

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1848.

No. 11.

VOL. 9.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and 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 27 1/2 cents, per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except by the option of the Editor. Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and two squares the same. A liberal discount made to yearly subscribers. All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

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Jeffersonian Republican.

One of the Old Zack Songs.

TUNE—"O look ye there.

O all ye pouting doubting Whigs,

Who go about as mourners,

Come wipe the tear drops from your eyes

Stop croaking in the corners.

Chorus.

O come along with shouts and songs,

And "go it while you're able."

We'll put old Zack in the White House, boys,

"Old Whitey" in the White House stable.

Ah me! to hear these croakers croak,

O, 'tis a "sin to Moses!"

They snuffle, they "can't go old Zack,"

And then they wipe their noses.

O come along, &c.

Cheer up! cheer up! ye fearful Whigs,

And on your harness buckle;

At doubting Whigs the devil laughs,

The Locofocos chuckle.

O come along, &c.

The Locos swore that Harry Clay

Made pledges far too many;

The rascals now abuse old Zack,

Because he don't make any.

O come along, &c.

The Taylor platform's broad enough

To hold this mighty nation;

'Tis built of Whig materials all,

And has a firm foundation.

O come along, &c.

The Locos tried at Baltimore,

To fix a platform bigger;

They set a "deadful," and for bait

Stuck Cass upon the trigger.

O come along, &c.

The sly old fox of Kinderhook,

He eyed the trap with wonder;

He thought 'twould do for catching rats,

But "fozes" would not go under.

O come along, &c.

The Cass has lived all his six lives

In office, for the trimmings,

Yet old Zack carries the longest pble,

And he'll knock all the "cinnons."

O come along, &c.

Nine Taylors to make a single man

We always used to muster;

Take nine such Taylors as old Zack,

And would not he be a buster!

O come along, &c.

P. S.—The chicken thieves abuse old Zack,

They'll "catch 'em" if they're taken;

For tho' Jos Bennett stole the hog,

He did not save his bacon.

O come along, &c.

Lands in Maryland.

There is a vast amount of land here in Baltimore county, which has been exhausted by the culture of tobacco very many years since, and which has been lying idle for half a century—great deal of which may be purchased very cheaply. No land, perhaps, in the world answers so well and so promptly to a title manure as this. I have seen an old field, which was nearly bare of herbage, enclosed and dressed with about two hundred pounds of guano, produce a good crop of wheat. I have seen another this season in oats, upon which I sowed, at the time of sowing my oats, 100 pounds Peruvian guano per acre, and better oats are not often to be seen. You have many enterprising young married men who might purchase a farm here, perhaps, who would have to toil at home for many years to do so. They can purchase land at very low prices, and by paying a small part of the purchase money, in many instances get long credit for the balance. There is very little of this land which is not very easily improved, especially the long grass [meadows] soil.

Yours, &c., W. B. HAMILTON.

Long Green, M. D., July 8, 1848.

Correspondence of the Telegraph.

A Mystery.

HOLMESBURG, Phil's Co., Sept. 15, 1848.

MR. EDITOR:—The following very curious experiment has been frequently performed in the presence of men well versed in the principles of natural philosophy; but I have never seen one who could give a satisfactory explanation of it. I first saw it performed when a boy at school; but I had forgotten it, until I saw it repeated a short time since, by "boys of larger growth." Few will credit it until they are convinced of its truth by ocular demonstration.—Will you be good enough to insert it in the Telegraph? It may amuse some of your subscribers, as you know,

"A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the wisest men."

And, perhaps, "some one more lucky than the rest" may be able to solve the mystery.

Let a man place himself in a supine position on a bench, with his arms and legs in the same relative position as when standing, and all his muscles rendered as rigid as possible; then let four men, two at his shoulders and two at his feet, placing them on opposite sides, attempt to lift him with their fore-fingers, the others being closed; and they will find their united strength insufficient to accomplish the task.—But observing the same condition as before, let them all, including the prostrate man, inhale what is usually called a "deep breath" precisely together; making at the same instant a simultaneous effort to lift him, with their fore-fingers, as before, and they will not only be able to lift him with the greatest ease; but to hold him as high as their heads as long as they can avoid respiration. The moment, however, one of them shall breathe, their burden will fall to the ground, unless caught in their arms.

It is a *sine qua non*, that all the experimenters inspire in exact harmony; and in order to do this, it is best to agree previously to make the effort of lifting at the third, fourth, or fifth inhalation.

Yours, &c. J. W. W.

Clock Trading in Arkansas.

Long Zeek—no-matter-what's-his-name—was of Puritanical origin, and death to the Dutch and obnoxious men in the way of trade. He was an ingenious specimen of your live Yankee, who, though he looked as if he did know his mouth from a hole in the ground, was well informed as to the value of pats and the current generally, and sharp enough to count for three or four of 'em, instead of simply one of 'em, in the way of financial operation. Said Zeek to a knot of us one day, "Did I ever tell you how I shovved off those refuse clocks that I bought at auction?"

"Well, there was a grist of 'em you may depend, and such a lot! I couldn't a lost much on 'em as a dead loss; they were no go—that is to say, they killed time awfully, or wouldn't come to time at all, as the sportsmen say.—Well, I struck out for Arkansas, where the natives were in want of 'em, and took hold sharp at a trade. Now, my usual way was to leave a clock with the settlers, whether or not, till I came again, and if they didn't keep 'em, why I wouldn't charge 'em a cent for the use of 'em. Now, the least they could do was to keep me for it, and I sold a heap of 'em in that way, because ye see they couldn't tell when they were hungry, after a while, without a time-piece. But this here lot was kind of irregular—sort of refuse, half made machines, and as I couldn't warrant 'em, I said to 'em, says I, 'ef you'll take this regulator on trial, ef it don't suit, I'll change and give you another when I come back along. Well, some of 'em took hold sharp, and bought right off, but most of 'em took on trial.

"After I sold the whole jug, I tuk the back track to collect the tax and hear how they suited, and came to an old Jersey squatter, who complained audaciously that the confounded cow-bell kept him awake o' nights, striking all sorts of time; and he wouldn't have the thing in his hut; and so I tuk off the damaged machine, and went to a neighbor of his, 'bout ten miles off, who said he had 'ded his regulator and loosened the pegs; for it squeaked like a young possum, but the thing was dead sure, and ef I had nothing better, I might 'tote' it out of the settlement quicker. Well, I made a trade, and left the Jersey man's clock, that went like a streak, and struck the hours like sixty, which pleased the old feller right smart, and passed his old clock off to the next customer, and so I run through the whole lot, changin' all but two or three, and givin' 'em their neighbor's clocks. I left 'em all perfectly satisfied. But, said Zeek, I reckon the times are out of joint in Arkansas."

Who Wants a Husband?

Advertising for wives is becoming quite common. We find two such advertisements in the Tribune, New York. One is a gentleman with \$1500 a year, who seeks a wife of "evangelical piety, of good looks, not over 28." The other is more shrewd in his expectations. He has a "moderate property" and needs a lady of "small fortune," besides the good looks, piety not being mentioned. It seems to us that Cupid is not the arrowy deity who presides over such advertiseable affections.

LOCO RASCALITY IN OLD BERKS.

An Apple Butter Speculation.

The leaders and managers of the Democracy of "Old Berks" are conceded to be the most rotten and corrupt of any politicians in the State. The following from the Reading Journal will give our readers an idea of the style in which they "carry on" in that region:—

AN "APPLE BUTTER" SPECULATION.—A good story is told at the expense of several of the candidates for office before the recent Locofoco County Convention. It seems that a countryman near town had the good fortune to be chosen one of the delegates of his township, and in pursuance of "ancient democratic usage" set his wits to work how he could best raise the wind, without appearing to be actually bribed. A lucky thought struck him. He had just built a large supply of "Apple Butter," and a few days before the meeting of the Convention he loaded up a number of earthen pots filled with this popular sauce, and set out for Reading. Arrived in town, he was soon pounced upon by a hungry office-seeker of his acquaintance who was busy in buying over the delegates. Our hero was approached in the usual way—"give me a lift this time, and I will not forget you hereafter," but the apple-butter man was not to be bamboozled by promises—which experience most probably had taught him were never fulfilled. Pointing out his stock in trade he remarked—

"I have some nice apple-butter, and as my motto is to encourage those who encourage me, I will thank you to look at it before I answer your question."

"O certainly—just happen to want apple-butter!" said the candidate removing the cloth.

"Very fine article this—what's the price?" continued he by no means indisposed to encourage home manufacturers provided he could thereby secure a vote in the Convention.

"Five dollars a pot, seeing it's yours," replied the apple-butter man with a peculiar twinkle of the eye.

"Hum!—Apple-butter has riz!"—exclaimed the candidate.

"Yes! Glorious effects of the the Tariff of '46! But if you think its too high you may have my vote on Saturday in the bargain."

The money was paid and apple-butter transferred. The office-seeker run over his list of delegates, and marking opposite the apple-butter man's name—"good for one vote," set out to buy up other delegates.

The speculation succeeded so well that the delegate, in his character of apple-butter merchant resolved to call upon all "democratic friends" out of office, and approach them in the same way. In a very short time he had disposed of some twenty or thirty pots, at prices ranging from \$2 to \$10 each, netting altogether a very handsome sum by this speculation.

But the best of the story remains to be told. It turned out that the apple-butter delegate had dealings with half a dozen candidates for the same office, and as he could only vote for one, of course four-fifths of his 'best customers' were most gloriously humbugged.

This apple-butter transaction, we are assured on Locofoco authority, is actually true. It leaked out through one upon whom the "saw" was played, and who considered it quite too good a joke to keep to himself.

Many other charges of bribery and corruption have been made, and if half the stories are true that are whirped about by the Locofoco themselves, the proceedings in the Locofoco Delegate Convention were of so outrageous a character that the wonder is any respectable man is willing to endorse them by his vote. But the mass of the party know nothing of the rascality of their leaders, and no wonder, when it is remembered that they sit with closed doors, besides being all equally culpable and steeped in rascality, no one could enter into an *expose* without erasing himself.

UNCOMFORTABLY FAT.—The Rockingham Va. Register gives an account of "something new" in the "curiosity" line. We confess that in weather like this, the description is a melting one:—"The celebrated 'Runkle Family' of Rockingham, we understand, will start in a few days down the Valley, with the intention of visiting different portions of the United S. This family, consisting of two brothers and two sisters, will be found to be objects of no ordinary curiosity—being, in all probability, the largest family of human beings ever exhibited in this or any other country. Their united weight is 1400 pounds! One of the young ladies is so fleshy as to be unable to walk, and when moving of her own accord, goes upon her hands and knees. They are of the ordinary height, and their mother is an unusually small woman—the father, however, is an ordinary sized man."

A Discovery.

A discovery has been made by Mr. Ticknor, of Brooklyn, of a process by which paints of all colors can, when applied to wood, iron, or any other material, be made to have a polish and surface equal to the finest porcelain. For all ornaments and useful purposes, this invention must be of the greatest value.

A Soldier's Testimony.

There is something peculiarly attractive and striking in the eloquence of a soldier—something which carries with it the force of sincerity and appeals directly to the best feelings of the heart.—The absence of the finished rhetoric and pompous declamation, which decorate the displays of the forum, gives to the language of the soldier a freshness and fragrance, which to us—a part of whose profession it is, not only to hear, but to read long-winded harangues—is really inviting.

We have been particularly pleased with a recent effort of the distinguished Captain Bragg—for though brevetted a Lieutenant Colonel, no official rank can ever confer a higher honor upon him than that which belongs to Captain Bragg—at an impromptu dinner given to him by a party of gentlemen in the city of New York.

After responding with becoming modesty to the complimentary toast to himself, he proceeded to narrate many interesting incidents connected with the battles on the Rio Grande, as illustrative of the character of the unbounded confidence of his troops in their commander.

His account of the battle of Buena Vista is graphic and eloquent:—

So at Buena Vista the personal character of General Taylor had a like influence on the army. When the War Department deemed it necessary, in order to form a column to invade Mexico via Vera Cruz, to take his regulars from him, he was sure that Santa Anna would attack him. "I am the weak point," he often said, "and I know he will attack me." But he determined to defend his position, and in order the best way to defend it, to advance. General Taylor, kept well informed of the approach of the enemy, by Gen. Wool's scouts, moved on to Saltillo, then on to Agua Nueva. It was proposed at one time to meet the enemy in advance of Agua Nueva, but ascertaining by his engineers that their position could be turned, he resolved to fall back to Buena Vista, as the enemy approached him. Buena Vista is a military position that any soldier's eye would select for a defence. To no particular person is the credit of the selection, due,—for it has been said that, even a woman picked it out as a place to repulse an enemy. Various officers have had the credit of the selection, but whatever particular credit is due, is certainly due to the commander-in-chief, who fought the battle.

The Mexicans themselves had fought a battle there. Santa Anna knew the ground so well, that he ordered his general (Minon) to take and keep possession of it, in order to attack our rear. Gen. Minon got into our rear, as ordered; but when he reached Buena Vista he found us in possession of it. The 22d of February, 4500 men, mostly raw troops, opposed to 30,000 of the enemy, was certainly not a very encouraging day. We did not feel quite so happy or so well, as over this bountiful table to-night. We thought of home, and of families and friends; and our chance of death was much better, we thought, than of ever seeing them again. For several days previous General Taylor was constantly engaged in making his arrangements; and in writing home. It is said also, that he made his will. But he never shrank from his duty. "I may perish," was his thought, "but I will perish in maintaining the honor of my country! I have to run a terrible risk in assuming the responsibility of making this onward march; but it is the only course that will save my army. To stay in Monterey was to be sacrificed by the overwhelming force of the enemy. To save all, I must risk all!

The battle was fought—you know the result—but you never can know the influence that the presence of General Taylor had upon the army. He alone, so it has seemed to me, could have inspired by his presence, every soldier in the army, as the volunteers were inspired. The confidence in him was complete. He had commanded volunteers before, and had been successful with them. He had never surrendered. He had never been whipped; and the idea got abroad that he never could be. When manoeuvring my pieces 'thwart the gullies, (I cite this as an example of that confidence), I saw clouds of dust about two miles from me. I was painfully anxious. I thought General Minon had fallen upon our rear, attacked our depots, and to meet him was my first thought.

A man came galloping up through the dust into sight, screaming, "Old Zack is coming!" Every soldier gave involuntary utterance to his feelings. Old Zack came—and in fifteen minutes the tide of the battle turned. Four thousand five hundred men repulsed twenty thousand—and it is to the influence of that presence, under God, I think, that I am alive here to dine with you this day.

A Gentleman.—How often did you discharge your pieces that day?

Col. Bragg.—About two hundred and fifty rounds to each gun.

Another Gentleman.—How near was the enemy to your pieces at any one time?

Col. Bragg.—Within fifty yards at one time.

Another.—Where was Gen. Taylor?

Col. Bragg.—Within forty yards.

The good taste and simplicity in his closing remarks are worthy of all praise.

Gentlemen, I am a soldier, and no politician. I know General Taylor only as a soldier and a man. I speak of him only as the commander-in-chief of our army in Mexico. I have nothing to do with his politics or yours. It is the duty of a soldier cheerfully to obey whomsoever you put into power. I could not help speaking of my commander when thus toasted, as I have been by you, for services under him. I have nothing to do with politics.

This is the testimony of a gallant soldier, who speaks not from report; but who was a prominent actor in the eventful scenes which he has so beautifully depicted. To our opponents it may be worth more, from the fact that Capt. Bragg is a "Democrat," though an ardent supporter of the election of Gen. Taylor.

The King Snake.

A late writer in one of the public journals represents the king snake of the South as the natural enemy of the mockasin, a powerful and venomous reptile, though not aware that he is the enemy of any other of the serpent tribe. At the South, however, I believe it is generally understood that he makes war on every other species of the serpent; he is most renowned, however, for combats with the formidable mockasin, in which he is believed to be always the conqueror. He not only attacks the mockasin when he accidentally crosses his path, but he hunts him with all the cunning and perseverance with which a dog hunts a rabbit.—when he approaches his prey, he does it in a quiet and stealthy manner, until near enough, with a quick and rapid movement, and with a single spring, to plant his fangs in the back of his enemy's neck. In this he never fails. He then coils himself around the body of the mockasin and tightens his folds; and never relaxes the tenacity of his deadly embrace until the life of his victim has become extinct. This is generally in the course of an hour or two—perhaps less. But I have known one instance in which the mockasin was found alive after an embrace of twelve hours, and the king snake holding him as lovingly as at first.

The king snake is equally hostile to rats and mice. He is not of great length, but thick and muscular; and is perfectly harmless to man. He is regarded in a friendly light, and no one troubles him. He is a bold fellow too. In passing through an extensive wood I met with one coiled up so near the carriage track that one of my wheels actually grazed his skin; and yet he disdained to move. Backing my sulkey, I touched him pretty smartly with the "snapper" of my whip, probably twenty times in the course of ten minutes. He would, each time, raise his head, look at me, and writhe his body, but absolutely refused to budge an inch. I should judge him to have been about five feet long, as he crossed the road just before I came up with him.

The mockasin is an ugly looking customer.—He is also short and thick, and somewhat resembles the rattlesnake in form and color, though he has more of the dark coppery hue. He is amphibious, and is sometimes, though rarely, taken in the water, by means of hook and line. When attacked on the land he attempts to seek refuge in the water. Great stories are told about his venom, and the fatality of his bite; but I never heard of a well authenticated account of any having died in consequence of it. The general impression is, that the skin of a person bitten by this reptile assumes the mottled hue of the reptile himself; and that the most effectual remedy is the sound of a violin! I have met with no one who could swear to either fact.—Providence Journal.

Fight between a Rat and a Frog.

The Dover Gazette gives the following account of a most singular and desperate encounter between a frog and a rat, at a brook near a slaughter-house in that town, a few days since:—"It appears that a rat came down to the brook to drink, and discovering a frog, 'with force and arms,' made an attack upon him, by making a firm grasp with his teeth; no sooner did the rat make his hold, than the frog dove into the water, dragging his antagonist with him, where he remained until the rat was compelled to let go, and make for dry land, closely pursued by the frog. As soon as the frog appeared above water he was again attacked by the rat, and a second time became the subject of cold water bathing. This feat was several times performed, until the rat, from exhaustion and drowning, fell a prey to his antagonist. After the frog became fully assured that his combatant was dead, he seated himself upon his dead carcass with all the complaisance imaginable, where he remained nearly half an hour, exulting as it were over his hard-won victory. Several persons were present and witnessed the fight.

Why is a printer like a barber? Because he is requested to soap every one who wants to appear with a clean face before the public.