

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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From the Vicksburg Whig.

Political Portraits.

CLAY.

He speaks!—and viewless chains
Upon a Senate rest;
He ceases!—look upon the names
That gem a nation's breast.

WEBSTER.

The calm, unsounded deep
Is emblem of his mind;
But roused, its heavy billows sweep,
In grandeur unconfined.

CALHOUN.

A loom of curious make
May weave a web of thought,
And he who rears the shining warp,
May in the web be caught.

J. Q. ADAMS.

Statesman and poet too!—
Philosopher in turn;
Link with the past!—a nation soon
Shall sorrow o'er his urn.

CRITTENDEN.

Now with a giant's might
He leaves the ponderous thought—
Now pours the storm of eloquence
With scathing lightning's freight!

BERRIEN.

With temper calm and mild,
And words of soften'd tone,
He overturns his neighbor's cause
And justifies his own.

CORWIN.

The polish'd shaft of wit
Is quivering in the light;
'Tis sped! upon its shining track,
And havoc marks its flight.

J. M. CLAYTON.

The lightning's glare may turn
The needle from the pole;
Who ever saw HIM swerve,
Or bow to low control?

BENTON.

Judgment and tack combin'd,
A mind of knowledge vast,
A walking book-case—on its shelves
The archives of the past.

CASS.

With neat and rounded phrase
He tricks the shapeless thought;
Like hope of power, it charms to-day,
To-morrow it is nought.

ALLEN.

Ye Gods! defend my ears!
Bass-drums around me throng!
Through empty galleries leap and roll
The notes of "Chinese Gong!"

Spiteful.

Some editor out west, who has probably got the mitten, vents his spleen in this way: "Won't somebody marry a certain tidy old maid of this place? For seven long years she has been squirming and screwing along the pavements, with a reasonable quantity of fine dry goods hung upon her, in order to attract attention; but some how or other the b'boys won't 'go it,' she can't make them love no how she can fix it. She frequently passes our office, and really gets along as nice as if she had St. Vitus' dance. Now won't some feller snatch her as a brand from the burning? We hope so—she has lots of clothes."

Seek not to reform every one's dial by your own watch.

MR. EDITOR:—Most of your readers are familiar with that quaint and sensible writer who styles himself Old Humphrey. I have been very much entertained and edified likewise by reading a book of his, entitled "Every day sights for every one to see," published by the American Sunday School Union. The thought occurred to me—why not ask some of our publishers to furnish extracts from it to their readers, at least occasionally. In looking over the book above named for some suitable article, there were so many excellent ones, that the difficulty was to make the selection; so I concluded to take the very first one, under the caption—"On things that cost nothing,"—and if you and your readers do not agree with me in regarding it very good, then my advice is—read it again. A. B.

On Things that Cost Nothing.

If you are in the habit of calling to mind your mercies, and of gratefully acknowledging them, you will not take it amiss that I should refresh your memory by adding to the long list a few that may have escaped your recollection. In a word, you will not object to my reminding you, and my own heart also, of some of the many good things we enjoy which cost us nothing.

We pay, and in many cases smartly too, for what we obtain from our fellow-creatures. I dare say that, whether your years have been few or many, you have never yet met with those who have offered to provide you with food, clothing, or habitation, without payment. Such things are quite out of the question, and this I say without the slightest reflection upon humanity. The comforts and conveniences, the bits and drops, we get from our fellow men ought to be required. Not that there are no good Samaritans in the world, ever ready to supply oil and wine to the afflicted and destitute; to convey them, as it were, to some friendly inn; with a liberal hand to take out "twopence," or as much as may be required, to give to the host on such occasions, with a generous promise as to any further outlay; but these are individual cases of kindness and peculiarity, and will not apply to mankind at large. As a general principle, the commonest food, the coarsest raiment, and the meanest habitations of humanity, are charged to the uttermost farthing. We can reasonably expect valuable gifts from our heavenly Father alone.

Hurried on by hourly occupations, and taken up with daily cares, we seldom look over the long catalogue of gracious gifts that God in his goodness has bestowed. Were we more frequently to catechise ourselves than we do in these things; were we to number up our past and present mercies, one by one, as schoolboys repeat their past lessons, it would prove a most profitable employment. Let us call to mind a few of our bountifully bestowed blessings now. And first comes the grateful sense of our existence, the heart-beating, pulse-throbbing consciousness, that we are breathing creatures, endowed with life. We see, hear, smell, taste, and feel, and are thrillingly susceptible to what affords us pleasure. We think, reason, expect, remember, and enjoy, and are sensible that this glowing and grateful consciousness of existence is the free gift of our heavenly Father.

And then comes the elevating, the ennobling knowledge that we are not like the beasts that perish; but that our Creator formed us in his own image, breathed into us a spirit of life, a living soul that shall never die! What a gift is the gift of immortality!

The pyramids shall crumble, day by day;
The everlasting hills shall fade away;
But we shall live, though they in ruins sever,
For ever—and for ever—and for ever!

Our gratuitous enjoyments are not only good, but many of them very delightful and even glorious. We pay nothing for fresh air, and the fresh water of the brook; nor for the blue vault of heaven, piled up day by day with snow and golden clouds; yet these things are not only valuable, but inestimable. Ask the afflicted tenant of the sick chamber, or the wretched inmate of a gloomy jail, immured for years in his dreary prison-house; ask him whether the fresh air is a blessing of little value: why his very heart yearns for a breath of that which we partake of so freely and think of so lightly. Speak to the hectic patient, gasping under the dominion of fever; or the heat-oppressed traveller in the sultry desert; speak to him of the fresh wa-

ter of the brook; nothing to him would be so delightful in the whole world as a draught of fresh water, to cool his parched throat and hurry tongue. When the blind—they who were once blessed with sight—when they roll upwards their sightless balls, you may guess what they would give for a glance at that bright firmament above them which you and I regard with so little emotion.

Sunrise and sunset cost us nothing, all glowing and glorious as they are. Colours that are only to be seen in the heavens, and brightness beyond description, are profusely spread, and we have sight to behold them, pulses to throb, hearts to beat, and minds to contemplate with wonder, thankfulness, and joy. Rising and setting suns are common-place exhibitions to us, when, were there only one such exhibition to be witnessed in a century, multiplied millions, nay almost half the population of the globe, would behold it with rapture.

Have you looked on the silvery moon, gliding thro' clouds of bewildering beauty, and gazed on the blue arch of heaven, spangled with glittering worlds, till you have adored their almighty Maker with increased admiration, love and joy? If so, you must have felt that these things fill the mind with conceptions of immensity, power, goodness, and glory; and I need not tell you that we have them for nothing.

Regard the vegetable world! Why, every individual tree, bush, shrub and plant, is enough of itself, ay, more than enough, to impart a thrill of transport to him who feels that he has, in nature's God, a merciful Father and Almighty Friend. Look, then, at the unbounded liberality of our great Creator's vegetable gifts! The spreading oak, the towering elm, the goodly ash, and the romantic fir, challenge our admiration. Nor can we gaze without some increase of delight on the fair flower of the chestnut, the straight stem of the poplar, the silvery bark of the birch, or the drooping branches of the weeping willow. These things, and a thousand more such, we have for nothing.

The balmy breeze, the scent of the new-made hay, the odour of the flowering fields, are ours without payment. Who ever paid a farthing for the daffodil of the dale; for the warbling of happy birds; the murmuring of crystal brooks; the waving of butterflies' wings; the joyous hum, and, if I can say it without irreverence, the incessant halleluia of the insect world? Nature is liberal, nay, prodigal, of her gifts; her spacious halls are flung open; her goodliest exhibitions are free, and her abundant banquets are "without money and without price."

We give money, and time, and labour, for many things of little value; but we never give either the one or the other for the cheerful sunbeam, and the grateful shower; the gray of the morning, the twilight of evening; the broad blaze of noonday, and the deep silence and darkness of the midnight hour! The poorest of the poor have these, and they have them for nothing.

There are among the vast, the mighty and terrible things of the earth, those that yield us a deep delight, and we have them without payment: the mountain towering to the skies, the fearful precipice, the rushing torrent, and the coming storm, are some of them. If you have stood in the war of elements, neither with apathy nor affected sensibility, but with natural and strong emotion, holy awe, high-wrought admiration, adoring reverence, and delightful dread; you know what I mean by deep delight. There is a deep delight, a calm and fearful solemnity in the darkened clouds; the flash that illumines heaven; the crash that shakes the solid earth; the wild sweep of the whirlwind, and the voice of the angry ocean: all these, clothed as they are with mysterious interest, cost us nothing.

The freedom of thought, which no earthly power can control, is worth more than a hundred Mexicos, and yet it costs us not a farthing. Well may it be said,

"My mind to me a kingdom is!"
for there is no other kingdom like it under the sun; yet this, also, is a gift—the free gift of an almighty Benefactor. It costs us nothing.

The Holy Spirit, the means of grace, and the hope of glory, are freely given, and how much do they comprise! If you have ever truly enjoyed the day of rest; if it has been a sabbath to your soul; if, burdened and bowed down, you have knelt at the throne of grace, and risen

from your knees with an enfranchised heart, your soul magnifying the Lord, and your spirit rejoicing in God your Saviour; if, perplexed and bewildered, you opened, with trembling hands, the Book of truth, and the Spirit of the Eternal, like a sunbeam, has opened your eyes and enlightened your mind to see the wondrous things of God's holy law, so that the crooked has been made straight to you, and the rough places plain; if you have entered the house of God, panting after eternal life, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, and a message has been sent you from the Lord by the mouth of his ministering servant, as it were, taking a burden from your back, healing your wounds, binding up your broken bones, satisfying your spiritual hunger, and leading you to the cross of Christ to rejoice—you will truly thank God for these things, and not forget that they cost you nothing.

These, though many, form but a small part of the good gifts we enjoy; for the things which cost us nothing are numberless. But now comes the crowning question to you and to myself. How with such mercies, can we help magnifying the Lord? How, with such abundant gifts, can we do less than live to his glory? Alas! our insensibility and ingratitude!

Pressed into the Service.

"Mr. Tar?" said the Recorder yesterday morning, as if he was anxious to ascertain whether there was any individual of that name present, and if so, that he would like to take a small observation of the person bearing such an odoriferous name. No one rose to the summons, but the Recorder seeing a police officer telegraphing a red faced weather beaten tar, in one end of the box, with hair enough around his face for at least a baker's dozen of stage boatswains, inquired what the man's name was.

"John Hull, your honor," said the sailor, rising and slapping his tarpaulin down on the railing. "John Hull, your honor; and may I be introduced for the first time in my life to the bo'sins cat if Jack Hull was ever ashamed of his name in whatever port he was brought to an anchor. Hull's a name, sir, as'll do to stand by in the roughest sort of a gale, or the greatest calm that ever put old Bor's asleep."

"He told us his name was John Tar, last night, sir," said the officer.

"Did your honor ever see such a spoony of a landlubber as that? Why he wouldn't know the difference 'twixt the figure-head of a seventy-four and the captain's clerk. Jack Tar! you land lubber you. An' so I am a Jack Tar, and doesn't ever mean to sail under any other colors as long as there's a vessel in the Navy with the old stars and stripes streamin' over her."

"You're in the Navy, then?" inquired the Recorder.

"No, your honor, I'm out on it, although I keeps on the togs of the old Uncle Sam; coz, as soon as ever I get out this ere snap, I'm goin' to make a straight wake and 'list for another cruise, and, maybe yet you'll hear of old Jack Hull as one of the chaps as fell in the attack on some of them ere Mexican ports in the Gulf. That's what I'm arter. I've been a workin' all my life, and now I wants to have a little amusement in the way o' batterin' down that ere castle or something o' that sort."

"You've been at sea sometime, have you?" said the Recorder.

"I should say I had, your honor. The first thing I ever seed was the flash of a big gun in 1812, for I was born on the old Constitution in the midst of the action with the Guerriere. My father used to be called 'old John'—Lord bless him! He was sent to Davy Jones's by a grape shot, an' I was christened 'John Hull,' for the captain that was, the old commodore now—Lord bless his old soul!"

"But how came you here, John? you shouldn't be seen in such a place," said the Recorder.

"Well sir," said Hull, looking down, "I do feel just about as small as a middy that has been mastheaded; but what's done can't be helped. You see, I'd taken a stiff allowance of grog aboard, and was beating and tacking about larboard and starboard, when I gin a lee lurch an' I fetched up agin a chap with a tarpaulin on his nob. 'Why didn't you put your helm hard a-port?' said I; 'do you think a first rate's going to look out for all such small craft as you?' 'None of your slang,' says he.—'Who the blue blazes are you?' says I, for I

won't altogether steady, your honor on my pins—hadn't got my land legs on ezactly. 'I'm a watchman,' said he. 'You are, are you?' says I. 'Well, if it's your watch you ought to be triced up and have a round dozen for not keepin' out of the way.' Well, you see, one word fetched on another an' I hauled off and gin him a broadside, but on account o' the grog my guns wasn't heavy shotted an' they didn't cripple the enemy; but he boarded me with a bit of a handspike he had in his hand and brought me a lick that made me see more lights than were ever hoisted at the peaks of the craft aloft in the sky; an' that's all as I recollects till I found myself yonder there, hard and fast among this set of scurvy craft alongside here in this chicken coop."

"You intend to go to sea again?" inquired the Recorder.

"Aye, aye, your honor; an' I'm only sorry as I ever left the old Barran and Captain Jack, for I expect when the Commodore wakes up in the Gulf he'll make up for lost time, an' as Gavment's give 'em a touch of the old Herry blood, I want to let 'em have a small chance of old Hull."

"Well," said the Recorder, "I suspect you have been punished enough for your frolic, and I shall let you go this time upon your paying your jail fees."

"Thank your honor," said the sailor, joyfully, "I shan't forget it; and if you ever hear John Hull has been cut in two by a Mexican shot, just think that my last words will be a blessing on your head for letting me die in defence of my ship and country." The sailor paid his fees, and wanted every body to go out and take a horn; but as nobody accepted his generous offer, he threw down a quarter eagle, saying, "Give these poor miserable chaps something to drink there," pointing to the prisoners in the box, "and let me advise you, comrades, to leave off drinking and join the temperance society."

A HARDENED OFFENDER.—A hardened offender about being hung, the attendant clergyman under the impression that he was a repentant sinner, thus addressed him—

"In a few moments you will be in another and a better world; I envy your place."

"Do you?" said the fellow eagerly "how'll you swop situations?"

"You treat me worse than you do a haunch of venison," said a clerk to his employer.—"How so?" demanded the merchant in surprise. "The venison is taken into your family," replied the clerk; "I never am." "Sup with the young ladies this evening, if you like," said the merchant, "they will cut you up worse than I do venison."

A Coach under Sail.

The New Orleans Bulletin gives the following description of a novel vehicle in use on Galveston Beach, and in Texas, viz: a coach propelled by wind. The vehicle is constructed with four wheels, the front ones being much wider apart than those behind, and on them rests a body like that of an omnibus. In front is the mast, on which the mainsail is placed, and where the tongue of an ordinary carriage is, is a bowsprit for the job. It is steered by an apparatus which directs the hind wheels.—The beach on Galveston Island is as level as a floor, and hard almost as stone, and when there is a fair wind the carriage runs at rail-road speed. When the trade winds prevail the wind blowing then from Southeast, it runs from one end of the Island to the other and back with the utmost facility.

"Quit spitting that nasty tobacco on the floor, Josh, or I'll lick you!" "La, mother, why don't you speak properly? You should have said, cease ejecting that offensive saliva of the Virginia weed upon the promenade, or I shall administer to you a severe castigation.—That is proper ma. Ahem!"

"Little boys should be seen and not heard," as the chap said when he couldn't recite his lesson.

A kite was raised recently in Kentucky. So much line was paid out, and it flew so high, that somebody in the moon caught hold of its tail and pulled it down upon that planet.