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

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Light for All.

BY JOHN GOSTICK.

You cannot pay with money

The million sons of toil—

The sailor on the ocean,

The peasant on the soil,

The laborer in the quarry,

The hewer of the coal;

Your money pays the soul,

But it cannot pay the soul.

You gaze on the cathedral,

Whose turrets meet the sky;

Remember the foundations

That in the earth and darkness lie;

For were not these foundations

So darkly resting there,

You towers could never soar up

So proudly in the air.

The workshops must be crowded

That the palace may be bright,

If the ploughman did not plough

Then the poet could not write.

Then let every toil be hallowed

That man performs for man,

And have its share of honor,

And part of one great plan.

See, light darts down from heaven,

And enters where it may;

The eyes of all earth's people

Are cheered with one bright day,

And let the minds true sunshine

Be spread o'er earth as free,

And fill the souls of men,

As the water's fill the sea.

The man who turns the soil

Need not have an earthly mind,

The digger 'mid the coal

Need not be in spirit blind;

The mind can shed a light

On each worthy labor done,

As lowliest things are bright

In the radiance of the sun.

The tailor, ay, the cobbler,

May lift their heads as men—

Better far than Alexander,

Could he wake to life again,

And think of all his bloodshed,

(And all for nothing too!)

And ask himself—"What made I

As useful as a shoe?"

What cheers the musing student,

The poet, the divine?

The thought that for his followers

A brighter day will shine.

Let every human laborer

Enjoy the vision bright—

Let the thought that comes from heaven,

Be spread like heaven's own light!

Ye men who hold the pen,

Rise like a band inspired,

And, poets, let your lyrics

With hope for man be fired;

Till the earth becomes a temple,

And every human heart

Shall join in one great service,

Each happy in his heart.

ANSWERED.—"May a man marry his deceased wife's sister?"

If she says yes when the question is popped, we hold that he may—and more than this, if she be young, pretty, amiable and accomplished, and necessary to his happiness, we think him a great fool if he don't.

Do all those who talk of philanthropy in their parlors, live it out in their kitchens?

On the People who Pass.

Whether at home or abroad, in the country or the town, in the highways or byways of the retired village or crowded city, it is to me a source of unceasing interest and pleasure to observe the people who pass. Talk of pictures! Why the fellow-beings that people our pathways form some of the most interesting pictures in the world, ever new and changing! When you see people in company, or meet them by appointment, they adapt their manners to the occasion; they are on their guard; they have a part to perform: but when they pass by it is otherwise; they are free from restraint, and they are themselves. Again I say, that the people who pass form some of the most interesting pictures in the world.

Whether the passer-by is a rich man or a poor man, a lady in satin or a woman habited in a threadbare cloak, is not of material consequence. Scores that I often meet, though neither remarkable for riches or poverty, are full of character, and I have very little doubt that Old Humphrey himself has points and peculiarities enough about him to attract the attention, and excite the complacent smile of many a passer-by. I love to think so, and for this reason, when fully persuaded my neighbours are amused at my peculiarities, I feel more at liberty to indulge in a good-humoured smile at theirs.

For years I have been accustomed to see, at a certain hour, a gentlemanly little man, of the old school, go by, carrying a walking stick, and wearing an ample waistcoat, with drab-coloured small-clothes, light stockings, buckles at the knee, and strings in his shoes. He is evidently what is called "well to do in the world;" for he walks leisurely, and seems always in good humour with himself and all around him.—There is no hurry, no bustle, no care visible in his demeanour; he seems to have a contented, affable, and unperturbed spirit. On he goes, seeing everybody and every thing; now looking at a shop window or a passing vehicle; now turning round to take a retrospective glance, apparently measuring with his eye the distance he has walked. The sun may shine, and the shower may fall, but he makes no difference in his clothing. Winter and summer find him the same; for never yet have I seen a great coat on his back, or a boot on his leg. He can speak pleasantly to the poorest man he meets, and yesterday I saw him exchanging, familiarly, a few words with a rich banker. I take him to be an upright, respectable, contented, and worthy man; and I hope that he is looking heavenward, for it is, indeed, time he should do so, seeing that, like myself, he carries years on his brow. He has my blessing.

I often meet, in my evening walk, a short, fat, clumsy-looking, ill-favoured man, dressed in a corduroy jacket with huge pockets, white cotton stockings not over clean, and ill-made, high-topped shoes. With a pipe in his mouth, he lounges at a corner, or leans over a gate, seemingly looking out for some one to exchange a word with him. He is the landlord of a small public house, that does, (I fancy,) very little business. I really do pity the man, for the long hours of his lazy life must hang heavily on his hands. I wonder whether he has a Bible! One would think it would be the greatest blessing in the world to him. Rather than lead such a life as he does, I would gladly work in a saw-pit, or break stones on the highway.

Among the passers-by who have attracted my attention, is an old lady in faded mourning, who not only looks hopeless, but seems like one who never had any hope, so wo-begone is the expression in her face. Her eyes appear to be looking for what she has no expectation of finding. She is evidently walking in the shade, with a heavy heart, and knows not, perhaps, that affliction cometh not forth of the dust, nor trouble of the ground. Mourner as she is, may she be led in her weakness to the Strong for strength, and be taught that God is her "refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

For some years I had noticed, driving by in a coach and a pair of horses, morning and evening, a portly-looking gentleman, with a broad-brimmed hat, peaked before and behind, and curled up at the sides. He was said to be either a stock broker or a wholesale dealer in to-

* Psalm xli. 1

bacco; but how that might be, I cannot tell. It happened that in mounting an omnibus I found him sitting beside me, when that appearance of health in his face which had often caught my attention at a distance, assumed, in my eyes, a different character; he was evidently an ailing man. He spoke to me freely of his ill health, and of some matters which had caused him much anxiety. Alas! in a few days after, he was borne past me in his carriage, in a dying state, and expired in a few hours. There is, indeed, but a step between us and death; and happy is he who can say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

Not unfrequently do I see pass by a well-dressed lady, whose cheerful countenance and sunny smile are like a cordial to my heart.—Two or three times have I seen her stop to speak to poor people. I have taken it into my head that she must be well known to the sick, the afflicted and distressed; and that, by adding to their comforts, she increases her own. I know her in the distance, feel respect for her as she passes by, and honour her when she is out of sight.

Two or three times in the course of the week I have been in the habit of meeting a tall, pilgrim-like looking man, of some fifty or sixty years, dressed in well-brushed, dark-blue clothes, his coat having long skirts. His appearance is striking and interesting. His hat is rather broad in the brim, his knees are somewhat wide apart, and he carries in his hand a stick or staff, of the olden fashion, too tall by far for the top to be held in the hand like a common walking-stick. His fresh colour, healthy appearance, and lightness of foot betoken temperance; while the intellect and thought visible in his face, bespeak him to be a man of talent and sober reflection. I may be wrong in supposing him to occupy some place of trust and importance in the city; but I can hardly err in pronouncing him to be a peculiar character. Latterly he has excited more than ordinary interest in my heart; for not only is he clad in deep mourning, with the symbol of sorrow round his hat, but his walk has been slower than before, and his face impressed with a greater degree of seriousness. Whoever he may be, he has my sympathy. We are both aged, and I hope we are both pilgrims to the city with the golden gates.

There is another that I have often seen, habited in a light cloak, with an umbrella in his hand, when the heavens, in my judgment, (but I am not over weather-wise,) have had little in them prognosticating rain. It may be that he has some cause for carefulness, though he has a good broad back of his own, a round face, and a cheerful expression of countenance. All are not strong who appear so; and I would that he had a little more colour in his cheeks. He walks with a steady pace, like one whose communications with himself are of a peaceful kind. Now and then he looks up at the clouds so earnestly that I have sometimes thought he was looking beyond them. Some weeks ago, I saw him a little way in the country, and the green trees, the blooming flowers, the rippling brook, and the bees and butterflies, seemed by turns to engage his attention. Not an aged person passed without his speaking to him, and for every little boy or girl he had a book with a picture in it, and no doubt some profitable instruction. As I passed by him in the churchyard, I saw some children around him, whom I guessed to be his own Sunday-scholars: he was pointing to a little grassy mound, and was teaching them to recite this verse:

"Putting off till to-morrow
Will lead us to sorrow;
Beginning to-day
Is the very best way."

"Oh," thought I, "if that is the nature of your communications, 'Peace be with you;' I wish you 'success in the name of the Lord.'"

Among those who pass by of an objectionable character, I notice a tall thin man, dressed in shabby black clothes. He has some claims to superior manners, but poverty and bad habits have set their marks upon him, not only soiling and destroying his dress, but also branding his brow. The first time I saw him, he affect-

* Job xix. 25, 26.

ed to mistake me for some one else: then came his ready tale of distress; and last, his appeal to my pocket. The next time we met, he repeated his flattering mistake, and again I was accosted by him as a member of the legislature. The third time I saw him, he was in the very act of playing off the same prank on another, and thus I became better acquainted with his daily avocation. I often see him prowling about in the city, gaunt, seemingly hungry, and keen as a sportsman after his game. What an execrable compact is that formed by poverty and deceit!

I might give fifty other specimens, but, for the present, let the few that I have enumerated suffice. Once more, I say, that the people who pass form some of the most interesting pictures in the world.

Presentation of the Clay Vase.

The Lexington (Ky.) Observer of the 14th instant, contains an account of the presentation to Mr. Clay of the magnificent vase which had been procured to be made by the ladies of Tennessee, as a present for him. The Observer describes the vase as having been wrought with exquisite taste, under the direction of Messrs. Gowdy & Peabody of Nashville. It has on it classic devices and inscriptions, suited to its subject, and admirably adapted as a companion to the beautiful vase which had previously been presented to Mr. Clay by the Gold and Silver Smiths of New-York. Dr. McNairy a distinguished citizen of Nashville, accompanied by his son Henry, was charged by the ladies of Tennessee with the office of presenting the vase to Mr. Clay. This gentleman, desirous to avoid any unnecessary public display, in the delivery of the vase, invited some thirty gentlemen to dine with Dr. McNairy and witness the ceremony. Just before going to dinner, Dr. McNairy rose and addressed Mr. Clay in an appropriate and very eloquent speech. To which Mr. Clay replied as follows:

Dr. McNAIRY: It is no ordinary occurrence, nor any common mission, that honors me with your presence. To be deputed, as you have been, by a large circle of Tennessee ladies to bear the flattering sentiments toward me, which you have just so eloquently expressed, and to deliver to me the precious testimonial of their inestimable respect and regard, which you have brought, is a proud incident in my life, ever to be remembered with feelings of profound gratitude and delight.

My obligation to those ladies is not the less, for the high opinion of me, which they do me the honor to entertain, because I feel entirely conscious that I owe it more to their generous partiality than to any merits I possess, or to the value of any public services which I have been able to render.

If, indeed, their kind wishes in relation to the issue of the last Presidential election had been gratified, I have no doubt that we should have avoided some of those public measures, so pregnant with the evils to our country, to which you have adverted. We should have preserved, undisturbed, and without any hazard, peace with all the world, have had no unhappy war with a neighboring sister Republic, and consequently no deplorable waste of human life, of which that which has been sacrificed, or impaired in an insalubrious climate, is far greater and more lamentable than what has been lost in the glorious achievements of a brave army, commanded by a skillful and gallant General.

We should have saved the millions of treasure which that unnecessary war has and will cost—an immense amount—sufficient to improve every useful harbor on the lakes, on the ocean, on the Gulf of Mexico and in the interior, and to remove obstructions to navigation in all the great rivers in the United States.

We should not have subverted a patriotic system of Domestic Protection, fostering the industry of our own country, the great benefits of which have been practically demonstrated by experience, for the visionary promises of an alien policy of free trade, fostering the industry of Foreign people and the interests of Foreign Countries, which has brought, in its train, disaster and ruin to every Nation that has had the temerity to try it.—The beneficial Tariff of 1842, which raised both the People and the Government of the United States out of a condition of distress and embarrassment bordering on bankruptcy, to a state of high financial and

general prosperity, would now be standing in the statute book, instead of the fatal Tariff of 1846, whose calamitous effects will, I apprehend, sooner or later, be certainly realized.

All this, and more of what has since occurred, in the Public Councils, was foretold, prior to that election. It was denied, disbelieved, or unheeded; and we now realize the unfortunate consequences. But, both philosophy and patriotism enjoin, that we should not indulge in unavailing regrets, as to the incurable past.—As a part of history in which it is embodied, we may derive from it instructive lessons for our future guidance, and we ought to redouble our exertions to prevent their being unprofitably lost.

I receive, with the greatest pleasure, the splendid and magnificent vase of silver, which the Ladies of Tennessee, whom you represent, have charged you to present to me. Wrought by American artists, tendered by my fair countrywomen, and brought to me by an ever faithful, ardent and distinguished friend, it comes with a triple title, to my grateful acceptance.—I request you to convey to those ladies respectful and cordial assurances of my warm and heartfelt thanks and acknowledgments. Tell them I will carefully preserve, during life, and transmit to my descendants, an unfading recollection of their signal and generous manifestations of attachment and confidence. And tell them, also, that my fervent prayers shall be offered up for their happiness and prosperity, and shall be united with theirs, that they may live to behold our Country emerged from the dark clouds, which encompass it, and once more, as in better times, standing out, a bright and cheering example, the moral and political model and guide, the hope and the admiration of the Nations of the Earth.

I should entirely fail, Dr. McNairy, on this interesting occasion, to give utterance to my feelings, if I did not eagerly seize it, to express to you, my good friend, my great obligations for the faithful and uninterrupted friendship which, in prosperous and adverse fortuna, and amid all the vicissitudes of my chequered life, you have constantly, zealously and fearlessly displayed. May you yet long live, in health, happiness and prosperity, and enjoy the choicest blessings of a merciful and bountiful Providence.

The Observer says:—After these addresses, the company adjourned from the drawing to the dining room, where a most sumptuous and beautiful dinner was served up, in the best Kentucky style, to delighted guests, among whom were, besides the distinguished guests from Tennessee, Mr. CRITTENDEN, Gov. LETCHER, Capt. RUSSELL and Maj. STEVENSON of Frankfort, the Baron BULOY and Capt. BRAUNS of Germany, Judge ARNOLD of Canada, Mr. MIDDLETON of Va. and about twenty other gentlemen from Lexington.

After the desert was removed, some allusion was made to the recent Whig victories, and Mr. Clay remarked that, although it was not customary at his table to drink toasts, he would on this occasion, so far deviate, as to propose one, and requested the gentlemen to fill their glasses. Several of them, appearing to anticipate that it would relate to those victories, he said, stop, gentlemen, I must propose one, if possible, still nearer my heart; I propose "The Ladies of Tennessee." It was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm. And, after a suitable pause, Mr. Clay observed: Now, gentlemen, I will offer another sentiment, which I hope will be agreeable to you: "The recent signal triumphs of the Whigs:—begun, may they continue and never end." It was received with a general burst of feeling. The company then returned to the drawing-room, and, after coffee, retired.

HARD MONEY ILLUSTRATED.—A gentleman fifty years ago gave his daughter at her birth a diamond ring costing \$1500, which she has still in her possession, and which will remain in the family. A gentleman at the same time gave his daughter \$1500, which was invested for her use at 7 per cent. compound interest, and as no part of the amount was used, the sum at this day has accumulated to \$41,185 50! while the lady's diamond ring remains at its original value.

Disagreeable weather this—very.