

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## To all Concerned.

We would call the attention of some of our subscribers, and especially certain Post Masters, to the following reasonable, and well settled rules of Law in relation to publishers, to the patrons of newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill, and ordered their papers discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

## Charity.

In the hour of keenest sorrow—  
In the hour of deepest woe—  
Wait not for the coming morrow,  
To the sad and suffering go—  
Make it thy sincerest pleasure  
To administer relief—  
Freely opening thy treasure  
To assuage a brother's grief.  
Go, and see the orphan sighing—  
Seek the widow in her tears;  
As on mercy's pinions flying,  
Go, dispel their darkest fears;  
Seek the stranger, sad and weary,  
Pass not on the other side,  
Though the task be sad and dreary,  
Heeding not the scorn of pride.  
Go, with manners unassuming,  
In a meek and quiet way—  
O'er the father, ne'er presuming,  
Though thy brother sadly stray.  
'Tis a Saviour's kind compassion—  
'Tis his righteousness alone,  
All unmerited salvation  
That around thy path has shone.  
When thy heart is warmly glowing,  
With the sacred love of prayer,  
Be thy works of kindness flowing  
Not as with a miser's care:  
Duty'er should be thy watchword—  
Pity drop the balmy tear  
Always towards the fallen cherish  
Sympathy and love sincere.

## Time to Go.

"Hallo! my dear!" exclaimed a newly married man to his wife, "what are you fumbling about your mouth there for?"  
"Just taking out my teeth, love."  
"The deuce! well, you can't talk, what's the matter now?"  
"Oh, that's only my palate dropped out, I'll soon fix that."  
"Thunder and blazes! Why, why, where's your hair?"  
"On the table, isn't it pretty? I bought it the other day of the hair-dresser."  
The man took to his heels, and has not been heard from since, though a man resembling him was seen not long afterwards inquiring the way to Texas.

The use of hair powder was driven out of England by famine, because the flour used to whiten the heads of the army would feed 50,000 people!

"TREASURE-TROVE!"—The N. O. Delta tells the story of an individual, who had formed himself into an exploring expedition of one, lately finding at the "Old Mission," near Clarksville, Texas, after two or three days labor, an old oaken box imbedded in the bowels of the earth, containing two thousand five hundred Spanish dollars. Truly Texas is a great country!

## The Meeting of the Birds.

The birds had a meeting a few days ago,  
To settle some matters of state—  
And withal, to consider their friends in limbo,  
Who long had been pining in want and in wo,  
And few to mourn over their fate.

In cages of wire, and in cages of wood,  
They were hanging all over the land,  
And there made to sing all the day for their food,  
And dream all the night in their dark solitude,  
Of the groves by the free zephyrs fanned.

The Crow called the meeting to order—"caw! caw!"  
For he had a far reaching ken,  
The Eagle was scribe, he was skilled in the law,  
And knew where 't was safest to put in his claw;  
And he, too, was great with the pen.

The Pigeon was there to carry the news,  
For Bird-dom was waiting to hear;  
The most part were anxious to get their friends loose,  
And break all the cages and the traps that they use,  
Those bird catchers, year after year.

The Linnet was foremost to open the cause—  
For the drooping wing'd captives he spoke,  
His kindred they were, and he thought that it was  
A sin against God and the old forest laws,  
To bring them thus under the yoke.

The Canary arose with a tear in his eye,  
And his musical voice choked with grief,  
This caging his kindred, he thought it was mean,  
The wickedest thing that ever was seen—  
And he called the bird holder a thief.

Hold! hold! says the Owl; not so fast, my young spark—  
And he opened his eyes in a maze,  
There's a difference between them old cagers,  
(now hark!)  
I see it as plain as a chick in the dark,  
And those that hold birds in these days.

The fathers transgressed the old law, it is true,—  
It was bad for the captive birds, quite,  
But that's not our fault—we follow the new;  
What the many call right, it is proper to do;  
And therefore bird holding is right.

'Twas a clear case, he thought, and the logic was prime;  
But the Goldfinch was not quite so clear;  
He could not but think it as much of a crime,  
To cage a bird now as it was in old time,  
Sin was sin, the same now as last year.

Then up got the Raven, and bowed as he spoke,  
The case seemed to him very plain,  
The fathers who put the birds under the yoke,  
It was they who the great law of liberty broke;  
Sure, we cannot break it again.

The Sparrow was grieved at such logic, he said,  
They might bring us all into the wires,  
And lay all the sin and blame on the head  
Of some old transgressor a thousand years dead;  
'Twould excuse all the robbers and liars.

A sweet little bird, with his wings tipped with gold,  
(The chairman did not know his name.)  
Said, the wrongs of the captives could never be told,  
Their sufferings now were like those of old,  
Then, why not bird-holding the same!

O quit, said the Wren, you're as blind as a bat,  
They may suffer and long to be free;  
But the master has nothing to do with all that,  
He sticks to the law—that's what he is at;  
What the law says,—that's right—don't you see!

The Redwing retorted in a fiery mood,  
Few talk about law! You marauder!  
You'd be a bird-holder yourself, if you could,  
I wish your whole tribe was driven out of the wood—  
But the chairman here called him to order.

Next the Ostrich got up, by courtesy there—  
And the meeting most gravely address'd:  
His opinion, he said, he was free to declare,  
That the birds of themselves who could not take care,  
Were meant to be slaves to the rest.

The Woodpecker roused up, and gave him a scowl,  
As if he would peek out his eyes,  
Avant! who sent you thither, old fowl?  
Go, hatch your own egg—"Order!" said the Owl,  
Keep cool—you are more nice than wise.

But now, it grew dark, and 'twas thought to be best,  
At least, by the Owl and such sages,  
To vote that bird-holding was proper, unless  
The treatment was bad. Then, each to his nest,  
And left the poor slaves in their cages.

There is often more comfort, more genuine friendship, to be met with from an humble and unpretending friend, than from those whose attainments and professions are placed on a higher standard; aye, and more to be learned, too, in the greatest school of all—that of truth and simplicity.

## The Right of the Oregon Case—The Claims of Each Party—War Considered.

The North American Review for January contains a long, able and candid account of OREGON, its actual value and agricultural capacities, with a summing up of the rights and claims of Great Britain and the United States respectively in that region, and an exhibit of the reasonableness of a resort to War to settle them. We make room for the powerful conclusion of this article, which is as follows:

"War is defined by high authority to be a means of establishing justice. If so, it is a very poor means, for it is demonstrable that it establishes no right but that of the strongest.—When stripped of its pomp and circumstance, and viewed only in theory, its pretensions to be called a judge of right and wrong appear simply ludicrous. Imagine a proposition seriously brought forward, that the potent political and diplomatics, who are ready to shed every drop of their ink, and of other people's blood, in defence of their country's rights, as they have hitherto had the war of words all to themselves, should be allowed also the exclusive privilege of carrying on the war with keener weapons; that this national duel should be fought only by the principals, and not at second, or by proxy; that Sir Robert Peel and a dozen members of his cabinet, duly equipped with swords and muskets, should be drawn out in open field against President Polk and his Secretaries, armed after the national fashion with rifles and bowie-knives, to put this great question to the arbitrament of deadly battle. As the latter party would be the weaker in numbers, they might be assisted by half a dozen of the most valiant members of the Senate; and as the Duke of Wellington, who has the reputation of being a terrible fighter, would appear on the other side, he might be opposed by that gallant Senator who ended a fierce speech on this very matter of Oregon with the following startling prophecy: "The man is alive, and with a beard on his face (though it may not be I) who will see an American army in Ireland, and an American general in the streets of London."—The two chivalrous parties, thus made equal, might proceed to shoot and slash each other to their heart's content, till one troop being cut to pieces, or having run away, the other might take formal possession of Oregon in their country's name,—and be required to end their days there.

Every one would laugh at the proposal, worthy only of Captain Boabdil, for settling the controversy in this fashion. Yet which is the more absurd,—we ask it in all seriousness,—that these grave civilians, ministers and diplomatists should be required to fight their own battles, or that they should be permitted to hire forty or fifty thousand wretches to do all their fighting for them, while the shame, the suffering and the loss which must accompany every war, would fall broadcast on the community at large? "If damned custom had not brazed them so," had not so incured them to a passive contemplation of the tremendous evils of war, we might safely trust this question to every man, woman or child arrived at years of discretion, either in Great Britain or the United States, and be sure of an answer on the side of humanity, or in favor of confining the fighting to the smallest possible number. The bulk of the population of either country care nothing about Oregon: why should they? Not one in ten thousand of them would be made richer or poorer, happier or sadder, by a gain of the whole Territory. But where shall we put a limit, even in imagination, to the sufferings, the disasters, the horrors, which must follow in the train of an obstinate and protracted, though it be a successful, war? To what fireside, either in England or the U. States, will it not bring distress, if not a feeling of desolation and despair? What commercial convulsion, what pestilence, what famine, ever diffused affliction so widely, or caused so fearful a destruction of human life, as a single year of sanguinary warfare between two haughty and powerful nations, for whom Science has carefully studied the most effective means of wholesale murder, and years of study and deliberate preparation have collected all the munitions and enginery of destruction? The former awful dispensations of God's mysterious providence purify while they chasten; the suffering which they occasion, as it is not brought upon us by the fell devices of an enemy, nor, in most cases, as any immediate effect of our own follies or crimes, is submitted to, if not with resignation, at least without the exasperation of revengeful feelings, or the bitter aggravations of remorse. But the curse of war strikes equally upon the body and the soul; its demoralizing effects continue long after its external wounds have cicatrized, and the carcasses of its victims have rotted in their graves.

The foolhardiness which invites danger is seldom prepared to meet it. The fury and ignorance of party contentions, which have twice, within one year, brought this country to the brink of a war, have left our commerce exposed, our fortifications unmanned, and our coasts unguarded. England's war-steamer alone might blockade all our chief ports for a twelvemonth, in spite of our most strenuous efforts, while the remainder of her Navy was occupied in sweeping our commerce from the ocean. The entire ruin of our foreign trade, and the paralysis of domestic traffic, would spread bankruptcy over every part of the Union. Our staple exports of Cotton, Tobacco and Grain would lie perishing in the fields, not worth the trouble of harvesting them, except for a limited home consumption, while our ships were rotting at the wharves. True, we might have the satisfaction, in the midst of these disasters, of knowing that we were plunging the iron deep into the vitals of our great antagonist. The manufacturing poor of Birmingham and Manchester might perish for want of employment; the peasantry of England and Ireland, especially after such a season as the last, might starve. Our light-heeled privateers, escaping from the smaller ports, might make a fearful inroad upon that commerce whose sails are whitening every sea. And to reflect upon such facts as these, upon a famine caused by our hostilities, upon a piracy committed under our flag, would be the only consolation for the evils of war endured in our own persons.

The folly and wickedness of such hostilities would be aggravated by the intimate and friendly relations which have long existed between the parties. We do not, indeed, place much stress upon the ties of common descent, a common language, and a common literature; these may be a pleasing theme for the scholar and the reflecting man to contemplate, but have little effect upon the people at large, in whose minds they rather create the familiarity which nourishes dislike or breeds contempt. It is humiliating for the pride of human nature to reflect, that brothers may hate each other with the known bitterness of fraternal hatred, while the hearts of partners allied in interests, though not in blood, are grappled to each other as with hooks of steel. The mutual dependence of agricultural and manufacturing industry, similarity of pursuits, and community of interests draw together Great Britain and the United States almost into one nation, and Commerce throws around them its connecting chains of gold.—Side by side, assisting or defending each other, their daring ships belt the globe, or pass from the Arctic to the Antarctic, and hoist their flags in friendly rivalry with each other in every nook and corner of the remotest seas. Shipwrecked or in peril, the mariner blesses the first glimpse of an approaching flag, careless whether it bears the emblems of St. George, or the stripes and stars; for in either case it brings assurance of rescue, comfort and supply. But a few words uttered by a few weak men, "drest in a little brief authority," at London and Washington, more potent than a magician's spell which should change fair and sunny skies to darkness and storm, may convert that flag into a more fearful thing than the utmost violence of the wind and waves. No longer a token of succor at hand, it would become a herald of captivity and ruin, and the sailor will meet alone the utmost perils of fire and flood rather than wait its approach.

It behooves those who have the power to act at a conjuncture pregnant with such awful consequences to look with a heedful eye to the measure of their own responsibility. Thirty years of profound peace among all the great nations of the earth have made Governments careless and confident, and men sit under the shadow of their own vine and fig-tree, and talk lightly of a war. A generation has passed away

since the conclusion of the last great struggle and the recollection of the misery and gloom which attended it has become dim. "He jets at scars who never felt a wound." Meanwhile, the feelings and opinions of men respecting the wilful infliction of injury, or the destruction of human life under whatever pretences, have undergone a greater change in reality than in appearance. Humanity has made progress, great progress; God be thanked for it! If the careless and the unthinking still speak recklessly about a war, it is only because war is not definitely connected in their minds with any idea of the shedding of blood. They have only a vague notion of it as a sort of non-intercourse, by which, at considerable inconvenience to itself, a nation bravely avows its determination not to be cheated out of the least of its rights. In this way alone can we account for the absurd blustering of some very worthy persons, who talk about vindicating our pretensions to that worthless Oregon by an appeal to arms. Bring the matter home to them, let them wake up some morning and find themselves in the midst of a war, and they would be struck with horror and remorse. The news of a great victory, of the old-fashioned kind, attended with the slaughter of thousands on both sides, instead of being received with exultation, as we verily believe, would excite in their minds only the mingled feelings of grief, humiliation and repentance. Above all, they would hold to a fearful accountability the politicians whose policy had become so deeply stained with blood. Then let the English ministry and the American Government look to it; they may carry on this war of words for a while longer, and it will harm no one; they will even deserve and obtain what is the sole object of their ambition, the applause of their countrymen for being so valiant and steadfast in defence of their country's rights. But the outbreak of actual hostilities between England and America about such a contemptible possession will be followed by a storm of popular indignation, that will not only hurl them from their pride of place, but will cover the history of their administrations with disgrace, and leave an indelible blot upon their names.

## Walking upon Water.

In Hanover, two young men, one a Swede, and the other a Norman—taking the hint from that sort of foot gear of fir planks, called skies, by means of which in those Northern countries, the inhabitants pass through valleys and ravines filled with snow, without sinking—have been exhibiting, in the capital, the exploit of walking on the water by means of skies—made, however, for the latter purpose, with iron plates hollow within. An European journal says: "Backwards and forwards, much at their ease, according to the report, did the exhibitors walk and run—going through the military exercises, with knapsacks at their backs—and finally drawing a boat containing eight persons—all without wetting their shoes. The Minister of War, has, it is said, put a portion of the garrison of Hanover under the training of these gentlemen, for the purpose of learning what might prove so useful a military manoeuvre; and as M. M. Kjelberg and Balcken propose carrying their invention into other countries, our readers will probably suspend their opinion till they have a nearer view of this novel meeting of sky and water."

## The Alabama Voter.

"Are you in favor of biennial sessions of the Legislature?" asked a manager of an election in Alabama of a voter.  
"Who?" says the voter, whose name was Ance Veasy and withal, tolerably green.  
"Are you in favor of biennial sessions of the Legislature, sir?"  
"Biennial Sessions! I don't know him—is he any kin to Reub Sessions, sir? Ef he is, I'll be d—d ef you ketch me a votin' fur him! You never hearn me tell 'bout that fight I had long with Reub Sessions, up in Shelby—did you?"  
"Never mind your fights now, Mr. Veasy; answer, yea or nay?"  
"I dos'ent know what you mean by your ya's and na's; but I'll be d—d rotted ef I vote fur enny uv the Sessions family, no how you can fix it! Bah! Biennial Sessions, indeed!—just as much fit for Gurnur as h—ll is fur a ice-house!"