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

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The cry of the Artisan.

A LAY OF THE DAY.

Up and down—up and down—
I have wandered through the town;
Through the street, the field, the lane,
I have sought for work in vain—
I have sought for morning's light
Till the stars shone forth at night,
Sad returning, I have said,
"Would to God that I were dead!"
Give me toil—give me toil—
To weave the wool or till the soil;
Give me leave to earn my bread,
I care not how, by spade or tread.
Give me work, 'tis all I ask;
No matter what may be my task;
No matter what the labor set,
I have health and strength as yet.
To and fro—to and fro—
Still with weary limbs I go.
One by one my hopes depart,
Not a joy lives in my heart,
While I struggle through each day,
There's no star to cheer my way;
While I wrestle with my chain,
Madness hovers round my brain.
God! can it be that mortal Man
Shall mar Thy great and mighty plan!
Thou hast sent, with bounteous hand,
Enough for all throughout the land;
Thou hast filled the earth with food,
Then pronounced thy work was "good."
Thou who reignest supreme on high,
All unheeded shall we cry!
No; a sound is on the breeze,
And the words I hear are these:
"Give us labor—give us bread!"
And the fearful cry has sped
Over far-off lands away,
Lightning up a brighter day;
For a nation's voice hath said,
"Who bears the yoke shall have the bread!"

Anecdote.

The following circumstance happened in one of the towns of Arkansas. A man had been drinking until a late hour at night before he started for home. Honest folks had been long in bed, and the houses were all shut up and dark. The liquor he had taken was too much for him; he did not know where to go. He at last staggered into an empty wagon shed, and fell upon the ground. For a long time he lay in the unconsciousness of a drunken sleep, and would have undoubtedly frozen, (for the snow on the ground showed the night to be very cold) had not others less insensible than himself been around him. This shed was a favorite rendezvous for the hogs, which rushed out when the new comers arrived, but soon returned to their bed. In the utmost kindness, and with the truest hospitality, they gave their lipped companion the middle of the bed; some lying on either side of him, and others acting the part of the quilt. Their warmth prevented him from being injured by his exposure. Towards morning he awoke; finding himself comfortable, and in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts, he supposed himself enjoying the accommodations of a tavern, in company with other gentlemen. He reached out his hand, and catching hold of the stiff bristles of a hog, exclaimed, "Why, mister, when did you shave last?"

Daniel Webster's Wit.

We recollect hearing the following anecdote of the great statesman which is too good to be lost. It runs thus: The distinguished Senator from Massachusetts was once standing in company with several Southern gentlemen, in front of the Capitol at Washington, as a drove of mules was being driven by "Webster," says one of the Southern gentlemen, "there goes some of your constituents." "Yes," instantly and wittily replied Mr. W., "they are going South to teach school."

The Man who rode the Goat.

BY JOHN W. OLIVER.

In a quiet village in the sober state of Connecticut, flourishes a flourishing Division of the Sons of Temperance. Much has been said about its mysterious mysteries, and many a quizzical story has been told in relation to the antics of a certain goat, said to be connected therewith.

It is said that in this quiet village resides, among others, a 'cute Yankee, of a remarkably ingenious and curious turn of mind, whom for his resemblance to the Pry family, we shall name Paul. Now Paul took it into his busy noodle to 'enter the gates of our Order' without riding the goat. He therefore 'looked around among mankind' for a green son of Temperance—and having fixed his mind upon a victim, he started in pursuit and found his man. After exercising his pumping ingenuity in a manner 'too tedious to mention,' he found himself on the road home tickled to pieces with the idea of being in full possession of that mysterious word which would unlock the Division door and put him in possession of the 'open sesame.'

In the meantime, Paul's design was communicated to a few waggish spirits of the Division, and appropriate arrangements were made for his reception.

Meeting night came, and after the brothers had pretty generally assembled, the O. S. heard a strange noise at the door, like unto the bleating of a certain animal familiarly called Billy. The O. S., true to his instructions, opened the door ajar.

"Bah!" said Paul.
"Bah! Bah!! Bah!!!" returned the O. S. and open flew the door!

Paul walked in, looking very knowingly the while, and took a seat among the initiated. The sham business proceeded for a while as though nothing had happened.

Worthy Patriarch, at length said a member in a solemn and impressive manner, 'the person who last entered, having neglected to turn the usual somerset and light upon his big toe—it is evident to my mind that he has not been initiated. I therefore move that we proceed to put him through!'

"Second the motion!" shouted a dozen.
"I guess I'd better retire," said Paul rising, and evidently uneasy—"I guess there must be some mistake." And he 'went for to go.' But they wouldn't let him.

"Any one who once gets in here, must go through," said a blacksmith who stood six feet without his boots. "So just be quiet till we get the goat ready."

The door was fastened and all hope of escape was cut off. Paul trembled. The blacksmith addressed opened a closet, and pulled out a sack. Paul turned white.

"Prepare the victim!" said the W. P.
Paul sprang to his feet, and begged for mercy—"but no mercy there was known." He was hustled into a sack in spite of all the kicking resistance he could make. The goat happened to be out of sorts that night, and so an old wheelbarrow was substituted. Paul was trundled around the room—first backwards and then forwards—over sticks of wood, down stairs and up stairs.

"Bah!" said the blacksmith, stopping to blow.
"Please let me out," pleaded Paul.
"Can't yet," returned the blacksmith. "Ain't reached the falls of Niagara—must put you through the shower bath!" Paul wiped away the perspiration.

Creak, creak, creak, went the old wheelbarrow round the room again. At Paul's earnest solicitation the shower bath was omitted. He declared it would give him a cold.

Having been otherwise 'put through,' Paul was liberated—a terrified man. He started for a lawyer for vengeance. But the lawyer told him he had better say nothing about it—and he finally concluded not to.

It so happened that where Paul worked a number of girls were employed. One day Paul entered the 'ladies' department.' That morning an Irish girl had been admitted to the establishment, and the mischievous imps had wrapped her up in a piece of canvass, and were wheeling her about the floor.

"What are you doing?" asked Paul.
"Biddy's riding the goat," archly said the ringleader. Paul bolted.

"The man who rode the goat" is well known in the village—and is often pointed out by the boys. We rather think the next time Paul wants to enter a 'secret society,' he will go in the front way.—N. Y. Organ.

If I want butter only for my own breakfast, I lay a sheet of blotting paper upon a plate, and pour the cream upon it. In a short time the milk filters through, and the butter is formed. If I wish to expedite the operation, I turn the paper over gently upon the cream, and keep it in contact for a few moments, and then press upon it, and the butter is formed in less than two minutes. If you submit it to severe pressure by a screw press, it becomes as hard as when frozen.

To kill Worms—Use lime water on lawns, curbs, or public walks on graveled walks.

Rare Sport.

Truly, there must be fine sporting in South Africa, as well as rare sportsmen, who start out upon shooting excursions of eleven months, to the Mountains of the Moon, or some such unknown places, among wild elephants, lions and hippopotami. Commend us to M. Ruallyn Cumming, who has bagged a ship-full of wild beasts—among the rest the panthers and crocodiles who carried off his best dogs, as well as the lion who carried off his "best wagon driver."

Sporting Exploits of the Highlander.—The Cape Frontier Times, of February 22, thus alludes to the sporting exploits of Mr. Ruallyn Cumming, second son of Sir William Gordon Cumming, Baronet, of Ahyre, who a few years since was reckoned the foremost sportsman in the north of Scotland. "We have been favored with some interesting intelligence relative to the late trip into the interior, of that well known and intrepid sportsman and traveler, Mr. R. R. Cumming, formerly of the C. M. R., who is now on his way from Bloemfontein to Colesburg, after an extremely hazardous and fatiguing expedition of eleven months. In this journey it is said he has penetrated many hundred miles beyond the highest point reached by any white man. He shot forty-three elephants, three of which only were females. Many of the males carried tusks of enormous size, measuring seven feet in length and sometimes weighing 100 lbs. each. Sixty hippopotami—the finest troops to which they belonged have been singled out for slaughter. Such is the abundance of this game, that with his rifle he might have killed two hundred of them.—The rhinoceros, buffalo, camelopard, eland, gemsbok, roan, antelope, waterbuck, hartbeest, sasaby, black and blue wildebeest, koodoo, pallah, zebra, rietbok, kilspringer, &c., were found by him in such abundance, that he rarely expended his ammunition upon them, except when in want of flesh, or to get their heads as specimens to grace his collection of sporting trophies, which is described as being now so extensive as almost to require a small ship to send them home." He is said to have discovered an entirely new sort of antelope, unknown not only to science but even to the native tribes living upon the tropics. It is a very beautiful species, and with much time and difficulty, he procured 22 specimens, both male and female. His losses having unfortunately counterbalanced the excellence of his sport. He has lost all his horses, (15,) all his oxen (30,) and all his dogs (20,) and his best wagon-driver. His horses were killed either by lions or horse sickness, and the fly, called tsetse. All his oxen were killed by this insect. His dogs were killed, some by the lions, some by the panther, crocodile, and by different kinds of game. The wagon-driver was carried off on a dark and cloudy evening by a monster lion, which Mr. Cumming shot next day.

The Indians of Mexico—Their Affection for the Americans.

On the Departure of our army from Mexico, the Indians—who constitute nearly the whole laboring population—exhibited their sorrow and regret in the most striking and affecting manner. The sojourn of our army in Mexico has relieved these poor and interesting people of many oppressions and taxes to which they have long been subjected. They are the producers and industrial of the country, and hitherto have contributed, through the *Alcabala*, and other taxes to support the extravagant government of Mexico. Intercourse with our soldiers—a knowledge of the kindly dispositions, as well as of the brave hearts and strong arms of our countrymen—have inspired the descendants of Montezuma with a profound respect and warm affection for the American people. There is one single trait of our countrymen which has aroused the liveliest admiration of the poor Indians. It is their behavior to females. The lower class of the Mexicans treat their women harshly. As for the poor Indians, of both sexes, the Mexicans treat them like dogs.

When they contrasted the kind and polite consideration of our soldiers towards their women with the brutal conduct of the Mexicans, when they saw an American soldier turning out of the way to let a Mexican woman pass, they could scarcely understand, much less express their gratitude for such unexpected kindness. As our army passed out of their towns, crowds of these poor people surrounded our troops, and threw bouquets and fruit to the soldiers, and many of them were most piously, crying out that they had lost their only friends.

Scientific Darkee Trick.

The negroes of the West Indies have a method of stealing rum, which involves the principles of pneumatics. They take a bottle filled with water, and invert it, placing the neck in the bung hole of the barrel so as to touch the liquor—the water being the heaviest sinks into the liquor, leaving a vacuum in the bottles, which is then filled with the liquor forced up by the atmospheric pressure.

General Taylor.

The following descriptive sketch of Gen. Taylor is by Col. Humphrey Marshall, a democrat of Kentucky. We commend it to the attention of all who desire to know, from unprejudiced testimony, something of the old General's character:

"My service in Mexico frequently brought me near to Gen. Taylor, and I was industrious in my examination of the actual character of the man whenever opportunity was presented. I have no motive to deceive you, and you must take the impressions I received for what they are worth. If desired to express in the fewest words what manner of man Gen. Taylor is, I should say, that in his manners and appearance, he is one of the common people of this country. He might be transferred from his tent at Monterey to this assembly, and he would not be remarked among this crowd of respectable old farmers as a man at all distinguished from those around him. Perfectly temperate in his habits—perfectly plain in his dress—entirely unassuming in his manners, he appears to be an old gentleman, in fine health, whose thoughts are not turned upon his personal appearance, and who has no point about him to attract particular attention. In his intercourse with men, he is free, frank and manly. He plays off no airs, like some great man whom I have met. Any one may approach him as nearly as can be desired, and the more closely his character is examined the greater beauties he discloses.

1. He is an honest man. I do not mean by that merely that he does not cheat or lie. I mean that he is a man that never dissembles, and who scorns all disguises. He neither acts a part among his friends for effect, nor assumes to be what he is not. Whenever he speaks you hear what he honestly believes, and, whether right or wrong, you feel assurance that he has expressed his real opinion. His dealings with men have been of a most varied character, and I have never heard his honest name stained by the breath of the slightest reproach.

2. He is a man of rare good judgment. By no means possessed of that brilliancy of genius which attracts by its flashes, yet, like the meteor, expires even while you look upon it, by no means possessing that combination of talent which penetrates instantly the abstrusest subject, and measures its length and breadth as if by intuition, Gen. Taylor yet has that order of intellect which more slowly but quite as surely masters all that it engages, and examines all the combinations of which the subject is susceptible. When he announces his conclusion, you feel confident that he well understands the ground upon which he plants himself, and yet rest assured that the conclusion is the deduction of skill and sound sense faithfully applied to the matter in hand. It is this order of mind which has enabled him, unlike many other officers of the army, to attend to the wants of his family, by so using the means of his disposal as to surround himself, in his old age, with a handsome private fortune, and to be blessed with an almost perfect constitution. I would to-day prefer his advice in any matter of private interest; would take his opinion as to the value of an estate, would rather follow his suggestion in a scheme where property or capital was to be embarked; would pursue more confidently his counsel where the management of an army was involved, or the true honor of my country was at stake, than any other man I have ever known. I regard his judgment as being first rate at everything, from a horse trade up to a trade in human life upon the field of battle.

3. He is a firm man, and possessed of great energy of character. It were a waste of time to dwell upon these traits of his character, for his military career has afforded such abundant examples of his exercise of these qualities as to render them familiar to every citizen who has ever heard or read of the man. In his army they are daily exhibited and stand conspicuously displayed in every order which emanates from his pen.

4. He is a benevolent man. This quality has been uniformly displayed in his treatment of the prisoners who have been placed in his power by the vicissitudes of war. No man who had seen him after the battle of Buena Vista, as he ordered the wagons to bring in the Mexican wounded from the battle field, and heard him as he at once cautioned his own men that the wounded were to be treated with mercy, could not doubt that he was alive to all the kinder impulses of our nature. The indiscretions of youth he child as with paternal kindness, yet with the decision which forbids their repetition, and the young men of his army feel that it is a pleasure to gather around him; because they know they are as welcome as though they visited the hearth-stone of their own home, and they are always as freely invited to partake of what he has to offer as if they were under the roof of a father. His conduct in sparing the deserters who were captured at Buena Vista, exhibited at the same time in a remarkable manner his benevolence and his judgment. "Don't shoot them," said he, "the worst punishment I will inflict is to return them to the Mexican army." When Napoleon said to one of his battalions, "Inscribe it on their flag, 'No

longer of the army of Italy,'" he used an expression which was deemed so remarkable that history preserved it for the admiration of future ages; yet it was not more forcible as an illustration of his power in touching the spring of human action, than is that of Gen. Taylor illustrative of the manner in which Gen. Taylor would make an example for the benefit of the army.

5. He is a man of business habits—I never have known General Taylor to give up a day to pleasure. I have never visited his quarters without seeing evidence of the industry with which he toiled. If his talented adjutant was surrounded by papers, so was the General, and though he would salute a visitor kindly, and bid him with familiar grace to amuse himself until he was at leisure, he would never interrupt the duties which his station called on him to perform. When these were closed for the day, he seemed to enjoy to a remarkable degree the vivacity of young officers, and to be glad to mingle in their society. As a conversationalist, I do not think that Gen. Taylor possesses great power. He uses few words, and expresses himself with energy and force, but not fluently. His language is select. I would say, however, from my knowledge of the man, that he is entirely capable of producing any thing in the shape of an order or letter which has ever appeared over his signature, and, in saying so, I understand myself as asserting that he is master of his mother tongue, and can write about as handsomely and effectively as he can fight. Such, then, is the picture of the man, not of the general, who won my esteem. I am not in the habit of eulogizing men, and have indulged on this occasion because I desired to describe to you, with the exactness of truth, those qualities which, combined in Gen. Taylor, made him appear to me as a first rate model of an American character. Others will dwell upon the chivalry he has so often displayed, and his greatness so conspicuously illustrated upon the field of battle. I formed my ideas of the man when he was free from duty, and no motive to appear in any other light than such as was thrown upon him by nature, education, and principles.

An Odd Politician.

One of the South Carolina papers contains an address by one JOEL KELLY to the Voters of Pendleton District, which fairly "takes the rag off the bush" from all the other declamatory documents of the season. After declaring that from his boyhood he has "dogged between the plow-handles, and from them to the hoe," Joel proceeds to declare his political sentiments, and we are happy to say, he has a reservation, but evidently "makes a clean breast of it." He says that he goes for the French Revolution head and ears; and the entire abolition of aristocratic orders in the world; "and if Louis Philippe," he adds, "attempts hereafter to ride booted and spurred over the commons, I go for calling him to account." Of the Tariff Question he indignantly declares; "I do not understand it, and never saw any man who did. It is a piece of Jerker-y-packer from beginning to end. I will pay a reward of five hundred dollars to any man who will fix it so that myself and the common folks can see through it." On the everlasting Mexican question, Joel is eloquent beyond parallel, and throws all the other orators' whole furlongs into the shade. He goes in for no half-measures—no miserable compromises as our commissioners have done, but is for knocking the whole Mexican population, at once, and without notice or ceremony, into a "cocked up hat." As Joel is peculiarly rich on this branch of politics, we cannot forbear quoting his views at length. He says: "I am for swallowing the whole territory, and for purging the land of that mongrel race of half-Spanish, half-Indian; two-thirds rascal, half horse, half alligator, with a sprinkling of the steamboat, and a touch of the snapping turtle, who have so long infested the country, lording it over God's heritage, to the disgrace of the christian religion. And with regard to Santa Anna, I think the mark of Cain ought to be stamped on his forehead, and both of his ears cut off."

In conclusion he says that he is a republican of the Durham breed, and will be all things to all men, on the shortest notice, "with divers other particulars, thrown in as a spice to diversify and give flavour to his pretensions." We think the good people of Pendleton are bound to give Joel a lift. He is evidently a square-faced, flat-footed, straight forward man—who evidently has one qualification very rare in these days, viz., a mind of his own, and who could not fail, in Congress, to exhortate the article of his vernacular in a way that would cover himself and his constituents with lots of glory.

A GOOD THOUGHT.—Says some one, if your enemy is forced to have recourse to a lie to blacken you, consider what a comfort it is to think of having supported such a character, as to render it impossible for malice to hurt you without the aid of falsehood; and thus to the genuine fairness of your character to clear you in the end.