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

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From the Louisville Journal, Spring.
I know that the Spring-time
Is come, for I heard
In the morn's early prime
The blithe bluebird,
And high in the clear sky
The martin, that brings
Tidings of Summer night,
Warm on his wings!
And see, in the hedge hid
The violet blue,
With its half-opened lid
Laden with dew;
And in the border trim
The crocus lifts up,
As a young novice prim,
Her tiny cup.
And the brook hurries fast
With bright dimpled face,
As a child frolics past
Flushed with the chase;
And the wind wooing sighs
Delight as it goes,
From the sweet budding lips
Of the young rose!
Oh! 'tis the season gay,
When earth from its gloom,
Warmed by the vernal ray,
Bursts into bloom!
And the soul's cherished thought,
Imprisoned too long,
By its own fervor taught,
Breaks into song!
Then hail to the Spring-time!
Her sunshine, her showers!
Welcome the merry chime
Heard in her bowers!
Hail her with beaming brow,
With sports and with cheer!
Crown her with garlands now,
Queen of the Year!

March, 1847. C.
A Song for the Million.
When in the battle's stormy track,
The legions of the foeman came,
Who was it drove them back?
"Old Zack!"
On Palo Alto's bloody field,
Beneath Columbia's starry field,
Stood, victor, 'mid the war clouds black,
"Old Zack!"
Next day within the "Palm Ravine,"
Arista's lances proudly gleam,
And, foremost 'mid the battle's rack,
With eagle eye and dauntless mien,
"Old Zack" was seen
The desperate fight at Monterey,
Will be remembered many a day;
Amid the dead-encumbered street,
Ten thousand warriors madly meet,
Ten thousand bayonets, gleaming bright,
Are mingling in the desperate fight.
They yield—they fly!—Freemen! be steady!
Three cheers! Huzza! for
"Rough and Ready."
"Have you heard the news, Mrs. Clapper?"
"Oh, no, Mrs. Rattler; do tell it to me."
"Why they say that Mr. Folk is taken prisoner
by Mrs. Anna, and he's got to pay three million
dollars before they will let him go!"
"My gracious! I wonder what John will say
about it, when he gets home."
A Frenchman, wishing to tell a fat lady that she
was very considerate, said, "Madame, you are very
considerable."
A Yankee has invented a machine for taking
the noise out of thunder.

EXTRACTS FROM FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS. Fate of Outlaws.

(From the "Secret Band of Brothers; or the American Outlaws," a work by J. H. Green, the Reformed Gambler, now in press, and shortly to be published.)

I have frequently, in the course of my work, had to notice the very intimate connections which those concerned in the administration of justice, or ostensibly in the suppression of crime, had with those who perpetrate it. In all our large cities, this occasionally forces itself into public notice. Anxious as the authorities always are to conceal any thing of this kind, it accidentally leaks out. The opportunity for concealment, and the advantages afforded by official station, have not been overlooked by the Brothers, and the police of every city contains several of the fraternity. In all fairness, however, the great mass of crime connected with such establishments ought not to be laid to their charge. The very wish to be connected with the police, indicates a morbid disposition of the mind—a desire to be familiar with crime; for it is necessary to detect it successfully, to come in contact frequently with the criminal. In consequence, by familiarity, crime loses its enormity, the police officer sees how seldom the perpetrator is detected; how often, when detected, he escapes unwhipped of justice; he connives at some petty offence, in the hope of entrapping the criminal in some more flagrant act, and tampers with crime, till the little moral sensibility he had when he entered the service is destroyed. This is obviously a true picture of human nature; but I must proceed with the story which suggested these remarks. In no city of the Union has the depredations of the Band of Brothers been more extensive than in Cincinnati, Ohio, yet there seems to be a prevailing wish, entertained even by those who have witnessed their ravages, to doubt the existence of any such organization. Nor am I surprised at this incredulity—the thought that we are surrounded by hundreds of individuals, sworn to protect and assist one another in their ravages upon our lives and property is no very pleasant prospect for contemplation. Sincerely I wish it were merely a dream of the night, but the unaccountable and sudden downfall of some of the most respectable and talented families of that city convince that it yet exists in all its awful realities. In confirmation of this I will introduce the history of one family, guarding myself as much as possible from saying any thing that might hurt the feelings of any of the relatives yet living. It consisted of five boys—at least that number is all that has come under my notice; the eldest, at the age of sixteen, connected himself with bad associates, was committed to the jail on a charge of theft, and convicted. In a short time the next brother followed in the same course, and shared the same fame. The remaining children were yet young, and to preserve them from the vicious habits of the elder ones, the father kept them at hard labor every day. We are not intimately acquainted with the character of the father, but never heard any thing laid to his charge but that he was a dissipated, and so far an immoral man. He at least gave his children an example of industry and could not be suspected of training them in dishonest practices. The eldest son was pardoned, or served his time out, we forget which, and came home to his father's house; but was soon taken in another misdemeanour, and sentenced to ten year's confinement in the Kentucky State Prison. At the expiration of his term the second also returned, but fearfully depraved and abandoned. He seemed to take a delight in all manner of wickedness, and bore evidence that he came from a good school. After a few months of dissipation, supported by robbery, he was again taken, convicted the second time, and sent to the State Prison. From it he made his escape, and found his way to Vicksburg, but on attempting a robbery, he was detected, and shot through his left shoulder, the ball fracturing the bone very badly. One day while he was under arrest, several men visited him; he was alarmed when they first entered, but soon regained his self-possession. One of the party inquired why he seemed so much affrighted at their entrance; to which he replied, that at first sight he had taken one of them for a man of the name of Phelps. [A robber who was afterwards taken, and attempted to break jail, but was shot down in the streets of Vicksburg. For particulars see "Gambling Unmasked."] A very friendly feeling was soon established between the robber and his visitors; in a few days he was taken from jail, and bent his way for New Orleans where he was again detected in the very act of robbery, but in attempting to escape was shot down by the captain of the guard. This same year of his death the third brother got into difficulty, and was sentenced to the Penitentiary for three years. Before the expiration of his sentence, the fourth was convicted. The fifth boy at this time was about seventeen, and he too was caught stealing, convicted, and received his sentence about the time the fourth regained his liberty. The third brother, after serving the specified pe-

riod in what is called the Penitentiary, took his way south where he was again committed for robbery, and sentenced to five years' confinement in the Louisiana State Prison. At the expiration of that period he started for home, but when near the island of Sixty-six, on the Mississippi, he concluded to take a trunk and jump over-board. This feat he accomplished successfully; but unluckily for him, it was in the same year in which so many outlaws were put to death by the citizens, and having connected himself with a band who were at that time flooding the river with counterfeit coin, negro-stealing, and indulging in all manner of villainy, he was taken by a company and with about forty others put to death, some being shot, and others tied up in sacks and thrown into the Mississippi. The fifth brother was now in the Ohio Penitentiary, the fourth in the Indiana State Prison, but the eldest brother was released from confinement, and returned to Cincinnati. His long confinement, however, seems to have had no very beneficial effect, for in a few months he was again convicted of petit larceny, and sentenced to serve in the chain-gang. Here he conducted himself so well as to gain the unqualified commendation of one of the drivers, who in consequence treated him indulgently. About this period, there was much excitement, by frequency of night robberies, and no trace of the thieves could be found, by which they could be detected. The most vigilant means were used, and many were sent to the jails and penitentiary, but still the robberies went on. Among those committed at this period, was the fifth brother, who for a short period had enjoyed his liberty. The eldest brother served out his time in the chain gang, and after being liberated, suddenly disappeared; and what surprised many, the driver of the chain gang disappeared at the same time. A day or two after their disappearance, a drover from Kentucky, who had been at Cincinnati, and was on his way home, was taken from his horse, robbed, his throat cut, and left for dead upon the road side. They had, however, merely severed the windpipe, and on being discovered, he was able to give such information as led to the detection of the driver and his friend, the convict. They were arrested and identified by the mangled drover; and the citizens, knowing the desperate character of the elder brother, who had served an apprenticeship in their own State Prison, gave them a trial according to "Lynch" custom, and hung them both. Thus ended the life of the eldest of the brothers—the third who had suffered the penalty of death for their crimes. The suspicions of the people were excited by this occurrence, and a train of investigation set on foot which left no doubt but that the recent robberies were committed by the chain driver and his gang. At night they were freed from their chains, allowed to prowl about and plunder, and brought their spoils to the prison, where it could easily be stowed away without suspicion. We believe that we are quite within the mark, if we attribute one-eighth of the robberies committed in large cities, to the police, or perpetrated with their connivance. Many, we hesitate not to say, are done by men whom the public believe to be in prison. It has become a proverb, "Set a thief to catch a thief," and the public seem to have acquiesced that thus it shall ever be. There is an allowed and constant connection between the criminal and the officer engaged in suppressing crime, but whether it be necessary and unavoidable, or the best disposition possible, deserves some consideration. The hangman is in general only a little more fortunate than his culprit. The leader of a band of Regulators is commonly more ferocious, and as lawless as the victim against whom his fury is directed. The lawyer unscrupulously pockets a fee, which he knows has been obtained by the plunder of the citizens. Not a few of them hang about our jails, crying into the means of the prisoners, and divide with them the spoil, sheltering themselves from communicating any disclosures they make under their judicial privileges. But if justice be the end of the law, why should the communication of a prisoner to his counsel be held sacred? If the case be undefensible otherwise, why should it be defended, unless it be to give a fee to the lawyer, at the expense of justice? With all deference to the legislators of our country, and to the gentlemen of the legal profession, this seems a privilege not to be envied; to know that you are assisting to defraud, but debarred by custom from disclosing it; to know that the culprit is guilty, and deserves punishment or restraint, but to send him forth again upon society to commit further crime. Our readers may be anxious to know what become of the other two brothers, the fourth and fifth. At this moment we believe they are both in the State Prison. Now, how was the ruin of this once respectable family accomplished? Why did the fate of the elder not deter the younger from crime? Were they merely drawn along by the contagion of ill-example, or were there more potent influences at work in their destruction? And why did punishment and penitentiaries do so little

in their reformation? The greater part of their lives were passed within their walls, cut off from the influence of evil, but we see no sanitary effect. We will not answer these questions directly, but in the course of this work will supply the reader with materials to answer them for himself. We have every reason to believe that the eldest and the second were entangled in the meshes of The Secret Band of Brothers, in a manner from which there was no escape. They are ever on the lookout for any individual who has forfeited his character, and who promises by his ingenuity or dexterity to be a fit tool for their purposes. Their agents are to be found in all the professions, in the magistracy, and in the prisons and penitentiaries, sometimes under the veil of hypocrisy, assuming a fair exterior at the time they are engaged in all manner of villainy; at other times, when their influence in any place is in the ascendancy, openly showing their real character. Men can be found in many of our towns so notoriously profligate, that not one individual in the place could be found that would say they were honest men, yet through solicitation, party spirit, and sometimes through fear, they are elected to official stations. It is one of the leading objects of the Secret Band, to have as many of the brother-hood in the magistracy as possible, and neither money nor opportunity are spared to effect their object. They know what they are about; they are too sagacious to suppose that a thief will catch a thief; that a gambler will suppress gambling, or a drunkard promote temperance, and it would be well that those who really desire any of these objects, were equally "wise in their generation." **A Spotted Child.** A foundling child was brought to the Alms House on Saturday last, whom the physicians have pronounced one of the wonders of the day. It was a little girl about sixteen months of age. About one half of its body was of a fair complexion and the remainder was of a rich copper color, and the dark spots were all covered with a long white hair. In the centre of its forehead was a round dark spot, and the same hue covered the breast and legs. The countenance of the child was really beautiful, and its health seemed to be perfectly good. **VEGETABLE BUTTER.**—It is stated that recent investigations have proved that butter may be produced from hay or grass, without depending on a cow for its preparation, and that an expert chemist can produce thirteen pounds of butter from one hundred weight of hay—being nearly twice as much as can be produced from the milk of a cow during the consumption of an equal quantity of hay as food. We presume it must be a very expert chemist indeed! Several members of the Massachusetts House of Representatives were seated at the dinner table in Boston, when one of them said—Will the gentleman from Andover please pass the butter this way? Pretty soon another spoke—will the gentleman from Worcester please pass the salt this way? when one of our city wags taking the hint, turned round to the black waiter and said distinctly—Will the gentleman from Africa please pass the bread this way? The latest case of modesty is that of a lady who discarded her lover, a sea captain, because in speaking of one of his voyages, he said that he hugged up to the shore. The female cod-fish is supposed to carry in her ovary more than 500,000,000 of eggs. An Irishman hearing that Mexico was about treating, exclaimed: "Boys, Mex is goin' to treat! Be jabers, I'm glad of it! I've been wanting a dhrup this many a day." **To cure Corns.** Scrape the corn so as to nearly cause it to bleed—apply a salve composed of Calomel and Lard—renew the application three or four times a week—keep the feet clean, and wear loose shoes. A positive cure will be effected. So says one who has tried it. "Bobby, my love," said a silly mother to her darling whom she had been cramming with tarts and other good things, "can you eat any more?" "Why, y-e-s, mamma," was young hopeful's hesitating reply, "I think I could, if I stood up." The greatest miracle of love is the reformation of a coquette.

Interesting Incidents at the Battle of Buena Vista.
The American Flag, of Matamoros, contained an elaborate account of the battle of Buena Vista, most of the details of which were derived from Major Coffee and Lieut. Crittenden, and have been already published in the New Orleans papers. A few incidents of interest, which we do not remember to have seen chronicled, are annexed:—
On the 23d, at early dawn, the battle was renewed with great fury. The chief efforts of the enemy seemed to be directed against the left wing, composed of Gen. Wool's division, Gen. Lane being in command of the Indian brigade. The fight was most obstinate and sanguinary. Santa Anna, from his vastly superior forces, was enabled to direct, against this part of our army, three or four men to one. They fought with determined bravery, and fully redeemed their character from the aspersion heretofore cast upon it. Being composed chiefly of cavalry, they galloped up to the very mouths of our guns, and cut and hanced the gunners. Every man belonging to O'Bryan's battery was either killed or wounded. Captain Bragg seeing this, and fearing that his own guns might be captured, prepared to take another position. At this critical juncture, when a single false move might have proved fatal to the whole army, Major Mansfield, of the Engineer Department, spurred to Gen. Taylor and informed him of the contemplated change of position. "Go back instantly," replied Gen. Taylor, "and tell him not to move an inch, but give them grape and canister." The order was obeyed by the gallant Bragg as promptly as it was given, and his battery instantly vomited forth the most awful destruction, the guns being charged with musket balls and every species of death-dealing missiles. We should have stated that Gen. Wool had been manoeuvring to draw the Mexicans within reach of our artillery. He made a feint of attacking them in force, and suddenly retreating, decoyed them within range of our light batteries. His force opened to the right and left, and the havoc was tremendous. Six thousand cavalry charged Bragg's battery; when within two hundred yards, every gun opened upon them, cutting a lane through their entire column thirty feet broad. A second round halved them for a moment, but the third proved so destructive that they fled in the greatest confusion. The fighting continued for some time after this, but the repulse of this charge upon the battery contributed, more than any thing else, to the victory. The battle lasted eight long hours, without the slightest intermission. The Mexicans fought with all the fury of despair, and left no means untried to carry the day. It is thought by many that if their general officers had headed them on the field, the result would have been different; but these valiant gentlemen, who vaunt so loudly when out of harm's way, took especial care to place their bodies beyond the reach of bullets. Thousands of the Mexicans, after their defeat, fled to the mountains and after the lapse of a few days, presented themselves to General Taylor as prisoners of war. He told them, in their own language, to vamos, that he would have nothing to do with them. Two thousand females, who followed the Mexican army, remained, like ministering angels, to take care of the wounded. Gen. Taylor treated them with the kindness due their sex, and the humanity expected of an American. Blueber and Wellington like, Generals Wool and Taylor met after the retreat commenced. Gen. W. rushed between his extended arms, and congratulated him upon the favorable result of the day's toil. Gen. Taylor playfully retorted:—"O, it's impossible to whip us when we all pull together." THE POPULATION OF NEW ORLEANS.—We learn by a recent census that the total population of the city of New Orleans, with exception of slaves in Third Municipality, is 62,398.—There are in the First and Second Municipalities 75,041 people, of whom 12,614 are slaves, and 6447 free colored persons. In the Third Municipality this discrimination was not made. A very polite young lady seeing a doctor open his lance to bleed her, begged him to desist, as she never had anything to do with doctrinal points.