

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## Easy Method of Capturing the Castle of San Juan D'Ulloa, at Vera Cruz.

Mr. Wise, the aeronaut, has come before the public, in the columns of the Lancaster, (Pa.) Republican, with a plan for taking the business out of the hands of Generals Taylor, Worth, and Patterson, and doing up the Mexicans at a short notice. We do not think our readers would be satisfied with less than the whole article:

Mr. D. S. Kieffer:—The present condition of the war with Mexico, will require our forces to reduce Vera Cruz. And it is acknowledged on all sides to be an extraordinarily well fortified point of defence, almost impregnable to the common mode of warfare, and at best cannot be taken in that way, without a great sacrifice of life and ammunition. I will suggest a plan to our War Department, that will render the capture of the Castle of San Juan D'Ulloa as feasible and easy as the launching of a frigate.

Although the plan I shall propose may seem novel to many, still a brief detail of it, I think, will satisfy the most incredulous of its efficacy. In the first place, it will require the construction of a balloon of common twilled muslin, of about one hundred feet diameter. This machine, properly coated with varnish, will retain its buoyancy for many days or weeks. It will be capable, when inflated, to raise over 30,000 pounds—say 20,000 independent of its own weight, net work, car and cable. It can be inflated in a day, or less time, if necessary. The process of inflation may be accomplished on land, or on board a man of war at sea, as circumstances may require—the car to be loaded with percussioned bomb shells and torpedoes to the amount of 18,000 pounds, which will leave 2000 pounds for ballast and men. Thus it will be ready to be placed in a position for deadly action, in a very short time. The cable by which it is to be manoeuvred, may be at least five miles long, so that the balloon, at a mile of elevation, would leave the vessel, or land position, which act as the retaining point, out of the reach of the Castle guns, and under the cover of our own batteries. The man of war balloon, hovering a mile above the Castle like a cloud of destruction, would be entirely out of danger of the enemies guns, since they could not be made to bear at an object immediately above them. The position of the balloon as to height and distance from the retaining point, could be easily maintained by keeping a propeller eye to its ballasting. As it would become lightened by the discharge of shells and torpedoes, an adequate quantity of gas can also be discharged.

If a gun from the Castle could be ever made to bear upon the war balloon, it would soon be silenced by the rapidity, precision, and certainty, with which the deadly missiles could be showered down upon them.

With this aerial war ship hanging a mile above the fort, supplied with a thousand percussioned bomb shells, the Castle of Vera Cruz could be taken without the loss of a single life to the army, and at an expense that would be comparatively nothing to what it will be to take it by the common mode of attack.

Through the medium of your journal, I would most respectfully suggest this plan to our government, and will tender my services for its construction, and when constructed will, if necessary, most cheerfully undertake its directorship into actual service, at a moment's warning. Very respectfully, your friend and fellow citizen,  
J. WISE.

Lancaster, Oct. 22, 1846.

## Letter from Elihu Burritt.

We cannot say whether the following, from the "Learned Blacksmith," now in England, will be read in this country with the more surprise or pity. It is full of food for thought:

## An Hour with Nature and the Nailers.

I was suddenly diverted from my contemplation of this magnificent scenery by a fall of heavy rain drops, as a prelude of an impending shower. Seeing a gate open, and hearing a familiar clicking behind a hedge, I stepped through into a little blacksmith shop, about as large as an American smoke house for curing bacon. The first object that my eyes rested upon was a full grown man, nine years of age, and nearly three feet high, perched upon a stone of half that height to raise his breast to the level of his father's anvil, at which he was at work with all the vigor of his little short arms, making nails. I say a full grown man, for I fear he can never grow any larger, physically or mentally. As I put my hand on his shoulder, in a familiar way, to make myself at home with him, and to remove the timidity with which my sudden appearance seemed to inspire him, by a pleasant word or two of greeting, his flesh felt case hardened into all the induration of toiling manhood, and as unsusceptible of growth as his anvil block. Fixed manhood had set in upon him in the greenness of his youth, and there he was by his father's side, a stunted, premature man; with his childhood cut off; with no space to grow in between the cradle and the anvil block; chased, as soon as he could stand on his little legs, from the hearth stone to the forge stone, by iron necessity, that would not let him stop long enough to pick up a letter of the English alphabet on the way. O! Lord John Russell! think of it! Of this Englishman's son, placed by his mother, scarce weaned, on a high, cold stone, barefooted, before the anvil; there to harden, sear, and blister his young hands by heating and hammering ragged nailrods, for the sustenance her breast can no longer supply! Lord John! look at those nails, as they lie hissing on the block.— Know your lordship's meaning, use, and language? Please your lordship, let me tell you; I have made nails before now; they are iron exclamations points, which this unlettered, dwarfish boy is unconsciously arraying against you, against the British government, and the misery of British literature, for cutting him off without a letter of the English alphabet, when printing is done by steam! for incarcerating him, for no sin on his or his parent's side but poverty, into a dark, six-by-eight prison of hard labor, a youthless being; think of it; an infant hardened, almost in it's mother's arm, into a man; by toil that bows the sturdiest of the world's laborers who come to manhood through intervening years of childhood!

The boy's father was at work with his back towards me when I entered. At my first word of salutation to the lad, he turned around and accosted me a little bashfully, as if unaccustomed to the sight of a stranger in that place, or reluctant to let them into the scene and secret of poverty. I sat down on one end of his nail bench, and told him I was an American blacksmith by trade, and that I had come in to see how he got on in the world, whether he was earning pretty good wages at his business, so that he could live comfortably, and send his children to school. As I said this I glanced inquiringly to the boy, who was looking steadily at me from his stone stool at the anvil.— Two or three little crooked-faced girls, from two to five years of age, had stolen in timidly, and a couple of young frightened eyes were peeping over the door-sill at me. They all looked if some task was allotted them in the soot and cinders of their father's forge, even to the sharp eyed baby at the door. The poor Englishman—he was as much an Englishman as the Duke of Wellington—looked at his bushy-headed, bare-footed children, and said softly with a melancholy shake of the head, that the times were rather hard with him. It troubled his heart, and many hours of the night he had been kept awake by the thought of it, that he could not send his children to school, nor teach them himself to read. They were good children, he said, with a moist yearning in his eyes; they were all the wealth he had, and loved them the more, the harder he had to work for them. The poorest part of the pover-

ty that was on him, was that he could not give his children the letters. They were good children, for all the creak of the shop was on their faces, and their fingers were bent like eagle's claws with handling nails. He had been a poor man all his days, and he knew his children would be poor all their days, and poorer than he, if the nail business should continue to grow worse. If he could only give them the letters, or the alphabet, as they called it, it would make them the like of rich; for then they could read the Testament. He could read the Testament a little, for he had learned the letters by fire light. It was a good book, was the Testament; never saw any other book—heard tell of some in rich people's houses; but it mattered but little with him. The Testament he was sure it was made for nailers and such like. It helped him wonderfully when the loaf was small on the table. He had but little time to read it when the sun was up, and it took him long to read a little, for he learned the letters when he was old. But he laid it beside his dish at dinner time and fed his heart with it, while his children were eating the bread that fell to his share, and when he had spelt out a line of the shortest words, he read them aloud, and his eldest boy, the one on the block there, could say several whole verses he had learned in this way.

It was a great comfort to him, to think that Jeemes could take into his heart so many verses of the Testament, which he could not read. He intended to teach all his children in this way. It was all he could do for them; and this he had to do, as all the other hours he had to be at the anvil. The nailing business was growing harder, he was growing old, and his family large. He had to work from four o'clock in the morning, till ten o'clock at night to earn eighteen pence. His wages averaged only about seven shillings a week; and there were five of them in the family to live on what they could earn. It was hard to make up the loss of an hour. Not one of their hands, however little, could be spared. Jemmy was going on nine years of age, and a helpful lad he was; and the poor man looked at him doatingly. Jemmy could work off a thousand nails a day, of the smallest size. The rent of their little shop, tenement and garden, was five pounds a year, and a few pennies earned by the youngest of them was of great account.

But, continued the father, speaking cheerily, I am not the one to complain. Many is the man that has a harder lot of it, than I, among the nailers along these hills and in the valley. My neighbors in the next door could tell you something about labor, you may never heard the like of in your country. He is an older man than I, and there are seven of them in his family; and, for all that, he has no boy like Jemmy here, to help him. Some of his little girls are sickly, and their mother is not over strong, and it all comes on him. He is an oldish man, as I was saying, yet he not only works eighteen hours every day at his forge, but every Friday in the year, he works all night long, and never lays off his clothes till late of a Saturday night. A good neighbor is John Stubbins, and the only man just in our neighborhood who can read the newspaper. It is not often he gets a newspaper; for it is not the like of us that can have newspapers and bread, too, in our houses at the same time. But now and then, he begs an old one, partly torn, at the baker's and reads it to us of a Sunday night. So once in two or three weeks we hear something of what is going on in the world—something about corn laws, and the Duke of Wellington, and Oregon, and India, and Ireland, and other places in England. E. B.

A young girl, eleven years old, in Kingston, Canada, was recently fined 2s. 6d. for stealing gooseberries from the garden of Mr. Cameron. A suit was brought against the latter for an attempt to brand the character of the young girl with crime, and a verdict was rendered of £62 10s. in her favor.

INDIAN CORN.—The British Government has given orders that the mills at the victualling yard, Plymouth, shall grind, night and day, Indian corn, for the supply of the suffering Irish population. It is expected that those mills will grind 38,400 pounds of meal per day.

## Federalism.

There is nothing more utterly contemptible than a war of phrases and epithets without meaning; and no adversary so base as he who, shrinking from the opposition of manly argument, skulks into the mean shelter of party slang. The Washington Union, the mirror of the administration, and if so, reflecting a spirit irritable and dwarfish to a degree that inspires compassion, seeks to stigmatize the people—for it is the people who have arisen against the mad meanness of the administration—as Federalists. We find in the first lines of three articles in that journal (all the courage of Palo Alto, Resacha de la Palma and Monterey combined could carry no ordinary man further into that Serborean bog) the following: The first is entitled "The Spirit of the Federal Press;" the second commences—"the temporary success of the Federalists in Pennsylvania," &c.; the third begins—"if the Federalists of Pennsylvania had succeeded," &c.; and the entire sheet has Federalism marked all over it. The peculiarity of the present Administration is a contempt of the intelligence of the people.— They forget that our common school system has been at work. Tricks that might have been available in the past, are now regarded by the people with contempt. The Union knows that there is no Federal party now in existence; it knows that the majority party thus spoken of is not, cannot be, in any way identified with the buried and dust-mingled Federal party.— Was Harrison's vote, with its earthquake voice, a Federal result? Is the majority in Pennsylvania now a Federal majority? If so, the strongest Democratic State is Federal. If so, a name forgotten for twenty years, has a potency which, here, it never had. Pennsylvania is truly Democratic; her recent action was Democratic; her future vote will be so. The Union knows that there is no Federal party in this State; and knowing it, would it consider it fair or courteous in others to borrow its own policy, and say:

"How all white hairs become a fool and jester."

We speak, and have ever spoken, of all parties with respect. Democrats in the largest sense, we confide in the patriotism of all parties, and therefore assume no arrogant privilege of condemning any. We have even given to those who sustain a war, the most dangerous ever waged against the principles of democracy, the title which they claim. It is not because we are ignorant that the leaders of the so-called Democracy were among the most violent members of the old federal party. It is not because we have overlooked the fact that the Administration opposes every principle and measure sustained as vital, fifteen years since, by the Democratic party, and sustains all that they then opposed. This is true, not as to one principle or measure, but as to all—all; and we challenge the Union to meet us upon this issue. Can Democracy change in everything, and still claim its original title? Or, what is more, shall those who have abandoned every thing that constituted the Democracy of the olden and better time of our politics, be permitted to reproach those who cling to the old citadel, serve under the old flag, and sustain the old principles—with Federalism!

The Whig party is not the Federal party.— Nine-tenths of its members have attained the right of suffrage since the Federal party rushed into the arms of an ultraism at war with all the previous views of any considerable portion of the American people. But far be it from us to cast a reproach upon the memory of the party of Washington—a party which, right or wrong, came fresh from the American revolution, with its leaders at its head, and the love of country at its heart. That party was ever the champion of the Union: does the government organ hate it because Madison's articles in the Federalist, conflict with its design to divide the Union and create a mongrel and slave-stained republic at the South?

The Union knows nothing of the North if it expects to effect any thing by ringing the changes of Federalism. It is only known in this State as characterizing the leaders of the administration party. The mass of our people have claimed the right of suffrage since the word was forgotten; and the miserable attempt to revive it is regarded only with derision.— We refer to it only to show the wretched straits to which the organ of the administration has

been reduced; and we trust that this policy will be persisted in. There are but few living politicians remembered, even by the antiquarian, as Federalists, and those few are all connected with the administration. The Whig democracy of the North can ask no greater favor than that the Union should continue to administer to our people the doses intended for the South. Rip Van Winkle after his long slumber was not more completely behind the times than is the Union in this attempt to revive in the North an issue for a life-time forgotten.

The manifestation by the Union, and kindred prints in Pennsylvania, of a determination to gratify the spleen of conscious discomfiture by unpacking their hearts with scurrilous epithets, renders it necessary to enquire whether the same policy will be as well relished if adopted by the Whigs. The present tariff was framed by British councils, reported to the British Parliament, is British in its character, objects and interests: is there any just reason why we should not characterize its supporters as BRITISH Tories! We are disposed to observe every courtesy towards our hostile friends; but we are also determined to give them even the advantage of a word in the present contest.

North American

## Use of a Nose.

A good story is told of Mozart at the time he was a pupil of Haydn. The latter challenged his pupil to compose a piece of music which he could not play at sight. Mozart accepted the banter, and a supper and champagne were to be the forfeit. Every thing being arranged between the two composers, Mozart took his pen and a sheet of paper, and in five minutes dashed off a piece of music, and much to the surprise of Haydn handed it to him, saying:

"There is a piece of music, sir, which you cannot play and I can—you are to give it the first trial."

Haydn smiled contemptuously at the visionary presumption of his pupil, and placing the notes before him, struck the keys of the instrument. Surprised at its simplicity, he dashed away until he reached the middle of the piece, when stopping all at once he exclaimed:

"How's this, Mozart? How's this? Here my hands are stretched out to both ends of the piano and yet there's a middle key to be touched? Nobody can play such music—not even the composer himself!"

Mozart smiled at the half excited indignation and perplexity of the great master, and taking the seat he had quitted, struck the instrument with such an air of self-assurance that Haydn began to think himself duped. Running along through the simple passage, he came to that part which his teacher had pronounced impossible to be played. Mozart, as any body is aware, was favored, or at least endowed, with an extremely long nose—a prodigious nose, which in modern dialect, stuck out about a foot. Reaching the difficult passage, he stretched both hands to the extreme ends of the piano, and leaning forward bobbed his nose against the middle key which 'nobody could play.'

Haydn burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; and after acknowledging the 'corn,' declared that nature had endowed Mozart with a capacity for music which he had never before discovered!

## A Balance.

We have, we believe, once at least, admonished our readers to avoid the abominable abuse of the word "balance," which has for a long time been tolerated, perhaps encouraged, at the South, but which, like the fever and ague, seems to be working northward. We have, within a day or two, seen in our own neighborhood, the word "balance" used to denote remainder, or residue. Thus: "Part was used, and the balance was sold. Balance, is the difference, and not the residue; and we hope that good taste will prevent the misuse of the term, before it acquires a currency that will seem to be proscriptive."

The man who sells his neighbor ten hogheads of salt, for sixty dollars, and receives from him eight barrels of mackerel, for fifty dollars, will have a balance of ten dollars receivable; but if of his ten hogheads of salt, he parts with only six hogheads, he will not have a balance, but a residue, or remainder, of the salt.

U. S. Gazette.