



**JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN**

Thursday, December 9, 1847.

Terms, \$2.00 in advance. \$2.25 half yearly; and \$2.50 if not paid before the end of the year.

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**Henry Clay.**

The Locofocos fear HENRY CLAY as much as the Whigs love him. Already have the papers in the employ of the Administration pounced upon that great man, with all the fury of half-starved hyenas, and the malignity of fiends. No sooner was it announced that the venerable Patriot and Sage intended to address his countrymen on the subject of "the Mexican War, its authors and objects," than the Locofocos became alarmed, and turned loose the blood-hounds of party, to hunt the great Statesman down. Fearful of the influence his speech might exert upon the reading and thinking portion of their party, they have, without waiting to know what he really did say, most grossly and wickedly misrepresented him. Some have even gone so far as to denounce the gray haired Hero an enemy to his country. Palsied be the traitor-tongues that dare to assail the Patriot and Sage who has done and suffered so much for his country, and who freely gave his beloved son to die in defence of his country's flag. Thank God, HENRY CLAY is not the man to be crushed by such enemies, or written down by the pensioned scribblers of Locofocism.

What though detraction has essayed  
To cloud his noble brow;  
Down from the height himself has made,  
He smiles upon it now.  
The oak, while growing, may be stirred  
By a slight touch of breeze and bird,  
Its bark each insect slims;  
Matured—though whirlwinds sweep the sky,  
It lifts, unbowed, its head on high,  
In conscious strength sublime."

HENRY CLAY, though persecuted as no other public man ever was, will stand proudly erect, upon the broad platform of FREEDOM, with a spirit unconquered, ready to second the efforts of the friends of universal Liberty, whenever made. "Ne'er yet did base dishonor blur the name" of HENRY CLAY! The slanderous tongues of his cruel persecutors have wagged in vain. He is now, as he has ever been, the hope and pride of American Freeman—the idol of millions of loving and true hearts. Though fickle Fortune may not set her seal upon the brow of the Patriot, Sage and Statesman, "A greener garland blooms than any wreath  
The wayward goddess for her minion binds;  
And in thy hands though office may not place  
Its barren sceptre and its fleeting power—  
A brighter, better destiny is thine  
Than all these empty honors can bestow.  
Thou hast thy country's love—with her renown  
Thy own is woven; with her name thy name  
In union indestructible is bound;  
The pages of her history are thine!"

His illustrious career, as has been beautifully said by a writer, "is identified with his country's history, the brightest page of which, no less than that which is clouded by the gloom of despondency and doubt, bears—greatly and proudly—the imperishable record of those inappreciable services and sacrifices which have given character, dignity, and honor to the American name, and a glorious immortality to that of HENRY CLAY! His position at the present time is truly enviable; and to his generous mind must be far more gratifying than would be the actual possession of the attractions and the trappings of any station, however exalted, within the gift of a grateful and admiring people. Without patronage to bestow; a retired statesman, a plain, practical farmer; he is nevertheless the IDOL OF THE PEOPLE, and possesses far more influence and consideration with the Nation at large, than they enjoy, who have the bestowal of all the emoluments and dignities of office." God bless HENRY CLAY! Far distant be the day when this Nation shall be called upon to mourn the loss of her best and purest Statesman.

**Harrisburg Intelligencer.**

**A New Project.**

The New York Sun advises Secretary Walker to establish a Mint in Mexico. It thinks that a great stream of bullion would flow in, and add:  
"Our smooth shining dollars and eagles bearing the figure of Liberty and the motto of E. Pluribus Unum once in circulation among the Mexicans will have a powerful controlling influence."

**The Minister to Rome.**

The world is just now agitated with the project of this Government sending a minister to Rome. The Catholic Observer is for a Catholic being sent, and hints that the President would do well to consult Catholics as to whom he should appoint. We think this is all premature; for we do not believe that Congress will sanction any such measure. It is only a trick with Mr. Polk to make capital for himself and party at the next election. As to the necessity of the mission, it is about as obvious as a missinn would be to the Grand Lama of Thibet.—*National Whig.*

**The Grand Pacificator.**

It is now said that Mr. Benton is to play the grand pacificator on the Mexican question, as he did upon the Oregon question; that he is to introduce resolutions authorizing the President to send a grand commissioner to Mexico, to ask her to make peace, &c. No good will come out of this movement so long as Mr. Polk can find any Trists to put upon the commission, unless the Senate will take upon itself the revision of the appointments.—*Id.*

The Baltimore Patriot endorses Mr. Clay's speech in every particular, and concludes thus:—"As then, there is no object to be gained by continuing the war, which Mr. Polk or any body else in authority will avow—and Mr. Clay has had this fact in his mind—the only thing for Congress to do, is to abandon it. We have fought it out. We have whipped Mexico to the content of even the most belligerent, we have taken her cities, her forts and her capital. There is nothing more for our army to do—no more fields to be won—no more glory to be gathered. Let us then leave Mexico as she is."

The New York Herald says of Henry Clays speech, that it is a most astonishing production—certainly on the side of peace, against the possession or annexation of Mexico, and in favor of preserving the Union in its present limits. We consider it beyond a doubt, as the most powerful, the most eloquent, the most pointed, the most energetic speech which ever proceeded from the lips of Mr. Clay.

**The late Eclipse of the Sun at Constantinople.**

On the 19th of October, the inhabitants of Stamboul witnessed one of the finest annular eclipses of the sun ever recorded in the annals of astronomy. The Europeans and the educated population of the city were prepared for the event; but it was not so with the mass, who were frightened out of their wits by the occurrence. The most superstitious of the Turks, who imagined it was a great bear come to devour the sun, created the greatest uproar by beating upon drums, tin pots, kettles, &c., and even guns and pistols were discharged at intervals, in order to disturb and prevent the redoubted monster from doing injury to the sun. In Galata and Pera every man was armed with an enormous pane of glass, blackened quite opaque, with which they were endeavoring to make observations on the eclipse.—[Correspondent of the Morning Herald.]

**Corn Crop of the United States.**

The corn crop of this year is estimated at 600,000,000 bushels; in 1845, 417,997,000 bushels. The yearly exports from 1791 to 1819, several times arose above a million bushels, sometimes over two millions, but from 1819 to 1845, they did not in any one year amount to a million. In 1846, the exports were 1,826,058 bushels corn, and 198,786 bbls. corn meal. In 1847 the exports have arisen to the enormous quantity of 17,272,815 bushels corn and 945,639 bbls. meal.

**Surgical Operation.**

An unprecedented operation in Surgery was performed a few days since, says the Ohio State Journal, of the 9th instant, on a young lady, living near Columbus, by Doctor Robert Thompson, of the city, and Dr. M. Z. Kreider, of Lancaster, assisted by several other medical gentlemen. The operation consisted in the removal of the liver, in a diseased state, which, upon weight amounted to twenty-nine and a half pounds, independent of material lost during the operation. We learn that up to this time the lady is doing well, but fears are doubtless entertained for this issue. What next?

A COLLEGE JOKE.—An old lady meeting a Cambridge man, asked him "how her nephew behaved himself?"—"Truly, madam," says he, "he's a brave fellow, and sticks close to Catherine Hall" (name of a college).—"I vow," said she, "I feared as much, he was always hankering after the girls from a boy."

ANOTHER CANDIDATE IN THE FIELD.—A Democrat of Hartford, Ct., told a Whig the other day that he should vote for William Proviso for next President.

**Answer to the Acrostical Enigma of week before last:—HENRY CLAY.**

From the New York Mercantile Times.

When this cry of war and conquest and glory began we were a happy, united, and prosperous people. The vast enterprise and capabilities of our citizens were fully employed in profitable and honorable pursuits. The workshop, the field, the marts of commerce, all witnessed a prodigious activity and unexampled returns for capital, skill, and labor. The nation was out of debt. At peace with all the world, and obeying those wise maxims of the Father of his Country which bade us avoid intermeddling with the affairs of other nations, we were respected abroad; and before the mild glory of our free institutions the prejudices of the old world stood confounded and convicted.

In that evil hour which beheld us engaging in war with our neighboring Republic that glory was dimmed in the eyes of Europe. We have never been able to justify this proceeding before the world. No pretext or plea yet assigned, or to be assigned, carries the weight of a feather with reflecting men. And what have we gained in Mexico? Of a friendly neighbor we have made an enemy, whose revenge will live through long centuries; and the political institutions which, in the progress of amicable intercourse, they might have borrowed from us, have now become a loathsome byword; and, sooner than share in the blessings of freedom with us, they would even embrace despotism if offered by our enemy.

Our domestic condition is certainly not improved by the war. Through the misfortunes of Europe afflicted with famine, and the bountiful harvests yielded by our fields enabling us to supply them at large profits, this country has greatly prospered; and that accidental prosperity, has masked, to a great extent, the mischiefs of the war upon ourselves. But it is only for a short season. All those inconveniences and derangements which must, sooner or later, overtake a people engaged in a war of invasion, and conquest, must fall upon us. Already we have contracted a debt of one hundred millions of dollars; we have created a pension list which will demand many millions more; we have sacrificed the lives of from twenty-five to thirty thousand American citizens, mostly young men and men in the vigor of manhood; we have demoralised multitudes of our people, and changed the current of enterprise and ambition to new and dangerous channels; above all, we have introduced new elements of discord, jealousy, hatred, and disunion into our political compact, and opened an interminable prospect of mischief and disorder.

Suffer us to speak a few words in view of the sad national missteps we have been considering. The farmers of the United States did not originate this war; the merchants did not; the manufacturers did not; they altogether did not. It is none of their work. It advances none of the interests of either. On the contrary, it deranges, depresses, cripples them all. It destroys a large share of the profits of all the producing classes. Who, then, did originate it? Politicians! Who are benefited by it? A corps of contractors, commissaries, and the like. Will these arrest the war? Probably not; for it is their living. Will politicians stop it? Yes, when the bone and sinew of the country—the men whose enterprise, skill, energy, industry, produce the prosperity of the country—when the business men of the land come forth from their farms, their shops, their manufactories, their counting-houses, and shall say, We are interfered with; we are stopped in our lawful and indispensable pursuits; we are prevented from building up the prosperity of our country; and this grand interfering cause must be put out of the way.

And who have a better right to insist upon being heard and regarded? They furnish the money to carry on the war, and they ought to be heard, when they feel and tell Congress that they have been taxed too long and too heavily for an unnecessary and injurious purpose.

We have said the unforeseen prosperity of the last year masked the detriment which war inflicts upon trade. But this state of things will not continue much longer. The business of the country will experience all the evils that result from financial derangement. And along with this is the utter uncertainty regarding the future—how long the war is to last, and what it is to cost. If Government could fix upon any time and sum beyond which it will not annoy us, we might make up our minds to it, meet the cost, and go on with our wonted pursuits. But while Government itself is in a maze; while the confusion of politicians grows worse confounded, and the fearful gleams of light touched as only make the darkness more visible, what wonder if the patience of those who stand in relation to the war as both supporters and sufferers should at length give way?

**FARTHER NEWS FROM MEXICO!**

By the arrival of the Schooner Sarah, at New Orleans, from the Brazos, intelligence is received that letters had come from the city of Mexico, announcing that on the 23d of October, the city of Atlixco was totally destroyed by an earthquake. Not a house was left standing, and a large portion of the inhabitants were buried under the ruins.

Much damage also was done to the surrounding country, and in the neighboring villages and monasteries, many of which were overthrown.

Canales, the Mexican guerrilla chief, died at Cerralvo, on the 4th inst.

Vera Cruz dates to the 5th have been received at New Orleans. Much excitement existed in consequence of information having been received there that a Mexican armed vessel had been seen in the Gulf, about 80 miles N. W. of Vera Cruz, on the evening of 2d inst.—She was described as a hermaphrodite brig, full of men. She was first seen by the U. S. pro-peller Secretary Buchanan, and though not venturing to attack that vessel, she ordered the Buchanan off shore. She first hoisted a white flag, and shortly afterwards run up the Mexican ensign. Com. Perry, on hearing of the circumstance, immediately sent the U. S. Steamer Scorpion in pursuit. That vessel had not returned when the Washington left Vera Cruz, and the result of the chase was of course not known.

By Express, the North American has news from New Orleans to the 22d ult., and from Vera Cruz two days later than before. The Mexican Congress was assembling at Queretaro. Some stockjobbers in Mexico were in favor of annexing that country to the United States. It was reported that Zacatecas, Durango, and another State, had declared in favor of a monarchy; and had selected a son of Turbide to occupy the throne. Padre Jarauta, a famous guerrilla leader, had proposed to Gen. Patterson to abandon the war and come under the protection of the Americans—to which Gen. P. replied, he should be received if he would immediately disband his forces; but that every guerrilla caught should be hung. Gen Taylor had not arrived at Matamoras; but they were expecting him at New Orleans about the last of November, and were preparing to give him a splendid reception.

AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.—In the Court of General Sessions, one day last week, before Judge Parsons, the following circumstance actually occurred:

An Irishman was arraigned for some petty crime, when he was asked the usual question, upon the reading of the indictment, whether he was guilty or not guilty.  
"And how can I tell yer honor until I hear the witness?" he promptly replied, and with the innocence of a child.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

**Robbery of Specie from a Farm House.**

On the 7th inst. a keg of \$2,200 in specie was stolen from Platt Bissell, a farmer of Kent, Ct. It had been for some time concealed in a hoghead of oats in his wood house. One of his laborers was suspected, and confessed that he had buried it in a neighboring grove, where all but \$30 were found. Some \$12,000 has been hoarded on the same farm for the last 15 years. Mr. Bissell will now probably seek some better subterranean system.

**Washington Coal Company.**

A Charter for this Company was granted by the Legislature at the session of 1837-8, with authority to hold, by lease or purchase, 2,000 acres of coal lands in Lackawanna valley, and to construct a rail-road to intersect the North Branch Canal (at or near Pittston) and the Delaware & Hudson Canal or Rail-road at such places as they might deem most convenient, or any other rail-road leading to, or connecting with, the State Improvements. The Company, however was not organized until the 6th of the present month.

It is the purpose of the Company, we understand, to construct a rail-road from Pittston to intersect the Delaware & Hudson Canal at the mouth of the Middle Creek, and to complete the work with as little delay as practicable. A party of engineers are already engaged in locating the route; an extensive shop for the manufacture of cars and other implements will shortly be erected and put in motion at the mouth of the Middle Creek; and a large quantity of shovels, pick-axes, crow-bars, &c., are in the store house for the use of the laborers.

We further learn that the Delaware & Hudson Company, in anticipation of increased business after the completion of the rail-road in question, has resolved to enlarge its Canal to nearly twice its present capacity, from the mouth of the Middle Creek to the North River. *Honesdale Dem.*

**Inflated Horse Collar.**

Among the various uses to which India-rubber has been recently applied, is that of horse collars, and it is regarded as a decided improvement over the leathern ones now in use. It consists of a tube of India rubber or other suitable substance, inflated with air, like a life preserver. Its advantage is that it fits the horse exactly, easily and without undue pressure upon any part, and leaves the breast and the joints of the fore leg free from the jolting and sudden pressure to which the common collar subjects them. "The merciful man is merciful to his beast," and we hope that this improvement will be generally adopted.

"If you please, sir, can a thing be found when you know where it is?" said an Irishman to the captain of a vessel.

"No," said the captain, "what makes you ask such a question?"

"Bekase, sir, I have just dropped your tatterpot oreboard, and its at the bottom of the say by this time!"

An apprentice boy has been detected at Mount Holly, N. J., in the seduction of no less than four girls. The young Turk expressed his willingness to marry the whole of his victims.

The bones of 500 American soldiers whiten the earth around the famous Castle of Perote.

**A Corn Story.**

A writer in the 'Spirit of the Times,' who dates from Mobile, and signs himself 'The Deacon,' tells what he calls 'a little of the tallest corn story heard lately,' as follows—

Being one day in the village of Y—, S. C., I listened to several planters stating the amount of corn gathered from one acre—the number of ears produced from a stalk, &c. At length one who had remained silent commenced—

"Well, I'll now tell you my tale. Last Spring while walking in the cornfield, I observed a stalk growing very luxuriantly, and being curious to know if it would produce better than the others, I stuck a stick which I had in my hand beside it. I thought no more about it, until being in the field one day about gathering time, I observed a very extraordinary stalk of corn, and on counting the ears I found thirteen full grown, besides several nubbins. It now occurred to me that this must be the stalk I marked in the Spring, and on looking for my stick, I found an ear growing on that."

**"We all sloped."**

**Music in the Family.**

Its beneficial effects may not be doubted—No family should fail to encourage the largest possible amount of musical talent. Independent of its happy influence on the mind, it should be fostered on account of its physical advantages. The late Dr. Rush said the "Germans rarely die of consumption, because they are always singing." If this beautiful accomplishment tends in any degree to mitigate a malady so terrible, for the world's sake let us have a world of it. But there are other reasons, it induces amiability and banishes bad passions. We have somewhere read the testimony of an excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, who instructed a large family of daughters in the ordinary practice of music. These were observed to be very amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education, to which he replied—"When anything disturbs their temper, I say to them, sing; and if I hear them speaking against any person, I call on them to sing to me; and they sing away all discontent, and every disposition to scandal." Such a use of this accomplishment might seem to fit a family for the company of angels; young voices around the domestic altar, breathing sacred music at the hour of morning and evening devotion, are a sweet and touching accompaniment.

**INFLAMMATION OF THE BRAIN** is known by a flushed countenance, redness of the eyes, intolerance of light, disturbed sleep, watchfulness, headache, and other distressing complaints.  
Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are always certain to remove this melancholy disease; because they expel or drive out those morbid humors which, if lodged in the brain, are the cause of the above dreadful malady. Four or five of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed with in a short time remove every symptom of inflammation of the brain, at the same time the digestion will be improved, and the blood so completely purified, that all disorders, both of body and mind, will be literally driven from the body.

**Beware of Counterfeits of all kinds!** Some are coated with sugar; others are made to resemble in outward appearance the original medicine. The original genuine Indian Vegetable Pills have the signature of William Wright written with a pen on the top label of each box. None other is genuine, and to counterfeit this is forgery.  
For sale by George H. Miller, who is the only authorized agent for Stroudsburg; see advertisement for other agencies in another column.  
Office and general depot, 160 Race st. Phil'a.

**FOUND.**

Picked up in the street on the 21st instant, a silk neck-kerchief. The owner can have it by calling at this office.  
Stroudsburg, Oct. 21, 1847.