



JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN

Thursday, November 4, 1847.

Terms, \$2.00 in advance, \$2.25 half yearly; and \$2.50 if not paid before the end of the year.

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.

**Wanted by the Printer.**

On account for subscription, advertising, etc. wheat, rye, corn, buckwheat, potatoes, butter, and in fact anything becoming the granary or pantry. We should be pleased to acknowledge the receipt of some of the above named articles, and would be "thrice happy" if we could, from the fulness of our heart say, with all our gettings, we get money. We will not refuse the last named article, if bankable, for a sight of the "critter" in these degenerate times "re-juices and makes glad the heart" of the Printer; and although we are no disciple of Epicurus, we must own a decided attachment to warm buckwheat cakes, buttered buns, "fritters," and "sich like."

We learn from yesterday's Ledger, that the election in New York has resulted in a grand and brilliant Whig triumph. Majority from 15 to 20,000. Glory enough for an age.

**A Venerable Lady.**

The widow of Dr. Benjamin Rush yet lives, and resides in Philadelphia, at the age of nearly 90 years. She retains the complete use of all her faculties, says the Courier, and is believed to be the only surviving partner of any of the fearless and patriotic men who pledged life, honor and fortune in Independence Hall.

**Treasury Circular.**

The Hon. JOHN BANKS, State Treasurer, has issued a Circular to the Commissioners and Treasurer of each county, urging the prompt collection and payment of the State Taxes due the Commonwealth. This is deemed necessary to maintain the faith of the Commonwealth, inasmuch as the damage done to the Canal, by the late flood will diminish the ordinary receipts of the Treasury to a very considerable amount.

**Dominoes and Draughts.**

Some of our citizens do not appear to be aware of the provisions of the law of last session against gambling. A few days since, Michael Kennedy, the keeper of the Eagle Hotel, in Race street, Philadelphia, near Ninth, was held to bail in \$500, having been charged on the oath of John Watson, with permitting his boarders and visitors to play dominoes, backgammon and draughts, in his bar-room, for cigars and liquor. The evidence showed that those who frequented the house were in the habit of playing these games in the evening for amusement. We learn it has stopped all this kind of pastime at our hotels.

It is said that Mr. Beach has made a proposition to the Receivers of the Plainfield Bank, that he will redeem all the notes of that institution, some \$60,000, for which the Receivers have issued certificates, upon condition that the Receivers deliver up to him all the assets of the bank.

**Value of Shipping.**

The intrinsic value of the shipping (not including steamships, steamboats, nor schooners) belonging to the United States, is put down at \$120,000,000, as a moderate estimate. The number of persons immediately interested, is stated at a fair calculation, to be 1,175,000.

**A Spotted Negro.**

The Raleigh Standard of the 13th ult., published in North Carolina, has the following: on Saturday last we were invited by Mr. Northam, of Johnson County, to examine at Lawrence's Hotel a negro boy he had in charge—and a very strange looking boy he is. He is as black as the negro ordinarily is, and has white rings around his arms and legs; the skin upon his breast and abdomen is white, and there is a white streak commencing at the top of his forehead and running an inch or so up his head, the hair on this part of his head being as white and as soft as lamb's wool. The white is remarkably clear, and contrasts singularly with the black skin, which covers the other parts of his body. This boy is three years old, was born in Johnson county, N. Carolina, and seems to be smart for one of his age.

The Yellow Fever is prevailing in Rodney, Missi., with great violence.

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

**Fire!**

We cannot refrain congratulating the citizens of Stroudsburg upon their long and peculiar exemption from the devastations of this devouring element. The public Journals are replete with the sad tales of havoc and destruction by fire, and indeed, in a few instances, nearly whole towns have been swept away, and all that remains of them—once thriving and prosperous—are huge, unshapen masses of smouldering ruins. While scores of towns and cities, in all parts of the United States have been visited by destructive fires, and sustained immense losses, not only in property, but in the lives of valuable citizens,—our own charming little Town has slumbered in fancied security with nothing to mar the public peace or disturb the general monotony. But we have no guarantee for the future, and cannot tell at what hour our citizens may be awakened from the peaceful slumbers of the night by the dread alarm of Fire. We may court the smiles of Vesta—yet we are liable to receive the frowns of that capricious Goddess. Wisdom and prudence would dictate the organization of an able and efficient fire corps, and we are pleased to know that an effort has been made to compass this desirable object. Through the exertions of a partially organized Company—who bear the significant cognomen, or more properly cognomens of "ROUGH AND READY"—the Engine, though for a length of time *defunct*, has been recently exhumed and its panoply of dirt, rust, and cobwebs, has been brushed away as if it was not originated in a Toy Shop, and was intended for some nobler purpose than to tickle the fancy and excite the curiosity of children. This Company with a promptitude and alacrity worthy the highest encomiums, have come forth voluntarily and evinced their willingness to shield property from destruction whenever occasion shall offer; and no doubt a complete and thorough organization will soon be effected. But they want a suitable house for the Engine—and it seems there is not money sufficient for the erection of the same. Inasmuch as this Company has been organized *pro bono publico*, we think the public will by voluntary contribution furnish the sum required, which would supersede the necessity of having an Act passed for the levying of an additional tax. If another strenuous effort be made by the Company to attain this end, we have no hesitancy in saying that it will be properly appreciated by a liberal public.

**THE DOCTOR.**

The Easton Whig says the Whig party is like a hickory sapling—the lower you bend it down, the higher it will spring up. Right.—The Whigs are good fighting boys—the more they are thrashed, the better they will fight for Liberty and our Country. They never surrender, however great the odds against them. Had it not been for those lazy Whigs who staid at home on the election day, we would have whipped the Loco-focos to death. But 'what's done can't be helped.' We'll give the Loco-focos 'particular Jesse' next time.

**A Remarkable Experiment.**

A recent work of science gives the following novel experiment, which settles questions of some importance in philosophy: "Two hundred pounds weight of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into an earthen vessel. The earth was then moistened with rain water, and a willow tree, weighing 5 pounds, was planted therein. During the space of 5 years the earth was carefully watered with rain water, or pure water; the willow grew and flourished; and, to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, or dust blown on it by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate perforated with a great number of holes, suitable for the free admission of air only. After growing in the air for 5 years, the tree was removed, and found to weigh 169 pounds and about 3 ounces; the leaves which fell from the tree every autumn were not included in this weight. The earth was then removed from the vessel, again dried in the oven, and afterwards weighed; it was discovered to have lost only about 2 ounces of its original weight; thus 169 pounds of woody fibre, bark or roots were produced: but from what source? The air has been discovered to be the source of the solid element at least. This statement may at first appear incredible, but on slight reflection its truth is proved, because the atmosphere contains carbonic acid, and is a compound of 714 parts, by weight, of oxygen, and 328 parts, by weight, of carbon."

A Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says,—"It is not generally known that Chapultepec was that seat of a military academy, similar to that of West Point, and that by order of the ex-President, the pupils were kept there during the engagement. One of them was killed the rest taken prisoners."

From the National Intelligencer. Despatches from Major Downing. CITY OF MEXICO, UNITED STATES, September 27, 1847.

MR. GALES & SEATON: My dear old friends, I'm alive yet, though I've been through showers of balls as thick as hailstones. I got your paper containing my letter that I wrote on the road to the war. The letters I wrote afterwards, the guerrillas and robbers are so thick, I think it's ten chances to one if you got 'em. Some of General Scott's letters is missing just in the same way. Now we've got the city of Mexico annexed and I think the Post-master General ought to have a more regular line of stages running here, so our letters may go safe. I wish you would touch the President and Mr. Johnson up a little about this mail-stage business, so they may keep all the coachmakers at work, and see that the farmers raise horses as fast as they can, for I don't think they have an idea how long the roads is this way, nor how fast we we are gaining south. If we keep on annexin as fast as we have done a year or two past, it wouldn't take much more than half a dozen years to get clear down to 'other end of South America, clear to Cape Horn, which would be a very good stopping place; for then, if our Government got into bad sledding in North America, and found themselves in a dilemma that hadn't no horn to suit 'em, they would have a horn in South America that they might hold on to.

I hope there aint no truth in the story that was buzz'd about here in the army a day or two ago, that Mr. Polk had an idea, when we get through annexin down this way, of trying his hand at it over in Europe and Africa, and round there. And, to prevent any quarrelling about it on this side of the water, he's agoing to agree to run the Missouri compromise line over there, and cut Europe up into free States and Africa into slave states. Now, I think he had better keep still about that till we get this South America business all done, and well tied up. It isn't well for a body to have too much business on his hands at once. There's no knowing what little flurries we may get into yet, and there's always danger if you have too much sail spread in a squall. However, I haven't time to talk about this now.

You will get the accounts of the battles in General Scott's letters, so I needn't say a great deal about them. But it's been a hard up-hill work all the way from Vera Cruz here; and I don't think my old friend General Jackson himself would have worked through all the difficulties and done the business up better than General Scott has. But the killed and the wounded, the dead and the dying, scattered all along the way for three hundred miles, it's a heart-aching thought. I don't like to think about it. It is too bad that we didn't have more men, so as to march straight through without fighting, instead of having just enough to encourage the enemy to bring out their largest armies and fight their hardest battles.

One of the hardest brushes we had after I got here, was the attack on Chapultepec. I had been into the city trying to bring Santa Anna to terms, but, when I found it was no use, I come out and told General Scott there was no way but to fight it out, and, although I was only the President's private ambassador, I didn't like to stand and look on when he was so weak-handed, and if he would tell me where to take hold I would give him a lift. The General said he expected there would be a hard pull to take Chapultepec, and as General Pillow was placed where he would be likely to have the heaviest brunt of it, I might be doing the country a great service if I would jine in with General Pillow, as my experience under General Jackson and insite into military affairs would no doubt be very useful to that valiant officer. So I took hold for that day as one of General Pillow's aids.

When we come to march up and see how strong the enemy's works was, says I, General Pillow it is as much as all our lives is worth to go right straight up and storm that place in the face and eyes of all their guns; I think we ought to fortify a little. Suppose we dig a ditch round here in front of the enemy's works.—At that the General's eyes flashed, and he swore right out. Says he, "No, d—n the ditches, I've no opinion of 'em; they are nothing but a bother, and never ought to be used. The best way is to go right into the enemy pell mell." So, on we went, and Pillow fit like a tiger till he got wounded, and then the rest of us that wasn't shot down had to finish the work up the best way we could.

The long and the short of it is, we fit our way into the city of Mexico and annexed it. Santa Anna cleared out the night afore with what troops he had left, and is scouring about the country to get some more places ready for us to annex. When he gets another place ready for ceremony, and gets it well fortified, and has an army of twenty or thirty thousand men in

the forts and behind the breastworks, we shall march down upon 'em with five or six thousand men and go through the flurry. After they have shot down about half of us, the rest of us will climb in, over the mouths of their cannons, and annex that place; and so on, one after another.

It is pretty hard work annexin in this way; but that is the only way it can be done. It will be necessary for the President to keep hurrying on his men this way to keep our ranks full, for we've got a great deal of ground to go over yet. What we've annexed in Mexico, so far, isn't but a mere circumstance to what we've got to do.

Some think the business isn't profitable; but it's only because they hasn't ciphered into it fur enough to understand it. Upon an average, we get at least ten to one for our outlay, any way you can figure it up—I mean in the matter of people. Take, for instance, the city of Mexico. It cost us only two or three thousand men to annex it, after we got into the neighborhood of it; and we get at least a hundred and fifty thousand people in that city, and some put it down as high as two hundred thousand.—Some find fault with the quality of the people we get in this country, just as if that had any thing to do with the merits of the case. They ought to remember that in a Government like ours, where the people is used for voting, and where every nose counts one, it is the number that we are to stan about in annexin, and not the quality, by no means. So that in the matter of people we are doing a grand business. And as to the money, it is no matter what it costs us, for money grows in the ground in Mexico, and can always be had for digging.

There's a thousand things in this country that I should like to tell you about if I had time; but things is so unsettled here yet, that I have rather a confused chance to write. So I must break off here, and write a few lines to the President; but remain your old friend, in all latitudes, clear down to Cape Horn.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

To James K. Polk, President of the United States and all Annexed Countries.

DEAR SIR: I've done my best, according to your directions, to get round Santa Anna, but it is all no use. He's as slippery as an eel, and has as many lives as a cat. Trist and I together can't hold him, and Scott and Taylor can't kill him off. We get fast hold of him with our diplomats, but he slips through our fingers; and Scott and Taylor cuts his head off in every town where they can catch him, but he always comes to life in the next town, and shows as many heads as if he had never lost one. I had a long talk with him in the city, and pinned him right down to the bargain he made with you when you let him into Vera Cruz, and asked him why he didn't stick to it. He said he did stick to it as far as circumstances rendered it prudent.

"But," says I, "General Santa Anna, that aint the thing; a bargain's a bargain, and if a man has any honor he will stick to it." Now," says I, "didn't you agree, if the President would give orders to our Commodore to let you into Vera Cruz, didn't you agree to put your shoulder to the wheel and help on this annexin business, so as to make easy work of it? And now, I ask you, as a man of honor, have you done it?"

"Circumstances alters cases, Major," says Santa Anna. "When Mr. Polk and I had that understanding, he thought he needed a few more votes than he could muster in his own country to bring him into the Presidency another term. So we agreed, if I would turn over the votes of Mexico to him to bring him in another term, he would afterwards turn over his part of the votes in North America to me, so as to bring me in next time. But I soon found it would be throwing our labor away, for Mr. Polk's part of the votes in his country was getting to be so small that they wouldn't do much good to either of us. So I concluded to hold on to what I had got, and stick to the Presidency of Mexico."

"Then," says I, "you aint a going to stick to your bargain are you?"

"No," says he, "circumstances alters cases." Then I tried to scare him out of it. I told him our folks would whip the Mexicans all into shoestrings in a little while. And it made no odds whether he fit for annexin or against it, we should go on just the same, and before another year was out Mr. Polk would be President of every foot of Mexico; for we should get through annexin the whole of it.

"Very well," says he, "go on; the Mexicans like the business; they can stand it longer than Mr. Polk can; for Mr. Polk will have all the work to do over again every year as long as he lives, for there isn't a place in Mexico that will stay annexed any longer than just while you are holding on to it."

So you see there's no doing any thing with Santa Anna. What course it is best to take now seems rather a puzzler. I haven't time to give you my views about it in this despatch, but will try to soon. Give my love to Mr. Rich- ie. I meant to write him too, but I shall have to wait till next time.

Your faithful friend and private ambassador, MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

**Pennsylvania Canal.**

One of the members of the Board of Canal Commissioners informed us, on Thursday, that there was no doubt the West Branch canal was then in good navigable condition, unless some unforeseen accident had occurred—that the N. Branch would be so in ten days to Danville, and Wilkesbarre, the coal and iron regions—that the Susquehanna division would be ready by the 10th of November, a large force being engaged upon it at Duncan's Island, where the main breach occurred.

The damage on the Juniata is the most ruinous, but the exertions now making will place that important division in good repair to Millerstown, 30 miles above Harrisburg, in the space of ten days, and by the 25th of November, to the Augwick Falls, about 15 miles above Lewistown; leaving a space between that point and Hollidaysburg, ready to receive the water by the 5th December, but perhaps too late in the season to be of much use for transportation.

Philadelphia paper.

The anniversary of the battle of Yorktown was celebrated with great rejoicings, in Norfolk, Va., a few days since.

**Expenditure of the Lord Steward of the Royal Household.**

The following bill of fare for one year (1846) may not be uninteresting to economists and the public:—Bread £2,050; butter, bacon, cheese and eggs, £4,976; milk and cream, £1,478; butcher's meat, £0,472; poultry, £3,633; fish, £1,979; grocery, £4,644; oilery, £1,743; fruit and confectionary, £1,741; vegetables, £477; wine, £4,850; liquors, &c., £1843; ale and beer, £2,811; wax candles, £1,977; tallow candles, £679; lamps, £4,166; fuel, £6,849; stationary, £824; turnery, £376; braziers, £3, china, glass, &c. 1,428 lbs; linen, 1,095 lbs.; washing, table linen, &c., 3,130 lbs; plate 500 pounds.

A small boy, out after crows in Berks county, last week, was attacked by a majestic eagle, which, after hard fighting, with the assistance of a dog, he finally captured.

It is rumored at Washington that the President is about appointing Col. Wilson McCandles, of Pittsburg, Minister to China.

During a storm, on the 21st ult., muskets were thrown from the bed of the sea into the upper apartments of the Bell Rock Lighthouse, a height of 70 feet.

It appears, from the census lately taken of the population of Paris, that the inhabitants of that city are composed of 543,492 males and 510,405 females; total, 1,053,897.

**Court Etiquette.**

A Scotch professional gentleman, who was called on to visit the Queen in the course of her journey, asked one of the gentlemen in attendance on the royal party if any particular manner were necessary. "None, sir," was the reply; "you will only recollect that the Queen is a lady."

**ERYSIPELAS, OR ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE.**

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are an easy, safe and certain cure for Erysipelas, because they purge from the body those poisonous humors which are the cause of St. Anthony's Fire and every other malady. From four to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken once in twenty-four hours, at night on going to bed, will in a short time make a perfect cure of the most obstinate attack of Erysipelas; at the same time the digestion will be improved, and the blood so completely purified that all kinds of inflammation and pain will be driven from the body, and health and vigor will be given to the whole frame.

Beware of Counterfeits of all kinds! Some are coated with sugar; others are made to resemble in outward appearance the original medicine.

The original genuine Indian Vegetable Pills have the signature of William Wright written with a pen on the top label of each box. None other is genuine, and to counterfeit this is forgery.

For sale by George H. Miller, who is the only authorised agent for Stroudsburg; see advertisement for other agencies in another column. Office and general depot, 160 Race st. Phil'a.

**ESTRAY.**

Came to the enclosure of the subscriber, in Stroud township, Monroe Co., Pa., on Thursday the 28th day of October, a

**Flock of Eighteen Sheep,**

variously marked. There is among the number one bell-sheep. The owner of said sheep is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away, or they will be disposed of according to law.

HARRISON CARMAN.

November 3, 1847.