

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## Jeffersonian Republican.

## From the Louisville Journal.

We thank our invaluable correspondent for these melancholy but exquisite stanzas. His tears are more beautiful than others' smiles:

'Tis coming fast, 'tis coming fast,  
The time when I shall die,  
I feel Death's cold hand on my brow,  
His dimness in mine eye.  
There is a weariness of soul  
Clings round me like a shroud,  
The gloom of coming death steals o'er,  
Like the shadow from a cloud.

And oh, upon the sunny sky,  
Stretching so far away,  
And the cold green woods with their music sigh,  
And the fountain's mossy play—  
I often gaze and wonder if  
Another summer's sun  
Will come and glad me with its ray  
Ere yet my life is done.

There is a loveliness so dear  
In every glorious thing,  
In the fair young flowers just bursting forth,  
In the fresh and green-robed spring—  
And the pure blue vault like an angel's home  
That rests o'er all on high,  
My heart grows sad to think how soon  
I'll lose them when I die.

And the gentle eyes in whose soft depths  
I love to gaze so well,  
And the music voices 'round me now  
With their liquid fall and swell—  
I shall lose them all—like a bubble burst  
I shall pass from all I love—  
And die—oh, may the flower be bright  
And the sky be blue above.

For the earth hath been a dark, dark home,  
With but few bright sunny gleams  
To light the dim and dreary gloom  
With the radiance of their beams!  
And when I die—may the sky be clear,  
That my spirit may float away,  
To the farthest realms where a thought can go  
Unfettered by mortal clay!

And there where grief can never come  
In those pure free fields of air,  
Away from earth and its heartless ones  
Its fever and its care.  
The spirit may find no spell to turn  
All happiness to woe,  
And feel the bliss above the clouds  
It never knew below.

## Treatment of a Contrary Horse.

When a horse gets in the way of being contrary and will not go forward at all, it is common to apply the whip freely. Solomon says: "a whip for the horse," but he may not refer to cases of this kind. At any rate, it is often, where thus used of no benefit, only the gratification of the enraged driver. A method which we have known more successful, is to treat the animal very kindly—His contrary disposition is usually the result of having been fretted in some way, and kindness especially in nine cases out of ten, may be successfully cured of contrary habits in this way, while the application of the whip would only increase the difficulty.

"There are two things," says Mrs. Partington, "that should be at home every evening at dark—cows and women—especially if there are nursing babies in the house."

## The Palmirah Tree.

The following description of the Palmirah tree of Ceylon was communicated to the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine by Joseph Roberts, a Wesleyan Missionary on that island:

The numerous uses of this tree are truly astonishing. To proceed with order I shall begin with its leaf, which may be taken off at the age of two years. Of this the natives make all their books, which are in manuscript, executed with an iron instrument called *Elluttane*. The *Eada* (book) is generally from fifteen to eighteen inches in length; and will endure as long, or longer, than the best parchment. Nearly all their deeds, wills, &c., are made of this leaf; which has led government to keep a quantity stamped in every cutchery to prove all agreements made thereon legal. That the same article of which is made a book should furnish thatch for a house, may appear strange; but it is the fact. The most violent rains will seldom penetrate through it; and it will endure two years. All their strong mats, which are used for many purposes, owe their origin to this leaf; as also do their sacks, or bags, in which they carry grain to the bazaar. For buckets or baskets, the Malabar is not indebted to the osier, or the oak. He has only to ascend his favorite tree; and he is furnished with an article to contain his vegetables or fruit, and another to draw his water from the well. From the fibres of the stalk he manufactures a strong rope, which serves for almost every domestic purpose. To free his garden or yard from impurities, he needs not the birchen broom; he only takes a part of the leaf called *Eckel*, and his wants are supplied. As for a fat to refresh him, or to defend him from the bite of the fierce mosquito he finds it at once in this most useful leaf. Poor European descendants are not like their progenitors, indebted for their hats to the beaver or the hare. This leaf forms a cover for both sexes from the weather or the sun. And to make the hat or bonnet something like (as he considers) those in Europe, about which he talks so much and knows so little, the plaits are varied in color. The Malabar's pouch, in which he puts his tobacco, chunam, beetle-nut, and knife, without which he would feel as much at a loss as a school-boy without a pocket, is taken from this leaf. Of this he makes his garden-fence; and by it is supplied with an umbrella to defend him from the sun.

The male tree bears no fruit; but the flowers when given to cows make them produce a greater quantity of milk. They are also used for medicinal purposes and are said to be of an anti-febrile nature. From this tree is extracted a liquor called *Kallu*, or *Toddy*, said to be very wholesome, which is carried to the market in a vessel made of the leaf. Thus the poor Cooly is supplied with a cheap and wholesome beverage, simply drawn from nature's springs. However, it must be confessed, that he has too often recourse to his much loved chunam, which soon produces fermentation in the liquor, and deep intoxication in the drinker. The jaggery, or sugar made of this, is certainly coarse; but it satisfies their palate and their wants. Lime, used for plastering, or in good walls, is generally mixed with jaggery, which makes the work susceptible of a very high polish, and renders it exceedingly durable. From this, too, our tables are supplied with vinegar; and the baker with yeast. If distilled it would yield good arrack.

The fruit, when half ripe, is called *noonku*, and contains a fresh gelatinous pulp, which is much esteemed. When ripe, it yields an article of food for the wet monsoon. This preserve is called *pinnatu* and is prepared by simply spreading the pulp on a mat, and exposing it a few days to the sun. When it is mixed with rice-flour is said to make an excellent cake.

But I must not forget to mention another important advantage derived from this invaluable tree. The preserve or *pinnatu*, if always taken alone, would prove too luscious for the stomach; but ample provision is made to counteract this evil—When the seed has been in the ground about three months it yields a fine bulbous root, of conical form, about fifteen inches in length, which, when boiled, is exceedingly simple and nutritious. From this is also made gruel, which is administered to the sick. When the tree is cut down, the tender shoot makes a good pickle.

To conclude: the timber of this tree is considered, for rafters, laths, and spouts, the best in India. Great quantities are exported to the Continent. To give an idea of its extent, it needs only to be stated, that in 1811 the amount of export duty on this article alone amounted to twenty-three thousand and five hundred six dollars.

Having given this unadorned and minute description, the reader is left to make such reflections as the cast of his genius may suggest. One thing, I may safely say, that piety may here find a subject for astonishment and praise.

Good.—There is a shop kept by an old maid in Southampton, in the window of which appears these words, in large letters—"No reasonable offer refused."

## What of the Mexican War?

The last thing we have seen worth reading in the newspapers on the subject of the War, is the following philippic in the New York "Day-Book" of Wednesday last:

THE MEXICAN WAR has been very effectually obscured by the universal interest created here in the new and wonderful revolutions in Europe. Mr. Polk evidently made it principally for the sake of the newspapers, the news boys, and the manufacturers and purchasers of alarming "extras" and "fourth editions," and became popular accordingly with these influential classes and powers. The war might have gone on for "dog's age," without a murmur from the over-taxed community, so long as it furnished an abundance of exciting news in an otherwise "dry time." The newspaper-reading public, the real governing power in a pure modern democracy, requires a regular supply of exciting news—fires, murders, immoralities, and indecencies of all kinds, "wars and rumors of wars," battles, onslaughts, sieges, massacres, rows, and "considerable lusses generally." The war in Mexico was the richest gift ever roushaded by the American Government to a news-requiring people. It kept them in a rapturous ecstasy of delight during two years, which might, but for this cause, have passed in most oppressive dullness and languor.

It is evident that this great Mexican war has "fizzed out." There is no more glory to be won or claimed in it. A new victory, equal to Buena Vista, Sacramento, or Cerro Gordo, might be obtained every week without creating the least excitement here or in Mexico. The miserable, helpless inferiority of the Mexicans has long been so completely established that the commencement of the work of slaughtering them would cause about as much satisfaction in this country as the announcement that the army of the United States was employed in the massacre of a legion of monkeys. The Mexicans have found their true policy at last—which is to lie prostrate and unresisting, though still unyielding, like a mud-turtle with head and paws under cover and shell shut up.—Armies may march over them and trample on them; fire and sword may ravage their fields and habitations; murder and rapine may have free course of desolation among them; but there they will lie in a weakness and misery so utterly helpless and hopeless as to be beneath contempt, silently "appealing from tyranny to God," and evoking even the tardy sympathies of common humanity—but in spite of force and fraud, unyielding and UNCONQUERED still.—They know that such a struggle cannot last forever, and that this passive resistance must in time be completely successful. They know that if the war is all on one side, the expense must be all on that one side, and that there is a bottom to the longest purse. The announcement that the treaty is rejected by the Mexicans, and that the war must be continued for an indefinite period, with inevitably aggravated ferocity, horrors, expense, and infamy, would be received with one universal groan of anguish and disgust throughout this mighty and "victorious" republic. The people "have supped full of horrors," they are sick with the smell of blood from the reeking shambles which they have erected in a hundred fields, from Santa Fe to California and Yucatan. The arm is weary with slaying. The pen lags in recording the stale and dull repetition of slaughters, and the silent but sure and steady tributions of the pestilence on the victors. And the question soon to be uttered and felt, if not answered, is, "Who's to pay for all this?" Where is the money to come from that is to be thrown into this bottomless pit of perdition, and senseless, aimless, endless crime? If more than a hundred millions of dollars have been spent in a two years' contest, with no nameable result but profitless slaughter and the acquisition of barren pestilential soil that cannot produce in a thousand years enough to pay the cost of keeping it six months, what mortal can estimate the monstrous expense of waging this shameful war to the attainment of the avowed purposes of its profligate and stupid promoters?

It is useless—it is senseless—to attempt to suppress or disguise the actual state and result of the matter. This nation is worsted, baffled, defeated, disgracefully defeated, in this miserable war. No power on earth can change that result. The permanent acquisition of half the territory of Mexico would not improve the state of the case a particle. Every square mile would be an added expense and an added loss to the Treasury. A portion of it, now half-colonized by Americans, the Government now knows neither how to keep nor how to get rid of. It sticks like the Centaur's venomous tunic to the victor-victim. The embarrassment of the foolish creatures who tumbled the country into this wretched, inextricable plight, would be ludicrous if it were not so woful to the suffering people.

The history of the war may be considered as already written and closed, though the war itself continues indefinitely. Intermediate pages may be occupied with the tedious particulars, but the conclusion is, that "it was the bane of the nation's prosperity, the death of its honor, the grave of its liberty!"

## Curious Antics by Mrs. Scruggins's Old Cow.

"We used to keep a cow when we lived in Cincinnati," said Mrs. Scruggins, "and such a cow! She used to come up as regular to her milk as clock work. She'd knock at the gate with her horns, just as seizable! Her name was 'Rose' I never know'd how she got that name for she was as black as a kittle. One day Rose got sick, and wouldn't eat, poor thing, and a day or two after she died. I do b'lieve I cried when she was gone. Well, we went a little while without a cow, but I told Mr. S. it wouldn't do, no how—we must have another, and he gin in. Whenever I said *must*, Mr. S. knew that I meant it. Well, a few days after he came home from market with the finest cow and calf that I ever seed. He gave thirty dollars for her and the calf, and two levies to a man to help bring her home. They drove her into the back yard, and Mr. S. told me to come out and see her, and I did. I went up to her just as I used to do Rose, and when I said poor Sukey, the nasty brute, would you b'lieve, she kicked me! Her foot caught in my dress, a bran span new one, which cost two levies a yard, and she took a levies worth right out of it, and then how wicked she struck her head at me. I screamed right out. Mr. S. jumped and caught me just as I was dropping—I wasn't quite as heavy then—and he carried me to the door, and I went in and sot down. I felt faintish, I was so abominably skeered. Mr. S. said he'd learn her some manners, so he picked up the poker and went out, but I hadn't hardly begun to get a little strengthened up afore in rushed my dear husband, flourishin' the poker at the wicked cow, who, with her head down and tail up, was running at him like mad. Mr. S. jumped into the room, but before he had time to turn round and shut the door, that desperate cow was in too. Mr. S. got up on the dining table, and I ran into the parlor. I thought I'd be safe there, but I was skeered so bad that I forgot to shut the door, and would you b'lieve it, after hooking over the dining table, and rollin' Mr. S. off, in she walked into the parlor, shakin' her head just as much as to say, 'I'll give you a tetch now.'

"I jumped up on a chair, but thinkin' that not high enough, I got one foot on the top of the large brass knob on the Franklin stove, and put the other on the mantelpiece. I was safe there—she couldn't reach me. You ought to have seed that cow in our parlor—she looked all round as if she was 'mazed.' At last she looked in the large mirror and saw another cow, as she thought, exhibitin' passion like herself. She shook her head and pawed the carpet, and of course so did her reflection, and would you b'lieve it, the awful brute went right into my mirror—the big new one I had only had two months. I *boo hoo'd* right out. I s'pose she thought she heered the call; for she tried to get out, and in going round the room she poked her head into Mr. S.'s book case—no doubt she smelt the calf skin covers. All this time I was getting agonized. The brass knob on the stove got so hot that I had to sit down on the narrow mantle-piece and hold on to nothin'. I darsint move for fear I'd slip off. Mr. S. went round to the front door, and it was locked, and he then came to the window and opened it. I jumped down and ran for the window, I hadn't more than got my head out afore I heered her comin' after me. Gracious, but I was in a hurry! 'More haste less speed,' always, for the more I tried to climb quick, the longer it took me; and would you b'lieve it, just as I got ready to jump down, that brute of a cow caught me behind and turned me clear over and over out of the window. Well, dear, when I got 'right side up,' as they put on lookin' glass boxes, I looked up at the winder, and there stood that cow, with her head jest between the red and white curtains, and with another piece of my dress danglin' on her horns.

"Husband and me was jest startin' for the little alley that run along side of the house, when the cow giv a bawl, and out of the winder she came. Whiskin' her tail about, it caught fire in the Franklin stove, and it sarked her right. Mr. S. and me run into the alley in such a hurry that we got wedged fast. Husband tried to get ahead, but I had been in the rear long enough and I wouldn't let him. Would you b'lieve it, that dreadful cow no sooner seen us in the alley than in it dashed, but thank goodness it stuck fast too. Husband tried the gate, but it was fast too, and there was nobody inside the house or yard to open it. Mr. S. wanted to climb over and unbolt it, but I wouldn't let him—I wasn't going to be left alone again with that desperate cow, if she was fast, and so I told him. I made him help me over the gate. Ah, dear, climbin' a high gate when you are skeered by a cow, is dreadful, and I know it. I got over, let husband in, and then it took him, and me, and four of the neighbors, to git that dreadful critter out of the alley. She bellowed and kicked, and her calf bellowed to her, and she bawled back agin, but we got her out at last, and such a time, ah, dear—I had enough of her. Husband sold her for twenty dollars the next day. It cost him seventy-five cents to get her to market, and when he tried to pass one of the five dollar bills he got—would

you b'lieve it—the nasty rag was a counterfeit. Mr. Scruggins said to his dying day, that he b'lieved the brother of the man that sold him that cow, bought it back agin. I b'lieve it helped to worry my dear husband to death. Ah, child, I know what cows is!"

The old lady's agitation was so great at this point of her story, that she dropped a stitch in her knitting.—St. Louis Reveille.

## A Hard Case.

The Boston Saturday Rambler tells the following good one:

"A poor jolly weaver, in this city, not many years ago, had a fortune left him by a distant and wealthy relative, who 'went off the handle' rather unexpectedly. When the news came to the poor fellow, as he sat *clicket* to *clack* at his loom, he stopped still, and said:

"Well, I suppose I must spend the money straight."

The fortune, some twenty odd thousand dollars, was duly realized and duly spent. For two brief years did the poor weaver travel, make merry, and riot upon all the luxuries of the land. But two years did the job, and he returned to his loom as poor as a church mouse, but as merry as a cricket, and worked away again for his daily bread, perfectly satisfied with the 'good time' he had had while his fortune lasted. His friends called him *green*, but he laughed at their gibes, and worked the harder. In a twelvemonth's time off popped another rich relative, and the news, post haste, came to the jolly weaver that he was again the possessor of a handsome fortune. Stopping his loom and looking sorrowfully on the letter, he despondingly said:

'Good heavens! is it possible that I must go through all that again!'

## A Ludicrous Scene.

A ludicrous scene recently occurred in a small chapel situated in one of the secluded valleys for which West Cumberland is celebrated. The minister, who was a man by no means adverse to the enjoyment of the good things of this world, was engaged in catechising the juvenile portion of his flock, and on putting the usual question, "What is thy name?" to the girl that stood highest, a strapping girl of thirteen the only daughter of the village Boniface, received no reply. "What is thy name?" said the minister in a more peremptory manner. *Girl*—Nin o' yer fun, parson; ye kna me neame vera weel. Doon't you say, when ye're at our house on a neet, 'Bet, bring me another pint o' yell?' It is needless to say that, notwithstanding the sacred nature of the place in which they were assembled, the congregation was on a broad grin. His reverence looked daggers.

## The Republic of Liberia.

The existence of an Independent Republic of *Free Blacks* on the continent of Africa, comprising a population of 80,000 souls, including natives who have been incorporated into the Colony, is one of the most remarkable phenomena of modern times. The above estimate of population is given by Governor Roberts, in his Inaugural Address, Jan. 3, 1848, and is no doubt essentially correct. In this growing Colony, which now extends 300 miles along the coast, the English language is that which will ultimately prevail, and is already spoken to a great extent. The free colored men of the United States, and even their white Abolition brethren, after abusing the Colony without mercy, for many years, are beginning to look upon it with a considerable degree of favour, and will probably become in due time its fast friends. Why should they not? They profess to be the friends of the colored man—and the world does not afford another example so honorable to his character, and so cheering to his hopes. They profess to abhor the slave trade, and this much abused Colony has done more to repress that trade, than the combined Navies of England, France, and the United States. They profess (some of them) to love the religion of the Gospel, and this Colony is doing more to spread that religion, in its purity over the benighted regions of Africa, than all other human instrumentalities put together.—Having become independent, it will, for the present, become less an object of jealousy to the enemies of that Society at home and abroad. The practical wisdom of the colonization enterprise, and the far reaching sagacity and benevolence of its founders, now begin to stand out in bold relief, and as that infant Republic shall expand its frame, extend its influence over the whole African Continent, becoming alike the asylum and the glory of the free colored man; even Garrison, or his descendants, if any there be, will be constrained to confess that hostility to African Colonization, is also hostility to the colored race.—*Journal of Commerce*.

A Hydropathic institute has been established at Parkeville, Gloucester county, N. J., about ten miles south of Philadelphia. One peculiar attraction it offers, is that of being in the midst of the pines and cedars, and what is known as "cedar water" in New Jersey has a balsamic property especially invigorating to the consumptive.