

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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Jeffersonian Republican.

The Beautiful.

"There is but a very minute portion of the creation that we can turn into clothes and food, and gratifications for the body; but the whole creation may be used to administer to the sense of Beauty."—(Dr. Channing)

The beautiful! the beautiful!

Where do we find it not?

It is an all-pervading grace,

And lighteth every spot.

It sparkles on the ocean wave,

It glitters in the dew,

We see it in the glorious sky,

And in the flow'rist hue.

On mountain top, in valley deep,

We find its presence there,

The beautiful! the beautiful!

It liveth every where.

The glories of the noontide day,

The dull and solemn night,

The changing seasons, all can bring

Their tribute of delight.

There's beauty in the child's first smile,

And in that look of faith—

The Christian's last on earth, before

His eye is closed in death;

And in the beings that we love,

Who have our tenderest care—

The beautiful! the beautiful!

'Tis sweet to trace it there.

'Twas in the glance that God threw o'er

The young created earth,

When he proclaimed it "very good,"

The beautiful had birth;

Then who shall say this world is dull,

And all to sadness given,

While yet there glows on every side,

The smile that came from Heaven!

If so much loveliness is sent

To grace our earthly home.

How beautiful! how beautiful!

Will be the world to come!

The Heart.

Professor Longfellow, in one of his beautiful compositions, in speaking of the human heart, says, "the little I have seen of the heart, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the bright pulsations of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desolation of friends; the scorn of the world, that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening vices within—health gone—happiness gone—even hope, that remains longest, gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with him from whose hands it came."

Poetical Superscription.

The following is the superscription of a letter which recently passed through the Washington City Post Office:

"Away! away! on swiftest pinion

To the State once call'd "the Old Dominion."

Pass through the mountain gorge,

Over dale and over hill

To the county of King George,

And the office of "Melville."

"Then yield thyself up—a memento from me

To my heart-cherished friend, Miss E. Emery."

"The Gray Mare is the better Horse."

Most of our readers have heard this expression, and are at no loss for its solution; but many may not be aware of its origin. In the hope that it may amuse, and prove profitable to them, we give the story as follows:

An English gentleman having married a young lady who was handsome, accomplished, and rich, expected to reap the harvest of matrimonial felicity; but he soon found that she was of a high domineering spirit, always contending to be mistress of him and his family; and he, therefore, resolved to part with her. He went to her father, and told him he found his daughter of such a temper, and was so heartily tired of her, that, if he could replace her in her former home, he would return her every penny of her fortune. The old gentleman, having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was a common occurrence with them, and, consequently, no more than he ought to have expected; the husband said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a very attractive spirit, and certainly no man who had a due sense of right and wrong would ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Sir," said the old man, "you are little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not indeed by the same method. However, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said on this proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness them to a cart, in which I will put a basket containing one hundred eggs; and if in passing through the country, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family, himself, and an egg only where the wife governs, you shall find your eggs gone before your horses; I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your wife as no more than her neighbors; if, on the other hand, your horses go first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune." This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected; the young man, therefore, set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife.

At the first house he saw, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making further inquiry. At the next, he met with something of the same kind, and at every ordinary house; in short, until his eggs were almost gone; when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the country, he knocked at the door, and, inquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant that his master was not yet stirring, but that his lady was in the parlor; the wife with great complaisance, desired him to seat himself, and said if his business was very urgent she would wake her husband, to let him know it, but would much rather not disturb him. "Really, madame," said he, "my business is only to ask a question which you can solve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenious with me; you may, doubtless, think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for a stranger to be so free, but, as a great weight depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse: what I wish to know is this—whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you." "Indeed, sir," replied the lady, "that is an odd question, but, as I think no one ought to be ashamed of acting rightly, I shall not scruple to say, that I have been always proud to obey my husband in all things, but, if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me, for here he comes."

The gentleman at that moment entered the room, and confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favor; upon which, he was requested to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept it as a present. A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman the most, but the lady desired he would choose the gray mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle—her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be the most useful to them; but madam still persisted in her claim to the gray mare. "What," said she, "and will not take her then? but I say you shall, for I am sure the gray mare is much the better horse." "Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if you will have it so, I must give way." "You must take an egg," replied the gentleman, "and I must take all my horses back, and endeavor to live in peace and harmony with my wife."

Not Bad.

A Washingtonian, in his song, says:

When a young lady signs the pledge,

It's just as good as two,

For when her sweetheart finds it out,

He's got to sign it too.

I'm Twenty-five.

'Twas wondrous strange, how great the change
Since I was in my teens;

Then I had beaux and billet-doux,

And joined the gayest scenes:

But lovers now have ceased to rove,

No way they now contrive

To poison, hang, or drown themselves—

Because I'm twenty-five!

Once, if the night were e'er so bright,

I ne'er abroad could roam,

Without "the bliss, the honor, miss,

Of seeing you safe home;"

But now I go, through rain or snow,

Pensive, and scarce alive,

Through all the dark, without a spark—

Because I'm twenty-five!

They used to call, and ask me all

About my health so frail;

And thought a ride would help my side,

And turn my cheek less pale:

But now, alas! if I am ill,

None cares that I revive,

And my pale cheek in vain may speak—

Because I'm twenty-five!

Now, if a ride improves my side,

I'm forced to take the stage,

For that is deemed quite proper for

For a person of my age;

And then no hand is offered me

To help me out alive,

They think it won't hurt me to fall—

Because I'm twenty-five!

Oh! dear, 'tis queer, that every year

I'm slighted more and more,

For not a beau pretends to show

His head within our door;

Nor ride, nor card, nor soft address,

My spirits now revive:

And one might near as well be dead

As say—I'm twenty-five!

A Dishonest Dog.

A few days since, says the Brooklyn Daily News, a merchant missed several boots from a package-stand just within the door, and resolved to watch every person who should come in, with the hope of discovering the thief. He did watch for the space of an hour or two, but on examination another boot was gone, and within a short space of time still another. This perplexed the storekeeper, the more especially as no one had entered the store since he had discovered his second loss. A lady entered, inquired for a pair of shoes, when the merchant observed a large dog walk leisurely in, look wishfully around, and then seize another boot.—The storekeeper in his wrath threw at the dog the shoes he was about showing the lady. The dog dropped the boot gave a yell or two, seized the shoes and made off, and when the storekeeper had reached the door the dog was not to be seen. Some *chevalier d'industrie* doubtless trained the dog for the purpose.

A Loafer's opinion of a cracked institution.

John Deagles was caught in the act of stealing a spring balance from a market-man's wagon. He was sentenced to five months in the house of correction. "Five months!" exclaimed Johnny,—"last time I had only one month for stealing twice as much. I tell you what, Mr. Clapp, that house of correction is a rascally invention, and I don't care who hears me say it."

Cigars.

In Boston, the insurance upon any new building is null, if cigars have been used in or about that building.

Justice is a duty—generosity is a virtue. Yet the world is too apt to regard the first as a favor, and the latter as a folly.

We heard of a polite Frenchman one time, who carried his ideas of gallantry to so high a pitch of sublimity, as to run around the other side of a lady, when her shadow fell, so that he could avoid stepping on it.

The following toast, given at a Firemen's Temperance supper, in Boston, is too good to be lost:

By the Rev. Edwin Thompson, of Dedham.—The Firemen: when they do their duty, every one is well pleased except the fire—that is PUT OUT.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

His pipe often furnished Raleigh with an opening for displaying his ready wit to the Queen. One day he was conversing on the singular properties of the new herb—

"I can assure your Majesty," said he, "that I have so well experienced the nature of it, that I can exactly tell even the weight of the smoke in any quantity I consume."

"I doubt it much, Sir Walter," replied Elizabeth, thinking only of the impracticability of weighing smoke in a balance, "and will wager you twenty angels that you do not solve my doubt."

A quantity was agreed upon to be thoroughly smoked. Carefully preserving the ashes, Raleigh weighed these with great exactness, and what was deficient of the original weight, he gave as the result.

"Your Majesty," said he, "cannot deny that the difference hath been evaporated in smoke."

"Truly I cannot," answered the Queen. Then turning to those around her, who had been amused by Raleigh's calculations, she continued, in allusion to the alchemists, then very numerous—"Many laborers in the fire have I heard of who turned their gold into smoke, but Raleigh is the first who has turned smoke into gold."

Scaling the Ramparts.

Spruggle's youngest, Julia Augusta Spruggle, said the other day:

"Poppy, is walls around forts any relation to the sheep?"

"No, my love. Why do you ask?"

"Cause I heard Uncle Bob talking about the ram-parts of a fort the other day?"

"Be quiet, child, and go to your ma."

"But, Poppy, them are ramparts ain't like fish, am they?"

"No, my child. What on earth put that into your head?"

"Why, cos Uncle Bob said when he was in Flanders one night, he was obliged to scale the ramparts!"

"Julia, stop hemming that tablecloth, and put this child to bed."

Effectual directions for various ends.

To embitter domestic life—Maintain your opinion on small matters at the point of the bayonet.

To secure yourself against a candid hearing—Call men hard names before you have signified them.

To keep yourself in a state of discontent—Set your heart on having every thing exactly to your mind.

To involve yourself in inextricable difficulties—Shape your course of action not by fixed principles, but by temporary expedients.

To provide for yourself abundant matter for shame and repentance—Act under the influence of passion.

To die without accomplishing anything—Always intend to do something great hereafter, but neglect the present humble opportunity of usefulness.

To destroy your authority over your children—When you are in good humor give them sugar plums, when in ill humor blows and reproaches.

A Murderer Sentenced.

George Everhart, who in March last murdered his wife in the most barbarous manner, in the town of St. Marks, Pa., has been tried at the Superior Court in Wakulla county, found guilty and sentenced to be hung on the 16th inst.

The greatest happiness a man can enjoy is that which he feels in desiring nothing.

The "New York Spirit of the Times" rejoices in several capital correspondents, among the queerest of which, we rank "N. of Arkansas," who thus details a conversation which took place in that place in that state of long rivers and deep swamps:

The way the natives sometimes talk is amusing. The following dialogue occurred on the Dividing Ridge of the Devil's and Cony Forks. OLD SENSE met DAN LOONEY, and they were strangers to each other. Says 'Old Sense,' Good morning, sir, are you well?"

"If you call a man well that has run twenty miles, I am that."

"Did you see any bear?"

"If you call a big black thing about the size of *Pete Whelston's* black mar, or hoss, I did."

"Had you a gun?"

"Now you hit me."

"Did you draw blood?"

"Do you call my double, double handful of brains BLOOT?"

"Had you a dog?"

"Is *Old Bose* a dog?"

"Did you skin him?"

"Well, if you call a man in his shirt sleeves with a knife 17 inches in the blade among ribs and meat skinning, I was ther!"

"Was he fat?"

"Do you call cutting 18 inches on the ribs, fat?"

"Did you pack him in?"

"If you call four poney loads packing, why I packed some!"

"Light loads, I reckon."

"If four hundred pounds to a poney is a light load, they were light."

"Did you eat any of it?"

"Do you call drinking a quart of bars tie, eating?"

"You must have meat."

"If you call two thousand seven hundred pounds of clean meat, without a bone, safe inside of a smoke house, meat we have got some!"

"They must be fat at your house?"

Here OLD SENSE brought a perfect squall, and swore he had found the very man he had been looking for.

P. S. They had closed a quarter race up to the last accounts. Truly yours, N.

Horses and Eggs.

The Boston Post asks—"Why is an egg like a young horse? Because, to be serviceable, it must be broken."

To this the Barre Gazette adds—"Lem, who is at home with both horses and eggs, says there is another reason; if kept long in the stable it will produce a bill."

Good Company.

The sum of two pence is levied on each pedestrian who may walk along his Grace of Buccleuch's splendid pier at Granton, England. A gentleman being importuned near the shore for alms, replied, "No, no; I have just given my last penny to the Duke of Buccleuch." "Ah," replied the mendicant, "is he upon the tramp too?"

Incentive to Matrimony.

A company of young men at Lincoln, England, have originated a new club. Each member pays one shilling weekly, which is placed in the savings bank. The first of the party who marries is to receive the whole amount deposited, together with the interest.

The Iron Steam Frigate building at Pittsburg will soon be finished. She will be ready for transportation to Erie in about six weeks. She is to have a low pressure engine, is pierced for three masts, and will be completely rigged as a steamship.

The Hon. John Quincy Adams was born on the 11th of July, 1767, and consequently will be 76 years old in July next.