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

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"NO."

BY ELIZA COOK.

Would you learn the bravest thing
That man can ever do?
Would you be an unlearned king,
Absolute and true?
Would ye seek to emulate
All we learn in story,
Of the moral, just, and great,
Rich in real glory?
Would ye loose much bitter care
In your lot below?
Bravely speak out when and where
'Tis right to utter "No."

Learn to speak this little word
In its proper place—
Let no timid doubt be heard,
Clothed with sceptic gase.
Let thy lips without disguise,
Boldly pour it out;
Though a thousand dulcet lies
Keep hovering about.
For be sure our hearts would lose
Future years of woe,
If our courage could refuse
The present hour with "No."

When Temptation's form would lead
To some pleasant wrong—
When she tunes her hollow reed
To the siren song—
When she offers bribe and smile
And our conscience feels
There is nought but shining guile
In the gift she deals,
Then, oh then, let courage rise
To the strongest flow;
Show that ye are brave as wise,
And firmly answer "No."

Hearts that are too often given
Like street merchandise—
Hearts that like bought slaves are driven
In fair freedom's guise—
Ye that poison soul and mind
With perjury's foul stains,
Ye who let the cold world bind
In joyless marriage chains,
Be true unto yourselves and God,
Let rank and fortune go;
If love light not the altar spot,
Let Feeling answer "No."

Men with goodly spirits blest,
Willing to do right,
Yet who stand with wavering breast
Beneath Persuasion's might,
When companions seek to taunt
Judgment into sin;
When the loud laugh faint would daunt
Your better voice within,
Oh! be sure ye'll never meet
More insidious foe:
But strike the coward to your feet
By Reason's watchword, "No."

Ah! how many thorns we wreathe
To twine our brows around,
By not knowing when to breathe
This important sound.
Many a breast has rued the day
When it reckoned less
Of fruits upon the moral "Nay,"
Many a sad repentant thought
Turns to "long ago,"
When a luckless fate was wrought
By want of saying "No."

Few have learned to speak this word,
When it should be spoken,
Resolution is deferred;
Vows to virtue broken,
More of courage is required
This one word to say,
Then to stand where shots are fired
In the battle fray.
Use it fitly, and ye'll see
Many a lot below,
May be schooled and nobly ruled
By power to utter "No."

"Tom, you see," said a temperance man to a tipping friend, "what makes you drink such stuff as you do? Why, the very hogs wouldn't touch that brand."
"That's cause they is brutes," said Tom. "Poor creatures! they don't know what's good."

An Army of Monkeys.

A NOVEL BRIDGE.

In Capt. Reid's Adventures in Southern Mexico, we find the following curious account of the way monkeys cross streams of water too wide for them to jump over. It is exceedingly curious, and we have no doubt true:

"They are coming, and will most likely cross by the rocks yonder," observed Raoul.

"How—swim it?" I asked. "It is a torrent there!"

"Oh, no!" answered the Frenchman; "monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream, they will bridge it!"

"Bridge it! and how?"

"Stop a moment, Captain, and you shall see." The half human voices now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay. Presently they appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old grey chieftain, and officered like so many soldiers. They were, as Raoul stated, of the *comadreja* or ring tailed tribe.

On an aide de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps ran out upon a projecting rock, and, after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue parties were detailed, and marched to the front. Meanwhile several of the *comadrejas*—engineers, no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the *arroyo*.

At length they all collected around a tall cottonwood, that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost—a strong fellow—ran out upon a limb, and, taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head downward. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipping his tail tightly around the neck and fore-arm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and head down. The third repeated this manoeuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last one upon the string rested his fore paws upon the ground.

The living chain now commenced swinging backward and forward, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement.

This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb, and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk!

The chain was now fast on both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought.

It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain!

The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over! This was the question that suggested itself. Manifestly, by number one letting go his tail. But then the *point d'appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one with half-a-dozen of his neighbors, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soused into the water.

Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girded him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows: and, running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal.

Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, while the higher ones leaped to the branches and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparel and disappeared!

Canine Sagacity.

On Saturday week a dog, belonging to a gentleman residing in Chester, suddenly left his master's house, which he was not in the habit of doing alone, and found his way to the shop of Mr. Platt, chymist, where he attracted attention to his necessities by holding out one of his forepaws.—On examination it was found that a large pin was deeply imbedded in the foot, and this seemed to have been unquestionably the cause of his visit to Mr. Platt, who had only a few days before administered to him a dose of medicine; the dog of course imagining that the gentleman who had previously been of so much service to him would now kindly act the part of an operator. He accordingly did so, and after the operation, "Bow-wow" wagged his thanks, and returned home, much to the astonishment of his owner.—*English paper.*

A pious African at Louisville stumbled while walking, one very dark night, and was pitched head foremost down a cellar, which afforded him an "open entrance." Spawning to his feet, he exclaimed, "Bress de Lord dat I lit on my head! If dis nigger had scraped his shins so hard, I spec he broke his leg."

Vegetarianism.

The editor of the New York "Mirror" has been carrying on a discussion with the Vegetarians, and pitches into them in a way that "can't be beat." He boldly avows his opposition to squashes, turnips, and potatoes, as an exclusive diet, and expresses a determination to stick by roast beef, turkey, boiled mutton, and other such substantial "creature-comforts," to the last. One of the bran-bread and pea-soup "philosophers" having quoted the Chinese as among the advocates and exemplars of vegetable diet, the Mirror is after him "with a sharp stick," as follows:—

That the Chinese are great eaters of rice is very true; but that they vary their diet by feeding on a peculiar race of dogs, fattened upon rice, and also upon rats, mice, snakes, lizards, and even upon earth-worms, (a great delicacy with them,) is susceptible of ample proof. The story of the Yankee captain at Canton, who had ordered, through curiosity, a full course for a Chinese dinner, of whatever cost, is to the point. After taking many equivocal, though palatable dishes, his eye fell upon a platter containing what resembled a pair of ducks. He could speak no Chinese, and his pig-tailed attendant was equally at fault with regard to the English language. The captain at last ingeniously bethought himself of the natural lingo of animals. Pointing to the dish in question, he uttered the words, "quack, quack, quack!" The Chinaman gravely shook his head, and responded with a significant negative, "No! bow, wow, wow!"

"A young lady of my acquaintance," says a friend in a recent note to the Editor, "married recently, and the mother of her husband being in very poor health, she was taken immediately home by her liege lord to nurse and take care of the 'old folks.' In the course of a few months the mother was removed by death. The dutiful and sympathizing daughter-in-law thus expressed her grief at this event, to a company of her neighbors, who called in to take tea with her on an afternoon soon after her sad bereavement: 'Oh, dear!' said she; 'how much I miss my poor, dear mother!—Why, it seems to me I can see her now, just as she used to sit at the breakfast-table, reaching out her fork for the best potato!'" This reminds us of 'a man without a tear,' a Missourian at the grave of his wife: "I have lost cows," he said to a neighbor, as the coffin was lowered into the grave. "I've lost sheep; I've lost hosses, and I've lost calves: but this is the wust of the whole lot!"

A Suffering Youth.

'Father, I want a dollar,' said a country boy—a strapping lad of sixteen, who measured two ax-handles in his stockings—to his dad on Sunday night.—'I want a buzzum pin amazingly, all the big boys in town have got 'em but me.'

'Fudge,' replied the sire, 'a buzzum pin! nonsense! You'd better get a pair of shoes or a new felt, for a dollar, or sumthin' o' some consequence—but b-u-z-z-u-m p-i-n! Pshaw!'

'Humph!' returned the juvenile, 'them 'ere things you spoke on are all well enough in the fall. Won't my palm-leaf dew for this summer, and can't I go bare-foot now? But, sobbed out the stripling, 'I am really sufferin' for a buzzum pin!'

Strange Circumstances.

About fourteen days ago, a young lady, residing at the hillside of Montrose, laid out a beautiful point lace collar on the green to bleach, and thinking, as the green was enclosed, that nothing would molest her handiwork, she left it exposed during the night. In the morning the collar was gone, and the sorrow and vexation felt for the loss can only be conceived by ladies who have spent days and weeks in ornamenting a similar piece of dress. A few nights ago, the lady dreamed that her collar was in a blackbird's nest in another part of the garden, and, after dressing herself, was preparing to see if there was any truth in her dream. She met the servant girl and said, "I dreamed my collar was in the blackbird's nest." "You dreamed truly," was the reply, "for this is it. I took it out of the nest, and it formed a beautiful circle about the eggs."

A Lucky Mistake.

When the surgeon was attending the wound which confined me, he told me a diverting story of a young Swiss soldier, a recruit, who, when his regimentals were making, had procured a round iron plate bordered with holes, which he desired the tailor to fasten on the inside of his coat above his left breast, to prevent his being shot through the heart. The tailor, being a humorous fellow, fastened it in the seat of his breeches, and the clothes being scarcely on his back, when he was ordered to march to the field, he had no opportunity to get this awkward mistake rectified before he found himself engaged in battle; and being obliged to fly before the enemy, in endeavoring to get over a thorn hedge in his way, he unfortunately stuck fast till he was overtaken by the enemy, one of whom, on coming up, gave him a push in the breech with his bayonet, (with no friendly design,) but it luckily hit on the iron plate, and pushed the young soldier clear out of the hedge. This favorable circumstance made the Swiss honestly confess that the tailor had more sense than himself, and knew better where his heart lay.—*Henry Bruce.*

The following sentiment was given on the 4th inst., at a celebration in Pennsylvania:—*The Day we Celebrate.*—May its mornings continue to be ushered in with peals of joy by unborn millions.

How unborn millions can shout, we don't know—we should think they could shout better after they were born than before. *Boston Post.*

History of the Buena Vista Flag of Truce.

Among the really valuable addresses delivered on the occasion of the death of the late President Taylor, is one pronounced at Salem, Mass., on the 18th ult., by the Hon. C. Upham. It contains an account of the celebrated flag of truce which, during the battle of Buena Vista, was sent from Santa Anna to Gen. Taylor; and as this account was derived from the lips of the late President, it is veracious in every respect and will hereafter pass into history.—The passage is as follows:

As this incident of the battle may possibly, if the secret history of the war is ever fully revealed, be found to shed light upon it, I will here record the facts related to me by Gen. Taylor himself. During the height of the conflict a flag was seen approaching. The emergencies of the day had so stripped him of his staff, that having no one to send, he went himself to meet it. As the young officer who bore it could not speak English, nor he Spanish, the conference took place in French. The communication was this: "Gen. Santa Anna desires to know what Gen. Taylor wants?" Feeling somewhat indignant that a message so apparently impertinent should have been sent at such a moment, and regarding it as perhaps a device merely to gain time or some other illegitimate advantage, or at best a species of trifling, he gave an answer dictated by the feeling of the moment. "What Gen. Taylor wants is Gen. Santa Anna's army."

Here the conference closed, and the Mexican officer withdrew. Upon a moment's reflection, he regretted that he had given an answer so undiplomatic, and having so much the air of a repartee. He called to mind the fact that his government had advised him that they had favored the return of Santa Anna to Mexico, from a belief that he was disposed to promote, and might have influence enough with his countrymen to effect a termination of the war, and it occurred to him, really designed to open the way for negotiation, and perhaps pacification—an object ever near to his heart. He rode over the fields in search of General Wool, made known the circumstances to him, and suggested, if not too great a personal exposure, the expediency of his carrying a flag of truce to the Mexican lines to ask an explanation of the message.

To send an officer of his rank, character and position, would remove the indignity, if it should be so regarded, of his blunt and summary answer. General Wool readily and gallantly undertook the service, and rode forth to execute it, but the fire of the Mexican batteries could not again be stopped, and no further parley took place. The next morning, when Col. Bliss was sent with a flag to the Mexican Head Quarters, he was requested to ascertain what had been intended by the message of the previous day, but he found the state of things such as to render it vain to enter upon the subject. The import of the message remains unridicled to this day. Santa Anna can undoubtedly solve the enigma.

Mr. Upham, in the course of his address gives numerous anecdotes, exhibiting the late President's courage and generosity. Among other instances of the display of these qualities on the part of the deceased hero, he gives the following:

In the conversation, from which I derived these interesting items of information, General Taylor described to me the anxious consultations of the second night of the battle. His officers came to him, one after another, expressing a decided opinion that his army was too much broken to be brought up to the struggle another day. He declared to them his belief that, dreadfully as his forces had suffered, the enemy had suffered worse; that retreat or any other alternative was entirely out of the question, that he had made his arrangements to present, still a formidable front to the foe, and all that remained for them was to make up their minds to conquer or die together, if the assault upon their position should be renewed with the returning light. "But," said he, "gentlemen, it will not be renewed. I surveyed the whole field as the sun went down, and I believe we have beaten the enemy."

When the day dawned, it was discovered that Santa Anna had fled from the ground.—General Taylor instantly ordered a train of wagons, provided with medical and other means of relief, accompanied by surgeons from his own army, to follow on the track of the Mexicans and administer to the wants of the wounded and disabled whom they had abandoned on their retreat. Upon some one's expressing a doubt whether such a use of the public stores and wagons, for the benefit of the enemy, would be allowed by the Department, Taylor cut the difficulty short, at once, by saying, "Then I will pay the bill!"—and to provide for the contingency, he directed a separate account to be kept of all that was expended for the purpose.

Care for Ring bone, Spavin, &c.

Take the oil of origanum and the oil of turpentine equal portions, and apply it to the part affected three times a day, by means of a feather, until it gets very sore, then let it heal up, and if the disease is not entirely killed, proceed in the same way again. A young horse or colt can be cured by one application, but an older horse needs more severe treatment. Sometimes it is necessary to keep at it for three months before the cure is perfected in an old horse, yet I never knew an instance where it failed, if attended to. The same remedy will cure the bone spavin.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

A Great Feat.—Clinton Jackson, a young man swam across the Niagara river, under the falls and back again, without landing to take breath. The distance is half a mile, and the current, as is well known is exceedingly strong and turbulent.

A Bit of Humor.

We do not relish truths the less for being occasionally spiced with a little humor. The following extract from the report of a Committee on Hogs, read before an Agricultural Society "down east," contains some excellent hits:

Again, some folks accuse pigs of being filthy in their habits, and negligent in their appearance. But whether food is best eaten off the ground, or from China plates, is, it seems to me, merely a matter of taste and convenience, about which pigs and men honestly differ.

They ought then, to be judged charitably. At any rate, pigs are not filthy enough to chew tobacco, nor to poison their breath by drinking whiskey. And as to their personal appearance, you don't catch a pig playing the dandy, nor the females among them picking their way up this muddy village, after a rain, in kid slippers.

Notwithstanding the heterodox notions, hogs have some excellent traits of character. If one chance to wallow a little deeper in some mire hole than his fellows, and so carries off and comes in possession of more of this earth than his brethren, he never assumes an extra importance on that account; neither are his brethren stupid enough to worship him for it. Their only question seems to be, is he still a hog? If he is, they treat him as such.

And when a hog has no merits of his own, he never puts on aristocratic airs, nor claims any particular respect on account of his family connexions; and yet some Hogs have descended from very ancient families. They understand full well the common sense maxim, "every tub must stand on its own bottom."

To color Walls.

Take good stone lime, and slack it in the ordinary way. Dissolve the crystals of one and a half pounds of blue vitriol in boiling water, and when dissolved, mix it with one pound of glue and pour the whole into the whitewash; or pour in the vitriol first, and then slowly add the glue, stirring the mass constantly, that the ingredients may be thoroughly mixed. The first coat should be put on horizontally, (with a common whitewash brush,) the second vertically, or up and down, and the same as the first. The color will be of a bright blue, resembling that of blue bottles sometimes seen in the windows of druggists' shops. The above constitutes a very beautiful as well as exceedingly cheap coloring matter for walls.

A short Oration for the Fourth of July, for Unprepared Orators.—A western orator being "unexpectedly called upon" at a fourth of July celebration, delivered himself as follows:

Feller citizens—the great bird of American liberty's flew aloft, and soarin' upon the wings of the wind, is now hoverin' high o'er the cloud-capped summits of the Rocky Mountains, and when he shall have penetrated the unknown regions of unlimited space; and then shall have dug downward, lit on daddy's wood-pile, I shall be ready to exclaim, in the grand, the terrific, the sublime language of Paul the Apostle, in his celebrated epistle to the Aborigines,—"root, little pig, or die."

Something new.—A White Gunpowder, said to be more powerful than the black, has been manufactured in England. It is composed of chlorate of potash, loaf sugar, and prusiate of potash.

Independence day was celebrated with becoming spirit in Albany. The editor of the Albany Dutchman says he saw four country boys choke themselves with gingerbread before the procession was even formed.

Singular Suicide at St. Louis.

The St. Louis Intelligencer says that a German named Henry Lamert, who resides near the head of the Garondelet Avenue, committed suicide last Monday night by shooting himself with a pistol loaded with water! In the day he had bought the pistol, and at 8 o'clock at night, while in his brother's room, he took an ordinary charge which he poured into the pistol, ramming a wad down after it. Then nearly filling the barrel with water he secured it firmly with a second wad, after which he handed \$5 to his brother, with a request that he would give it to some one to whom it was due, and rushed into his own room. At the report of the pistol his brother followed him, when he found the unfortunate man lying on the floor, with his upper lip, the upper part of his face, and nearly half of the skull blown away. The effect of the pistol's contents were most terrible. Lamert had been married but four months. Jealousy is among some of the causes adduced for his self destruction.

Hard Blowing.

An old gentleman, who came up in one of the Cape May steamers, was relating the effects of the recent storm to a crowd of curious gapers, to whom he declared, with all the seriousness imaginable, that "it blew the heads out of flour barrels and the horns from the cattle."

The Fifth Year.

VOLUME FIVE—YEAR FIVE—OF SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER, PHILADELPHIA—the favorite Family Journal, will commence with the issue of August 10th. A good opportunity is offered persons to become subscribers, as several improvements will be made in its appearance and contents. The long winter evenings will soon be here, when a family paper is the best companion for the fireside. It affords instruction and amusement, and a year's subscription—Two Dollars—though less than the sum paid for three months schooling, will be of twenty times the value. The presence of a newspaper in a family, is an incentive to the young to progress in their education. Address, A. SCOTT, Publisher, No. 115 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.