

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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Palos-Alto and Resaca.

A NEW SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Nor while our cups are flowing
With memories born to bloom,
And filial hands are throwing
Their wreath's o'er valor's tomb;—
While lips exulting shout the praise
Of heroes of the past that stood,
Triumphant, 'mid old Bunker's blaze,
And proud in Ewaw's field of blood;—
Be not forgot the gallant train,
That lifts your name in Mexic war,—
One cup for Palos-Alto drain,
One mighty cheer for Resaca!

For Taylor—"Rough and Ready,"
True son of truest sires;—
For May, who, swift and steady,
Trod down La Vega's fires;
For all who in that day of strife,
Maintain'd in pride the stripes and stars,
The dead, who won immortal life,
And they who live for other wars;—
For these, who with their victory,
New wreaths to grace our laurel bring,—
A health that drains the goblet dry,
A cheer that makes the welkin ring!

Nor, though even now we falter
With thoughts of those who died,
And at our festive altar,
Grow silent in our pride,
Yet in the heart's most holy deep,
Fond memory thrines the happy brave,
Who in the arms of battle sleep
By Palos' wood and Bravo's wave;
Nor in our future deeds forgo,
Shall silent thought forbear to bring,
Her tribute to that sacred spot,
Where Ringgold's gallant soul took wing.

Fill to our country's glory,
Where'er her flag is borne;
Nor, in her failing story,
Let future ages mourn;
Nor let the envious foreign foe,
Rejoice that faction checks her speed,
Arrests her in the indignant blow,
And saddens o'er the avenging deed!
Fill high, though from the crystal wave,
Your cup, and from the grape be mine:
The marriage rites, that link the brave
To fame, will turn each draught to wine.

Curious Fish.

A large fish, sixteen or eighteen feet in length, and weighing probably some two or three tons, was towed into Portland harbor a few days ago. It was taken on the fishing ground about eighty miles distant. It was of a lilac color, and in some particulars, resembled a shark, but had no teeth, and its vertebrae appeared to be little else than hardened jelly.—The fishermen who took it were unacquainted with the species, nor has any one yet been able to give it a name. The skin has been taken off and is to be tanned and stuffed.

The editor of an exchange wilfully perpetrated the following outrageous and abominable rhyme:

"Hail beautiful maid of grace divine,
Why do you wear a hump behind?"
The sudacious scamp. He ought to be
Choked to death with a lady's bustle.
Wonder if that editor cultivates his hair?
If he does, he must swallow the following re-
sult from a bustle-ing little maid:
"Hail dandies with your broad tailed coats
Why do you wear your beards like goats?"

Fighting the Tiger.

Having a little leisure time at my command during the summer of 1843, I concluded to follow the general current of travelling which had 'set' toward the hot springs, in Arkansas, and visit that place in order that I might 'get a sight' of this wonderful freak of nature's laboratory. To this end I made the requisite arrangements, and in due time was formally introduced to a scene combining more of the grand, beautiful, and sublime, than had ever before been my lot to witness.

And now we turn to the immediate object in writing this sketch, which is to embody a 'yarn' that came to my ears during this visit, as well as to give tangibility and shape to an incident in the hunter's life, the recital of which had well nigh made

"The knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end."
Every one who has visited the point in question will recognize the many log shanties which are sprinkled along the valley—silent and tenantless in winter, but redolent with life and spirit in summer.

One evening towards twilight (in company with several friends) we had gathered around the doors of one of the shanties, just referred to, and listened with delighted ear and excited brain, to the many marvellous stories which the natives were unraveling.

During the relation of one of these stories, we were startled by a sepulchral voice behind us, exclaiming that the party was telling a 'h-l of a yarn'—at which we turned, and beheld a creature so much like the celebrated sage of 'Sleepy Hollow' that we could scarcely suppress the belief that he must have sat for Irving's bright portraiture of that redoubtable personage. So very like indeed, was he to the venerable 'Rip,' that we were more than once tempted to look round for the rusted remains of his gun—the uncannized bones of his dog—the scorched and weather-beaten 'pouch' in which he was wont in days of yore to keep his elements of death. But we were not permitted to remain long in doubt, for with a spring, he rose from the counter on which he had been reclining, and repeated his assertion that, 'That was a h-l of a lie.' The crowd greeted him with a 'round of applause,' which soon satisfied us that he was (to use a provincialism of that region,) 'a big toad in the puddle.' The request was general that he should spin a yarn also—a request to which a ready assent was granted, after a proposition for a 'general treat' had been swallowed. His story ran somewhat thus:

'Did any one ever hear of my fighting the tiger, a year or two ago in Alabama? If any one hasn't heard that story, he'd better plaister his hair to his head, and sew his coat to his skin; for cuss me if it isn't enough to frighten a man out of his senses.

'Wall! Some time long in the month of July, Sal came to me one day and says she to me—says she—'Joe, I want some bar-meat, and I guess you had better cut right out and get me some.' Now, you must recollect, fellows, that Sal was sorer sick about that time, and used to take the darndest kind of notions in her head that ever I heard of. But, however, I slung 'old Bellzy, over my shoulders, and sat out in full chase after the only bar that we had heard of in that neck of the woods during the summer. A long, and a hot and a wearisome tramp I had; but luck was wid me and I finally brought 'old Bellzy' to level on him, and just laid him out as slick as ever you saw a coon 'couise' a dog. Little time elapsed before he was regularly cleansed, when I made a break for home, as I was tired, hot and hungry. The tramp was a long one, the load none of the lightest, and I soon grew faint and sick under the heat of the sun. Casting about for a spot upon which to rest until the cool of the evening, I soon found a quiet nook under the shadow of a cluster of vines, to which I took an especial liking. Hanging my game to the branch of a neighboring tree, and resting my gun by its side, I retired to this inviting spot, and was quickly in a land where uneasiness is not felt. How long I slept is impossible to say; but the nap generally, was a sweet, refreshing one, and might have lasted much longer, if I had not been disturbed by a slimy and compressing sensation about my throat, together with a feeling that something was passing over my face which was not every way pleasant to me—

and justice, the public treasury, &c. &c. The halls of the house of deputies and of the senate are also in the same building, and last and not least, the botanic garden. After passing through all sorts of filth and dirt on the basement story, you come to a dark narrow passage which conducts you to a massive door, which when you have succeeded in opening, you enter an apartment enclosed with high walls on every side but open at the top, and certainly not exceeding eighty feet square, and this is the botanic garden of the palace of Mexico; a few shrubs and plants and the celebrated manita tree, are all that it contains. I have rarely in my life seen a more gloomy and desolate looking place. It is much more like a prison than a garden.—A decrepit, palsied old man, said to be more than a hundred years old, is the superintendent of the establishment; no one could have been selected more in keeping with the general dilapidation and dreariness of this melancholy affair.

But the cathedral, which occupies the site of the great idol temple of Montezuma, offers a striking contrast. It is five hundred feet long by four hundred and twenty wide. It would be superfluous to add another to the many descriptions of this famous building which have already been published. Like all the other churches in Mexico, it is built in the Gothic style. The walls, of several feet thickness, are made of unhewn stone and lime. Upon entering it, one is apt to recall the wild fictions of the Arabian Nights; it seems as if the wealth of empires was collected there. The clergy in Mexico do not for obvious reasons, desire that their wealth should be made known to its full extent; they are, therefore, not disposed to give very full information upon the subject, or to exhibit the gold and silver vessels, vases, precious stones, and other forms of wealth; quite enough is exhibited to strike the beholder with wonder. The first object that presents itself on entering the cathedral is the altar, near the centre of the building; it is made of highly-wrought and highly-polished silver, and covered with a profusion of ornaments of pure gold. On each side of this altar runs a balustrade, enclosing a space about eight feet wide and eighty or a hundred feet long. The balusters are about four feet high, and four inches thick in the largest part; the handrail from six to eight inches wide.—Upon the top of this handrail, at the distance of six or eight feet apart, are human images, beautifully wrought, and about two feet high. All of these, the balustrade, handrail, and images, are made of a compound of gold, silver and copper—more valuable than silver. I was told that an offer had been made to take this balustrade, and replace it with another of exactly the same size and workmanship of pure silver, and to give a half a million of dollars besides. There is much more of the same balustrade in other parts of the church; I should think, in all of it, not less than three hundred feet.

As you walk through the building, on either side there are different apartments, all filled, from the floor to the ceiling, with paintings, vases, huge candlesticks, walters, and a thousand other articles, made of gold or silver.—This, too, is only the every day display of articles of least value; the more costly are stored away in chests and closets. What must it be when all these are brought out, with the immense quantities of precious stones which the church is known to possess? And this is only one of the churches of the city of Mexico, where there are between sixty and eighty others, and some of them possessing little less wealth than the cathedral; and it must also be remembered, that all the other large cities, such as Puebla, Guadalajara, Guanajuato, Zacatecas, Durango, San Louis, Potosi, have each a proportionate number of equally gorgeous establishments.

A Western paper says, in an obituary notice that the "deceased had also been for several years a director in a bank; notwithstanding which, he died a Christian, universally respected."

Major Noah compares the victories of Gen. Taylor with the exploits of Lucullus, Agessilaus, Zenophon, and Xerxes, and finds a parallel for the bravery and success of our troops in the account of an old battle recorded in history, in which 13,000 Greeks routed 900,000 Persians.

The City of Mexico.

The city of Mexico is said to be the finest built city on the American continent. In some respects it certainly is so. In the principal streets the houses are all constructed according to the strictest architectural rules. The foundations of the city were laid, and the first buildings were erected by Cortes, who did everything well which he attempted—from building a house or writing a couplet to conquering an empire. Many of the finest buildings in Mexico are still owned by his descendants. The public square is said to be unsurpassed by any in the world; it contains some twelve or fifteen acres paved with stone. The cathedral covers one entire side, the palace another; the western side is occupied by a row of very high and substantial houses, the second stories of which project into the street the width of the pavement; the lower stories are occupied by the principal retail merchants of the city. The most of these houses were built by Cortes, who, with his characteristic sagacity and avarice which equally characterized him in the latter part of his life, selected the best portion of the city for himself.

The President's Palace, formerly the palace of the viceroys, is an immense building of three stories high, about five hundred feet in length, and three hundred and fifty feet wide; it stands on the site of the palace of Montezuma. It is difficult to conceive of so much stone and mortar being put together in a less tasteful and imposing shape; it has much more the appearance of a cotton factory or a penitentiary than what it really is; the windows are small, and a parapet wall runs the whole length of the building, with nothing to relieve the monotony of its appearance except some very indifferent ornamental work in the centre; there are no doors in the front either of the second or third stories—nothing but disproportionately small windows, and too many of them; the three doors, and there are only three in the lower story, are despoiled of all architectural beauty or ornament. Only a very small part of this palace is appropriated to the residence of the President; all the public offices are here, including those of the heads of the different departments; ministers of war, foreign relations, finance

Important—Potato Rot.

PENN FOREST, Carbon Co., Pa., May 9th, 1846.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.
Dear Sir:—I observe in your paper of the 11th of April, 1846, at or near the bottom of the sixth column of the fourth page, an article headed thus: "Potato Rot—a Curious Fact." I here quote the article:—"In the latter part of the summer of 1844, a farmer of the township of Lincoln, Addison county, Vermont, was quite behind all his neighbors in cutting his grass in his meadow. At night, some waggish boys went into one of his meadows, and cut down all the grass in it. They also went into his potato patch, and cut a few swaths through it. When the time came for digging, his potatoes were found principally rotten, except where the boys had mowed off the tops. Those where the boys had mowed off the tops. This experiment would seem to show that the rot or disease begins in the tops, and suggest, as the means of saving a crop, to apply the scythe as soon as the tops begin to die."—Ohio Cultivator.

"Strange as this may appear, it is well worth experimenting upon."—Ed. Courier.

Allow me now to state another fact, in corroboration of the above, which was communicated to a neighbor of mine, Mr. Aquilla E. Albright. His statement was in substance as follows, viz:—In the summer of 1841, Mr. Albright, on looking over his potato patch, discovered some of the tops to appear as if first bitten, and examining the young potatoes, he found they had just begun to rot, there being, here and there, a small speck on them. From this he came to the conclusion that the disease was in the atmosphere, and attacked the tops first and then the roots. When the time came to dig his potatoes, he found many of them much diseased, and during fall and winter most of them rotted. In the summer of 1845, he determined to watch his potatoes, and if he discovered any symptoms of the same disease, to take a scythe and mow all the tops off. About a week after blossoming time, he saw strong symptoms of the same disease, on the tops first and roots afterward. He however concluded to let them stand a few days, say four or five days, in order to let the potatoes get a little older; after which he ordered his man to go and mow all the tops off; and while the man was at his task, Mr. Albright and a friend of his walked out to the patch, and his friend, on seeing the man at work mowing off the potato tops, assured Mr. Albright that he would ruin his crop of potatoes; upon which he made answer, that if left alone he was certain to lose them, and he might as well lose them one way as another. Now, mark the result. Upon digging his crop, he found about three dozen rotten ones in some forty or fifty bushels of as fine potatoes as need be, not one of which rotted during the following winter, and he says he feels confident that potatoes can be saved in that way. I remain, &c.

JOHN KELSEY.

Sermon for Old Bachelors.

A late number of the Hartford Mirror contains a lay sermon for the special benefit of the bachelors, founded on the following text:

"And they called Rebecca, and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? and she said I will go."—Genesis xxxvi. 50.

In those times, ceremony, formality, sighing, and sentiment, were altogether unknown. Rebecca was a good girl, and jumped at the first offer.

The editor of the Norwich Aurora says he could have picked out a better text to preach before the honorable fraternity, viz: "Jacob kissed Rachel."

"That is something substantial for bachelors to ponder over. The other text was for the benefit of Rebecca altogether:

"Jacob kissed Rachel, and he lifted up his voice and wept."

How pathetic! The fact is, says the Aurora, time and fashion make strange inroads upon poor human nature. Here was Jacob securing the country to look for a wife, and on a fine sunny day, in the valley of Padanaram, he saw her at a distance, drawing water from a well, being barefooted, and without ceremony he ran towards her, and in the language of the good book, "kissed her and lifted up his voice and wept." We have no account that Rachel boxed his ears for his rudeness, as in those days of simplicity and innocence she would have done, particularly in "good society."