

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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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, 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 Knickerbocker for November.

The Old Earth.

"The earth gives signs of age, disease and fickleness. It yields its increase grudgingly, and demands an exorbitant fee beforehand, in toil and sweat from the husbandman. It has all turns, or paroxysms, when it rouses the ocean into a tempest, and makes sport of navies, strewing the shore with the wrecks and carcasses of men. It rocks a continent or sinks an island; shaking massive cities into countless fragments, and burying its wretched inhabitants in indiscriminate ruin; anon it writhes and groans in mortal agony, and finds relief only by disgorging its fiery bowels, burying cities and villages in burning graves. The earth is old and feeble, and must needs groan on, until it renews its prime."—*Miseries and Liabilities of the Present Life.*

OLD MOTHER EARTH is wan and pale,
Her face is wrinkled sore;
Her locks are blanched, her heart is cold,
Her garments stiff with gore;
With furrowed brow and dim sad eyes,
With trembling steps and slow,
She marks the course that first she trod,
Six thousand years ago!

The Earth is old, the Earth is cold,
She shivers and complains;
How many Winters fierce and chill,
Have racked her limbs with pains!
Drear tempests, lightning, flood and flame
Have scarred her visage so,
That scarce we deem she shone so fair,
Six thousand years ago!

Yet comely was the youthful Earth,
And lightly tripped along
To music from a starry choir,
Whose sweet celestial song
Through Nature's temple echoed wild,
And soft as streamlets' flow,
While sister spheres rejoiced with her,
Six thousand years ago!

And many happy children there
Upon her breast reclined,
The young Earth smiled with aspect fair,
The heavens were bright and kind;
The azure cope above her head
In love seemed bending low;
O happy was the youthful Earth,
Six thousand years ago!

Alas! those children of the earth
With hate began to burn,
And Murder stained her beautiful robe,
And bade the young Earth mourn.
And ages, heavy ages, still
Have bowed with gathering wo
The form of her whose life was joy,
Six thousand years ago!

Old Earth! dear Earth! thy tender heart
Bewails thy chosen ones;
Thou look'st upon the myriad graves
That hide their gathered bones;
For them, by day and night, thy tears

Unceasingly must flow;
Death chilled the fountain-head of life
Six thousand years ago!

Old Earth! old Earth! above thy head,
The heavens are dark and chill,
The sun looks coldly on thee now,
The stars shine pale and still;
No more the heavenly symphonies
Through listening ether flow,
Which swelled upon creation's ear,
Six thousand years ago!

Weep not in bitter grief, O earth!
Weep not in hopelessness!
From out the heavens a 'still small voice'
Whispers returning peace.
Thy tears are precious in the sight
Of ONE who marks their flow,
Who purposes of mercy formed,
Six thousand years ago!

Thy days of grief are numbered all,
Their sun will soon be told;
The joy of youth, the smile of God,
Shall bless thee as of old;
Shall shed a purer, holier light
Upon thy peaceful brow,
Than beamed upon thy morning hour
Six thousand years ago!

Thy chosen ones shall live again,
A countless, tearless throng,
To wake creation's voice anew,
And swell the choral song.
Go, Earth! go wipe thy falling tears,
Forget thy heavy wo;
Hope died not with thy first-born sons,
Six thousand years ago!

Williamstown, (Massachusetts)

Heroism.

"Greatness is only greatness in itself;
It rests not on externals, nor its worth:
Derives from gorgeous pomp, or glittering pelf,
Or chance of arms, or accident of birth;
It lays its deep foundations in the soul,
And rears a tower of virtue to the skies,
Around whose pinnacle majestic roll
The clouds of glory, starred with angel eyes.
What constitutes a hero? If the word is only applicable to those who lead men to butcher their fellow creatures, it is a word not to be held in much estimation; but true heroism has its origin in greatness of mind, the whole circle of virtues is open to its career. The magnificent endurance of unexpected adversity, the sacrifice of self-interest and advancements, or even of personal comfort, for the good of others, and above all the mastery of the passions and the appetites where they need control—in all these ways a man may show himself a hero—though he has never taken the life of a fellow creature, or felt disposed to do so. As far as mere animal courage is concerned, pirates and highwaymen may dispute the palm with Alexander or Charles the Twelfth.

But there are circumstances, under which the conqueror can also claim the higher and nobler appellation of the hero. It is then his valor has a nobler source than personal ambition; it is inspired by the good of his country, the terror and chastisement of the wicked, he is the hope and admiration of the good. Justice puts her sword in his hand, and virtue clothes him in her panoply of mail. To the weak he is a protector. Terrible in battle, he is mild and unassuming in the hour of victory. The champion and avenger of his country, he disdains to become her oppressor. No less than a good citizen than an able general, he yields to the laws the same obedience he exacts from his soldiers. By his wisdom as superior to his passions, as to his enemies by his courage, he is neither intoxicated by the most brilliant success, nor confounded by the most disastrous reverses. The rights of his country secured, her liberty established, her honor vindicated, his object is accomplished; he throws his sword away, and turns in serene dignity from the field, though fame and ambition call after him and point the way to fresh victory!

But was there ever such a hero? Yes—there was one; and who was that one? Hush—listen; the universe replies with one voice—
GEORGE WASHINGTON!

It is said that witches are still found in Salem. They trouble the young men.

Freemont's Expedition.

The last number of the Democratic Review contains a deeply interesting account of the expeditions of the brave, chivalrous, and enterprising Capt. Freemont's expedition to the Oregon Territory and Rocky Mountains. The first object was a military one, but other objects have been by no means neglected. The observations upon the peculiarities of the country, the botanical and geological descriptions, render the work of Capt. Freemont one of the most desirable and interesting books of the present day. What were before looked upon as utter impossibilities, have been accomplished by the unpretending courage of this intrepid voyager.

We learn that the distance from the frontier of the state of Missouri to the tide water of Oregon Territory, is but about a thousand miles; that the mountains are passed without the least difficulty; that the whole way, even now while in a state of nature is practicable for carriages and artillery; that there is an abundance of nutritious grass to furnish food for cattle and horses—and that a company of twenty-five men with a howitzer, may move in any direction in perfect safety in spite of the hostility of any tribe. The work is so minute and particular in its details, so carefully and faithfully illustrated by maps and drawings, that an army would need no other guide in marching through the country. The Democratic Review says:

From all the facts which fell under the observation of the explorer, he deduces the conclusion that Oregon is the most impregnable country in the world. In traversing the region from Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, an abundance of the most nutritious grass is found at almost all seasons of the year, superseding, entirely the necessity of transporting feed for the sustenance of the cattle and horses, which it may be necessary to take with an expedition. After passing the mountains, the produce is equally prolific and nutritious, though a different species, called Bunch grass, to which pertains the property of second growth, springing up vigorously in autumn after the failure of the spring shoot. It seems to be universal on the western slope of our continent, as the buffalo grass is on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains; and was found sufficient for the sustenance of their horses even in the dead of winter—even in the months of December, January and February; in the deep gorges and on the lofty peaks of the *sierra Nevada*, (snowy mountain of California,) when the wind had blown the snow from some exposed point, or the sun had melted in the core, or their own large fires, built of colossal pines and cedars, had melted a circle in the deep snow about the camp.

The Rocky Mountains, whose very name induces ideas of impassability, are shown to be not the formidable barriers supposed. Capt. F. crossed them at "four different places, instead of being desolate and impassable, are shown to have been excellent passes, (of which the south pass is the finest,) and to embosom beautiful valleys, caves and parks, with lakes and mineral springs, rivaling and surpassing the most enchanting parts of the Alpine regions in Switzerland. The Great Salt Lake, one of the wonders of nature, and perhaps without a rival in the world, (being a saturated solution of salt, of a hundred miles diameter, for the first time revealed to our view, by one who has surveyed its shores and navigated its waters. The Bear river valley, with its rich bottoms and hot springs, soda fountains, volcanic crater, and saline effluences, and four thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, is for the first time described. The same of the *Sierra Nevada*, of the rivers Sacramento and San Joaquin, which constitute the waters of the Bay of San Francisco, and the sands of the Great Desert, and its Arab inhabitants, which lies south of the latitude of that bay, and extends many degrees east toward the Rocky Mountains. None of these objects have heretofore been described by any traveller."

The Beneventura river, which has a place on so many maps, and whose course is traced from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, is declared to have no existence but in imagination of writers and map makers. Of the geographical discoveries and descriptions, the most striking is that of the Great Basin or vast interior plain, which lies between the *Sierra Nevada* and the Rocky Mountains east and west, and between the Blue mountains and the Wahsatch on the south, and embracing an area of five or six hundred miles in diameter. The elevation of the *Sierra Nevada*, being more lofty than the Rocky Mountains, accounts for the formation of this Great Basin, as Captain Freemont calls it, and of which he is the first to announce its existence to the world. A basin which may hold such a kingdom as France, and which has for its rim a circle of mountains whose summits penetrate the regions of eternal snow, certainly a new and grand object to be revealed to our contemplation; and its non-discovery heretofore, can only be attributed to its position in that part of Spanish America, (the California) from which Spanish jealousy excluded every foreign eye. Its existence is now established. Captain Freemont was in and around it; eight months getting around it; and never out of sight of snow-capped mountains; its own elevation being upwards of four thousand feet above the sea. His description of it will be read with profound interest; and Freemont's Basin is assuredly the name which justice and propriety would bestow upon it.

There are other portions of this condensed narrative which deserve notice, both on account of the country of which they treat, and the novelties which the expedition exposed to view, but which we must pass for the present—this having already overleaped its allotted length.

Freemont's Basin must assuredly be the name given to this one of the most wonderful discoveries ever made by man. It is to be sure a trifling compliment to one who has already accomplished so much by his indomitable perseverance, nevertheless we trust that name will be given it, as a small token of the public approbation. Well do we know that the modesty of Capt. Freemont (always the attendant upon merit like his) would shrink from any thing like public display; that he would not seek, by any act of his own to give notoriety by giving his name to the almost fabulous region he has discovered; that however, only furnishes an additional reason why his name above all others should be selected. Freemont's Basin, then let it be, henceforth and forever.

Anecdote of Old Ironsides.

The most brilliant naval action of the last war undoubtedly was that of the old American frigate Constitution, 44, commanded by Commodore Stewart, when she captured the two British corvettes, Cyane and Levant, of greatly superior force, each of them being equal to the old fashioned 32 gun frigates. The handling of the American frigate was throughout scientific and unexceptionable. By no manœuvring could either of the British vessels obtain a position to rake the Constitution. Shift their grounds as they would, Old Ironsides was between them, blazing away upon both vessels at the same time. During the whole action, Stewart, instead of mounting the horse-block, sat in a more exposed situation astride of the hammock nettings, the better to observe the manœuvring of his antagonist. The Cyane was the first to strike to Brother Jonathan—not an unusual thing with British vessels during that war. The first Lieutenant came in haste to the Commodore to announce the fact, "The starboard ship has struck, sir," said the officer. "I know it, sir," replied the Commodore, "the battle is just half won." "Shall I order the band to strike up Yankee Doodle, sir?" inquired the lieutenant. Here the Commodore took a huge pinch of snuff and then answered quickly, "Had we not better whip the other first, sir?" Ay, ay, sir, replied the lieutenant, taking the hint, and went to his quarters. In a few minutes afterwards the Levant lowered the cross of Old England to the stars and stripes, and the battle was ended. The lieutenant feeling somewhat rebuked at his premature exultation upon the surrender of the first vessel, was rather shy of approaching his commander again; but Stewart, beckoning to him, said with a smile—"Don't you think the band had better strike up Yankee Doodle now, sir?" In an instant that spirit-stirring strain was floating in the breeze, played as no other than a Yankee band can play it, and the gallant crew shouted forth their cheers of victory, as no other than a Yankee crew can shout.

Song of the Sordid Sweetheart.

I loved thee for thy memory,
For wealth they said was thine;
But finding thou hast none, I
Thy heart and hand resign.
Think not I wish to pain thee,
Deem not I use thee ill;
I like thee—but maintain thee
I neither can nor will.

I thought thee quite a treasure—
A BONA FIDE sum,
And dreamt of joy and pleasure
That never were to come;
The house—the hounds—the horses,
Thy fortune would allow;
The wines—the dozen courses—
That dream is over now!

Not for thy charms I wooed thee,
Though, thou wast passing fair;
Not for thy mind I sued thee,
Though stored with talents rare;
Thine income 'twas that caught me;
For that I held thee dear;
I trusted thou'dst have brought me
Five thousand pounds a year.

That hope; alas! is blighted,
Thee I will not dwell;
I should have been delighted
To wed thee—but, farewell!
My feelings let me smother,
Hard though the struggle be,
And try and find another
Rich as I fancied thee. PUNCH.

A Portrait of the Assistant Editor.

It chanced, during the late Summer, that a country Editor fell ill of a fever. The fact was announced to his readers, along with the notice to the effect, that during his indisposition the editorial management would be confided to an assistant. Well, it turned out that the assistant contrived to please the readers of the journal better than the chief himself, and they demanded his name. The convalescent editor informed them it would be impossible for him to divulge the name of his aid-de-camp, but that he would, in the next number of the "Squatter's Thunderbolt and Settler's Family Guide," present his patrons with a correct portrait of the assistant. Expectation balanced itself on tiptoe for a week, and when the anxiously looked-for guide appeared at last, lo! and behold! at the head of the editorial column appeared a full length engraving of a portly pair of scissors. Underneath were printed, in staring capitals—"Korrek! Pourtrait ov the 'Sistant Editor—from Life."

Poetry.

Verily, this is an age of poetry. No one, now-a-days, thinks of expressing his thoughts in prose. It is altogether too cold and sober. The life and fire are wanted. A thorough going teetotaler, just pledged—though black as two o'clock at night—thus expresses himself on the subject of rum-selling:

I'd sooner black my visage o'er,
And put de shine on boots and shoes,
Than stand within the grog-shop door,
And rinse the glasses drunkards use.

CONGRESSIONAL ANECDOTE.—During Mr. Jefferson's administration, syrup was provided in the Capitol for the refreshment of the members of Congress. This was furnished and charged under the head of *stationary*. The National Intelligencer tells us, that a member who did not like the beverage, jocosely remarked that he should be very glad if the officers of the house would provide a little whiskey for those who preferred it, and charge it to the account of fuel.

WEARING A NOISE.—"Thomas, there is too much bustle here."

"Where, Pa?"

"I mean there is too much noise—you must stop it."

"Is noise a bustle, Pa?"

"Yes, child."

"Golly gracious—then sister Sally does wear the biggest noise you ever saw, Pa!"

"Here, you young rascal, walk up and account for yourself—where have you been?"

"After the girls, father."

"Don't you know better than that! Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?"