

THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

—UBI LIBERTAS, IBI PATRIA.—Cicero.—"Where liberty dwells, there is my Country."

BY MITCHENER & MATHEWS

NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO, THURSDAY JUNE 23, 1842

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HORRORS OF THE COLLIERIES—YOUNG GIRLS EMPLOYED IN COAL-MINES INSTEAD OF BEASTS.

The following shocking particulars are given in a petition presented lately to the British parliament by Mr. Brotherton.

The petitioner has had occasion to visit many of the coal mines of Lancashire, where he has often been astonished to find numbers of females employed, of ages varying from eight years and upwards. Their occupation is chiefly in pushing and drawing tubs or small wagons full of coal from the place where it is hewn down to the wagon ways. The coals are generally drawn along the wagon ways to the pit mouth by ponies; but down the bays or boards (the passages running on the rise and dip of the seams) which are often at considerable inclinations, sometimes as much as two feet in five, and very low, these animals cannot be employed, so women are made use of in their stead. At first view it is difficult to distinguish the sexes employed in a mine, since both, when dressed are clothed in rough miners' frocks and trousers, and it was only by the exposure of the upper parts of their persons and their voices that your petitioner first noticed the females blacked and dressed as they were. The men, in deep mines, where the atmosphere is very hot, generally work without any other article of dress upon them than a slight nether garment. The employment of the females, as before stated, is in conveying the coals from the workings down to the wagon ways each of them is provided with a stout belt fastened round the lower part of her waist, to the front of this is attached a strong chain which fastens by a hook to the wagon or tub. When drawing the empty tubs or waggons up the inclined plane the chain passes between the legs of the woman, who creeping on her legs and arms drags them up very steep inclinations, the whole length of the ways or boards. On pushing the laden waggons down the wagon way, the chain is used in steadying them. Your petitioner will now give a narrative of a visit made by himself to a mine in the county of Lancashire, in the latter part of the month of September. He was dressed as a miner, and went down into the pit in such a manner as to see the workings such as they are generally carried on, and without the colliers or their employers being aware of his character as a visitor. The shaft was two hundred yards deep. About thirty boys and girls were employed; the former being of ages from eight to fourteen years of age. The boys were mostly engaged in driving the waggons. The girls were of ages varying from ten years and upwards, and were employed as already described. Your petitioner, after proceeding up the incline, went into a wide bay, where there were three persons, namely, an old man of about fifty years of age, and two young men.—The coal was in this part being entirely worked out. This bay was from eight to ten yards long, and six yards wide, and no props or punches were used; the seam of coal was near five feet in thickness. Your petitioner entered into conversation with the elder man, who was an intelligent person for his class, and remarked that the bay was very wide to be worked without props or punches being used. He replied, that it was perfectly safe, as the roof was good, and falls in the mine were not common. While engaged in this conversation, a child not four years of age crept out of a hole. The old man said that he was his son, and that he would not be fit for work for a year. On your petitioner asking the father why he brought such an infant down into the pit, he replied that his wife and daughters all worked in the mine, and there was nobody at home to take care of the child, so he brought him there to be out of harm's way. At this period, some pieces fell from the roof, which caused your petitioner again to remark that it was either not very safe, or there was a considerable quantity of fire damp escaping through it. The man stated that he considered the roof good, and after a few observations, your petitioner went down the incline about fifty yards to the wagon way. Here he was engaged in observing the women and girls pushing the tubs full of coal down, and dragging empty ones up the incline. The disgusting nature of the employment of these poor creatures was bad enough of itself, but to hear the awful swearing, obscene conversation, and filthy songs, would make any person believe that he was in a land of savages, rather than in civilized England. Your petitioner had been in this place about five minutes when a dull heavy sound was heard, the mine shook, and some of the lights were blown out. In a moment all was still as death. This silence was not of more than a few moments' duration, when several heavy sounds followed. A cry now arose that a bay had fallen in, and a scene ensued that defies description. The men prayed, the women howled and screamed, and some ran one way and some another, making towards the shaft. After a short lapse of time, some of the men proceeded to examine the bay which had fallen in, and found it was that which your petitioner had left but a few minutes before. The two young men, being near the side of it, had escaped; but the poor old man and his child, had been crushed to death, and buried under some hundred tons of the roof. Your petitioner is convinced that the employment of females in coal mines is to be attributed to the early age at which children are introduced into such places by their parents. The parents having spent most of their lives in mines, and being thoroughly accustomed to the scenes they witness, see no impropriety in them. The female children, brought down in early infancy, have no correct ideas of the dangers of a mine; the scenes of vice and wickedness or the disgusting and laborious nature of their employment. Amidst the scenes described are children at the tender ages of eight and ten years. There they pass their days until they become wives and mothers. Can such employments as they are engaged in, and such scenes as they continually witness, fit them to become good wives and mothers, and make the poor man's home comfortable? Colliers are often accused of being an ignorant and disorderly body of men without any inquiry being made as to the cause of their ignorance and disorderly conduct.

From the Globe.

BRITISH PHILANTHROPY.

The benevolence of British philanthropists encompasses the earth. How eager it is to civilize and christianize barbarous nations and savage tribes! How alert to put a stop to the slave trade, and give freedom to the slave! Even our benighted land is made to feel the influence of this world-enlightening sun—whether for good or for evil, is a subject of discussion.

But what shall we say of the following just picture, drawn by the Boston Atlas? What would British philanthropists say of our Southern planters, if, when their slaves became too old or infirm to earn a living, they were to ship them to London or Liverpool, to live upon the charities of a foreign people, or to die in the streets? Would it be worse thus to dispose of an old or infirm negro slave, than a white free man? Is this trade of shipping paupers against their will a whit better than the African slave trade? Thank God, there is nothing in the system of slavery, as it exists in this country, one half as horrible.

From the Atlas.

"EXECRABLE BARBARIAN.—By statements in various quarters, it seems that the English are pushing, with desperate vigor, the means began by them some time since to get rid of their pauper population. At every opportune occasion, the half-starved inmates of their almshouses are packed off like cattle, in vessels hired to convey them to the United States. In this way the parish officers of many towns have already freed themselves of a vast number of diseased, blind, decrepit, old, deformed, and helpless beings. These poor men and women, who are English by birth—after expending their youth, the flower of their lives—exhausting themselves, body and mind, to subvert the cupidity, and administer to the wants of a purse-proud, luxurious, and never satisfied aristocracy—these broken down people, who, in the extremity of their age and destitution, have the strongest of all human claims upon the sympathies and charities of their countrymen—these unfortunate and suffering beings are now made outcasts by their own fellow citizens; expatriated against their will; sent, in despite of their prayers and tears, thousands of miles over the seas, to a foreign clime; and there, without a single hope this side of the grave, must speedily end their days in wretchedness and misery—deprived even of the solace that their mortal bodies might rest, at least, in the land where they were born and labored so long!

"Where, in the annals of all the nations of the earth, can be found an act more abhorrently barbarous or execrable than this? Great Britain, the most enlightened and potent of empires, is now covering up her other foul and bloody deeds, by this, the blackest and most unnatural of public crime!"

And these are the people whose industry has been PROTECTED by tariffs of all sorts, after the fashion now so earnestly pressed upon the people of the United States! Being taxed directly and indirectly so that nothing of the fruits of their industry was left beyond a bare subsistence, and being no longer able to work for their masters, they are turned out to die, like old horses upon the commons!

OPERATION OF THE STATE APPORTIONMENT.

For the benefit of such as may wish to calculate the chances of the next election in Ohio, we have compiled from the law the following statement of the apportionment of members of the House of Representatives of the next Assembly, prefaced by a list of the Senatorial districts which elect this fall.

Senators are to be chosen in the following districts: One Senator from each: Medina and Lorain. Huron and Erie. Portage and Summit. Stark. Wayne. Tuscarawas and Holmes. Knox and Coshocton. Licking. Fairfield and Pickaway. Delaware, Marion and Crawford. Seneca, Sandusky, Hancock, Wood and Ottawa. Franklin, Madison and Clark. Warren and Green. Montgomery. Miami, Darke, Mercer and Shelby. Butler and Preble. Hamilton.

18 Senators to be chosen. Of the 18 who hold over 8 are Whigs and 10 Locos. The House of Representatives will be chosen by the following districts. We give the last year's districts that the changes may be noted.

	1841.	1842.
Ashtabula	1	1
Lake	1	1
Cuyahoga	1	1
Geauga	1	1
Lorain and Medina	2	1
Huron and Erie	1	1
Portage	1	2
Summit	2	1
Stark	1	2
Trumbull	1	2
Richland	3	2
Wayne	1	2
Columbiana	2	1
Jackson and Carroll	2	2
Belmont	2	1
Harrison	1	1
Tuscarawas and Holmes	2	1
Knox	1	2
Coshocton	1	1
Licking	2	2
Muskingum	2	2
Guernsey	1	1
Mohr	1	1
Washington	1	1
Morgan	2	1
Perry	1	2
Fairfield	1	2
Pickaway	1	3
Hocking, Ross Pike and Jackson	3	3
Athens and Meigs	2	1
Gallia, Lawrence and Scioto	1	1
Adams, Highland and Fayette	2	2
Clermont, Brown and Clinton	3	4
Hamilton	4	2
Butler	2	2
Preble	1	1
Warren	1	1
Greene	1	1
Montgomery	2	1
Franklin	2	1
Madison and Clark	1	2
Champaign	1	1
Logan and Union	1	1
Nimish, Darke, Mercer and Shelby	3	1
Lucas, Williams, Paulding, Henry	2	2
Putnam, Van Wert, Allen and Hardin	2	2
Delaware, Marion and Crawford	3	2
Seneca, Sandusky, Hancock, Wood and Ottawa	2	3
Springfield Republic.		

THE SAILOR'S SECRET.

In the year—let me see—but no matter about the date—my father and mother died of a typhus fever, leaving me to the care of an only relative, an uncle by my father's side. His name was Box, as my name is Box. I was a baby in long clothes at the time, not even so much as christened; so uncle taking the hint, I suppose from the lid of his sea chest, called me Bellophron Box—Bellophron being the name of the ship of which he was sailing master.

I shan't say anything about my education; though I was brought up in a first rate boarding school, it's not much to boast of; but as soon as I could bear the weight of a cockade and a dirk, uncle got me a birth as midshipman aboard his own ship. So there I was, Mr. Bellophron Box. I didn't like the sea or the service, being continually disgusted at the partiality shown towards me, for in less than a month I was put over the heads of all my superior officers. You may stare, but it's true, for I was *most* headed for a week at a stretch. When we put into port, Capt. —, called me into his cabin and politely informed me that if I chose to go on shore, and should find it inconvenient to return, no impertinent enquiries should be made after me. I layed myself of the hint, and exactly one year and two months after setting foot on board the Bellophron, I was Master Bellophron Box again.

Well, now for my story. There was one Tom Johnson on board, a folk-sell man as they called him, who was very kind to me, he tried to teach me to turn a quid, and generally helped me to drink my grog. As I was unmercifully quizzed in the cockpit, I grew more partial to the society of Tom than to that of my brother middie. Tom always addressed me "Sir," and they named me Puddinghead, till at last we might be called friends. During many a night watch, when I have sneaked away from a snooze among the hen coops, has Tom saved me from detection, and the consequent pleasant occupation of carrying about a bucket of water on the end of a capstan bar.

I had been on board about a month, perhaps two, when the order came down from the Admiralty for the men to cut off their tails. Lord what a scene was there! I wonder it didn't cause a mutiny! I think it would have done so but half the crew were laid up with colds in their heads, from the suddenness of the change, though an extra allowance of rum was served out to rub them with to prevent such consequences; but the purser not giving any definite directions, whether the application was to be external or internal, the liquor I regret to say for the honor of the British navy, was applied much lower down. For some weeks the men seemed half crazed, and were almost as unmanageable as ships that had lost their rudders. Well, so they had. It was a melancholy sight to see piles of beautiful tails with little labels tied to them, like the instructions on a physic bottle; each directed to some favored relative or sweetheart, of the curtailed seamen. What a strange appearance must Portsmouth, and Falmouth and Plymouth, & all other mouths that are filled with seafarers have presented, when the precious remembrances were distributed. I wish some artist would consider it, for I think it's a shame that there should be no record of such an interesting circumstance.

One night, shortly after this visitation, it blew great guns. Large black clouds, like chimney sweepers' feather beds, scudded over our heads, and the rain came pouring down like—like winking. Tom had been promoted, and was sent up aloft to reef a sail, when one of the horses gave way—down came Tom Johnson, and snap went a leg and an arm. I was ordered to see him carried below, an office which I readily performed, for I liked the man—and they don't allow umbrellas in the navy.

"What's the matter?" said the surgeon. "Nothing particular, sir, only Tom's broke his legs and arms by a fall from the yard, replied a seaman.

Tom groaned as though he did consider it something very particular. He was soon stripped and the shattered bones set, which was no easy matter, the ship pitching and tossing about as she did. I sat down beside his berth, holding on as well as I could. The wind howled through the rigging, making the vessel seem like an infernal Eolian harp; the thunder rumbled like an indignant giant, and to make things more agreeable, a gun broke from its lashings and had it all its own way for about a quarter of an hour. Tom groaned most pitifully, I looked at him, and if I were to live for a thousand years, I shall never forget the expression of his face. His lips were blue, and—no matter, I'm not clever at portrait painting; but imagine an old fashioned Saracen's head—not the fine, handsome fellow they have stuck on Snow Hill, but one of the griffins of 1809—and you have Tom's phiz, only it wants touching with all the colors of a painter's palette. I was quite frightened and could only stammer out, "Why, T-o-o-o!"

"It's all up sir," said he, "I must go, I feel it." "Don't be foolish, I replied, 'don't die till I call the surgeon.' It was a stupid speech I acknowledge, but I could not help it at the time.

"No, no, don't call the surgeon, Mr. Box; he's done all he can, sir. But it's here! and then he made an effort to thump his heart, or the back of his head, I couldn't make out which.

I trembled like a jelly. I had seen a melodrama, and I recollected that the villain of the

piece had used the same action—the same words.

"Mr. Box," groaned Tom, "I've a secret as makes me very uneasy, sir."

"Indeed, Tom," I replied, "hadn't you better confess the murder I was going to say, but I thought it might not be polite considering Tom's situation."

The ruffian, for such he then looked, tried to raise himself, but another lurch of the Bellophron sent him on his back and myself on my beam ends. As soon as I recovered my former position, Tom continued.

"Mr. Box, dare I trust you, sir? If I could do so, I'm sartin as how I should soon be easier."

"Of course," said I, "of course; out with it, and I promise never to betray your confidence."

"Then come, come here," gasped the suffering wretch; "give us your hand, sir."

I instinctively shrank back with horror! "Don't be long, Mr. Box, for every minute makes it worse," and then his Saracen's Head changed to a feminine expression, and resembled the Belle Sauvage.

I couldn't resist the appeal; so, placing my hand in his, Tom put it over his shoulder, and, with a ghastly smile, said, "pull it out, sir."

"Pull what out?"

"My secret, Mr. Box, it's hurting on me!"

I thought that he had grown delirious; so, in order to soothe him as much as possible, I forced my hand under his shirt collar, and what do you think I found? Why, a PIGTAIL—his pigtail, which he had contrived to conceal between his shirt and his skin, when the barbarous order of the Admiralty had been put in execution.

INDIAN FUN.

One of the earliest settlers around Lake Champlain, was Col. Edward Raymun. He understood the character and disposition of the natives of the forest, and lived with them in much harmony; frequently employing them to row him up the lake as he had occasion. One stout fellow by the name of Bigbear, had his wigwag at no great distance from the Colonel's dwelling, and was often there. The Colonel, having occasion to visit some distant shore of the lake, employed Bigbear to row him in his canoe. On their return, they passed near a high, yet sloping ledge of rocks on which lay an immense number of rattlesnakes asleep and basking in the sun. The Indian gave a penetrating look at the Colonel, and thus inquired, "Raymun love fun?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well then Raymun have fun: mind indian, and hold a gun!" So he rowed along silent and slow, and cut a crotch stick from a bunch of hazels upon the bank. "Steady now, hole a gun, Raymun," said he as he clapped the crotch astide the neck of a serpent that was asleep close to the edge of the water. "Take up now, Raymun; hold fast."

The Colonel then took hold of the stick, keeping the serpent down, while Bigbear tied up a little sack of powder, putting one end of a slow match therein. He then made it fast to the snake's tail and touched fire to the match gave orders to "let us go," at the same time pushed off from the shore; the snake being liberated crawled away to his den. The Indian immediately then stood up and clapping his hands making as loud a noise as possible, and thus roused the serpents, who all in a moment disappeared. "Now look, Raymun, now look; see fun," said he and in about a minute the powder exploded, when there was, to be sure, fun alive. The snakes, in thousands, covered the rocks, all hissing, rattling twining, twirling, and jumping in every way imaginable. Col. Raymun burst into a loud laugh that echoed far across the lake, pleased alike at the success of the trick and the ingenuity of the savages' invention. But Bigbear from the beginning to the end, was as grave as a judge not moving a muscle, and having not the least show of risibility in his countenance. This is truly characteristic of the American Aborigines; what causes the excitability of laughter in others, has no effect upon them; they may love fun, but never in the smallest degree exhibit that character in their looks.

THE VOICE OF A HERO.

The Providence Herald in publishing the subjoined, says—"It is with great pleasure we give place to the following letter from Col. Boss, of Sciuate, in this State, it breathes the fire of '76 and shows that it still burns in this hero's bosom."

Sciuate, May 15 1842.

To Col. Simmons, Editor of the Herald: Sir—I am now 83 years old—I was in the war of the Revolution from the beginning to the end—I was with Col. Angelle—I was in the battles of Princeton, Trenton, Monmouth and Red Bank, fighting for the independence of my country and for the people's rights. In my mind the principles contended for by the Suffrage party are the same those of '76—and God grant success to them. I wish for the sake of the liberties of Rhode Island, I was not over 45 years of age. I would again shoulder my musket and meet President Tyler's troops with the same spirit I did the British at Red Bank but I am too old, I hope and pray however, all the young men of Rhode Island will defend the cause of the Suffrage party, for it is the cause of liberty and equal rights.

Yours respectfully, BENJAMIN BOSS.

GOLD AND SILVER.—It should be constantly borne in mind that there is enough of Gold and Silver in Europe and America, being \$4,500,000,000, to furnish the United States with more specie than double the amount of her present paper currency, if she had her fair share, in proportion to her population.

A ROMANCE.

Among the first crusaders was one Gilbert Beck't—a respectable citizen of London. While in the Holy Land, this Gilbert became the prisoner of an Emir. After a year and a half's captivity, the Emir treated him kindly, admitted him to his table, discoursed with him on the manners of his country. The Emir's daughter also saw and loved him; she made opportunities of conversation with him, and heard that he came from London. He afterwards escaped and reached England in safety. She determined to follow him. She left her father's house, found a ship sailing to England, and remembered the name of London, (one of the two English words she can pronounce) by repeating it incessantly she at last got to the metropolis. Here she wandered from street to street, exclaiming "Gilbert!" She at last, by chance, reached the street he lived in; a mob usually accompanied her, which roused the attention of the family, and she was recognized by his servant. Gilbert consulted the bishop of London on the circumstances, who finding she was desirous of becoming a Christian, advised him to marry her. He followed this advice, and a fruit of the union was Thomas Becket, the bold Archbishop of Canterbury, whose resistance to Henry the Second and brutal murder by the tools of that monarch fill some of the most interesting pages in English history.—Boston Post.

THEORY OF MARRIAGE.—There was a merry fellow who supped at Pluto's three thousand years ago, and the conversation turning upon love and the choice of wives, he said, "he had learnt from a very ancient tradition" that men had been originally created male and female each individual being provided with a duplicate set of limbs and performing his locomotive functions with a kind of rotary movement as a wheel; that he became in consequence so excessively insolent that Jupiter, indignant, split him in two; and since that time that each half runs about the world in quest of the other half; if two congenial halves meet, they are a very loving couple; otherwise they are subject to a miserable, scolding peevish, and un congenial matrimony. The search he said was rendered difficult, for the reason that one man slighting upon a half that did not belong to him another did necessarily the same, till the whole affair was thrown into irretrievable confusion."

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.—According to the computation of Ornithologists, a black-bird devours on an average fifty grubs or worms per day; and a crow, two or three times that quantity. Yet these birds are hunted and destroyed by farmers, on account of their occasional trespasses in the cornfield—not considering that the fruit and vegetables which are preserved by the destruction of the insects will more than four fold compensate for the depredation of the birds. Let the birds live, and your orchards and gardens will be much the better for them.—Amer. Mec.

NO REMEDY.—A Persian merchant complaining heavily of some unjust sentence in the lower court, he was told by the judge that he might go to the cadi.

"But the cadi is your uncle," urged the plaintiff.

"Then you may go to the grand vizier."

"But his secretary is your cousin."

"Then you may go to the sultan."

"But his favorite sultana is your niece."

"Well, then, you may go to the door!"

"Ah there is a still closer family connection," said the merchant, as he left the court in despair.

TWO CROPS.—The Richmond Enquirer says:—We have heretofore alluded to the precocity of the season as regards fruit, vegetables and flowers. We have now a similar illustration as to the grain crops. We learn from a distinguished farmer in Chesterfield, (Amphill,) that he commenced his harvest on Thursday last, and he says one of his neighbors has surpassed him, having not only cut and shocked his wheat, but ploughed up his ground and planted corn, thus producing two of the staple crops on the same land in one year. Perhaps the earliest wheat cut on the James river is near Proctor's Isle.

DEATH OF THE CANNIBAL.—The Fegoe Chief Vendon who arrived at New York in the Vincennes, one of the ships of the Exploring Expedition, died on Saturday in consequence of having nothing to eat but roast beef and salt pork, since his capture. It is said his Fegoe Highness, several years since captured a Salem brig, the Charles Baggett, and took eleven American sailors prisoners, which he ate for his dinner, as choice "tit bits!"

THE CROPS.—The Pittsburg American says that the six Western States will this year send to the eastward thirty-five millions of their growth and product, say—Michigan \$3,000,000, Indiana 7,000,000, Illinois 6,000,000, Ohio 12,000,000, Kentucky 5,000,000, Missouri 2,000,000, \$35,000,000.

There are men in this world whose fraudulent and swindling histories are fixed in the public memory like cuttings in steel—whose pastime is to lead through Banks and counting rooms, and prize of the mishaps and involvements of others, who are not so fortunate as to resemble themselves—who, though rolling in wealth, have been known to scale the bills of their milkmen, boast of work for which they have paid but half price to the starving mechanic—pay money borrowed, at twenty-five cents in the dollar, and money stolen at nothing in the dollar. Louisville is but a miniature of the world.—Louisville Sun.

GOOD FOR MAINE.—The Legislature of Maine has adopted a report and resolutions in favor of the suffrage party of Rhode Island. The subject was taken up in consequence of a letter from Gov. Dorr, which was transmitted to the Maine Legislature by Gov. Fairfield of that State.