

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 7.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1846.

No. 22

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 37 1/2 cts. per year, extra.
No papers discontinued until all arrears 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 cents 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.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts.

JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER

BLANKS,

PAMPHLETS, &c.

Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms

AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Jeffersonian Republican.

From Douglass Jerrold's Magazine.

Bread from Brain.

Where the iron of our lives

Is wrought out in fire and smoke,

There the mighty Vulcan strives;

Hot the furnace, hard the stroke:

There the windy bellows blow,

There the sparks in millions glow,

There, on anvil of the world,

Is the clanging hammer hurl'd.

Hard the labor! small the gain,

Is in making bread from brain.

Where that nameless stone is raised,

Where the patriot's bones were placed,

Lived he—little loved and praised;

Died he little mourned and graced:

There he sleeps who knew no rest,

There unblest by those he blessed;

Here he starved while sowing seed,

Where he starved the worms now feed.

Hard the labor! small the gain,

Is in making bread from brain.

In that chamber, lone and drear,

Sits a poet writing flowers,

Bringing Heaven to earth more near.

Raining thoughts in dewy showers.

While he sings of nectar rare,

Only is the ink-bowl there;

Of feasts of gods he chants—high trust,

As he eats the mouldy crust.

Hard the labor! small the gain,

Is in making bread from brain.

When the prophet's warning voice

Shouts the burden of the world,

Sackcloth robes must be his choice,

Ashes on his head be hurled.

Where tyrants live at ease,

Where false priests do as they please,

He is scorned and pierced inside,

He is stoned and crucified.

Hard the labor! small the gain,

Is in making bread from brain.

Patriot! Poet! Prophet! feed

Only on the mouldy crust:

Tyrant, fool, and false priest, need

All the crumb, and scorn the just.

Lord! how long! how long, oh Lord!

Bless, oh God, mind's unsheathed sword;

Let the pen become a sabre,

Let thy children eat who labor;

Bless the labor! bless the gain,

In the making bread from brain.

SEELINE.—"Did you observe the sun set last evening?" said a nice young man to a lady a day or two since.

"I did not," she replied; "was it particularly fine?"

"Oh! it was splendid! Perfectly beautiful! The most fascinating appearance of Nature I ever saw! It was similar to the waters or salvers that are in some of the windows in Washington street."

"The sun hasn't dared to set since, but merely retired behind the clouds."—Boston Bee.

A NEW RIG.—We saw a lady in the street a few days since, says an Exchange paper, with a black silk overcoat on, "all buttoned down before."

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.—The Barre (Mass.) Patriot of the 30th ult. records the marriage, at Athol, of a colored preacher of the Wesleyan order, to Miss Elizabeth Holt, of Salem, "whose skin of unblushing whiteness contrasted most strangely with the ebony color of the bridegroom."

Rev. Sidney Smith on Bulls, &c.

A bull is an apparent congruity, and real incongruity, of ideas, suddenly discovered. And if this account of bulls be just, they are (as might have been supposed) the very reverse of wit; for as wit discovers real relations, that are not apparent, bulls admit apparent relations that are not real. The pleasure arising from wit proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering two things to be similar, in which we suspected no similarity. The pleasure arising from bulls proceeds from our discovering two things to be dissimilar, in which a resemblance might have been suspected. The same doctrine will apply to wit, and to bulls in action. Practical wit discovers connection or relation between actions, in which duller understandings discover none; and practical bulls originate from an apparent relation between two actions, which more correct understandings immediately perceive to have no relation at all.

Louis XIV. being extremely harassed by the repeated solicitations of a veteran officer for promotion, said one day, loud enough to be heard, "That gentleman is the most troublesome officer I have in my service." That is precisely the charge (said the old man) which your Majesty's enemies bring against me.

"An English gentleman," (says Mr. Edgeworth, in a story cited from Joe Millar.) "was writing a letter in a coffee-house; and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was taking that liberty which Parmenio used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting his seal upon the lips of the curious impertinent, the English gentleman thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at least with poetical justice. He concluded writing his letter in these words: "I would say more, but a damned tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write."

"You lie, you scoundrel," said the self-convinced Hibernian.
The pleasure derived from the first of these stories, proceeds from the discovery of the relation that subsists between the object he had in view, and the assent of the officer to an observation so unfriendly to that end. In the first rapid glance which the mind throws upon his words, he appears, by his acquiescence, to be pleading against himself. There seems to be no relation between what he says, and what he wishes to effect by speaking.

In the second story, the pleasure is directly the reverse. The lie given was apparently the readiest means of proving his innocence, and really the most effectual way of establishing his guilt. There seems for a moment to be a strong relation between the means and the object; while, in fact, no irrelation can be so complete.

"Perfect Bulls."

Pope, in his translation of Homer, in speaking of an eagles and her young, says:

"Eight callow infants fill'd the massy nest,

Herself the ninth!

Also, in his Essay on Criticism:

"When first young Maro, in his boundless mind,

A work to outlast immortal Rome design'd."

Dryden says:

"A horrid silence first invades the ear."

Thompson also sings:

"He saw her charming, but he saw not half

The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd."

Virgil also knew how to make a bull:

"Moriamur et in media arma ruamus."

"Let us die and rush in the middle of the fight."

But the prize bull belongs to Milton, who, in his Paradise Lost, sings:

"Adam, the goodliest man of men since born

His sons, the fairest of her daughters, Eve."

PLAIN SPEAKING.—Mrs. Elizabeth Peters of Boone county, Indiana, thus notices her absconding husband:

"Left my bed and board last fall, thereby rendering my expenses lighter, my legal husband John Peters, without cause or provocation.

All the old maids, and young girls and widows, of all ages and conditions, are hereby forewarned against harboring or trusting him on my account, as I am determined not to be held accountable for his debts or more especially for his conduct, because he is a loafer, a drunkard, a gambler, a liar, a thief and Locofoco."

A little girl hearing it remarked that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired, "who took care of the babies!"

Unearned Money.

However common may be the desire of sudden wealth, yet it may be safely affirmed that money is never so much enjoyed, nor so pleasantly and judiciously spent, as when hard-earned. The exertion used in obtaining it is beneficial alike to the health and spirits. It affords pleasure in the contemplation, as the result of effort and industry, a thing which unearned money can never impart; and the natural alternation of labour and relaxation tends to preserve the body in health, and keeps the mind from the injurious extremes of either parsimony or prodigality.

Unearned money, on the contrary, as it is obtained without an effort, so it is often spent without a thought. There is no healthful activity used in acquiring it; no putting forth of those energies, the use of which tends so greatly to elevate and purify; no skill or perseverance called into action; and it is seldom that it is possessed to any great extent without injuring the possessor. It induces a distaste for labor and activity; it lulls to ignoble rest in the lap of circumstances; it allures to float along with the stream, instead of the healthful labor of stemming the tide of difficulty; and he had need be something more than mortal who can possess much of this unearned money without being in his moral nature somewhat paralysed and debased. Naturally rampant as are the weeds of sloth and sensuality in the human heart, that condition of life in which there is not only work to be done, but work which must be done, will be the safest and best.

And yet how often do foolish parents debar themselves of almost the necessities of life, and drudge on to the latest moment of existence, to send out into the world some pet son with a good supply of this unearned money! How often, in order to secure to one member of a family the coveted title of a 'gentleman,' the greatest illiberality and injustice are exercised towards the rest! Not unfrequently, however, does it happen that these 'gentlemen' turn out the most ungentle of their family; and the poor, unprovided members, who had nothing but their own energy and industry to look to, rise to a level of respectability and usefulness far superior to the ready-made gentility of their envied relation.

In glancing over the glittering list of those who have made the greatest achievements, whether in art, science, or literature, how few of them we find, were possessed of unearned money! They were for the most part men of single purpose and patient perseverance; and this was their only wealth. Their genius was nursed in the cradle of toil; and we may safely assert that, with respect to the most of them, had they been born in the enervating lap of independence and abundance, the flame of their genius would have been either dimmed or extinguished, and the works of a Haydn, a Burns, and a Rembrandt, might have been lost to the world.

Among business men this thirst for unearned money often produces the most disastrous consequences. A bubble company makes out a plausible statement of certain profits, to an amount double or triple those which the plodding tradesman obtains from his ordinary business, and he consequently despises those gains which have enabled him to bring up a family in sufficiency and respectability. Business is neglected, customers are offended: his thoughts and energies are bent in a new direction; and, too late, he wakes from his dream of affluence, to find his hope a bubble, and his prospects ruined.

Even when speculations are successful, how seldom is the unearned money acquired by them a real blessing! The mind becomes restless and unsettled; habits of gambling are formed; with the increase of money comes an increase of ambition; and generally the spirit of speculations become more hazardous, till the hundredth one, proving disastrous, dissipates in an hour the gain of the ninety-nine preceding fortunate ones. Or if the speculator has that rare command over himself to stop at a given point, satisfied with his success, how seldom does his prosperity prove increase to his respectability, comfort, or usefulness! Too often does the history of such men furnish a striking illustration of the sentiment of Coleridge—

"Sudden wealth, full well I know,
Did never happiness bestow.
That wealth to which we were not born,
Dooms us to sorrow or to scorn."

Seldom is money so obtained spent wisely, and not unfrequently in some absurd manner, that only provokes the contempt and ridicule of all right-thinking men, endowed with better taste and sentiments of greater propriety.

In the disposition of property much harm is often done by thoughtless and ill-judging persons, in leaving a mass of unearned money to one individual, for the foolish gratification of keeping it together, or the selfish one of preventing it from going out of the family. How much more judicious, and, in many cases, more just, would it be to consider the claims of poorer relations, to whom a small sum would be so great an assistance, rather than surround some one individual with what too often proves a temptation and a provocative to idleness and dissipation! As long as we can help others to help themselves, our help is a blessing; but when we help them in such a manner as to supersede the necessity of their own exertion, we injure them morally more than we assist them substantially.

There is also a satisfaction and relish, so to speak, about money hard-earned, which can never be found in unearned money. The wealthy merchant, whose income has scarcely a limit, will sometimes look back with something like a sigh on the time when he was an apprentice, and feel less pleasure in a hundred pound note than he then derived from the bright silver sixpence which he had earned with such difficulty. How it was looked at again and again; how carefully it was deposited in a place of security; and how, ever anon, it was anxiously visited, to see that it had not, by any strange chance, escaped from its snugger! And then the pleasurable anxieties as to the most desirable way of spending it—the book, the cakes, the present—how difficult it was to choose between claims so equal; how many resolves and re-resolves were taken before the important point was satisfactorily settled! Oh, the possession of that hard-earned sixpence produced far greater pleasure than any hundred-pound note since! Such a fresh sweetness is there about the 'wholesome air of poverty,' for which the luxurious atmosphere of independence and competence is a poor substitute; and the period of life when money was hard-earned, will generally be found, in the retrospect, the purest and pleasantest of existence.

Undoubtedly the prevalence of unearned money in old countries is one principal reason of the greater amount of profligacy, luxury and effeminacy of character found in them than in newer ones; and is also, consequently, one great hastener of their downfall. In young countries men have to earn before they can spend, and the habits of daily toil give a robustness to the body, an independence to the character, and an elevation to the mind, highly beneficial to whole community. In old countries, however, where there are always numerous individuals who are above the necessity of toil, and who live only to spend, habits of luxury are insensibly formed, dissipation fills up the unoccupied hours, and society becomes listless and enervated. Such are the effects, both on men and nations, of unearned money.

Money seldom makes men better, either physically or morally, and often makes them worse. Seldom does a man become healthy in his body as money increases; seldom does his mind become more powerful as his purse becomes heavier: not always does his heart beat more benevolently as his wealth accumulates. But if money, even when laudably gained by wholesome exertion and enterprise, be of doubtful or injurious effect upon its possessor, doubly hazardous and baneful must be the possession of that money which is unearned and untold for, and which only leaves the disposal of time at the mercy of idle dreaminess or ingenious mischief, and cherishes the growth of those rank weeds of the heart which are most successfully checked by wholesome exercise and occupation.

The Government has enlisted at Pittsburg a company of forty-three mechanics, of various trades, who are to receive a compensation of \$42 a month, besides a ration a day for subsistence. They arrived at Cincinnati on the 17th ult., on their way to Mexico.

The Man that the Mule Kicked.

Many are the anecdotes and stories which our volunteers tell, the scene of which has been the Rio Grande, and many yet remain to be told. The following good one was yesterday related to us, says the New Orleans Delta, by our friend, Sewell Taylor:—On a certain starless night, in the latter part of July, two volunteers—living editions of Damon and Pythias, so sincere were their friendships, so mutually strong were their attachments—were sitting on some lumber in the neighborhood of Sewell's (the sutler's) tent. They had given pretty strong proofs during the day of their abhorrence of the water of the Rio Grande in its primitive state, by mixing with it a liberal component part of Sewell's brandy, which, as Burns says, made them "unco' happy." They sat there for a considerable time, and talked of "old times" and new times—of times past, present and to come—of the indomitable courage and invincible power of the United States volunteers, and of the cowardly, craven Mexicans. Indeed, from the mood they were then in, "they could," as they expressed it, "walk into Ampudia and his whole pusillanimous host!"

One of them had occasion to withdraw for a few minutes, and after making in advance due apology for his temporary absence, he assured his friend that little time would elapse before he would rejoin him. Not returning, however, as soon as his friend thought he should, the latter "put out" too. He who first left, soon, in a zigzag course, returned; but instead of going up to where himself and friend had been sitting, he approached to where a vicious Mexican mule was haltered.

"Come, Bill," said he, laying his hand on the hind quarter of the mule, "let us go to our tent." "Wee-ee-ee," cried the mule, leaping fly the left hind leg at him, striking him in the abdomen, and sending him on the broad of his back in among the neighboring chaparral. After recovering, he picked himself up, and advancing again towards the mule, said, "Look here: Bill, this is d—d shabby conduct! I wouldn't treat a Mexican so, letting alone an old comrade. If you have any spite against me, just say so, and I'm your man; but don't strike a fellow that way, with the butt end of your musket in the dark. I tell you, I felt that last kick just as if a dragon's horse had kicked me. Come, now, no more of that—legus shake hands!"—and again he went up within kicking distance of the mule.

"Wee-ee-ee," growled the mule, and again he gave the intruder a kick, which laid him flat on the ground.

"Murder! murder!" he cried, "I'm shot—I'm stabb'd—he has run his bayonet through me—he has broken my head with the butt end of his musket—I'm shot—I'm killed! Guard! Rounds! Grand Rounds!"

Attracted by the noise, a crowd instantly gathered round; lights were brought, and the Great Kicked was picked up out of the chaparral. Two of his ribs only were found to be broken, and his friend and comrade, Bill, was the first to render him assistance. Of course, although he could not at the time be made to believe, it was at once seen that his enemy in disguise was the peevish mule, and not his friend and comrade-soldier, Bill.

PROPER RESENTMENT.—A mild tempered old gentleman was going down his cellar stairs with a lamp and an old brown pitcher, on a frosty evening, and his feet slipping from the first step, he was precipitated to the bottom! His wife, a nice old lady, hearing the noise, ran to the cellar door and called out:—

"Why, husband! have you broken your pitcher?"

"No I haven't yet," replied the old man, "but I'll be darned if don't do it now," and immediately smashed the pitcher against the cellar wall.

HOPE THEY MAY DO HIM GOOD.—A thief picked a clergyman's pocket at Boston the other day. His prize consisted of six *bran new sermons!*

"Why is the letter D like a ring?" said a lady to her accepted, one day.

The gentleman was as dull as a hammer.

"Because," added the lady, with a modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, "because we can't be wed without it."