

# JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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

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## AT THE OFFICE OF THE

## Jeffersonian Republican.

### There's Room Enough for All.

What need of this fuss and strife,  
Each warring with his brother?  
Why should we in the crowd of life,  
Keep trampling down each other?  
Is there no goal that can be won,  
Without a fight to gain it?  
No other way of getting on,  
But grabbings to obtain it?  
Oh! fellow men, hear wisdom then,  
In friendly warning call—  
"Your clans divide, the world is wide—  
There's room enough for all."

What if the swarthy peasant find,  
No field for honest labor?  
He need not idly step behind,  
To thrust aside his neighbor,  
There is a land of sunny skies,  
Where gold for toil is given,  
Where every brawny arm that tries  
Its strength can grasp a living,  
Oh! fellow men, remember then,  
Whatever chance befall,  
The world is wide, where these abide,  
There's room enough for all.

From poisoned air ye breathe in courts,  
And typhus tainted alleys,  
Go forth and dwell where health resorts,  
In fertile hills and valleys,  
Where every arm that clears a bough,  
Finds plenty in attendance,  
And every furrow of the plough  
A step to independence.  
Oh! hasten then, from fevered den,  
And lodgings cramped and small,  
The world is wide in land, beside  
There's room enough for all.

In this fair region far away,  
Will labor find employment;  
A fair day's work, a fair day's pay,  
And toil will earn enjoyment.  
What need they of this daily strife,  
Where each wars with his brother?  
Why need we through the crowd of life,  
Keep trampling down each other?  
From rags and crime, that distant clime  
Will free the paupers thrall;  
Take fortune's tide, the world so wide  
Has room enough for all.

There is not room if one may own,  
The land that others toil on;  
If gold be dug, or grain be sown  
For drones to gorge or spoil on?  
But if to each the equal chance,  
To plough and dig be guarded,  
To competence may all advance  
Through honest toil rewarded.  
There's room and more than room  
We know,  
And gold beyond the mountains,  
Then let the land, and chance for gold  
Be free as nature's fountains.

### How Tom Lost his Vote.

A Louisville correspondent of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times tells the following amusing anecdote:  
In a county election, which came off all around here last spring, Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ was an ardent opponent of J—, one of the candidates. The two nags were about an even match, and every vote was supposed, would be as available as a second in a mile heat, where both horses could spin around inside of 2:40. The election was to come off on a particular Monday, and on Sunday evening just before, a certain well-known J— voter, came to Doc's house suffering under the pangs of a diseased molar. He had been trying two or three spiritual remedies, and being rather bricish about the hat, the Doctor told him to go up-stairs and lay down for an hour or so, until he returned, when the operation should come off. When he did return, he found him sound asleep, and then a luminous idea crossed his brain, which he determined to carry out. Securely tying up a blanket before the window, so as totally to exclude anything

like daylight, and getting a well-filled bottle of old rye, it, with a tumbler and supply of fresh water were placed near the bed, and the Doctor retired to his virtuous couch. Upon waking in the morning, his first visit was to his patient up-stairs, whom he found comfortably snoozing, while the liquid in the bottle had, in some mysterious manner, nearly all evaporated.

"Well, old fellow, how do you feel now?" said the Doctor rousing him up.

"Pretty considerable d—d bad," was the reply.

"Well, you'd better lie down again and go to sleep, if you can; and I'll pull out that tooth in the morning, and then we'll go down and vote together."

"All right was the reply.

The bottle was re-filled, fresh water brought, the Doctor went to the polls, worked all day, brought out his man just by a neck, and, covered with glory, returned home, just at dark, to find his patient still snoring, and the bottle empty.

On the next morning (Tuesday) the first man up and down stairs was the patient.

"Well, Tom," was the Doctor's morning salutation, "sit down, and let's have the job over."

Down sat Tom, out came the tooth, and at the same time in came one of Tom's cronies.

"How are you, Bill," says Tom. "I've got this cussed tooth out at last—let's go down to the polls."

"Go to thunder!" replied Bill, "what'll you go to the polls for?"

"Why, to vote for J—," was Tom's indignant answer; "what else do you think I'd go there for?"

"Why, you cussed fool, the election was over yesterday, and J— is beat to hell and back. You've been drunk, haven't you?"

"No," replied Tom, slowly, as the 'succumbances' of the case began gradually to come over him. "No, I ain't been drunk; but I say, Doctor, haven't I been almighty sick, eh?"

Doc. admitted that he had been sick, very sick, but he never till this day sent in a bill for medical services rendered as I have heard.

### Female Physicians.

The Boston Journal strongly advocates the introduction of females into the ranks of the medical profession. We consider the needle a much more appropriate weapon in the hands of women than the scalpel or bistoury.

### [Exchange.]

Do you? Just suppose yourself a forlorn sick bachelor, in the upper story of some noisy boarding-house, whose inmates don't care a pinch of snuff whether you conclude to die, or get well. Suppose your've watched that spider in the corner weave his web, till you are quite qualified to make one yourself; suppose you have counted, for the thousandth time, all the shepherdesses, distorted little dogs, and crooked trees, on the papered wall of your room; gnawed your finger nails to the very quick; and twitched your mustache till every hair stands up on its own individual responsibility. Then—suppose just as you are at the last grasp, the door opens, gently, and admits (not a great creaking pair of boots containing an oracular, solemn M. D., grim enough to frighten you into the churchyard) but a smiling, rosy cheeked, bright eyed, nice little live woman doctress, yer?

Well, she pushes back her curls, throws off her shawl (Venus! what a figure!) pulls off her glove, and takes your hand in those little fingers. Holy mother!—How your pulse races! She looks at you so compassionately from those soft blue eyes; lays her hand on your forehead, and then questions you demurely about your 'symptoms,' (a few of which she sees without any of your help!) Then she writes a prescription with those dainty little fingers, and tells you to keep very composed and quiet, (just as if you could) smooths the tumbled quiet—arranges your pillow—shades the glaring sunlight from your aching eyes, with an instinctive knowledge of your unspoken wants; and says with the sweetest smile in the world, that she'll 'call again in the morning; and so—the fold of her dress flutters through the door; and then you crawl out of the bed the best way you can—clutch a looking-glass to see what the probabilities are that you have made a favorable impression! inwardly resolving (as you replace yourself between the blankets,) not to get quite well as long as she will come to see you. Well, the upshot of it is, you have a delightful lingering attack of heart complaint!

FOR MYSELF, I prefer prescriptions in a masculine hand! shan't submit my pulse to anything that wears a bonnet!  
FANNY FERN.

### From the Miners' Journal.

### Anthracite Coal Fields—The Prospects Ahead.

We find the following in the Philadelphia Ledger. It is evidently from the pen of Henry K. Strong, Esq., a member of the Legislature,—and gives some statistics connected with the trade that are important to the public and the different interests depending on it:

"The following extract from the late Message of the Governor of Pennsylvania, extravagant as it is, suggests some reflections, the result of which I send you:"

"The whole amount of anthracite coal mined and taken to market in 1840, was 897,000 tons. In 1852 the product will reach near five millions of tons, being an increase in twelve years of six hundred per cent. This rate of augmentation up to 1870, would give the startling production of over forty-five millions of tons, and yielding at the present Philadelphia prices, the sum of one hundred and eighty millions of dollars, being more than treble the present revenues of the whole United States!"

It will be found that any community consuming anthracite coal exclusively, will annually require one ton for each member, small and great—that is, the domestic consumption will equal the number of the population. To this may be added the amount used in the propulsion of machinery, the reduction of ores, and the working of metals. Of the 5,000,000 of tons sent to market in 1852, two-thirds may be safely set down to domestic use. Having, therefore, settled the principles upon which consumption depends, we can make approximate estimates of the future demand of this great staple of Pennsylvania. At this time, the Allegheny mountains divide our population; so that about 12,000,000 of people live upon its eastern slope, and of this number about 3,400,000 are now the consumers of our anthracite. The remaining 8,600,000 still use wood or bituminous coal. If our country remains prosperous, we may safely estimate our population, east of the Alleghenies, in 1870, at 18,000,000, and of this number 12,000,000 to be warmed by the consumption of coal. By this time it will be the only fuel used to any extent in great cities and towns upon the seaboard, and it will find its way back into the interior, upon the thousands of miles of railroad that will long before that time reach every corner of our land. Twelve millions of tons will then be wanted for domestic consumption, and the amount required for the reduction of ores, the working of metals, God only knows, no human foresight can estimate.

During the last eighteen years, the increase has exceeded fifteen per cent. per annum. But ten per cent. is a safer estimate for the eighteen to come and we will adopt it:—

Years.	Tons.	Tons Increased.
1832,	5,000,000	
1853,	5,500,000	500,000
1854,	6,550,000	605,000
1855,	7,320,500	665,000
1856,	8,052,550	732,500
1857,	8,857,805	805,255
1859,	9,745,580	885,780
1860,	10,720,133	974,558
1861,	11,792,151	1,075,013
1862,	12,871,316	1,179,215
1863,	15,158,492	1,287,186
1864,	14,574,291	1,415,848
1865,	17,121,490	1,557,429
1866,	18,833,539	1,712,140
1867,	20,746,888	1,883,353
1868,	22,783,576	2,071,688
1869,	25,067,423	2,278,857
1870,	27,573,065	2,506,742

But should other avenues be constructed, it is believed that our anthracite coal fields cannot be made to yield so large an amount in so short a time. Fourteen millions of tons is a vast amount. Before it can be produced millions of dollars must be expended, in sinking great perpendicular shafts in the centre of basins to the great veins that crop out on the rims of the coal fields. Every acre of anthracite coal land will be occupied and most of it worked out above the water level. Machinery will, to a greater extent, take the place of hand labor before such an enormous amount can be raised in our rich, almost inexhaustible, but still in extent, limited, anthracite coal fields. This will take time and capital, so that it is highly probable that the demand will always, hereafter, be greater than the supply.

Nature, which always does things in its own way and at the proper time is already opening the way to supply with fuel the millions that cannot obtain anthracite. The vast bituminous deposits that lie beyond the Alleghenies will be used when anthracite cannot be obtained.

In conclusion, let me add, that if the fullest extent of the anticipations of the Governor of Pennsylvania are not expected to be realized, yet the future greatness and glory of this great Commonwealth is sure. Her destiny is bright and onward, and her elements of prosperity are unrivaled; yet to what extent she will advance during the next quarter of a century, cannot be foretold. The future, the uncertain, the bright, the glorious future, is beyond human vision.

### SCHUYLKILL.

### A City Sketch.

The fifth acts of a hundred tragedies close daily in our midst—every one of them deeply affecting to some of the spectators. The following sketch is from the *Esculapian*, a new monthly magazine published in New York. It is entitled "Sketch from the Every-Day Experience of a Young Doctor":—

I had just finished tea, and was quietly seated in my office before a grateful fire that glowed as if to promise me an evening of uninterrupted comfort, when the bell rang with a peculiar jerk which seems to belong in a special degree to doctors' bells, and send a thrill through my frame, as though it were the summons into some dread abode of misery, as had been so frequently the case of late.

The door was opened, and in stepped a thin, pale-faced girl, about sixteen years old, wearing a straw-bonnet, and with no other outer garment than a common blanket shawl drawn close about her shoulders. She was dripping wet, notwithstanding the protection of an old umbrella which she held in her hand, for it was raining most piteously.

I invited her to come near the fire, and at the same time to tell me the object of her visit. Her first accent revealed, though slightly, an Irish descent, as she timidly, yet deliberately, told me that she had come to see if I would go with her to prescribe for her mother, who was very bad with the dropsy, and there was danger that she would not live through the night.

I inquired why she had not called earlier, if her mother was so dangerously ill, upon which she told me that she had been to see the doctor who had attended her mother for some time; and as he lived some ways up town, it had taken all her time after work, without waiting even to eat her supper.

"But why does not your attending physician go to see your mother to-night?" I asked. "He tells me that he can do her no more good, without an operation, for which he should charge ten dollars; and this is more money than I have been able to save from my earnings."

"How long has he attended your mother?" "About six weeks!" "Do you owe him anything for services now?" "No, sir; he has been paid a dollar at each visit." "How often has he called?" "Twice a week." "Have you no means but what earn?" "No, sir, my father has been long dead and since mother's sickness I have had to support the family."

"How many are there of you?" "Four, sir; my mother that is sick, a young sister, and a little brother."

"What do you do to support so many?" "I bind hats, sir, at a place in Pearl street." "How much can you earn a week?" "When I can work all the time, I can earn four dollars and a half."

"Can you make two dollars and a half defray your weekly expenses, after paying the doctor?" "By pinching I can, as we have but one room, for which we pay fifty cents a week, and that gives us two dollars to buy food with."

I had made the above inquiries rapidly, and they were answered without hesitation, evidently with a sense of obligation that I might know the truth. When I had ceased to interrogate her, she looked up full in my face and said, "Now doctor, I have just five dollars which I can pay you for your services, and I will pay as much more as you will charge, as fast as I can earn it, if you will go to-night and do what you can for my poor mother; for I am afraid if she is not helped she may die before morning."

"Where do you live?" I inquired. "At No.—Stone street, in an old building, near the middle of the block out of Whitehall."

"I will come down directly." "Do you think you can find the place?" It is very dark to-night, and the street is not lighted."

"I assured her that I could find my

way, upon which she got up to leave, evidently with a much lighter heart than when she entered. "Do you ride?" I asked. "No, sir, I always walk." Thinking it might be to save expense, I offered her a sixpence, which she was about to decline taking, when I told her I wished her to get to mother as soon as possible, so that she might be prepared for my arrival, and therefore she would oblige me by receiving it, and get into the stage. This seemed to satisfy her, and she took it without a word of comment, and passed out.

Putting into my pocket, from a medicine chest, such remedies as I thought most likely to be required, I put on my heavy coat and India-rubbers, and with an umbrella in my hand, started out. It had been snowing through the day, but at sun-down the wind shifted southerly; and growing milder rain commenced falling, which, with the half melted snow, rendered the streets as uncomfortable for pedestrians as could possibly be imagined. Hailing an omnibus, I soon found myself the twelfth inside, closely shut up without a breath of air but what had probably been inhaled a half a dozen times, and very strongly flavored with the fumes of wet garments, rum and tobacco.

Whoever has business in Stone street will, no doubt, recollect an old brick building, tottering upon its foundation, between lofty stores, and readily recognised as the abode of numerous poor Irish families. By a faint light of a distant lamp, I concluded this must be the place of my destination. While looking for the number over an open door leading into a hall, I was addressed by a voice in little more than an audible whisper, which I at once recognised, saying, "This is the place, doctor—come quickly, for I am afraid my poor mother is dying."

I followed my guide as closely as possible, for it was impenetrably dark; and having ascended two pair of ricket stairs, she pushed open a door that stood leaning so as to fall to by its own gravity, and I entered a small attic room in the rear part of the building; and there upon a bed, bolstered up with the utmost care, so as to favor the feeble powers of respiration, lay the mother calmly and unconsciously breathing out the last short breath of life; and there, leaning upon that bed, were the two younger children, weeping most piteously the bitter tears which none but the orphan can ever shed; and there, standing calm and statue-like, was the faithful daughter, with her eyes fixed upon the mother who would never speak to her again.

### Beautifying and Preserving Hair.

The Scientific American gives the following directions for making a beautiful hair oil, which may be of use to some of our readers:—

Take a pint of olive oil, and bring it up to 200 degrees of heat in a clean pan, (not iron) and add half an ounce of pearl-ash and stir it well for ten minutes.—Take it off and set it to cool; when cold a sediment will be found at the bottom.—Pour off the clear through a cotton cloth, and put it up in a bottle for use. The pearl-ash combines with the margerin acid in the oil, leaving it clean; and it will be free from odor. It can be colored red with garancin, (a preparation of madder) but hair oils should never be colored.—All the hair oils of the perfumers are of a red or yellow color. This is to please the buyer, who mistakes an adulterated for a superior article. Hair oils should be clear and nearly colorless. By exposing the olive oil, it will soon become colorless, limpid as water, and exceedingly beautiful. Any person can thus prepare his own hair oil.

An article in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' says that if the ashes of vine branches are boiled in red wine, and this (the liquid) applied milkward to the hair every evening it will prevent the hair from falling out. A mixture of good brandy and olive oil is good to prevent the hair from falling out, by applying it with a sponge before going to bed, and brushing the head well. The head must be well brushed when these lotions are applied. By washing the head with a solution of borax, say twice per week, those predisposed to dandruff, will find a perfect cure for it.

The latest application of India Rubber, is for horse-shoes. It is stated that experiments made previous to the present cold weather, indicate that they will prove fully as durable as iron, having all its toughness, without its brittleness or weight.

### Momon Marriage.

The Seer continues its exposition of Celestial Marriage, as it calls the marriage institution of the Mormon Church. We make the following extracts:

When a man who has a wife teaches her the law of God, as revealed to the ancient patriarchs, and as manifested by new revelation, and she refuses to give her consent for him to marry another, according to that law, then it becomes necessary for her to state before the President the reasons why she withholds her consent. If her reasons are sufficient and justifiable, and the husband is found in the fault, or in transgression, then he is not permitted to take any step in regard to obtaining another. But if the wife can show no good reason why she refuses to comply with the law which was given unto Sarah of old, then it is lawful for her husband, if permitted by revelation through the prophet, to be married to others without her consent, and he will be justified, and she will be condemned, because she did not give them unto him, as Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham, and as Rachael and Leah gave Bilhah and Zilpah to their husband Jacob.

It is the duty of a man who takes another wife to look after her welfare and happiness, and to provide for her the comforts of life the same as for the first; for the Scripture, in speaking of such a man, says: "If he take him another wife, her food, her raiment, and her duty of marriage, shall he not diminish." (Exodus 21, 10.)

There is no particular rule as regards the residence of the different branches of a family. It is very frequently the case that they all reside in the same dwelling, and take hold unitedly, and with the greatest cheerfulness, of the different branches of household or domestic business, eating at the same table, and kindly looking after each others welfare, while the greatest peace and harmony prevail year after year. Their children play and associate together, with the greatest affection, as brothers and sisters; while each mother apparently manifests as much kindness and tender regard for the children of the others as for her own. And, morning and evening, when the husband calls together his family to worship the Lord and call upon his name, they all bow the knee, and, with the greatest union of feeling, offer their devotions to the Most High.

It is sometimes the case that the husband provides for his wives separate habitations, as Jacob did for his four wives, each of whom had a separate tent. (See Genesis, 31, 33.) Where all the wives are equally faithful, the husband generally endeavors to treat them all without partiality.

Jealousy is an evil with which the saints in Utah are but seldom troubled; it is an evil that is not countenanced by either male or female; and, should any indulge such a passion, they would bring a disgrace and reproach upon themselves which they could not easily wipe away.—And, indeed, it is very rare that there are any causes for jealousy, for the citizens of that Territory think more of their virtue than they do of their lives. They know that if they have any connections out of the marriage covenant, they not only forfeit their lives by the law of God, but they forfeit their salvation also.—With such views resting upon the minds of both old and young, the people have the greatest confidence in each others, integrity; they can entrust their wives and daughters, without any distrust, to the protection and care of their neighbors. Under the strict and rigid laws of virtue which prevail, and are carried into general practice, wives are not in constant fear of the inconstancy of their husbands; parents are not fearful of their children being seduced and their characters being destroyed; neither are they fearful that their children will form contracts of marriage without their consent; for such a thing is not allowed in the whole Territory. Such a state of things actually existing, not in theory alone, but in general practice, removes every cause for jealousy, distrusts and want of confidence, and lays a broad and permanent foundation for peace and union. If a man ill-treats any of his wives, he is looked upon as having violated the law of God, and it is difficult for him to recover from the disgrace.

There are more quarrellings, and jealousies, and disunions, and evil speakings, in one week, among two thousand families, taken at random any where in the United States or England, than would be seen throughout all Utah Territory in five years. And there is more unvirtuous conduct practiced in one day in New-York City, or Albany, or Buffalo, or Cincinnati, or St. Louis, than would be practiced in Utah in a thousand generations, unless they greatly degenerated from their present standard of morals.

Among the curiosities lately added to the Museum, is a musquitoe's bladder, containing the souls of 24 misers, and the fortune of 51 printers—nearly half full.

One of the best looking girls in the Troy Seminary is a red headed girl from Vermont. Out of compliment to her hair, they call her "the torch of love."