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From the Saturday Evening Post.

Reminiscences of England.

English Farm Laborers and their Wages.—Factory Operatives—How they Live—Intemperance, &c.

My pleasantest reminiscences of England point invariably to the rural districts; yet they are not unmixed with pain.—Precisely where I saw the greatest evidence of successful agriculture; where the land appeared a Paradise of beauty, there I heard the most frequent complaints from the laboring classes. I am well aware that one must take, with some caution, the expression of an individual as an indication of the average comfort of his class, or even of the actual condition of his informant. He may justly query, whether complaints from such quarters may not arise from that disposition in human nature to think the present lot the worst possible. Yet, when I found the rate of wages to harmonize so well with their cry of "hard times," I thought that their dissatisfaction had another origin than in a fault-finding disposition. Let me mention the rate of wages in Warwickshire, the best cultivated country which I visited. Men at work, from morning till night, said they received 16d. or 18d. Women, who worked as long and as hard, according to universal custom, received half price. Teamsters, who rose with the Sun in Summer and long before him in Winter, and who never found their beds till after sunset, received 10 shillings per week. Lads of 12 and 14, who should have been at school, were breaking stones for the road, at sixpence a day. At these rates, too, they find their morning, their mid-day and their evening meal. In the same neighborhood, chatting with the keeper of a toll-gate and his wife, I had the curiosity to make some inquiry into their well-being. They considered themselves rather a fortunate pair by their own and their children's exertions, they could make twelve or thirteen shillings weekly. They pitied their neighbors, who, with larger families, could only make nine shillings per week, and many, they said, had to be content with seven. I am at a loss to know how they succeed in appearing so comfortable, on so little money. Their cottages are almost uniformly neat, enveloped generally in a profusion of vines and rose bushes, and surrounded by little patches, of perhaps half an acre, on which they raise no inconsiderable part of their vegetables. These cottages rent for 25 or 25 per annum. Meat must be to most of them a luxury they do not often taste. They exercise an economy in clothing, that is rarely seen among Americans.—They have little acquaintance with the latest Paris fashions; the drab, corduroy breeches, and the well worn, well brushed, well kept coat, speak in unmistakable language of "Long, long ago." After all, they perhaps enjoy as good health, live as long lives, as those who eat roast beef and plum pudding every day. My sympathies are less interested for them on account of what they eat, drink and wear, than because they seem to be deprived of all supply of intellectual food. Schools, for the free education of all, are inconceivable to most of them. The necessity for them must press itself upon the attention of every inquirer. The lad, to whom I have already referred as a stone-breaker, was very ignorant. Sunday Schools had given him all the education he had received, and in the branches upon which I catechised him, he showed that they make a very poor substitute for the common school. I did not step out of my department to make inquiries into his theological attainments.

My inquiries respecting the condition of the agricultural classes were not con-

finied to the laborers; I conversed with some of the renters, and found similar complaints coming from them. Here, they were directed against burdensome taxes and removed protection. I found most of them anxious for the ministerial candidates in the then pending election. They hoped that something would be done for their benefit, though few were sanguine enough to expect the re-enactment of corn-laws; indeed few seemed to desire it, but they looked for some indefinable good from a ministerial victory.—Those whose expectations took a definite form, thought that D'Israeli's indemnity would be a removal of some of the many taxes that weigh upon the agriculturists, from the shoulders of the renter to those of the land owner. I thought it required a large amount of hope, to suppose that a party, made up largely of landed aristocracy, would ignore its past practice to this extent.

The gathering of the hay and grain presented some features of novelty to me; some marked contrasts to the methods I had seen employed in my visits to American farms. Patent reapers have not yet found their way into those parts in which it was my fortune to spend the harvest; but as they are not yet very common in Pennsylvania, this did not seem strange to me. It seemed odd, however, to find the sickle still holding its place, in spite of the cradle, and to see thirty or forty hands turned into the corn with no weapon but this insignificant knife; to see them trudging home in the evening, with no ponderous cradle on their shoulders but the scarce noticeable sickle in hand. My earliest recollections of country life, bring the sickle to my mind as a rusty, discarded instrument, only brought into use in some case of special difficulty, when fingered or unfingered scythe was unequal to the emergency. I was not a little surprised, therefore, when I found it still hold its place in a country so much older than ours. The absence of innovation is shown in other agricultural implements. You see wagons that are themselves a load. You see, in the hay field, the hand-rake, used as a gleaner, almost invariably; instead of a man, a horse and horse-rake you will see a long row of men and women diligently caressing the field. It is possible that the rate of wages, and the greater heaviness of the crops, may lead to the continuation of old customs, quite as much a dread of change. There was one peculiarity in reference to the harvest field, that was novel and pleasant—the gleaner. All that is left behind, after the binder has done his work, belongs to the poor of the parish, and in every recently shocked field, you will see women and children, scattered here and there, gathering the ungathered stalks, and preserving them in little bundles for the winter. I was told that not unfrequently a fortunate individual succeeded, in the course of the harvest, in obtaining wheat enough in this way to last through the year. The sheaves standing much more thickly over the fields than you find them on the farms near Philadelphia, speak the same language that I heard from the workmen, that their crops are heavier than with us. Forty or fifty bushels of wheat per acre was considered—so they said—no extraordinary yield; if my recollection serves me, half of the latter number would satisfy some Pennsylvanians who call themselves good farmers upon good farms.

To pass from the country and the condition of the agricultural population, let us enter the manufacturing towns, and see if anything of interest can be found there. England is becoming far more a making than a growing country. It is her manufactures that make her what she is; it is her manufacturing interest that she is fostering or freeing. In the great centre of manufacturing industry you will see the type of life which is England's hope and England's problem. The retrospect of visits to these hives, is not, altogether, so pleasant as when I remember the worse paid but better looking peasantry. In Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds and Manchester, I had the best opportunities of inspecting the workshops and ware-houses, and of observing the habits and condition of the workmen and workwomen. In Manchester alone, I found an approach to what I hoped to see. Birmingham was the first of these towns that I visited, and going in as I did, late in the afternoon, and at a time when an election was being contested, the worst face was presented to me. The circumstances under which I entered it, made my mind receptive of the shadow, not the sun. I had left Warwick and Kenilworth Castle, and a succession of lovely landscapes behind, and plunged suddenly into the smoke-crowned, dust-filled town. I met the hands just released from the shops, very many standing at the doors of gin-shops, of which the number is legion. They looked as if their visits were very frequent. The next morning I visited several large establishments, and found a better appearance worn by those whom I saw at work. I found much to interest me in the glass, britania and papier mache manufactory here, and they may form the subject of a future letter. At present I have only to

do with workmen, not with their work.—The wages of those employed, not only in Birmingham, but in the other towns named, are much higher than those received for labor on the farm. An industrious, skillful man, can earn in the factories which I visited, four, five or even six shillings per day; yet in many cases, I am not sure that I might not say in a majority, there is much less apparent comfort than on the part of the agricultural laborer. The factory hand is dressed in more modern garments, but they hang loosely, carelessly, and often raggedly on him.—He is not so well fed as the peasant, and his dwelling bears no comparison in point of neatness, with the pretty cottages that dot the smiling country. You must excuse the absence of flowers around the houses of the poor in a city; you may perhaps excuse the presence of filth, though propriety struggles with charity in the effort. How is it, that with so much greater means of comfort, in almost every particular, the inhabitant of the city is inferior to the country man? Why is it that the narrow, close, unclean, unshaven, unwashed men, coarse, brutal women, and ragged, squalid children, destitute of learning, wonderfully precocious in wickedness? The answer comes up like a chorus, in which the o'ermastering tone is, they are victims not of the factory, but of the gin-shop! It is not low wages, hard work, and long days; only in part pent up, unscavenged streets and unventilated houses, that make the misery you see.

You may find, with little exertion, in all these towns, quarters where the work people live with a tolerable degree of comfort. You must first become a little accustomed to the dingy appearance of a place, over which hovers at all times a cloud of smoke, descending without provocation, and shrouding the city in everlasting mourning suit. You are soon convinced that with so gloomy an exterior, there may be joy and gladness within.—Those who reside here, have no advantage over their more miserable fellow-laborers, save in greater self-control or less temptation. A single incident of a visit to the largest cutlery in Sheffield, probably in the world, contains the pith of the explanation. I noticed that many of the rooms were almost vacant, long rows of benches without workmen, forged unfired, tools lying idle. On asking my guide for an explanation, he said,—"Oh, it is 'blue Monday,' and we don't expect a full complement of hands." Certainly more than one-third of the places were vacant. He assured me that it was no unusual number, and that many were absent till the middle of the week, when, having disposed of all they had earned the week before, they were ready to replenish their purses. This is the tax that weighs upon the nation. It is not sufficient that from the hands of labor must come the shilling or eighteen pence on every pound that support the lords of the land in idleness and extravagance, but they must pay a self-imposed tax of double or triple this amount, to support the lords of the gin-palace. Ah! it is a melancholy fact that the drinking population of the United Kingdom, spend annually, for liquor, a sum equal to the whole expenses of the Government—interest on the national debt, army, navy, royalty, aristocracy, hierarchy and all. C. G.

Symptoms of Old-Maidism.

When a woman begins drinking her tea without sugar—that's a symptom.—When a woman begins reading stories in bed—that's a symptom. When she sighs on hearing of a wedding—that's a symptom. When she begins to tell how many offers she has refused—that's a symptom. When she begins to call men deceitful creatures and says she wouldn't have one for the world—that's a decided symptom. When she changes her shoes every time she comes in from a walk—that's a symptom. When she must have a little dog trotting after her, and when she says a servant-girl has no business to have a sweet-heart—that's a symptom.

When she begins to rub her fingers over chairs and tables to see if they are dusty—that's a symptom. When she goes to bed with her stockings and flannel night-cap on—that's a symptom.—When she puts her fingers before her mouth when talking lest you might discover her false teeth—that's a symptom. When she begins to talk about rheumatic pains in her elbows and knees—that's an unerring symptom. When she refuses to tell her age—that's a self-evident symptom. When she begins to talk about the dangers of damp feet, and the necessity of excluding the cold air—that's a symptom.

In short, when she becomes a lean, crabbed, snappish, ricketty creature, displaying cheeks pursed up with wrinkles, and a form as spare as a hamper, instead of the rosy plumpness of youth, or the mellow rotundity of matronly expansion—she may be set down as a sure specimen of old-maidism.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mormon Marriage.

The Mormon paper, *The Seer*, gives the following account of the formalities observed when a Saint espouses supplementary wives, after he already has one of those companions:

In this Church of Latter Day Saints every man is strictly limited to one wife, unless the Lord, through the President and Prophet of the Church, gives a revelation permitting him to take more.—Without such a revelation it would be sinful, according to the Book of Mormon, which this Church are required to obey.—Hence the Boob of Mormon is somewhat more strict than the Bible; for there is nothing in the Bible that limits man kind to one wife, but the Book of Mormon does absolutely forbid a man to have more than one wife, unless God shall command otherwise.

No man in Utah, who already has a wife, and who may desire to obtain another, has any right to make any propositions of marriage to a lady until he has consulted the President over the whole Church, and through him obtains a revelation from God, as to whether it would be pleasing in His sight. If he is forbidden by revelation, that the ends the matter; if, by revelation, the privilege is granted, he still has no right to consult the feelings of the young lady until he has obtained the approbation of her parents, provided they are living in Utah; if their consent cannot be obtained, this also ends the matter. But if the parents or guardians freely give their consent then he may make propositions of marriage to the young lady; if she refuse these propositions, this also ends the matter; but if she accept, a day is generally set apart by the parties for the marriage ceremony to be celebrated. It is necessary to state that, before any man takes the least step toward getting another wife, it is his duty to consult the feelings of the wife which he already has, and obtain her consent, as recorded in the twenty-fourth paragraph of the revelation, published in the first No. of *The Seer*.

When the day set apart for the solemnization of the marriage ceremony has arrived, the bridegroom and his wife, and also the bride, together with their relatives, and such other guests as may be invited, assemble at the place which they have appointed. The Scribe then proceeds to take the names, ages, native towns, Counties, States and countries of the parties to be married, which he carefully enters on record. The President, who is the Prophet, Seer and Revelator over the whole Church throughout the world, and who alone holds the keys of authority in this solemn ordinance, (as recorded in the second and fifth paragraphs of the Revelation on Marriage), calls upon the bridegroom and his wife, and the bride, to arise, which they do, fronting the President. The wife stands on the left hand of her husband, while the bride stands on her left. The President, then, puts the question to the wife: "Are you willing to give this woman to your husband to be his lawful and wedded wife for time and for all eternity? If you are, you will manifest it by placing her right hand within the right hand your husband."—The right hands of the bridegroom and bride, being thus joined, the wife takes her husband by the left arm, as if in the attitude of walking. The President then proceeds to ask the following question of the man: "Do you, brother, (calling him by name,) take sister (calling the bride by her name) by the right hand, to receive her unto yourself, to be your lawful and wedded wife, and you to be her lawful and wedded husband, for time and for all eternity, with a covenant and promise, on your part, that you will fulfill all the laws, rites and ordinances pertaining to this holy matrimony, in the new and everlasting covenant, doing this in the presence of God, angels, and these witnesses, of your own free will and choice?" The bridegroom answers, yes. The President then puts the question to the bride: "Do you, sister, (calling her by name,) take brother (calling him by name,) by the right hand, and give yourself to him, to be his lawful and wedded wife for time and for all eternity, with a covenant and promise, on your part, that you will fulfill all the laws, rites and ordinances pertaining to this holy matrimony, in the new and everlasting covenant, doing this in the presence of God, angels and these witnesses, of your own free will and choice?" The bride answers, yes. The President then says, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, I pronounce you legally and lawfully husband and wife for time and for all eternity; and seal upon you the blessings of the holy resurrection, with power to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, clothed with glory, immortality and eternal lives; and I seal up-

on you the blessings of thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers, and exaltations, together with the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and say unto you be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, that you may have joy and rejoicing in your posterity in the day of the Lord Jesus. All these blessings, together with all other blessings pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant, I seal upon your heads, through your faithfulness unto the end, by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." The Scribe then enters on the general record the date and place of the marriage, together with the names of two or three witnesses who were present.

Gipsy Delusions.

A gang of gipsies recently visited Anne Arundel County, Maryland, and while in the vicinity of Bristol Post-Office, Capt. Robert Perry, a gentleman of considerable means, was swindled by one of them out of \$1,000. The gipsies then left the neighborhood, and removed to Washington, and the Republic, of that city, tells the following singular story of the mode in which Capt. Perry was swindled:

"One of the gipsies, an old woman, told him that a treasure of enormous value was secreted on his farm, but refused to disclose its location unless he gave her \$1,000. This sum was procured, placed in a trunk, and locked, the key being given to Capt. Perry. In three days, the gipsy returned, and she and Perry had an interview alone. The trunk was opened, and the bundle was found exactly as it had been placed. He was then required to go upon his knees, in order that her incantations performed over the trunk and money might have their full effect. While so engaged her cloak fell upon the trunk, but she quickly replaced it upon her shoulders. The mysterious proceedings being over, Perry was called to examine the trunk, and found it all right; he relocked, and pocketed the key. He was now told that the work was done, and that on the ninth day she would return, and if the money, &c., in the trunk were all right, she would be at liberty to point out to him the exact locality of the treasure on his farm. The ninth day came, but the gipsy did not appear, and after waiting a day or two longer the trunk was opened, but the bundle in which the \$1,000 was placed, was found to contain only some two hundred coppers and a few leaves of tobacco. The gipsy had substituted this bundle for the one containing his money. Capt. Perry followed the gipsies to Washington, and had several of them arrested, but was unable to identify the woman by whom he was deceived. The house they occupy was searched, and tied up in hankerschiefs, rags, and in kettles, boxes, &c., the officers found large quantities of gold and silver coin, amounting to \$20,000. Capt. Perry could identify none of his money—the greater portion of it having been in bills of Baltimore banks."

The *Republic* says that the victim to this superstitious folly is a man of respectable standing, and adds:

"We still further have to regret to say that Captain Perry, on Saturday, not content with the serious lesson he had received, actually visited a professional fortune-teller in Washington, to be informed where it was likely he could find his lost money."

Chemical analysis has demonstrated, in N. York, that much of the "fine vinegar" which is sold to and used by families in that city, abounds with poison. The examination was induced by a previous one in London, made by a commission of eminent chemists and doctors, who report that out of twenty-eight samples purchased at the houses of various retailers, in different parts of the city, and the productions of almost every maker, only four were free from sulphuric acid or oil of vitriol. Twenty-four were adulterated with that powerful and corrosive mineral acid. In Philadelphia, also, this poisonous liquid is made, and sold in large quantities, and doubtless in all other cities.

A FRAUDULENT HEALTH INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—It seems that for two years past, an institution called the "U. S. Mutual Health Association of N. Y.," claiming to have been incorporated with a cash and guaranteed capital of \$20,000, for insuring the health of members against loss by sickness or accident, those paying \$2 per annum to have \$2 per week in case of sickness, and more in proportion to the amount they pay.—Complaints were made under oath that it was a fictitious concern to defraud the public, and four of the Company have been arrested.

If you wish to collect together all the pretty girls in town, advertise a "Lecture to Young Men."

Blessed is the woman whose husband has a wooden leg, as she will have but one stocking to knit.

The following was picked up in the street a few days since, accompanying a little bunch of grizzled-brown hair, which looked as if it had been pulled out with a fine tooth comb:—

Och, Biddy my darlint,
Here's a lock of my hair,
An' if there's a snarl in it,
Devil a bit do I care,
Ony how!

I'm goin' off, Biddy,
To work on the track;
Ye can take it and kape it
Until I get back.

If ye like:
but if ye don't, ye can take it to the devil
wid ye, be-dad I'm not at all perticklar.

A BITE.—Alfonso Lombardi, a celebrated sculptor of the Emperor Charles V. was a great coxcomb. He got punished one day by a lady of Bologna, to whom he took into his head to make love in a foppish manner. She was his partner at a ball, in the midst of which he turned to her, and heaving a profound sigh, said, as he looked her in the face with what he thought ineffable sweetness in his eyes, and we may suppose some fantastic and writhing gesture, "If 'tis not love I feel, pray what is it?" "Perhaps," said the young lady, "something bites you."

The entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine small children! The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

The worthiest people are most injured by slanders; as we usually find it to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

GIRDLED TREES.—A correspondent of the *Genesee Farmer* says that girdled trees may be preserved by the following:—"Take out a block of wood extending above and below the girdle, and take from the body or limb of another tree a block corresponding in size and shape, with the bark on, and adjust it in the place, and bind it there, on the principle of engrafting." This plan, it is said, has proved successful.

CURE FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—Most of our juveniles during the winter season, are troubled with chapped hands. For the benefit of the mothers, who are obliged to listen to their endless complaints, we publish the following receipt for chapped hands:

Take three drachms of gum camphor three do, white beeswax, three do, spermaceti and two ounces olive oil—put them together in a cup upon the stove, where they will melt slowly and form a white ointment in a few minutes. If the hands be affected anoint them on going to bed, and put on a pair of gloves. A day or two will suffice to heal them.

A Man of no Weight.

Europeans state that there is now exhibiting in Paris a man named Jules Lebaire, who is the wonder of the age. Lebaire has, by some scientific process, the secret of which is not disclosed succeeded in depriving his body of its tendency to gravitate, retaining the power of recalling it at will. He is, consequently, enabled to perform the most marvelous feats.—He walks, or rather glides, with naked feet, along the edge of a gigantic razor without ever raising the skin. He can balance himself on his head on the point of the sharpest sword, and will stand on a delicate needle, placed point upwards, without even bending it. His last feat was jumping from the top of the Arc de Triomphe, and remaining suspended in the air for half an hour. All the scientific men in Paris are in a state of the highest excitement, and it is said that immense sums have been offered to him to disclose his secret. This is certainly wonderful if true.

Rye and Indian Meal.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph recommends, Rye and Indian bread in preference to wheat flour, and says:—"It is very nutritious and will sustain a laboring man longer, and in much better health and condition for heavy work, than flour bread. For persons who use but little exercise also, rye and Indian is still more salutary, if possible in its effects."

If it should happen to get hard and crumbly before consumed he thinks his animals will readily help him to use up the refuse of his loaves.