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

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From the Wilkes-Barre Advocate.

**Taylor Song.**  
BY C. L. A. CHAPMAN.

TUNE—"Cheer up my lively Lads."  
The Locos now are sore perplexed  
In looking off their P-o-o-olk.  
For all they did for him expect  
Is ended but in smoo-o-oke.  
Then cheer up, my lively lads!  
Run up your flag and nail her!  
Cheer up my lively lads!  
We've elected old Zack Taylor.

For Oregon, the British roar  
He said he never se-we-wered,  
But when he began to 'smoke' a war  
To forty-nine he cle-we-wered.  
Then cheer up, &c.

A 'better Tariff-man than Clay,'  
Protection he would f-wi-wix,  
Then laughed and said he meant to say  
The Tariff of forty-si-wi-wix.  
Then cheer up, &c.

The 'mint drops,' without measure, he  
Had promised them in ba-wa-wags—  
A 'Constitutional Treasury'  
Is nothing but ra-wa-wags.  
Then cheer up, &c.

'Whig Panic' all and 'Humbag' too  
Was a war with Mexico-o-o,  
But now it makes them blue  
To pony up the 'dough'-o-o.  
Then cheer up, &c.

So now they've voted him an ass,  
The 'Younger Hickory' we-we,  
And took another of the class  
And added on a C-we-we.  
Then cheer up, &c.

This Hero, when the Lion roared,  
On British soil did ju-wu-wump,  
And though he never fleshed his sword  
He ran it in a stu-wu-wump.  
Then cheer up, &c.

And when Old Tip the Savage fought  
He was a 'Granny's' a-wa-waid,  
I s'pose he tied his petticoat  
And held it when he fle-we-wed.  
Then cheer up, &c.

O, General! this will never do—  
Such trash is all in va-wa-wain,  
There's no one left to lie you through—  
Not even John Ka-wa-wane.  
Then cheer up, &c.

Now here's good-bye to Jimmy K.,  
Kikewise to Lewis Ca-wa-wass—  
Salt River is not an easy way—  
You'd better take that 'Pa-wa-wass.'  
Then cheer up, &c.

And if a white horse you should meet—  
An old man on his ba-wa-wack—  
You'd better clear the road 'a feet'—  
It's no one but Old Za-wa-wach!  
Then cheer up, &c.

An Illinois Editor speaking of a bankrupt in that State, says that he broke every bank and Sabbath-day that has been in that State for the last five years.

**Training of Horses.**—To MAKE A HORSE FOLLOW YOU.—You may make any horse follow you in ten minutes; go to the horse, rub his face, jaw, and chin, leading him about, saying to him, "come along," a constant tone is necessary. By taking him away from persons and horses repeat rubbing, leading and stopping, sometimes turn him round all ways, and keep his attention by saying, "come along." With some horses it is important to whisper, to them, "it hides the secret and gentles the horse; you may use any word you please, but be constant in your tone of voice." The same will cause all horses to follow.

## The Wagon Maker's Story.

While the army was at Monterey, a volunteer belonging to the Arkansas cavalry, who had just joined his company, was in possession of a splendid bay charger. One morning he had him out exhibiting his paces, bantering the whole of Mexico in general, and the lookers-on in particular for a swap.

"Come boys, spunk up some on ye give us a banter, and let's have a trade."  
After trying some time unsuccessfully, an old gentleman who had been quietly enjoying the fun, stepped up and observed—

"Friend, your horse is really a fine one, and as I should like to have him, I will give you a trade."  
"Them's um, my fine fellow; trot out your nag, and let's see what he's like."

The old gentleman's horse was sent for, and old Arkansas, after a thorough examination, said—  
"Well, daddy, I like your boss, and you do mine, give us the difference and its a trade!"  
"How much?"  
"Forty dollars! Will you give it?"  
"No; there is not over twenty dollars between them."

"Look here, my old coon; you may be a mighty fine old chap, and I believe you are, case you are willing for a swap? but you can't fool this child in a hoss trade—I've swapped by moonlight afore now. But I'll tell you what it is—give me thirty dollars and it's a bargain."  
"Well, come to my tent and get your money."

"Well, go it is. I say, daddy, what are you driving at out here in Mexico—trading round 'mong the boys, and all that sort of thing?"  
"No not exactly, I have been sent out here with the army, to take care of things, and see that all goes right."

"Aye, are, I understand, a kind of bossing things round about."  
"Well, my young friend, what induced you to volunteer?"  
"Well, I thought I'd like to look at the country, splurge round awhile, kill a Mexican or so, swap a horse now and then, and see old Rough and Ready. In this your tent?"  
"Yes, walk in. Thirty dollars I am to pay you, there is the money."

"O. K. I say daddy, when we trade down our way, we generally clinch it with a drink. Have you anything to take?"  
"Certainly, what will you have?"  
"Red Eye! Ere's luch. Now daddy, as you've been about for some time, may be you've seen Old Zack?"  
"Yes."

"Then I'm bound to see the old boss; the boys all say he is some, and I want it. What kind of a looking coon is he?"  
"About such a looking man as I am."  
"What mought your name be?"  
"Taylor."  
"A cousin of the general's?"  
"No."  
"A brother?"  
"No."

"Well! who are you?"  
"I am General Taylor."  
"Look here, old gentleman, you're a mighty clever old fellow, and know a heap about a hoss, but you don't know much about human nature, if you think to crowd down me. I ain't green and it's no go. Day, day, daddy, you can't come."

On returning to his comrades, the first inquiry was—  
"Well, how did you get along with the General?"  
"General! what General?"  
"Why, General Taylor."  
"Come boys, come now, don't be fooling—Was that Old Rough and Ready?"  
"Well, he told me so; but I did not believe him, he was so friendly like. I said a heap to him that I would not have done, had I known who he was. But I'll go and 'pologize and make it right."

He proceeded to the General's tent, saluted him, and commended—  
"General, I've to 'pologize to you, being as how I didn't know who you were. If I said any thing improper, or too familiar like, and gave offence, I hope you'll forgive me."  
"No offence, my friend, I have nothing to forgive. If you are satisfied I am. Good morning."

On returning to his companions, he said—  
"Well, boys, I did it; he said there was no offence, and gave me a shake of his honest old hand. Hurrah for Old Zack. He's clear grit, knows all about a hoss and a heap about human nature."

**Hurricane in Cuba.**—A terrible storm commenced in Cuba on the 3d of October, and continued four days. The wind blew with great violence, the rain fell in a deluge, and thick clouds obscured the light of the sun, suspending a business in the towns, and putting a stop to agricultural labor in the country.

**A Warm Reception.**—Rusticus wrote a letter to his love, and filled it full of warm and keen desire. He hoped to raise a flame—and so he did: The lady put his nonsense in the fire.

## General Scott's Kindness to his Old Soldiers.

Our departed friend Maj. Samuel Horn whilst in the city of Mexico, often expressed his desire to see and have some conversation with his brave leader, under whom he fought so gallantly in the last war with Great Britain. Accordingly upon repeated assurances of kind reception from some of his officers, the major was induced to call upon the General. Horn accordingly presented himself at the quarters of the General rigged out in his best, as neat and clean as a new pin, highly elated with the idea of seeing his idol commander. The guard on post required his pass; Sam. told him he had no pass, but merely wished to see the General. The sentry informed him that that was contrary to his instructions. He was not to admit any one but those who had business with the General, and he could not allow him to enter the gate. But the Major persisted, and declared he would not be put off in such a manner; he would see the General in spite of all the guards in Mexico—he had come with that intention and see him he was determined. The Sergeant came out, having heard the controversy, to ascertain the cause, and attempted to coax the major off, but to no purpose. Meanwhile the General, who was up stairs immediately above the entrance, had been a silent witness to the whole proceeding; stepped to the back door and called the Sergeant to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, and on being informed that it was an old Soldier who had served in Canada under him, immediately ordered our old friend into his presence, where after having shaken the old man cordially by the hand, he led him to a seat on the sofa and sat down by his side and chatted for over an hour with the major about old times. During this time several officers called; the General begged to be excused attending to them as he was engaged. Upon leaving he put his hand into his pocket and presented the Major with an eagle, and bid him call frequently to see him, which permission our departed friend, however, never made use of. Such treatment of soldiers, so far beneath him, has endeared General Scott to all who have had the honor to be under him.

From the Easton Whig and Journal.  
Mr. HETRICH will confer a favor by publishing the following extract from a Soldier's Note Book.

At a late ball, at East Pascagoula, General Taylor, his lady and daughter, and Major Bliss, were present. Of them a correspondent of the Mobile Herald writes as follows:—  
"Mrs. Gen. T.—Dress plain and in good taste; manners dignified and easy, countenance rather stern, but it may be the consequence of military association. Person tall and commanding, demeanor retiring, with no palpable predilection for high station; and, judging from appearances, one would suppose the White House offers no peculiar attractions to Mrs. Gen. T., and if her 'liege lord' would listen to her sage and well-considered counsel, it is not unlikely he would be content to remain as Gen. T."

"Miss Betty T.—Dress, rich white muslin—very handsome and becoming, and in character. Miss T. is of the right stature—not too full and not too short; figure round and symmetrical. Her complexion is almost so pure as to seem transparent; face in repose, slightly tinged with a pensiveness; countenance open and intelligent, and under the magic of one of her sweet smiles, is most bewitching. Manner easy and graceful, motion light and elastic, conversation sprightly and unembarrassed. With much beauty, her strength is that of the heart, and her heroism that of the affections. Such a lady deserves a Blissful life."

General Z. Taylor was present at the ball, in undress military, and remained until a seasonable hour. It was not his fault if he did not make himself agreeable to the ladies and gentleman. As well as I could determine, he bore himself gallantly through the actions, and retired under colors flying.

"Colonel Bliss, I take it, is not much of a ladies' man. He is but seldom seen in the parlor, and, I believe, did not honor the ball with his appearance. He is an intellectual-looking man, a about crossing the meridian of life, attentive to his duties, as adjutant, and his correspondence, as private secretary. He is apt and diplomatic in epistolary correspondence as any man in the country, and, for his eminent success, has acquired a well deserved reputation."  
Of General Twiggs, who was also present, the same writer says:—  
"There stood the gallant Twiggs—the Kleber of the American army—his white locks streaming in the breeze, but white not from age, but, perhaps, from the effects of early piety."

## The Mother's Lesson.

A mother, sitting in her parlor, overheard her child, whom a sister was dressing, say repeatedly, "No, I don't want to say my prayers."  
"Mother," said the child, appearing at the parlor door,  
"Good morning, my child."  
"I am going to get my breakfast."  
"Stop a minute, I want you to come and see me first."  
The mother laid down her work in the next chair, as the boy ran towards her. She took him up. He knelt in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backward and forward—  
"Are you pretty well this morning?" said she, in a kind and gentle tone.  
"Yes, mother, I am very well."  
"I am very glad you are well. I am very well, too; and when I waked up this morning and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."  
"Did you?" said the boy in a low tone—half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at its work.  
"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.  
"No, but I have felt mine."  
"Well, don't you feel mine now—how it goes beating?"  
"Yes," said the child.  
"If it should stop beating, I should die."  
"Should you?"  
"Yes, I can't keep it beating."  
"Who can?"  
"God!" A silence. "You have a pulse too, which beats here in your bosom, in your arm, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you; who could?"  
"I don't know," said the child, with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.  
"So when I waked this morning, I thought I'd ask God to take care of me, and all of us."  
"Did you ask him to take care of me?"  
"No."  
"Why not?"  
"Because I thought you would ask him yourself."

A long pause ensued—the deep and thoughtful expression of his countenance showed that his heart was reached.  
"Don't you think you had better ask him yourself?"  
"Yes," said the boy, readily.

He knelt again in his mother's lap, and uttered, in his simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection of Heaven.

An extraordinary circumstance happened during the late hurricane in the Island of Antigua. The house of an overseer on one of the plantations was raised up into the air and after being carried about 80 feet was turned upside down before it came to the ground; a mother with her child who were in at the time escaped with a few slight contusions.

## "Taking the Mississippi."

While Mr. Sam. Stockwell, the artist, now engaged on the great panorama of the Mississippi was one afternoon slowly floating down the river in his boat, a very uncomfortable shower came pattering down, at the moment he was about dropping anchor to sketch the picturesque establishment of a squatter. He hesitated a moment, but finally let go, and his boat swung around in the stream.

"Vor, ish you going to pictur' him mit der rafal?" inquired his German boatman.  
"No," says Sam, "but I'm going to pictur' him mit the pencil. We are now about at the right spot to take a good view of that odd looking cabin, and if we go on we will lose it. So haul out the old umbrella, and I will try a sketch. Perhaps by the time we finish our view, the proprietor will invite us to take some buttermilk with him."

This old umbrella had, by certain violent discussions received on the trip, become quite a curiosity. One half of the whalebone were gone, and when it was hoisted, it hung like a wo-begone sombrero over its owner. The pitching of it carelessly into the boat on sundry occasions, ill-shaped sky-lights in its roof; and taken altogether, it was the sorriest apology for shelter ever stretched over a sovereign citizen of the great United States. Sam, however, worked away beneath the "gingham," until he finished his sketch. All this time an affluent from the top of his cone-like covering poured a flood of dark tinged water through one of the holes, and down his neck.—His German watched this stream with intense interest, as if calculating how much the artist's clothes would hold before they would leak. When he had finished, George, the German, broke forth in admiration.

"Well, for a little mans, you soaks more water den ever I sees before. It will take you von week to pe so nice and dry as ve ves shust now.  
Just then a voice from shore hailed them.  
"Look yar, you with that awful ugly hat; what in thunder are you sittin' out thar in the rain for? Who are you! What are you goin' to do?"  
"I am going to canvass the Mississippi," said Sam.

"You're an electioneerer ar' you?" inquired the squatter.  
"No, not exactly," said Sam, "except in a small way for my own individual benefit. I am going to 'take the river.'"  
"Whar ar you goin' to take it to?" inquired the squatter.  
"All round the country," said Sam, "and over to England."  
"Well afore you kin do that, you'll hev to git an awful big tub, and sot yourself at the mouth to draw it off."  
"Oh, no," says Sam, "I am drawing it off now." The squatter looked up and down the shore two or three times, and then shouted back.  
"I don't see as it gits much lower—your suckin' machine draws it off dreadful slow."  
"I am painting the Mississippi, my friend," answered the artist.  
"Hev you got my cabin chalked down?" he inquired.  
"Yes," answered Sam, "and you, too."  
"Good, by thunder!" said the squatter. "When you show me them English follars, jest tell 'em I'm a Mississippi screamer. I kin hoe more corn in a day than any Yankee machine ever invented, and when I hit anythin' from a bullock down to humin natur, they generally think lightnin' is comin'."  
"Are you a Taylor man?" inquired Sam.  
"No, by thunder," says he.  
"Do you go in for Cass, then?" inquired Sam.  
"Well, I calculate not, stranger," shouted he.  
"What! do you support Van Buren!" continued the artist.  
"No Sir," shouted the screamer; "I support Betsey and the children, and it's d—d tight screwin' to get along with them, with corn at only twenty-five cents a bushel."  
"Good bye, stick to Betsey and the children," said Sam; "they are the best candidates out; and raising anchor he floated off. As he sped onward the squatter's voice reached him once more, and it's burthen was.  
"Hurrah for General Jackson, the old Mississippi, and me and Betsey!"—[St. Louis Reveille.

**Human Life Estimated by Pulsation.**—An ingenious author asserts that the length of a man's life may be estimated by the number of pulsations he has strength to perform. Thus, allowing seventy years for the common age of man, and sixty pulses in a minute for a temperate person, the number of pulsations in his whole life would amount to 2,075,200,000; but if by intemperance he forces his blood into a more rapid motion, so as to give seventy-five pulses in a minute, the number of pulses would be completed in fifty years, consequently his life would be reduced fourteen years.

JOHN BULL.