

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 6.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1845.

No. 23.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
SCHOCH & SPERING.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and 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 proprietors, will be charged 17 1/2 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five lines for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.
All letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid.

To all Concerned.

We would call the attention of some of our subscribers, and especially certain Post Masters, to the following reasonable, and well settled rules of Law in relation to publishers, and to the patrons of newspapers.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill, and ordered their papers discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

From the New York Tribune.

Memory of the Departed.

O, cherish them, the sainted ones,
Who have walked beside us here,
With their high brow of faith and hope,
And their heart of holy fear,
The hopeful, though the suffering,
That through shadow and through death,
Have kept undimmed their human trust
And the love that beat beneath.

O, cherish them, the beautiful,
Who have meekly laid them down,
Life's blossoms in their folded hands,
From its shadow and its frown—
From its blood sweat and agony,
From its fever, and unrest,
And its strong thirst for purer love,
—For the free life of the blest!

And cherish, O! O, cherish them,
The true and faithful-hearted,
The loveliest, the holiest,
Of all the dear departed—
The loving that through years of wrong
Have still sought us but to bless,
With their pure smile of sympathy,
And of touching tenderness.

The departed! the departed!
O, far more than ever strong,
The ties that link us unto those
Who so live in prayer and song—
A subtler, nearer sympathy,
To our longing hearts unite—
That world of glorious mystery
With its children of the light.

O, shadows, solemn shadows, each
With your brows of angel calm,
And your eyes of tearless beauty,
And your voice like sweetest psalm—
On our hearts all pale with sorrow,
Kindly doth your memory lie,
Gleams of comfort born of anguish—
Hopes of promise born to die.

Deerfield, Sept. 23, 1845. E. A. S.

FISHING.—After two hours patient waiting, Tom says to Jim, "I've got a bite!" "Ah! is it a trout, Tom?" "No." "What is it?" "It is a musqueteer!"

It is said that a French surgeon recently replaced the corner of the eyes of a young girl, blinded by the small pox, with those of a young dog, and that the patient can distinguish day from night.

LARGE SHEET OF PAPER.—Mr. M. Hudson, of Hartford, has manufactured a single sheet of paper for the Hartford and Danbury Rail Road Company, for which he received \$25. It is to be used in drawing a profile of the road. It is 25 feet in length and 3 yards wide.

A lady looking at the review, was asked if she was partial to military training: to which she replied, she liked exceedingly the officers salute.

The Chinese Empire.

We find in the Newburyport Herald of Monday last a sketch of Mr. Cushing's Lecture, on Friday evening, before the Lyceum of that place.

Mr. C. has a much better opinion of the intelligence and capacity of the Chinese than those who have had no opportunity of intercourse with that people have been wont to entertain. A large class of the people are learned; as a nation they are ingenious beyond others, the whole country is like a bee-hive. Learning has the first place in public estimation, and books are as numerous as in Europe. A catalogue which Mr. C. had in his possession of a single library, occupies ten volumes. Public measures are debated by the populace as much as in the United States, and public opinion has been in giving too epicurean a character to their habits of government. One illustration of this cited was the fact that at the close of all letters to one another, the written salutation is "I wish you tranquility and promotion." They lack only military skill and discipline to make them a powerful nation, capable of repelling invasion or overrunning contiguous countries; for no man is braver, or die more fearlessly in the ranks.

China does not need any foreign trade.—Within her own territory she produces every thing requisite for the wants of her population. Newspapers as well as books abound and circulate freely among the Chinese, and the Pekin Gazette, particularly, penetrates to every part of the Empire. They annually publish a Red Book, similar to our Blue Book, giving the names and emoluments of all public officers.

In regard to the population of China, Mr. Cushing seems to be of opinion that the Chinese census does not overrate the number, and that the three hundred and fifty millions which they claim, is not far from the number. In the Southern part of the country two crops a year are produced, and the poorer classes subsist on a little rice, and the flesh of dogs, cats, rats, &c. To the cities and towns there are no carriage-ways, the streets are only narrow foot-paths, and no horse or other beasts of burthen are kept to require large ranges of pasturage. The population is crowded into the narrowest limits, by a long succession of ages of peace and industry. The compensation asked by the servants which Mr. C., in his character of American Ambassador, employed, was only five dollars a month, and out of this they found their own food and clothing.

The Chinese have long been acquainted with all the improvements in the arts, upon which Europeans pride themselves as the inventors, with the exception only of the steam engine. Machinery has not been introduced among them. The wrong impressions which have obtained in regard to the Chinese character, have been caused by the always difficult and often erroneous translations from a primitive language, which frequently make what in the original was rational and serious, appear in the translation absurd and ludicrous.

The Wealth of a Country depends upon its Farmers and Mechanics.

What is wealth? These things which are convenient and necessary to use, and which administer to our wants and comfort. Money alone cannot, therefore, be considered as wealth, because if the articles or things above mentioned are not to be had, or not in existence, a man would be poor indeed, though he was loaded with gold and silver. If he were hungry, and there was no bread to be bought, his gold would be of little service.

It is true, mankind by common consent, have agreed that gold and silver should be the signs and evidence of property, or, in other words, the measure of property; and he who has a certain amount of it, has evidence of so much wealth; he can change it for the very things which do, in fact constitute wealth.

Thus a man who has a hundred dollars in his pocket has a ticket, as it were, to entitle him to enter into the possession of 100 bushels of corn, or 100 yards of cloth, or 100 acres of wild land, or a yoke of oxen, or a horse and wagon, as the case may be. But if these things do not exist, and he needs them, his ticket is of no more use than if he had a ticket to go into the

theatre, and it should be burned down before he used it.

The elements, therefore, of wealth consist in material productions brought together, changed and modified by the hand of man, of the farmer and mechanic. Commerce, though necessary and honorable, is nothing more than the moving or changing of these productions from place to place. If we are right in the position we have taken, that wealth consists in natural production, changed and wrought upon by the labor of man, it follows that the country which possesses the most of the elements or materials to work upon a good soil; abundance of water power; forests of timber; quarries of different kinds of stone; mines, and beds of different kinds of material, &c. must have the most natural wealth.

It then requires the hand of industry and skill to put these materials into shape, and to put them together to form real, substantial wealth. This is the duty of the farmer and mechanic.

The more industrious and skilful this class is, the more wealth will be accumulated in the country. Do farmers and mechanics consider these things rightly? Are they not too apt to think themselves mere plodders and servants in the increase of wealth? And, indeed, is there not a false standard of respectability; too much in use in society, and are not the productive classes too apt to measure themselves by it? This standard appears to be, idleness and a fine coat; and consequently, the more idle a man can be, and finer the dress, the more of a gentleman. Not so. Respectability should consist in an improved mind and skilful and industrious hands. Moral qualifications being equal, he should have the most honor, who, by the combination of the efforts of his mind and physical powers, has contributed more largely to the increase of those things which constitute wealth. *Intelligencer.*

Live—Let Live—Help Live.

There are three classes of people in this world who may be characterized by the monosyllables above. First, there are those who take for their motto—live—live, regardless of others, live if others die—live for one's self, and to one's self. Such persons care for nobody but themselves—they think of nobody else. They have got on in the world it may be, without much aid from others, and others must get on as they can, or stick by the way, it is all one to them, it is none of their business; they are not their brother's keeper.—These are supremely selfish men.

There is another class of men among us whose motto is—Live and let live. They are glad to have their neighbors live and prosper, but it must be without their help. Their first step and great inquiry is, Who will show us any good? How will this affect my interest? Shall I gain anything by it? If such men can be quite sure that any thing that they can do for another, will return ultimately for their own benefit, they will cheerfully lend a helping hand. And in some cases they will even help a friend in need, if persuaded that it will in no way operate to their disadvantage. Otherwise they are as deaf as dead men to all who approach them. These are simply selfish men.

There is yet a third class of men (*rare avas*) whose motto is—Live and help others to live. They are not inattentive to their own affairs or their own interests; but they seek not their own exclusively. They are not merely willing to let others live around them, but they are willing to help others to live, and even to subject themselves to inconvenience and trouble in order to do this. And all this they will do without first stopping to ask—shall I get my reward? if I lend a dollar, shall I get two in return? They are men who act either from the impulse of kind and generous dispositions, or men whose principles of action have been derived from the teachings and example of Him who "went about doing good," who sought not his own but the things which were another's, who was never unmindful to do good and communicate as he had opportunity. These are truly benevolent men.

We have now finished our discourse, and leave it to each reader to say, which is the better man, and to which class he himself belongs. *[Traveller.]*

Application in youth makes old age comfortable

Sweet Cousin Polly.

BY GILBERT QUILL, ESQ.

The day I never can forget,
I never can, by golly!
When first I kissed the ruby lips,
Of sweet, sweet cousin Polly.
Her mouth looked like a turtle shell,
Filled up *chuck* full of honey:
Her eyes, their beauty who can tell?
Did shine like silver money.

I hugged her to my bosom tight,
Her heart went *ditzy ditzy*—
But oh! a pen can't tell my fright,
When I heard her cry out "Daddy!"
"Oh! don't," says I, "good Polly, dear,
You're sweet as lasses candy,
I'll cry and tear my handkerchief—
Oh, yankee doodle dandy."

She turned right round and kissed my cheek,
Which ruffled up my collar
And told me that she loved me so,
And that's what made her holler.
So ever since we have been one,
In spite of human folly—
For what's the world to one like me,
Without sweet cousin Polly.

Be Kind to the Fallen.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

We feel at all times and seasons, the utter weakness of our moral and mental condition. We feel that without certain restraints of society, of training, of example and responsibility, we too should falter and fall. Why not then be generous with regard to the friendless and the poor? Why not embrace readily every opportunity to express sympathy for the sad condition of the outcast and the erring, especially if they have become so more from the force of circumstances, than from any innate disposition to do wrong. Why not, when we notice an inclination to amend, encourage applaud and sustain it by every means in our power? Why do not some of those, who feel that it is a privilege to be able to go about doing good, occasionally penetrate into the abodes of poverty—aye, even into the hovels of the dissolute and the base, among the outcasts of society, the tenants of our jails and our almshouses, in the hope of even there finding some who have gone astray against the better impulses of their nature, and who would rejoice at the means of escape and of reform. Alas! for the friendless, the ignorant, and the poor. In many cases, how severe are their privations, how bitter their disappointments, how painful their present and how gloomy their future! Let any one enter our Halls of Justice, on some day of general sentence, and notice the miserable culprits who are arraigned for petty theft and offences of a similar grade. With no voice to whisper a word of hope, no benevolent spirit to encourage a disposition to amend, no friend or relative to shed a tear of sympathy and anguish—the abandoned and the fallen enter their dreary abode, not only embittered against the world, but without a ray of promise in the future—without a single inducement to become better and purer. And yet some of these may, in their infancy and childhood, have been pressed tenderly to the breast of some devoted mother, while their appearance upon the theatre of life may have been hailed with affection and pride, by some honest and virtuous father. Misfortune may have followed them early, and Crime won them to her dark paths, even before they had recognized the force and beauty of virtue and sound morals. But who will stand by them now?—Who will stretch out the hand of sympathy to the convict? Who will be seen conversing even for a moment with the arraigned, the tried, and the doomed? Still, "none are all evil." There may be worth and virtue, ability and enterprise, hidden within the bosom that beats and heaves under those tattered garments!—Philanthropists, why not have a guardian eye, and a Christian heart, for outcasts like these? Why not look through their history, and if possible kindle into new light the smouldering embers of virtue and of feeling? Know ye not that "joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety-nine just persons which need no repentance?"

There is nothing of which a man can live so long unconscious, as the extent and strength of his prejudices.

Militia Eloquence—Who's Afraid?

We are not informed which of our gallant militia officers made the following spirit-ed address to his warriors at the last General Review:—

"Friends, Countrymen, and Sodgers!
"Tenshun Squad! This is a great country, and has got a taring start among the white nations and Injuns of the airth. What makes it great? Whar does the conglomerated elements of its greatness cum from? I answer—jist cring your right foot into line, Sargent Smike—I answer in a voice of hash thunder—
The Militia!

"Stop your darn'd cheering, men; don't applause at my eloquence, for you'll put me out, if you do. Yes! the Militia. Take that away, and there aint nuthin left. The Militia is the bone and grizzle of the country. It locks, bolts and bars the gates of creation, and stands sentinel on the tallest ramparts of Nature's dominions. This Republic would be a miserable consarn, but for the Militia. It keeps the ardent sperrits of military effulgence in a glow of Icelandic ferrosity. I'm attached to it, myself. I think it's rich. The system can't be bettered. Folk's call it a 'farce.' I don't see nothin' to laff at in it. Its a plaguey solemn piece of bizness, when you come to hug down to the naked reality on't. 'Taint everybody that can put on the regimentalities and look like old Mars, the God of War, with a decided touch of Julius Junius Brutus Ceeze-her thrown in fur effect. No sir-ee! There aint a bigger or more important critter afloat than a live militia ossifer, all rigged in the full catouterments of glory, with strips to his breecherloons, epellets piled up on both shoulders, brass buttons from head tew foot, silver stars shinin' in the tails of his coat, a cap and plume on his head, and a drawd sword in his hand. Such a site's enuff to make fallen man and woman think better of his specie! 'Tis indeed!

"I believe the *pluculent* delirium of this destined Republic is centered in its militia. It can't stand without it. With it, its proud motto is, 'DIVIDED WE STAND, UNITED WE FALL!'"

"Stop cheerin'—you put me all out—
"General Washington belonged to the militia; so did Sippio Afri-cane-us; so did Boney-part; so did that old Wizzigot that ravished all Europe and burnt its fences and its stone walls; and so also, sodgers, do I.

"I believe if all out of doors should bust threw the parafurnailye of the animal economy, and slide down the greased plank of ancestral delinquency ker-slump into the broad Savannars of this smilin' land of asses milk and untamed honey, that nothin' astir could pook 'em out but the Militia! That ar a fact! Three cheers for the Militia in general, and the 9999th Regiment in pertickler. Sodgers! ground arms!

"Who's afraid? Whar's Mexiko, Kaliforniko, and Oreegon? Who's afereed of them?—Sodgers!—The mortal 9999th can thrash the life out of that ar yallar, half Spanish varmint, that Mexiko, any mornin' afore breakfast. Our motto is, *Liberty and Death, now and forever, one and inseperable.* Whooray for Mexas!—Down with Texico! Let's lick her!"

THE RIVAL CLAM PEDLARS.—"I say, Jim, what's the matter with your boss? He looks as if he was lame in four of his legs, he lifts them all at once."

"You had better look to your own cripple of a frame, Joe, or the crows will steal it, harness and all, and leave you to haul your clams yourself."

"You don't say so, do ye? Now look here, Jim, I advise you to sell out, and take the monee you get and put some more to it, and buy another. You can get a pretty good boss now for a dollar."

UNNECESSARY USE OF WORDS.—A young gentleman lately said to a little urchin, that was loitering about his premises without invitation—"Young man, clear out, begone, elope, march, disfranchise yourself, evacuate, disperse, disgorge, cut, be off,—"at which the boy, suspecting his meaning, said—"if you don't want me here, why don't you tell me to go home, and be done with it!"