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

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Memory.
BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.
The past she ruleth. At its touch
Its temple-valves unfold,
And from their gorgeous shrines descend
The mighty men of old.
At her deep voice the dead reply,
Dry bones are clothed and live,
Long cherished garlands bloom anew,
And buried joys revive.
When o'er the future many a shade
Of saddening twilight steals,
Or the dim present to the soul
Its emptiness reveals,
She opens a casket, and a cloud
Of cheering perfume streams,
Till with a lifted heart we tread
The pleasant land of dreams.
Make friends of potent Memory,
Oh! young man in thy prime,
And with her jewels bright and rare
Enrich the hoard of Time;
Yet if thou mockest her with words,
A trifer 'mid her bowers,
She'll send a poison through thy veins
In life's disastrous hours.
Make friends of potent Memory,
Oh! maiden in thy bloom,
And bind her to thine inmost heart,
Before the days of gloom;
For sorrow softens into joy
Beneath her wand sublime,
And she immortal robes can weave
From the frail threads of Time.

A WORD TO BOYS.—The "Learned Blacksmith" says: Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas and rivers, with all its shipping, its steamboats, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs; with all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the hands of the Boys of the present age?—boys like you, assembled in school-rooms, or playing without them, on both sides of the Atlantic? Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession. The Kings, Presidents, Governors, Statesmen, Philosophers, Ministers, Teachers, MEN, of the future, are all boys, whose feet, like yours, cannot reach the floor, when seated on the benches upon which they are learning to master the monosyllables of their respective languages.

A FRESH START.—Commence anew. Take a fresh start and persevere. The old beaten track will never elevate your affections—enlarge your minds, or increase your wisdom. To use the old plough your father made—your grandmother's tinder box—your uncle's Queen's arms—your aunt's Dutch oven, and Franklin's Ramage press and peli balls—is not wisdom or economy. Break from the old path, remembering that the mind is onward still. Take advantage of every improvement, adding your own knowledge and experience thereto. What better than a fool is he, who goggles his mind lest he should see the improvements of the age and be induced to turn aside from the beaten track of his forefathers?—*Portland Bulletin.*

A gentleman whose onions frequently disappeared from his garden, accused his negro boy of stealing them, and accordingly flogged him, notwithstanding his protestations of innocence. A day or two after, he was surprised at the entrance into his room of the negro, preceded by a formidable stench, and bearing in a certain grey animal, known commonly as the Po'eca. Here mass cried the Negro, "I told you you whip me for nothin'. Here 'em chap what steal the ingyon; I smell he brecf."

From the New Hampshire Courier. **Aristocracy Humbled.** BY SIR PETER TEAZLE, JR.

In the month of December, 1824, on a cold bleak day, a youth was seen wandering through one of the principal towns in Massachusetts. He was apparently about eighteen years of age, was plainly clad, and fortune had evidently frowned upon him. He entered a hotel, and sat for some time leaning his head upon his hand, as if in deep thought. Presently he took up a newspaper, and glancing over it, his eye caught an advertisement for an apprentice in a printing office of the *Gazette*. On being told, he proceeded thither and on telling his story, the proprietor of the establishment immediately took him into his employ. His story was simple, but full of meaning. It was as follows:

His father was a merchant, and resided in a thriving town on the Merrimac, in the State of New Hampshire. He was considered in good circumstances, and the hero of our tale, whose name was Henry Smith, had the advantages of a good education. When he was fifteen years of age, his father died, and it was found that his estate was insufficient to pay his debts. Henry did all he could to assist his poor mother for two years, when she died, and Henry was left to the mercy of fortune. He therefore, with only a few dollars in his pocket, set off to seek his fortune among strangers, in a cold and heartless world. By chance he got into town where we found him. The rest I have already told to my readers.

Henry Smith was now eighteen years of age. He was to remain with Mr. G. the proprietor of the *Gazette* until he should arrive at the age of 21, as a compensation therefore, he was to receive thirty dollars per year, in lieu of any clothing, and his board for that period.

He proved faithful, industrious and steady; unlike many young men, he "cut his coat according to his cloth," and by that means was enabled to lay up something as the saying is, "against a rainy day."

I trust that my bachelor friends will pardon me when I inform them that I am about to introduce to their notice a female. I, like my celebrated ancestor, Sir Peter Teazle, the First, am a bachelor; but circumstances render it necessary that to tell a story about our friends who have entered into alliance matrimonial, we must sometimes expect to have our path crossed by the fairer and gentler sex. But Peter, Peter! thou'rt indulging in a most unnecessary, unbecoming soliloquy! Go on with thy story, therefore, or disgrace the name of bachelor! Well, to proceed.

Delia Bell was the only daughter of a rich aristocrat in the town of Rushville—(by which name I shall call the town where we first found Henry Smith.) She was a beautiful girl, but had been indulged in everything from her infancy, in fact had been a spoiled child. Like her parents she was proud and overbearing, and was accustomed to think that a mechanic, or even a female who earned her daily bread by plying her needle, was far beneath her notice.

Delia was now seventeen years of age, and by far the prettiest young lady in Rushville. At the time there was held in Rushville, what were called social sewing societies, devoted to raising funds for the church to which the ladies who constituted the societies, belonged. The plan was for the ladies to attend and sew in the afternoon, and in the evening it was customary for the gentlemen of the village to attend, and after socially spending an hour or two, to show their gallantry by escorting the fair ones home.

By chance, it happened one afternoon that Delia Bell condescended to attend one of these societies, though she considered it beneath her station to become a permanent member.

Things went on as usual during the afternoon, and as night spread her sable curtain over the face of nature, the gentlemen came.

"Who is that gentleman in black?" said Delia to a lady with whom she was conversing.

"That is Mr. Smith; he is a capital fellow, come, let me introduce you to him."

"I don't know," hesitated Delia, "he is handsome really," she continued musing.

By this time Henry Smith, for it was no other than he, had advanced to where these

two ladies were sitting, and accosted Delia's companion. He accordingly received an introduction to Miss Bell, and entered into conversation with her. She was so much pleased with him, that in answer to his interrogatory, "shall I see you home?" she assented without inquiring whether he was a mechanic or not.

Henry had ere this, arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and his employer was so much pleased with him, that he gave him a situation as foreman in his office, he might truly have been called the *type* of a gentleman—talented, witty and entertaining, and was withal, very good looking. He had the dreadful misfortune, however, which befalls many young men, of being a great admirer of female beauty.

He had held the situation of foreman about eight months, when he first became entangled in the meshes of a Love net, in down right earnest. He was in this one thing rash and inconsiderate—(that I know from experience—I was once jilted.) Once in, he found a hard matter to get out. He, therefore, in one month from the time of his acquaintance with Delia Bell, wrote to her a *billet-doux*, in which he proffered "his heart and hand." Poor fellow! he had not considered the consequence!

He was held in cruel suspense for a week, when he received the following note—it matters not to the public how I came by it.

"MR. SMITH, SIR:
"I received last week, a note, the contents of which both surprized and shocked me. The very idea of one of that race of beings styled *mechanics*, being united with an *heiress*, is ridiculous—a *journeyman printer*, indeed! Your impudence is intolerable—you have your answer—let your acquaintance cease, henceforth and forever."
D. B.

Three weeks from that time, and Henry Smith was on board a packet, on his way to Europe. He had learned a severe lesson from his love affair, and felt mortified and ashamed.

He immediately determined on becoming an adventurer and for this purpose he left Rushville, and proceeded to Boston, where he embarked as aforesaid.

I shall now pass over three years, leaving my dear indulgent readers to imagine what happened during that period and take up the thread of my narrative in the year of our Lord, 1831.

One beautiful evening in the delightful month of October, as the sun was gradually sinking behind the western hills, the stage coach from Boston dashed merrily into Rushville, and the Coachman proudly drew up his foaming greys' in front of the Washington House—the principal hotel in the village. Among the passengers was a young man, elegantly dressed, who informed the landlord he intended staying in the place sometime, and wished to be accommodated with a room. The Landlord supposing him to be a person of some consequence, accordingly gave notice that the best chamber in the house should be appropriated for the use of the stranger.

The next day was Sunday. What a solemn time is the Sabbath in a New England village! Scarcely a person is to be seen in the street until the hour arrives for all to assemble in the house of prayer. The bells ring—families are to be seen issuing from their dwellings, all attired in their best suits and bending their steps towards their respective churches.

Thus it was in Rushville, on the Sabbath morning of which I am speaking.—The young gentleman whom I have introduced to my readers, (whose name the tavernkeeper had ascertained to be Williams,) proceeded to the Episcopal Church. He noticed there two young ladies—one of whom was extremely beautiful and elegantly attired, who was employed in gazing about the church, during the service; the other was handsome though her looks were inferior to the first mentioned one. She was neatly dressed, and paid strict attention to the exercises—taking part in the services, and responding in a distinct and audible voice.

"Did you observe that gentleman at church this morning, in Mr. Wilson's pew?" said Delia Bell, to her mother, after meeting.

"I did my dear," answered the fond mother, "who was he?"

"I don't know his name, but I was told that he came last evening in the Boston stage and

intends staying here some weeks. Wasn't he handsome?"

"Quite so, my daughter, I should think—though my eyes have got so dim that I could not see him distinctly," returned her mother.

While this was going on at Mr. Bell's the stranger in question, inquired of the landlord as to who the young ladies were, who had attracted his attention. It appeared that the elegantly dressed one was Delia Bell and the other was Miss Jordan, who was an orphan, and lived with her aunt, who was in respectable circumstances, though not rich.

That evening, Mr. Williams called at Esq. Bell's and introduced himself as a young gentleman from the south, who had been spending the summer in New England, and being on his way to New Hampshire, he had concluded to spend a short time in Rushville.

He was politely received by the Bells and Delia was in her glory. When he left, that evening, he was cordially invited to become a frequent visitor.

Things went on smoothly for some time.—Delia was sure she had caught Mr. Williams, and her extreme aversion to common folks was greater than ever. She was eloquent in the praise of him.

"Is he not charming?" said she, "and such beautiful language as he uses: It is said that he wrote that elegant poetry in the last *Gazette*. There is one thing that I dislike in him however."

"What is that my darling?" said her father.
"Why, he said that he thought that horrid Marianna Jordan was handsome. And he even called there last evening," said Delia.

The next week, invitations were given out for a splendid party, by Mr. Williams, at the Washington.

The evening arrived, and it was a merry time at the old hotel. All the beauty and beaux of the village were there, and music and dancing kept pace with time. Supper was at length announced, and Mr. Williams led the way to the banquet room without a partner. Delia Bell did not like this, but she thought it for her interest to take it in good part. As supper concluded, Mr. Williams rose and requested silence for a few moments. In an instant the clatter ceased—all held their breaths in expectation of a toast from their hospitable entertainer.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said he, "I have invited you here this evening that I might introduce myself to you in my true character.—Seven years ago, I came to this town a ragged and forsaken orphan, and learned the honorable profession of a *printer*;—and the circumstances that caused Henry Smith to leave his native land, and seek his fortune in foreign climes, is doubtless known to you. Since then fortune has bestowed on me her sunny smile, and I have returned wealthy. I wish to hurt the feelings of no one, but merely to give a lesson of wisdom. My partner in the next dance is my intended, affianced bride!"

Huzzas followed this harangue, and Henry Smith was welcomed to Rushville, by all, save one. That one was Delia Bell. Mortified and horrified, she immediately left the room;—long it was ere she forgot this circumstance.

But who was Henry Smith's partner? I will tell you. 'Twas no other than the humble Marianna Jordan. I leave my patient readers to suppose all about their marriage, (which was soon consummated) as I have an unconquerable aversion to talking about weddings. Suffice it to say, that they are still alive and happy, with some three or four little prattlers running about their premises;—and I hope that Mr. and Mrs. Smith, should they see this, will pardon me for disclosing their family secrets.

Editorial Difficulties.

The editor of the Sidney (Ohio) Aurora makes the following brief pathetic appeal to his subscribers: 'Friends and Brethren, can we have your attention for a few moments, while we inform you that we are out of money out of paper and out of wood!—We would add, also, that we are out at the elbows, but that fact is so well known that it is unnecessary to mention it.'

SHAMEFUL.—Members of Congress, in addition to their enormous pay and perquisites have this year voted themselves Books, to the amount of \$66,040, 27! How much better is this, than to vote themselves each a farm?—*Mirror.*

From the Picayune. **A Scene at New Orleans.**

TOM TIPPLE, who liked Volunteering, but had a distaste for Active Service.—"Yes, there it are again," said Tom Tipple, as he yesterday saw a company of gallant volunteers marching up St. Charles street, the stars and stripes proudly flaunting over them, and a fife and drum in advance, loudly, if not eloquently, discoursing martial music; "there it are," said Tom, "and the old tune, too, 'March to the battle-field'! Marching to the battle-field is all very well, but marching home agin, providing a feller succeeds in dodgin the Mexican copper bullets, with the fever and ague on his back instead of his knapsack, and a wooden leg instead of a nateral limb, aint what it's cracked up to be.—'There now, the tune is changed to 'How happy's the soldier.' Yes, he's cussed happy, aint he? They may tell that to the jack tars—even the marines won't believe 'em. There aint no use at all in telling it to a feller like me, what lived three months among the chapparal, on the banks of the Rio Grand, on crackers and salt pork, and what used up so much of the latter, for the want of summit better, that I was afraid to look a shot in the face. Yes, there's more of it. [Sings with the music]—

The star-spangled banner, and long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
Hurrah! that's all fust rate; but if you want that
ere flag to wave over the land of the free and
the home of the brave, why in h—ll do you take
it to Mexico? Them ere greasers aint free nor
brave, no how you can fix it; so, you see, though
the music is good, the sentiment aint 'proprieate.'
Now I hant got no objection to volunterin, as
I knows on. I aint no ways backward at that.
I have already jined eight companies, took treats
in my turn in each, besides doing the promis-
cuous drinkin for twelve temperance volunteers.
I calls that doing a jolly business; it's the po-
ery of the perfussion, as Bill Matthews used to
call it. Marchin to the battle-field is all very
well, taken in the figurative sense—the way
members of Congress wishes to be understood
ven they calls 'the honorable gentleman wot
spoke last,' a liar; but ven it comes down to
literal prose—ven a feller converts himself, for
eight dollars a month into a thing to be cracked
at and shot, it's not wot it's cracked up to be
by a long shot. Therefore, I say—

"I say you are my prisoner," said rather a
ferocious looking gentleman, wearing a leather
cap, having a red sash encircling his waist and
a moustache in a state of juvenility on his upper
lip; "I say you are my prisoner; you en-
rolled yourself in my company, and drew six
days' rations." "Vell, vot of it," said Tom
Tipple, "the hact o' Congress sez there aint
no unvoluntary service in the volunteers, and
I claims to be a free and independent citizen."

A crowd shortly collected around Tom and
his captor, among whom not less than half a
dozen claimed Tom as having enrolled himself
in as many different companies. He was de-
livered over to the civil authorities for further
disposition.

A runaway apprentice is thus described in
an eastern paper:—"He is thick set, usually
wears a glazed hat five feet high, and iron shod
shoes with cross eyes!"

We rather guess that chap might be identi-
fied in a crowd.

"Don't talk to me about your gun cotton,"
said a gentleman, "I'll put my wife against any
invention in the world for blowing people up;
if the Government could get her to sit down op-
posite San Juan de Ulloa, the Mexicans would
leave instanter."

WALNUTS.—It has been ascertained that the
shag bark walnut may be sufficiently engrafted,
and that the engrafted trees are much the sur-
est bearers. It is probable that the hickory, or
shag bark, would do well engrafted on the pig-
nut. If it should, the quantity raised might be
greatly increased, and the quality much im-
proved. The Madeira nut, which is usually sold
at the shops under the name of the English
walnut, at twelve and a half to sixteen cents
per pound, may be cultivated here without diffi-
culty, and is very productive. In the vicinity
of New York there is a tree which has pro-
duced in a single year as many as sold in the
market for two hundred dollars. We have no
doubt that it might be engrafted on the butter-
nut or walnut with perfect success.