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

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Gentle Words.

A young rose in summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious are the many stars
That glimmer on the sea;
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the finest flowers,
Or stars that ever shone.
The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the dripping flower,
And eyes grow bright, and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour.
But words that breathe of tenderness
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And lighter than the dew.
It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But, oh, if those who clustre round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

From the Louisville Journal.

Given up to Sadness.

Winds of the summer twilight hour!
Whence came your tone's mysterious power!
Ye bear no griefs o'er which to pine,
Nor yet a heart to melt at mine;
Yet oh sweet words that bear your tone
Like sighs o'er some heart broken one—
Ye whispering zephyrs wandering free
That mourn so sweetly—mourn for me!
And you, ye waves with murmurs sweet,
Soft sighing as ye kiss my feet,
How like to mine your troubled breast,
That heaves and sighs, and knows no rest!
I list your melancholy swell,
That with my sad heart suits so well—
Oh, murmuring waters, wild and free,
That sigh so sweetly—sigh for me!
And you ye gentle dews that fall,
As twilight drops her dusky pall—
Ye trembling dew gems—tears of even
That seek to bring a balm from heaven,
Say—weep ye for the sad one's sake
Who bears a heart that's fit to break!
Then dews of twilight—falling free
That weep so softly—weep for me!

Habits of the Lion.

The habits of the king of beasts are not of that noble order which naturalists formerly ascribed to him. In the day time he will almost invariably fly from man, unless attacked, when his courage is that of mingled rage and despair. I have seen the lion suddenly roused from his lair, run off as timidly as a buck. It is said that even at night they do not like to seize a man from a party, especially if the persons exercise their voices; and that the carcass of an antelope or other game, may be preserved untouched by hanging some stirrups on a tree near, so that the lions may clash together when blown by the wind; a white handkerchief on the end of a ramrod is another receipt for effecting the same object. The lion is a stealthy, cunning brute, never attacks unless he has the advantage, and relying on his vast strength feels sure of victory.

The natives tell incredible stories of his sagacity, which would almost make him a reasonable animal. There are well authenticated cases on record of lions carrying men away at night from the fireside, but these are quite rare exceptions. They are gregarious, as many as twenty having been seen in a troop.—*Life in a Wilderness.*

A gentleman sat down to write a deed, and began with—"Know one woman by these presents."

"You are wrong," said a bystander, "it ought to be, know all men."

"Very well," answered the other, "if one woman knows all men, all men will of course."

The testimony of a Democrat against the War with Mexico.

In Brownson's American Quarterly Review for the month of July, 1847, the editor appears to have conclusively proved that the war with Mexico is "uncalled for, impolitic, and unjust." Mr. Brownson is known to wield a powerful pen; he has been for many years considered as no mean champion of Democracy; in support of which he obtained considerable celebrity while editor of the "Democratic Review." He is still the political friend of the President, and an adherent of the party by whom he was elected. It was, therefore, certainly not to be expected that such a man, in such a position, would so completely demolish every argument advanced by Mr. Polk and his friends in support of the present war, as Mr. Brownson has done. He has thus, voluntarily, rendered a service to truths, for which the Democrats will never forgive him. But we will allow him to speak for himself:

"For ourselves, we have regarded the Mexican war from the first as uncalled for, impolitic, and unjust. We have examined the documents published by order of the government; we have read the official defence of the war in the last annual Message of the President to Congress, and with every disposition to find our own government in the right; but we are bound to say, that our original impressions have been strengthened rather than weakened. The President, undoubtedly, makes it clear that he had many just causes of complaint against Mexico, which at the time of their occurrence might have justified reprisals, perhaps even war,—but he cannot plead these in justification of the present war; for they were not the ground on which we professed to engage in it. The official announcement of the President to Congress was that war already existed between the two republics, by the act of Mexico herself, and whatever use we may make of old grievances in adjusting the terms of peace, we can make no use of them in defending the war. We can plead in its defence only the fact on which we grounded it, namely, war exists by the act of Mexico herself. But unhappily, at the time of the official announcement, war did not exist between the two republics at all, for neither republic had declared war against the other. There had been a collision of their forces, but this was not war, as the President would probably have conceded, had he known or recollected the distinction between war and hostilities. By placing the war on the ground that it existed by the act of Mexico, and that ground being false, he has left it wholly indefensible, whatever the old grievances we may have to allege against Mexico.

"The act of Mexico in crossing the Rio Grande, and engaging our troops on territory which she had possessed and still claimed as hers, but which we asserted had, by a recent act against which she had protested, become ours,—the act which the President chose to inform Congress and the world was war—may or may not have been a just cause for declaring war against her, but it assuredly was not war itself. We have no intention to justify Mexico. She may have been decidedly in the wrong; she may have had no valid title to the territory of which the President had just taken military occupation; that territory may have been rightfully ours, and it may even have been the duty of the President to occupy and defend it; but it cannot be denied that she had once possessed it; that it was still a part of one of her states or provinces; that she still claimed it; and had continued to exercise jurisdiction over it, till driven from it by our army of occupation; that she invaded it with an armed force, if invasion it can be called, not as territory belonging to us, but as territory belonging to her; and that she attacked our troops, not for the reason that they were ours, but for the reason, as she held,—and she had as good a right to be judge in her own case as we had in ours,—that they were intruders, trespassers on her soil. The motive of her act was not war against the United States, but the expulsion of intruders from her own territory.

No sophistry can make her act war, certainly not without conceding that our act in taking military possession of that territory was also war; and if that was war, then the war, if it existed at all, existed by our act and not by hers, for her act was consequent upon ours. The most that the President was at liberty to say, without condemning his own government, was, that there had been a collision of the forces of the two republics on a territory claimed by each; but this collision he had no right to term war, for every body knows that it takes something more than a collision of their respective forces on a disputed territory to constitute a war between two civilized nations.—In no possible point of view was the announcement of the President that war existed between the two republics, and existed by the act of Mexico, correct. It did not exist at all; or if it did, it existed not by act of Mexico, but by our act. In either case, the official announcement was false, and cannot be defended.

"The President may have been governed by patriotic motives; he may have felt that prompt and energetic action was required; he may

have believed that in great emergencies the chief magistrate of a powerful republic, having to deal with a weak and distracted state, should rise superior to mere technical forms, and the niceties of truth and honor; but it strikes us that he would have done better, proved himself even more patriotic, and sufficiently prompt and energetic, if he had confined himself to the ordinary rules of morality, and the well defined principles of international law. By aspiring to rise above these, and to appear original, he has placed his country in a false position, and debarred himself, whatever the just causes of war Mexico may have given us, from pleading one of them in justification of the actual war. We must be permitted to regret that he did not reflect beforehand, that if he placed the defence of the war on the ground that it already existed, and existed by the act of Mexico herself, and on that ground demanded of Congress the means of prosecuting it, he would, in case that ground proved to be untenable as he must have known it would, have nothing whatever to allege in its or his own justification. He should have been lawyer enough to have known that he could not plead anew, after having failed on his first issue. It is often hazardous in our pleadings to plead what is not true, and in doing so in the present case, the President has not only offended morality, which he may regard as a small matter, but has even committed a blunder.

"The course the President should have pursued is plain and obvious. On learning the state of things on the frontier, the critical condition of our army of occupation, he should have demanded of Congress the reinforcements and supplies necessary to relieve it and secure the purpose for which it was avowedly sent to the Rio Grande; and, if he believed it proper or necessary, to have, in addition, laid before Congress a full and truthful statement of our relations with Mexico, including all the unadjusted complaints, past and present, we had against her, accompanied by the recommendation of a declaration of war. He would then have kept within the limits of his duty, proved himself a plain constitutional President, and left the responsibility of war or no war to Congress, the only war-making power known to our laws.—Congress, after mature deliberation, might, or might not, have declared war,—most likely would not; but whether so or not, the responsibility would have rested with it, and no blame would have attached to the President.

"Unhappily, this course did not occur to the President, or was too plain and simple to meet his approbation. As if fearful, if Congress deliberated, it might refuse to declare war, and as if determined to have war at any rate, he presented to Congress, not the true issue, whether war should or should not be declared—but the false issue, whether Congress would grant him the means of prosecuting a war, waged against us by a foreign power. In the true issue, Congress might have hesitated—in the one actually presented there was no room to hesitate, if the official announcement of the President was to be credited, and hesitation would have been criminal. By declaring that the war already existed, and by the act of Mexico herself, the President relieved Congress of the responsibility of the war, by throwing it all on Mexico.—But since he cannot fasten it on Mexico—for war did not already exist, or if so, by our act, and not hers—it necessarily recoils upon himself, and he must bear the responsibility of doing what the Constitution forbids him to do—of making war without the intervention of Congress. In effect, therefore, he has trampled the Constitution under his feet, set a dangerous precedent, and by the official publication of a palpable falsehood, sullied the national honor. It is with no pleasure that we speak thus of the chief magistrate of the Union, for whose elevation to his high and responsible office we ourselves voted. But whatever may be our attachment to party, or the respect we hold to be due from all good citizens to the civil magistrate, we cannot see the Constitution violated, and the national honor sacrificed, whether by friend or foe, from good motives or bad, without entering, feeble though it be, our stern and indignant protest.

Side Saddles.

Queen Elizabeth, it seems, was the first who introduced the practice of ladies riding sideways on horseback. The somewhat ungraceful custom of ladies riding in their stirrups in trotting has been introduced of later years. Horse exercise is peculiarly beneficial to ladies of debilitated and consumptive habits. The slow trot, although less graceful, is considered more healthy than either the canter or gallop. The motion of the horse and the fresh draught of pure, elastic air, are the best, perhaps the only perfect means of recruiting and exhilarating the exhausted spirits and system, and of enlivening the imagination of the studious and sedentary.

Quite True.

The Northampton Gazette says: "The idea, quite common among pious young men, that they cannot fulfil their mission of good to mankind, without getting into the pulpit, has filled the sacred desk with a great many poor preachers."

Education of Daughters.

The following sensible and discriminating remarks are from the pen of an able writer, who is addressing a series of numbers to his excellency, Gov. EATON, of Vermont, on the INTELLECTUAL TRAINING OF DAUGHTERS. The subject, though so often discussed as to appear like a hackneyed, worn out theme, is not exhausted:

Without being aware of it, we have fallen into an evil habit, so that in some respects, things are worse than formerly. Half a century ago, girls were educated, really educated for housewifery—now, for accomplishments. Then, tho' the intellect was not cultivated and strengthened by discipline, the mind and hand were thoroughly and practically taught all the knowledge and craft of good housewifery. But not in the majority of cases, the understanding and these important things are both neglected, and accomplishments too often occupy the whole vision of mothers and daughters. Now such education overlooks the real of life, and the greater part of life. It has respect only to the season of girlhood; to that brief space between leaving school and settling in life. The Rev. Sidney Smith, for some years the editor of the Edinburgh Review, has uttered some truth respecting this sort of female education. "One great evil is, that it does not last. If the whole of life were an Olympic game,—if we could go on feasting and sing to the end—this might do. But such education is merely a provision for the little interval between coming into life and settling in it, while it leaves a long and dreary expanse behind, devoid both of dignity and cheerfulness. These accomplishments are merely means of displaying the grace and vivacity of youth which every woman gives up as she gives up the dress and manners of eighteen; she has no wish to retain them. The system of female education, as it now stands, aims only at embellishing a few years of life, which are in themselves so full of grace and happiness, that they hardly want it, and then leaves the rest of existence a miserable prey of idle magnificence. No woman of understanding and reflection can possibly conceive she is doing justice to her children by such kind of education. The object is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures—habits that time will ameliorate—not destroy—occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and therefore, death less terrible—and the compensation which is offered for the omission of all this, is a short lived blaze—a little temporary effect, which has no other consequence than to deprive the remainder of life of all taste and relish."

It is not long since I heard a sensible and noble hearted woman giving utterance to language like the following: When a girl,—she was possessed of both fortune and great personal attractions. She married a physician at the age of eighteen. She was speaking of a mother whom she truly loved, but the singular want of judgment in the education of her children, she could neither commend nor reconcile with her good sense in other matters. "I was put to a city school," said Mrs. D., "at the age of 13. Bashful and diffident of myself, I was ready to fall under all the influences and habits that came in my way. It had been well for me, if these had been of the right kind. The first impression made on my mind was, that it was the chief object of all the girls to prepare themselves to make an impression, and this seemed to be encouraged by the fashionable ladies to whom I had been committed. I studied arithmetic and grammar, and I studied philosophy and logic, without knowing any thing about them, for want of previous discipline; and I was put to painting, and embroidery, and dancing, and making wax flowers, and fruit, &c. I came out of school, when a little turned of sixteen, and really proud of my attainments; and I spent my next two years in displaying my accomplishments in such manner that I had not time to inquire whether I knew anything or not. But when I was married, and had to look at the realities of life, I found I knew nothing as I ought to know it, either of mental discipline or the business of the actual world. I had never made a bed or cooked a meal of victuals in my life, and with all my knowledge of embroidery, I could not, for the life of me, make a shirt; and many and many a time, I have sat down and had a hearty crying spell over my ignorance." Mrs. D. went on with much more to the same effect, and then closed with a manner and air which showed her in earnest. "I warrant you, my girls shall not be educated in that manner."

Now, dear sir, in contrast with all this, I would insist upon a course of thorough intellectual discipline for girls, much like that pursued by our sons in college, and with the same object in view—to make them strong and womanly minded, and to fit them for the whole of life. Nor will such training prove the enemy of accomplishments, but the true foundation and source of all accomplishments, and the helper of all that is truly lovely in woman's character. The discipline is an essential part of education.—Our daughters ought to pursue such a course of study as shall give them enlargement of mind, a full control over their intellectual powers—

such an amount of knowledge as shall fit them for the several relations of life. They must begin with the elementary principles of language, of numbers, of geography, history, morals, &c., for without these elements, the mind cannot proceed on its own work of discipline. These are the instruments with which the mind acts. It is by comparing these principles with actual facts of experience and its own perceptions, that the mind moves on to the acquisition of higher truths. It is but an identical proposition to say that education must begin with the elements.

When these are acquired, girls should be made thoroughly acquainted with the structure and power of their own language by reading; studying, and analyzing it, and by studying the dead languages from which ours is derived, for in all this work of discipline now begun, their own language is to be the instrument of thought; and unless they know well the power and meaning of the terms they use in thinking they cannot think logically, or form definite and right conclusions.—I would therefore have girls well taught in their own tongue, both studying it directly and by studying the Latin, from which a considerable part of it is derived. Then, thirdly, in addition to this knowledge of first principles and of their language, we would take the utmost pains to form in our daughters the habit of concentrating a steady and powerful attention upon any subject which they undertake to study. We would teach and induce them, in every possible way, to acquire such a control over their mental powers as shall enable them, at will, to shut out every other subject, and for the time being, to bring down all these powers upon the subject in hand, and hold them there at pleasure. This is no easy matter in any case. We should convince our daughters that it is possible—give confidence in themselves, and never leave them till the habits are formed, and they will begin to experience the wonders of this wonder working power, in opening to them new fields of knowledge, and leading them most pleasantly along in those fields, which they once despaired of entering.

Anecdote of Stephen Girard.

The following capital anecdote illustrative of the peculiarities of the late Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, is from the New Bedford Mercury:

"Mr. G. had a favorite clerk, one who every way pleased him, and, who, when at the age of twenty-one years, expected Mr. G. to say something to him in regard to his future prospects, and perhaps lend him a helping hand in starting him in the world. But Mr. G. said nothing, carefully avoiding the subject of his escape from minority. At length, after the lapse of some weeks, the clerk mustered courage enough to address Mr. G. upon the subject.

"I suppose, sir," said the clerk, "I am free, and I thought I would say something to you as to my future course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, yes, I know you are free," said Mr. G. "and my advice to you is that you go and learn a cooper's trade."

This announcement well nigh threw the clerk off the track; but recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. G. was in earnest, he would do so.

"I am in earnest," and the clerk rather hesitatingly sought one of the best coopers, agreed with him upon the terms of apprenticeship, and went at it in good earnest, and in course of time made as good a barrel as any one. He went and told Mr. G. that he had graduated with all the honors of the craft, and was ready to set up his business; at which the old man seemed gratified, and told him to make three of the best barrels he could get up. The young cooper selected the best materials, and soon put into shape and finished three of the best barrels, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Mr. G. said the barrels were first rate, and demanded the price.

"One dollar," said the clerk, "is as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough," said his employer, "make out your bill and present it."

And now comes the cream of the whole.—Mr. G. drew a check for \$20,000, and handing it to the clerk cooper, closed with these words:

"There, take that, and invest it in the best possible way, and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living at all times."

Tom Thumb Surpassed.

In an old paper, the London Literary Gazette, for the year 1824, we find an account of a dwarf even more lilliputian than Gen. Tom Thumb. Her name was CRACHAM, a Silesian by birth and at ten years of age she was only nineteen inches in height, and weighing but five pounds. She was exhibited in London, in May, 1824. Probably some reader, who has since reached middle life, may remember of seeing or hearing of her.