

# The Spirit of Democracy.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN THAT WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

BY JAMES R. MORRIS.

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## THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY

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BY J. R. MORRIS.

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## THE DEAD SON.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

I cannot make him dead!  
His fair sunshiny head  
Is ever bounding round my study chair;  
Yet when my eyes, now dim  
With tears, I turn to him,  
The vision vanishes, he is not there.

I walk my parlor floor,  
And through the open door,  
I hear a footfall on my chamber stair;  
I'm stepping toward the hall  
To give the boy a call;  
And then begin to think, he is not there!

I know his face is hid  
Under the coffin lid;  
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;  
My hand that marble felt;  
O'er it in prayer I kneel;  
Yet my heart whispers that he is not there!

I cannot make him dead,  
When passing by the bed,  
So long watched over with parental care;  
My spirit and my eye  
Seek it inquiringly,  
Before the thought comes that, he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break  
Of day, from sleep I wake,  
With my first breathing of the morning air,  
My soul goes up with joy  
To Him who gave my boy,  
Then comes the sad thought that, he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,  
Before we seek repose,  
I'm with his mother offering up our prayer;  
What'er I may be saying,  
I am in spirit praying  
For our boy's welfare, though, he is not there!

Not there!—where then is he?  
The form I used to see  
Was but the raiment that I used to wear.  
The grave that now doth press  
Upon that cast off dress,  
Is but his wardrobe locked, he is not there!

He lives!—in all the past  
He lives: nor to the last,  
Of seeing him again will I despair;  
In dreams I see him now,  
And on his angel brow,  
I see it written, "Thou shalt see him there."

Yes, we all live to God!  
FATHER! thy chastening rod,  
So help us, thine afflicted ones to bear,  
That, in the spirit land,  
Meeting at thy right hand,  
'T will be our joy to find that he is there!

## LIZZY WADSWORTH; THE MECHANIC'S DAUGHTER.

Lizzy Wadsworth was a lively, laughing little witch, just about eight years old when I first became acquainted with her. Like most children at her age, she was very fond of play, and the moment she was out of school, she was off after some of her playmates for a frolic. It made no difference with her, so they were kind and respectable, what might be their station in life, whether high or low, rich or poor—feeling a consciousness of being as good, but not better than any of them in a like generous spirit.

But Lizzy had soon to learn her mistake. One day, while merrily at play with Molly Barton, Miss Sophia Rebecca Jones, daughter of Major Jones, the purser, stepping slyly up to Molly, whispered in her ear—

"I wouldn't play with Lizzy Wadsworth, if I was in your place—'cause the Wadsworths are poor people, and ain't respectable."

This good-natured and refined conception did not meet with the most cordial reception, else Molly probably would have kept it to herself.

Miss Sophia Rebecca Jones was several years the older of the two playmates; but no one had ever accused her of being wise beyond her years; and in the present instance the result showed that she would have exhibited much better sense in withholding her sage advice.

Molly had no idea of inquiring whether the Wadsworths were rich or poor; she knew they lived in good style enough, and had never before heard that poor people could not be respectable as well as the wealthy. So she not only continued to play with Lizzy, but lost no time in telling her what the amiable Miss Jones had said.

But Lizzy's pride was touched. She was aware that her father was not rich, and that neither was he a Major or a Captain; but she knew he was a temperate and industrious man, and could not understand why her folks were not as respectable as Miss Jones'. Miss Jones' father was a purser, while hers, to be sure, was a mechanic.

So soon as she returned home, she went with the story to her mother, whose ingenuity was severely taxed in endeavoring to soothe her wounded feelings.

But Lizzy finally became satisfied that she was none the worse off for the affront, since it was nothing but the offspring of ill-breeding in one for whom she had never entertained any particular regard. Yet she did not forget it.

In accordance with her mother's advice, she maintained a course of conduct calculated to make herself generally beloved; was attentive to her studies; strictly obedient to her parents; kind towards her brothers, sisters and playmates, and in all respects behaved as a good girl should do. In this way she grew in a few years to be a young lady of fine education, industrious habits and most agreeable manners.

Her father was prosperous, because he was temperate, honest and industrious. He was not ashamed to be a mechanic, because he possessed too much good sense not to see that it is not the profession that makes the man. He held that a hard-working mechanic was a better member of society, and more entitled to the appellation of gentleman, than a lazy pettifogger, an impudent quack, or a drunken major or general. His wife was of the same opinion, and had been so from her teens, for she dismissed one of the latter who was paying court to her and took him.

Major Jones was an easy, clever-hearted man; fond of society, and a little too fond of his bottle, and seldom troubled himself about family affairs.—Being much of the time away at sea, he left Mrs. Jones to manage things at home as she pleased.—She was not altogether incompetent to the task; yet in one thing, at least, she was unfortunate.—She would never "condescend" to associate with any but people of the first "society," and would not knowingly allow her children to do so. Mechanics, of course, and all who labored with their hands for a livelihood, no matter how worthy, were set down by her as belonging to what she called the "lower classes." So she was instructing her children—and so they acted up to their breeding.

One day Maj. Jones died while at sea.—To his wife and children, the news of death was a terrible blow. From their manner of living, they appeared never to have anticipated that event. Neither Major Jones nor his wife had taken care to lay up any thing against a rainy day, and it would probably not be very uncharitable to suppose that more than one-half of her grief arose from the nearly destitute condition in which she was left—with the almost certain prospect of being obliged to come down a notch or two in the world.

In the meantime, Mr. Wadsworth continued to prosper in business—built houses for himself when he could obtain no employment from others, selling them whenever a suitable purchaser presented himself—and finally engaged in trade as a regular merchant. In a word, at the moment when the proud Mrs. Jones was left, as it were penniless, he had amassed an independent fortune.

Lizzy was now of age to marry;—and that is precisely what she did do. Harry Colson, her father's head clerk, thought she was the prettiest, most amiable and most charming girl in the world, while she had no cause to be otherwise than satisfied with him—so they struck a bargain at once.—And, as they entered into this social partnership, the father and son-in-law formed a business connection, and every thing went to their minds.

But, poor Miss Sophia Rebecca Jones! What did she think of the Wadsworth's now? Reduced to poverty, with little useful education, and much that she would have been far better off without—what happiness was left for her? Truth to say there appeared for her little else than darkness and gloom in the future. But she was not to blame for her wrong education; and it was apparent that had she received the proper training, she might have been equally qualified with Lizzy Wadsworth to make a good wife. Alonzo Carman, a smart young mechanic, saw this and determined, if he could have his own way in the matter—even at the hazard of a bad bargain—to see, as he expressed it, if after all she could not be brought straight. In other words, he resolved to offer himself to her in wedlock. And sure enough, Miss Sophia Rebecca Jones became, Mrs. S. R. Carman, the wife of one of that class whom she had been taught to despise.

Well, to this day, she has never had cause to regret it, and the last time I heard Alonzo speak of her, he boasted that she had thrown away all her foolish notions, and in the main adopted correct views of all matters pertaining to social life.—Moreover, I know that she has made full amends for her former rudeness towards Lizzy Wadsworth, and that both now live on terms of the most agreeable intimacy.

As to the widow Jones, she lives rent free in a small but neat tenement, the property of Mr. Wadsworth. She takes in Sewing for a living, and he takes care that she does not want for any thing really necessary to her comfort. She is not interrupted now, by any "calls" from people of the "first society," albeit she is sometimes allowed to work for them.

## THE NOBLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

The editor of the Savannah Republican who has been travelling through England makes the following observations in a late letter to that paper:—"I have visited the House of Commons and of Lords. In the Lords, I heard the Marquis of Clairacres, Lord Normandy, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Monteigh, Lord Radnor, the Earl of Ripon, and several other of their lordships speak, and was surprised in the case of every one, except the last named peer, to see at what a halting pace they went on. There was not the slightest pretensions to eloquence. I observed this body with attention, and declare, without fear of contradiction, that in oratory and in personal appearance, they fall far very far below the American Senate. The reason is obvious, at least as to their ability. These men are peers by inheritance; and, though doubtless thoroughly educated and sustained by a conscious pride, yet nature has not given them all noble minds. Again: I hold it to be undeniable that their lordships are, the most of them, men of rather ordinary personal appearance. Generally I have not found the English so handsome a people as I expected; but of all the ugliness I ever saw, Edinburgh furnishes the most specimens."

## THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

BY THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

The following graphic and thrilling sketch of an incident which occurred some years since at the Natural Bridge in Virginia, comprises a passage in a lecture on Genius, delivered by the celebrated Elibu Burritt, the learned Blacksmith.

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unheavened rocks, which the almighty bridge over these everlasting abutments—"when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is midday. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of lime-stone, to the key-rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last, this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone abutment. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full grown men who had been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cesar, and Bonaparte, shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. It is a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed.—His knife is worn halfway to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceived this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "William! William! Don't look down! Your mother and Henry and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain. How he economises his physical powers—resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below. There stands his father, mother, brother and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half-way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom, its vital heat is fed by the increased shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty

arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gasp he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there!—one foot swings off!—he is reeling; trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words, God! and mother! whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in Heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him in his arms before the fearful, breathless multitude, such shouting, such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted the ear of human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

## ADVENTURE IN A CALM.

For some days we had seen a brig nearly hull down in the distance of the western horizon; and one afternoon, tired with the monotony of the scene, another brother ensign and myself, with our soldier servants and a single sailor, started off in one of the ship's boats on a voyage of discovery toward the stranger, whom, after a hard pull of two hours, we boarded, and which proved to be a brig from Liverpool, bound to the Brazil. After partaking of their skipper's hospitality, we stepped back into our frail skiff; the sun, clothed in a fiery red, was just dipping his orb into the Atlantic, whilst from the opposite verge of the horizon dense masses of inkly clouds were rising; a slight swell was discernible on the water, and "flying cat's-paws" announced the approach of wind; darkness was fast coming on, and our situation in the event of its setting in to blow ere we fetched the ship was none of the most agreeable; however, we pulled with all our might and man, and had succeeded in reaching nearly midway between the two vessels. On similar occasions, very slight causes will tend to elevate or depress men's spirits, to impart confidence or cast them into utter despondency. As twilight was fast setting into darkness, as the forms of the two ships became every moment more indistinct, and the heavens assumed a more threatening appearance, two large sea birds kept flapping around us, and approaching nearer and nearer, till we could almost feel on our heated and flushed countenances the air which was set in motion by the movement of their broad pinions.

At this moment a large fin protruded out of the dark waters, from some still darker object beneath them, and close under our quarter. This the sailor who was with us pronounced to be a shark, and his alarmed countenance tended to impart to us but little confidence. Sailors are proverbially superstitious; the mountain waves, the flying scud, the immensity of ocean, seen under every variety of appearance, the dense clouds or starry heavens, contemplated during the long and still hours of the midnight watch, may tend to nourish this feeling. On the present occasion our hardy tar, who doubtless would have braved a hundred foes on an enemy's deck was fairly taken "aback"; and, as doubtfully he shook his head, candidly acknowledged that he liked not the present state of things, when the very fowls of the air and fishes of the sea appeared, in conjunction with the elements, to be contemplating our destruction. "But, gentlemen," added he, "is no use palavering about it; let us give way with a will, and if you can still see the hull of the ship, steer a little ahead of it, sir, and we may yet have the luck to reach her before the wind freshens." This latter part of his sentence was directed to me, and darkness had so far gained on us that I had some difficulty in following his directions; however at the moment a bright light appeared in the rigging; we gave three cheers, pulled lustily toward this beacon of our hopes, and just reached the vessel in time to save ourselves from the gale which had been brewing for some time past, and soon came on with a violence that must inevitably have overwhelmed us in our frail little skiff.—Col. Napier's Wild Sports.

## A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

A late number of the French paper, the Journal of Rouen, announces a singular rencontre which took place at that town not long since, when an equestrian statue in bronze of the Duke of Wellington, brought from Paris in the Luxor, was about to be landed on the quay, to be shipped for England. The Tanearville arrived at the same moment with the statue of Napoleon, destined by the King to be erected at Ajaccio. They were consigned to two different howers, between whom a dispute arose as to the precedence in their being landed, during which the effigies of the two great captains stood face to face on the decks of their respective vessels. The commandant of the port, however, decided that Napoleon should be the first landed, and the Duke the first to be embarked. Apropos of statues. We learn from the Edinburgh Scotsman that the summit of Banvragie in Sutherlandshire, is crowned by a colossal monument erected by the Sutherland tenantry to the memory of the late Duke. A statue, thirty feet high and containing eighty tons of stone, stands on a pedestal seventy five feet in height. The figure is said to be an excellent likeness, and to form the largest statue in Europe.—N. Y. Sun.

## THE YOUNG MAN.

Who that has passed the season of youth and gone into manhood, has not looked back with many a sigh, and almost murmured aloud, that he could not here and there have received such hints as would have prevented mistakes? Who has not looked back, and with a sadness that is inexplicable, seen how in youth he formed habits that are to abide through life, how his character was moulded into shapes that are little less than deformities, and how his mind was taught to roam in paths that are barren of all that can yield food or refreshment? And who that has not mourned that he is doomed to pass through life, accomplishing little or nothing; neither meeting the hopes of friends nor satisfying his own conscience—vainly looking for some outward circumstances to push him to do that which inward energy alone can move a man to do—and all because, in his youth, he had not such hints, such instructions, and such counsels as would have made him a character altogether different? If my own experience accords with that of others, the very attempt to throw light in the pathway of the young men of this land, is praiseworthy. Should the attempt be a failure, I shall have the consolation that it was in my heart to do it. Should it succeed in any measure in accordance with my wishes, my heart would rejoice.

When I do define what I mean by character, I would say, it is that which makes free and intelligent beings have confidence in you. The very definition shows you that it must be of slow growth. You cannot acquire it in a day nor in a year. A marksman makes a wonderful shot and it is known and talked about; a young lawyer makes one eloquent plea, and by seizing a strong point of law which had been overlooked, he carries the jury with him, and the effort is talked about. A mechanic does a single job of work with great despatch and skill, and he is talked about; the young farmer raises one great crop, and it is a wonder; and the young divine throws off a sermon which is greatly admired, and much talked of; but this is not reputation or character—it is merely a short lived notoriety.—The physician cures in one remarkable case, and he acquires this notoriety in an hour. But that marksman has got to be able to make a good shot; that young lawyer has got to take the strong points of the law and the weak ones too, many times, and with them carry the jury with him, ere he has acquired the character of a sound lawyer; that young mechanic and that young farmer, have yet to show perseverance and skill and success before they can acquire character; that young divine has yet to think out many an eloquent passage, and seize many a figure of speech, and produce many masterly strokes at reasoning, before he can be called a great preacher; and the young physician has to hang over more than one desperate case, and study the deranged body of more than one poor sufferer, and bring up from the borders of the grave more than one patient, before he can claim the name of a great physician.

Multitudes of young men are ruined by not having decision enough to say no. They meet with companions who invite them to step into a fruit shop, or into the confectioner's, or into the oyster cellar, or the bar room. They are perfectly aware that they would not like to have their parents see them go into such places,—they are aware that those who entice them are as yet below themselves in moral character, but they have not firmness enough to say no. When they allow themselves to be led away once, they will again; and they must return the compliment. This is the beginning of that course which leads to drinking, to tavern suppers, to street smoking, to the theatre, to the house of her which is the way to hell, and then to the ruin, the utter ruin of the young man, for time, and for eternity.—Rev. John Todd.

## THE BEAUTY AND FASHION OF TAJURA.

The softer sex of Tajura, whilst young, present a tolerable share of comeliness, and a pleasing expression of countenance; but they are speedily past the meridian of beauty. A close blue chemise, a leathern petticoat, or a cloth reaching to the ankles, and a liberal coat of lard over extravagantly braided ringlets, which are knotted with white beads, form the toilet of maid, wife, and widow. An occasional necklace of colored beads, falling over the sable bosom, a pendant of brass or silver wire, of no ordinary dimensions, and large ivory bracelets or anklets, proclaim the besetting fable of the sex. But ornaments are by no means general. Mohammedan jealousy tends to the seclusion of the better order of females to a certain extent; but a marriage in high life, when the procession passed close to the encampment, afforded an opportunity not always enjoyed of beholding the beauty and fashion of the place. The matrimonial shackles are here easily loosed; and the greater portion of the population being deeply engaged in the slave trade with the interior, have their houses filled with temporary wives, who are from time to time unceremoniously shipped for the Arabian market, in order that the funds accruing from the sale of their persons may be invested in new purchases.—The Highlands of Ethiopia.

A LESSON FOR SCOLDING WIVES.—"And I dare say you have scolded your wife very often, Newman," said I, once. Old Newman looked down, and the wife took up the reply "Never to signify—and if he has I deserve it." "And I dare say if the truth were told you have scolded him quite as often." "Nay," said the old woman, with a beauty of kindness which all the poetry in the world cannot excel, "how can a wife scold her good man who has been working for her and her little ones all the day? It may do for a man to be peevish, for it is he who bears the cross of the world; but who should make him forget them but his own wife? And she had best for her own sake—for nobody can scold much when the scolding is all on one side.

## PENNSYLVANIA—OFFICIAL.

Below will be found the official vote for Governor of Pennsylvania. The majority for Col. Hartshorne, the democratic candidate for Canal Commissioner, is 6,339. The majority in favor of the sale of the Main line of the Canal, is 21,432. The whole number of votes polled in the State is 317,521, which exhibits an increase of 29,226 over the election of 1840.

| Counties.           | Markle (W.) | Shunk (D.) |
|---------------------|-------------|------------|
| Adams               | 2485        | 1848       |
| Allegheny           | 8105        | 5863       |
| Armstrong           | 1407        | 1986       |
| Berks               | 3840        | 8316       |
| Beaver              | 2730        | 2093       |
| Bucks               | 4804        | 5106       |
| Bedford             | 3045        | 2884       |
| Butler              | 2197        | 2681       |
| Bradford            | 2967        | 3525       |
| Cambridge           | 969         | 1129       |
| Carbon              | 453         | 784        |
| Chester             | 6139        | 5475       |
| Centre              | 1786        | 2384       |
| Cumberland          | 2971        | 3008       |
| Columbia            | 1593        | 3199       |
| Crawford            | 2410        | 2920       |
| Clarion             | 793         | 1889       |
| Clinton             | 807         | 925        |
| Clearfield          | 611         | 1039       |
| Dauphin             | 3213        | 2952       |
| Delaware            | 2069        | 1493       |
| Erie                | 3501        | 2207       |
| Elk                 | 103         | 132        |
| Fayette             | 2836        | 3394       |
| Franklin            | 1397        | 3211       |
| Greene              | 2725        | 2255       |
| Huntingdon          | 4022        | 2630       |
| Indiana             | 2098        | 1417       |
| Juniata             | 1085        | 1188       |
| Jefferson           | 6178        | 727        |
| Lancaster           | 2477        | 1748       |
| Lancaster           | 9513        | 5532       |
| Lehigh              | 2443        | 2680       |
| Lycoming            | 1945        | 2690       |
| Luzerne             | 2561        | 3649       |
| Monroe              | 377         | 1601       |
| Mercer              | 2705        | 2744       |
| Mifflin             | 1596        | 1385       |
| Montgomery          | 4341        | 5394       |
| McKeon              | 397         | 416        |
| Northampton         | 2455        | 2466       |
| Northumberland      | 1498        | 2384       |
| Perry               | 1316        | 2246       |
| Philadelphia city   | 9282        | 6265       |
| Philadelphia county | 14138       | 12200      |
| Pike                | 142         | 643        |
| Potter              | 202         | 627        |
| Schuykill           | 2390        | 3217       |
| Somerset            | 2450        | 922        |
| Susquehanna         | 1595        | 2468       |
| Tioga               | 1049        | 1975       |
| Union               | 2721        | 1777       |
| Venango             | 873         | 1230       |
| Washington          | 3901        | 3958       |
| Warren              | 843         | 1107       |
| Wayne               | 811         | 1353       |
| Westmoreland        | 754         | 808        |
| York                | 2778        | 4704       |
|                     | 3802        | 4691       |
|                     | 156114      | 160403     |
|                     |             | 156114     |

No returns were made for the 6th ward northern liberties. The vote given out on the night of the election by the officers of the ward, was for Shunk 556; Markle 448. This district counted will add to Mr. Shunk's majority 103

SHUNK'S majority 4,397

## ENGLISH AGRICULTURAL LABORERS.

The wretched condition of this class was made apparent at a meeting of their "order," held recently in Wiltshire, where a woman, Mary Ferris, said, that the men, many of them, were afraid to speak. A voice answered that they who were living on potatoes had not the spirit to do so. Mary Ferris proceeded: "She thought a little more loud would be of great service to the labors generally. Her husband had to maintain her and five children out of 8 shillings per week. They had half an acre of land; but that was not sufficient, with his low wages, to maintain them in a manner fitting to a day's work. This last summer they had no potatoes for a considerable length of time, and nothing but the 8s. per week. Her children were often crying around her for food, and she did not know how to get any. She said the men knew nothing of their hardships in comparison to the women; they brought the 8s. home on Saturday night; but the management was left to the women, who could not supply the wants of their families from it.—She stated that they did not taste a morsel of animal food for two months together." All the laborers who did speak complained of their miserable state.—European Times.

## COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE AMONG THE LANDAIS.

Their marriages are attended with somewhat singular ceremonies, and their method of making love is equally strange; after church, on a fete day, a number of young people, of both sexes, dance together to a monotonous tune, while others sit down in a circle on their heels, watching them. After dancing a little time, a pair will detach themselves from the rest, squeeze each other's hand, give a few glances, and then whisper together, striking each other at the same time; after which, they go to their relations, and say they are agreed, and wish to marry; the priest and notary are called for, the parents consent, and the day is at once fixed. On the appointed day, the nobi (future husband) collects his friends, and goes to the bride's house, where he knocks, the father, or some near relation, opens to him, holding by the hand an old woman, whom he presents; she is rejected by the bridegroom, who demands her who was promised. She then comes forward with a modest air, and gives her lover a flower; who, in exchange, presents her with a belt, which he puts on himself. This is very like the customs in Brittany, where scenes of the kind always precede weddings.—When the bride comes to her husband's house, she finds at the door a broom; or, if she takes possession of hers, a plough-share is placed there; both allegorical of their duties. The distaff of the bride is carried by an old woman throughout the ceremonies. The Landais, altogether, as to habits, manners, and general appearance, form a singular feature in the aspect of this part of France.—Bears and the Pyrenees.