



JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN

Thursday, September 9, 1847.

Terms, \$2.00 in advance; \$1.25 half yearly; and \$2.50 if not paid before the end of the year.

Democratic Whig Nominations.

FOR GOVERNOR.
JAMES IRVIN,
 OF CENTRE COUNTY.
 FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,
JOSEPH W. PATTON,
 OF CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

L. BARNES, at Milford, is duly authorized to act as Agent for this paper; to receive subscriptions, advertisements, orders for job-work, and payments for the same.

The Legislature.

On Saturday last the Loco Focos of Monroe county, held their annual Delegate Meeting, and nominated *B. S. Schoonover, Esq.*, senior Editor of the "Democrat," as their candidate for Assembly. Although Mr. S. is a pretty clever fellow, his nomination is by no means the most popular one that could have been made. There are scores of men in his party, who, if the honor had been accorded them, would make a stronger run. But of this, we have no fault to find. Judging from the information we have received from the different portions of this County and Northampton, we are satisfied that he can be defeated, and will be, if a Voluntary Ticket is run. And that such a Ticket will be run, we have no doubt.

Northampton County.

The Locos of Northampton will hold their Delegate Elections on Saturday next, and their Delegate Meeting on Tuesday next. We will be able to notice in our next, therefore, who are to have the honor of a place on the Assembly Ticket with our friend Schoonover, and to share a defeat with him.

Professor Rogers—Animal Magnetism.

Our citizens during the last week had an opportunity of hearing Professor Rogers deliver two of his lucid and inimitable lectures on the subject of Animal Magnetism, besides seeing a number of highly successful experiments on persons who had never before been magnetized. Previous to the Professor's visit, this science—if we may so call it—was treated by the greater portion of our citizens as a visionary subject, and was loudly denounced as a humbug—but not so now; those who were most skeptic are forced to acknowledge that although they do not understand the matter, there certainly is something strange about it. It is to be regretted that the Professor could not prolong his visit, as our citizens were just beginning to feel a deep interest in the matter, as his lectures closed. We learn that he intends to visit the South during the winter, and we can hardly expect to hear him again before next spring, when it is to be hoped he will favor us with another visit. Should the same success, with which he met here, attend him elsewhere, he will not fail to establish the truths of what appears to be his darling science.

The Yellow Fever was still raging without abatement at New Orleans at last accounts.

President Polk's brother Wm. H., has resigned his office of Charge to Naples and received the appointment of a Major of Dragoons. In the office he has just given up, it is said he has received some \$15,000.

The Whigs of Philadelphia have nominated Mayor *Swift* for re-election.

The Washington Union says the War Department has made a call for five new Regiments for the Mexican War—two from Kentucky, two from Tennessee, and one from Indiana.

Read the "Plain Facts for the People" on our first page, relative to the life and character of Gen. IRVIN, by one of his neighbors. It is a conclusive answer to much of the Loco-foco misrepresentation concerning him.

Remember, that of the surplus in the State Treasury, 30 to \$50,000 is the saving of the Whig Legislature—which completed its session in the unprecedented short space of seventy-one days! Loco Legislatures are always over 100 days in session, at an immense daily expense.

The Yellow Fever is rapidly increasing at New Orleans. On the 23d over one hundred deaths occurred from it.

The Elections.

Seventeen States are to vote before the twelfth of October next, and in all parts of the country the work of marshalling forces is going on with spirit and promptness. Thus far the Whigs have had every cause for rejoicing, both in their own success and in the stern reproofs of our bad administration which the popular voice has expressed. They are however but the beginnings of the more extended and deeper declarations which are to be made through the ballot-box, and every Whig must feel the responsibility which the time imposes to rebuke the bad action and prostrate the bad principles of Loco-focos and Loco-focoism.

In Maryland the Congressional nominations have all been made, and it is confidently expected that every district but the third will return Whigs. The following are the nominations:

Dist.	Whig.	Loco.
I.	John G. Chapman,*	No candidate.
II.	J. Dixon Roman,	Edward Shriver.
III.	Chas. H. Stuart,	Thos. W. Ligon.*
IV.	John P. Kennedy,	Robert M. McLane.
V.	Alexander Evans,	R. B. Carmichael.
VI.	John W. Crisfield,	S. D. Lecompte.

*Member of the last House. Mr. Kennedy has served with distinction in former Houses: the residue are new men.

With proper exertions even the third district may be secured, and we hope to see the delegation from Maryland all Whig.

In Louisiana the following nominations have been made for Congress:

Dist.	Whig.	Locofoco.
I.	E. Montegu,	Emile La Sere.*
II.	B. G. Thibodeaux,*	Jacob Barker, (Ind)
III.	Truman Phelps,	J. M. Harmonson.*
IV.	John Waddell,	Isaac E. Morse.*

*Members of the last House.

The Whigs will enter into the contest with the most flattering prospects, while the Loco-foco candidates will experience the disheartening influences attendant upon their base attempt to degrade Gen. Taylor, by passing a vote of censure upon him.

In New Jersey the Whig Convention will assemble on the 23d inst., at Trenton, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Governor.—The Hon. Wm. Wright, of Newark, and Judge Robeson, of Belvidere, are spoken of as candidates.

Apprentice Case.

Judge Kelley, of the Quarter Sessions of Philadelphia, a few days ago applied the principle of a recent decision of the Supreme Court; that the binding (of an apprentice) must be made by the father, if living, if not by the mother, and if no father or mother be living, then by the next friend. In this case, the step-father having officiated, the mother being still living, the lad was discharged from custody and detention.

The First Introduction of Anthracite.

The following statement illustrates most forcibly how much harder it is to persuade mankind to believe in truth than fiction; and also illustrates, in some degree, the resources of Pennsylvania:

It is interesting and amusing to look back to the first attempts made to use the anthracite coal, and to bring it to market. Hon. Charles Miner, of Wilkesbarre, in his published account of his first efforts, in connection with Mr. Cist, and other associates, relates some pleasant anecdotes. On the 9th of August, 1814, they started off their first ark from Mauch Chunk. "In less than 80 rods from the place of starting, the ark struck on a ledge, and broke a hole in her bow. The lads stripped themselves nearly naked, to stop the rush of water with their clothes." In six days, however, the ark reached Philadelphia, with its 34 tons of coal, which had by this time cost \$14 a ton. "But," says Mr. Miner, "we had the greatest difficulty to overcome of inducing the public to use our coal, when brought to their doors."

"We published handbills, in English and German, stating the mode of burning the coal, either in grates, smiths' forges, or in stoves.—Together we went to several houses in the city, and prevailed on the masters to allow us to kindle fires of anthracite in their grates, erected to burn Liverpool coal. We attended at blacksmiths' shops, and prevailed upon some to alter the Top-iron, so that they might burn Lehigh coal; and we were sometimes obliged to bribe the journeyman to try the experiment fairly, so averse were they to learn the use of a new sort of fuel."

How like a fable all this seems at the present day! As we sit before our coal fires and think of no other, how little do we realize that thirty years ago, Mr. Miner and Mr. Cist were trying the experiment of an anthracite fire at Wilkesbarre, and wondering whether they could not float an ark load of the coal to Philadelphia? Now we are reckoning the coal trade in millions of tons!

In the Schuylkill region the effort was made a little earlier. In 1812, Col. George Shoemaker loaded nine wagons with coal at the place now known as the Centreville Mines, and proceeded to Philadelphia. "Much time was spent by him in endeavoring to introduce it to notice, but all his efforts proved unavailing. Those who deemed to try it, declared Col. Shoemaker to be an imposter for attempting to impose stone on them for coal, and were clamorous against him. Not discouraged by the sneers cast upon him, he persisted in the undertaking, and at last succeeded in disposing of two loads, for the cost of transportation, and the remaining seven he gave to persons, who promised to try to use it, and lost all the coal and charges." [Exchange paper.]

A Duck, with four distinct wings, is exhibited in Reading.

Correspondence of the Jeffersonian Republican.

Pencilings at Random.

Patterson—Its situation—Population and Manufactures—Surrounding Country—Passaic Falls, &c.

PATTERSON, Sept. 6, 1847.

Patterson is a flourishing town situated on the Passaic River, 16 miles above its entrance into Newark Bay. It was established by a society incorporated in 1791, the object of which was to lay the foundation of a great manufacturing emporium. The town is beautifully laid out and well built, containing a population of about 15,000. It is the first manufacturing town in New Jersey. The total amount of capital invested in manufactures, comprising those of cotton, silk and woollen goods, machinery, leather, paper, &c. together with fulling mills, dyeing and printing establishments, according to the census of 1840 was \$1,792,500; we will venture to put it down at present at nearly \$3,000,000. The surrounding country is highly picturesque and romantic, and withal fertile, richly rewarding the husbandman for his toil by an exuberant increase of all kinds of grain committed to its bosom. Near Patterson are the celebrated Passaic Falls, visited during the summer months by thousands from every section of the country. Mr. A—a gentleman residing in Patterson very kindly accompanied us to the Falls and pointed out the principal objects of interest. The first thing presented to the view is a vast excavation—whether attributable to the action of the water or to some convulsion of nature I will not pretend to say—exhibiting on all sides huge masses of basaltic rock, that rise perpendicular to an altitude of 80 feet from the water—presenting a very smooth surface, their form being rectilinear. Into this frightful gulf, pour tumultuously the waters of the Passaic River, except that portion which is drawn off to supply the demands of the mills. Immediately below the Falls a bridge is thrown across the chasm, from which a fair view of the scene can be had, which is indeed glorious.—The dark waters come rolling sullenly on for miles, gathering strength from a thousand rills that leap from every mountain side, until within a short distance of the precipice, when the bed of the River, becoming inclined, they seem to gather new strength, and rushing on

"Like the broken ranks of a numerous host After a hard-fought battle lost," take their everlasting leap into the profound abyss; lashing the wave-worn rocks with their angry billows, and curling in whiteden surges around the base, the whole surmounted with the beautiful tri-colored bow, gives the finishing touch to a scene at once awfully grand and terrific. The pencil of the Painter and the pen of the Poet, have at times given high-wrought descriptions of this waterfall—which we may call stupendous, when not within ear-shot of the thunder of old Niagara—but, they have failed to delineate it in the vivid colorings of reality, though guided by the hand of genius herself and clothed in rich and varied hues by highly refined and prolific imageries. Before any one can have true conceptions of the scene they must stand upon the towering summit, look into the yawning gulf, see the dashing spray, hear the loud thunders of the mighty cataract, and in a word catch the *spirit* of the scene.

It is pleasing to view the splendid *Parterre* bespangled with myriads of wild-flowers, to see the stately trees richly attired in their gossamer foliage, and to hear the low sweet murmurs of distant cascades, but how much more elevated are the thoughts, and how vastly different are the sensations realized by the poetic fancy, to come

"Where retired From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells," arrayed in her sterner and more appalling features. More anon.

THE DOCTOR.

As a man was driving cattle and wishing to alter their course, he called out to a boy, at a short distance, to turn them. Says the boy, they are right side out now. Well, head them then. They have heads on. Whose boy are you? I don't know; I'll go in and ask mother.

A gentleman, long famous for the aptitude of his puns, observing a disturbance in the front of a gin shop, facetiously termed it the battle of *A-gin-court*.

There lies, in DeKalb county, Georgia, 14 miles below the town of Atlanta, a stone mountain, which is a great natural curiosity, and yet very little known. It is in sight of the Railroad leading to Atlanta.

A swarm of bees contains from 10,000 to 20,000 in a natural state, and from 20,000 to 40,000 in a hive.

The wife of a black man had presented her husband with male twin children. Meeting a friend, Sambo was asked if they looked like each other. "Yes, by Golly," replied he, "so much that you can't tell them apart; especially Pomp."

MEXICAN NEWS.

The New Orleans Picayune says that news had been received at Vera Cruz, by a gentleman from Ayotla, who came by way of Orizaba, that the vanguard of Gen. Scott's army had reached Ayotla (which is but 20 miles from the capital) on the 13th to which date not a gun had been fired.

The command of Capt. Wells, was compelled to fight its way to the National Bridge, and made an attempt to pass it, but the heights around it were all occupied by the Guerrillas, who opened a heavy fire upon them, causing severe loss and killing nearly all the mules and horses, and forcing the whole party to retreat.

All their wagons except one containing the officers' baggage and knapsacks, were left in possession of the enemy. Loss of Americans five or six killed and two or three wounded, and several others subsequently died of fatigue. A detachment of 12 dragoons, accompanied by Surgeon Cooper, previously despatched by Wells for the Bridge, and to report to Lally, has not since been heard from, and it is supposed the whole party have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

Major Lally is reported to have had a severe skirmish with the guerrillas at Cerro Gordo, and expected another at Laperia heights. The letters say there is no doubt of the safety of the train.

No news had reached Vera Cruz in relation to Capt. Besancon's company, which had left on a scout at the time that the news of Major Lally's dangerous position had reached Vera Cruz. It is supposed by some that this company fell in with the train at the National Bridge, and had gone with it, but it is feared by others that the company has been cut off by the Mexicans.

It was rumored at Vera Cruz that Gen. Scott had met the enemy and been repulsed after a sharp engagement, with a loss on our side of 800. The Mexican loss unimportant. The Picayune's correspondence says there is no truth in this rumor, but places confidence in the statement that Gen. Scott had reached Ayotla on the 13th, without any loss.

The letter writers as well as the Vera Cruz papers concur in the belief that the city of Mexico was in our possession on the 20th—there is no positive information to that effect.

The Jalapa Bulletin has advices from Puebla to the 10th, stating that the last division of the army, four thousand strong, had left on that day.

An Execution in the Indian Country.

The Cherokee Advocate furnishes the following particulars of a murder and execution among the Creek Indians, witnessed by a correspondent of that paper:

"In the early part of last week, a difficulty occurred between two men who were cousins, near the Verdigris, and not far from the line between the Creeks and Cherokees, relative to some property, and in which one stamped the other to death. The survivor was immediately arrested, and the next day was put upon trial for murder. The Jury being equally divided in opinion as to his guilt, his brother was called upon to decide, which he did by declaring his brother guilty, and worthy of death. Steps were immediately taken to prepare for the execution, and in which the doomed man participated by hurrying those engaged in digging his grave—in seeing that it was well done and in making every thing ready. The hour for execution, which was to be by shooting, soon arrived; when he marched out with two persons selected for this purpose. When they reached the grave, he seated himself by the side of it, faced his executioners, who stood with guns presented within less than ten paces of him; bared his breast, and, looked them firmly in the face, said that he was ready—the guns fired and he fell back along side of his grave, shot through with two balls, a corpse. He was then rolled into his grave, his clothes deposited in it with him, and the newly dug earth rolled in upon them."

A rumor has been in circulation in New York to the effect that the government has recently privately removed a large quantity of specie from New York to New Orleans. The supposed cause for this secret removal of specie was to avoid creating a panic in the money market. The New York Tribune says:

"It is true that \$2,000,000 in specie were taken lately from this city, and sent to New Orleans, via Philadelphia, Pitsburg, and the Mississippi river. It was sent to New Orleans in charge of a clerk belonging to the Treasury Department, and was as stated, taken from the Treasury a little before midnight to the Philadelphia line. This transaction took place within a day or two of the promulgation of the report that an arrangement had been made with Rothschilds, by which it would not be necessary to remove coin, and the day after, those who had been in the habit of transporting specie South, for the Department, had been informed that none would be wanted."

Regular "Sucker."

The Penn Yan Democrat tells a capital story of a laborer of that village named John Kingsley, who has proved himself the greatest "sucker egg" of his age. Halting in front of one of the village stores, where stood in full view a pail of eggs, he bantered the clerk to set a lumping price for as many as he could "suck." The figure was finally fixed at twenty-five cents, chickens and all, and at it he went. After disposing of twenty-one, he proposed to quit if the clerk would give him fifty cents. The proposition was rejected, and at it he went again, and with the cry that "John Kingsley never surrenders," he kept up the "fire in front," until he had swallowed forty-seven eggs, when he left the field, declaring that it was not his intention to make a bag of himself!

Mr. Benton in a New Position.

The Louisville Journal of the 17th, alluding to a report that Col. Benton had written to Washington, demanding a Court Martial for the vindication of his son-in-law, Col. Fremont, and the punishment of his adversaries, in his late troubles in California, adds:

"It is certain that Mr. Benton is preparing himself for a terrific attack upon the Administration next winter, in the Senate Chamber.—At a town in the interior of Kentucky, a few days ago he got into conversation upon the subject of the Mexican war, and became immensely excited, perfectly infuriated. He said that an opportunity had been passed by of making an advantageous and honorable peace, and that he could show the fact, and would show it.—As for the whole management of the war, he averred that it had been utterly disgraceful. He stated that he should go to Washington, and make one speech upon the subject, fully one, and that it would be the greatest speech of his life, and he was willing it should be the last. In speaking of the Administration, his language barely, if at all, fell short of downright cursing. His wrathful declamation lasted a full hour."

"Effects of the Tariff."

Under this caption, a Boston paper states the fact that one of their Iron Works had given an order for 50,000 tons of Pictou Coal—about two and a half per cent, on the probable anthracite trade for the year 1847! A further scrutiny will show that the above scheme of Polk, Dallas and Walker is now silently, but rapidly, working the downfall of American industry.—Among the items of British imports, we find in the single article of *calicoes*, printed and plain, an increase of 31,000,000 yards over those of 1846; being more than three fold the entire quantity received last year, under the Tariff of 1842. Nor is this all. The same suicidal act admits so many foreign fabrics, such as alpaca, mouselines de laine, ginghams, &c. &c., to interfere with the products of our own mills, for the special benefit of the millionaires of Manchester, that it is rapidly driving our small manufacturers out of the home market, and lessening the number of operatives employed in the larger establishments.

Again—in iron of "light draught," (small sizes, whose value consists chiefly in labor) the import of New York alone, last spring, was 50,000 tons, being an increase of 300 per cent; thus destroying the home manufacture of those indispensable articles. But for the railroad mania now raging in England, by which rails are kept at a very high price there, so as to permit our own manufacturers to retain the home market for that article at present, the iron trade of the United States must have suffered the fate so clearly demonstrated in our columns last year, by Mr. Cresson, in his letter to Hon. T. Butler King, of Georgia. From the united operation of excessive importations (the two items just alluded to adding five millions to the imports of 1848) and the Sub-Treasury, there is but too much reason to apprehend the near approach of another crisis, similar to that from which we were so happily relieved by the Whig tariff of 1842. From the present complexion of the U. S. Senate, there is no hope that a repeal of the ruinous policy of the Placquette President and his satellites, could be successful, even if carried by the Whig House of Representatives. Let, then, every sincere patriot evince a determination to sustain home industry, by giving a decided preference to the products of the American loom. We have lately seen many beautiful specimens of the various American fabrics of cotton, wool and silk, which for color, finish and durability, will successfully compare with the best manufactures of Europe. Even the rabid politicians of the South will, ere long, thank us for such consistent patriotism; for we observe by late advices, that England, determined at the earliest period to prove her holy horror for American slavery, is projecting new schemes of colonization, with the avowed purpose of excluding from her market "the blood stained products of the guilty South." Where then will our cotton growing neighbors find sale for their great staple, if, in their hostility to the "cotton lords of Lowell"—as Mr. McDuffie sneeringly calls their best customers—they destroy their home market?

An Annexation Humbug Exploded.

It will be recollected that the urgent arguments used for an immediate and unconditional annexation of Texas was that Great Britain and other foreign nations were intriguing to obtain it; and that unless it was immediately annexed to the U. S. it would become a possession of England or some of the other Governments of Europe, to be ruled by a King! President Tyler recently reiterated this in a letter published in the Washington Union, which has brought out Gen. Houston in reply, who declares that there NEVER WAS ANY FOREIGN ATTEMPT on the part of England or any other country to interfere with Texas in any way whatever, and that her annexation to the United States was owing to the influence of General Jackson's letters in favor of the project, and to the fact of the Democratic party seizing upon the question.

It will be recollected that the reasons urged by Gen. Jackson were that Texas, if not annexed to us, would fall into the arms of Great Britain, who was anxious to obtain it. Thus this great humbug of Loco-focoism, like its friendship for the Tariff of 1842, has exploded at last, and

"Like gun well charged for duck or plover, Bears wide and kicks its owner over."

CONUNDRUM.—What looks most like half a moon. Do you give it up? "Why, the other half of course."