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

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The Public Works.

The fact that, according to an intelligent contemporary, thus far in the present season the canals and railroads of Pennsylvania have not more than paid expenses, if they have done that, presents an appropriate subject for newspapers comment. Governor Shunk's message to the Legislature last year held out the prospect, from an anticipated increase of revenue, of the creation of a Sinking Fund for the gradual reduction of the Public Debt. It stated the amount of tolls received during the year to be \$1,581,757 87, being an increase of \$286,081 11 over the receipts of the preceding year.—They were estimated to amount this year to \$1,700,000, which the message said there was "good reason to believe was rather below than above the amount which will be received."—On the basis of such and similar estimates, the Governor calculated that the permanent revenue of the State would show an annual surplus over expenditures of half a million, which, he thought, could be increased in a few years to a million—that in twelve years it would pay off over sixteen millions of the State Debt, and that then, viz: 1862, the revenue from the Public Works alone would more than pay the interest on the twenty-three millions of public debt remaining, and "relieve the people from all further taxation for that purpose."

How stand the probabilities of the realization of the estimates of the late Executive, enquires the contemporary above alluded to? To this enquire a very pertinent answer would be afforded by a statement of the tolls collected on the Public Works during the current year in comparison with the last. None such has been made, and this fact authorizes the belief that there has been a heavy falling off in the Canal and Railroad revenues. The interest on the State Debt was recently paid, but with what funds? Principally, if not solely, from the pockets of the people by taxation, and coaxed out of them at a very early day by the inducement of a deduction of five per cent., on the amount. The money collected on the public works has been, at least in great part, consumed in keeping them in order and paying the officers employed in their superintendence.—Therefore, we are authorized to say that the public works of the State have not been a source of revenue the present year. Unless they can be rendered more profitable, policy, interest, every consideration of duty, suggests their sale on terms corresponding with their liberal value.

A late number of the Philadelphia Ledger notices a decline in the receipts at the Collector's Office on the Columbia Rail Road, in that city, since the 1st of December last, of \$19,969; and truly adds that "corresponding decrease of revenues at all the other offices on the public works will show a heavy aggregate."

In view of this state of things, the election of Ner Middleswath as Canal Commissioner next October is highly desirable. We need his sound judgment, correct knowledge and practical economy to give increased efficiency and success to the management of the State works.

Double Cause for Grief.

The editor of the Pawtucket Chronicle, who had recently an opportunity of saying good-bye to a lovely young lady of his town, who had that day "committed matrimony," and was on the eve of departing for her new home at the South, was surprised to find at the depot some fifty of the fairer portions of the human race, "like Niobe, all tears," and could not resist the temptation to ask what the matter was. He was politely informed by one in the secret, that a part of the young ladies were shedding tears of regret at parting with a much loved associate, and the balance were crying because they were not married too.—Boston Courier.

An elderly gentleman travelling in a stage coach, was amused by the constant fire of words kept up between two ladies. One of them at last kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache, when he answered with a great deal of naïveté, "No ma'am, I have been married twenty-eight years."

Small Beginnings.

Despise not the day of small things. This sentence contains wisdom and philosophy as well as scripture. It is very easy and natural to smile at small beginnings and humble means, but it is not always wise to do so. It is better to commence on a humble scale, and come out in good style at last, than to suffer a severe collapse after an extensive and ridiculous flourish. Some men will do better with a capital of six per cent, than they would if half the fortune of Astor had been given them to commence with. We have heard it told of a man worth his millions; that he commenced by selling fruit at a street stall. We have seen boys at school roll a handful of snow upon the ground, till, by its accumulated matter, it became so bulky, that a dozen could scarcely move it. Sands make the mountain, moments make the year, drops make the ocean; and so, little endeavors, earnestly, unceasingly, and honestly put forth, make the great men in the world's history.

We say, then, don't despise the day of small things. If you have an undertaking to accomplish, or a good thing to bring about, begin according to your means, and never be discharged because you cannot make so magnificent a commencement as you could wish. Old King John, the Frenchman, five hundred years ago, took it in his head to found a library; and he began with—what do you suppose?—ten volumes. But he knew what he was about; for that library—the Royal Library of Paris—is now the most magnificent library in the world, and contains 700,000 volumes.

A whale one day came frolicking into the harbor of Nantucket, a short time after the first settlement of that island, and as for many hours it continued there, the enterprising inhabitants were induced to contrive and prepare a large barbed iron with a strong cord attached with which they finally succeeded in securing this aquatic monster. A small matter, truly; but it was the commencement of a business which had added millions to the wealth of the people—the incipient introduction to an enterprise which nearly three-quarters of a century ago extorted a noble tribute of admiration from Edmund Burke, on the floor of the British Parliament.

Two fishermen in Holland once had a dispute in a tavern, on the question whether the fish takes the hook, or the hook takes the fish. From this trivial circumstance arose two opposite parties, the "Hooks," and the "Cobble-Joints," who for two centuries divided the nation, and maintained a contest not unlike that between the red and white roses in England.

There is a traditional counterpart to this in our own history. We allude to the story of the pig, whose stupid obstinacy, we are gravely told, involved us in a war with Great Britain, in 1812. There is nothing incredible about it, however, and, as most of our readers are too young to recollect the anecdote, we will venture to repeat it. "Two neighbors, both of the old federal school of politics, who had lived in the city of Providence, chanced to quarrel.—And so it happened, one was the owner of a pig, who had an irresistible inclination to perambulate in the garden of the next neighbor.—The owner of the garden complained of the pig-say being insufficient to restrain the pig, and the neighbor replied, it was all because he kept his fences in such ill repair. The pig was taking his morning's walk when he was surprised in rooting up some very valuable bulbous roots; this was the last "feather." The owner of the garden put a pitchfork into his tender sides, and killed him outright. At the coming election, the owner of the garden was a candidate for a seat in the Legislature, and failed by one vote, the vote of his incensed neighbor, who voted against him. At the election of a Senator, the Democratic candidate was elected by one vote—and when the question of war with England was before the Senate, it was declared by the majority of one vote—so that but for this pig we should have been probably saved from this war."

It is related of Chantry, the celebrated sculptor, that when a boy, he was one day observed by a gentleman in the neighborhood of Sheffield, very earnestly engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing; and with great simplicity the boy replied, "I am cutting old Fox's head."—Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. On this, the gentleman asked to see what he had done, and pronouncing it to be an excellent likeness, presented the youth with a sixpence. This may be reckoned as the first money Chantry ever received for the production of his art; and from such a beginning it was that arose this greatest of modern artists.

Again we say, despise not small beginnings, nor look with supercilious contempt upon every thing which appears insignificant and trifling. Tribes are not so plenty in this world as some people imagine. A philosopher has observed that wars, involving mischief to great nations, have arisen from a ministerial despatch being written in a fit of indignation! When Alexander Pope received his present of Turkey figs, he little thought that a twig from the baskets was to be the means of introducing the weeping willow into Europe and America. So this world made up of and governed by tri-

bles, at first too small to attract notice; and the wise man will not only cultivate sharp eyes, but attentive habits, making the most and the best of every thing, and despising nothing small, but small souls.

Singular Complaint.

A New York correspondent of the Newark Advertiser gives an account of a malady, for which there is no provision in modern pharmacopias, and which is very prevalent in certain quarters of the great city. We regret to learn that it has been introduced into Boston, and that at many of our neighboring watering places it is the reigning disease. The following diagnosis is furnished by the correspondent to whom we have referred:

It resembles fainting somewhat, except that the sufferer is not actually deprived of strength, but only thinks so. While the delusion lasts, however, the difference is unimportant, and the consequences quite as bad. So heavy is its pressure as to take two horses, sometimes four, to remove the patient from one place to another. And 'tis not the feet only that are paralyzed; but frequently the hands are unable to do anything all day long, but to agitate a fan, or curl a whisker, except at meal times, when a supernatural energy is imparted for the nonce.

When this disorder assaults a laborer or mechanic, he is not long for this world. His legs are too feeble to support him in his daily walks of life, but strong enough to carry him to a poor house, which he would be sure to find, were it a thousand miles away.

This dangerous malady seizes its victims every where; but in cities most of all. New York is crowded with the sick. When individuals are struck by it in the country, they lose all strength immediately. The hoe and spade drop from their weak grasp, and the plough is left in the middle of the furrow. Up to town they hasten for those popular nostrums, the infallible goosequill and yardstick. But these by no means cure them; they merely serve to turn the first violent attack into a chronic, lingering atrophy. From fixing counters, some become counterfeiters; some go to the wars, as volunteers, others involuntarily to the Tombs, some spend their master's money; some their own; some get wives, others forget them; a portion fancy that the Elysian fields are situated somewhere on the Jersey shore, and so cross the ferry to Hoboken; while a bolder class take passage to Hell-Gate direct.

What is the name of this scourge of the race? The French call it *la paresse*. The vulgar English name for it is laziness.

Tail Fishing.

The genus catfish has its wonders as well as other portions of the animal kingdom. In these regions the "caty" is a nice little fish some six or seven inches in length, which being deemed fine eating, suffers a most unmerciful persecution from little boys and sunburnt men with "lay-out lines," "dipsies," and a multitude of hooks. Out West, in the great rivers which roll their turbid waters to the Gulf of Mexico, the case is quite different. There the "caty" is a perfect monster of a fish, and is rather shunned than sought for. His ferocious horns or fins make him a regular water porcupine. Sometimes, however, he gets caught unexpectedly. The Louisville Courier tells us of a case in point. A Scotch gentleman was lately angling in the Ohio river at that city, with a small line, when all at once the line began to disappear, and both the pole and the fisherman had a tendency to follow suit. The angler tugged away like a good fellow for about half an hour, and finally, with some assistance, brought up the "gudgeon," which proved to be a blue catfish weighing fifty-six pounds and with a head on him as large as a peck measure. The fish was hauled home on a dray and divided out among the neighbors.

Judge in Oregon.—We understand that Mr. Turney, one of the new Judges for Oregon, declines the appointment. He has a government office in Washington, and is unwilling to give that up for the ermine in Oregon. A Mr. Hall, brother of the Hon. Willard P. Hall, of Missouri, is spoken of as likely to receive the appointment in his stead.

WHITE HUCKLEBERRIES.—A friend, says the Boston Traveller, has brought us a bush of white huckleberries, to match the white blackberries of which we gave an account from the Portsmouth Journal on Saturday. The berries are ripe, but white, with a tendency in a few instances only to rosy cheeks. They were found in a lot in Ipswich, belonging to Captain Michael Lord, quietly fraternizing with the blacks, but without any symptoms of amalgamation.

Marriage Extraordinary.

At Vienna, a gentleman aged 86, without legs, was married to a lady aged 70, without arms.

Room for More.

Washington Runkles, Esq., of Carroll county, Md., has "on mature reflection, come to the conclusion to support the man that never surrenders," Gen. Zachary Taylor. He was a leading Loco,

From the Pittsburg Commercial Journal.

Col. Wynkoop in Bucks County.

A great meeting of the Democracy of Bucks County was held at Doylestown on Saturday, August 5th. Among the heroes present was he of the "sortie upon some ladrones"—Col. F. M. Wynkoop. We copy him verbatim et literatim, et punctuatum, et seriatim—it is characteristic and capital—so transparent a piece of imposture that even so profound an ass as Wynkoop might have seen that it could not conceal his real motives and design. He says:

"Our brave men looked to their friends at home for approval and encouragement for the sacrifices they had made. What did they find? Instead of approval, bitter hostility and fierce denunciations—almost preparing the gunpowder which was to destroy us."

Now, this is simply a wanton, gratuitous falsehood—"a lie of the whole cloth." This hero of the "ladrones" cannot lay his finger upon the Whig newspaper deserving of the name, through the length and breadth of this Union, which exhibited "bitter hostility," or any hostility, to our soldiers in Mexico. We challenge him to name the single instance in which "fierce denunciations," or any denunciations were uttered against our soldiers in the field, or volunteering for the field even. We denounce it as an invention of Col. Wynkoop—a mean, unmanly subterfuge to cover an apostasy which he finds it difficult to explain, and despite all his twisting; it will still wear an aspect at which decency will revolt—from which honorable men must draw conclusions fatal to Wynkoop's character.

The most bitter and unceasing opposers of the war, confined their "hostility" and "denunciations" to its authors—the Polk administration.—Perhaps we have gone as far in execration of this war and its plotters, perhaps have indulged in as sharp denunciation of the wickedness and the meanness, the almost cowardice of the Government, which precipitated this war, as any Whig editor in the United States. Yet who will or who can say, that we ever dropped an unkind word to the soldier in arms at his country's call. So far as in them lay the Whig press gave them aid, gave them the keenest sympathies, rejoiced with them in success, grieved with them in their suffering, privations and toils, and gloried in their brilliant achievements.

And all this is to be interpreted by a false and shallow demagogue, into "bitter hostility"—"fierce denunciations" of the soldier in the field, simply because we did not like the corrupt aspirant for promotion, shout prears to Polk, Dallas & Co., while we praised and caressed and honored the Soldier. Pshaw! the matter is beneath argument.

But we have another point to make against this redoubtable Col.'s veracity. It is a very homely but an old saw, that "liars should have good memories," and Col. Wynkoop is an illustration of the necessity of that faculty in cases like his.

In the speech we copy, the Colonel attributes his conversion to Democracy to "Mr. Clay's speech at Lexington," which he found in a Spanish newspaper at Puebla. Now it happens to be very fresh in our memory, and we shall make it very fresh in his before we are done with him, that in the letter in which he announces his conversion to Democracy, he attributes the change almost directly to a copy of a paper with an article from the National Intelligencer which he captured "in a sortie upon some ladrones."

Now it is a very small matter whether Colonel Wynkoop was converted to Polk by a thirst after promotion or by a disgust with Henry Clay's speech or by the "anti-war practices" of the National Intelligencer,—but it is of consequence that a man who assumes to arraign the whole Whig party and asperse their motives and conduct, shall be convicted of starting his accusations upon a lie, however trivial the import of the lie.

And we shall examine his facts a little further. Col. F. M. Wynkoop tells the Democrats of Bucks County:

"But the crowning act of all, which drove the last drop of Whig blood from me, was Henry Clay's Lexington speech. And where did I read it? In good Spanish, in a Spanish newspaper at Puebla. And from the moment I read it, my Whig principles were trampled in the dust, so help me God, forever." (Great Cheering.)

Mr. Clay then, is made responsible for this momentous defection from the Whig ranks, and we are to believe that, but for this brilliant but misguided statesman, the Whig party would still have been permitted to rejoice and prosper in the friendship and support of Col. F. M. Wynkoop. Mr. Clay is and has been held responsible for many unaccountable movements of politicians and trimmers who found the mere association of his great name with their dirty tricks sufficient to conceal or qualify their own turpitude and treachery.—Col. F. M. Wynkoop's case is no exception to the rule, and we are glad to relieve Mr. Clay of the guilt of having been, either immediately or remote-

ly, the cause of this valorous gentleman's abandonment of the Whig party.

On the 9th day of September, 1847, Col. F. M. Wynkoop wrote a letter from the Castle of Perote to Francis W. Hughes, of Pottsville, which was published in the Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. In this letter Col. Wynkoop takes occasion to announce his abandonment of the Whig party, and his accession to the Democratic ranks.

The Pennsylvania, in publishing this letter of September 9th, we wish the reader to mark the date, among other remarks makes the following:

"Col. W. was a Whig at home, but the conduct of the leaders and the organs of the Federal party, in their 'aid and comfort' of the enemy, has been so glaringly unpatriotic, that it has converted him into a good Democrat while abroad."

And the Colonel, for himself, in this letter, in denouncing the "Whig leaders and supporters," and threatening a most diabolical future of returned soldiers' wrath upon them says, that he came into the country "a Whig in policy," but he had "again and again been compelled to listen to and suffer that which must have changed the disposition and alienated the affections of the most determined partizan." And he says that, what he captured in his "sortie upon some ladrones of Jalapa" was some Mexican newspapers "of that place," in which he finds "the strongest arguments published against our army, were selections from Whig papers in the United States." He adds—"I send you a copy of the 'Boletin de Noticias,' in which you will perceive that the first article is an extract from the National Intelligencer." And in his postscript he gives the world to understand that his renunciation of Whig principles, and the Whig party, is complete and perfect, and intended for the public eye. The P. S. reads: "You may publish this if you please. I have become so disgusted with what I have seen that I have no care for the consequences which this kind of truth may produce."

There we have Col. F. M. Wynkoop out, and declared a renouncing Whig, received and adopted into the Democratic ranks, a full blooded Democrat, by his deed of the 9th of September, 1847. Mark the date.

Now he claims before the people of Bucks county that it was not until he read Mr. Clay's Lexington speech "in Spanish," at Puebla, that his "Whig principles were trampled in the dust, so help him God, forever!" Most unfortunately for the colonel's pious attestation of the date and cause of his apostasy, Mr. Clay's Lexington speech was not delivered until two months and four days after the date of the published letter in which he had once before, "so help him God forever" trampled his "Whig principles in the dust."

Perhaps the Colonel will be ready to agree with us now that "liars should have good memories," for he will be put to the inconvenience of finding some other apology for his apostasy, than Mr. Clay's Lexington speech, the date of which will not allow it to be used on this occasion.

We repeat in dismissing the Colonel, that it is of small consequence indeed, what was the offence which, "so help him God, forever," led him to treat his Whig principles so rudely as to trample, the little he had in the dust. But it is as we have intimated quite another affair, and of positive consequence to us to be able to prove that an occurrence of the Whig party at large and of the venerated names of its "leaders," Clay and Webster, &c., is guilty of wanton falsehood, and in no wise worthy of credence, as he is certainly unworthy the association or confidence of honorable men.

A Cat Story.

A good many dog stories have been going the rounds of late, but we do not remember having met with a good cat story until the following, which appears in the Adam's Transcript, and which in justice to a numerous and sometimes much neglected class, merits a general circulation:

Last Sabbath a motherly old cat, belonging to one of our citizens, left her little family in quiet repose, while she went forth in pursuit of something to eat. On returning, she found them quarrelling. She then very deliberately took the one most eagerly engaged in the combat, by the nape of the neck, and not seeing any convenient place near by, to administer what she considered salutary reproof, went to a neighbor's wood-house, where she found a tub of water, upon the edge of which she raised her feet, and dropped the kitten into the water. She resisted all attempts at escape, and after repeatedly sousing her in the water till sufficiently punished, she took it again by the neck as before, carried it back again, doubtless a thorough repentant for the wrong it had done.—There has been no contention in the family since.

A Good Name.

An individual whose name was as bad as his personal conduct, applied recently to the Maine Legislature, to have his cognomen changed. In presenting his petition he said he was not particular as to the new name which might be awarded to him, but he hoped that the Legislature would give him one that would go to the Banks.