

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 3.

STROUDSBURG MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1842.

No. 17.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
THEODORE SCHOCH.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 7 1-2 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except the option of the Editor. Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar: twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion: larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers. All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

## POETRY.

From an old Paper.

### I've been Thinking.

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,  
What a curious world we're in,  
Men are sleeping, eating, drinking,  
Just as they have always been—  
Beaux are strutting, dandies quizzing,  
Misses toiling night and day,  
Boys are sporting, girls are frizzing,  
Grandmars figeting away.  
Tom is crying, Mary singing,  
Jack is laughing merrily,  
Dust is flying, tea bells ringing,  
These have music sure for me;  
Peasants toiling, rich men riding,  
Staring with a lordly phiz,  
Rogues through every crowd are gliding,  
Zounds, how queer a world it is!  
Marrying, some in marriage given,  
Others like the world of old,  
All but me are feasting, living—  
Would that wives were to be sold!  
Others have their dears in plenty,  
And their bosoms heave with love,  
I've had chances, nineteen, twenty—  
But I dare not one improve.  
Brokers shaving, sheriffs donning,  
Politicians pull your sleeve,  
Printers scolding, wits are punning,  
Jail-birds begging for relieve,  
Preachers warning, idiots ranting,  
Bacchus, too, hath devotees,  
Yonder wretch, your wife's gallanting,  
What a deuced fool is he!  
Lawyers spouting, clients list'ning,  
Doctors' prating of their skill,  
Patients groaning, school boys whistling,  
Striving all old time to kill.  
Pedagogues of science telling,  
Milliners of pretty things—  
Lovers stroll with bosoms swelling,  
List'ning while the night bird sings.  
Clouds are lowering, tempests howling,  
Friends suspecting, foes are glad,  
Children screaming, mistress scowling,  
Merry bosoms now are sad.  
Presto! they are gone forever,  
All is gay as it has been,  
Sunbeams shine, the girls—oh, never!  
What a curious world we're in!

## PERSEVERANCE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"How far is it from here to the sun, Jim?" asked Harman Lee of his father's apprentice, James Wallace, in a tone of light raillery, intending by the question to elicit some reply that would exhibit the boy's ignorance. James Wallace, a boy of fourteen, turned his bright intelligent eyes upon the son of his master, and, after regarding him for a moment, he replied, "I don't know, Harman. How far is it?" There was something so honest and earnest in the tone of the boy, that much as Harman had felt at first disposed to sport with his ignorance he could not refrain from giving him a true answer. Still, his contempt for the ignorant apprentice was not to be concealed, and he replied, "Ninety-five millions of miles, you ignoramus!" James did not retort, but repeating over in his mind the distance named, fixed it indelibly upon his memory. On the same evening, after he had finished his day's work, he obtained a small text book on astronomy, which belonged to Harman Lee, and went up into his garret with a candle, and there, alone, attempted to dive into the mysteries of that sublime science. As he read, the earnestness of his attention fixed nearly every fact upon his mind. So intent was he, that he perceived not the passage of time, and was only called back to a consciousness of where he was, by the sudden snuffing of the wick of his candle, into the melted mass of tallow that had filled the cup of his candle-stick. In another moment he was in total darkness. The cry of the watchman told him that the hours had flown, until it was past ten o'clock. Slowly undressing himself in his dark chamber, his mind recurring with a strong interest to what he had been reading, he laid down upon his hard bed, and gave full play to his thoughts. Hour after hour passed away, but he could not sleep, so absorbed was he in receiving the new and wonderful things that he had read. At

last, wearied nature gave way, and he fell off into a slumber, filled with dreams of planets, moons, comets, and fixed stars.

On the next morning, the apprentice boy resumed his place at the work-bench with a new feeling; and with this feeling was mingled one of regret, that he could not go to school as did his master's son.

"But I can study at night, while he is asleep," he said to himself. Just then Harman Lee came into the shop, and approaching James, said, for the purpose of teasing him.

"How big round is the earth Jim?" "Twenty-five thousand miles," was the prompt answer.

Harman looked surprised for a moment, and then responded with a sneer—for he was not a kind-hearted boy, but, on the contrary, very selfish, and disposed to injure rather than do good to others—

"O dear! How wonderful wise you are! And no doubt you can tell how many moons Jupiter has! Come, let's hear!"

"Jupiter has four moons," James answered, with something of exultation in his tones. "And no doubt you can tell how many rings it has?"

"Jupiter has no rings. Saturn has rings, and Jupiter belts," James replied, in a decisive tone.

For a moment or two, Harman was silent with surprise and mortification, to think that his father's apprentice, whom he esteemed so far below him, should be possessed of knowledge equal to his, on the points in reference to which he had chosen to question him; and that he should be able to convict him of an error into which he had purposely fallen.

"I should like to know how long it is since you became so wonderful wise?" Harman at length said, with a sneer.

"Not very long," James replied, calmly. "I have been reading one of your books on astronomy."

"Well; you're not going to have my books, mister, I can tell you! Anyhow, I should like to know what business you have to touch one of them? Let me catch you at it again, and see if I don't cuff you soundly! You'd better, a great deal, be minding your work."

"But I didn't neglect my work, Harman. I read at night, after I was done my work. And I didn't hurt your book."

"I don't care if you didn't hurt it. You're not going to have my books, I can tell you.—So do you just let them alone."

Poor James' heart sank in his bosom, at this unexpected obstacle thrown so suddenly in his way. He had no money of his own to buy, and knew of no one from whom he could borrow the book that had all at once become necessary to his happiness.

"Do, Harman," he said, appealingly, "lend me the book. I will take good care of it."

"No, I won't. And don't you dare to touch it!" was the angry reply.

James Wallace knew well enough the selfish disposition of his master's son, older than him two or three years, to be convinced that there was now but little hope of his having the use of his books, except by stealth. And from that his naturally open and honest principles revolted. All day he thought earnestly over the means whereby he should be able to obtain a book on astronomy to quench the ardent thirst that had been created in his mind. And night came without any satisfactory answer being obtained to his earnest inquiries of his own thoughts.

He was learning the trade of a blind-maker. Having been already an apprentice for two years, and being industrious and intelligent, he had acquired a readiness with tools and much skill in some parts of his trade. While sitting alone, after he had finished his work for the day, his mind searching about for some means whereby he could get books, it occurred to him that he might, by working in the evening, earn some money, and with it buy such as he wanted. But in what manner to turn his work into money, he knew not. It finally occurred to him, that, in passing a house near the shop, he frequently observed a pair of window blinds with faded hangings and soiled colors.

"Perhaps," he said to himself, "if I would do it cheap, they would let me paint, and put new hangings to their blinds." The thought was scarcely suggested, when he was on his feet, moving towards the street. In a few minutes, he stood knocking at the door of the house, which was soon opened.

"Well, my little man, what do you want?" was the kind salutation of the individual who answered the call.

James now felt confused, and stammered out, "The hangings of your blinds are a good deal faded."

"That's a very true remark, my little man," was the reply, made in an encouraging tone.

"And they want painting, badly."

"Also very true," said the man with a good-humored smile, for he felt amused with the boy's earnest manner, and novelty of speech.

"Wouldn't you like to have them painted, and new hangings put to them?" pursued James.

"I don't know. It would certainly improve them very much."

"O, yes, sir. They would look just like new. And if you will let me do them, I will fix them all up nice for you cheap."

"Will you, indeed? But what is your name and where do you live?"

"My name is James Wallace, and I live with Mr. Lee, the blind-maker."

"Do you, indeed? Well, how much will you charge for painting them, and putting on new hangings?"

"I will do it for two dollars, sir. The hangings and tassels will cost me three-quarters of a dollar, and the paint and varnish a quarter more. And it will take me two or three evenings, besides getting up very early in the morning to work for Mr. Lee, so that I can paint and varnish them when the sun shines."

"But will Mr. Lee let you do this?"

"I don't know, sir. But I will ask him."

"Very well, my little man. If Mr. Lee does not object, I am willing."

James ran back to the house, and found Mr. Lee standing in the door. Much to his delight, his request was granted. Four days from that time he possessed a book of his own, and had half a dollar with which to buy some other volume, when he should have thoroughly mastered the contents of that. Every night found him poring over this book, and so soon as it was light enough in the morning to see, he was up, and reading.

Of course, there was much in it that he could not understand, and many terms that defied all his efforts and comparisons of the context, to understand. To help him in this difficulty, he purchased with his remaining half a dollar, at a second-hand book stall, a dictionary. By the aid of this he acquired the information he sought much more rapidly. But the more he read, the broader the unexplored expanse of knowledge appeared to open before him. He did not, however, give way to feelings of discouragement, but steady devoted every evening, and an hour every morning, to study; while all through the day his mind was pondering over the things he had read, as his hands were diligently employed in the labor assigned him.

It occurred, just at this time, that a number of benevolent individuals established, in the town where James lived, one of those excellent institutions, an Apprentices' Library. To this he at once applied, and obtained the books he needed. Instead, however, of resorting to the library for mere books of amusement, he borrowed only those from which he could obtain the rudiments of learning, such as text books of science.

He early felt the necessity, from having read a book on Astronomy, with a strong desire to master its contents, for mathematical knowledge, and in the effort to acquire this, he first commenced studying—for he had no preceptor to guide him—a work on Geometry. In working out problems, he used a pair of shop compasses, with a pointed quill upon one of the prongs. And thus, all alone in his garret, frequently until midnight,—none dreaming of his devotion to the acquirement of knowledge—did the poor apprentice boy lay the foundation of future eminence and usefulness. We cannot trace his course, step by step, through a long series of seven years, though it would afford many lessons of perseverance and triumph over almost insurmountable difficulties. But at twenty-one he was master of his trade; and, what was more, had laid up a vast amount of general and scientific information. He was well read in history. Had studied thoroughly the science of Astronomy, for which he ever retained a lively affection. Was familiar with mathematical principles, and could readily solve the most difficult Geometrical and Algebraic problems. His Geographical knowledge was minute; and to this he added tolerably correct information in regard to the manners and customs of different nations. To natural history he had also given much attention. But, with all of his varied acquirements, James Wallace felt, on attaining the age of manhood, that he knew, comparatively, but little.

Let us turn now, for a few moments, to mark the progress which the young student, in one of the best seminaries in his native city, and afterwards at college, had made. Like too many tradesmen, whose honest industry and steady perseverance have gained them a competence, Mr. Lee felt indisposed to give his son a trade, or to subject him to the same restraints and discipline in youth to which he had been subjected. He felt ambitious for him, and determined to educate him for one of the learned professions. To this end he sent him to school early, and provided for him the very best of instruction.

The idea that he was to be a lawyer or a doctor, soon took possession of the mind of Harman, and this caused him to feel contempt for other boys who were merely designed for trades, or store-keepers.

Like to many others, he had no love for learning, nor any right appreciation of its legitimate uses. To be a lawyer, he thought would be much more honorable, than to be a mere mechanic; and for this reason alone, as far as he had any thoughts on the subject, did he desire to be a lawyer. As for James Wallace, he, as the poor illiterate apprentice of his father, was most heartily despised, and never treated by

Harman with the smallest degree of kind consideration.

At the age of eighteen, he was sent away to one of the eastern Universities, and there remained—except during the semi-annual vacations—until he was twenty years of age; when he graduated, and came home with honorary title of A. B. At this time James Wallace was between seventeen and eighteen years of age, somewhat rough in his appearance, but with a sound mind in a sound body—although each day, he regularly toiled at the work-bench, and as regularly returned to his books when evening released him from labor, and was up at the peep of dawn, to lay the first offerings of his mind upon the shrine of learning. But all this devotion to the acquirement of knowledge, won for him no sympathy, no honorable estimation from his master's son. He despised these patient, persevering efforts, as much as he despised his condition as an apprentice to a trade. But it was not many years before others began to perceive the contrast between them, although on the very day that James completed his term of apprenticeship, Harman was admitted to the bar.

The one completed his education—so far as general knowledge, and a rigid discipline of the mind was concerned—when he left college. The other became more really the student when the broader and brighter light of rationality shone clearly on his pathway, as he passed the threshold of manhood. James still continued to work at his trade, but not for so many hours each day, as while he was an apprentice. He was a good and fast workman, and could readily earn all that he required for his support in six or eight hours of every twenty-four. Eight hours were regularly devoted to study. From some cause, he determined that he would make law his profession. To the acquirement of a knowledge of legal matters, therefore, he bent all the energies of a well-disciplined, active and comprehensive mind. Two years passed away in an untiring devotion to the studies he had assigned himself, and he then made application for admission to the bar.

"Who were admitted yesterday?" asked Harman Lee, the day after Wallace had passed his examination, addressing a fellow-member of the bar.

"Some half a dozen, and among them a sturdy young fellow that nobody ever heard of before."

"Indeed! Well, what kind of an examination did he make?"

"An excellent one. The Judges tried their best with him, but he seemed furnished at every point. He is said to be a young mechanic, who has thus qualified himself in the time that he could spare from the labors of his handicraft, by which he has supported himself."

"A mechanic! Pah! The whole court room will smell of leather or linseed oil, I suppose after this. Did you learn his name?"

"James Wallace, I believe he is called."

"James Wallace! Are you sure?"

"Yes, that was it. Do you know him? You look sufficiently surprised to know him twice over."

"My father had an apprentice by that name, who affected to be very fond of books, but surely it can't be him."

"I am sure that I don't know. But here comes a client for you, I suppose."

As the latter spoke, a man entered the office, and asked for Mr. Lee.

"That is my name, sir," said Lee, bowing.—"Take a chair."

The stranger seated himself, and after a moment's pause, said,

"I wish you to attend to a case for me. I have been sued this morning, as executor of an estate, and the claim set up is a very important one."

The whole case was then stated, with an exhibition of various documents. After Lee had come to understand fully its merits, he asked who was the lawyer of the claimants.

"A young fellow, only admitted yesterday, by the name of Wallace. I am told he has it in charge. He was, however, consulted some months ago, and his services retained, to become active at this time."

Lee turned to his friend with a smile, and remarked—

"So it seems that I am doomed first to come in contact with this young mechanic. He is certainly quick on the trigger. Only admitted yesterday, and to-day pushing on a most important suit. But I'll cool him off, I'm thinking."

"You must do your best, sir, for there is much at stake," said the client.

"Rely upon that. But don't give yourself a moment's uneasiness. A few years' experience at the bar is always enough to set aside your new-beginners."

"I wonder if it can be my father's old apprentice?" the young lawyer remarked, after his client had gone.

"It's as likely as not," his friend said. "But wouldn't it be a joke, if he gained the suit over you?"

"Never fear that!"

"Well, we shall see!" laughingly replied his friend.

On the next day, James Wallace took his

seat among the members of the bar, and marked with a keen interest, and an air of intelligence, all that passed. One or two of the lawyers noticed him kindly, but the majority—Lee among them—regarded him with coldness and distance. But nothing of this affected him, if indeed, he noticed it at all.

The cause in which he had been retained, and which proved to be the first in which he took an active and prominent position in the court room, came up within a week, for all parties interested in the result were anxious for it to come to trial, and therefore no legal obstacles were thrown in the way.

There was a profound silence, and a marked attention and interest, when the young stranger arose in the court room to open the case. A smile of contempt, as he did so, curled the lip of Harman Lee, but Wallace saw it not. The prominent points of the case were presented in a plain, but concise language, to the court; and a few remarks bearing upon the merits of the case being made, the young lawyer took his seat, and gave room for the defence likewise to define their position.

Instantly Harman Lee was on his feet, and began referring to the points presented by his "very learned brother," in a flippant, contemptuous manner. There were those present who marked the light that kindled in the eye of Wallace, and the flash that passed over his countenance, at the first contemptuous word and tone that were uttered by his antagonist at the bar. These soon gave place to attention, and an air of conscious power. Once on his feet, with so flimsy a position to tear into tatters, as that which his "learned brother" had presented, Lee seemed never to grow tired of the tearing process. Nearly an hour had passed away when he resumed his seat with a look of exultation, which was followed by a pitying and contemptuous smile, as Wallace again slowly arose.

Ten minutes, however, had not passed, when that smile had changed to a look of surprise, mortification, and alarm, all blended into a single expression. The young lawyer's maiden speech showed him to be a man of calm, deep, systematic thought—well skilled in points of law, and in authorities; and more than all, a lawyer of practical and comprehensive views. When he sat down, no important point in the case had been left untouched, and none that had been touched, required further elucidation.

Lee followed, briefly, in a vain attempt to torture his language, and break down his positions. But he felt that he was contending with weapons whose edges were turned at every blow. When he took his seat again, Wallace merely remarked that he was prepared, without further argument, to submit the case to the court.

The case was accordingly submitted, and a decision unhesitatingly made in favor of the plaintiffs, or Wallace's clients.

From that hour, James Wallace took his true position. The despised apprentice became the able and profound lawyer, and was esteemed for real talent and real moral worth, which, when combined, ever place their possessor in his true position.

Ten years from that day, Wallace was elevated to the bench, while Lee remained a second-rate lawyer, and never rose above that position.

In the histories of these two persons is seen the difference between simply receiving an education, as it is called, and self-education. Most eminent men are self-educated. This fact, every student and every humble apprentice, with limited advantages should bear in mind. It should infuse new life into the studies of the one, and inspire the other with a determination to imbue his mind with knowledge. The education that a boy receives at colleges and seminaries does not make him a learned man. He has only acquired the rudiments of knowledge. Beyond these he must go—he must continue, ever after, a student—or others will leave him in the rear—others of humbler means and fewer opportunities—the apprentice of the handicraftsman, for instance, whose few hours of devotion to study, from a genuine love of learning, have given him a taste and a habit, that remain with him in all after time.

### The late Mr. Grizzle.

A very worthy fisherman by the name of Grizzle was drowned some time since, and all search for his body proved unavailing. After it had been in the water some months, it was discovered floating on the surface and taken to the shore, whereupon Mr. Smith was despatched to convey the intelligence to the afflicted widow:

Mr. Smith—Well, Mrs. Grizzle, we have found Mr. Grizzle's body.

Mrs. Grizzle—You don't say so!

Mr. S.—Yes we have—the jury have sot on it, and found it full of eels.

Mrs. G.—You don't say Mr. Grizzle's body is full of eels?

Mr. S.—Yes it is, and we want to know what you will have done with it?

Mrs. G.—Why, how many eels should you think there is in him?

Mr. S.—Why, about a bushel.

Mrs. G.—Well, then, I think you had better send the eels up to the house and set him again,