



**JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN**

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**WHIG NOMINATIONS.**

FOR PRESIDENT,  
**General ZACHARY TAYLOR,**  
OF LOUISIANA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
**Hon. MILLARD FILLMORE,**  
OF NEW YORK.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,  
**NER MIDDLESWARTH,**  
OF UNION COUNTY.

**SENATORIAL ELECTORS.**

THOMAS M. T. M'KENNAN, of Washington,  
JOHN P. SANDERSON, of Lebanon.

**DISTRICT ELECTORS.**

- |                       |                        |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1 Joseph G. Glarkson, | 13 Henry Johnson,      |
| 2 John P. Wetherill,  | 14 William Colder, Sr. |
| 3 James M. Davis,     | 15 (not filled)        |
| 4 Thos. W. Duffield,  | 16 Charles W. Fisher,  |
| 5 Daniel O. Hinder,   | 17 Andrew G. Curtin,   |
| 6 Joshua Dungan,      | 18 Thos. R. Davidson,  |
| 7 John D. Steele,     | 19 Joseph Markle,      |
| 8 John Landis,        | 20 Daniel Agnew,       |
| 9 Joseph K. Smucker,  | 21 Andrew W. Loomis,   |
| 10 Charles Snyder,    | 22 Richard Irvin,      |
| 11 William G. Hurley, | 23 Thomas H. Sill,     |
| 12 Francis Tyler,     | 24 Saml. A. Purviance  |

**The Nominations.**

The National Intelligencer, which, from its position, enjoys the best opportunity of seeing, the course of Whig sentiment, says, "We have now heard from about one half of the Union; and, besides the New York Tribune, which hesitates but does not wholly refuse to concur in the nominations, we have as yet seen but one Whig journal which does not express a determination to sustain them heart and hand. To this determination we have no doubt the whole Whig press and party will eventually come."

The New York Express says that Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, in the course of his remarks at the recent Barnburners meeting, gave a nickname to Gen. Commander, the nine-voiced ventriloquist from South Carolina, which will be likely to stick to him:

"The constitution recognises a principle (said Mr. V. B.) which gives one white man in South Carolina, owning five slaves, the power of four votes; whereas a white man in New York can vote but once; but the constitution does not provide (continues Mr. V. B.) that one man in South Carolina shall vote nine times in Baltimore, and seventy-two men from New York shall not vote at all! [Cheers.] Whatever course there may be for Northern white men in the constitution, there is no such eat o' mine tail course as that! [Tremendous cheering.]"

No sooner was the news known at Detroit (Mich.) that "Old Rough and Ready" and Millard Fillmore were nominated than the "loud-mouthed cannon" were brought out, and two hundred guns fired for the nominees, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the congregated multitude.

Nine Nerves.—It is a well authenticated fact in the life of Gen. Taylor, that he never chewed tobacco—never drank any rum—never smoked a cigar—never owed any man a cent—never was sued—never sued any man himself—never was dunned—never dunned anybody—and he never lost a battle.

For The United States Loan of \$16,000,000, the Treasury was taken on Saturday, at a premium of between three and four per cent.—chiefly by the Barings of England.

**Late Foreign News.**

The Steamer America arrived at Boston from Liverpool, making the passage in ten days and eight hours—the shortest on record. The news is of some importance. France is quiet, and Ireland in a state of great excitement growing out of the conviction at Mitchell, the Repealer, for Treason, and his sentence to fourteen years of slavery in chains, on board a British convict hulk. The commercial news is encouraging though the price of flour and grain has experienced a slight decline.

**Betting.**

There are bets making in Albany that Gen. Cass will not carry a majority in any one county in New York. Before thirty days have elapsed there will be bets offered that there is not a state in the Union that will cast her electoral vote for Cass.—N. Y. Globe.

**A Grand Rally in Philadelphia.**  
**GREAT SPEECH OF EX-GOV. JONES, OF TENN.**

The Whigs of Philadelphia in vast numbers assembled in the Chinese Museum, on the evening of the 12th inst. to hear speeches from Gov. Jones of Tennessee, and Leslie Combs of Kentucky, two most devoted friends of Henry Clay. It was rather a meeting for the fast friends of the great Statesman to talk over their grief, and counsel together as to their future course. Mayor Swift presided, and in assuming the Chair spoke as follows:

My friends and fellow citizens:—We have assembled here together to-night as Whigs, [cheers] for the purpose of giving our adhesion to the decision of the recent National Convention. [Cheers.] You all know my position in this matter, and I am sure you will all sympathize with me in being called upon to surrender Henry Clay. [Applause.] I had intended on being apprised of the place I was expected to fill here to-night, to make a speech. I cannot venture: I cannot trust myself; but I must claim the privilege of explaining the feelings by which I am actuated.

I am not here for the purpose of indulging in ostentatious grief: I shall attempt to make no appeal to your sensibilities; but still, gentlemen, I cannot deny myself the melancholy duty of declaring that we have lacerated the heart of the greatest and best man that this day lives. [Applause.] And I am here that he may know, and that the world may know, that he cannot look me in the face and say, "And you, too, Brutus!" [Applause.] And I claim another privilege—a sad privilege—and it is that I may be permitted to retain a little corner of my heart—a very little corner—a green spot—and that, if I should outline that illustrious man, I may erect a monument, and plant upon that spot an evergreen, and in my moments of reflection, I may bedew it with tears—I go further, and ask you all to grant that man some little corners in your hearts, and erect therein monuments to his worth, and like me weep over fallen greatness. [Applause.] I have now paid a tribute at the shrine of friendship; and I trust that an all-wise and benevolent Providence will pardon us for this separation, and give him grace to find fortitude to meet this blow; and that after death he may sit at the right hand of the Father, blest among the blessed.

Now I put on my armour for the conflict, and he that goes foremost, will find me close at his heels, old as I am; and I will do battle for glorious old Taylor as a Whig! [Immense cheering.]

At the close of Col. Swift's address, there were loud calls for Gov. Jones; and as that gentleman came forward the hall fairly shook with vehement outbursts of applause. When silence was obtained, he delivered the following address, which, with the aid of Mr. Dyer's phonographic skill, we are enabled to give precisely as it was uttered.

Fellow Citizens,—It has long been the object of my most anxious solicitude that I might be permitted to stand before the citizens of the State of Pennsylvania, and more especially of that portion of the State of Pennsylvania embraced within the limits of your city. I rejoice that it is my good fortune to be permitted to meet so large an assembly as that which surrounds me here. I hold that in this free country of ours, it is one of the highest privileges we enjoy, one of the most inestimable blessings of civil and religious liberty, that all men, everywhere, are entitled to a full, free and honest expression of their political and religious principles. [Applause.]

I have visited your city for the purpose of witnessing the deliberations of that vast multitude which has just left you. I came here for the purpose of meeting the General Assembly of the great Whig Church. I came here as a humble individual to aid and co-operate, according to my best judgment, in arriving at conclusions which I hoped would be safe and honorable to the nation. That august assembly has discharged the functions for which it was organized. It has proclaimed to the country the selection of its candidate for the Presidency, and the time has now come when each and every man belonging to the great Whig family is forced to take position somewhere. What position should I take? Where shall I go? Under what banner shall I fight? In looking over this vast country of ours—in looking to its wants—to its interests—to its hopes—and to its final destiny, I can arrive at but one conclusion. I have fought—I have resisted from my earliest existence down to this good hour, the dark powers of Locofocoism. [Great applause.] At no period of my political existence have they found favor in my affections, and now methinks it is a little too late for me to hope to find favor at their hands. [Applause.]

I regard sir, the division of party in this favored land of ours not as an evil, but as a national blessing. I am not of those who are ever denouncing and deprecating "the existence of party." I believe party is necessary to every well-regulated government. Parties are the sentinels of liberty—they keep watch upon one another; and just so long as parties are organized upon principle, they are the conservators of public interest; but when parties look more to the advancement of men than measures, then they become dangerous to liberty, and find no abiding place in the affections of any patriotic heart.

This country, gentlemen, as you all know, is divided into two great parties, the one calling itself the great Democratic party, and the other taking the more humble designation of the great Whig party. I have no partiality for names. I am led astray by no prejudices; and I hail with joy, with admiration, and with pride, the name of democracy. I regard democracy in its true legitimate sense, as worthy the confidence of the American people; but when you bring up that lying, double-dealing, spurious democracy, modern Locofocoism, I utterly abhor and repudiate it. [Great applause.]

Now, in the organization of these parties, I have taken my position with one of them. I have ranged myself under the banner of the Whig party. And why have I done so? Because, I believe in the principles of that party,—because I believe they are the pure and undiluted principles of our fathers. I believe the principles of the Whig party are essential to a well regulated government,—that the best hopes of this country depend upon the carrying out of these principles. I believe, gentlemen, that upon the successful establishment of these principles hang the destinies of the country. In their absence, I, for one, should have no hopes for the permanence of our free institutions; and therefore it is that I have ranged myself under their banner. I do not arrogate to myself, or claim for the Whig party, all the honesty and all the patriotism of the nation. I believe the mass, the great majority of the democratic party, are as honest as we are: I would to God I could say as much for their leaders. [Great applause.]

But, sir, I have no such faith; I have no such

confidence in the sincerity of the professions of the leaders of that party. I have known them from the very beginning of my political existence, and through my whole career, I have found them taking step after step downward, and still downward, to the lowest depths of ruin. [Applause.] I have no affections for that party. But, sir, I concede to the mass that honesty which I claim for the masses of our own. I would not be understood as yielding in the slightest degree sanction to the principles of that party. What are their principles? I shall not trespass upon the intelligence of this assembly by attempting a description of them. They are indescribable. They are non-descript. They mean everything—they mean nothing at all. [Applause.] We have principles, as we profess. Why are the advocates of these principles? I have advocated them because I believe in their justice, their purity, and their adaptation to the wishes and necessities of a great and growing people, as we are. I have fought under the Whig banner. I would not have this night, obliterated from that banner one solitary article of the Whig creed. I believed in it in 1840; I believed in it in 1844; I believe in it in 1848; and, by the grace of God, I expect to adhere to it as long as I live. [Applause.]

Some have said—our enemies have said—that these principles are passing away,—that they have become obsolete. Not so. As soon expect the pillars of the Universe to give way, as to expect that the principles of the Whig party can ever fall. They are indestructible. Expediency may change; but principle is permanent and immutable.

But, sir, there is something more in the Whig party than the mere profession of its principles. There is enough—there is quite enough in the principles of the Whig party to elicit my admiration and to command my affection. Take them as they have been presented to us by our fathers, and they stand out in bold relief, bearing upon their front the impress of experience, of wisdom and of age. But, sir, suppose all these were to pass away,—every solitary doctrine,—I mean so far as to say there is an impassible gulf between the Whig and the Democratic party. I say, sir, strike out all the doctrines of the Whig party—strike out the Tariff and insert in its place the destructive doctrine of Free Trade—strike out the National currency and institute in its place the Sub Treasury—still the gulf remains. These doctrines are but the outposts that surround the citadel—they are but the materials of which the casket is composed while the jewel is within. [Great applause.]

That which belongs to the Whig party, and which commands my admiration and not only my admiration, but my profoundest reverence, is the spirit of Whiggery—that essential element, that conservative influence, which looks to the constitution and the laws for the preservation and maintenance of the rights of man. [Tremendous applause.] It is that spirit—that divinity of the Whig party—which commands my admiration. And strike out at one unhallowed blow all the doctrines—the measures of policy of the Whig party, and still, by inscribe upon its banner the one, isolated principle, the constitution and the law, and under that banner I am ready to fight forever. [Great applause.]

Fellow citizens—I did not meet you here to-night for the purpose of discussing questions of political economy—I did not come to the city of Philadelphia to enlighten you upon any of the great questions of the day—I have no such vanity—I would be guilty of no such presumption;—but I came here to-night for the purpose of looking on this mass! I wished to see the faces of the Whigs of the city and county of Philadelphia. [Applause.] I wish to be able, when I return home to the far west, to tell your brethren there that I have seen you, and that the same spirit that animates the Whigs beyond the mountains, still burns upon the alter of the hearts of the Whigs of Pennsylvania. [Great applause.]

Sirs, I had another motive for desiring to visit this assembly to-night—a motive perhaps personal to myself—for thank God I have no disguises, no concealments. I desired to meet you here lest some might suppose that my affections had cooled towards the Whig party. He that thus estimates me, knows nothing of the heart within. [Applause.] It is true I came here desiring the nomination of another illustrious American citizen. [Great applause.] I came here resolved to dedicate all my humble energies to the selection of another individual as the candidate of our party. I came here honestly pledged to the accomplishment of that event, so far as I had the ability. I have done all that I could do; and being as frank as I am fearless, I only regret that I had not the power to do more. [Applause.] I came here desiring to secure the nomination of Henry Clay, of Kentucky. [Enthusiastic demonstrations, loud and long-continued applause—three cheers for Henry Clay—three cheers for old Zack.] And my friends, I am free to declare to you that I prefer him to any man, and to all men, for that office. I had rather fight under his banner than that of any other chieftain that lives under the burning sun of heaven. I have fought under his banner from the earliest period of my political existence down to this good night.

But sir, while I came here loving Henry Clay with all the ardor—perhaps with the infatuation of youth, and with the constancy of middle age, I love my country more. [Long continued applause.] And, sir, desiring, as I did, to fight under that ancient standard, believing that our safety was there, yet when the majority of the great Whig family to which I belong and with which it is my pride and my pleasure to act, had declared otherwise, it only became me to bow, with profound deference, to the fiat of my friends. [Applause.] And, sir, in the presence of this vast multitude, I am free to declare that I shall give my support to General Zachary Taylor. [Tremendous applause.]

I should be vain indeed; I should be presumptuous indeed; I should do violence to that divinity of the Whig party to which I have alluded—I mean the essential spirit of conservative influences—if I could hesitate one moment in determining upon the course of duty for me to pursue. Sirs, I should do violence to the heart of that great and glorious spirit that I have sought to serve; I should do violence to the heart of Henry Clay; if I should hesitate. [Tremendous applause.]

I know him too well to believe for one moment that that proud heart, that American heart, could falter in giving his support to the choice of his friends. I can feel, and I confess to you I have felt, in all the profound sentiments of affection, that I would go with him to the grave, that I could stand by his political bier; I would shed tears of the deepest sympathy and grief, that that bright and glorious star which has shone upon the hopes of this nation for forty years, had sunk below the western horizon. But, while it has thus sunk, it has only been to rise again with a new and brighter effulgence upon the pages of history, where it shall long attract the admiring gaze of posterity. The friends of Henry Clay will be found rallying under

the old standard of the Whig party. Wherever that banner is seen to float, wherever the creed which he has devoted his life to teach, is retained, you will find the Old Guard of Henry Clay, every man of them. [Great applause.]

Shall we lay down our arms while the enemy is still in the field? We war against Locofocoism in all its shapes, in all its forms, in all its phases; and I care not whether Zachary Taylor be a Whig or what he is, provided he is against Locofocoism. I am with him. [Applause.] He was not my first choice, but it is enough for me to know that the great Whig party have chosen him to be the bearer of their standard in their unceasing, undying, eternal war against Locofocoism. [Applause.] I would not detain you longer gentlemen, (cries of "go on," "go on," "a little more grape.") Laughter.

I have watched, with deep solicitude, the progress of this thing, Locofocoism, for many years. I have seen this "progressive Democracy"—yes, sir, it is progressive, and its progress is always towards ruin, going on, step by step, under the name of "manifest destiny."—(laughter)—destiny! as though they would impiously invoke the aid of God himself to carry them to ruin—leading them downward and still downward, towards the final ruin and dishonor of our country. What have we to hope from modern democracy? What have freedom and the rights of man to hope from it? Have we not seen it perpetuate outrage upon outrage upon the interest of the country? Nay, sir, have we not seen locofocoism under the holy names of liberty and democracy trample the sacred Constitution of the country beneath its unhallowed feet?—and all this in the name of democracy, and to secure the interests of the dear people. The dear people! They have that sounding eternally upon their lips, while hatred lurks in their hearts.

Rut, sir, how far has the country advanced?—How much has it realized. What are its expectations, and what is to be its destiny? Pursue it on, step by step, and I assure you, gentlemen, as certain as history is true, just so sure will our end be that of the republics which have gone before us. They have come along in the name of Democracy, singing the old syren song of love—love for the people. They have taken one step, and added one empire, and then they have taken another step, and added another empire; and, take my word for it, if the progressive democracy are continued in power four years longer, another empire will come—another usurpation of power, until we are swallowed up in the vortex of conquest and territorial aggrandizement.

Then, sir, I would call upon every man, of every party, to look well to this matter. See what has been done; and reasoning upon it, come to your conclusions as honest men, as to what you intend to do. Sirs, they profess to love the people,—yes, the dear people. Now I am a politician, and know something about this matter, and just let me tell you one thing, namely, if you ever hear a man upon the stump, crying continually about the people—"the dear people," put it down in your day-book, and transcribe it in your ledger, that he is an arrant hypocrite, and means to deceive you. How does it happen that a mere politician loves the people much better than every policy else? [Laughter.] Well, I can tell you, because I have studied this thing a little. It is because they want your votes. [Applause.] And I would exhort you, as a stranger, let every man think for himself. Examine into this matter, and determine for yourselves, for if you will only do this, I have no fears for the result. It is for the want of investigation—it is from the confidence of the people in this man and that man that our fears arise. I make this remark not as applicable alone to the Democrats, but do you look into the protestations of your own leaders, for they are not always as honest as they might be: (a voice in the crowd "give us something about old Zack.")

A gentleman in the crowd says now something for old Zack, gentlemen; this is a new tune to me, and I do not yet know the metre of it. Therefore, if I do not play it to your satisfaction, you must excuse my want of skill, on account of my youthfulness in the science.

But I have no hesitation to speak of General Taylor. I fear to talk concerning no man. I have no doubt that Gen. Taylor is honest and patriotic, but my objection to him was that he was a military man, and not a civilian. I wanted a civilian to fill the highest office in this country, who, I supposed understood the interests of the nation better than a soldier, but when it comes to admiration of Gen. Taylor's military achievements, I concede nothing to any man that lives. I cherish in my heart the warmest sympathies of gratitude for his illustrious services. I can stand and weep for joy over his achievements at Resaca, Palo Alto, Monterey and Buena Vista. Yes, sir, I wept for joy when the news of that glorious achievement, Buena Vista, reached me, and in looking back upon it, I find there every thing to warm and animate the hearts of the American people. But yet I felt there was another that I might love as well as him—that although General Taylor has reflected the greatest honor upon himself as well as undying glory upon his country, there was another, and take him in the field of civil action and Henry Clay will compare with the most brilliant military chieftains the world has ever seen.

Go, sir, through your own beautiful country—go to New England—visit her innumerable factories, and you will find every one of them sounding the praise of Henry Clay. Not a spindle there would have been able to make its round, but for the gigantic intellect of Henry Clay. Or, take your own State, Pennsylvania, and where is the solitary furnace that would have lighted up her mountains, and brought wealth to your city but for Henry Clay? [Great applause.] Or, sir, go and stand upon the banks of that great river, the mighty Mississippi, which ever rolls its turbid flood to the Southern gulf, and as it winds its way down to the sea, every billow is redolent with the honor of Henry Clay.

But, sir, I came here not to praise, but to bury Caesar. I came here not for the purpose of eulogizing him. He is high above any conceptions of mine. Tell me about monuments erected to the memory of illustrious patriots, conquerors and statesmen—Henry Clay has a monument more lasting than the marble. That monument is reared in the hearts and affections of his countrymen. There he will remain, and posterity, catching up the glorious song, will sound the praises of Henry Clay long after you and I shall have passed from the remembrance of man. He is gone to the retirement of private life, and we have now another captain—old Zack Taylor. [Cheers.] With one heart, one hand, and one voice, let us rally to the standard of that old chief. Let us expel the Goths and the Vandals. They have the Capitol.—And now, sir, let us take this military captain and see if we cannot drive them from Rome

itself. [Applause.] I am ready now, and God knows if any person from Maine to Louisiana had reason for not surrendering up his feelings—I am the man. For I declare that it had like to have been the death of me. I have never had just such a trial in my life before. But I resolved to meet it, and had it cost me my life I would have met it. The interests of my country were opposed to my own private feelings, and how could I hesitate to sacrifice.— [Applause.] But I have detained you too long. (Cries of "go on," "go on.") I shall return home, and shall say to my fellow citizens, to the friends of Henry Clay, the best thing you can do is to ground your arms of hostility and come in as good and loyal subjects of your party, and aid in the establishment of its principles by the election of General Taylor. [great applause.]

If good can come to the country I shall rejoice as much as any, but if evil shall come, I can only comfort myself by saying it was the best thing I could do, for nothing worse can be done than to join the ranks of the Locofocos. [Applause.] We have but one course to pursue. Patriotism points out that course, and I call upon the friends of Clay, upon my aged friend here [addressing the Mayor] who has loved him through a long life, who loves him with fraternal devotion, I call upon you, one and all, to lay your hearts upon the alter of your country and strike for freedom and for Whig principles. [Great applause.] Strike, and strike boldly. Strike and strike now, and strike on till the battle is at an end. It is no time to delay, no time to hesitate. The enemy are upon us, and if we would resist them, if we would overthrow them, it must be by union, hearty co-operation and united effort. [Applause.] To you my friends and my brothers of Pennsylvania, I say fight on, fight ever. Let us save our country. Let us vindicate our principles. Let us redeem our national honor and then we may all set down to rest.

Fellow citizens, a word and I have done—I owe to the citizens of Philadelphia a debt of gratitude which I shall never be able to pay. If there be upon this green earth of ours, one spot which is dearer to me than any other save my own, my native Tennessee, it is Philadelphia. I have received at your hands such expressions of kindness, such testimonials of respect as have imposed upon me a debt of gratitude which I can never repay. All I have to say is that I will never dishonor your confidence. I will never desert our common standard. To it I pledge my best energies, my hopes, my fortunes, my honor, my all. I have no return to make you. I would that I had.—All that I have I bring to you—a heart deep and earnest in opposition to Locofocoism.—And now, then, my brethren, for by that endearing name I think I may address you, it only remains to bid each and all of you FAREWELL.

Governor Jones here sat down amid great applause and three cheers for him, three for Henry Clay, three for Old Zack and three for Tennessee.

**Boa-Constrictor.**

Rev. Mr. Benham, late Missionary to Africa; gives the following account of the Boa-constrictor:—

"We were very kindly and hospitable entertained by brother Harria. He is a noted hunter, and now has the skins of two boa-constrictors ready for exportation, one of which he shot about a quarter of a mile from his house, a few months since, while in the act of swallowing a dog. This one is eighteen and a half feet in length, and twenty-two inches in circumference, around the largest part of the body. This species of serpent usually decoys its prey by imitating the bleating of the deer, the chatter of the monkey, the cooing of the dove, or of the whistle of man. It selects a tree, nearly its own size and color near some frequented path, around which it coils its tail, and then erects its body in a line nearly parallel with the tree. When it has, in this way, succeeded in attracting its victim near the spot, all is silent; when suddenly the helpless creature finds itself within the folds of the monster. Still retaining its coil around the tree, it dashes its prey backward and forward until it is bruised almost to a jelly. This done, it relinquishes its grasp, and circumnavigates the place, for many rods around, in search of a species of ant, here called "drivers"—a kind of scavenger. If none are discovered, the serpent returns to its prey; and, after further bruising it and breaking its bones, it swallows it. This African gormandizer then lies, for several days, in a kind of stupor, till the contents of its stomach are partially digested. Should it be discovered, while in this state of stupor, by the little drivers, immense numbers soon fall upon it, and sting it to death, and then devour it, though, in its agonizing throes, it may destroy thousands of them.

"A few weeks since, one of these serpents seized a native man near Caldwell. The conflict was an awful one, and resulted in severely bruising and maiming the man, and in the death of the serpent. The man happened to have a knife upon his person, and with it he saved his own life by taking that of the serpent. It is, however, a rare circumstance for men to be attacked by these serpents. To some extent, "the fear of him," and the dread of him," act as a shield to protect him, not only from dangerous serpents, but also from all beasts of prey.

Brother Harris states, that while once in pursuit of a deer, he sprang upon something concealed in the thick underbrush, which slipped from under him, and threw him upon his back. He barely had time to glance at a monstrous boa-constrictor, upon whose coil he had fallen, when it threw him up, with a sudden spring, and sped away with great rapidity, not allowing our hunter time to recover from his fright, to use his gun, or to take the dimission of his snakeship, before he was far out of sight."