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

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**Commerce, and the Prejudices Against it.**  
From Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.

We have had occasion very often of late to observe, with much concern, that a deep-rooted prejudice is entertained by the agriculturists against the mercantile class. Among the former, indeed, is to be found a general distrust of commercial men. They are regarded as sharpers, whose lives are spent in acquiring a knowledge of arts by which to deceive the producer; as men who live alone upon that class; who exist not by labor, but by swindling and ingenuity; as drones of society, consuming the results of the toil of others, and yielding nothing whatever to the community in which they live. We are the more pained to observe this state of feeling, because frequently indulged in by persons of liberal opinions in other respects; by persons who, from education and intercourse, might be supposed capable of more enlarged sentiments. With some, it may be that envy which invariably poisons the feelings of bad men at the successes of others; for, of all the animosities, that entertained by those who work with the head is most uncompromising and bitter. But we hope, in all charity, that with the majority of persons the prejudice of which we write does not lie so much in the heart as in a misformed or untutored judgment. Now, with regard to this and other subjects, many good people are misled, because their personal and business habits confine the range of their views. The horizon around which they look is circumscribed; and, by constantly limiting their vision within a narrow sphere, they become mentally near-sighted, and incapable of liberal opinions. To such persons, nothing is valuable that is not the offspring of visible labor. Now, that of the planter is manual, and the products of it constantly perceptible to the eye; while the toil of the merchant is intellectual, and the result of it incorporeal. It is a gross error to say that commerce is not a natural pursuit—that it is artificial, or created out of wants produced by itself. A necessity for commercial transactions is pointed out by Nature. Varieties of climate, of products, the absolute dependence of men of one country upon the manufactures or staples of another, the connection of parts of the same region by rivers, and of foreign nations by seas, all furnishing channels of communication, and inviting to intercourse and trade, prove that Nature has herself determined the value and dictated the want of commercial relations. It is certain, that in man's breast she has implanted the strongest powers and inducements to this species of enterprise, and that the exertion of it has not only contributed to produce extraordinary displays of individual heroism, but affected the largest consequences in national grandeur and social advantage. To the disposition for adventure, she made a part of our nature, we owe the greatest of the moral and political advancements of all ages. To it is the world indebted for the increase of the number of the sciences, which have accumulated until every vocation has felt their influence, and been benefited by their application. To it is the world indebted for the spread of intelligence to every part of Europe, in return, for the moral and commercial wealth of a new continent. To a person raising the curtain which divides ancient from modern history, a noble spectacle is presented in view of this subject. Let him trace the progress of commerce, beginning with the timorous voyages along the coast of the Mediterranean and among the Grecian islands, and the science of shipbuilding from the rude sketches of the early navigators, and follow to the wonderful voyages and magnificent vessels of the present day. Let him, during this time, keep his eye on the progress of nations and the advancements of men in matters which contribute to the social and individual good. He will see how gradually, but wonderfully, the improvement of both has followed mercantile enterprise; and that in proportion as encouragement has been given to commerce, the great orb of civilization has rolled on and expanded,

until all Nature is lighted up with its effulgence and warmed with its beams. Agricultural has especially derived great benefits from the labors of the merchant. To his intercourse with foreign nations is the latter not only indebted for new markets for his production of new seeds and plants, which, though not indigenous to our climate, have yet, in many instances, not only become matters of subsistence, but of exportation. Commerce introduced into the Carolinas the rice and cotton of Egypt, and into Louisiana the sugar of Asia; and upon the bosom of the whole West is now sown broadcast the wheat of the East, growing in abundance in places where the natural grains of the country cannot be produced at all. But the most important of the advantages yielded to agriculture by the enterprise of merchants is the demand created abroad for the products of the soil, by their becoming carriers and opening avenues of trade to foreign countries. We often hear men indulge in a sort of Utopian speculations upon the subject of living, as they say, within themselves. Such persons speak of the happiness and prosperity of modes of life in which each man would depend on himself, live for himself, and cultivate only so much of the fruits of the earth as would be necessary for his own subsistence. Such a plan would do well enough in poetry, but not for the realities of existence. Let one reflect a moment upon the consequences of such a Quixotic scheme. Labor being limited to the cultivation of only a few acres, large parts of the country would become barren and overgrown with forests. The exchange of one product for another necessary. The intercourse of men would be destroyed, and they would sink into a state of selfishness, enmity, and eventually of barbarism; and not only would labor be without its reward, but every motive for improvement lost, and the mind return to worse than original isolation. A state of savage brutality and of mental deterioration, and consequently of submission to the worst species of tyranny, is the condition of every people cut off from intercourse with other communities. If, however, the cultivator of the soil sees that the surplus products of his land can be readily exchanged for the staples or manufactures of other countries, his ambition to produce that surplus is excited, his business enlarges, his mode of cultivation becomes improved, his farm increases, he introduces new fruits and grains, his comforts augment, he furnishes employment to a large number of persons who would be otherwise idle; and he becomes not only more valuable to himself and country, but the means of adding much to the sum of happiness of those who in distant regions receive his products in exchange for their own. But how could all this be effected but for the merchant? He who, as it were, stands at the door of the nation, upon the shores of the sea, to receive with one hand the products of foreign countries, while with the other he transmits them to the interior of his own? Who traverses remote regions in pursuit of new opportunities of trade, and expends his wealth in the building and improvement of vehicles in which to convey safely and expeditiously the fruits of the labor of the planter, and return in exchange for them the manufactures or staples of foreign nations, for the comfort and subsistence of his own? He who, in fact, furnishes the idea of national credit, whose enterprise makes up the sum of a nation's commercial relations, and whose integrity is identical with confidence? The reflection is a very beautiful and valuable one which traces the reputation of a nation among foreigners to the honor of a single citizen; and yet how often has the American flag been respected, even among barbarians, on account of the scrupulous punctuality and undeviating rectitude of the adventurous Yankee trader? Without the impulse afforded by commerce, the sciences of astronomy and navigation would have remained involved in the mists which for ages overhung them. The first has, through its encouragement, been made to disclose new wonders in the heavens; and in aid of the last, by new powers displayed in the magnetic needle, oceans have been explored, which were once thought untraversable, and designed to cut off all intercourse forever. Voyages, once of great risk and of long continuance, across the Atlantic and Pacific, are now made trips of safety and pleasure, performed in a few days or weeks in floating places, impelled by power which sets the wind at defiance. Nor has man alone been benefited. Nations, in their Government relations, and in the entire pursuits and manners of their people, have been entirely revolutionized, through the influence of the peaceful conquests of commerce. Through it statesmen have been silently forced to change their system of Government, from systems of war and conquest to those of the arts of peace. Commercial treaties have proved stronger barriers than fortifications and cannon; and, as consequences, not only have the nations themselves become richer and more powerful, but individuals have found their manners softened and refined, and their comforts largely increased and cheapened, in proportion as their intercourse

with strangers has been extended, and their products and manufactures exchanged. To the means of communicating quickly with distant countries, thus the result of the extension of commerce, are nations, in times of calamity and famine, indebted for relief. The condition of Ireland, during the past few years, furnishes a satisfactory illustration; when, from the full bosom of the new world, was poured out a stream, without which millions would have miserably perished. In regard to the wealth of commercial men, it would be unjust not to say that it is returned again generously into the community from which originally drawn. The riches of the farmer are expended in investments, which do not, and cannot, be so extensively beneficial.—He becomes a large land proprietor, and there he centres his capital. But the merchant expends his in manufactures, internal improvements, railways, ships, steamboats; all receive his surplus, and in these a greater number are benefited than in the mere extension of a landed interest. Besides, the largest donations ever made to educational establishments have been made by merchants; and of public libraries, lyceum associations, and free schools, they are almost the exclusive patrons. We do not mean by this to assert that planters are never the promoters of learning or of social benevolences; but only to assume that from the vocation of merchants, their residence in large cities, and the absence of other avocations, their wealth more frequently take these directions. Taking these things into consideration, we hope to see a more liberal and enlightened inquiry indulged in with regard to the value of commercial men. The writer, from long association, would naturally sympathize with the planter; but he feels this tribute due not less to truth and justice than to a class of citizens who do more to establish a nation's prosperity, and to lay the foundation of her fame for honor, than any other who, without violence, are at once her strength and protection, and who contribute more to the extension of the triumphs of liberty and law than all the military power ever displayed in war.

**Massachusetts Ahead.**  
Old Massachusetts has ever taken the lead in what is great, good, useful, profitable. She established the first school in the United States; the first academy, and the first college; she set up the first press, printed the first book, and the first newspaper. She manufactured the first cloth and the first paper; she planted the first tree and caught the first whale; she coined the first money and raised the first national flag. She made the first canal and the first rail-road; she invented the first mouse-trap and washing-machine, and sent the first ship to discover islands and continents in the South Seas. She made the first pin, and produced the first philosopher. She fired the first gun in the Revolution, gave John Bull his first bearings, and first signed the Declaration of Independence. She invented Yankee Doodle, and gave a name for ever to the "Universal Yankee Nation."

And where is she now? Reaping the reward of her energy and perseverance. A rugged soil, yet she has a larger proportional population, and more wealth per head, than any other State. And it is no exaggeration to assert, that the people of Massachusetts are at this moment better fed, clothed, educated, and governed, than any other 900,000 persons, taken collectively, on the face of the globe. Manufacturing, joined with commercial and agricultural industry, in the energetic hands of intelligent, religious, and temperate men, is the cause of all this.

The remembrance of past happiness are the wrinkles of the soul. When we are unhappy, we should chase them away from our thoughts, as mocking phantoms that insult our better condition; it is a thousand times better, then, to abandon ourselves to the deceitful illusions of hope, and, above all, to put a good face on a losing game, and to think that no one shares the secret of our griefs.

**Caterpillars.**  
A very singular phenomenon has lately been observed at Pfalzburgh in the department of Muerthe, in France. In the mountain forests of that region caterpillars without number strip the trees of their leaves, so that a distance of two or three hundred acres presents the most entire aspect of winter. Even the moss is eaten by these insects. Not only are the trees covered from the root to the summit, but the earth is hidden as under a deep snow. There are places where they lie from three to four inches thick. The oldest inhabitant has never seen anything like it, and unless one sees it with his own eyes, it is impossible an idea can be formed of it, and all accounts appear exaggerated. This caterpillar, which is nearly three inches long, is yellow and has a sort of tuft on the back. Whole villages make pilgrimages to Bonne Fontaine to pray to be delivered from this scourge. For it is feared that the trees will be killed, and still more that the atmosphere will become infected when they perish. A bad omen already prevails in the places which they are ravaging.

**The Market for Selling Young Women in Hungary.**  
Every year, at the feast of St. Peter, which comes off in the latter days of June, the peasantry of this district, (Bihar) meet together at a certain place, for the purpose of a general fair. This fair has a very peculiar interest for the young men and the young maidens; for it is there, that, whilst purchasing household utensils, and family necessaries, they choose for themselves partners, and conclude marriages. The parents bring their marriageable daughters, with each one her little dowry accompanying her, loaded up in a small cart. This dowry is, of course, proportionate to the lowly condition of these mountaineers—some sheep, sometimes a few hogs, or even chickens. These girls are attired in their best, or what pieces of gold or silver they may possess, are strung upon a string and neatly attached to the braids of their hair. Thus fitted out, every girl who desires to find a husband betakes herself to the fair. She quits the house of her father, perhaps forever, and bids her mother adieu, quite ignorant of what roof is to shelter her, or what fate awaits her at her journey's end. As to her fortune, it is in a little cart that attends her. The object of her journey is never mistaken, no body wonders at it, nor is there occasion for a public officer to make record of the deed. On the other hand, the youths who wish to procure themselves wives, hasten to the fair arrayed in their very best skin garments their chest contains. These savage looking chaps, who would be quite enough to make our young ladies run and hide themselves, proceed with a good deal of interest and zest, to inspect the fair mountain lasses that are brought thither by their fathers and their uncles, casting many side glances and wistful looks towards the captivating merchandise. He gives his fancy a free rein, and when he finds one that seems to claim his preference, he at once addresses the parents, asks what they have given her, and asks what price they have set upon the "lot" so exposed for sale—at the same time stating his own property and standing. If the parents ask too much, these gallant "boys" make their own offer, which, if it does not suit the other to agree to, the fond lover passes to seek some one else. We may suppose that the prudent young men always keep a "top-eye" open to the correspondence of loveliness upon one hand, and the size of the dowry upon the other. At last he finds one for whom he is willing to give the price, and a loud clapping of the hands together, announce to the bystanders that the bargain is complete. What a blow this must be for some lazy rival who is halting and considering whether she will suit him, and whether she is as lovely and accomplished in household matters as some of the others.—However, the deed is done and the bargain is completed, and forthwith the young girl (poor thing!) proceeds also to clasp the hand of her future husband. What a moment of interest and anxiety to her! The destiny of her life is sealed by this rude clasp of the hand. In this act she is much as said, "Yes, I will be yours for life, and I consent to partake of your joys and your troubles to follow you through weal and through woe!" The families of the betrothed pair then surround them, offering their congratulations, and at once, without delay, the priest who is upon the ground for the occasion, pronounces the nuptial benediction. Then comes the moment of separation.—The young woman presses the parting hand of that family who have reared her, but of which she is no longer a part—mounts the cart of her new husband, whom but a few hours before she never so much as knew, and escorted by her dowry, is conducted to the house thenceforward to be her home. The Hungarian Government has long tried, but in vain to suppress these fairs for young girls.—Positive orders have been given, that they should no longer take place, but such is the force of long established custom, united to the necessities of this pastoral race, that all such orders have been disregarded. The fair still continues, and every year such cavalades as we have described may be seen descending into the plains of Kalinasa, there to barter of these precious jewels of the household tree as though they were senseless beves of mere produce of the soil.

**Something Extraordinary.**  
There is said to have been something remarkable in the appearance of the heavens, and in the state of the atmosphere, at New York, on Monday evening. About dark, as some will have it, a shower of grasshoppers, fell in the upper part of the city, and the Sun positively avers that a cloud of goats filled the air. Many credulous persons saw in this visitation a prognostic of epidemics and plagues, as previous to the cholera of 1833, the city was visited by similar swarms of ephemeris.

The well known Mrs. G. B. Miller, distinguished for years past for her "fine cut" tobacco, died in New York on Saturday.

**Song for Election Day.**  
We're going to make a President,  
We want you all to come,  
There's bound to be a mighty fuss,  
And lots and jobs of fun;  
We're not agoin to electioneer,  
Or land you off the track,  
But merely hint about a man,  
They sometimes call old Zack.  
Walk up, walk up,  
And try to make it handy,  
Just before you drop your vote,  
To think of *Ris Grande*.  
You'll find some fellows over there,  
A folding up their tickets,  
They're mostly men with heads swilled up,  
As if they had the rickets;  
They've run a man whose name is Cass,  
And they'll want to call you back  
But we've a few despatches here,  
To send to General Zack.  
Walk up, walk up,  
Walk up before us,  
And when you go to drop your vote,  
Just think of *Matamoros*.  
They'll likely try to spin a yarn,  
About a broken sword,  
And how their General got mad,  
When Hull the army floored;  
We won't deny what they may say  
About their brave defender,  
But we've a chap in our crowd,  
That never can surrender!  
Walk up, walk up,  
And don't forget to halt O,  
And when you go to drop your vote,  
Just think of *Palo Alto*.  
We're not agoin to puff our man,  
Or talk about his virtue,  
We merely brushed your memory up,  
Because it couldn't hurt you,  
Them other chaps are up to all  
The talking and the writing,  
But we've a man in our mess,  
That mostly does the fighting.  
So walk up, walk up,  
Walk up once again,  
And think before you drop your vote,  
Of *Buena Vista's* plain.  
**Yankee Improvements.**  
The Bellville (New Brunswick) Intelligencer says: "We have been informed that a great improvement has been made in the Water Wheel of a Flouring Mill. The experiment has been tried in Rawdon in this District, in a mill belonging to Edward Fidiar, Esq, at present leased by Mr. W. Baker, through whose enterprise this new wheel was introduced into the District. The mill has been built about two years, during which time it has been running with what is called Smith's Wheel, and which would grind at most ten bushels of wheat per hour, with about ten feet of water. This appeared to be too slow work for the spirited lessee, and accordingly he went to the States, and engaged the services of a Mr. Boyce, of Fulton, Oswego county, New York, who has constructed and put in operation two new Centre Discharge Wheels which have performed wonders such as were never, we are informed by those whose judgment in such matters is worthy of credit, before known in this country. Our informant says, that he saw twenty bushels of wheat weighed out into the hopper, ground and bolted in thirty-five minutes with one run of stones and that there is not the slightest doubt but that the mill will grind from thirty-five to forty bushels per hour, on an average, with each run of stone. By the means of this new centre discharge wheel the mill will be able to grind and bolt four hundred and eighty bushels of wheat in twelve hours, making 96 barrels of flour with each run of stone; while with the old wheel it could not have ground more than one hundred and twenty bushels, making twenty-four barrels of flour; or in other words doing with the new wheel, in one day, that which it would require four to do with the old one. If this is correct, and we have it from unimpeachable authority, Rawdon can now boast of possessing the fastest mill in the province."  
**Something New.**  
A Yankee (it must be) has recently invented an article that will be the delight of every housekeeper. It is "Cheever's Patent Fire Kindler." It is a neat little cake of highly combustible materials, marked into ten lesser squares. Each of these divisions is amply sufficient to kindle a coal fire, as it burns with a strong steady flame some twenty minutes.—*Buffalo Ad.*  
**Defining his Position.**  
"Get up—get up!" said a watchman to a chap who had fallen a grade below the door step sleepers, and who had taken a lodgment in the gutter. "You must not lie there." "Lie! you're another!—you lie yourself!—N-n-not lie here! I tell you what, old fellow, that may do to fall in slave States, but I'll let you know, said the agrarian, spitting out a mouthful of mud, "that t-th-this is free soil!"