

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## A PARODY.

Take a little wife,  
The prettier the better;  
Pat her cheek, and when  
She wants to kiss you—let her.  
Keep her in the house—  
There she'll cook your mutton;  
Darn your jacket too,  
If she's worth a button.  
Never mind the lads,  
Of her aunts and cousins.  
Ask them to "drop in,"  
Dine them all by dozens.  
One of these odd days,  
You'll feel one inch taller,  
When you see her hug  
A chopping little squaller.

## MEN WITH TAILS.

Paris Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

In a former letter, I mentioned to you that Col. Du Courret, who had already penetrated far in Africa, was about to set out on a new and extensive exploration of five years, under the special auspices of the French Government, and at the charge of the Academy of Sciences some instructions for him, which was read at the sitting of the 20th inst. At the same time the Colonel addressed to the Academy a notice of the race of the Ghilanes inhabiting the interior of Africa, and renowned among the neighboring tribes as caudated or having tails. The matter is so curious that I have caused to be translated for you what has been published about it, by one of the scientific reporters. Lord Monboddo will not have erred so much in his primitive stock.

From the Scientific Report.

There exists a race of men who, according to the report of certain travellers, are originally from the kingdom of Gondar, or of others, who say they inhabit Soudan in the South, whose zoological characteristics are remarkable. They have tail-like appendages, formed by the elongation of the vertebral column, and they are the last link in the human race. The slave merchants cannot dispose of them without great difficulty; so bad is their reputation. The traits which distinguish them are hideous ugliness of face and figure, ungovernable tempers, and stolid intellect. Some of this race are to be found, also, in the Philippine Islands, but they were, doubtless, carried thither by the slave merchants. However this may be, when a Levantine is looking out for slaves in the East, he is always warned not to purchase one who has a tail; he is told—"Of all slaves this is the least profitable." This race of men is very far behind that of which Fourier dreamed, and which was, some day, to become the type of manly beauty, morally and physically.

M. Du Courret, who was in Mecca in the year 1842, saw an individual of the species we have just mentioned, and belonging, he was told, to the breed of Ghilanes in the South. Though it be not the first time that we have heard the race of men spoken of, who are furnished with tails, nevertheless the fact is not sufficiently common to take away its interest. We will, therefore, enter somewhat in detail upon this strange organic manifestation. "I inhabited Mecca in 1842," says M. Du Courret, "and being often at the house of an Emir with whom I was intimate, I spoke to him of the Ghilane race, and told him how much the European doubted of the existence of men with tails, that is to say, the vertebral column elongated externally. In order to convince me of the reality of the species, the Emir ordered before me one of his slaves called Bellal, who was about thirty years old, who had a tail, and who belonged to his tribe. On surveying this man, I was thoroughly convinced. He spoke Arabic well, and appeared rather intelligent. He told me that in his country, far beyond the Sennar, which he had crossed, they spoke a different language; this, for want of practice, he had entirely forgotten; that of his compatriots, whom he estimated at 20,000 or 40,000, some worshipped the sun, the moon, or stars; others the serpent and the sources of an immense river, in which they immolated their victims—(probably the springs of the Nile) that they ate with delight raw flesh, as possible, and that they loved human blood as all things; that after their battles with their neighbors, they slaughtered and devoured their captives without distinction of age or sex; but that the women and children were preferable, the flesh being more delicate. This Ghilane had become a devout Mussulman, and had lived 15 years in the Holy City. The fondness, the necessity even, for raw flesh (it really

was a want for him) did not fail to return upon him, and his master, therefore, by a precaution, never failed when this fit was on him, to provide him with an enormous piece of raw mutton, which he consumed ravenously before everybody present. This eager desire for raw flesh showed itself periodically; sometimes twice a week. Being asked why he did not try to correct such a habit, he answered with great frankness; "I have often tried to overcome this appetite, which I received from my father and mother. In my country, great and small, young and old, live in this manner, beside eating fish, fruits and vegetables. If my master neglected to supply this requirement of my nature, I am sure I could not resist the desire which possesses me of devouring something, and I should cause great sorrow by falling on some person too weak to contend with me, an infant, for example." Having asked him to allow me to see him naked (for I wished to sketch him,) he resisted for a long time, but finally yielded, on receiving the promise of an entirely new dress, which I was to send him. He came privately to my house, where he took off the scanty shirt of course blue linen which he wore. I was thus enabled to contemplate him quite at my ease, and to paint his portrait without exposing him to the punishment which would have been inflicted on him, if he had been detected by his fanatical and superstitious master." The drawing made under these circumstances has been placed under the eyes of the Academy.

Here are some extracts from the description given by M. Du Courret, of the Ghilanes: "The Ghilanes are a peculiar race of negro, which have a strong resemblance to the monkey; much smaller than the usual race—they are rarely more than five feet high. They are commonly ill made; their bodies are lean and seem weak; their arms long and slim; their hands and feet are longer and flatter than those of any other of the human species; their cheeks project, and their forehead is low and receding; their ears are long and deformed; their eyes are small, black, piercing, and twinkle constantly; their noses are large and flat; their mouth wide, and furnished with teeth very sharp, strong and of dazzling whiteness; their lips are full and thick; their hair curled, but not very woolly, not thick, and remains short. But what particularly distinguishes them is the prolongation of the vertebral column. This gives to each individual, male and female, a tail of two or three inches long.

Finally, here is the portrait of Bellal, the name of the personage the author encountered at Mecca. "He was thin and dry but nervous and strong. His skin was black-bronzed, shining, soft to the touch like velvet. His feet were long and flat; his arms and legs appeared feeble, but well supplied with muscles. His ribs could easily be counted. His face was repulsively ugly. His mouth was enormous, his lips thick, his teeth strong, sharp and very white; his nose broad and flat; his ears long and deformed; his forehead low and very receding; his hair not very woolly nor thick, but nevertheless curly. He had no beard, and his body was not hardy. He was very active and handy. His height was about five feet. His tail was more than three inches long, and almost as flexible as that of a monkey. His disposition, setting aside the oddity of his tastes and habits, was good, and his fidelity was above all praise.

## Scenery on the Chagres River.

By Bayard Taylor.

There is nothing in the world comparable to these forests. No description that I have ever read conveys an idea of the splendid overplus of vegetable life within the tropics. The river, broad and with a swift current of the sweetest water I ever drank, winds between walls of foliage that rise from its very surface. All the gorgeous growths of an eternal summer are so mingled in one impenetrable mass that the eye is bewildered. From the rank jungle of canes and gigantic lilies, and the thickets of strange shrubs that line the water, rise the trunks of the mango, the ceiba, the cocoa, the sycamore, and the superb palm. Plainains take root in the banks, hiding the soil with their leaves, shaken and split into immense plumes by the wind and rain. The zapote, with a fruit the size of a man's head, the gourd tree, and other vegetable wonders, attract the eye on all sides. Blossoms of crimson, purple, and yellow, of a form and magnitude unknown in the north, are mingled with the leaves, and flocks of paroquets and brilliant butterflies circle through the air like blossoms blown away. Sometimes a spike of scarlet flowers is thrust forth like the tongue of a serpent, from the head of some convolvulus of unfolding leaves, and sometimes the creepers and parasites drop tails and streamers of fragrance from boughs that shoot half-way across the river. Every turn of the stream only discloses another and more magnificent vista of leaf, bough and blossom. All out of the landscape is lost under this deluge of vegetation. No trace of the soil is to be seen; a mountain is but a high swell of the mass of verdure. As on the ocean, you have a sense rather than a perception of beauty. The sharp, clear lines of our scenery at home are here wanting. What shape the land would be, if cleared, you cannot tell. You gaze upon the scene before you with a never-stated delight, till your brain aches with the sensation, and you close your eyes, overwhelmed with the thought that all these wonders have been taken from the beginning—that year after year takes away no blossom that is not replaced, but the sublime mystery of growth and decay is renewed forever.

## A Pig Joke.

We had a hearty laugh the other day, at hearing a friend tell of a man who was attempting to put a yoke on a pig. He had cornered the grunter in a room having a glazed window, when the animal, believing they were preparing to infringe upon his full freedom, went with a single bound through the window. "Drat it," said the old man, looking after him a moment; "I've got your dimensions anyway, seven by nine exactly."

## SOCIAL CARD PLAYING.

### How to make Gamblers.

The following short history of the schooling of GREEN, the great Gambler, written by himself, ought to be a warning to others.

Although I belong to the despised fraternity called gamblers; I have always made it a rule to advise young men to shun the gambling table, that they might avoid the rock upon which I split; and I will now offer, through your paper, some suggestions to the heads of families on the subject of social card playing.

I was at least twenty years of age, and had lived some months in New York, before I even knew the names of the ordinary playing cards; but the importance of a thorough education in the science of games was soon made apparent to me, and in a quarter whence I least expected it.—Boarding in Broadway, I gradually formed an acquaintance with a number of highly respectable families. By one of these I was invited to attend a social party. The heads of this family I knew to be members of an Evangelical church, and you will readily judge of my surprise, when I made my entrance into the parlor, to behold most of the company, together with my pious friends, deeply engaged at play!—not the plays of innocence; but the plays of depraved gamblers. The father of the family was engaged at chess, whilst his wife presided at a card table; their children were among the whist players, and others of the company were engaged at backgammon, dominoes and chequers! The wine circulated freely; and all seemed happy but myself, who in such a party was a barbarian. I could do nothing but look on and confess my ignorance, or occasionally engage in conversation with some old lady, whilst

"The young and gay,  
Were all engaged at play."

It is needless to say, that I spent a very unhappy evening; and that I resolved to acquire at once an education so necessary to the maintenance of a respectable standing in good society! I was not long therefore, in mastering the mysteries of High, Low, Jack and the Game, and of Whist, and a slight knowledge of these led to a desire for farther information; until at last I was adept at a variety of games, able to teach others, and was a favorite partner wherever I went. I became exceedingly fond of cards; and as they were introduced into every social circle where I was admitted, my fondness gradually ripened into passion, which clings to me even in this hour.

No better illustration of the dangers of social card playing can be given, than my own history. In the parlors of respectable families I acquired a taste for play, which finally became an all-absorbing passion, knowing no bounds, and rapidly hurrying me down the road of ruin, where all misery, desolation and death!

But my case is not a solitary one; thousands of gamblers have been made in the same way; and tens of thousands have fallen before this terrible vice, in consequence of a taste for play being formed in the family circle.—Green's National Guardian.

The following very singular case, not published as yet in any of the medical journals, is given in the September number of the N. Y. Knickerbocker. It is recommended to the notice of inquiring physiologists:

A negro woman, Francis Coushoven by name, residing at a place called 'Dead Horse Bay,' near Gravesend, Long Island, was married about 18 months ago. The day after the ceremony she started with her husband in an ordinary 'top buggy' wagon to visit some friends who lived a few miles off; and it so happened that the horse took fright, and in spite of the address of the driver, many of the passengers were elevated upon two posts at the junction of the bay and Gravesend road, by which the top of the buggy was torn off instantly, and the sable pair narrowly escaped with their lives. In due course of time Francis became a mother. The child was born bald; but the attention of the physician, Dr. Stillwell, was directed to an unusual development on the back of the infant's head. Upon examination, it proved to be a mass of thin membranous substance, in texture like a bats wing, intersected with slender, elastic radii, resembling whalebone; and turning upon osseous pivots at the ears. Judge of the surprise of the physician, when, upon further examination, it proved to be moveable; and gently drawing it forward over the infant's head it unfolded itself into a miniature representation of a gig top! The child is now living, and may be seen at any time by the curious at Dead Horse Bay, Long Island, about nine miles from this city.

The editor of an exchange paper says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner, who died without paying for his paper. "Twas horrible to look upon—the ghost of Hamlet was no circumstance to it."

## To the Freemen of Pennsylvania.

The Whig State Central Committee address their fellow citizens of Pennsylvania at a period of unusual interest, and amid events and tendencies of uncommon importance. It is a period of crises, in which the fortunes of the State, of the Union, of the world—or at least the world of Europe—are all deeply involved. In Europe, the crisis of liberty is, perhaps, already past: Rome, Venice and Hungary have fallen; France is false or derelict; Switzerland is threatened; and the last shattered relics of republicanism struggle but feebly against the vengeance of kings and the power of their mercenary armies. In our own fair Union, where Locofocoism assumes the attitude and preaches the doctrine of despotism, we have the crisis of free soil; and in Pennsylvania, where the same evil influence is arrayed against the freedom of territories and the rights of citizens, we are called to our duties in the crisis of the protective policy. Shall the unsettled territories of this broad republic be given up to the unresisted empire of slavery? Shall the free laborers of Pennsylvania be robbed of their rights and adequate rewards, be reduced to the condition of European serfs!—These are questions which are to be answered in the coming election in the Keystone State; for nothing is now more certain than that, according as her people cast their suffrages on the side of the Whig or the Locofoco party, they vote for or against the principles of free soil and for or against the doctrine of protection. In these two particulars there can be no doubt where the two parties respectively stand. Locofocoism, in this State, no longer conceals its alliance with and allegiance to the Southern fanaticism of the school of Calhoun, which claims the unlimited right of slave-holders to carry slaves and plant the institution of slavery wherever they choose, and, at the same time, to equally unlimited privilege of taking away the employments and markets of our workmen, to give them to foreign workmen in England and other distant countries. Locofocoism, in Pennsylvania, is now openly presented as a free trade and slavery extension party.—The Whigs have ever been the true, and they now remain the only consistent reliable friends of the principles which reserve free territories for free men, and give all the lucrative employments, and profitable markets of our own country to our own citizens; the principles which would consecrate the broad unsettled lands of North America to the uses of freedom, and prefer the interests of American industry over those of any and every foreign people. How many thousand stalwart laborers in Pennsylvania depend for their bread upon the prosperity of the great coal and iron interests, which are now languishing so miserably under that bitter gift of Locofoco love of the people, the death tariff of 1846; and how many hardy farmers of Pennsylvania, of whom these laborers bought their food, now suffer in the poverty of their customers! One third of our iron works thrown out of use, have entailed a loss of not less than seven or eight millions of dollars a year, every cent of which is taken from the pockets of Pennsylvania workmen and farmers to be given to British workmen and farmers. It is only Whig protection and Whig tariffs which can put an end to this ruinous state of things and bring back the prosperity enjoyed under the Whig tariff of 1842.

Pennsylvania needs a wise and economic system of finance aiming to increase the productiveness of the State Improvements, and diminish the burthen of public debt. Can any man of any party in the Commonwealth fail to contrast the change in the State affairs, accomplished within the brief period in which they have been administered by a Whig State government, with the posture they occupied so long under Locofoco misrule and mismanagement! Within this period, the State credit has been restored—the interest on the public debt is paid in hard money—and, while the completion of the North Branch Canal and the Columbia Rail Road (for what is the road to avoid the inclined plane but the completion of that great work) has been embarked upon, a Sinking Fund has been established and is already in operation: the work of paying the State debt having actually commenced, and commenced in such a way, and upon such a system, that it is calculated, that if no fatal change be made, no less than ten millions of dollars, or one fourth the whole debt, may be paid off in six years, and the entire indebtedness of the Commonwealth be wiped out within fifteen or sixteen years. What a glorious prospect this for every Pennsylvanian who loves his State and feels that he ought to disregard all politics, and all parties, which are not based upon the first principle of entire devotion to the honor and interest of the State and the happiness and prosperity of its people.

To realize this prospect, the full infusion—the entire predominance, in fact—of Whig principles is necessary. To ensure economy and fidelity in the management of the State works—nay, to guaranty barely a check upon profusion and misgovernment—one Whig at least ought to be

in the Canal Board; and the election of Henry M. Fuller, the Whig candidate to that all-important post, will give but one Whig member, powerless perhaps for any absolute good, but powerful, to a great extent, in preventing evil. Of Mr. Fuller's merits, it is scarcely necessary to speak, as his distinguished public career has made them familiar to the people of the Commonwealth. A native of the State—educated to a thorough knowledge of its interests, and devoted to their maintenance and support—a genuine republican in the true sense of that term—active, intelligent, experienced and upright—a staunch friend of free labor, and an unflinching foe to the extension of slavery, in any form or under any pretext—he presents in a high degree all the qualities required for a competent and faithful discharge of all the duties belonging to the office for which he has been selected as a candidate.

Necessary as it is for the moral influence to be exercised, that the Canal Commissioner should be elected, it is not less necessary that the Legislature should be Whig, that the interests of the State and the people of the State should be guarded and defended. Shall we return to the old system of finance—a shipplaster currency—no sinking fund—no redemption of the State debt—no completion of the public works—the burthen of debt and taxation left to grow heavier—everything neglected except the ignoble interests of partisans and party! Shall we have the same declarations in favor of free trade in a Pennsylvania Legislature which we have had in Locofoco conventions and papers! Shall we there be called upon; at one and the same time, to declare that Pennsylvania—our brave and honest Pennsylvania, in which slavery was first denounced as an evil and free labor was intended by nature to be best rewarded—sacrifices the interests of freedom, to the schemes of slaveowners, and wishes to give away the bread of her own people to strangers, the inhabitants of foreign countries, the subjects of foreign princes? What safety is there in a Whig majority—a Whig Legislature supporting a Whig administration—the predominating influence of a party whose ruling principles are free soil and free labor—protection to home industry—the restoration of State credit, the completion of the State works, and the payment of the State debt!

This is, indeed, the day of the crisis of the protective policy in Pennsylvania; and it will mainly depend upon the kind of vote which the people of the State shall give in the coming election, whether that policy is to be restored, or utterly annulled and abolished. The antagonisms of good and evil are now, in our State, in full and desperate struggle; and the history of the morrow will be one of good or bad fortune, of prosperous or adverse fate, according as men shall rank themselves on the side of their own interests or against them—according as they shall direct their weapons against their foes or their own bosoms. We shall believe that, on this occasion, Pennsylvania means to be true to herself, and that her people will stand up like men in support of their own rights and interests.

By the Committee:

MORTON McMICHAEL, Chairman.  
George H. Hart, Caleb N. Taylor,  
John M. Coleman, James Traquair,  
Thomas W. Duffield, Joshua P. Eyre,  
Nathaniel Ellmaker, Samuel B. Thomas,  
Henry D. Maxwell, Isaac Bartole,  
M. C. Mercut, S. D. Lewis,  
John C. Kunkle, James Moore, Jr.,  
Simon Oyster, William R. Morris,  
Jacob Criswell, M. Swartzwelder,  
John Allison, Francis Jordan,  
Samuel P. Johnson, J. Stuart Riddle,  
Alexander Franklin, William T. Sanders,  
Humphrey G. Hill, W. F. Murray.

## Postponement of the National Common School Convention.

At the suggestion of several State Superintendents and other influential friends of the cause of popular education in different sections of the Union, the meeting of the National Convention of the friends of common schools, which was to have taken place in this city on the 23d inst., has been postponed to the 17th of October, on account of the prevalence of the cholera throughout the country.

Officers of Conventions or associations which have appointed delegates, will please forward to the Corresponding Secretary the names of persons appointed as delegates.

By order of Local Committee of Arrangement,  
JOS. R. CHANDLER, Chairman.  
ALFRED E. WRIGHT, Cor. Sec.  
Philadelphia, Aug. 1, 1849.

## Inflammatory Rheumatism.

A gentleman wishes us to publish the following, for the relief of suffering humanity. He says he has known a number of cures by it, and all of whom within a short time:

Half an ounce of alum, half an ounce of pulverized saltpetre, put in half a pint of sweet oil.—Bathe the parts affected, when a sound cure will be speedily effected.