there now only remained above me on the opposite side of the lake, whose deep blue waters lay calm below, the high unapproachable peaks of the western ridge.

Again the mist for an instant broke away,

and I looked with longing eyes to the west, if possible to see the bright waters of the Pacific; but this was denied me—the air was too dense, the mist too thick. And even later in the day, when the sun had broken out and in some measure dispelled the gloom, I could still catch to the west no glimpse, of its waters.

I remained here gazing around for some time and then determined to let myself down towards the lake by the almost perpendicular side which descends towards its everlast waters. Having proceeded a short distance, I found the undertaking much more difficult than I had imagined it could be. At times, as my foot occasionally fell upon some huge rock, it would shake, vibrate, leave its bed, and, with a noise like thunder, leap down from crag to crag, and bound into the gaping mouth of the crater below.—After some danger and much exertion I reached the base, and, on looking up again, I scarcely could realize that I had descended from a point so high.

Our party was now scattered over every part of the mountain. On every snow-topped crag could be seen moving figures, who made the misty mountains echo and re-echo with their shouts and the reports of muskets. I stood on the shore of a little lake and gazed down into its waters, and the thought arose, with feelings of awe, that those towering summits, these huge masses, these piles of rocks, had all been cast up from its now calm and tranquil depths.

The day continuing cloudy, and having seen all that the mist would permit us to see, having been fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea—above all vegetation, in the region of perpetual snow—the terra caliente lying below us on either hand, clothed in perpetual summer, we now turned away, I know not why, with a feeling of sadness, and retraced our footsteps to our little camp. Many of those mounted on good horses returned to Toluca that night, I remained and came in the next morning, satisfied that in the Nevada de Toluca I had seen one of Nature's grandest works.—S. L. G.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

Human Hydrophobia.

One could almost suppose that hydrophobia, in a certain modified form, was an epidemic in human society as well as among dogs. The lower portions of the community, in particular, seem to consider themselves as having a prescriptive right to suffer from it. The diagnosis of the malady in the human patient, does not point to a catastrophe altogether so abrupt and tragical as in the canine, but it is attended by circumstances quite as sinister. Dirty faces, dirty clothes, dirty houses, dirt all over, are the symptoms which most forcibly arrest attention; and yet bad as these are, we know that there are worse effects, underneath the surface, for where physical dirt goes, there also resides moral degradation.

We know of no country in Europe where there is so little disposition on the part of the people, as in ours, to give themselves even that exhilarating kind of ablation which is derived from bathing.—At the present season, the traveller on the Continent finds the rivers alive with swimmers, and we remember them swimming down the Loire to Nantes, observing the steamer frequently surrounded, more especially when neaping the great manufacturing city, with crowds of black heads and white shoulders. In Russia, where the people have not got beyond the Middle Ages, the lower classes do not yet know the use of the shirt, but wear it above their trousers in the form of a kilt. They have not, however, abandoned the bath. Towards the end of the week they feel a prickly and uncomfortable sensation in their skin, and at length rush eagerly into the hot steam, and boiling out the impurities of the preceding six days, begin life again with new vigor. In Summer they do not wait for days and times, but merely get up an hour earlier and dash into the nearest pond or river.—In our refined country, dirt causes no uneasiness. It is allowed to harden upon the skin, choke up the pores and contaminate the whole being, moral and physical. It blunts the senses to such a degree, that the husband does not detect it in the wife, nor the mother in the child. All are alike. All have forfeited the dignity of human nature, and sunk into a lower scale of animal existence.

While mentioning the custom that prevails in Russia, we are struck with the proof afforded there of the connection between moral and physical cleanliness. The state of the bath house of the hanlet is an unfailing index to the character and position of the inhabitants. If it is neat and trim, the people are good and happy, and their feudal lord kind and considerate—if poor and ruinous, there is tyranny on the one hand, misery on the other, and depravity on both.

In respect of its contagiousness, or inclination to spread, the human malady seems not a bit behind the canine, although certainly the immediate symptoms are less virulent. It has been implied that the stain of dirt extends from the skin of the individual over his life and conversation. But it does more than that; it contaminates his family; it daubs his neighbors; it forms a nucleus round

which impurity gathers, and strengthens, and spreads. Insignificant at first in itself, it becomes a social evil of importance. It is one of the omits which gives its character to the aggregate; and, rising out of a thing which at first was only scorned from good taste, shunned from individual repugnance, or laughed at out of sheer folly, we see spreading over the land, vice, misery, pestilence and death. Yet we observe the symptoms of this formidable disease with a glassy and indifferent eye, while those of canine hydrophobia inspire us with horror and alarm, and drive us to dog-murder in self defence!

The dread of water is seen in the human subject in another form, in which it is attended by a different class of effects—different, but not very unremotely allied to the preceding. Almost everywhere the use of water as a beverage appears to be felt as a sort of original doom, designed as a penalty for the sins of mankind; and everywhere are efforts made to disguise it in some way, so that the patient may be made to believe that he is swallowing something else. Much ingenuity has been expended upon this curious process; but in certain conditions of society it seems to be of little consequence what taste is superadded, or by what means superaddition is made. The grand thing is *tragsmogrification*. Among the poorer classes in China, a decoction of cabbage leaves is felt as a relief; among the upper, the tincture of the more elegant tea-leaf is employed. In the Western world, the refuse of fruit and grain, subjected to fermentation and distilling, is brought into requisition. The Norman converts his good cider into execrable brandy; the French maltreat their wine in a similar way; in Russia the sickening quass becomes the maddening vodka; in Scotland, honest two-penny is sublimated into whiskey; and so on, throughout the whole habitable world. That this sort of hydrophobia is merely a modification of the other is established by the fact that they who most abhor water as a cleanser, abhor it most as a drink. A cleanly person will frequently condescend to take a draught of the pure element with his meals; but you never saw a man, with a dirty face, who would not greatly prefer some poisonous and ill-tasting compound. At the tables of the upper classes you find the water karaff most in demand; at those of the lower classes the beer jug. The quality of the beer is of no consequence. We never knew it so freely drunk in our own neighborhood as at a time (some 20 years ago) when the sole effect of the worthy brewer's manufacture was declared to be to *spoil the water*. Even among the abstainers from these deleterious liquors, there are many who must still have their water disguised; hence their extensive patronage of lemonade, ginger-beer, and other weak though comparatively innocuous mixtures. The whole affair reminds us of a literary work published in London nearly twenty years ago, by a Bond-street hair-dresser, which gave a sort of catalogue *resumé* of the various materials used for lathering the beard—all except one; for the magnanimous barber scorned to mention—*soap*.

The connection between the worst symptoms of the two kinds of hydrophobia we have described needs little illustration. The dirtier an individual is in his person, family, house, neighborhood, the more pestilent are the expedients he falls upon for disguising the taste of the abhorred water.—In other words, the progress of the disease is naturally exhibited in the intensity of its symptoms. A man of sublime cleanliness may be found drinking pure water; with a little tint of human weakness one may indulge, likewise, but only occasionally and in moderation, in beer, ale, wine, or even stronger brewings; while your true hydrophobist—a dingy, vulgar, desperado, whom the very children on the street know and detest even when he happens to be sober—stupifies himself habitually with the worst form of alcohol. Does it not appear that there is an unjust distinction made in our treatment of human and canine patients?

We do not propose that the former should be hooded and hunted like the latter out of society, or that they should be mauled with sticks and stones, or shot, poisoned, hanged or drowned. They might not like it. It might cause some discontent. It would perhaps be better to let it alone, and try to manage some other way. But what other way? How would a pump answer at the end of every street, to be worked by the police? A passer-by, caught in the fact of hydrophobia, whether in the dirty or drunken form of the disease, might be pouced upon and put under the spout, when the remedy administered might be proportioned to the intensity of the malady. To say that this would be an infringement of liberty of the subject is nonsense; for if society has not the right to repress a contagious disease by any means in its power, we might as well lay aside the habits of civilization at once, and betake ourselves again to woods and caves. Peter the Great was the ablest doctor in the world, and it would not be amiss if we were to take a lesson from his school. The grand obstacle in the way of his project for civilizing Russia was the beards of the nobles.

To expect to teach European refinement to a man with a great, matted, beastly beard, was out of the question; and he tried by every Delilah-like stratagem he could think of, to shear off the strength of barbarism. All would not do; and Peter had then recourse to a coup d'etat. He sent against the malcontents an army of barbers, who rushed in upon them in their native woods, and shaved their beards by main force.

"And dragged the struggling savages into day."

That some such plan as this may in time be tried, seems probable from the fact, that the sister malady, ignorance, is already treated by compulsory remedies. When a dirty little ragged boy is seen on the streets in some of our more civilized towns, he is picked up by the authorities and sent to school. He should in like manner, be sent to the pump; and this you may depend upon it would be a great assistance in his education. When offenders are locked up in jail, the first process they have to submit to is that of being well washed and scrubbed. This is all very proper; but surely it is an absurdity to show greater solicitude for the health of jails than for the health of dwelling-houses. If the man had been washed in time, we question much whether they would have become felons at all.

Rates of Wages in Great Britain.

We copy the following article from the Lowell Courier. The writer, Mr. Aiken, is agent of the Lawrence Mills, in Lowell:

During the autumn of 1847, I visited Europe, and while in Great Britain, spent several weeks in the manufacturing districts. I was admitted with entire freedom to the Linnen Factories at Belfast, Ireland; to the Machine Shops and Cotton Factories at Greenock and Glasgow in Scotland; to a large Woolen Factory at Leeds; to several of the machine, Shops and Cotton Mills at Manchester; to a Lace Factory at Derby, and to the Shops at Sheffield and Birmingham. All the processes in the several manufactories were shown to me, and all my inquiries was answered without reserve, and to my entire satisfaction. The rate of wages paid to the operatives, and the cost of production, were of course points which I could not overlook. I was uniformly attended by the proprietor or manager of the factory, and the information received was immediately noted on my memorandum book, from which I take the following particulars regarding wages;—

The operative in all cases boards himself out of the wages paid.

In the Linnen Mill at Belfast, wages from 11d. to 13d. per day: average 6s. a week, equal to \$1.44.

In the Cotton Mills which I visited at Greenock and Glasgow, in Scotland, wages ranged from 4s. to 8s. 6d. perling a week; average not over 7s. 6d., equal to \$1.80.

In the large Woolen Mill at Leeds, wages ranged from 6s. to 10s. sterling a week; average not over 6s., equal to \$2.16.

In the two best Cotton Factories I visited at Manchester, one of them spinning fine Lace Thread from No. 200 to No. 400, and the other spinning No. 40 Mule Twist, the average wages paid to men, women and children, as given me by the proprietors, was 12s. a week, equal to \$2.88. At the same time, the proprietors informed me, that their rate of wages was considerably above the general rate; and in accordance with this statement, I found in these two mills much the best clothed and best looking sets of operatives I saw in any factories in Great Britain.

As another test of the cost of labor, I ascertained from the proprietors themselves, who, in some instances, submitted to my inspection their private weekly mixture of cost, that No. 40 Mule Twist was produced and packed for market at a cost of 2s. per pound on labor. And this embraced mechanics and all other labor employed about the establishments.

Skilled labor is also much cheaper in Manchester than in Lowell. In one mill, much larger than the new mill of the Merrimack Company, I was informed that the head overlooker, having a general superintendence of the whole mill, received £3 a week, equal to \$2.40 a day; and the overseers of particular rooms from 27s. to 30s. a week, equal to \$1.08 and \$1.20 per day.

My general conclusion was that labor in the cotton manufactories in Manchester, was at least 33 per cent, and in the Woolen at Leeds at least 50 per cent, cheaper, than similar labor at the same time, at Lowell.

Very Respectfully, JOHN AIKEN.

POOR VAN BUREN.—Here is a parody on "Oh Susannah":

"I had a dream the other night, when all around was still,
I thought I saw Old Kinderhook's going down the hill,
A cabbage stump was in his mouth, the tear was in his eye;
Says he, 'We're beaten north and south, but John don't you cry.'"