

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 9.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1848.

No. 6.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietors, will be charged \$7 1/2 cents per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor. Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers. All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER BLANKS, PAMPHLETS, &c. Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms, AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette]

Hurrah for Zack!

Old Zack will give the Locos gas,
Hurra, hurra, hurra,
With him we'll beat their General Cass,
Hurra, hurra, hurra,
We'll give the Locos all a blister,
And make them think of Buena Vista,
Hurra, hurra, hurra,
Hurra, hurra, hurra.
The Mexicans at Monterey,
Hurra, &c.
Did think that they would win the day,
Hurra, &c.
If Locos think so now, alack,
They'll find that they can't beat old Zack,
Hurra, &c.
The people have resolved, en masse,
Hurra, &c.
That Taylor's far ahead of Cass,
Hurra, &c.
And only wait election day
A debt of gratitude to pay,
Hurra, &c.
Our valiant Taylor—freedom's pride,
Hurra, &c.
Need only that event abide,
Hurra, &c.
And then assume our ruler's place
And free our country from disgrace,
Hurra, &c.

Whig Song.

BY J. A. GOULD, ESQ.

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

Come Whigs arise, lift up your heads,
Your glorious course pursue;
For liberty and equal rights,
Let every heart be true.

Chorus:

From East to West, from North to South,
From river, lake, and shore,
Let every man go heart and hand,
For Taylor and Fillmore.

Let all the interests of our land,
Be thoroughly sustained;
Let capital and industry,
Divide the profits gained.

Chorus—From East to West, &c.

The doings of our delegates,
Were certainly correct;
For Taylor is the very man,
Whom we can now elect.

Chorus—From East to West, &c.

Of candidates we ask no pledge,
It is no guarantee;

An honest man is always safe,
A rogue can never be.

Chorus—From East to West, &c.

And when the great election comes,
Be sure it proves no farce,
Let Taylor have his pattern full,
The remnants give to Cass.

Chorus:

From East to West, from North to South,
From river, lake and shore—
Let every man go heart and hand,
For Taylor and Fillmore

The Pork Trade of the West.—De Row's Commercial Review for July, contains some interesting tables on the Pork trade of the Western States. The number of hogs slaughtered during the year 1847, 1848, was 1,509,000—an increase of nearly fifty per cent, over previous years. The number slaughtered in Cincinnati alone amounted to 575,000. Only a small portion of this valuable product is exported; and four-fifths of that sent out of the country, is to the British Colonies, South America, and the West Indies.

"Nothing can be done well," says Dr. Kitchener, "that is done in a hurry." "Except catching flees," adds the London Punch.

The "Hulks" of Bermuda.

It may be interesting to some of our readers to know something about the place where the Irish Patriot, Mitchell, is condemned to linger out his days in confinement on board a prison ship. They are truly named "Hulks," and I would add loathsome hulks, too. I was once a prisoner of war, and confined on board of them, and have a most vivid recollection of those floating castles.

The Bermudas, or Somers' Islands, are a small group, situated about half way between Nova Scotia and the Antilles, and about six hundred miles from the American coast, or from Cape Hatteras. During the war of 1812, it was the head quarters for the British army and navy on the American station. It was from the Bermudas that the army under Gen. Ross sailed for the Chesapeake, and for the attack on Baltimore. It was also from the Bermudas that one division of the army, destined for the attack on New Orleans, departed, under the command of Gen. Keene—the division under Gen. Gibbs, for the same destination, sailed from Jamaica. These Islands are about thirty-five miles in length, and about twenty broad, and are divided into about forty islands, the sea running through them in every direction, forming bays and inlets on almost every side.—One of the hulks, the "Goree," an old African ship, is situated at the head of St. George's harbour and is used as a receiving ship. The "Ardent," sixty-four, was situated in the bay, about four miles from the navy yard at Hamilton, and three miles from the tanks, at the head of a long and dangerous reef of rocks which extends from the eastern end of the islands for about thirty miles, in a kind of a semi-circle, running around the western side of the island. Inside of this reef, and near the head of it, lies the "Thames," a large dismantled ship, her lower masts only standing, looking like three stumps sticking up, and a bowsprit sticking out looking like a dog's tail cut off.

This is the place the patriot Mitchell is incarcerated. This hulk—the "Thames"—has taken the place of the "Ardent," which has been hauled into the docks at Hamilton.

Confinement in one of these hulks is bad enough for sailors, who are accustomed to a wet jacket and hard fare; but for a landsman, who has been bred in scenes of refinement, it is, absolutely, unendurable. His fare is the condemned provisions of the British navy, and that which is not condemned, an American dog would turn up his nose at—the scenery is the constant dash of the ocean against the rocks, laving it into white foam; shut in on the south by high hills, and, on the west, open to the Atlantic, but locked in by that impassible reef that no vessel dare venture near.

During the war of 1812 to 1815, I was captured by the Lacedemonian frigate, and carried into Bermuda, where I remained a prisoner of war eighteen months, and was, for a time, confined in the "Hulks." I know them well, and when I was first crowded down into the gun-deck of that loathsome craft I thought my days were numbered.

There are very few persons that can form the slightest idea of an entrance on board of a prison ship. I had been partially initiated before, having once been picked up at sea by the Melyanone frigate, and once before captured on the coast of France, and sent on board the hulks at Portsmouth. On entering the gangway, your mess is called out, and if they are not near at hand for your protection, you are pretty sure to lose your "kit."

The hulk at the head of St. George's harbor may be compared to a wart on a handsome woman's face. The bay which forms the harbour is a beautiful sheet of water. On the left are lofty hills, with plateaux of cedar groves along their sides, dotted with the white villas of the citizens; and in a valley, and gradually rising to the hills, is the town of St. George, with its white stone houses and flat roofs; and stretching far down the bay, and on the hills below, are the Barracks and Fort Somers. On the south are some low islands, which the open sea rolls on in interminable swells; sometimes dashing against the rock-bound shore, until the white foam looks like a lady's frill, gracefully fitted to her neck.

As soon as I was through with my examination at the court of Vice Admiralty, I was marched to the dock-boat, and when I approached the huge black hulk, swarms of heads could be seen peeping through the port holes. My blood ran cold as I was ushered on board of this floating pest-house. A few mariners were pacing fore and aft, and under a large awning, on the quarter-deck, my name was registered by an officer, and my mess numbered. Fortunately for me, my mess was near the gangway, and I got but one black eye before I was surrounded by my mess. My clothes bag was gone and I had the satisfaction of seeing one or two very pretty fights for the possession of one of my shirts. The Goree was a general receiving ship, where the pirate, the privateersman, the sailor, and the landsman were all thrown together. Afterwards, the American prisoners were transferred to the Ardent, sixty-four, in the upper

bay, where the Thames now lies. After a few days' confinement on board of the Goree, I was transferred to the Ardent.

Nothing but stratagem can ever relieve the unfortunate Mitchell from his position. In the passage up, inside of the reef, at least four hundred guns could be brought to bear upon any vessel that should venture in, and those at a high elevation. The reef is a perfect barrier to any approach direct from sea. There is no passage through the Islands any other way, except for small boats, and they would have to pass through the harbour of St. George in order to reach the upper bay.

After remaining on board the "Hulks" for some time, I was fortunate enough to get my parole, and lived on the Island of St. George until after peace was declared. The inhabitants of the Bermudas are a very pleasant, agreeable people, and the women are beautiful. The air is pure and wholesome, and the fogs from the banks of Newfoundland bleach their delicate white skins, until they are so clear, that the blue veins can be seen through them. Like the West India Islands, sea-bathing is a constant custom with both males and females, and bays and places protected by the jutting rocks are allotted to the females, where it would be sacrilege for a male to enter. There are many handsome cedar groves, which are considered valuable, and, in fact, they are the only thing valuable raised on the Islands, except for home consumption.

Bermuda is a famous place for fishing—whales sport around the island at certain seasons of the year, and as for fish on the table, there is no place in the world, in the same latitude, that equals it. The great boast of the islands is the *gruper*, which are caught with hook and line on the coast, and the water is so clear that you can see them hook in the bait, in five fathoms. I cannot illustrate on paper, or portray the excitement it creates in watching the motions of the fish when all their movements are distinctly seen with the eye. Fish ponds and traps are frequent, and some of them are very large and contain large quantities of fish, which are always on hand to supply the market, when the heavy gales, which last sometimes many days, prevent the fishermen from taking the usual supply.

Tanner's Bark Manure for Cherry Trees.

The editor of the Boston Cultivator, in a description of the farm of Messrs. A. D. Williams & Son, of Roxbury, gives the following account of that gentleman's management of Cherry trees: "Spent tan, fresh from the tannery, about a horse load to each tree, once in three or four years, is used for all cherry trees, without exception, and it is regarded as the best manure, reviving old decaying trees, and giving a healthy rapid growth to those in their prime. This tan is spread under the tree, mostly around the trunk. As an evidence that its valuable effects are not merely mechanical by retaining moisture, like any litter, on opening the tan the fibrous roots of the cherry are found penetrating the tan in every direction. Some coming directly up into the tap, where it is laid above the large roots of the tree. In some places where the winds have blown off some of the tan, numerous roots may be seen.

This opinion so highly in favor of the use of tan as manure for the cherry, is given after many years experience and on many trees. The soil is a strong loam.

This valuable discovery was made by some ancestor in the family, who had dug out some rocks, leaving an unsightly spot, which he filled with spent tan, and earth, and some cherry trees came up there and grew with uncommon vigor. As tan, in its fresh state, is generally injurious to vegetation, we advise caution in its trial, lest the trees suffer by injudicious doses. We may use too much of a good thing."

Desolation of Yucatan.

The New York Commercial furnishes the following interesting letter from Mr. Fitzgibbon, the editor of the Honduras Observer, descriptive of the state of affairs in Yucatan. It is dated Belize, July 4th.

The town of Bacalar, formerly called Salamanca de Bacalar, is built on an elevated ridge of land overhanging the lagoon of the same name, and contained a population of between 3,000 and 4,000 souls. A body of the Indians were ranging that State, under the command of a chief named Jose Pablo Cocom, to the number of about 1500 men, and attacked the town on the 15th of April last.—Among this entire body of men, only about one hundred had guns. The Yucatecos, on the contrary, were well armed, and the town itself was strongly fortified.

On the land side there are seven small batteries and a breastwork of full a mile and a half in length. These were all yielded without a struggle, and the troops fell back to the castle erected to protect the place on the lagoon side, and mounting some twenty guns and four mortars. The women and children, and the officers, abandoned the town to the Indians,

and fled to Belize, or wherever else they could find shelter. The castle held out for three days, when it capitulated, the besieged being permitted to leave the place unmolested, except having their heads shaved. Not a single person is known to have been killed during the attack, except six Yucatecos in the castle, killed by the bursting of one of the cannon. That many were afterwards murdered there can be no doubt. The Indian *gritto*, or war whoop, did more to take the place than anything else, for it appears to have paralyzed the defenders of the town.

In nearly every street I found cannon had been placed for its defence. Of the town itself 207 of the finest and best houses had been destroyed in the flush of victory. Here and there the most revolting sights were to be met; human corpses devoured by hogs and dogs. These unfortunates had been murdered after the surrender of the place, and had been dragged with ropes around the neck or legs through the streets, and there left. In the grave yard I found the tombs had been broken open and the bodies taken out and served in like manner.

But the most revolting and horrible spectacle of all was within the walls of the castle. I found the partially burned remains of nine human beings. The well was also choked up with bodies. In one angle of the battlements I found the body of a female in a partially decomposed state, and was informed that she had been violated by eight of these savages, and then put to death. The stench was beyond anything I ever experienced. On the outside of the castle walls I should suppose there was a good handbarrow load of human hair.

Of course there is nothing like order in the town—no man's life or property is safe a moment.—Notwithstanding this state of things, however, several shops have been opened by people from Belize.

I saw the torture applied to two unfortunate Spaniards who had been taken prisoners, and afterwards saw them receive fifty lashes each.—The Indians are continually fighting among themselves, and scarcely a day passes that one or more is not shot. They appear to dread the interference of the United States, and say that unless they are stopped, they will not leave a Spaniard in the country.

Remarkable Rescue from Servitude of a free Colored Philadelphian.

The New York Tribune says that there has arrived at that port, as a passenger from Havana, in the barque Rapid, a colored man named John Lytle, a native of Philadelphia, who returns to his country after an absence of twelve or fourteen years, within which period his history has been a singular and interesting one.

Some short time ago, a gentleman of New York, while travelling in the island of Cuba, stopped at the ingenio, a sugar estate of a wealthy planter named Don Cosper Hernandez, about 20 miles from Matanzas. While examining the machine of the sugar works, he was addressed in English by one of the apparent slaves employed about them, and the result of guarded conversation that ensued was to inform him that the slave was in truth a free American citizen, wrongfully held in slavery. His story was this:—He had been shipwrecked many years before on the coast of Africa, in the ship Jupiter, employed in the service of the Colonization Society. With the rest of the crew he had made his way along the coast for about 130 miles to the slave station at Gallinas, where he was well received by the proprietor, Don Pancho Ramon, who promised him a passage in the first vessel to Cuba, from which island it would be easy to reach the United States. The slave cargo which he thus accompanied being duly landed in the neighborhood of Matanzas, Lytle was cooped with the rest of his color in the 'barracoons,' and soon found himself at work as a slave on the estate where he was thus found by a stray wayfarer from his own country. He had made more than one unsuccessful attempt for his freedom, and had at this time given up the thought of it in despair. After further inquiries had been made, the case was laid before the Secretary of State, who fully entered into it, and readily responded to the call made upon him to demand the liberation of the man. Our Consul at Havana also entered into the spirit of the instructions which he received from the State Department, with his characteristic zeal and ability. The upshot of the whole matter has been the arrival of the man, as free, at New York, as above stated, with the sum of \$2,211 33, as his wages during the eleven years of his servitude, with interest, beside his expenses home.

Curious Invention.—In the village of Birmingham, Conn., there is a machine for making brass chains, which works as if endowed with human instinct. By a turn of the driving wheel a large roll of wire is transformed into a perfectly formed chain by the unaided operation of self-acting machinery.

"Prevention is better than cure."

Receipts.

To Make Cold Cream.—Mix in an earthen pipkin, over a very gentle heat, a quarter of an ounce of white wax, and as much spermaceti; add, while hot, an ounce of the oil of sweet almonds; pour it into a bowl, and stir it until it becomes smooth and quite cold, adding gradually, drop by drop, a large table-spoonful of distilled rose or lavender water. This is particularly good for the hands, rendering the skin soft and pliant.

Preservation of Cucumbers.—In Germany and Poland, it is said barrels of cucumbers, of various sizes and ages, headed up water tight, are preserved fresh, from one year to another, by immersing them in deep wells, where the uniform temperature and exclusion of the air seem to be the preserving agents.

To destroy Flies.—Mix in a saucer, a table-spoonful of cream, half as much ground black pepper, a teaspoonful of brown sugar. This will attract and kill flies without danger of poisoning children.

How to prevent the Ravages of Moths.—The ravages of the woolen moth may be prevented by the use of the following substances: Tobacco, camphor, red pepper, turpentine, and perhaps the most agreeable for wearing apparel, a mixture of one ounce of rhubarb, and kept in a box or drawer. If the substance be dry, scatter it in the folds of the cloth, carpets, blankets, or furs; if liquid, sprinkle it freely in the boxes, or on the cloth or wrapper, laid over or around it.

Chloroform Given to Horses.

A gentleman at Morristown, N. J., having a valuable, but an unmanageable horse, and difficult to shoe, determined to try the effect of chloroform. He says:

Having procured about two ounces of chloroform, I administered it by putting it in a sponge and letting him inhale it; the animal seemed to like it, and snuffed it up very eagerly; in a short time it had the desired effect, and he laid down quietly, when the smith put on the shoe while he remained as if asleep. In about twenty minutes he entirely recovered from the effects of it, and has been perfectly well ever since.

Dismal Enough.

Somebody has given the following description of the Great Dismal Swamp, situated in Virginia and North Carolina. He may well call it, as he does, a "fearful place." "It is full of wild birds, wild beasts, reptile and runaway negroes. Huge bullfrogs, nearly as large as a man's foot, with smaller specimens of the same genus, open a grand concert, every night.—Great indolent herons and other aquatic birds too lazy to take a fish, unless he jumps out of his own accord, sit round on the trees. Dense swarms of musquitos, ephemerets and sand flies fill the air. At about sundown and after, all the animal life is in motion. Every throat is open. The croaking of the bullfrogs, buzzing of insects, cooing of turtle doves, and the sounds from a thousand musical instruments, pitched on as many different keys, make an assemblage of harmony and discord that defies a description. The vegetation of the Swamp is more luxuriant than can be seen in any part of the world. The timber is pine, oak, sweet gum, black gum, holly, the beautiful tulip tree, the cypress, loaded down with its festoons of moss, the mistletoe bough in dark green bunches growing about on many different trees, with different kinds of timber. Immense canebrakes, so thickly interwoven with vines that one might about as well attempt to walk through a brick wall as to force his way through. A canal is made thro' the swamp, and, part of the way, it goes thro' the lake, and on its banks runs the stage road. Snakes, lizards, scorpions, chameleons and other loathsome reptiles, abound in great numbers."

Valuable Invention.—Mr. T. S. Seaman, of Philadelphia, has just patented an invention to ease the weight of heavy loads on draught horses. This is done by means of a curiously arranged elastic spring beneath the shafts, with bolts running through. It works beautifully, and will prove a great blessing to the poor horses.

Punishment in China.—Of the different kinds of punishment to which the higher classes in China are subject, one is, to be flogged with a piece of perfumed bamboo. It is said that on one occasion the executioner in punishing a mandarin, committed a mistake, and used only a common piece of bamboo; in consequence of this the criminal, after being punished, seized a knife and tipped himself open, declaring that his honor was gone.

It Was so hot in New Orleans, by the last accounts, that the Crescent says the people there have been compelled to draw their breath with corkscrews. This is entirely too hot.

Prophecy Fulfilled.—The conversion of a church into a banking-house in Ohio seems a striking fulfilment of the Scriptural passage.—"The house of the Lord shall be turned into a den of thieves!"