

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## To the First Birds of Spring.

Ye come, ye come, bright warbling things,  
And joy is in your song,  
Ye bear upon your dewy wings  
The spring's first breath along.  
Ye herald in the happy morn,  
That is the birth of flowers:  
Ye tell that winter's chills have gone,  
Its snows and icy towers.  
Ye hide the earth in its carpet weave,  
In Nature's matchless loom;  
The warp for many a grassy leaf,  
The wool from flower's loom.  
Ye bid the naked branches dress,  
In all their proud array,  
And all things don their loveliness,  
To welcome back the day.  
Ye bid the icy fetters fall  
From many a prisoned rill;  
And onward, joyful at your call,  
They gambol down the hill.  
All nature wakes from sleep; the cloud  
Shades not the sun's bright rays;  
No more the storm-winds, howling loud,  
Disturb the zephyr's lay.  
Pass on, pass on, to other land,  
Ye birds of merry note;  
Sing there of spring, ye starry band,  
From every tuneful throat.  
And gladden every heart that hears  
Your message from above,  
Pass on, dry up old winter's tears,  
Sweet harbingers of love.

## Singular Sea Fight.

On board the *Peacock* they witnessed a sea fight between a whale and one of his many enemies. The sea was quite smooth, and offered the best possible view of the whole combat. First, at a distance from the ship, a whale was seen floundering in a most extraordinary way, lashing the smooth sea into a perfect foam, and endeavoring, apparently, to extricate himself from some annoyance. As he approached the ship, the struggle continuing and becoming more violent, it was perceived that a fish, apparently about twenty feet long, held him by the jaw, his contortions, spouting, and throes all betokening the agony of the huge monster. The whale now threw himself at full length from the water, with open mouth, his pursuer still hanging to the jaw, the blood issued from the wound and dying the sea to a distance around; but all his floundering was of no avail; his pertinacious enemy still maintained his hold and was evidently getting the advantage of him. Much alarm seemed to be felt by the many other whales around. These "killers," as they are called are of a brownish color on the back, and white on the belly, with a long dorsal fin. Such was the turbulence with which they passed; that a good view could not be had of them to make out more nearly the description. These fish attack a whale in the same way as dogs bait a bull, and worry him to death. They are armed with strong sharp teeth and generally seize the whale by the lower jaw. It is said that the only part of them they eat is the tongue. The whalers give some marvellous accounts of these killers and of their immense strength; among them that they have been known to drag a whale away from several boats which were towing it to the ship.

FINDING STORE.—A chap from 'the bush,' was patrolling the streets of Boston, a short time since, with a sheet of gingerbread under his arm, and gazing at the signs, when one which was labelled 'General Finding Store' attracted his attention. He entered, chewing his gingerbread, and after a severe effort at swallowing, like a hen eating dough, he exclaimed, 'I swear you must be darned lucky chaps to find all these here things.—I s'pose you s'nt found my umbrella nor nothing, are you?'

Ireland as she was—as she is—and as she ought to be: "Great, Glorious and Free."

BY CHARLES POTTS.

To contemplate the rise and progress of Nations, is a pleasing occupation; yet pleasing as it is, close upon it follow the unhappy sensations produced by ruin and decay. It is but a step from the highest pinnacle of greatness to the lowest condition of insignificance and misery. View SPAIN; but as yesterday her commerce whitened every sea, her legions carried her arms victorious over a conquered Hemisphere, which she herself had discovered—view her with the pride and boast of Europe, now stripped of all her conquests, her commerce and her industry, dragging out a miserable existence in civil wars and factious broils, despised and lamented by all her former unsuccessful competitors for greatness and renown. Though this contemplation be fraught with painful reflections, yet within the bitter drops are mingled the sweets of useful and profitable lessons. In tones loud and not to be misunderstood it tells of the vanity and evanescence of all earthly glory, vanishing as an idle dream, leaving behind scarcely a shadow or a trace to tell of former greatness.

Let us return from the observance of Nations, which like the mushroom, springing into existence and maturity almost simultaneously, and as quickly moulder to the dust; to those which for ages have been acquiring strength and solidity, and at length burst the trammels which have so long bound them, and successfully assert their rights and their determination to be free—they like the plant of slow growth, when time had brought out their energies, and matured them, enduring all the storms and vicissitudes of fortune unscathed; and while all around is ruin and desolation, they will rise with new incentives to urge them to prosperity and renown.

Among this class we would rank IRELAND. While other nations of Europe have sprung into glorious existence, flourished, and some of them fell never to rise again from their ruins, she still holds the same place she did eight centuries ago. With her sister Isles of the ocean, she commenced her career, with prospects equally bright; yet how different have been their fortunes! The English spirit, apparently almost destroyed by the almost successive invasions of the Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman, has from each gathered energies which have urged her to greater, and still greater triumphs. Even her very civil wars, which for a time appeared to crush her, have added to her new laurels in the restoration to her subjects of the inherent rights of man. Her career has still been onward, her arts and her arms have been carried to the frozen regions of the north, to the dusky plains of Asia, to the burning regions of Africa, and still farther to the thousand Isles that dot the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, until she possesses an empire upon which the sun never sets—an empire unpolled by the touch of slavery.

Contrasted with this, how different has been the course of Ireland! Unlike England, foreign invasions almost crushed her in the bud of her existence. The genius of Ireland could not, did not, flow in unison with the genius of her invaders. Her civil wars, not like those of England, in which the lower orders contended with the higher, for great and noble principles, sunk her still lower in the scale of misery and slavery. Even the discovery of America, which to all Europe, proved a blessing, retarded her deliverance from the thralldom of her oppressors. The spirit of the Irish people, which for centuries, even under the influence of tyranny and misrule had been acquiring strength and resolution, was about to reek its vengeance upon its oppressors, assert its rights and raise a "down trodden nation" to its proper place among the nations of the earth. The cloud had been gathering and was about to break upon the despoilers of this fair land; but America was discovered, and the spirit of liberty, finding no congenial spot in the Old World upon which to erect her altar and dispense her blessings to her followers, took her flight across the waters of the Atlantic, and fixed her standard in the uncontaminated soil of the American continent, and there under her guidance to found a Nation, that would lead the enslaved

of all climes to freedom and to glory. But after her came those brave spirits who could not endure the tyranny of Europe—and there displayed a courage and heroic bravery, which if it had been exerted in their own country's cause, would have torn off her chains and raised her to a proud and glorious pre-eminence. After her came MONTGOMERY, who carried the stars and stripes victorious before the walls of Quebec; after him came a thousand others whose heroic deeds and many virtues won for them a proud distinction, even among the champions of American liberty—and their memories will live evergreen in the remembrance of those who now enjoy the blessings for which they suffered and bled.

Though thus Ireland lost many of her best and bravest sons, still there were those left behind who dared to strike a blow for their country. They fought like men struggling for great principles—like men who had staked their all upon the contest—like men behind whom all was tyranny and bondage, before, freedom and prosperity. They had beheld a small band of undisciplined yeomanry, unskilled in all the arts of war, strike off the galling chains of oppression, and it nerved them to the contest. But, alas! religious contention crept into their ranks, and Irish bravery instead of exerting itself against the enemies of their country, and the great and magnanimous idea of emancipating a Nation, dwindled into the petty but disastrous conflict of opposing creeds. Hence their efforts for the liberation of their country was unsuccessful, yet the spirit of emancipation was still increasing, though checked for a while, it was but to return with renewed energies to the contest.

But a new era dawned upon Ireland. Literature was now beginning to shed its benign influence upon the land. Hitherto all had been the darkness of benighted minds, save here and there the dim flickerings from the castle or the cloister. Now a new field was opened to the aspiring youth of Ireland, and as mind must ever be engaged, finding no opportunity of assisting their country, they entered upon this new sphere. The lore of past ages was investigated, the beauties of the Roman and Grecian artists were again admired, the thrilling eloquence of their orators found in Irish hearts new conquests to its power, and their poetry found among the romantic spirits, those who could appreciate its pathos. Thus Greece and Rome again conquered—best of all their conquests, the conquest of the intellect.

But this event, although for a while it retarded the liberation of Ireland, still was a blessing to her sons. It first freed them from the tyranny of ignorance—it first taught them how to look upon and examine their rights. Their patriotism took a loftier and holier stand, and now the spirit of Ireland took another start, and the crisis of her fate was fast approaching, when another event delayed it for a while.

All Europe alike was roused by the meteor like rapidity of Napoleon's conquests—now the sunny plains and vine-clad hills of France felt tyranny, and ere mankind had half recovered from the shock (which brought the news that the great leader of the Republic of Europe had assumed the sceptre of the Despot) gave them, they were still more startled to hear that the almost impenetrable barriers of Italy (the Alps) were scaled, and that the Roman citadel itself was successfully invaded. To day brought the intelligence that Napoleon had declared war against an Empire—to morrow came the sad news of its overthrow, and the subjugation of its King.—With new conquests the ambition of Napoleon was fired, and ever increasing with what it fed on, still urged him to mightier and nobler conquests, until the subjugation not only of Europe but of the whole world became the darling object of his mind, and had that been accomplished, like another Alexander, he would have wept that there were no more worlds to conquer. Thus mankind saw and trembled at his ambition, and against such a mighty wholesale tyrant, the pent-up energies of Ireland were loosened—and were she forever blotted from existence, which God forbid, her part in the conquest of Napoleon would live ever bright in the recollection of ransomed Europe. It was reserved for an

IRISHMAN to subdue him who for years had turned the world 'upside down,' and made princes and potentates tremble for their thrones. But although Irish bravery was thus lavishly poured out upon the plains of Waterloo, yet there was still a nucleus left at home, around which the rising generation might rally, and again strike for freedom.

Twenty-five years have now passed away since the downfall of Napoleon, during which nothing has transpired to mar the calm into which Europe fell after so dreadful a storm. The genius of Ireland, ever on the wing, has been rapidly advancing to the assertion of its rights—her sons have been looking with murmurs of discontent upon their condition; their continued wrongs have lit up the spark of vengeance and fanned it until it has become a mighty flame, hidden though it be, it will soon burst forth and consume their oppressors in one common ruin; the rumblings of the volcano have been heard, and soon it will pour out its fury upon the despoilers of Ireland. Freed from the damning influence of Intemperance and religious contention, her genius will go on from conquest to conquest, until the "Shamrock so green" shall wave over a redeemed, a disenthralled, a free and happy people. This glorious time, we trust, is not far distant, and every breeze that comes from the "Jone Isle of the Ocean" bears with it the tokens of the coming storm. When it does come, may a unity of interest and a holy patriotism bind them together, may not jarring discords, as they did of yore, dash from them the cup of bliss, ere they have tasted of its sweets.

Then shall we, the sons of liberty, stretch our hearts across the wide Atlantic, and hail with joyous shouts the EMANCIPATION OF IRELAND.

## The Available Skillet.

A SKETCH OF WESTERN LIFE.

In the winter of 182--business led me to journey in north-western Missouri, then a sparsely settled and frontier country. Taverns, there were none, and their substitutes "stands" in the phrase of the country, poor and far between. I urged my weary horse forward, over the broad prairie, covered with snow and mud, during several tedious hours, heading toward a distant grove, and musing all the time. The timber once reached, I may find a lodging place for the night; thought I.—I soon did reach the grove, and in it found a single log cabin, surrounded by low fence rails, worm laid. The cabin was tenanted by a young married woman and her two children. The husband was from home.

As I rode up to the door, the woman came unhesitatingly forward, and to my inquiry, "Can I be accommodated with entertainment for the night?" answered, I reckon so. We never turns anybody away, whether friends or foes; they are all made comfortable at our house. The strange traveller would find cold lodging on this road, if we didn't keep him—it's so far between the stands. He is gone forty miles to mill, but will be home to morrow. I will do my best, so you may as well come in." I thanked the kindhearted lady, and accepted her invitation.

Truth prompts me to say; that, notwithstanding the settlers were then generally very poor and very illiterate and possessed of only a few comforts or even conveniences, a more open hearted, generously disposed, and less suspecting people, I never found. To me, Yankee educated, such welcome to the fireside of private families, as was everywhere given to a perfect stranger, was unaccountable.

This woman, to the eye, was rather attractive for the country; and, by her mien, showed that she was, or felt herself to be, one of the "upper ten thousand"—a fact I soon found corroborated. Her husband was a candidate for sheriff.

The rude, long pen, was the whole house, parlor, bed-room, kitchen, pantry, all in one. Having asked for supper, I took my seat at a respectful distance from the fire, with nothing to divert my attention from the cooking operations, and very curious to see how a place of so little promise "could make me comfortable."

The first motion toward my supper, was the lady's bringing forth a skillet, which was good

enough of its kind. Into this skillet a handful of coffee was put; and then the parching, browning, smoking operation was commenced. The skillet being placed in the blaze of the fire, the process was soon over; and, if the coffee failed in being well parched, the deficiency was made up—it was well smoked.—The vessel was now duly cleansed, filled with water and placed over the fire to boil, while my hostess briskly ground the coffee. Soon the boiling water from the skillet was poured upon the floured coffee, and the skillet was set to boil upon the coals. By this time my curiosity had become excited by the double and singular use of the skillet; and I watched with increased interest. Next the skillet was turned into an oven, and three bullet-shaped daggers (loaves) of corn meal set a baking. My hostess then took a seat to entertain me by her conversation. On my remarking upon her few conveniences, she answered:

"Yes stranger, that's all truth; but we now do so much better than when we first came here, it seems, really, quite like living. Then we pounded our corn in a hollow stump, and baked our bread on a chip; but some folks like Johnny cake best; but when he brought me this ere new skillet from Fort Osage, I felt my fortune was made; because I could now have such good bread, and could almost use the skillet for a thousand things beside baking. Yes stranger, you may think it queer, but when he brought me this skillet, I was gladder than if he had brought me the best black silk gown in St. Louis—and I told him so; for it does me more good than fifty dresses could."

I assented to all my hostess said; but after all, it was a tedious hour, this waiting for the bread to bake, while all other supper operations were suspended. My hostess, after giving the "daggers" three successive thumpings, pronounced them baked, to my very great satisfaction, as the boiling coffee, sending off its tempting fumes, was cause sufficient for a hungry traveller to be somewhat impatient. But as all things must come to an end, so the baking did; and my hopes revived, as I saw the skillet receiving a thorough, fresh ablution. Large slices of bacon were now placed in the skillet, and the frying process commenced in good earnest; which, over a hot fire, was soon ended, and my supper pronounced ready.

Never did hungry Spartan come to his dish of soup with keener relish. Fatigue and waiting had given me the true Spartan seasoning; and I gave good evidence of the skill of the cook; if partaking largely of each of the three components of my supper (coffee, bread, and bacon), could prove it, each was good of its kind. My hostess entertained me while eating, with panther stories, tales of the Indians, and with instances of Western female heroism; none of which I will repeat on this occasion.

Again seated by the fire after supper, the skillet, already become notorious, continued to attract my attention. Water was heated, and the dishes were washed in it. And again water was warmed, and the children washed in it—face, hands and feet. Water was again warmed, and my hostess thoroughly washed her own feet in the same vessel; and all without an apology! Next morning, as you may well imagine, I rode away before breakfast.—Western Continent.

A CALIFORNIA FARMER.—A gentleman writing from California to the editor of the *St. Louis Reveille*, says his stock consists of about 4000 head of oxen, 1700 horses and mules, 3000 sheep, and as many hogs. They all pasture themselves without difficulty in the rich prairies and bottoms of the Sacramento, and only require to be attended. This is done by Indians of whom he employs 400. His annual crop of wheat is about 12,000 bushels, with barley, peas, beans, etc. in proportion.

Education is a better safeguard for liberty than a standing army.

A personal young woman advertises, in a provincial paper, for a service. She says, she is well qualified to manage a single gentleman.

Do their anxious mothers know they're out?—Married at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the 17th ult., Jacob Weaver, aged 17 years, to Sarah Sherman, aged 12 years and 7 months.