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

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BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE.
Solemn, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! Thou dawnest here,
With sand and faded leaves to strew
The summer's melancholy bier.
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.
Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice—
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice—
When earth was lovely to my gaze!
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,
Where are their living raptures now?—
I ask my spirits wearied powers—
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to nature, and behold
My life's dim emblems rustling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead honors on the ground:
And sighing with the winds, I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.
When spring's delightful moments shone,
They came in zephyrs from the west,
They were the wood-lark's melting tone.
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;
Through summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But changed and strengthened now, they beat
In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breast,
When life is fresh and joy is new—
Soft as the balmy downy nest,
And transient all as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright month,
Which hope about her forehead twines
Till grief's hot sighs around it breathe—
Then pleasure's lip its smiles resigns.
Was for Time, and Death, and Care—
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial pageant of the Spring.
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness, side by side.

The approach of Autumn.
But late the song of reaper
Was heard amid the corn,
But now an anthem deeper
Unto my ear is borne,
Of winds among the mountains,
In their unruly play,
With voice of swollen fountains
That bear the leaves away.
The golden garb of summer,
Like earth my soul has lost,
The breath of the dark comer
Its wavy mirth has cast;
For my spirit changeth
With the varying sky,
As a cloud estrangeth
The wood-bird's melody.

Love and Folly.
Love and Folly were at play,
Both too was torn by wise,
They fell out, and in the fray
Folly put out Cupid's eyes.
Straight the criminal was tried,
And had this punishment assigned,
That Folly should to Love be tied,
And condemned to lead the blind.

Universal Fame.
BY J. K. PAULDING.
It is amazing to observe how little mankind know of each other, although the vanity of human nature whispers to every distinguished person, that his fame is, or will one day be universal. The myriads of Asia and Africa, with a few solitary exceptions, never heard of the illustrious heroes, statesmen, poets, and philosophers of Europe; and a vast portion of the latter, are ignorant of the very names of great men of the east. But instead of an essay, we will give our readers a story to illustrate our meaning.
It happened once on a time, that an Israelite, an Egyptian, a Greek, a Turk, a Persian, a Chinese, a Frenchman, an Englishman, a German, an Italian, and an American, met by chance at a caravansary, somewhere in the east, and being all great travellers, speaking many languages, entered into conversation with each other. As usual, they all differed in their estimate of human happiness; the comparative value of the various enjoyments of life—and, above all, in their own individual importance, in the scale of nations. Each one held up his own country as the acme of perfection; and the utmost he would allow the others, was a degree of merit exactly corresponding with their approach towards the infallible standard of his own self-importance.
The Israelites, said the Jew, 'were the chosen people; therefore they must be the most true and virtuous of mankind.'
'The Greeks,' exclaimed the Athenian, 'were the brightest race that ever adorned the world. Look at their laws, their literature, and their arts.'
'Pooh!' cried the Egyptian, 'you had nothing but what you stole from us. You were ignorant barbarians, and so would have remained, if your wise men, as you call them, had not come to Egypt to learn their A B C.'
'By your leave,' said the Persian, 'the natives of Irak being the most ancient people of the earth, must have been the parents of all human knowledge.'
'Hi Yah!' quoth the Chinese, 'every body knows my nation is the most ancient by at least forty thousand years, and that the foreign barbarians derived all their knowledge from them.'
'Mashallah!' said the Turk, taking his pipe from his mouth, 'Mashallah! there is no religion but that of Mahomet, and no knowledge but that of the Koran. The Israelites are *tschoufouts*, the Christians are dogs, and there is no truth but among the followers of the prophet.'
'Peste!' cried the Frenchman—'there is nobody knows the true art of living but the French.'
'There is no nation whose music is not intolerable, but the Italian,' said the Neapolitan.
'The Germans are all philosophers,' quoth the native of Weimar.
'Yes, but England, old England,' cried John Bull, 'is the country for roast beef and freedom, nobody can deny that.'
'I do,' exclaimed the Yankee. 'The Americans are the only free people in the world.'
'Mashallah! whence did you come?' asked the Turk.
'From the New World.'
'I never heard of it before,' said the Turk.
'Nor I,' said the Persian.
'Nor I,' said the Egyptian.
'Nor I,' said the Chinese. 'I don't believe there is any such place.'
'Nor I,' said the Turk. 'There is but one world, one God, and Mahomet is his prophet.'
'What a parcel of ignoramus!' exclaimed the Yankee.
As it is impossible to settle the claims of nations by those loose generalities, the company proceeded to particulars, each bringing forward the greatest men and great achievements of his countrymen, in battle array, to support his pretensions to superiority.
'Was there ever so wise a man as Solomon, so great a poet as David, so brave a warrior as Joshua, who made the sun stand still, or such a prodigy of learning as Rabbi Ben Hammeskend, who wrote beyond the comprehension of all his readers?' asked the Israelite.
'Did the world ever produce such a hero as Napoleon, such a poet as Voltaire, such tragic writers as Corneille and Racine, such a comic one as Moliere, or such a dancer as Vestris?' cried the Frenchman.
'Bah!' exclaimed the Englishman.—'What do you think of Wellington, Nelson, Shakespeare, Bacon, Locke, Newton, and all that sort of thing?'
'They can't hold a candle to Arminius, or Kant, or Gall, or Schiller, or Goethe!' said the German.
'Nor to Julius Caesar, nor Scipio, nor Virgil, nor Cicero, nor a thousand others, who were all my countrymen, though they call themselves Romans,' cried the Italian.
'Pshaw!' said the Yankee—'all your heroes and philosophers put together would not make one Franklin, or half a Washington.'
'Gentlemen,' said the Greek, 'you may boast as much as you will, but had it not been for Greek warriors, philosophers, poets and sages, you would all have remained barbarians to this day. What think you of Homer, and Eschylus, and Sophocles, Euripides, and Demosthenes, and Miltiades and Themistocles, and ten thousand others, whose fame extends to the utmost ends of the earth?'
'Who are these blockheads talking about?' asked the Egyptian, the Chinese, the Persian, and the Turk, of each other.
'Talking of?' cried the rest, with one voice—'Of the lights of the world; the children of immortality; THE HEIRS OF UNIVERSAL FAME!'
'We never heard of their names before, and therefore, they must have been rather obscure persons,' was the reply.
'But if you come to the Heirs of Universal Fame,' cried the Persian—'What are all these to the great hero Rustand, and the great poet Fordousi, who wrote a poetical history of Irak, in twenty thousand couplets?'
'Did any body ever read it?' asked the Turk gravely.
'We never heard of either,' answered all the rest.
'Hi Yah!' exclaimed the Chinese. 'Hi Yah! Your elder brother, Lon Choo, knocks heads and worships. What do you say to the great Moon of poetry, the light of the universe, Kwang Chung, lord of the Celestial Empire and head of the world, who wrote three hundred volumes of poetry, in the interpretation of which, three thousand learned pundits lost their senses? The whole universe is filled with his verses.'
'We never heard of him before,' cried they all.
'What a set of foreign barbarians!' said the Chinese.
'And what think you of our great prophet Mahomet?' asked the Turk! 'Mashallah! his sword was invincible against the enemies of the faith, and his wisdom more invincible than his sword. All knowledge is contained in the Koran.'
'It may be, but we have never read it,' said they all, with the exception of the true believers.
'Dogs!' cried he, 'may your heads be converted into shoe brushes, and your eyes become blind as your understanding!'
As is usual in these cases, contention succeeded argument, and abuse was answered by recrimination. Each being unable to establish his own claim to superiority, made himself amends by retracting from the claims of his opponents; and if all had been true which they said of each other, their heroes and great men would have been a parcel of miserable creatures, unworthy the gratitude, or even the remembrance of posterity.
'And this is Universal Fame!' exclaimed an old dervise, who sat smoking his pipe quietly in a corner, without taking part in the debate. 'To be adored as a prophet in one quarter of the world and abhorred as an impostor in the others,—to be a hero in one nation, an oppressor in the eyes of its neighbors—to be held an oracle of wisdom on one side of a river, an apostle of error on the other—to be venerated in one place as the champion of liberty, and stigmatized in another as a rebel and traitor—and to be either unknown to, or hated and despised by more than one half of mankind. This, this is UNIVERSAL FAME!'

Mine Advertisement.
Rundaway, or adolen, or straid, mine pig pack Horse, apout fourteen or fifteen hands and six inches' hie. He has been got four black legs, two behint and two pefore, and he is plack all over his body put his face, and dat is plack too. He trods, an ganters, an baces, and vawx, and ven he vawx, his legs and feet all goes von after anoder—he has two ears pon his head puth alike put von is placker dan toder—he has two eyes, von is put out, and toder is pon de side of his head, and ven you go on toder side his vont see you—ven he eats much he has a pig pelly—and he has a long dale vot hangs down behint, put I cut it short toder day, and now tis not so long as it vas—he is shot all round, put his behint shoes come off, and now he has only got shoes pefore—he holts up his head and looks gaily, and ven he has been scairt he jumps apout like every ting in de world—he vill ride mit a saddle, or a shaze, or a cart, or vill go py himself mitout nopody put a pag on his pack mit a poy of it—he is not very old, and ven he vawx or runs, his head come pefore and his dale stays behint, only ven he durns round and gits mat, and den his dale comes first. Whoever vill bring him pack, shall pay five tollers reward, an if he prings pack de tief dat stole him, he shall pay twenty tollars an ax no questions.

FAT.—The N. Y. Journal of Commerce states that the fees of the clerk in the District court, in bankruptcy cases, have amounted to fifty thousand dollars, and those of the assignee, Mr. Waddell, to one hundred thousand, while the New York Courier has received over twenty thousand for advertisements.

Horse Flies.—Flies will not alight for a moment on anything bathed with pennyroyal.

Who and What I have seen.
I have seen farmers that went to the store oftener than they went to the mill.
I have seen a farmer's wife take the last twenty bushels of wheat from the granary to purchase a new dress, when her husband, at the same time, had an execution standing against him.
I have seen farmers that burned their straw when threshing their grain in the fall, and go begging the same article before spring to keep their stock alive.
I have seen a farmer that travelled one hundred and four miles in the course of a year to use his neighbor's grindstone, when two days' labor would purchase one that would last ten years.
I have seen a farmer's wife that would prefer sour cream and a 'visit' to sweet cream and home.
I have seen young men that would pay ten dollars for a 'speer,' that would not pay one dollar for a newspaper.
I have seen a mother that called her child a 'brat' in the cradle, and in two years the child called her a harder name.
I have seen farmers that would carry their produce fifty miles to market, when they could sell it at their own doors for the same price.
I have seen many farmers that would drink slough water and have the ague six months, when four days' labor would dig a good well.
I have seen farmer's daughters that were 'very accomplished' in every thing, except carding, spinning, weaving, knitting, churning, cheese-making, cooking, &c.
I have seen a farmer 'put in' 80 acres of crops, and was under the necessity of purchasing grain for his family most of the year.
I have seen those that will stick up their noses at what I have seen.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Pleasures of Imagination.
To think of ice cream when prostrated beneath the torture of a raging fever.
To read an author's description of a character distinguished by many excellent points, and fancy he has drawn your own portrait.
To dream of finding heaps of gold, not knowing next morning where to find a breakfast.
To fancy yourself the particular object of admiration, when you are walking about with a dishrag pinned to your coat tail.
When an editor slips out some diabolical inuenda about somebody, to feel convinced in once that he is assailing you, and commence a suit of libel against him.
To send an old poetical composition to a newspaper, with your own initials attached, influenced by a desperate resolve to be a poet any how.
To start out in the morning with a pocket full of bills to collect, fancying you will come back at night with a pocket full of bank bills.
To be assured that a bright-eyed beauty is leering at you, when the young lady is afflicted by nature with a shocking bad squint.
To be the architect of all your own houses, and, to avoid paying for land or employing a builder, erect them all in the air.
To open a creditor's note, threatening "proceedings," fancying it an invitation to dinner.
Carrying off a new silk umbrella, under the innocent delusion that it is your own.
Flattering yourself with the hope of assistance from a rich relation.
Safety in Thunder Storms.
People often inquire what is the best means of safety during a thunder storm, and a contemporary thus undertakes to enlighten them. "If out of doors, we should avoid trees and elevated objects of every kind; and if the flash is instantly followed by the report—which indicates that the cloud is very near—a recumbent position is the safest. We should avoid rivers and ponds, because water is a conductor and persons in a boat are very likely to be struck by the lightning. If we are within doors, the middle of a large carpeted floor will be tolerably safe. We should avoid the chimney, for the iron about the grate, the soot, and the heated rarified air, are all conductors. It is never safe to sit near an open window, because a draught of moist air is a good conductor; hence we should close the windows on such occasions. In bed we are comparatively safe, for the feathers and blankets are bad conductors, and we are to a certain extent insulated in such situations.
A western editor, who was recently robbed of a jack knife, a wooden comb, a brass rule, and five cents, says he is ruined, and shall be obliged to "take the benefit" of the insolvent act.
The editor of the Baton Rouge Gazette is getting to be very unscrupulous we fear. In his last number he charges down upon his delinquent subscribers in the following very pointed terms:
MONEY.—If any of those who owe this office have any money, or can get any honestly or dishonestly, righteously or unrighteously—by work, theft, or murder, we wish to share it with them. The article is necessary to our get-along-ativeness

Modern Geography.
"Jedediah, have you got your lesson this morning?"
"Yeth, Mather."
"Who was the first man?"
"Christopher Columbus, thir."
"Who was the first woman?"
"Queen Victoria, thir."
"Who is the greatest man?"
"Pa thays as how John Tyler ith."
"You pa is correct. How is Boston bound-ed?"
"Bothon ith bounded on the mouth by Thouth Bothon Bridge—on the north by Chel-thea Ferry Boat—on the east by Long Wharf, and on the west by Back-Bay."
"Well said. Now tell me who is governor of Massachusetts?"
"Mo—mo—Cons Maria, thir."
"What are the staple commodities of the state?"
"Clamth, Coonth and Codfish, thir."
"Take your seat—you'll be a great man."
The Triumphs of Science.
"A splendid triumph of science," said Mr. Muggins to his wife; "a Doctor Ellsworth, of Hartford, has given a boy a new lip, which he took from the cheeks."
"That's nothing Pa, I saw the new Doctor take two lips from our Patty's cheek the other day, and the operation did n't seem to be at all painful either."
"Mrs. Muggins, put that boy to bed as soon as possible."
Smoking.
Physician: Madam, I can no longer continue to prescribe for you, unless you throw away that pipe! Patient—Why, la, Doctor, I change the *cob* every day or two. Physician—No matter, while you continue to smoke at all. Besides, I see you do not change the stem. That reed, madam, is filled with the pill of tobacco, a deadly poison, the etherization of which is sufficient to suffocate a rhinoceros! Horrid practice, ma'am! Oh, reform it altogether. Patient—La, Doctor, how do yith talk! Suppose I should quit smoking, what should I do for excitement, seeing I have no baby to nuss.
To Boys.
Boys, listen to us a moment. Do you wish to become good men and influential citizens? Do you wish to command the respect of the wise and good? Then abstain from all that is evil. Go not into improper society; use no profane or indecent words; speak no falsehood; never cheat; never lie; be perfectly honest.—Remember your conduct now will have an influence over your life. If you are virtuous, and improve your time in useful pursuits, we have no hesitancy in saying that if you live you will become ornaments to society. On the contrary, if you yield to bad examples and influences, have no regard to virtue or truth, break the sabbath, wander about with the profane and idle, during your leisure evenings, we tell you plainly that it will prove your ruin. Be careful then to do right, to have the fear of God before you and to walk in the path of integrity. Then your early days will be precursors of a glorious manhood and an useful and happy life.—*Portland Tribune.*

Nine Millions of Dollars more!
The statement furnished by the Treasury Department to Mr. Slade of Vermont, shows that the importation of foreign wools in this country, within the last year, has fallen off to the amount of *nine millions of dollars.* Our people, it is not doubted, wear a much clothing as ever—and hence the supply of wool has had to come from America's Farmers. It is no uncommon fact noticed in the eastern papers, that merchants in the country towns of some parts of New England and New-York, have paid the present season from 80 to 100,000 dollars for wool. The wool growers of the Eastern States are at this time doing a brisk business.
A LADY FINED UNDER THE MILITIA LAW.
A Lady in New Orleans, having disobeyed that clause of the Militia Law which makes it obligatory upon a housekeeper to give the name of any person liable to militia duty in his or her employ, or who dwells or boards in his or her house, whose name may be asked, has been fined, and the Court has actually granted an execution upon her property to satisfy the claim.
An American left New York 1st June, and in 35 days visited Scotland, Holland, Belgium, France and England. He was back in New York in 72 days—whole cost \$378! What would our great grandmother think of this?
A fellow walking through the Old Bailey, at the time of execution, when an Irishman was at the point of being turned off, inhumanly bawled out—'Are you there? I always said you would come to be hanged!' 'You're a liar,' replied Pat, 'if it was the last word I had to say, I did not come, I was brought.'