

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 7.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1847.

No. 37.

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 7 1/2 cents, per year, extra.
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
If advertisements not exceeding one square (irteen 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.
If all letters addressed to the Editor 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.**

Mrs. SIGOURNEY, proffers the following graceful and deserved tribute through the columns of the National Intelligencer:

To Mrs. Madison.
Time is prone away to sweep
Charms of youth we vain would keep;
Sparkling lustre from the eye,
From the cheek its ruby dye,
From the smile its power to rest
Warmly in the soften'd breast.
Yet, he sometimes leaves behind
Mental treasures more refined,
Jewels of the heart, that grow
Brighter for the touch of wo;
Gold in sharp alembic shriven,
Gems that catch the lue of Heaven.
Lady! of the noble mein,
Still in soul and grace a queen,
He to thee strange love hath shown,
Spared youth's gifts and left his own!

The Careful Old Lady.
The old lady sat in her rocking chair,
Darn, darn, darn;
The fire was bright and the night was fair,
Darn, darn, darn;
The stocking was old, and the heel was worn,
But she was well furnish'd with needle and yarn
And well she knew how the heel to turn,
Darn, darn, darn;
She sat in her chair from morn till night,
Darn, darn, darn;
And still her eye was watchful and bright,
Darn, darn, darn;
For well she used her needle to ply,
And every hole in the stocking could spy,
And to mend it faithfully, she would try,
Darn, darn, darn;
Young ladies, if ever you hope to be wives,
Darn, darn, darn;
For, many a call you will have in your lives,
To darn, darn, darn;
Would you keep your children neat and clean?
Would you save your toes from frost bites keen?
Then never believe that darnings are mean,
But darn, darn, darn.

How to Restore Frozen Plants.
If you have ever had the misfortune to find your parlor window favorites frozen stiff when you paid your devours to them in the morning, you will appreciate and thank an unknown friend for the following recipe for preserving tender plants from the effects of frost, and restoring them after they have been frozen. Before you allow them to feel the effects of fire, plunge the whole, or as much of the frozen plant as is practicable, into cold water, and keep it in until it has thawed, which will easily be known by its becoming flacid; then place it where it will warm gradually, as sudden heat will cause it to die. Plants of the most hardy will recover immediately—others will lose their leaves, or even die down to the ground—and some are so tender that the slightest frost will kill them; but generally they will put forth with fresh vigor after a season of rest and gratefully repay your care. Water sparingly until the leaf-buds are well grown, increasing the quantity when they expand.

Matrimony below 40.
Of the single marriageable ladies who reached Oregon last season, two thirds were married before the 1st of March, and the other third had found great difficulty in resisting the darts of Cupid. At one time even old maids were at a premium in Oregon City, and the last one that remained played a star engagement of coquetry and flirtation before she gave herself away. If a couple of hundred notes of supernumerary girls should go there, they would be like hot cakes on a cold winter's morning. The cry in Oregon is "Hurry on the g'als!"

A new coffee pot, that produces a rich coffee from old bars, antiquated boxes, and hopeless expressions, has been invented down east.

The Dignity of Labor.

There is no surer mark of the progress of any people in the arts and sciences of civilized life, than the estimation in which labor is held among them.

In the ruder stages of society, personal prowess and physical vigor constituted the standard of worth. As civilization advances, skill in arms and moral accomplishments became the chief recommendations to honor and distinction; and finally, the march of mind through a multitude of agencies, the chief of which is the press, establishes the great truth, that excellence consists alone in a combination of mental power and moral vigor. It may provoke a smile to think that mere physical power should have ever been the measure of a man, and that his character should have been estimated by the number of pounds he could lift, the distance he could jump, or the force with which he could hurl a stone. Yet notions far more ridiculous, if possible, prevail at the present day. How many young men are there, who estimate their gentility by the smoothness and whiteness of their hands; whose standard of manhood is the time they can waste in idleness, the number of cigars they can smoke, the quantity of Champagne their heads will bear, and whose highest idea of worth is the amount of money they squander! How many young ladies are there, too, reared in luxurious ease and refinement, have no higher standard of worth than the amount of costly silk and lace they can exhibit, the quantity of jewelry with which they can catch the vulgar eye, and dazzle the perceptions of the weak and thoughtless! It may appear a matter of small consequence what opinions such persons may entertain of labor, or those who perform it: but the disesteem of labor, is the unerring mark of tyrants; in every period of the world, a contempt for labor and the most abject slavery on the one hand, and the most oppressive tyranny on the other, have existed together. The ancient Lacedaemonians may serve us one example. No person ever more utterly despised labor; it was consigned to the hands of their Helots, who were in consequence the most abject and degraded slaves.

Persons who thus despise labor, and condemn the laborer, may not know or may not care, what miseries they inflict upon society, by thus striving to overturn the basis of republican liberty and social prosperity, but neither their ignorance, nor willfulness, can palliate the guilt of such efforts. The direct tendency of their example, is to degrade the majority of mankind; and tender labor less honorable than their own "masterly inactivity." And suppose, for a moment, that it should prevail so far as to make the mechanic ashamed of his tools: lead him to renounce his trade and forsake his shop; how are his wants to be supplied? Evidently by compulsory labor; the poor driven by necessity, must become slaves to the rich, thus widening the invidious distance between them until the reward of a laborer's toil shall be a scanty substance at the discretion of the master. This is one effect; and it is easy to see what others must follow. Perhaps one of the most cutting rebukes ever given to this spirit of aristocratic arrogance, was administered by that great man, Chief Justice Marshall. A gentleman recently settled in Richmond as a merchant, went to market carrying his own basket. He observed, however, other gentlemen attended by servants making purchases, and felt a little ashamed of his position. Turning to an old man, whom he saw rather rustily dressed, and lugging a well-filled basket, he asked him to take his also.— "Certainly, Sir," said the old man, and taking the merchant's basket, carried it to his residence. The gentleman offered him a quarter for his trouble, which was refused.

This created some surprise, and led the merchant to notice where the old man went. Passing on, the old man stopped at a house which had been pointed out to him as the residence of Judge Marshall. "Ah!" said he, "that accounts for the refusal of the money, he is Judge Marshall's servant." In a little while, the merchant received a polite note requesting the pleasure of his company to dinner at Judge Marshall's. On arriving at the door, the very same old man answered his summons, and showed him into the drawing room; but imagine his surprise, when the old man seated himself on a sofa, and commenced one of his unimpaired and delightful

conversations, with the freedom of a master and the wisdom of a philosopher. At first he thought it strange conduct in a servant; but probably he had imbibed something of the master, for whose appearance he was waiting with much exciting anticipation. But soon he began to see his error. "I owe you an apology, Sir," said he to the Judge. "It matters not," said the Judge, "we will become acquainted, and less ashamed of helping ourselves." And thus it has been in all ages of the world, and the truly wise and great have sought honor from labor.

The apostle Paul thanked God he had not lived an idle drone; that he had not been a burden to any, but had wrought with his own hands; and his great Master art the stamp, the signet of dignity upon labor, and made it inherent and indelible. What are mines and lands, forests and streams, until labor has given them value? Cheerly work on, then, thou man of toil, for although the pride of some, and the indolence of others, may throw an unequal burthen on thee it can bring no disgrace, that belongs exclusively to the other side of the house; for though affluence may exempt its possessor from the necessity of toil, it can give no right to despise labor, or degrade thee. He who fulfils the great condition of existence to "eat his bread in the sweat of his face," is the truly honest man, the man of true honor and worth, and such art thou.

Prince Murat.

The Boston Post has a long letter from Tallahassee, Florida, in which occurs the following notice of a naturalized citizen whose name, when borne by his father, made some noise in the world;—Among the prominent citizens of Florida we find a live prince the son of Murat, King of Naples. Prince Achille Murat is a genius. Inheriting all his father's courage, but little chivalric love of glory, he has settled down on a plantation, the quiet citizen and spectator of the affairs of the world. Various anecdotes are related of him. The Prince once fought a duel. He came on the ground with his surgeon, and took his station smoking a cigar. He quietly puffed, and when the word was given he fired. The unfortunate Floridian, his antagonist, was shot and fell. Murat's surgeon, seeing his employer bolt upright, ran to assist the fallen. The prince, who had a little finger cut nearly off by the other's ball, called to his surgeon—"What for you go there? See you doctor, holding up his finger dangling by a bit of skin, I want you cut my finger off. Let him poor devil go. He got what he come for. I pay you hundred dollars to come here to cut bullet out of my body if that rascal shoot him in. Let him pay for his own carving. If he not satisfied, I give him another ball just so soon as you can cut off my finger." But one ball did satisfy his antagonist and they retired. The Prince is fond of hunting, and he goes in for the profits of the field and moor. Nothing that swims the water, flies the air, crawls or walks the earth, but that he has served up on his table. Alligator steak, frogs' shins, boiled owls and roasted crows are found palatable; but there is one animal that the prince don't like. The buzzard is one too many for him. I try him fried. I try him roasted; I try him stewed, and I make soup of him, but the buzzard is not good. I have no prejudice against him, but I cook him every way, and then I no like him." Buzzard's soup! think of that! it takes a Frenchman to develop the resources of a new country.

KISSING.—How delightful it must be to a young gentleman to lick the paint and dirt from the cheeks of a smiling lass; and who, in the act is transported in an ecstasy of delight and admiration by the heavenly sweetness, like some little urchin licking "lasses candy" and how pleasing and delightful it must be to a young lady, to have her face licked by one whose lips are bedaubed with the filthy juice of tobacco, and whose breath smells strong of the noxious weed, together with the fumes of alcohol! It must be supremely sweet to them—the "nectar of heaven!"

A tombstone in New Jersey, bears the following inscription: Reader pass on—never waste your time. On had biography of bitter rhyme; For what I am—this cumbersome clay insures, And what I was is no affair of yours.

Small Farms.

The greatest obstacle to the improvement of Agriculture in America, is the propensity of the farmer, the *mania* I might well call it, to own more land than he can till to advantage. And it is thus that we see scattered over the country, large tracts of sterile, unproductive land, which, under good cultivation, would yield bountiful and valuable crops.

Not only the dictates of sound philosophy, but numerous facts, drawn from experience, are constantly and loudly calling upon the farmer from every quarter to occupy a *small farm*, and cultivate it well. I wish that this admonition could be thundered into the ears of the agricultural population until a complete revolution should be produced in the farming system.

This great truth is already beginning to be understood in other countries, and is attended with corresponding advantages. The densest population in Europe may be found in Flanders and Lombardy, where the land is divided into small farms, and, being thoroughly tilled, produces abundant food for the inhabitants. And the experience of a quarter of a century in France, proves, that, by the occupation of the country under small working farmers, the land produces one-third more food, and supports a population one-third greater, than when it was possessed in large masses. The law is universal—it applies to every country—that success in Agriculture consists in the thorough cultivation of a small piece of ground, which, well-manured and well-worked, yields up its treasures in prodigal profusion.

In almost every part of our country, one capital error runs through the whole system of farming. A great deal of money is invested in land, and a very little money employed in its cultivation. And it is sad to see the owner of a large farm pride himself on the number of acres which he possesses, and undertake to cultivate the soil without sufficient means. Such a man has been happily compared to a merchant, who expends all his capital in building for his own use a large, roomy store, and is afterwards seen gazing with complacency on his bare wall and empty shelves. He has chalked out to himself a hard lot, and voluntarily enters on a state of servitude worse than Egyptian bondage. His work is never accomplished.— He toils at all hours, and yet is never ahead of his work, and his work is never half done.— He has not time to accomplish anything thoroughly. His house is out of repair—his cattle poor—his barn dilapidated—his fences in ruins—his pastures overrun with bushes, and acres of land, which, under proper cultivation might be made to yield a rich harvest, are but little removed from barrenness, perhaps dotted with mullen, burdocks, thistles, or filled with sorrel, white weed, and other noxious plants, which root out the grass and eat up the life of the soil, without affording nourishment to man or beast.

Such a man has little reason to pride himself on his extensive possessions, and, paradoxical as it may appear, he would, in nine cases out of ten, add to his riches as well as his enjoyment, by giving away one half at least. He is, in the true sense of the word, miserably poor, in fact a slave; and when his eyes are opened to his real condition, it is no wonder that he is glad to emancipate himself, by selling his farm for what he can get, and escape, post haste, to Texas or Iowa.

A Juvenile Yankee Trick.

In the village of New Bedford, (says the Providence Herald,) the boys were in the habit of playing at ball. A cross grained old chap, who kept a crockery store, was somewhat annoyed at the juvenile sports; and whenever a ball come in his way would seize upon it, take it in his store and clap it in his stove without ceremony. A few days since, having made a prize of one of the offensive articles in question and adopted his usual course, he soon found he had "caught a Tartar." A horrible explosion took place—the store was blown "sky high," the store was shattered with the shock—and about forty dollars worth of crockery was dashed in pieces! It is necessary to add that the urchins who had been so often interrupted in their sports by "coursops" had charged their ball with gunpowder by way of a practical hint to the old fellow to let them alone in future.

From the Argus.

Canine Sagacity.

Me srs Editors of the Argus: Being a great admirer of that noble animal, the Dog, I give you an instance of his sagacity for the truth of which I can touch, as I have it from eye-witnesses, whose characters put it beyond doubt.

A small old dog, a mixture of the terrier and common cur, belonging to Joseph C. Powell, Esq., of this town, which received no other training or attention than what are commonly given to farm-dogs, was with his master when he slaughtered an ox. A part of the head, was given to the dog, but a large hog disputed his right to it, and took it away from him. He made a great fuss about the hog and tried to drive him away; but his courage not being equal to his sagacity, the hog retained the head. The dog started for the house, within a short distance, scratched at the door and was let in by Mrs. Powell, who with her daughter, had been watching through a window his attempts to drive away the hog. He rushed into a back room and came back with an ear of corn in his mouth and stood by the door, looking very wishfully at his mistress, who let him out, and with her daughter watched his proceedings. He ran and dropped the ear of corn close by the hog, which left the head and went to eating the corn. The dog at once seized the head and dragged it away, and a gate being opened for him he secured it entirely to himself. Towanda, Feb. 11, 1847.

How to approach Animals.

Perhaps it is not sufficiently known or considered how near it may be possible to get to even the most timid animals, to watch them in their actions, if the observer will be occasionally content to remain still and motionless for a few minutes. We have seated ourselves in a wood, and, while keeping perfectly quiet, without moving a limb, have had the hares sporting at our feet, as if unconscious of its proximity. The same thing has occurred with the water-rat, one of the shyest of our native quadrupeds, and which in general darts into the water with great rapidity on the slightest alarm. It is moving objects, or the noise of some one approaching which most readily frightens animals. Yet even when it becomes necessary to advance in order to see anything of their ways, as where they are feeding at a distance in open ground, we may sometimes, by dint of great caution and patience, get almost completely up to them, without causing them to fly. We must only be careful to take very short steps at intervals, always desisting the moment our objects shows any apprehensions and remaining stock-still until we see it resume its former state of ease and returning to its food, or to whatever else it is occupied with. By these means we remember once succeeding in actually getting so close to an old rabbit feeding upon a lawn as to secure it with a common walking stick, where there was nothing to conceal our approach to the animal, which appeared in perfect health and no-wise disabled.

It might not be easy to do this again, and some accidental circumstance, besides patience on our part, might have favored the success which attended the experiment in this instance; but, certainly without patience, it would have been altogether impracticable; and we mention it in order to show how it is possible gradually to habituate animals to the appearance of man, just as we know birds to get in time habituated, as the farmer is too well aware, to the scare-crow in the fields.—*Jenyn's Observations in Natural History.*

"Mein Got," said a Dutchman in the market house a short time ago, who was searching in vain for some cabbages, dese M. v. g. a. i. d. n. b. t. den Hutterlots—dey ish g. o. n. k. a. l. e, no crout, no nuthen. Dunder and blizen noish vonder dey can't fire.—*Matamoros Flag.*

A Surplus.

The surplus product of corn of New Jersey, is now worth a million and a half of dollars. Freight on the railroad are difficult to be obtained, notwithstanding that the New Jersey Railroad Company are running many extra trains both day and night.

The U. S. troops stationed at Fort Pickens have been ordered to Mexico.