

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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Advertisement of a Lost Day.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Lost! lost! lost!
 A gem of countless price,
 Cut from the living rock,
 And graven in Paradise.
 Set round with three times eight
 Large diamonds, clear and bright,
 And each with sixty smaller ones,
 All changeable as the light.
 Lost—where the thoughtless throng
 In fashion's mazes wind,
 Where trillith folly's song,
 Leaving a sting behind;
 Yet to my hand 'twas given
 A golden harp to buy,
 Such as the white-robed choir attune
 To deathless minstrelsy.
 Lost! lost! lost!
 I feel all search in vain;
 That gem of countless cost
 Can ne'er be mine again;
 I offer no reward,
 For till these heart-strings sever,
 I know that heaven entrusted gift
 Is left away forever.
 But when the sea and land
 Like burning scroll have fled,
 I'll see it in his Hand
 Who judgeth quick and dead,
 And when of scathe and loss
 That man can ne'er repair,
 The dead inquiry meets my soul,
 What shall it answer there?

The following is a bill of items, lately introduced in the trial of a breach of promise case before a court in New Hampshire, by the fair plaintiff—

Mr. Eliphalet	To Miss Jehila	Dr.
To dancing three cotillions on first acquaintance,	\$ 15 00	
To value of three sighs and one dream that night,	250 00	
To thinking of the color of his eyes one day at church,	486 00	
To going to the races, after refusing six other beaux,	525 00	
To cutting three fine fellows to please him,	93 00	
To making a watch chain,	120 00	
To cost of materials for ditto—6 bits,	75	
To five romps and two flirtations,	144 00	
To tearing a gown and bursting a stocking in said romps,	7 31	
To one kiss—stolen,	125 00	
To allowing him to kiss my cheek ten times without flinching—\$11 each,	110 00	
To a long walk by moonlight, including sentimental lost,	270 00	
To thirty blushes when he popped the question,	600 00	
To my heart—alas!	1 94	

The following capital anecdote is told by the 'Young 'Un,' in the last N. Y. Spirit of the Times:

On a fish-woman's stall in front of Boylston Market, (Boston,) last season, a few live lobsters were exposed for sale. A stranger unacquainted with ichthyology, came along, and turning over the dormant animals, asked the price; at the same time raising one of them to a close proximity with his nose.
 "Where?" said the fellow, "I'll hev you prosecuted, mum—it smells!"
 At this instant, the lobster's claw closing with a 'whack!' fastened itself firmly upon the gentleman's nose!
 The old woman placed her arms a-kimbo, in triumph—and simply asked the gentleman with a chuckle—'who smells now, mister?'
 A Snake.—A son of Erin thus describes a snake: "He is a venomous baste; he has neither hind fore legs nor fore hind legs; he has neither hair, feathers, nor wool on him; he has an eye like a chicken, and goes crawling through the grass whasling."

Educate the People.

MEN of wealth, men of learning, pour instructions upon the heads of the people—you owe them that baptism. Look at the boy in the gutter! hatless, shoeless, and almost naked, he is a part of our king; a part of our sovereignty. Should he not receive a sovereign's education? Should he not be prepared for the throne our institutions have given him? There is a gem in every human form; let the diamond be polished, and it will shine in truth and beauty. There is still in the most debased 'a beam ethereal, though unsullied and dishonored, still divine.'—And our motto should be—Teach and habituate the people to make a right use of the faculties which God has given them, and then trust them fearlessly to themselves. Give democracies education, and freedom of action, and then let them alone!

'Uneducated mind, is educated vice,' for God made man to know. He is the creature of instruction; for in a right education there is a divine alchemy which turns all the baser parts of man's nature into gold. We are told by the ancients that as soon as the first rays of the morning sun fell upon the first statutes of Memnon, it sent up music. It is after the first rays of knowledge to fall upon man that his nature discourses harmony—all before is the darkness of barbarism.

All can see that wickedness leads to misery, yet very few find out that which is equally certain that ignorance leads to misery, and misery to wickedness. Dr. Johnson was once asked:—"Who is the most miserable man?" and the reply of the sage was: "that man who cannot read on a rainy day." The writer was once passing through a park, and saw nailed to one of these trees this warning:—"All dogs found in this park will be shot."—A friend who was with us, remarking, unless dogs can read they are pretty badly off here." Now God has not only written his laws upon the trees, but in the stars and in the flowers: his laws are above us and beneath us, on our right and on our left, and if a man is not able to read, he is pretty badly off here—worse off than the dog, for the dog has a master to read for him; but man has no master between him and his God.

A maxim, of more truth and force than any I remember ever to have seen, was thrown off by a British statesman—by a man who was in learning vivid, varied, and philosophical, and who in conversation threw out more gems, sparkling and brilliant as they come, than any other man of his age. His profound apothegm was that "Education is the cheap defence of nations." And if I might put a truism by the side of this, I would say, it is cheaper to educate the infant mind, than to support the aged criminal. Yes, bestow the pence on common schools, and save the pounds on prisons. Man was not made to be sent to prison, but to be educated; and "the very worst use you can put a man to is to hang him." Neither is a man a Human Poor Box into whose mouth we are to drop a few cents daily. "The ignorant child left to grow up darkening into the deeper ignorance of manhood with all its jealousies, and its narrow mindedness and its superstitions, and its penury of enjoyments: poor amid the intellectual and moral riches of the universe; blind in this splendid temple which God has lighted up, and famishing among the profusion of omnipotence."

"O wo for those who trample on the mind, That fearful thing! they know not what they do Nor what they deal with— To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries there."

The Ten Commandments Versified.

The Decalogue has been thus tersely and quaintly rendered into rhyme, and would in this shape be a good exercise for the memories of young children.
 1—I am the Lord thy God—serve only me—
 2—Before no idols bow thy impious knee;
 3—Use not my name in trifles or in jest;
 4—Dare not profane my sacred day of rest;
 5—Ever to parents due obedience pay;
 6—Thy fellow-creature, man, thou shalt not slay;
 7—In no adulterous commerce bear a part;
 8—From stealing with care keep thy hand & heart;
 9—All false reports against thy neighbor hate;
 10—And ne'er indulge a wish for his estate.

A poet asked a gentleman what he thought of his last production—"An ode to sleep." The latter replied, "You have done so much justice to the subject that it is impossible to read it without feeling its whole weight."

Gen. Winfield Scott.

The following fine anecdote of the brave and honored officer is related of him in a biography recently published by Prof. E. E. Mansfield of Cincinnati:

There is a striking instance of Gen. Scott's courage and prowess recorded in this book. When he with about three hundred prisoners had been taken to Quebec, exchanged and embarked on board a vessel bound to Boston, some English naval officers stationed at Quebec resolved to detain every one of the prisoners with an Irish accent, as British subjects. For this purpose they boarded the cartel just as she was getting under way. Scott was in the cabin. He heard a bustle and great excitement on deck, and hastened up to learn the cause. Here he saw a party of British officers in the act of mustering the three hundred prisoners and separating from their companions such as either confessed they were Irishmen, or by their accent betrayed the land of their birth. They were in great distress and confusion. Twenty three of the poor fellows, many of whom had families in New York, and other places, had already been marched to the other side of the deck as British subjects. There they stood trembling, but when they saw Scott appear, hope brightened up in their countenance.

"What means this gentlemen?" demanded Colonel Scott, (for he was then only a Colonel) looking sternly around upon the British officers, and drawing his tall form up to its tallest height.

"We have orders sir," was the answer "to weed out the British Subjects from the prisoners who are to leave, and send them in the frigate alongside to be tried and executed for the crime of treason."

"Have you selected any for this purpose?" demanded Scott.

"Yes twentythree," answered the British officer, pointing to the group of Irish on the other side of the deck.

Scott knew that there were among the Americans at least forty more brave Irishmen, and he resolved if he could not save the twenty-three he would protect the remainder.

"They are all you will get, sir," was his indignant response to the British Captain. Then turning to his own men, he said to them in an authoritative voice, "I command every one of you to remain absolutely silent, and on no account speak a word or respond to any of the questions put to you."

The command was strictly obeyed. Not a man moved a lip! Glad were they to obey, at least the forty adopted Irishmen, this command of the Colonel.

In vain the British officers threatened, swore and foamed with rage. Col. Scott was repeatedly commanded by them to go below: but he stood firm and unblenching before his armed foes, himself totally unarmed. High words ensued, and for a few moments those for whom he stood up so fearlessly and bravely, expected to see him attacked with the weapons of the infuriated Englishmen. At length finding that he would not yield, and the men would not open their mouths, they gave it up.—Scott then addressed the twenty three men who had been selected, and assured them that the U. States would not fail to avenge them. He ended his address in these words:

"Finally, I pledge myself to you in the most solemn manner, that I will not rest until I have achieved your liberation or avenged your deaths! And I say to 'you,' he added turning to the British officers, that retaliation and a refusal to give quarter in battle, shall follow the death of one of these gallant and faithful fellows!"

The British officer tried to interrupt him and prevent his words from being heard, but without success.

The Irishmen were put in irons and sent to England. When Scott landed in Boston, he proceeded at once to Washington and laid the subject before the Government.

At length his efforts were crowned with success. The United States interfered.—The English dared not touch one of the party, and at the close of the war twenty one of the twenty three reached New York, two having died on the passage.

Scott chanced to be in Brooklyn when the ship containing them came to the wharf.—Not

suspecting who was on board, as he was watching it he was attracted by loud cheers and great bustle on her deck. Unconscious of his being the object of it, he approached the scene, when great was his delight to find that it was his old Irish friends, in whose behalf he had so nobly interfered at Quebec, and who had that moment touched the shore which but for him they would never placed foot upon again. They recognized his tall and commanding form at a distance, and unable to restrain their gratitude and joy, they gave vent to it in cheers. They hailed him as their deliverer, and nearly overwhelmed him with their warm-hearted embraces.

Moorish Ladies.

Maj. Noah gives the following reminiscence of his residence in Algiers:

When in Tunis, I found myself in love with a handsome mussulman lady, who lived on the opposite side of a street scarcely ten feet wide, and who would draw aside the silken curtains from the iron bars of her windows, when unobserved, to converse with me in *Lingua Franca*. I talked of love—like all young fellows of twenty-five—with an irrepressible ardor.

"No! no! Sidi," said she, "if we were detected, it would be nothing for you—you would only lose your head, but I should have my face unveiled, be made to ride backwards on a mule, tied on a sack, and thrown into the sea."

My ardor fell like a barometer in a squall, and the little value she bestowed upon my head—contrasted with her disgrace—did not increase my affection. She said what was true. It is the inevitable punishment of being detected in an intrigue with the barbarians. It is rather dangerous, therefore, to inquire of a man after his wife's health. This wretched life, however, of the females of Barbary, creates a feeling of melancholy, and makes her prone to the tender passions. This melancholy never leaves her—she seldom smiles. Her husband takes her to his country house, has music, dancing and festivities to enliven her—she is the same taciturn and melancholy creature.

We sometimes pity an otherwise handsome woman, who has unwieldy proportions, and give way to her in the omnibus with obvious reluctance; but in Barbary she would carry off the palm. The more fatness the greater beauty as a wife—and their tender mothers begin at an early age to fatten their daughters. They allow them very little exercise—compel them to eat very rich substances—little paste balls dipped in oil—and every kind of food calculated to procure obesity. The result is, the lady who requires a camel to carry her is the first on the list. Let a Pacha with three tails walk down through a line of Christian and Musselman beauties, he will pass by the light, graceful, and sylph-like forms, which to us are so attractive and stop with admiration in front of a lady weighing some three hundred pounds, smack his lips and exclaim, "Meelchi esseri!"

A Prophecy—The Potato Crop.

A correspondent of the London Economist has furnished the following:—"Last evening, I met, at dinner, a Roman Catholic priest, a Doctor Smith, from Connetmara county, Galway, who related the following conversation he had with that extraordinary man, Cobbett, 1826.—While speaking of Ireland, Cobbett said that the dirty weed (alluding to the potato) would be the curse of Ireland. "How so?" replied Dr. Smith, "what must the people do without it? they live upon it. They have had it in cultivation 180 years." Cobbett answered, "they must go back to the same food they were accustomed to live upon previously to the general cultivation of the dirty weed; and that is grain, as wheat, rye, &c. You have four millions of souls in Ireland, and eight millions of acres of uncultivated ground. This ground must be drained, and brought into cultivation, and you must again grow wheat, oats, rye, &c. The potato will not last more than twenty years, when it will work itself out, and then you will see what a state Ireland will be reduced. You must return to grain crops; and Ireland, instead of being the most degraded, will become one of the finest countries in the world. You may live to see my words prove true, but I never shall."

Among the passengers in the Cambria, was General Tom Thumb, whose receipts in Europe have been upwards of \$750,000.

Life's Pendulum.

At every swing of the pendulum a spirit goes into eternity. The measure of our life is a handbreadth; it is a tale that is told; its rapidity is like the swift shuttle or the flying arrow; it is brief as the fading flower, or the transitory rainbow, or the dazzling meteor; it is a bubble—it is a breath. At every swing of the pendulum a spirit goes into eternity. Between the rising and setting sun, 42,000 souls are summoned before their Creator. Death is ever busy, night and day, at all seasons and in all climes. True, as well as beautiful, are those lives of Mrs. Hemans:

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thy own, O death!

He is supplied with a boundless variety of darts and arrows, with which he accomplishes his work. Could all the forms in which death comes to man be written together, what a long and fearful catalogue would it make! Think of the innumerable number of diseases, all at the command of death. And as though these were not sufficient, see how man is exposed to fatal accident on every hand and at every moment. It was a saying of Flavel, that "the smallest pore in the body is a door large enough to let in death." "The leanest gnat in the air," says the same writer, "may choke one, as it did Adrian, a Pope of Rome. A little hair in milk may strangle one, as it did a counsellor in Rome. A little skin of a raisin may stop one's breath, as it did the lyric poet, Anacreon."—Even the food we eat to nourish us, and the air we breathe may introduce death into our systems. And though every thing else should fail to harm us, we might fall beneath our own hands should God permit a cloud to pass over our reason. O, how insecure is life! how near is death! What has been said of the mariner in respect to his ship, that "he always sails within four inches of death," may be said of the soul in relation to the body. If the ship split, then the sailor sinks; if our earthen vessel break, the soul is plunged forever into the shoreless ocean of eternity. Were our senses not benumbed, and deadened, we should be constantly reminded of this danger. We should read a warning in every star, leaf, and hear an admonition in every wind that sighs. Even sleep, "nature's sweet restorer," would be a mighty monitor of death—an ever present emblem of mortality.

Plant Trees.

Plant trees every where, we say: let them shade our streets, and grow wherever there is room for them. Especially plant them in the country, where open fields will admit, and be sure that in the end they will surprise the planter by their growth whilst he and his children are sleeping! In evidence of this, let us quote an anecdote to the purpose. It is related of a farmer in Long Island, that he planted an ordinary field of fourteen acres, with suckers from the locust (a native of this country) in the year of his marriage, as a portion for his children. His eldest son married at twenty-two. On this occasion the farmer cut about fifteen hundred dollars worth of timber out of his locust wood, which he gave to his son to buy a settlement in Lancaster county. Three years after he did as much for his daughter. And thus he provided for his whole family; the wood in the mean time repairing by suckers all the losses it suffered. [Boston Transcript.]

Good.—A young Lawyer, living not a thousand miles from Lycoming county, received the following Valentine from his sweet-heart, accompanied with a proper emblematical figure:

"A LAWYER."

As tough as your parchment, as black as your heart,
 Made up of lies that will fill an ox cart,
 A face full of impudence, as mad as a bull,
 A soul far more black than a negro sheep's wool;
 To wed with all these I am not such a dunce,
 I'd prefer the old devil, your daddy, at once.

The latest curiosity added to the fancy museum is "a tooth from the mouth of a backbiter." It is a hideous old snag.

Who says women do not usually outlive the robuster sex? We see it stated that an inhabitant of Corfu, who lately returned from Spitzbergen, after an absence of 28 years, found his wife in very good health, but the widow of three husbands!