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From the Tribune.

AWAKE TO EFFORT.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

"The night cometh when no man can work."

AWAKE to effort while the day is shining;
The time to labor will not always last,
And no regret, repentance nor repining,
Can bring to us again the buried Past.
The silent sands of life are falling fast;
Time tells our busy pulses one by one;
And shall our works, so needful and so vast,
Be all completed, or but just begun,
When twilight shadows veil Life's dim, departing sun?

What duties have our idle hands neglected?
What useful lesson have we learned and taught?
What warmth, what radiance have our minds reflected?

For what rich and rare materials have we brought
For deep investigation, earnest thought;
Concealed within the soul's unfathomed mine,
How many a sparkling gem remains unwrought,
That Industry might place on Learning's shrine,
Or lavish on the world, to further God's design.

The smallest bark, on Life's tumultuous ocean,
Will leave a track behind for ever more;
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We should be wary, then, who go before
A myriad yet to be, and we should take
Our bearing carefully, where breakers roar
And fearful tempests gather; one mistake
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake.

To effort! ye whom God has nobly gifted
With that prevailing power, undying Song:
For Human Good let every pen be lifted;
For Human Good let every heart be strong.
Is there on crying sin, no grievous wrong
That you may help to weaken or repress?
In wayside hut and hovel, 'midst the throng
Down-trodden by privation and distress,
Is there no stricken heart that ye can cheer and bless?

Sing idle lays to idle harps no longer;
Go peal an anthem at the gate of Heaven—
Exertion makes the fainting spirit stronger—
Sing, till the bonds of Ignorance are riven,
Till dark oppression from the earth is driven.
Sing, till, from every land and every sea,
One universal triumph song is given,
To hail the long expected jubilee,
When every bond is broke, and every vassal free.

And ye, whose birthright is the glorious dower
Of Eloquence, to thrill the immortal soul,
Use not unwisely the transcendent power
To waken, guide, restrain, direct, control
The heart's deep, deep emotions; let the goal
Of your ambition be, a name enshrined
By love and gratitude upon the scroll,
Where generations yet unborn shall find
The deathless deeds of those who loved and blessed mankind.

Go, rouse the mighty energies that slumber
Unknown, unnumbered, in the world's great heart;
Remove the stubborn errors that encumber
The fields of Science, Literature and Art;
Rend Superstition's dark'ning veil apart,
And hurl to earth blind Bigotry, the ban
From which a thousand grievous evils start,
To thwart and mar the great Creator's plan,
And break the ties that bind the Brotherhood of Man.

And ye who sit aloft in earth's high places,
Perchance amid your wealth ye scarcely know
That Want and Woe are leaving fearful traces,
Upon the toiling multitude below;
From your abundance, can ye not bestow
A mite to smooth the thorny paths they tread?
Have ye no sympathy with human woe?
No ray of blessed hope and joy to shed
Upon the weary hearts that pine and toil for bread?

Amid the gorgeous splendor that bedizens
Your palaces, no longer idly stand,
While dens of wickedness and loathsome prisons,
Arise like lightning plague-spots o'er the land.
Go speak a word, and lend a helping hand
To rescue men from Degradation's thrall;
Nor deem a just and righteous God has banned
The toiling millions, while the rain-drops fall,
And blessed sunbeams shine from heaven alike for all.

DYING WORDS.—The last expression of the
veteran General Gaines to his friends, was,
'My knapsack is packed, and I am ready for
the last march.'

"The World Owes Me a Living."

BY HORACE GREELEY.

"The world owes me a good living and I'll have it," says some blackleg, as he finishes a luxurious repast; "here landlord, another bottle of your prime Madeira!" Half a dozen empty-headed fellows, who sit gazing on him with stealth, in silent admiration, hail the sentiment with rapturous applause. "That's it! landlord! more wine here! we won't go home till morning! Let us go it while we are young. Who cares for the expense?" The consequence of this is, the pilfering of money drawers, the ignominious loss of employment, genteel loafing, and so on, until one of these enterprising gentlemen in eager pursuit of the "good living" the world owes him, puts the wrong man's name to a check, or in some kind of a way gets a ticket for the marble palace at Sing Sing, where the state provides a "living" for those it considers deserving, but not just such a one as consist with their own estimate of their exalted merits.

The great error in this case is the original maxim. It is false and detestable. The world owes you a living? How owes! Have you earned it by good service? If you have, whether on the anvil or in the pulpit, as a toiler or a teacher, you have acquired a just right to a livelihood. But if you have eaten as much as you earned, or worse still, have done little or no good, the world owes you nothing. You may be worth millions and able to enjoy every imaginable luxury, without care or effort; but if you have done nothing to increase the sum of human comforts, instead of the world owing you anything, as fools have babbled, you are morally a bankrupt and a beggar.

Mankind are just waking to a consciousness of the duty resting on every man to be active and useful in his day and in his sphere. All are not called to dig and hew—or plow or plane—but every man has a sphere of usefulness allotted to him by Providence, and is unfaithful to his high trust if he deserts it for idle pomp and heedless luxury. One man may be fitted by nature and inclination for an artisan, another for a sailor, and a third for a merchant; but no man was ever born fitted for an idler and a drone. Those who become such are the victims of perverse circumstances and a deplorable false education.

"But has not a rich man the right to enjoy his wealth?" Most certainly. We would be the last to deprive him of it. He has a natural and a legal right to possess and enjoy it in any manner not injurious to others; but he has no moral right to be useless because he has superior means of being useful. Let him surround himself with all the true comforts and true luxuries of life; let the master-pieces of art smile upon him in his galleries and the mighty minds of all ages speak to him from his library. Let plenty deck his board, and the faces of those he loves gather joyously around it. Let him possess in abundance the means of satisfying every pure and just desire of his nature; and become wiser, nobler, larger in soul, than his less fortunate neighbor. But let him never forget—as if he is properly trained, he never can—that it is his solemn duty to be useful to his fellow creatures, especially to the depressed and suffering—to labor for their benefit, and suffer, if need be, for their elevation.

The servile idolatry which ignorance and vulgarity have looked up to power and wealth—the hosannahs which trampled millions have sung before the cars of conquerors and other scourges of the earth—are fading and flitting for ever. In the twilight which succeeds the gross darkness, there comes a season of moral anarchy, when men having lost faith in the juggles which once blinded and bound them, resolve to believe nothing—to decry and prostrate all that rises above its lowest level. Now the laborer with his sinews returns hatred for the contempt once cast upon him and says—"What good is there in anything but manual labor!—away with all else!—those whose labor is chiefly mental are deceivers and moths!" But this is a transitory ebullition. The world soon learns to respect its benefactors in whatever sphere, and to realize that he who truly and honestly exerts himself in some department of useful effort, may justly claim a brotherhood with all who toil, and make and earn. Let the rich cease to look down on the poor—the merchant on the porter; let each respect the dignity of man, whether in his own person or in that of his less fortunate brother; let haughtiness and pride cease on one side, and envy, jealousy and hatred with their train of direful consequences will vanish from the other, and all animated with common kindness will move forward in common concord to the attainment of the highest good.

A contemporary says, the following from one of the old British poets is exquisite. He thinks it is the very essence of fancy. It was addressed to a lady upon whose bosom a flake of snow had fallen and melted:

The envious snow comes down in haste,
To prove thy breast less fair,
But grieves to see itself surpassed,
And melts into a tear.
'Pshaw!' says Noah's Messenger, 'we can beat that any time. Look here!
Down her white bosom rolled a tear,
We know it hadn't oughter,
Until at last—at last, oh dear!
Her shirt was wet as water.'

SURE CURE FOR THE DYSENTERY.—A correspondent of the Plainfield Union says, that Peach tree bark and Elder bark, of each equal quantities—the outward bark of both to be scraped off and thrown away, the inward bark of both to be boiled and made into a strong tea, to be drank very freely from the first stage of the complaint until cured. It will not hurt any one to drink as freely as he can.

Lecture to Country Girls on Dress.

I HAVE wanted, girls, for a long time to give you a long lecture on dress, not because you do not think enough about it, but because you do not think right. It is a very important matter to be well-dressed, and most people feel this; but very few ever learn the art. Women waste more time and money disfiguring themselves, than in all other occupations and amusements. Yes, and they waste health and happiness along. There is an inconceivable amount of worse than useless sewing done in this country. Thousands of women ruin their health, send themselves to an untimely grave, putting in stitches that are neither useful or ornamental. I believe you country girls are peculiarly addicted to this folly. Most of you make your own dresses, and few of you understand it well, consequently you imagine the more stitches you put in the better. Then, from want of a properly cultivated taste, you are addicted to buying cheap finery. You need not deny this to me, for I know you too well. I have lived among you a little too long not to know how country girls dress. Your storekeepers know it too, and bring out such a parcel of cheap, tawdry, many-colored finery as would be likely to take the fancy of a set of Indians. If they can get lawn or calico with sixty-seven dozen colors in it, so much the better. You buy it—spend a great deal of time to make it nicely—spatter it over with ruffles, folds, and frumples, that would disfigure anything. Then, the first time it is washed, fifty-two dozen of the colors fade; you have a dirty rag that is fit for nothing but to wipe the floor. You lament the loss of your money; but what of your time? The habit of sew, sew, sewing at a garment sixteen times as much as is necessary to make it, has become an evil of sufficient magnitude to require legislative interference. I once saw a city lady go to the country for health—pale, nervous, cross, miserable; with a little child as miserable as herself. By way of enjoying fresh air and exercise, she sat down and sewed diligently for two full days to make an apron for the child.—There were folds, buttons, and braid—frumples and fandangoes past count, and she had some dozens to make of the same sort, while the poor little child-martyr was condemned to imprisonment and stripes to prevent its disfiguring the evidences of its mother's insanity, which it wore on its poor, miserable little person. I never felt more strongly tempted to do anything than to roll mother and child, finery and work-basket in a mud-puddle. I really thought her husband should have been entitled to a divorce. Health, happiness and comfort were banished from his fireside by the sewing demon. She completely ruined her own health sewing, then murdered her child ten by inches to keep them from spoiling her work. A woman who cannot make a half-dozen bibs for children in one day, and with all the requisites of comfort and convenience, should never take a needle in her fingers.—Mrs. Swisshelm, of the Pittsburg Sat. Visitor.

Glanders in Man and Horse.

When the Eleventh Hussars were last quartered in Dublin a surgeon, in conjunction with some of the most eminent medical men in that city, attended a policeman at one of the hospitals, who died of the glanders. The unfortunate man, it is supposed, took the infection from drinking out of a bucket which had been used by a glandered horse. Three days before this man died, a horse was purchased, and was inoculated with the matter from the man. The horse showed all the symptoms of acute glanders, of which he died. The man also died. Drawings were taken by an eminent artist of portions of the lungs of the man, and also of those of the horse, which showed the most perfect similarity in the tubercles. Drawings were also made of the Schneiderian membrane of the man and the horse, showing the identity of the ulceration. The man was also shown as he lay dead, with the appearance of the pustules over the body; these pustules appeared to have a very marked difference from those in other diseases, having a white areole instead of a red. This case excited great attention at the time, and our surgeon was requested to attend at Chatham with the drawings, which were carefully copied and deposited in the Medical Museum.

Untutored Eloquence.

A Catawba warrior in 1822, named Peter Harris, made known his wants to the Legislature of South Carolina in the following language: "I am one of the lingering survivors of an almost extinguished race. Our graves will soon be our only habitations. I am one of the few stalks that still remain in the field where the tempest of the revolution passed. I have fought against the British for your sake. The British have disappeared and you are free; yet from me have the British taken nothing, nor have I gained anything by their defeat. I pursued the deer for subsistence—the deer are disappearing—I must starve. God ordained me for the forest, and my ambition is the shade. But the strength of my arm decays, and my feet fail me in the chase. The hand which fought for your liberties is now open for your relief. In my youth I bled in battle that you might be independent—let not my heart in my old age bleed for want of your commiseration." This warrior certainly never heard of Cicero or Demosthenes—he never attended the schools of eloquence in the Aroopagus, where the divine art was taught; and yet when did those illustrious orators of antiquity deliver an address which, in a speech so brief, contained such touching eloquence as that from this warrior? Yet he was a "savagel."

"Do you keep matches here?" asked a wag of a re-tailor. "Oh, yes, all kinds." "Then I'll take a trotting match."

A Local Romance.

Tradition has preserved a singular anecdote of John Thatcher, a son of one of the earliest settlers of this town. He was married in 1661, to Miss Rebecca Winslow, of Duxbury, in Plymouth county, if we mistake not. On his way home with his new bride, he stopped for the night at the house of a friend, Col. Gorham, of Barnstable, one of the most prominent citizens of the town. Merriment and gaily prevailed, and during the evening a female infant about three weeks old, was introduced and the night of her birth being mentioned, Mr. Thatcher observed, "That is the very night we were married, and taking the child in his arms, he presented it to his bride, and jokingly said, 'Here my dear, is a little lady that was born on the same night that we were married. I wish you would kiss her, for I intend to have her for my second wife.'" "I will, my dear, with great pleasure," replied she, "but I hope it will be very long before your intention is fulfilled in that respect."

Mr. Thatcher and his wife lived happily together for about twenty years, and faithfully fulfilled the scriptural injunction to "multiply and replenish the earth." Mrs. T. left a large family of children, among whom was a son named Peter.

After Mr. Thatcher had mourned a reasonable length of time, he began to think of getting another partner. None of the maidens, young or old seemed to please him like Lydia Gorham, the little lady of the preceding part of the story, now grown up, if we may believe tradition, to a fair comely girl, "full of gushing life," as the poets say. But there was one impediment in the way. His eldest son Peter, had shown a predilection for the girl, and the old man was at a loss to decide whether she favored the suit of the sire or the son. The one rode a black horse in his visits, and the other rode a white. There was a kind of tacit agreement between the two, that one should not interfere with the visit of the other; so when the father found a white horse tied in front of Col. Gorham's unlike the good Samaritan, he crossed over on the other side; and the son, when the black horse was there returned the favor. Thus things went on until the patience of the old gentleman was well nigh exhausted, and he resolved upon a desperate step to decide the matter.—Taking the son to one side he said to him, "Peter, are you or are you not going to marry Lydia Gorham?" Peter replied that he had not yet made up his mind.—"Well," said the old gentleman, "I will make you an offer; if you will give her up and court her no more, I will give you thirteen pounds in money and the pair of black steers. What do you say to that?" The young man hesitated but a moment. "Tis a bargain," said he; and it is due the parties to say that it was observed by them all with pretty good faith. Whether Lydia knew the bargain that her charms had occasioned, tradition sayeth not! but she subsequently became Mr. Thatcher's wife, and bore him ten children, from whom many members of the numerous family have sprung. Our venerable townsman, Mr. Peter Thatcher, is the great grandson of Peter noticed above.—Yarmouth Register.

Habitual drunkenness is a sad evil; but are there not other intoxications equally to be avoided? Read this little anecdote of an Arabian merchant, who, having hired a waterman's boat, refused to pay the freightage. The waterman in a violent passion, appealed several times to the government of Muscat for justice. The governor as often ordered him to come again; but observing him one day present his petition with coolness, he immediately granted his suit. The waterman, surprised at this conduct, demanded the reason why he did not sooner grant his request. "Because," said the judge, "you were always drunk when I saw you." But the waterman declaring that he had not been overtaken with wine for many years, the judge replied: "The drunkenness with which you were overtaken is the most dangerous of all: it is the drunkenness of anger!"

A Lady in Pantaloon.

Mrs. Swisshelm, the editress of the Pittsburg Visitor, thinks that the wide skirts of women are impediments in rural exercise, as she has often felt in walking through wet grass—getting over fences (!) and clambering round rocks. She does not, however, approve of her sex wearing the pantaloon, and says, very emphatically, "it would be too humiliating to be met and mistaken for a man. We should a great deal rather be arrested as a sheep thief. We shall use all our influence to preserve man's right to his pantaloon inviolate. They ought to be his, and his only, for they are too ugly for anybody else to wear." There! what do some of our married ladies who exhibit a penchant for their husband's inexpressibles think of that.

Boiling.

Dr. Webster, in his Encyclopedia of Domestic Economy, directs that meats for boiling should be put into cold water, and heated together with the water. Liebig gives a different mode, viz: that they should be put into boiling water, in the manner as directed for vegetables. The reason given is, that if put into cold water, the juices of the meat, on which the flavor depends, will be gradually dissolved, and go to enrich the soup instead of being retained in the meat. All authorities recommend the use of hard instead of soft water for meat, unless soup is to be made.

LOVE.—"Sal," said uttering Sam Suggs, "if you love me, thy tho; and if you don't love me, thy tho; or if you love me, and don't like to thy tho, squeeze my hand." "Sal" put her hand upon her bosom—"Sam felt the gentle pressure of her 'tother paw and was as happy as a pollywoggle."

A Good Story.

Old Col. W., formerly a well known character in one of our eastern cities, was remarkable for but one passion out of the ordinary range of humanity, and that was for buying any lot of trumpery that came under the head of miscellaneous, for the reason that it could not be classified. Though close-fisted in general, he was continually throwing his money away in fives and tens upon such trash. In this way he had filled all the old corners of his dwelling and out-houses with a collection of non-descript articles which would have puzzled a philosopher to tell what they were made for, or to what use they could be put. This, however, was a secondary consideration with the Colonel; for he seldom troubled his head about such articles after they were fairly housed.—Not so with his wife, however, who was continually remonstrating against these purchases, which served only to clutter up the house and as food for the mirth of the domestics. But the Colonel, though he often submitted to these remonstrances of his better half, could not resist the passion; and so went on, adding from week to week to his heap of miscellanies. One day while sauntering down the street, he heard the rich, full tones of the auctioneer, and of course stepped in to see what was being sold. On the floor he perceived a collection which looked as if it might have been purloined from the garret of some museum, and around which a motley group were assembled; while on the counter stood the portly auctioneer, in the very height of a mock indignant remonstrance with his audience.

"Nine dollars and ninety cents!" cried the auctioneer, Gentlemen, it is a shame, it is barbarous to stand by and permit such a sacrifice of property! Nine dollars and ninety—Good morning Colonel; a magnificent lot of—of antiques—and all going for nine dollars and ninety cents. Gentlemen, you'll never see such another lot; and all going for nine dollars and ninety cents. Col. W. can you permit such a sacrifice?" The Col. glanced his eye over the lot, and then with a nod and a wink assured him he could not. The next instant, the hammer came down and the purchase was his at ten dollars. As the articles were to be paid for, and removed immediately, the Col. lost no time in getting a cart, and having seen every thing packed up and on their way to his house, he proceeded to his own store chuckling within himself that now at least, he had made a bargain at which his wife could not grumble.

In due time, the Colonel was sitting at the dinner table when lifting his eyes he observed a cloud on his wife's brow. "Well, my dear," said he inquiringly, "Well," repeated his wife, "it is not well, I am vexed beyond endurance. You know G——, the auctioneer." "Certainly," replied the Colonel "and a very gentlemanly man he is too." "You may think so," rejoined the wife, "but I don't and will tell you why." A few days ago I gathered together all the trumpery with which you have been cluttering the house for the last 12 months, and sent it to him with orders to sell the lot immediately to the highest bidder for cash. He assured me he would do so this week at farthest and pay over the proceeds to my order. And here I have been congratulating myself on two things, first, in having got rid of a most intolerable nuisance; and secondly, on receiving money enough therefrom to purchase that new velvet hat you promised me so long. And now what do you think?—This morning about an hour ago, the whole load came back again, without a word of explanation! The Colonel looked blank for a moment and then proceeded to clear up the mystery. But the good woman was pacified only with the promise of a ten dollar note beside that in the hands of the auctioneer, on condition, however, that she should never mention it. Of course she kept her promise.

Advice Gratis.

One of our exchanges says:—Be content as long as your mouth is full and body covered,—remember the poor—kiss the pretty girls—don't rob your neighbor's hen roost—never pick an editor's pocket, nor entertain an idea that he is going to treat—kick dull care to the deuce—black your own boots—sew on your own buttons, and be sure to take a paper and pay for it. Good practical advice.

Rhyming Puns.

Bob courted Molly for some time,
But Susan's charms were in their prime,
And faithless Bobby left poor Mary
In unrequited love's quandary.
And all her sweetest smiles refusing,
His soul surrendered to fair Susan,
"Oh, wretch!" (cried Moll, with angry look.)
"And is it thus that I'm forsok?"
"No, (Bob grinned) Moll, thou'rt mistaken,
'Tis I'm for-Suke, and you for-saken."

Dow, Jr.

This graphic writer sees through a keen pair of specs, for he reads human nature like a book, and tells his experience "just as easy as the boy knew his father." Read him on the follies of our race:
"We strip pleasure to the skin—take her cloak, frock, bonnet, bustle and all—rob her of every charm—and then say there is no such thing as pleasure in the world! We extinguish the torch that Hope holds in her hand, and follow lightning bugs into a mud-puddle! By superlative folly, you frighten Happiness from your firesides, and then say she has 'left your bed and board without provocation.' Thus man makes hulls to tire himself with climbing—produces darkness to grumble about—creates cusps to sweat at—and puts difficulties in his path in order that he may struggle with them! Well my friends, if you can't move without first setting fire to your shirts, all I have to say is blaze away—anything to give a start!—Dow, Jr."