

# 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.**

From the New York Tribune.

**Stanzas.**

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

I.

Stormy passions with a pen of steel,  
Write their record on the human heart;  
Grows the tracery—fires of sin anneal—  
Deeper and deeper as the years depart.

II.

Perish hopes that holy made its youth;  
Fades the promise of its golden prime;  
Meek affections, sympathies and ruth,  
Sweepeth over all the tide of crime!

III.

Downward presseth evermore the soul  
That is wedded to its hideous sin—  
Downward madly to the dreadful goal,  
Spirits hating purity must win.

IV.

In the path that leadeth from the light,  
Every foot-fall soundeth like a knell!  
Darker o'er the spirit gathers night—  
Blackest horrors thicken around it dwell.

V.

Lost the brightness of its earlier day,  
All its longings for the Holy lost,  
Like a wreck, whose helm is torn away,  
On the waves of Error see it tost!

VI.

Hapless spirit! heedless of its birth—  
Mad to drink the bitter cup of woes!  
Dark hath been thy pilgrimage on earth,  
Darker still that pilgrimage shall close!

VII.

Ye who linger on forbidden ground,  
Dreadful is your recompense, and sure!  
For the blessedness of Peace is found  
Only by the holy and the pure!

**Counsels to the Young.**

BY HORACE GREELY.

Three millions of youth, between the ages of six and twenty-one, now rapidly coming forward, to take rank as the future husbands and fathers, legislators and divines, instructors and governors, politicians and voters, capitalists, and laborers, artisans and cultivators of this vast country, whose destinies are even yet so faintly imagined, much less developed. Not one is so humble that he will not certainly exert an influence—it may be an immense and imperishable influence on the happiness and elevation of his country and his race. The humblest cottage maid, now toiling thankfully as the household servant of some proud family by whom she is regarded as nobody, may yet be the mother of a future President—or nobler still, of some unassuming but God directed man, who as a teacher of righteousness, an amellator of human sufferings, a successful reprobator of wrong, sensuality or selfishness, may leave his impress on the annals of the world as a lover and a server of his race. Nearly all our now eminent men, politically; Jackson, Clay, Van Buren, etc., were not merely of poor and humble parentage, but left orphans in early life, and thus deprived of the support and counsel which seems most eminently necessary to success in the world's rugged ways.

In the higher walks of genuine usefulness the proportion of those enjoying no advantages of family influence or hereditary wealth, who attain the loftiest eminence is very great. Call to mind the first twenty names that occur to you of men distinguished for ability, energy or philanthropy, or lofty achievement, and generally three-fourths of them will be those of men born in obscurity and dependence.

All literature is full of anecdotes illustrative of these encouraging truths; a single fact now occurs to me which I have never seen recorded. I have often worshipped in a Baptist meeting house in Vermont, whereon at its construction some thirty years since a studious and exemplary young man was for some time employed as a carpenter, who afterwards qualified himself and entered upon the responsibilities of the Christian Ministry. That young

man was Jared Sparks, since Editor of the N. American Review of Washington's voluminous Writings, &c., and now recognised, as one of the foremost scholars, historians, and critics, in America.

I propose here to set forth a few important maxims for the guidance and encouragement of those youth who will hearken to me—maxims based on my own immature experience and observation, but which have doubtless in substance been propounded and enforced by elder and wiser men long ago and often. Still as they do not appear to have exerted their full and proper effect on the ripening intellect of the country—as thousands on thousands are toilsomely, painfully struggling forward in the race for position and knowledge, in the palpable defiance of their scope and spirit—I will hope that their presentation at this time cannot be without some effect on at least a few expanding minds. They are as follows:—

I. Avoid the common error of esteeming a college education necessary; to usefulness or eminence in life. Such an education may be desirable and beneficial—to many it is doubtless so. But Greek and Latin are not real knowledge; they are only means of acquiring such knowledge; they have been great and wise and surpassing useful men in all ages who knew no language but their mother tongue. Besides, in our day the treasures of ancient and contemporary foreign literature are brought home to every man's door by translation which embody the substance if they do not exhibit all the beauties of the originals. If your circumstances in life enable you to enjoy the advantages of a college education, do not neglect them—above all do not misimprove them. But if your lot be different waste no time in idle repining, in humiliating beggary. The stern, self-respecting independence of your soul is worth whole shelves of classics. All men cannot and need not be college bred—not even those who are born to instruct and improve their kind. You can never be justly deemed ignorant, or your acquirements contemptible, if you embrace and fully improve the opportunities which are fairly offered you.

II. Avoid likewise the kindred and equally pernicious error that you must have a profession—must be a Clergyman, Lawyer, Doctor or something of the sort—in order to be influential, useful, respected—or, to state the case in its best aspect, that you may lead an intellectual life. Nothing of the kind is necessary—very far from it. If your tendencies are intellectual—if you love Knowledge, Wisdom, Virtue, for themselves—you will grow in them, whether you earn your bread by a profession, a trade or by tilling the ground. Nay, it may be doubted that the Farmer or Mechanic who devotes his intellectual pursuits from a pure love of them, has not some advantages therein over a professional man. He comes to his book in the evening with his head clear and his mental appetite sharpened by the manual labor taxing lightly the spirit, or brain; while the lawyer who has been running over dry old books for precedents, the doctor, who has been racking his wits for a remedy adapted to some new modification of disease, or the divine, who immersed in his closet, has been busy preparing his next sermon, may well approach the evening volume with senses jaded and palled. There are few men, and perhaps few women, who do not spend uselessly in sleep or play, or frivolous employments, more time than would be required to render them at thirty well versed in History, Philosophy, Ethics, as well as Physical Sciences, &c.

III. Neither is any advantageous location essential to the prosecution of ennobling studies, or to an intellectual life; on this point misapprehension is very prevalent and very pernicious. A youth born in some rural but thinly settled district, where books are few and unfit, and the means of intellectual culture apparently scanty, feels within him the stirrings of a spirit of inquiry, a craving to acquire and know, aspirations for an intellectual condition above the dead level around him. At once he jumps to the conclusion that a change of place is necessary to the satisfaction of his desires—that he must resort to the university or the seminary, at least the city or the village.—He fancies he must alter his whole manner of life—that a persistence in manual labor is unsuited to, if not absolutely inconsistent with aspirations awakened within him—that he must become, if not an author, a professor, a lawyer, at least a merchant or follow some calling unlike that of his father's.

Wrapped in this delusion, he betakes himself to the city's dusty ways, where sooner or later the nature and extent of his mistake breaks upon him. If he finds satisfactory employment and is prospered in the way of life which he prefers, the cares and demands of business almost constrains him to relinquish those pursuits for which he abandoned his more quiet and natural life. If he is less fortunate, anxieties for the morrow, a constant and difficult struggle for the means of creditable subsistence, and to avoid becoming a burthen or a detriment to others who have trusted or endeavored to sustain him, crowd out of being the thought or the hope of mental culture and advancement.—Nay,

more, and far worse; in the tumultuous strife of business and money getting, whether successful or otherwise, then every desire of intellectual elevation is too often stifled or greatly enfeebled, and that death of the soul ensues in which satisfaction of the physical appetite becomes the aim of life—the man is sunk in the capitalist or trader, and the gathering of shining dust made the great end of his being.

But what shall the youth do who finds his means of intellectual culture inadequate to his wants? I hesitate not to say that he should create more and better just where he is. Not that I would have him reject any real opportunity or proffer of increased facilities which may open before him. I will not say that he should not except a university education, the means of studying for a profession, if such should come fairly in his way, and be seconded by his own inclination. But I do insist that nothing of this sort is essential to the great end he has or should have in view—namely, self culture; to this end it is only needful that he should put forth all the powers within him and rightly mould the circumstances by which he is surrounded. Are the books within reach few and faulty? let him purchase a few of the very best and study them intently and thoroughly. He who is truly acquainted with the writings of a very few of the world's master spirits can never after be deemed ignorant or undeveloped. To know intimately the Bible and Shakspeare, and the elements of History and the Physical sciences, is to have imbibed the substance of all human knowledge. That knowledge may be presented in a thousand varied, graceful and attractive forms, and the variations may be highly agreeable and useful—may, they are so. But though they may improve, refine, and fertilize, (so to speak) they do not make the man. If he has the elements within him, no future hour of solitude can be lonely, or tiresome, or profitless. The mild moon and the calm high stars are companionship and instruction, eloquent, of deep significance, and more impressive than the profoundest volumes.

But grant that greater or more varied means of culture than the individual's narrow means can supply are desirable, has he not still modes of procuring them? Is he a solitary, and our goodly land his isle of Juan Fernandez? Are there not others all around him, if not already of kindred tastes and aspirations, at least in whom kindred aspirations may be awakened? May he not gather around him in the rudest township or vicinity some dozen or more young men in whom the celestial spark, if not already glowing, may kindle to warmth and radiance? And by the union of these, may not all their mutual mental wants be abundantly supplied.

And herein is found one of the pervading advantages of the cause I would commend. The awakened youth who has withdrawn to the seminary or the city may have secured his advancement; but he who has remained constant to his childhood's home, its duties and associations, will probably have attracted others to enter with him on the pathway of life. The good thus accomplished, time may not measure. Doubtless many a village Lyceum, many a township Library, owes its existence to the impulse given by some poor and humble youth, inspired by the love of knowledge and wisdom.

IV. The great central truth, which I would impress on the minds of my readers is this—promising a genuine energy and singleness of purpose—the circumstances are nothing, the man is all. We may be the slaves or toys of circumstances if we will; most men probably are so; and to these all circumstances are alike evil—that is rendered so, if not by rugged difficulty, then by soft temptation. But that man who truly ruleth his own spirit—and such there is, even among us—readily defies all material influence or bends them to his will. Be hopeful, be confident, then, O friend, if thou hast achieved this great conquest, and believe that all else shall follow in due season.

**A New Orleans Dandy.**

A dandy sporting a pair of fashionable dress boots was thus accosted yesterday by a friend whom he met in Chartres street:

"Why Frank, how is this? How did you make the raise of the new boots? I thought the boot maker whom you patronized had stued you?"

"Ye-es," said Frank drawingly, "the fell-ow had the pvesumption to bring me before the court; but father has sent me a remittance since, so you see our difficulties with morocco (morocco) are settled.—Picayune.

The poets are not all dead yet, witness the following, perpetrated by the genius who presides over the "Hagerstown News"—

"For winter's hoary head appears again,  
And Boreas sweeps across the smiling plain,"  
The Bees and Ladies to their homes repair,  
While we remain in our office, hard at work,  
In the corner of the Public Square.

According to the tariff of politeness, a "high duty" is when a tall man takes off his hat to a lady. He can band himself only when he gets married.

**The Fountain.**

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Into the sunshine,  
Full of the light,  
Leaping and flashing,  
From morn to night!  
Into the moonlight,  
Whiter than snow,  
Waving so flower-like,  
When the winds blow!  
Into the starlight,  
Rushing in spray,  
Happy at midnight,  
Happy by day!  
Ever in motion,  
Blithesome and cheery,  
Still gushing heavenward,  
Never weary!  
Full of a nature  
Nothing can tame—  
Changed every moment,  
Ever the same!  
Ceaseless aspiring,  
Ceaseless content,  
Darkness or sunshine  
Thy element!  
Glorious Fountain,  
Let my heart be  
Fresh, changeful, constant,  
Upward, like thee!

**Extraordinary Case.**

We were informed of a case of insanity in this county, a few days ago, circumstances connected with which are so extraordinary as to be well worth recording. It seems there has been in the Ipswich Alms House, or House of Correction, for about twenty years, an insane man who was sent there from Salem, and had always gone by the name of "Captain." Of his real name and residence nothing was ever known by the authorities, nor has any thing been discovered until within a few months past. The man is perfectly harmless, his malady allowing rather to idiosyncrasy, and he has long been tended to go about freely, sometimes wandering into the neighboring towns, but always returning in safety.

A few months ago the keeper presented a card to him, and said, "Captain, will you give me your address?" The captain very readily took the card, and writing upon it, in an elegant hand, a gentleman's name, with the name of a town in the state of New York, returned it. As it was somewhat uncertain if this was really his name, a few days afterwards another card was handed to him with the request that he would give his father's address. He immediately wrote the same surname and town, with another christian name. It was then supposed that he might have given his real address, and, to ascertain the fact, a letter was forwarded to the place mentioned, directed to the person whose name was given as the father, with a request to the postmaster, if such a person had ever resided there, and had removed, to forward the letter to the present place of residence of the gentleman or his family if it could be ascertained.

Nothing farther was heard until a few weeks ago, when a letter was received from New York on the subject. The letter was shown to the "captain," and as soon as his eyes fell upon the superscription, his countenance changed, his eyes were suffused with tears of joy, and he cried out in the most touching tone, "my mother! my mother!" It was in fact a letter from his mother—the father having been dead a number of years. She wrote that nothing had been heard of the son for twenty two or twenty three years and he was supposed to be long deceased. The "captain" was extremely affected on perusing the letter. The mother is at present residing with another son in the city of New York. A farther correspondence has taken place between the parties, and some of the relatives are expected to come on shortly and take the lost restored home. With what fervor can this mother exclaim, when she greets the wanderer—"For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

**Keen Shaving.**

Handy Andy says that when he sailed on a voyage of discovery with Capt. Perry, they found that old Boreas had established a barber's shop in the Northern Ocean, and used the North Pole for a sign.—We should think, from the keen weather we have had for a few days, that the old gentleman had established a branch of his concern in this place.

"Rachel, my daughter, why don't you learn as fast as your sister Hannah?" "why don't every stalk of clover bear four leaves, mother?" "Go and bring in a basket of chips, child."

We find in the Iowa Reporter, an invitation to the young ladies of New England "to take boat for Iowa," and find husbands, who will welcome them with open arms."

Howard street flour in Baltimore, \$3 75.

**First Impression of the Ganges.**

Every thing is strange to him; groves of palm trees meet his eye on every hand; he sees the foot-prints of the tiger upon the mud deposited by the last high tide; jackalls meet him on his walk, and hardly move out of his track; and monkeys mimic the cries of dying innocence in the adjoining corpse; he sees the alligator basking upon the sand-bank like a log of wood; vultures and adjutants flapping each other with their wings, as they float by him rafted on a dead Hindoo; vampire bats skim silently through the evening air in search of prey; fireflies glimmer and gyrate among the blossom-laden forest trees; his ear is assailed and stunned by the noise, the buzz, and hum, and hiss, and clatter of ten thousand insects. The native tomtom sounds from the bazaar of a neighboring village. The houses are mere wigwams, shrouded in most luxuriant vegetation. The people are almost naked, or clothed in muslin robes, with silver rings upon their ankles and their arms, their fingers and their toes, and golden ornaments in their ears and noses. He is agreeably surprised to find them so fair; and more so to find them more handsome and with more regular and finer turned features than his own countrymen; graceful in their gait, easy and polite in their manners, and in their intercourse highly polished and civilized; speaking an unknown language, and yet making themselves understood; kneeling in prayer along the highways, regardless of the turmoil around them, and pouring out libations into the sacred stream.

**Melancholy.**

A certain gentleman told a young milliner that he had been informed she was in the habit of setting scandal afloat, and causing unnecessary disturbances.

"I!" said Fanny, with a look of surprise—"I never made any disturbance in all my life!" "Well," said the gentleman, you have often been known to make a bustle."

"O you, go long."

**Fattening Hens.**

Paine Wingate, in the Maine Farmer, says experience tells him that the following process is the best mode of fattening hens. Shut them up where they can get to no gravel. Keep corn by them all the time, and also give them dough once a day. For drink give them skim milk. Wish this feed they will fatten in ten days. If kept over ten days, they should have some gravel, or they will fall away.

**Lard Oil.**

The New Bedford Mercury informs its readers that lard oil is no new discovery. The French have made it many years—A great many dozen glass bottles are imported every year, labelled "Huile de Bordeaux," which is sold as olive oil—yet the olive is perfectly innocent of any part or lot in the matter—it is nothing more or less than the veritable "lard oil."

"I'm in good spirits," as the fly remarked when he fell into a glass of Jamaica.

A ton of lard is consumed daily in the manufacture of lard oil, at Marshall, Michigan.—There is now every reason to believe that this new article of American manufacture will soon be exported to Europe in large quantities.

During a discourse on matrimonial right, a man remarked to his better half, "What's your's is mine." "I'm agreed to that," said she, "and just take my toothache, if you please, along with the rest."

**Love at First Sight.**

BY BURLEIGH.

Into my heart a silent look  
Flashed from thy careless eyes,  
And what before was shadow, took  
The light of summer skies.  
The First-born Love was in that look;  
The Venus rose from out the deep  
Of those inspiring eyes.  
My life, like some lone, solemn spot  
A spirit passes o'er,  
Grew instinct with a glory not  
In earth or heaven before.  
Sweet trouble stirred the haunted spot,  
And shook the leaves of every thought;  
Thy presence wandered o'er!  
My being yearned, and crept to thine,  
As if in times of yore,  
Thy soul had been a part of mine,  
Which claimed it back once more.  
Thy very self no longer thine,  
But merged in that delicious life,  
Which made us one of yore!  
There bloomed beside thee forms as fair,  
There murmured tones as sweet,  
But round thee breathed th' enchanted air,  
'T was life and death to meet.  
And, henceforth, thou alone wert fair,  
And, though the stars had sung for joy,  
Thy whisper only sweet!