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The Laborer's Orison at Sunrise.

How pure the air, how sweet the breeze!
The dewy grass how vernal!
What Being has created these
But Thou, the Great Eternal!
A world of goodness spreads around,
A heaven above doth bless me;
But man the foe of man is found,
And laws unjust oppress me!
I grieve for another day
Of labor unrequited:
My Father and my Deity!
When shall these wrongs be righted!
Oh! stretch thine hand o'er this land,
A strong, a just redresser,
And bid the prostrate poor upstand,
And humble the oppressor.
We ask Thee for our daily bread,
Our feeble lives to cherish,
And lo! a bounteous feast is spread,
That none for lack may perish.
But king and statesman, peer and priest,
Whom guile hath made the stronger,
Have driven Thy people from the feast,
Condemned to toil and hunger.
Oh, Lord! how long shall this prevail!
How long thy judgments linger!
Our little ones for bread do wail,
Their mothers faint of hunger,
Afar we stand, a gloomy band,
Our worth, our wants neglected,
The children in their father-land
Cut off, despised, rejected!
"Oh, Lord! how long," the myriads pray,
"How long this sore despoilment?"
"There is no God," the oppressors say,
"To mete us out chastisement."
But know, ye proud, ye sordid crowd,
A storm shall yet o'er take you,
When God's right hand comes o'er the land,
Like withered stems to break you.
To humble your obdurate pride,
To ope your sealed garner,
Rough shod, a mighty scourge shall ride
O'er your unfiled scorners;
And change you like the feathered snow,
The melting sun hung o'er it,
And whirl you as the wind doth blow
The desert sand before it!

From the Knickerbocker.

A Benedict to a Bachelor.

Don't tell me "you haven't got time"—
What other things claim your attention:
There's not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention.
Don't tell me about "other fish,"
Your duty is done when you buy 'em;
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.
You may dream of poetical fame,
But the story may chance to miscarry;
The best way of sending one's name
To posterity, Charles, is to marry.
And here I am willing to own—
After soberly thinking upon it—
I'd very much rather be known
Through a beautiful son than a sonnet.
I could give you a bushel of reasons
For choosing the "double estate,"
It agrees with all climates and seasons,
Though it may be adopted too late.
To one's parents 'tis gratefully due,
Just think what a terrible thing
'T would have been, sir, for me and for you,
If ours had neglected the ring!
Don't search for an "angel" a minute:
For suppose you succeed in the sequel,
After all the deuce would be in it,
For the match would be mighty unequal;
The angels, it must be confessed,
In this world are rather uncommon:
And allow me, dear Charles, to suggest,
You'll be better content with a woman.

Pepping the Question.

The following from 'Every One's Book,' contains some useful suggestions on a subject in respect to which good advice is particularly desirable. It is to be regretted that some set form of words has not been adopted by general consent, to save lovers from the agency of circumlocution.

There is nothing more appalling to a modest and sensitive young man than asking the girl he loves to marry him—and there are few who do not find their moral courage tasked to the utmost.

Many a man who would lead a forlorn hope, mount the breach, and seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth, trembles at the idea of asking a woman the question which is to decide his fate. Ladies may congratulate themselves that nature and custom have made them the responding party.

In a matter which men have always found so terrible, yet which in one way or other they have always contrived in some awkward manner to accomplish, it is not easy to give instructions suited to every emergency.

A man naturally conforms to the disposition of the woman he admires. If she be serious, he will approach the awful subject with due solemnity—if gay and lively, he will make it an excellent joke—if softly sentimental, he must woo her in a strain of high-wrought romance—and if severely practical, he relies upon straightforward common sense.

There is one maxim of universal application. 'Never lose an opportunity.' What can woman think or a lover who neglects one? Woman cannot make direct advances, but they use infinite tact in giving men occasion to make them. In every case it is fair to presume that when a woman gives a man an opportunity, she expects him to improve it—and though he may tremble, and feels his pulse throbbing in every limb—though his heart fills up to his throat, his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth yet the awful question must be asked—the fearful task accomplished.

In the country, the lover is taking a romantic walk by moonlight with the lady of his love—talks of the beauties of the scenery the harmony of nature, and exclaims, 'Ah, Julia, how happy would existence prove, if I always had such a companion!'

She sighs and leans more fondly on the arm that tremblingly supports her.

'My dearest Julia be mine forever!'

This is a settler, and the answer ever so inaudible, makes or undoes him quite.

'Take pity on a forlorn bachelor,' says another, in a manner which may be either jest or earnest—'marry me at once and put me out of my misery.'

'With all my heart, whenever you are ready,' replies the laughing fair.—A joke carried thus far is easily made earnest.

A point is often carried by taking a thing for granted. A gentleman who has been paying attention to a lady says, 'Well, Mary, when is the happy day!'

'What day, pray!' she asks, with a conscious blush.

'Why every body knows that we are going to get married, and it might as well be one time as another—so when shall it be!'

'Cornered in this fashion there is no retreat.'

'Jane, I love you! will you marry me?'

'Yes,' would be short and sweet for an answer.

'Ellen, one word from you would make me the happiest man in the universe.'

'I should be cruel not to speak it, then, unless it is a very hard one.'

'It is a word of three letters, and answers the question. Will you have me?'

The lady of course says 'Yes,' unless she happens to prefer a word of two letters, and answers 'No.'

And so this interesting and terrible process in practice, simple as it is in theory, is varied in a hundred ways, according to the circumstances and the various dispositions.

One timid gentleman asks, 'Have you any objection to changing your name?' and follows this up with another which clenches its significance:—'How would mine suit you?'

Another, asks, 'Will you tell me what I most wish to know?'

'Yes, if I can.'

'The happy day, when we shall be married!'

Another says, 'My Eliza, we must do what all the world evidently expect we shall.'

'All the world is very impertinent.'

'I know it but it can't be helped. When shall I tell the parson to be ready?'

As a general thing, a gentleman need never be released. Every woman, except a heartless coquette, finds the means of discouraging a man whom she does not intend to have, before the matter comes to a point of declaration.

'Hiram, my boy,' said a tender father to his son, 'you must be more careful of yourself than you are. You have not got the constitution of some.'

'Don't believe a word on't, Golly, I've got the constitution of a boss. There ain't no break up nor down to me. Dang it, if I don't believe I've got the Constitution of the United States!'

From the Albany Cultivator.

The Crops of 1847.

The grass or hay crop, taking the country together, was probably a full average one.—There were deficiencies in some sections from the grass having been winter-killed, and in others from drought.

Wheat, notwithstanding its unfavorable appearance in the early part of the season, gave, with few exceptions, about a middling yield; and from the large extent of ground occupied by the crop, the aggregate amount of this grain produced in the country, is probably not less than in any former year. In some sections the crop was considerably winter-killed, and it suffered in the west by the fly. Spring wheat, which was sown to some extent where the winter variety failed, and which is considerably cultivated in the northern section of this country and in the Canadas, generally yielded well.

Rye, barley, oats, and buckwheat, gave their usual returns. The latter crop is spoken of as particularly good in quantity and quality. All the small grains were generally secured in good order.

Indian corn—which it has been said, "forms the backbone of our husbandry," and it might have been added, of the people too, in a great degree—has given a full crop. It will be remembered that this grain was, the last winter and spring, in great demand, and brought high prices for exportation to the British islands;—this circumstance induced farmers in the eastern part of the country to plant very largely of this crop the present year. The product has been satisfactory, and we trust there will be no cause of complaint on the score of profits; but it should not be forgotten that the high prices of last year were occasioned by an almost unprecedented scarcity of bread stuffs in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and with the good crops which have there, as well as on the continent of Europe been obtained the present year, no such extraordinary demand can be expected to arise. Still the article has now been fairly brought into use in the countries mentioned; and from our improved modes of preparing the grain by kiln-drying, and the nice manner which is adopted of putting up the meal, it may be confidently expected that its consumption will continue, and that it will after a while be generally esteemed. In every view of the case we think there is a better prospect of opening a permanent and profitable trade with England in Indian corn, than with any other article of bread-stuffs; because it cannot be successfully produced there, and is not much cultivated in any of the European countries, though wheat is grown largely by all those countries, and many of them have usually a large surplus for exportation.

Of the potato crop we hardly know what to say. It was planted to a great extent in all sections accessible to the large eastern markets. The tubers vegetated well, the vines grew vigorously and appeared perfectly healthy in this vicinity till the latter part of August. At that time the blight made its appearance, killing the tops and turning them black in the space of a few days, and shortly after the tubers began to rot. We are unable to state the extent of the disease as compared with former years. From what we have heard, it appears to have occasioned more damage in the eastern part of the country and in this state than heretofore.

In regard to the cause, prevention, or cure of the disease, we are not aware that any new light has been obtained the present season. If any thing has been added to the general stock of knowledge by another year's experience, it is that all the nostrum and quack remedies which have been put forth in regard to the subject are worthless.

It will be noticed that the blight which precedes the rot, came on about a month later the present season than in 1846. From this circumstance and the healthy appearance, up to a late period, of the crop of the present year, great hopes were entertained of its exception from attack.

In regard to the greater liability of some kinds to rot, the same evidences have appeared this season as formerly. From the accounts we receive, the Mercers, ("Neshannocks" or "Chenangoes") suffer most, and next to this variety the Carters.

We have heard of several instances where early kinds planted on favorable soil, early in the season, got fully matured, so that the vines had died naturally, at the time the blight occurred. In such instances we believe the crop has remained sound; though on the same farms, the same kinds that were planted so late that the vines were killed by the blight, have rotted to a great extent.

Odds and Ends.

A married lady found her two sons quarrelling, and in hopes of putting an end to their differences, uttered the following: "You young rascals, if you don't desist directly, I'll tell both your fathers."

An Irishman, in speaking of a spell of sickness he had, said:—"By my faith, I laid spacheless six weeks in the long month of August, and all my cry was, 'wather! wather!'"

Education.

There is much truth in the following article, which we copy from a Canada paper:

"If there is one matter of greater importance to the human family than all others, it is the education of the young. The children who now fill our schools, or play about our streets or fields, will in a few short years manage the affairs of the country; and it will depend upon their present training, whether these affairs will be well or ill-managed. The conduct of the rising generation will not, however, effect themselves only. In proportion, as it is good or bad, it will give pleasure or pain to their parents; and their character will be stamped upon succeeding generations. We may, therefore, affirm, that the effects of what we now do in the matter of education, will be felt through all time, although time will only reveal the smallest part of these effects.

How important is it then, to secure a good system of education! It is generally said of children uneducated in schools, that they are without education. This is a mistake—they have more or less education, but unfortunately it too often consists of lying, cheating, swearing, drinking, cruelty, or other vicious courses, for though naturally prone to evil, yet to attain proficiency in vice, children require to be educated. But this education costs nothing. Only neglect to teach them what is good—let them run idle in the streets, and take up with the company they meet there, and their education for evil is secured. And here let us remark, that if we do not take care to furnish them with a good education, society is so constituted, that they will be almost certain to find a bad one for themselves. Their faculties are so sharp and vigorous, that they cannot remain inactive; they are continually learning and imitating what they see and hear, and their character, as amiable and worthy members of society, or the reverse, is in a great measure formed at a very early age."

Redeem Time for Study.

The busiest workman can spare some moments. If you mean to get wisdom you must learn the value of moments. Great attainments have been made in these little snatches.—Whether you work or play, do it in earnest, but never be unemployed an instant. Unstable and indolent people lose much of life in thinking of what they shall do next. Always have a book within reach, which you may catch up at your odd moments. It is incredible, until trial has been made, how much real knowledge may be acquired in those broken scraps of time. Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it is but a single sentence. The man who pursues this method will infallibly become learned. Take a little time for reading from each end of your night's rest. If you can gain fifteen minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the close of the year. I have sometimes thought that the mind acts with double vigor when forced into the brief periods of application. By degrees you will learn to save moments from work. And in long winter evenings, you will certainly be inexcusable, if you do not devote an hour or two to your books.

The Difference.

The question "why printers do not succeed so well in business as brewers," was thus answered:—"Because printers work for the head, and brewers for the stomach; and where twentymen have a stomach, but one has a head."

"Couldn't you get young pork, ma'am, to bake with your beans?" said old Roger, somewhat cynically, as he sat at the table on Sunday.

"They told me it was young," said the landlady.

"Well, it may be so, but gray hair is not a juvenile feature, by any means, in our latitude, ma'am," continued he, fishing up a gray hair about a foot and a half long with his fork.—

"He may have been young, but he must have led a very wicked life to be gray so soon."

"As he spoke he looked along the table, and a slight emotion was visible among the boarders; and the man who sat opposite with his mouth full of the eatables with which he had been endeavoring to smother a laugh, grew dark with the effort, and then collapsed, scattering dismay and crumbs amid the nicely plaited folds of old Roger's shirt frills.

I kissed the tiny hand I held,
I pressed the fairy form,
I vowed I'd shield her from the blast,
And from the world's cold storm.
She raised her melting eyes to mine,
All filled with drops of wo,
With quivering lip she faintly said,
"Oh, quit, don't hug me so."

A grave friend of ours tells us that he and his wife always get to bed quarrelling, and yet says he, with all our difference we never "fall out."

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree? Because it is farthest from the bark.

A Locofoco View.

The following is an extract of a letter written from Puebla, by the army correspondent of the North American, Mr. Toby, a gentleman well known to the newspaper press in Philadelphia and elsewhere, who, if he has not become a convert to Whig principles, has at least discovered the mistake of his party in making and adopting the nomination of Mr. Polk. We commend his remarks to that class of politicians who go for their "country right or wrong," with the proviso that *President Polk be considered the country.*

The letter was written before the advance of the army upon the city of Mexico, and while Santa Anna was being allowed ample time to collect his immense forces and fortify every approach to the city. After speaking of Santa Anna's operations and preparations the writer says—

"This will bring to the minds of many at home the predictions made by General Scott during his controversy with the Secretary at War. The main army has advanced 200 miles into the heart of the country and rests for the present within 70 miles of its capital. The battle of Cerro Gordo cost us alone 400 men—the sick and discharged sick will swell that sum to 1000. Seven volunteer regiments were discharged at Jalapa; and yet, with the addition of but 600 recruits, Gen. Scott, following the instructions of the President, has pushed on to the last halting place on the Atlantic side of the Halles of the Montezumas. And here we halt until the reinforcements under Gen. Cadwalader arrive.

"Who, I would ask of the 'right and wrong' supporters of Mr. Polk, is to blame for this delay—this necessary pause which enables the enemy to prepare every means desirable to oppose our approach? which puts in his hands the means of giving a more formidable battle than any which has yet been fought, and in which much more of the best blood of our country must be spilled? Not Gen. Scott, for he gave his warning advice at a time when if listened to by the quack warriors at Washington, much of delay and bloodshed and suffering might have been avoided. He saw at a glance the obstacles which he would have to oppose, and with an experienced judgment, baptised in other battles, and on other fields, and matured by long study and a comprehensive knowledge of the art of war, laid his plan of campaign before the cabinet. And what said the seers of the white house? They could not deny the correctness of his plans, they did not even cavil at his conclusions: but they found matter of graver moment to quarrel with. A "hasty plate of soup," disarranged their digestion, and terrible Presidential nightmares disturbed their siestas. They knew (I must give them credit for knowing something) that in order to prosecute this war to a speedy and honorable close, the plan of operations proposed by the General-in-Chief should be adopted; but they knew too, that their power was fast crumbling and falling away, and though they could not arrest their own downfall, would not consent to see others rise above them, even upon the red field where they had imprudently cast the glove of their country's honor. Gen. Scott asked for an army large enough to have subjugated Mexico in two months. At last, a year after this request, he is receiving the last half of the number he required in September, almost a year ago, but as his enemies at the time said, was too long to protract the war. And of the first half how many are there left? Let not my brother democrats, who have not discovered who James K. Polk is, cavil that I handle him like a true locofoco, without gloves. I do not know a Democrat in the whole army, regular or volunteer, who does not execrate the man and his war measures.

"Should it ever be the privilege of us here to cast our votes again for a President of our republic, I am inclined to think that we shall require more than the *ipse dixit* of a Baltimore convention to control our suffrages. For myself I shall go with the old toper who could not be fooled with a choice beverage, which his landlord said was 'bran new whiskey and none of your old stinking stuff twenty years old.' I shall take the twenty years old proof in preference to another 'new man.'

Defining Lesson.

"Napoleon Alexs Dabba, come up here and say your lesson. What makes boys grow?"
"It is rain, sir."
"Why do not men grow?"
"Because they carry an umbrella, which keeps off the rain."
"What makes a young man and a young woman fall in love?"
"Because one of 'em has a heart of steel, and the other has a heart of flint, and when they come together they strike fire and that is love."
"That's right. Now you may go and plague the gals."