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Honor to Labor.

FROM THE GERMAN—BY MARY HOWITT.
Who'er the ponderous hammer wields—
Who'er compels the earth to flourish—
Or reaps the golden harvest-fields,
A wife and little ones to nourish;
Who'er guides the laden bark—
Or, where the mazy wheels are turning,
Toils at the loom till after dark,
Food for his white-haired children earning—
To him be honor and renown!
Honor to handicraft and tillage!
To every sweat-drop falling down
In crowded mills or lonesome village!
All honor to the plodding swain
Who holds the plow!—Be 't too awarded
To him who works with head and brain,
And starves! Pass him not unregarded.
Whether, in chambers close and small,
Mid' dusty tomes he Fancy smoothes—
Or of the trade the bondage thrall,
He dramas writes, or songs for others;
Or, whether he, for wretched pay,
Translate the trash which he despises—
Or, learning's self, puts day by day,
Dance corps through classic exercises;
He also is a prey to care,
To him 't is said, "Starve thou or borrow!"
Gray grows betimes his raven hair,
And to the grave pursues him sorrow!
With hard compulsion and with need,
He, like the rest, must strive untiring;
And his young children's cry for bread
Maims his free spirit's glad aspiring.
Ah! such a one to me was known:
With heavenward aim his course ascended;
Yet, deep in dust and darkness prone,
Care, sordid care, his life attend.
An exile, and with bleeding breast,
He groaned in his severest trial;
Want goaded him to long unrest,
And scourged to bitterest self-denial.
Thus, heart-sick, wrote he line on line,
With hollow cheek and eye of sadness;
While hyacinth and leafy vine
Where fluttering in the morning's gladness.
The thrush sang, and nightingale,
The soaring lark hymned joy unending—
While thought's day-laborer, worn and pale,
Over his weary book was bending.
Yet, though his heart sent forth a cry,
Still arose he for the great ideal;
"For this," said he, "is Poesy,
And Human Life this fierce ordeal!"
And when his courage left him quite,
One thought kept hope his heart alive in,
"I have preserved my honor bright,
And for my dear ones I am striving!"
At length his spirit was subdued!
The power to combat and endeavor
Was gone; and his heroic mood
Came only fitfully, like fever.
The Muse's kiss, sometimes, at night
Would set his pulses wildly beating;
And his high soul soared toward the light
When night from morning was retreating.
He long has lain the turf beneath:
The wild winds through the grass are sighing;
No stone is there, no mourning wreath,
To mark the spot where he is lying.
Their faces swollen with weeping, forth
His wife and children went—God save them!
Young paupers— heirs to nought on earth,
Save the pure name their father gave them!

All honor to the plodding swain
That holds the plow—Be 't too awarded
To him who works with head and brain
And starves! Pass him not unregarded!
To toil all honor and renown!
Honor to handicraft and tillage!
To every sweat-drop falling down
In crowded mills and lonely village!

Four Jars of Gold.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

There was once upon a time a poor mason, or brick-layer, in Grenada, who kept all Saint's days and holidays, and Saint Monday into the bargain, and yet, with all his devotion, he grew poorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was roused from his first sleep by a knocking at his door. He opened it, and beheld before him a tall, meagre, cadaverous-looking priest.
"Hark ye, honest friend!" said the stranger, "I have observed that you are a good Christian, and one to be trusted: will you undertake a job this very night?"
"With all my heart, Senor Padre, on condition that I am paid accordingly."
"That you shall be; but you must suffer yourself to be blindfolded."
To this the mason made no objection; so, being hoodwinked, he was led by the priest thro' various lanes and winding passages, until they stopped before the portal of a house. The priest then applied a key, turned a creaking lock, and opened what sounded like a ponderous door. They entered, the door was closed and bolted, and the mason was conducted thro' an echoing corridore and a spacious hall, to an interior part of the building. Here the bandage was taken from his eyes, and he found himself in a patio, or court, dimly lighted by a single lamp. In the centre was the dry basin of an old Moorish fountain, under which the priest requested him to form a small vault—bricks and mortar being at hand for the purpose. He accordingly worked all night, but without finishing the job. Just before day-break the priest put a piece of gold into his hand, and having again blindfolded him, conducted him again to his dwelling.
"Are you willing," said he, "to return and complete your work?"
"Gladly, Senor Padre—provided I am so well paid."
"Well, then, to-morrow, at midnight, I will call again."
He did so—and the vault was completed.
"Now," said the priest, "you must help me to bring forth the bodies that are to be buried in the vault."
The poor mason's hair stood on his head at these words: he followed the priest with trembling steps into a retired chamber of the mansion, expecting to behold some ghostly spectacle of death, but was relieved on perceiving three or four portly jars standing in one corner. They were evidently full of money, and it was with great labor that he and the priest carried them forth and consigned them to their tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced and all traces of the work obliterated. The mason was again hoodwinked, and led forth by a route different from that which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time through a perplexed maze of lanes and alleys, they halted. The priest then put two pieces of gold into his hand—
"Wait here," said he, "until you hear the cathedral bell toll for matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befall you," so saying he departed.
The mason waited faithfully, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand, and clinking them against each other. The moment the cathedral bell rang its matin peal, he uncovered his eyes, and found himself on the banks of the Zenil, from whence he made the best of his way home, and revelled with his family for a whole fortnight on the two nights' work; after which he was as poor as ever.
He continued to work a little and pray a good deal, and keep Saint's days and holidays, from year to year, while his family grew up as gaunt and ragged as a crew of gypsies. As he was seated one evening at the door of his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old curmudgeon, who was noted for owning many houses, and being a gripping landlord. The man of money eyed

him for a moment from beneath a pair of anxious shagged eyebrows.
"I am told, friend, that you are very poor."
"There is no denying the fact, Senor; it speaks for itself."
"I presume you will be glad of a job, and work cheap."
"As cheap, my master, as any mason in Grenada."
"That's what I want. I have an old house fallen into decay, that costs me more money than it is worth to keep it in repair, for nobody will live in it; so I must contrive to patch it up at as small an expense as possible."
The mason was accordingly conducted to a large deserted house that seemed going to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers, he entered an inner court, where his eye was caught by an old Moorish fountain. He paused for a moment, for a dreaming recollection of the place very distinctly came over him.
"Pray," said he, "who occupied this house formerly?"
"A pest upon him!" cried the landlord, "it was an old miserly priest, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich, and, having no relations, it was thought he would leave all his treasures to the church. He died suddenly, and the priests and friars thronged to take possession of his wealth, but nothing could they find but a few ducats in a leathern purse. The worst luck has fallen to me, for since his death, the old fellow continues to occupy the house without paying rent, and there's no taking the law of a dead man. The people pretend to hear the clinking of gold all night in the chamber where the old priest slept, as if he were counting over the money, and sometimes groaning and moaning about the court. Whether true or false, these stories have brought a bad name on my house, and not a tenant will remain in it."
"Enough," said the mason sturdily, "let me live in your house, rent-free, until some better tenant present himself, and I will put it in repair, and quiet the troubled spirit that disturbs it. I am a good Christian and a poor man, and I am not to be daunted by the devil himself, even though he should come in the shape of a big bag of money!"
The offer of the honest mason was accepted: he moved with his family into the house and fulfilled all his engagements. By little and little he restored it to its former state: the clanking of gold was no more heard at night in the chamber of the defunct priest, but began to be heard by day in the pocket of the living mason. In a word, he increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbors, and became one of the richest men in Grenada. He gave a large sum to the church, by way, no doubt, of satisfying his conscience, and never revealed the secret of the vault until on his death-bed to his son and heir.
An Umbrella Story.
The Yankee Blade tells us that the following spicy article was written some years ago, by Corporal Streeter. A French gentleman was so much pleased with its originality and wit, that he translated it into the French language, and forwarded it to several journals in Paris and Bordeaux, through whose columns it has come back to its own native country:
That Umbrella-Scene in a Sanctum.
Well, it became our solemn duty a day or two since, to announce to the world that an umbrella was in our charge, awaiting the owner's attention. We grieve to say, that while we were proud to be an instrument of virtuous reform, yet it was a season of sore persecution, and also of tribulation.
"Mistbur Editor, an' ye've got an ould umbrella of mine, I understand."
"What sort is it?"
"Wal, to be sure, for the matter iv that, it's not much any how—it's just catthen, a bit brown about the edges, and a durthy sort iv white on the top, just where it faded, shure, and there's a hole or two, maybe, about as big as me hat; and one iv the things kaled bones, which is iv wood, is broke, and the same token it was by hittin' Mrs. Dennis over the head till bring her till reason, and —"
"Never mind, dear sir, it is not your umbrella, for it is silk and new."
"Silk, hey? wal, now, let me see it if ye

plase, for may be —"
"Can't stop, sir, if yours is cotton, then —," (Enter Devil.)—"Waiting for copy, sir."
"Well, wait then, here is a —"
"An' ye'll not show me the umbrella?"
"Can't stop, sir; got copy to wr—"
"Is this the editor's shop?"
"Yes, madam, walk in. Ephraim hand the lady a chair; be seated, madam."
Lady sits—a leg of the chair gives way, and down comes the lady with a tremendous crash and shriek—all hands rush in to rescue her; and after a thousand explanations and apologies, she is accommodated with a seat on the dead paper barrel.
"I am sorry to disturb you, sir, but my son lost his umbrella, and as I paid a high price for it to take to Havana, where he is going as supercargo to a sloop on account of his health, which is very poor, as his aunt Maria says he may be —"
Devil—"Copy, sir."
"Clear out!"
"I don't wish to disturb you, sir, but I understand —"
"Is this the office of the Star?"
"Yes, sir."
"I see that you have an —"
"Where's the editor?—ah, good morning,—I hope that the umbrella you mentioned this morning is the one I —"
"Dunder, vot a crowd! Val, now mynbeer, ash you got mine ombrel—"
"Gracious me, can't I get in here? I want to see the editor. Where is he? eh, that him?"
"Looks more like a frightened owl than an editor. But I want to see the umbrella that is —"
"Eh, bien! begare I shall get to dis vot you call von ombrella, nevare! Monsieur I shall tell you two or tree word, de ombrella I shall lose —"
"All hands waiting for copy, sir."
"Good people have patience. If you will just range yourselves against the wall, two deep, while we get a little copy for —"
"Good morning, Mr. Star. I see you probably have my umbrella; just the description: lost it last —"
"You advertise an umbrel—mine was black silk with —"
"I should be glad —"
"Stand back, here are four ladies who want to come in, and seven boys, all to see that umbrel —"
"Has it any ivory to?"
"Can't you just hold it up?"
"Oh dear, don't push on."
"Open the door if you pl—"
"Copy, sir."
"Who picked my pocket?"
"Silence."
"Where's the edi—?"
"Bow-wow-wow! ki-yi-eye!"
"Kill that dog."
"What a scrouging time."
"Mr. Editor, do —"
"Ladies and gentlemen, silence! do! silence! silence! silence! keep silence! There, now, if you will just be still a moment, we will get the umbrella and hold it up where you can see it, and if the owner is here, he or she can take it. Ephraim, reach it here; stand back, gentlemen; be quiet, now."
"There now, there it is—" (about forty voices.)
"That's mine; yes, that's it."
In rushed the crowd, the editor knocked over his coat torn, one boot (patched) stolen off, the umbrella ripped into fifty pieces, the ladies were roughly handled, and shrieked vociferously, and horrible confusion reigned supreme, until aid came to clear the office. The devil has not been seen since, and on hearing a stifled grunt in the corner, we stepped there and found Ephraim had captured the Dutchman in the melee, and was industriously at work in a corner, choking him. "Uh! donder and blixen! where ish dat umbrella?"
After this, people will please bring no more umbrellas here. We highly approve of the change in moral sentiment upon the subject of umbrellas, but deliver us from ever again having a found umbrella in our sanctum. It was madness in the first place. "Bring us no more umbrellas!"
A-mews-ing.—A cat serenade at midnight, with a raging tooth-ache to match.

From the New York Tribune July 28th.
Polking Fun at Pennsylvania.
Mr. Cameron of Pa. having submitted to the Senate on Thursday strong remonstrances against McKay's Tariff bill from Counties which unitedly gave a majority of 14,665 for Polk, and moved their printing, Mr. Sevier of Arkansas opposed the motion, denounced 'panic-making,' and continued—
"These petitions are a mere joke—a sort of funeral dirge of these manufacturers—these pensioners—at the taking away of the bounty we have allowed them for a few years past— It was all a joke, and the Senator from Pennsylvania could not but smile when he presented them. Was there a man who could read, and who did read for the last twenty years, who did not know that James K. Polk, was a free trade man? Not one—and Pennsylvania, to-morrow, notwithstanding all these petitions and all this fuss about the Tariff, would vote the Democratic ticket again. She never would vote for the Whig party under any circumstances. Now this joke of the panic-makers had been borne with a great deal of good humor on his side of the chamber, and he hoped it would not be carried farther, but that they would allow the morning hour for other business and then they might take from one o'clock until the adjournment to speak about the Tariff to their heart's content.
"Mr. Cameron replied that he always smiled when his friend from Arkansas had anything to say, his wit was so irresistible."
A very jocular business this seems to be, but not exactly so to the 'pensioners,' the 'panic-makers' Pennsylvanians. It is the old case of the boys and the frogs, where the sport is all on one side. A 'funeral dirge' for the Pennsylvanians, but a love of a joke for the facetious fun from Rackansaw. He monopolizes all the fun of it to himself, but consoles his brethren with the assurance that they always knew Polk was a Free Trade man, and that they too were joking when they said he was 'nt, and that they would gladly cut the practical joke of voting for Polk again, or his lineal successor, on the very first opportunity. What a merry old codger! What a jocular State, notwithstanding her momentary fit of the blues! She ought in gratitude to erect a statue to Siriver, grinnin' from ear to ear. Nothing like a merry jest when things look hopelessly solemn. Gallows witticisms, for instance, have long been abundant in the archives of Mr. Jos. Miller.
—But we happen to have before us the Harrisburg 'Democratic Union,' the Loco-Foco State organ in Pennsylvania, of the date of June 5th, just after Polk and Dallas were nominated, and when the dull dunderheads of the Iron State were not at all up to the joke which so amuses the Arkansas jester. This paper bears the names of Polk, Dallas and Muhlenberg at its mast-head, and in a prominent editorial cracks on as follows:
COL. POLK AND THE TARIFF—A VILE WHIG FALSEHOOD.—We perceive that the Harrisburg Intelligencer, with the meandacity so eminently characteristic of the coon papers, denounces COL. POLK in advance as "an open and avowed Free Trade Theorist." The authority for this gratuitous assertion is, of course, not furnished by the Intelligencer, as it is the policy of the Whig press to deal in habitual misrepresentation both of the men and measures of the Democratic party. Now we happen to know and state upon the authority of a Tennessean with whom we conversed at Baltimore—a near neighbor of Col. Polk—THAT HE HOLDS THE DOCTRINE OF FREE-TRADE IN UNQUALIFIED ABHORRENCE. HE NEVER HAS ADVOCATED IT, AND NEVER WILL. He is in favor of a judicious revenue Tariff, affording the amplest incidental PROTECTION TO AMERICAN INDUSTRY. HE IS THE ESPECIAL FRIEND AND ADVOCATE OF THE COAL AND IRON INTEREST, those two great objects of solicitude with Pennsylvanians, and believing PERMANENCE in our laws to be of incalculable value, IS OPPOSED TO THE DISTURBANCE OF THE EXISTING TARIFF. These facts we state upon the very best authority, and caution the Democracy of this great State against listening to the misrepresentations of the coons. The truth is, the strong names of POLK and DALLAS have struck our enemies with such deep consternation as to make them desperate in feeling and unscrupulous in the use of means.
There was once a poor loafer on trial on a charge of stealing a pair of boots of which he stood greatly in need, who, when asked what he had to say for himself, replied that he took