

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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The Mind, the Heart, and Soul.
The Human Mind, that lofty thing,
The palace and the throne,
Where reason sits a sceptred king,
And breaths his judgment tone.
Oh! who with silent step shall trace
The borders of that haunted place,
Nor in his weakness own
That mystery and marvel bind
That lofty thing, the Human Mind!
The Human Heart, that restless thing,
The templer, and the tried,
The joyous, yet the suffering,
The source of pain and pride.
The gorgeous—thronged—the desolate—
The seat of Love, the lair of Hate—
Self-stung—self-defied.
Yet do we bless thee as thou art.
Thou restless thing, the Human Heart!
The Human Soul, that startling thing!
Mysterious, yet sublime,
The Angel sleeping on the wing,
Worn by the scuff of time;
The beautiful, the veiled, the bound,
The earth enthralled, the glory crowned,
The smitten in its prime.
From Heaven in tears, to earth it stole,
That startling thing, the Human Soul!
And this is man! O ask of him
The erring, but forgiven—
While o'er his vision dream and dim
The wrecks of time are driven,
If Pride or Passion in their power,
Can stem the tide, or turn the hour,
Or stand in place of Heaven!
He bends the brow—he bends the knee—
Creator! Father! none but thee!

To Death.
FROM THE GERMAN OF GLUCK.
Methinks it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'er-canopies the West;
To gaze my fill on you calm deep,
And, like an infant, fall asleep
On earth, my mother's breast.
There's peace and welcome in you
Of endless blue tranquility
The clouds are living things; you see
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.
These be the angels that convey
Us weary children of a day—
Life's tedious nothing o'er
Where neither passions come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose,
On Death's majestic shore.
No darkness there divides the way,
With startling dawn and dazzling day;
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains
One fixed eternal sunset reigns
O'er the wide, silent scene.
I cannot doff all human fears,
I know thy greeting is severe;
To this poor shell of clay,
Yet come, O Death! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates! thy rest is bliss!
I would I were away.

A lady in Washington says the Albany Knickerbocker, the day before yesterday, washed a whole week's washing, hung the clothes out to dry, cooked three meals, made a pair of pants for her youngest boy, darned her husband's stockings, and the cholera, cured herself, and then dyed four dresses, between the hours of 5 A. M. and 8 P. M. This is what we call a smart woman. Barren should exhibit in a glass case as a "modern wife."

A cheerful contented disposition will ward off more ills than all the nostrums of the doctor.

Mock Auctioneer met with his Match.

These bold buccaners, who so impudently flaunt their piratical flags in Broadway, and other public thoroughfares, and whose roguery has so long gone "unwhipt of justice," and laughed at the law, have not the laugh always with them; and when by chance it is against them, we think all honest men should share in the fun.

"Going! going!! going!!!—only twenty-five dollars! this splendid gold double-cased patent lever watch! sixteen jewels, warranted!! cried a stentorian voice from a store in Broadway, over the door of which was mounted the red flag, and in the windows of which various conspicuous placards announced the sale of "splendid jewelry," "valuable watches," &c.

"Going! going!! only twenty-five dollars! dirt cheap, gentlemen—worth a hundred dollars at the importer's!"

This last sentence was pointed at a long-legged, gawky looking genius, who peered in at the door just at that moment. He was evidently a green 'un, a sucker, and the baits were at once set for him, as by his externals he was judged to have a small pile about him. A single glance of the auctioneer conveyed this information to four or five very business looking-men, his confederates, who immediately began to take a very deep interest in the sale. "A bargain! a dead bargain! I'll give thirty," said one of the Peters, handing the patent lever knowingly.

By the way, why these men are called Peters we never could imagine, unless it is, because like the apostle, they are fishers after men.

"I'd give fifty if I could spare it," said another.

"Thirty-five!" said a third, gleefully, as if sure of the bargain.

All this time the stranger, who had gradually worked his way into the crowd, seemed to be unnoticed by them, so intent were they on the sale. The new comer, who looked green enough for a Vermont, was gazing with greedy eyes, at the "splendid bargains," when the auctioneer appeared all at once to be aware of his presence.

"Going! going!—only thirty-five dollars! this splendid gold double-cased patent lever!"

"Well now, I don't care if I dew," drawled out the Yankee, who had been permitted, through the politeness of the bystanders, to get a slight view of the watch.

"How much, sir! shall I say forty, forty is it?"

"Well, I guess it's no use of such a high figure; thirty-six 'ill dew; you Yorkers are tarnation cute any how."

"Thirty-six! going! going!! dirt cheap, gentlemen!" said the auctioneer.

"Thirty-eight," said a bystander.

"Thirty-nine," said another.

"Well, I don't care, nohow; forty and knock 'er off," said the Yankee.

"Going! going! forty dollars! Who says forty-one?" cried the auctioneer.

"Not me, by jingo," exclaimed the Vermont, with a suspicious movement towards the door.

"Going! going! gone! Here sir, your watch."

"Well, I don't care, nohow; real stuff—genewine, ha!"

"Warranted, sir—money if you please."

Taking the watch from a bystander, and putting it carefully in his fob, the Yankee drew forth an old wallet, seemingly but thinly lined, from which he took a bank-note, carefully folded, with a fifty spot conspicuous, which he held cautiously towards the man of the hammer, saying:

"Come, now, give an 'X' spot and let me be going."

"All right, in a minute," said the auctioneer, taking the note.

"Stop! stop! you didn't cry my bid," cried one of the Peters, "I bid forty-five."

The auctioneer demanded of the crowd if he was in time, which of course, they answered in the affirmative.

"Forty-five! going! going! Sorry for you, sir: perhaps you'll get it yet; say fifty. Fifty! fifty! going! gone! Your watch, sir; just the money."

"Stop! no you don't!" cried the Yankee; "that's my whole pile, and how am I to get hum, any how!"

"Ha ha! plenty left, I've no doubt, sir. Never take any goods back, sir. Splendid bargain! And he handed the stranger's note to a little Jew-faced clerk behind him.

long countenance he left the store and turned down Fulton-street.

"A perfect sell! by ——" ejaculated one of the Peters, to which they all chuckled in concert.

"Come, Sol," said another, "that last ten belongs to the company. Let's shut the door and divide."

"Hand the money here, Moses," said the auctioneer. "Ha! what's this! a sell—by Jehoshaphat we are sold!—A Plainfield note! After him, quick! some of you. Call a police officer! The watch is a galvanized, worth twelve dollars!"

And away went two or three of the confederates after the Yankee. When they catch him we'll let the public know.

Weightin' the Gals.

Sumboddy ses it ain't a fair question to ax a gal her age. The old maids, I reckon, sed that.

Now I think it's fully as unfair to ax a gal her weight as it is to ax her age—case it's a tuff question, it is, and when you hears about weighin' Sally Greeny, you will say so too.

You know cusen Jeff; he's a rale staver 'mong the gals, he is, and he don't care a straw what he ses to any on 'em, he don't.

Cusen Jeff cum over to our house one Sunday, and he ses to me, "Pete, let us go to see 'Squire Greeny's gals.'" "Agreed," sed I. And so out we struck. I felt orful bold when first we started, but sum how the nearer we got to 'Squire Greeny's, the worse skeered I was. I wished we had never started; but it was too late now—so in we went. 'Squire Greeny's got two gals, Sally and Betsy as nice gals as you ever seed, they is.—They all seemed mighty perille, and me and cusen Jeff thought we was gettin' on first rate, we did.

Sally looked dreadful nice. I tell you, I'd gin the world if I could only 'a found sumbin' to say to her; but I studied over everything I had ever heard or thought about in my whole life, but not the first word could I think of worth sayin'.

Cusen Jeff was all natur to Betsy. After a while Sally proposed we should all go and weigh. So out we all went, 'Squire Greeny going along to weigh us. When Sally's turn cum, 'Squire Greeny he looked sorter 'stonished. "Why, Sally," says he, "you weigh a hundred and fifty."

"Law! Par," sed Sally. "Ain't it Jeff!" sed 'Squire. "Yes, sir-ee," sed Jeff. And sure enuff, Sally weighed a hundred and fifty; the heaviest critter in the whole gang on us.

Well, we all went back to the house, and arter a while, sez 'Squire Greeny, "old 'ooman, Sally weighs a hundred and fifty."

"No she don't," sed the old lady.

"Yes, but I tell you she duz," sed the 'Squire.

"Don't she Jeff?" "Yes, sir-ee, she duz," sed Jeff.

"I don't believe it," sed the old lady.

"Well, we'll weigh Sally again, and show you," sed the 'Squire. "Oh, no, don't," sed Sally.

"Why not, Sally?" "Oh, case its Sunday."

"But I will, though," sed the 'Squire. So Sally was strung up again, and the 'Squire he balanced the stillyards to the last kick up place; and then he commenced lookin' over his specs and countin' his fingers.

"Jeff," sed he, "how much is that?" Jeff looked over the 'Squire's shoulder.

"One hundred and thirty-seven," sed Jeff.

"Yes," sed the 'Squire, "a hundred and thirty-seven."

"Thar, now," sed the old lady, "I told you Sally didn't weigh a hundred and fifty."

"Well, how on yearth, did we make such a mistake?" sed the 'Squire.

"I know," sez Kate, Sally's little sister.

"Hush!" sed Sally, shaking her fist at Kate, and turning as red as a beet, in the face.

"Ef you do," sed Sally, stampin' her foot.

"But I will, though," sed Kate.

"Yes, tell," sed the 'Squire.

"Sally took her bustle off!"

Bring the camphor here quick!

Stopping Newspapers.

We copy the following from the *Scientific American*. It suits a great many meridians in this country:—

A class of conceited, touchy people, who stop a newspaper on account of any petty paragraph that displeases them, are cleverly ridiculed by an exchange as follows. The parable should be kept before the people:—

A certain man hit his toe against a pebble stone and fell headlong to the ground. He was vexed, and under the influence of anger and active self-sufficiency, he kicked old mother earth right saucily. With imperturbable gravity, he looked to see the "great globe itself dissolved" and come to naught. But the earth remained, and only his poor foot was injured by the encounter. This is the way of men. An article appears in a newspaper touching him in a weak place, and straightway he sends word to stop his paper. With great self-complacency, he looks on to see a crash, when the object of his spleen shall cease to be. Poor fool, he has only his own toe against a world that does not perceptibly feel the shock, and injures to no extent, any one but himself.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR'S TOUR.

Silly Inventions of the Enemy—President's Views Strong, Correct and Well Defined.

Correspondence of The Tribune.
PITTSBURGH, Aug. 20, 1849.

One most gratifying feature of Gen. Taylor's visit to the people is, that Democrats as well as Whigs have everywhere greeted him with the warmest enthusiasm, and have in every instance become attached to him for his political and personal honesty, just in proportion to the amount of their intercourse with him. Considering the violence and unscrupulousness with which he has been assailed—the unsparing efforts to traduce him, not only by means of the vilest and grossest misstatements that the hope of future and magnificent reward can extort from fertile imaginations,—this universal praise from friends and foes alike was not to have been expected. Since the President first set out upon his visit through Pennsylvania, the pen of slander has been uncommonly productive, and not less remarkable for the originality of its falsehoods. The anecdotes that have been put forth in regard to him, by the Loco-Foco presses, are as wholly and entirely without foundation as are their authors of character. In all his conversations, and in all his speeches, the language of the President is plain, chaste, concise and entirely correct. So struck was one of the most prominent Loco-Foco leaders of Pittsburgh with this fact, that he remarked as soon as the President's speech was concluded on Saturday, that it was the most effectively eloquent and chaste of any speech that he ever heard in his life.

This is but one of the many expressions of the kind that have been made. At York, Harrisburg, Lancaster, Carlisle, Chambersburg and the intermediate places the same remarks have been made, and the names of the individuals who expressed them can be given. One of them, at least, is well known throughout the country as a prominent man and a Cass and Butler Elector. The only instance in which the President has been rudely met, occurred at Greensburg, and is sufficiently explained by the fact that the Loco-Foco was in liquor at the time.

It is the plain, honest and sincere characteristics of Gen. Taylor that everywhere are so gratifying to the people, that stir up the Loco-Foco presses and correspondents to lie about the President—to relate incidents that never occurred, and to put words in his mouth that he never uttered. There is not one of these sneaking vilifiers that dare make a single one of the many misstatements over his name.

Upon the subjects of Tariff, Sub-Treasury, Internal Improvement, Foreign Policy of the Government, &c. the views of the President are well settled, concise and correct, according to the Principles of the Whig party. On Saturday evening he spoke nearly three-quarters of an hour upon these questions, giving his views with the same force, precision and modesty that is exhibited in his Mexican dispatches, or the celebrated Esop letter to Mr. Marcy.

I. He is in favor of a modification of the Tariff of 1846, but not in favor of the entire reestablishment of the Tariff of '42. He is in favor of departing so far from the *ad valorem* system as to afford a just and sufficient discrimination in favor of such manufactured domestic articles or merchandise as come in competition with foreign labor. He is in favor of the passage by Congress of such a bill as shall afford real protection to the laboring classes of the country, without being so restrictive as constantly to be a mark for the exercise of political prize-shooters.

II. He is not in favor of making an indiscriminate attack upon the whole Sub-Treasury system until it shall have been thoroughly tried under the management of new and more capable officers, though he believes that it already needs many modifications. In other words, in order to save the country from the commercial embarrassments which a wholesale change in the financial policy of the Government must always produce, Gen. Taylor believes it to be the duty of the Government to give the existing Sub-Treasury system a fair trial under the management of more honest and competent men.

III. He is in favor of Internal Improvements.

IV. In regard to the foreign policy of the Administration, he is for sustaining the honor of the country at all hazards, but believes that the policy of peace is the only prosperous policy.

The late proclamation by the President in reference to the expedition secretly fitting out against Cuba was not written at Washington, as has been stated. Gen. Taylor prepared it with his own hand at Harrisburg, while suffering severely from his late attack of cholera morbus. The Loco-Foco presses have endeavored to make much capital out of it, but not a word which they have yet stated in regard to it is true. It was written, copied and dispatched by the president's own hand, in a brief space of time.

In company with Gov. Johnston and a committee of citizens, the President has visited

the various factories throughout the city, for the purpose of becoming practically acquainted with the details of Pennsylvania's industrial pursuits, and to mingle with the hard-fisted and warm-hearted men of toil, who assisted to place the destinies of the country as well as their own individual welfare, in his hands.— Unlike his predecessors, he has made no promises or pledges, to betray them. He has been among them all, and taken them by the hands, with the same respect, and the same pride that he would exhibit in his intercourse with the most inveterately dignified aristocracy of the country. Gen. Taylor makes no distinction.— The latch-strings of his heart and hands always hang outside. Yours, &c. NEAL.

A Lecture on the "Elephant."

Ladies and gentlemen! Allow me this evening, to introduce an animal called the elephant. He is the greatest of all tread-mill creatures that help to keep the globe in motion. Among the Anglo-Saxons, he is known only by the name of elephant; but with all barbarous and half civilized nations he is unanimously dubbed the *bullphant*. He is now about the size of a two year old omnibus, and in color approaches as near to a black as he possibly can without infringement. To look at him too severely one naturally supposes him to be a small mountain of Indian rubber, or a huge composition of glue and molasses.

The elephant is one of the natives of the East Indies, but he has been met with in various parts of Mexico, and is frequently seen in the great city of N. York. It has been asserted, upon both righteous and profane authority, that he is indigenous to the diggings of California—however, the assertion, as yet, goes a begging for confirmation. It is my private opinion, though, that the animal exhibits himself to travellers in all parts of the world, only they entertain a monstrous reluctance to confessing the fact.

He always carries his trunk with him where ever he goes, but never keeps anything in it, not even a change of shirts. When cousin Ichabod first saw him at a show, he exclaimed with mute astonishment: "Then that's the rale Menagerer—the identical critter itself! I swow! wouldn't two of 'em make a team to draw sun? Golly, aint he a scrooger?" Ichabod went hum, and related what he had seen. "I seen," said he, "the genuwine menagerer—the darndest biggest lump of flesh that ever stirred. He had two tails, too; one behind and 't'other before. Philosophers calls the fore 'un a pronobucus. He put one of his tails in my pocket and hauled out all the gingerbread—every hooter. What d'ye think he done with it? Why, he stuck it in his own pocket, and began to fumble for more—darn him!"

A Centenarian Joker.

In a letter from Cape Cod, Mr. N. P. Willis gives the following account of an old gentleman, whose practical philosophy would outweigh all the fine spun speculations of the Stoics and the Epicureans:

I was sorry to hear, after we left Yarmouth, that I had missed seeing a centenarian of that place, who is certainly a curiosity. He is now a hundred and nine years of age, and in his whole life, was never known to be out of temper. He married young, and his wife died about 20 years ago, having been, all her life, a singularly irritable woman. He did good service in the Revolution, and has been pressed, at various times, to apply for the pension to which he is entitled. He refused always on the ground that, as he served the time he agreed to, and received the pay they agreed to give him, the Government owes him nothing. His children, living in the town, are well off, and wish him to end his days with them; but he prefers his lodging in the Poor House, declaring that he "can't bear to think of being a trouble to anybody," and fairly earning his board by "doing chores" about the ground and kitchen. He is still of a most playful turn of mind. A fellow pensioner of the Poor House, who is eighty years old, was sitting with him but a few days since, upon a wooden bench in the yard—the skirts of his broad skirted coat lying loose upon the seat, and the large empty pockets temptingly open.

The old humorist very quietly glided behind, during their talk, and, from a heap of loose stones near by filled the open pockets without disturbing the owner. He then patted him kindly on the shoulder, and expressing some fear that he might take cold, asked him to walk in the house. At the vain efforts of his pained friend, to rise with the weight in his coat tails he laughed as heartily as a boy of sixteen. He is said to have a fine physiognomy, and to have been an active man and a good citizen, without displaying any particular talent.

A lady, very much given to gadding, was suddenly taken ill at home, one day, and sent her husband, in great haste, for a physician.— The obedient soul ran part of the way, but then returned to put this important query:

"My dear, where shall I find you when I get back again?"