

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 7.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1846.

No. 20

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The Worn-out Fount of Type.

I'm setting at my desk, George;
Before me on the floor,
There lies a worn-out fount of type,
Full twenty thousand score;
And many months have passed, George,
Since they were bright and new,
And many are the tales they've told—
The false, the strange, the true.
Their beauty has all gone, George,
You scarcely now may trace,
Upon the snowy medium,
The likeness of their face.
They 'mind me of a man, George,
Whose morn of life was full
Of promise, but whose evening's close,
Was desolate and dull.
What tales of horror they have told,
Of tempest and of wreck;
Of murder in the midnight hour,
Of war full many a "speck";
Of ships that, lost away at sea
Went down before the blast;
Of stifled cries of agony,
As life's last moments passed!
Of earthquakes and of suicides;
Of failing crops of cotton;
Of bank defaulters—broken banks,
And banking systems rotten;
Of boilers bursting, steamboats snagg'd;
Of riots, duels fought,
Of robbers, with their prey escaped—
Of thieves with beauty caught.
Of land slides and of waterspouts;
Of ants and alligators;
Of serpents in the briary deep;
Of giant sweet potatoes;
Of children lost and children found,
Finances in disorder;
Of fights among the firemen,
And troubles on the border.
They've told us of a nation, George,
Bent sorrowing in the dust,
For one whom she had called to fill
Her highest, dearest trust;
Of sparkling crowns for youthful brows;
Of royal coronations;
Of plans to rid the earth of kings;
Of temperance reformations.
Of flood, and fire, and accident,
Those worn-out type have told;
And how the pestilence has swept
The youthful and the old;
Of marriages, of births and deaths;
Of things to please or vex us;
Of one man's jumping overboard,
Another gone to Texas!
They've told how long sweet summer days
Have faded from our view;
How autumn's chilling wind hath swept
The leaf-crowned forest through;
How winter's reign hath come and gone—
Dark reign of storm and strife—
And how the smiling spring hath warm'd
The pale flowers back to life.
I can't pretend to mention half
My inky friends have told,
Since, shining, bright, and beautiful,
They issued from the mould—
How unto some they joy have brought,
To others grief and tears!
Yet faithfully they record kept
Of fast receding years!

A pear tree of New-Haven, 200 years old, has blossomed within a few days past.

Catching a Green One.

BY SOLITAIRE.

Linville, in the Plate county, has been celebrated since the first advent of civilization in that region, for the unmarried quality of several old maids, who, full of hope had emigrated to the promising lands of the west.—There is, for a certainty, a demand for girls in the west, and many ardent young men are eager to throw themselves in the arms of beauty—on certain conditions—that it is of youthful beauty. Sally Clinto, one of these old maids we speak of, had a certain share of beauty, but it could not well be called young and tender, unless you call thirty a tender age, but, with her increase of years, instead of the fires of true love burning out they increased in strength, until, with the aid of her mother sally resolved to have a husband, if she had to trap him with a fish net. Ben Ellis was the gudgeon Sally fixed her eyes upon, for the very reason, it would appear, that he was the opposite to her in general character, and in years in particular. He was young, and moreover tender, and beside, partook strongly of a verdant hue, even to downright greenness in his preception in all things, even to women; while on the contrary, Sally had grown a into brown; and "knew all things with a learned spirit," even to the "catching a green one."

Many efforts were made by Sally to attract Ben's attention, but his bashfulness was a bar to these tender essays; and if she succeeded at church, on Sunday, to catch his eye for a moment, it was in vain she watched through the whole service for a second glance—it was not to be had. She had seated herself in the pew before him and behind him, but all to no purpose; he manifested an obstinate adherence to his diffident manner, until at length she determined to "carry the war into Africa," as the politicians say, and resolutely entered the same pew he occupied, and set herself right bang up against him. Ben turned pale, quivered slightly, and although brought up all standing, succeeded in regaining his breath after the shock, but look at her he would not. In vain she held the hymn book at him—fruitless was her manoeuvre of going upon her knees during prayer, and directly fronting him. He stolidly fixed his eyes on a stripe in his pantaloons, and refused to see the full blown charms before him. Sally noticed his indifference, and grew desperate. Ben noticed her shawl tremble, and he became afflicted with a slight ague too.—Matters were coming to a crisis, and soon they banged in collision, for at the very moment Ben was preparing to jump into the next pew, Sally dropped right over upon him in a well executed fainting fit. The poor fellow came nigh falling out of his boots, he was so frightened; but seizing her with a show of courage, he held her up while the women plied her with their salt bottles. After a few preliminary sneezes she revived, the salt, of whose properties we have great faith, had effected another cure. The drooping flower which hung upon our hero now, in a voice soft as the breathings of an instrument you like, implored Ben to take her home to her ma—how could he refuse!—he couldn't! Raising her form, which some writers would call fragile, but which I, who wish to be particular, state as weighing about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Ben conducted her from the sanctuary; and by this weak act of his head, which was aided by all the strength of his body, he "put his foot in it."

When they arrived at the maternal mansion Ben was about to modestly take his leave, but Sally come the fainting manoeuvre over him again, and he was forced to carry her into her ma, where she went through another reviving process; but as her eyes became lighted by consciousness they lit on Ben, and off she went again, to his infinite terror.

"What hev you bin doin' to the gal?" screamed old Mrs. Clinto, fastening the door at the same time, and seizing the tongs.

"I ain't bin doin' nuthin'," says Ben "cept helpin' her hum from meein," whar she tuck sick."

"What ails you, Sally, my darter?" inquired the old lady in a sympathetic whine; "has this feller been tridin' with your feelin's, my dear?"

"No, I ain't teched her!" shouted Ben.

"Oh! Benny, Benny," murmured Sally "you

know you hev, you deceiver!

Hevint you got my feelin's in your power so I can't do nothin' with 'em, and when you know'd I loved you so I could'nt do 'thought you, then didn't you persist in not lookin' at me, till I fainted?—you know you did."

"I'll swar," says Ben, "that I never teched her feelin's, and more'n that, I don't want to, so I reckon that'll satisfy you, and now I'm goin'," saying which he moved for the door.

"No, you don't," said Sally's ma; "you ain't agoing to trifle with my gal's feelin's in that way, and then clar out and leave her!" and seizing Ben by the collar, she snatched him back from the door with one hand, while she shook the tongs with the other, Sally all the time sobbing a synphony, broken now and then with the exclamation of—"Oh, you cruel creatur."

"When you've bin actin' this way with the gal," said Mrs. C., "why don't you behave like a gentleman, and gin yourself up to her as a decent husband. You young fellers hev no right to be goin' round the settlement year arter year, lookin' at the gals, and aggravatin' ther feelin's and never gittin' married to none on 'em. Consarn your pictures, you shan't do it with my gal, so thar's an end on't—Sally's bin waitin' for you long enough, so gin' in at onst."

"What in the airth do they want me to do?" inquired Ben.

"Promise to marry the gal rite strait, or you'll ketch it," says the aged mamma, brandishing her tongs.

Ben looked at the daughter as if taking in her dimensions—she was tolerable for thirty, and he thought she might be endured—then taking a step towards her, he gently placed his hand upon her arm, took another look at the old lady and her tongs, and—"gin in!"

"I'll hev you, Sally," says Ben, "if you will only quit a weepin', Jest stop cryin', now and don't say nuthin' more about my deceivin' on you, 'cause I didn't, and you kin hev me when ever you kin git me."

This declaration set Sally smiling through her tears, like a widow who had received a second offer, and, jumping up, she threw her arms round Ben's neck, and encouraged his bashfulness by bestowing upon him a fond kiss. He wished to leave now for home, but two full grown men, cousins of Sally, either by accident or invitation, dropped in on a visit, and hearing how matters stood, proposed, for the fun of the thing, to have the marriage straight-way solemnized. Ben was about to object, but cousins, old ma and tongs made the odds so strong against him, that, like a mutton, he suffered himself to be led to the sacrifice. The Squire of Linville was called in, the knot tied, the bride kissed by the magistrate, and then the bridegroom was permitted to go home for some of his fixins. We would fain stop here, but as we are recording Linville history it is our duty to unflinchingly relate the termination of this match. Ben immediately packed up his jugs, pocketed his spare change, and, before the morning sun had shed his golden beams over the flower-be-gemmed prairies of the west, was on his way towards the Santa Fe trace, leaving his bride to go to grass, or any other widowhood. To a friend whom he afterwards met in Mexico, he remarked that he had become fully convinced that Sally had designs upon him, and hoped to make him a husband under false pretences. Sally persists in wearing black for Ben, because, she says, it is becoming to her complexion.

DON'T BE TOO PARTICULAR.—An Irishman once dreamt that he visited the Lord Mayor of London, who treated him with the greatest hospitality, and asked him if he'd "take a little suthen." He replied that he wouldn't mind a little whiskey punch. "Hot or cold?" inquired his lordship. His guest preferred it warm, and while the Lord Mayor was out heating the water, the Irishman awoke from his delicious slumber. "Och!" cried he, "how I wish I'd said cold!"

A pedlar overtook another of his tribe on the road, and thus accosted him:

"Hallo, friend, what do you carry?"
"Rum and Whiskey," was the prompt reply
"Good," said the other, "you may go a-head, I carry Gravestones!"

The Duration of Human Life.

The medical writers have often treated of the duration of human life, and the influence which particular trades and conditions have upon the health of individuals. From these some curious and well attested particulars may be elicited. It is the general opinion that longevity depends in a great measure upon descent from long-lived ancestors, and many instances of the fact may be adduced. Dr. Franklin, who died in his 84th year, was descended from long-lived parents—his father died at eighty-nine, and his mother at eighty-seven. Dr. Fothergill states that he never knew a single instance of persons who had lived to be eighty years of age, who had not descended from long lived ancestors. More women live to be old than men, but more men live to be very old than women. Indeed, there appears to be provision in nature for the mutual accommodation of the sexes; for at those periods of life when women are the weakest, and most subject to disease, men are stronger than at any other period of their lives; then when men by old age, become weakened, women again have the superiority of strength. More persons who have married live to be very old than persons who have remained single, which is a strong argument against celibacy, though contrary to the popular notion, for "old maids" and "old bachelors" are such common phrases, that one would be led to believe that those conditions invariably conferred length of days upon those who preferred to remain in them. It is observed that the number of births exceeds, in town and country, the number of deaths, but the proportion varies in different districts, according to a variation of physical and moral causes. A numerical proportion of births always exists between the sexes; but more males are born than females, which appears to be a provision of nature for maintaining a due equality between the number of the sexes; for the life of man, independent of destructive wars, is more exposed to accidental causes inducing death, than that of woman.

Sadler has pointed out a curious fact which seems established by the tables he has published, as follows—that if a man marry a woman younger than himself, the number of boys in the family will exceed the number of girls; but if the man be younger than his wife then according to the disparity between their respective ages, the number of girls will predominate over the number of boys. Of all new-born infants, one out of four dies the first year; two-fifths only attain the sixth year; and, before the twenty-second year, nearly one half the generation is consigned to the grave. Attained, however, to the age of maturity, one out of every thirty or forty individuals die annually.—Such are the general facts which appear to have been established concerning the duration of human life, but its extension and accompanying happiness must be materially modified by the habits which each individual in his own sphere is led to adopt.

"All of the Olden Time."

In these latter days of speculation, plunder, and degenerated morals, a recollection of the worth of the high minded founders of our Government is to me like the gushing of the cool spring to the mid-day traveller in the heated desert. A friend relates the following anecdote of his boyish days:

Having occasion to write, he thought to supply himself with a sheet of letter paper from the desk of his grandfather, who at the time had an office under the Federal Government.

"What are you doing there?" said the old gentleman.

"Getting a sheet of paper, sir."

"Put it back, sir, put it back; that paper belongs to the Government of the United States."

This old gentleman had the courage to affix his name to a certain document, pledging "his honor and his fortune" for its support, but he lacked the courage to appropriate to his private use the property of the Government. How droll would he appear were he among us now.

A wealthy man in Kentucky married a pretty brunette, with whom he fell in love some time ago. While the honeymoon was yet bright, a man from Tennessee came along, and found the wife to be a runaway yellow girl belonging to him.

WE FIXED THAT CHAP.—A few days ago, a gentleman (?) came into our sanctum and took off his hat, and picked up a piece of manuscript and commenced reading very closely. We reached over and took a letter out his hat, unfolded and commenced reading it. He was so busy that he did not discover how we were paying him in his own coin, until we asked him what it was his correspondent was writing in him about a woman? "Why, look here, squire," says he, "you surely are not reading my private letters?" "Certainly, sir," said we "you are reading our private manuscripts." He was plagued—beggd us not to mention his name, promised to do so no more, and we quit even. [Exchange.]

MAN'S ABILITIES.—No man knows what he can do until he is fully resolved to do whatever he can. When men have thought themselves obliged to set about any business in good earnest, they have done that which their indolence made them suppose impossible. There are several abilities to the possessor, which lie hid in the mind, for want of an occasion to call them forth.

PEW CIVILITY.—Have you not mistaken the pew, sir? blandly said a Sunday Chesterfield to a stranger as he entered it.

"I beg pardon," replied the intruder, rising to go out, "I fear I have—I took it for a Christian's."

There is or is not.

For every evil under the sun,
There is a cure or there is none;
If there is one, try to find it;
If there is none, never mind it.

COMMENCED EARLY.—The Middletown (N. J.) paper contains the marriage of Master David Turner, of Palermo, aged seventeen, to Miss Almira Brown, of Liberty, aged fourteen, after a courtship of five years.

An Interesting Laborer.

There is a man employed at the iron establishment of Mr. Cooper, in South Trenton, who has visited nearly every part of the world, has spent many years among the Indians of the Pacific ocean, and speaks more Indian languages probably than any other man in the State.

Mr. Sweeney (for such is his name) is employed at the scales near the basin, where he weighs all the iron, coal, &c. which is received or sent away; and his business employs him so constantly that he has little leisure for conversation. He is an American, and we believe was born in New York.

At the age of fifteen he went to sea, and for sixteen years scarcely visited the United States. He was employed much of his time in the whale fishery among the Pacific islands, and his constant intercourse with the Indians, and his facility in acquiring languages, soon made him master of some thirty different Indian dialects.

At one time, in consequence of severe indisposition from scurvy and other causes, which threatened to prove fatal if he remained on ship board, he was set ashore on the Marquesas Islands, and was there alone with the Indians between three and four years. Here he mingled with them on the same footing as a native born Indian, and rose first to be the chief of his tribe, and then the chief of all the tribes in that group of islands, retaining his power and consequence up to the time of his departure. At this time his arms, legs, and body are covered with the tattoos which are customary in the Pacific groups, and their color, he informs us, has not changed a particle since the day this painful operation was performed, which is now some seven or eight years.

Mr. Sweeney is a steady industrious man, and has a wife, an English woman we believe, whom he married in the Pacific. One of his daughters still remains in some of the Pacific Islands, but the rest of his family are with him. He is about thirty-four years of age.

[Trenton Gazette.]

The Largest City in the World.

There is a city in the interior of China called Sou Tehou, which has a population of five millions within a radius of four leagues round.—Mr. Hedde, a French missionary, who has visited it, is given as authority for the statement. It is the greatest silk market in China.