

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## Live them Down.

Brother, art thou poor and lowly,  
Toiling, drudging, day by day,  
Journeying painfully and slowly,  
On thy dark and desert way?  
Pause not—though the proud ones frown!  
Sink not, fear not—live them down!  
Though to Vice thou shalt not pander,  
Though to virtue thou shalt kneel,  
Yet thou shalt not escape Slander—  
Jibe and lie thy soul must feel—  
Jest of whittling—curse of clown—  
Heed not either—Live them down!  
Hate may wield her scourges horrid,  
Malice may thy woes deride;  
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead—  
Envy's spear may pierce thy side!  
Lo! though Cross shall come to Crown!  
Fear not foemen!—Live them down!

## The Seven-Shilling Piece.

It was during the panic of 1826 that a gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. Thompson, was seated with something of a melancholy look in his dreary backroom watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit; there existed, perhaps, in the city of London no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson and Co.; but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting entirely that this step was that of all others the most likely to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands of his cashier; for although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he fondly imagined to be his dearest friends eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong-box.

Presently the door opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him. "You will pardon me sir, for asking a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the point."

"Well, sir?" impatiently interrupted the other. "I have heard that you have a run on your bank sir."

"Well?" "Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself: our cashier will instantly pay you;" and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir: I have not one sixpence in your hands."

"Then may I ask what is your business here?" "I wished to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment."

"Why do you ask the question?" "Because if it would, I should gladly pay in a small deposit."

The money-dealer stared. "You seem surprised: you don't know my person or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago when you resided in Essex?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike-gate through which you passed daily?" My father kept that gate, and was often honored by a few minutes' chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll-bar. On that day you passed

through, and I opened the gate for you. Do you recollect it sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those who are benefitted by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix: listen, however, only a few moments, and I have done."

The banker began to feel interested, and at once assented.

"Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. 'Thank you, my lad,' replied you—'thank you; and the same to you: here is a trifle to make it so; and you threw me a seven-shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed; and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile in bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up, added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been getting on; your present brought good fortune with it: I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So this morning, hearing accidentally, that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and brought it to lodge with you, in case it can be of any use: here it is—here it is; and he handed a bundle of bank-notes to the agitated Thompson. 'In a few days I'll call again;' and snatching up his hat, the stranger, throwing down his card, walked out of the room.

Thompson undid the roll: it contained £30,000! The stern-hearted banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble, that even a millionaire sobbed—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in London.

The £30,000, of the turnpike-boy is now grown into some £200,000. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts.—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

## Life in Cities.

The New York "Tribune" discourages all those who contemplate changing their country for a city life. The cities are full, and over full, we are told. There being an over supply of labor, there is want and suffering among those seeking employment. Many seek employment here without finding any. Gigantic foreign emigration fills us with the cheapest sort of labor. The editor says:

"But do you contend that no American should ever migrate from the country to one of our cities?" No, sir, we do not. What we do maintain is this: Whoever leaves the country to come hither should feel that he has faculties, capacities and powers for which the country affords him no scope, and that the city is his proper sphere of usefulness. He should next be sure that he has the ability to procure a livelihood while he shall be laboring to attain that sphere which he regards as his ultimate destination. No youth should migrate to a city without a thorough mechanical trade or handicraft such as is prosecuted in cities, although he may not intend to follow it except in case of dire necessity.

Teaching, clerking, law, &c., are so very precarious, except to men of established reputation and business, that it is next to madness for a youth to come here relying upon them. With a good trade, a hearty willingness to work, strict temperance and habits of economy, it will be hard to starve out a man who is trained only for a teacher or clerk, or who "is willing to do anything"—which means that he knows how to do nothing.—With these our city always has been, always will be crowded; it pays for burying the greater part of them.

The young man fit to come to a city does not begin by importuning some relative or friend to find or make a place for him. Having first qualified himself, so far as he may, for usefulness here, he comes understanding that he must begin at the foot of the class and work his way up. Having found a place to stop, he makes himself acquainted with those places where work in his line may be found, sees the advertisements of "Want's" in the leading Journal at an early hour each morning, notes those which hold out some prospects for him, and accepts the first place offered him which he can take honorably and fill acceptably. He who commences in this way is likely to get on.

But for him whose chief object is to live comfortably, or even to acquire wealth by honest industry, the city is not the place. The mass of men and women work far steadier and harder here for a bare subsistence than they do away from the cities. To say nothing of the ruder manual toil by which no man can support a family in comfort, the average earnings of good mechanics here will not exceed eight dollars per week the year round, or \$400 per annum. This will seem considerable to mechanics who can hire a good house and garden for \$30 to \$60, with often a strip of pasture or meadow attached; but let such a one consider that here almost any kind of a house costs from \$300 to \$500 per annum, and the meanest domicile into which a family can be crowded—per-

haps up two flights of stairs—will cost him \$100, with like charges for fuel, milk, vegetables, &c., and he will understand the whole subject much better. A good mechanic can support his family better by five days' labor per week in the country than by six in this or almost any great city.

## Great Russellville Snake.

A friend has communicated to us a snake story, which we think worth recording. In July last there was a great excitement in and about Russellville, in this State, on account of the reported appearance in that neighborhood, of an immense snake, which had been seen at different times by various creditable witnesses. The favorite haunts of his snakeship, were a pond and a briar patch some two miles from Russellville, on the farm of an old gentleman, who was much annoyed by visitors in quest of fish and blackberries. Various and contradictory reports were related, as to the descriptions, size, &c., of the monster; some giving it as their opinion that it was the veritable sea-serpent, which was making a tour of the continent, while others were sure it was a dry land reptile of the rattlesnake breed, as they had heard the shaking of its mighty tail hundreds of miles off. Some contended that it was as long as a clothes line and big as a yearling calf, while others of a less vivid imagination represented it as not more than sixteen feet long and three feet in circumference. A hunter had gone in pursuit of him, and returned without his dog, whom it was supposed snakey had taken down. A young negro had been missed from the neighborhood, and it was firmly believed he had followed the footsteps of Pointer.

As might be supposed these rumors spread with rapidity, and created great terror in the minds of the Russellvilians, they declared a crusade against the serpentine intruder, and resolved 'to head him or die.' Traps were set, and snares laid to catch him, but all in vain. And at length one day, two negroes, who had been in search of the monster, discovered him lying across a fence near his favorite blackberry patch, which he seemed to guard with as much interest as if he was the owner thereof. One of the darkies, feeling probably that 'familiarity breeds contempt,' kept a long way off, and raising his gun, fired and fell back. The other having more nerve, approached within some twenty yards and let off his double barrel, which took effect in the reptile's head. They immediately put off to town to relate their achievement and procure a horse and cart to carry the carcass away.—Sam proceeded at once to the most popular hotel, and to a gaping and delighted auditory, proclaimed his victory over the terror of the neighborhood, and his reception, as the novelist says, 'may be better imagined than described.' Wellington fresh from Waterloo, or Hyer after his fight with Sullivan, was no more lionized than Sam was at Russellville hotel. He invigorated the internal man with frequent libations, and then with horse and cart, followed by numerous inhabitants, on foot and on horseback, proceeded in quest of the spoils of his victory. Sam reached the place first, and uncoiled the snake from the fence—the citizens gathered around, and began a minute inspection of the monster.—About this time a horrid oath burst from Sam—a general roar of laughter arose from the crowd—and the 'tempest in a tea-pot,' had exploded. The wonderful and terrifying monster, was made of striped muslin, stuffed with bran and shavings, and painted to life.

The counterfeit snake was an ingenious piece of workmanship, and reflects credit upon the mechanical ingenuity 'of the owner of the land,' whose receipts from fish and blackberries, last summer, exceeded any previous year. Sam still declares the 'muslin serpent,' is not the one he killed, but that a swop had been made during his absence.—*Lou. Cour.*

## Excessive Politeness.

Rowland Hill (a celebrated English preacher) was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the Chapel, or when any thing occurred to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion, a few days before his death, he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse he observed a commotion in the gallery. For some time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction from which the confusion prevailed, exclaimed: "what's the matter there? The devil seems to have got among you."

A plain, country-looking man, immediately started to his feet, and addressing Mr. Hill in reply, said:

"No, sir, it isn't the devil as is doing it; it's a fat lady wot's fainted; and she's a very fat 'un sir, and don't seem likely to come to a gain in a hurry."

"Oh that's it, is it?" observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin; "then I beg the lady's pardon—and the devil's too."

## THE CHANGES OF LIFE.

HOPE—ACTIVITY—ENERGY.

The realities of life are full of admonition. The events that pass before our eyes in the course of a few years, the changes that take place, the characters that are developed, will, if read rightly, be found full of practical knowledge, and calculated not only to warn but to direct. We are too apt to overlook the ordinary circumstances of existence to be startled by results, without tracing out the causes.—Most human beings hurry on from day to day, without glancing at the past, reflecting upon the present, or regarding the future. We are all to a certain extent creatures of hour. We live, move, and have our being in the scenes and excitements immediately around us. If we hear of the fall, the wreck, the ruin of a friend or acquaintance, we comment hastily, and in most cases rashly—seldom look back with the object of ascertaining the real source of the calamity, and rarely perceive that at least some of the errors which precipitated the downfall of the victim are among our weaknesses and infirmities!

How numerous—we repeat—the changes of life! In what wide contrast! Let an individual who has attained the age of fifty, pause for a moment and gaze around him. He will discover that the children who long after he had attained the years of manhood, played about his knees, are now among the fathers and mothers of mankind; while those to whom he looked up in boyhood, are either decrepit and tottering with age, or have passed to "the Valley of the Shadow of Death." The span of human life—how narrow! Even the nearest and dearest of the beings with whom our existence is intertwined, pass away, and are speedily forgotten, or if not forgotten, are remembered so carelessly, as scarcely to excite a momentary feeling. The philosophy of life is understood by few. It is practiced by still fewer. We do not live so as best to provide for our general and life-long happiness here, as well as in the life to come—but in most cases, for the gratification of momentary wishes, desires, appetites and objects. The young, when they start upward and onward on the hillside of existence, are naturally buoyant, gay, and cheerful. Imagination colors and brightens the future—they have little to regret in the past, and hasten on their way to rejoicing.—When, however, they reach middle life, or a point beyond, and pause for a moment, with the object of ascertaining their real position and prospects, they begin to realize that there is much of shadow as well as of sunshine in human existence—that men are false, corrupt and treacherous—that evil still prevails to a fearful extent—and thus a feeling of sadness and dissatisfaction steals into their hearts. When, too, as it often happens, they find themselves deceived and betrayed by those they tried and trusted; or when, after having toiled for years to secure some darling object, they awake in disappointment and mortification, we cannot wonder that for the moment they should grow misanthropic, and view with distrust all their fellow men.

It is at such seasons that a kind, and encouraging word—is all important. They should then be taught that life is full of change—that the brightest morning is preceded by the darkest night—that time, faith and energy should never be inculcated and practised with a spirit of more determination than when the heart appears disposed to shrink and cower before the tempests of the world.

Look through society. Mark the changes that have taken place within a few years—ten, fifteen or twenty. Yonder passes a citizen who five years ago was a bankrupt—overwhelmed with debt, and as too often the case under like circumstances, without credit, and a character sullied without suspicion. His creditors lost by and hence suspected him. Nay, some of them went further, and harshly—bitterly accused him of fraud. For a time he was stung to the quick. To be unfortunate, he thought, was bad enough; but to be assailed and reviled because of his misfortune—he felt was cruel. But what should he do? Should he yield to the storm, abandon the commercial walks, become an idler and a pauper—or should he nerve his heart and his mind for the trial, and by living down his calamities, endeavor to regain his character, and thus a new foothold in society? The latter course was adopted and pursued with active and untiring energy. No opportunity was lost to convince the suspecting and defaming that they were wrong—and, although for a time the effort was unsuccessful, it triumphed in the end. Nay, in one instance, a leading capitalist who had been sadly embittered, was convinced that he had done the unfortunate gross injustice. He was a high-minded and generous hearted man—and as soon as the conviction was forced upon him, that he had been assisting to crush still further a really honest but unfortunate fellow creature, a re-action took place in his feelings. He sent for the debtor—apologized for his conduct, and proffered liberal assistance. It was adopted. A new start was thus obtained—the clouds disappeared—the sunshine of prosperity grew brighter and brighter, and now the bankrupt of only five

years back, is fully on his feet again—with a resuscitated character—high hopes—and a smiling path before him.

Again. The three men standing together before yonder substantial edifice, each now worth an hundred thousand dollars, were ten years ago, not worth as many cents. They at that time hit upon a happy thought—ventured upon a new enterprise—prosecuted it day and night with indefatigable zeal, and the results are before you.

And these are not rare cases. The chances are as numerous as ever. Life is full of changes. In order to take advantage of them, the anxious and adventurous must have their thoughts about them. They must watch—think—calculate—and having at last determined, they must be prepared to act, and with energy. Let us not despond and despair because of one or two reverses, and all will soon be over with us. Integrity, activity—faith and energy, and any reasonable undertaking may be accomplished.

## Fast Colors.

The keeper of a country inn, situated some dozen miles from the city, an honest, ignorant, unsophisticated farmer, taking it in his head that his establishment wanted a new sign—which was a very sensible conclusion in him, inasmuch as hitherto was to be seen on the old sign creaking on its hinges as it swung lazily in the wind, and not having the least vestige of the original painting left on it—took it into his head to have a new one painted, and accordingly, being in the good Quaker city, on business, consulted the proprietor of one of those shops where 'house and sign painting and glazing' are done.

'Well,' said he, 'how much are you going to charge me? you know I can't afford to pay too much, 'cause I'm not a money bag, and you city people can stick it on sometimes.'

'Ten dollars,' replied the painter; 'I could paint you one for ten dollars, although it's too little a price for the quantity of work.'

'Too little!' ejaculated the inn keeper, 'too little for painting a sign! By thunder, I can't afford to pay any such a price.'

'Why,' returned the artist, 'you can't get it done any cheaper. What do you expect you will have to give.'

'Well, I don't know,' replied the inn keeper, 'but I guess \$5 would be quite a plenty.'

'Five dollars!' exclaimed the artist; but seeing what kind of a customer he had to deal with, he resolved to make him pay for his stinginess; so after some demurring, the painter agreed as follows:

'I'll paint you a sign for five dollars. You say you want a white bear on it. Well, I'll paint you the bear without a chain, for the amount you offer me.'

'O, hang the chain; I don't care about having it any how. Paint the bear without it, and I'll give you five dollars.'

The bargain was thus closed. In time the sign was painted, delivered to its owner, and hung up aloft in the place of the old one, where it was the admiration of the family for a whole week afterward. At length there was one night a heavy storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with a deluge of rain. Next morning it cleared off, and the old man went out as usual to admire his new sign, when what was his astonishment to behold not a vestige of the bear left. This picture was completely effaced from both sides. His first thought was that some mischievous youngster of the neighborhood had scraped it off, but there was no evidence of any scraping and the paint was gone as smoothly as could be.

'I'll go to town to day and see that painter, said he; 'he has cheated me.'

And so in double quick time he was landed in the painter's shop.

'What kind of a sign was that you painted me?'

'A white bear.'

'I know it was, but there's not much white bear now. It's clear gone. The boards's there but there's not a mite of a white bear left on either side. How is this?'

'Oh! it's clear enough. Cheap goods are never the best; I told you I'd paint you a bear without the chain for five dollars. I did so.—How could you expect such a wild animal as that to remain without being chained?'

The countryman could not exactly see into this, concluded that it was best to have the chain painted in the picture, and thus insure its remaining. For an additional ten dollars this was done, and the renewed picture did not disappear after that. This puzzled the countryman more than ever, but he concluded the painter was right. The reader will, of course, have guessed that the first sign was painted in water colors, and the last in oil paint. The water colors disappeared, as a matter of course, after a hard drenching. The countryman generally gave people a good price after that.

At Niagara Falls there is a factory for the manufacture of wooden pails and tubs, which turns out 1,600 of the former and 500 of the latter per day, and consumes a million feet pine in a year.