



JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN

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FOR GOVERNOR.
JOHN BANKS,
OF BERKS COUNTY.

No paper will be issued from this office next week.

Bank Bill Passed.

We have the pleasure of announcing that the Bill establishing a United States Bank, which passed the Senate by a majority of 3, and was sent to the House for concurrence, was passed by that body by a majority of 31 and sent to Mr. Tyler for his signature.

Easton, has furnished a sad chapter of accidents during the past week. A son of Mr. Samuel Depew, merchant, of that place, about 19 years of age, was shot through the abdomen by the accidental discharge of a gun in his own hands, and died in about four hours.

A man named John Gress, a blacksmith by trade, was found drowned, and is supposed to have thrown himself into the river.

GEORGE PIERSOL, who no doubt many of our readers will recollect, was also drowned in the river Delaware. Poor George, although his intellect was darkened, yet we feel sorry that he is gone, for like an old time piece which has been in a family for many years and is removed, so it is with him.—Many will miss him.

The Loco-foco papers in this State, unable to discover any assailable point in the public or private life of John Banks, and aware that a close scrutiny of the conduct of the Previous Pardoner, would be fatal to his hopes of a re-election, are determined if they can, to divert public attention therefrom. Hence the dust they raise in relation to the McLeod affair. But the people are not to be deceived by so shallow an artifice. They have not forgotten that the burning of the Caroline, took place more than two years before Martin Van Buren was turned out of office, and that during all that time, this outrage was passed by in silence. They have not forgotten the course pursued by the loco foco party in the Legislature of New York, when a Mr. Hoffman a loco foco, backed by his party, "made a motion that McLeod be discharged—set free and permitted to roam wherever he chose." Where then was all the fire and fury which these same patriotic presses now evince? That was a different case—it was too much like the course of their now renowned leader Buchanan during the late war, and prudence dictated silence. The following from the Log Cabin Rifle, so fully exposes the hypocrisy of the loco-focos in relation to this McLeod affair, that we present it entire to our readers.

McLeod--Loco Foco baseness.

The loco foco papers of this State and, indeed, of the whole country, are making a spasmodic effort to manufacture capital out of the McLeod affair. Do these BASE, FAWNING SYCOPHANTS think that the people have forgotten that the murder by this blustering BRITISH LOCO FOCO BULLY was committed TWO YEARS AND A HALF BEFORE VAN BUREN WAS DRIVEN FROM THE PRESIDENCY IN DISGRACE, and that during this long time NOT ONE SINGLE STEP WAS TAKEN BY HIM AND HIS TRUCKLING SECRETARY OF STATE, FORSYTH, TOWARDS ITS SETTLEMENT! These NOISY BRAGGARTS seem to treat the people as though they thought them fools, or else they are less cautious in exposing their knavery than they usually are.—After remaining as quiet as lambs for two years and a half under the INDIGNITIES of England and the INSOLENCE of her Minister at Washington, they break out with demagogic fury against an honest American Administration, almost the very first week of its power, because the whole difficulty had not been settled in that time. Would it not be quite as becoming in a press which supported and defended Mr. Van Buren while Secretary of State for INSTRUCTING Jackson's (not the country's) Minister to England to BEG of that Government a small share of the West India trade as a BOON, and to SUPPLICATE her in the most HUMBLE terms, that it might not be denied him, LEST IT MIGHT HAZARD JACKSON'S ELECTION—would it not become such men to be extremely modest in denouncing the present or any other Administration for over much friendship to England! Let them first explain to the people how it is that MARTIN VAN BUREN, WHOSE SON WAS DANCING ATTENDANCE ON THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOON AFTER THIS MURDER OF McLEOD WAS COM-

MITTED, suffered the outrage to be passed over without the faintest attempt to seek satisfaction, except it was TO BEG IT AS A BOON to the President, from the time it happened until the term of his office expired—a period of two years and a half? Do these loco foco scribblers and apologists of England when their party is in power know how to account for this remarkable circumstance? Until they can explain this to the satisfaction of the people, we doubt whether much credit will be given them for their present out break of affected Patriotism.

There is another circumstance connected with this McLeod affair, which the tory editors in the pay of Van Buren and his ally, the Queen of England, would do well to remember, and which we wish the people to understand, as it shows beyond the shadow of a doubt, the contemptible hypocrisy and consummate rascality of the loco foco editors who are bellowing so lustily over this matter. It will be recollected that McLeod was arrested by the order of Mr. SEWARD, THE WHIG GOVERNOR OF N. YORK—that the utmost vigilance was observed by his administration to bring the author of the outrage, whoever he might be, to punishment. Well, no sooner was McLeod arrested than the WHOLE LOCO FOCO PRESS of New York pounced upon GOV. SEWARD WITH THE SAME TIGER-LIKE FEROCITY that they have since upon Mr. Webster, for the course he has pursued. And at the last session of the Legislature of that State, Mr. HOFFMAN, a bitter and unrelenting loco foco member of the Legislature, backed by his party in the House, MADE A MOTION THAT McLEOD BE DISCHARGED—SET FREE AND PERMITTED TO ROAM WHEREVER HE CHOSE. The attempt to liberate the Murderer WAS DEFEATED BY THE WHIGS! Who ever heard a word of this fire and fury which the loco foco papers are now breathing against MR. WEBSTER FOR WISHING TO PUNISH THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT FOR THE AUTHORIZED ACT OF ONE OF HER SUBJECTS RATHER THAN THAT SUBJECT HIMSELF. Two or three of the federal papers of this place are particularly indecent in their course upon this matter, who had not the manliness to open their mouths in relation to it while Van Buren was President, and if they believed that there was a possibility of their being compelled to play a part in the war which they seem to be so anxious for, we will be bound that their courage would soon ooze out at their finger's ends, and their foul mouths would be effectually sealed.

From the Log Cabin Rifle.

The true doctrine. See the principles of a Democrat when in office!

It will be seen by the following manly and patriotic letter of Mr. Troxell, late a member of the Democratic State Central Committee, that he is determined to practice upon the democratic doctrine that office-holders of the federal government shall not interfere in elections. This course will be approved by every right minded man in the State, and we are glad to find that the outrageous system introduced by Jackson is about to be abolished.

READING, July 21, 1841.

To GEO. FORD, Esq. Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee.

Dear Sir—Having been recently appointed to office under the General Government, I consider it my duty to tender to you my resignation of the station which I hold as a member of the Central Committee of the Democratic Harrison Party of Pennsylvania.

The reasons which have induced this course, will at once occur to every one acquainted with the principles of the Harrison party, and the expressed wishes of the present National Administration. The period when the officers of the federal government, were not only permitted, but expected to use their official influence for political purposes, is now past, and a position or course of conduct, which in a private citizen, would be entirely unexceptionable, and even honorable, might, in a public office a servant of the people, be far from proper.

In thus retiring from a station, the duties of which I consider incompatible with other obligations, I may be pardoned for saying, that my attachment to the principles of the Harrison Democracy is unchanged, and that I most ardently hope to see those principles again triumph in Pennsylvania, in the election of the Hon. John Banks. Without attempting to influence the sentiments of any one, and according to all the utmost freedom of thought and action, I do not consider that the right to a free and proper expression of my views and opinions in regard to the political interests of the country, is in any degree diminished by my present position; but it shall be my aim to exercise my privileges, as a citizen, in such a way, as not to interfere with my duty to the people and the government.

I have the honor to be,
With great respect, your friend,
CHARLES TROXELL.

GEN. JACKSON AND THE BANK.—Every now and then the "old Lion" erects his tail and mane, and sends over the Blue Ridge a roar. At the loco foco meeting in the Square the other day, somebody read a letter from the Old Hero, urging upon the meeting to fight against a National Bank. When he was in the Executive Chair, he said he would willingly have furnished a plan of one, if Congress had only asked him for it. His party, like him, blindly oppose every thing which does not originate in their wigwag.—North American.

During a late fire at Boston, a woman is said to have leaped from a window forty feet from the ground without injury. Wonder if her name is n't Sal Patch, a sister of Sam's.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Correspondence of the North American.

Washington, Aug. 5, 1841.

We had quite an amusing scene in the Senate this morning. Mr. Benton presented the proceedings of a meeting held in one of the counties of Virginia, in which the subject of a National Bank was discussed much at large—its dangerous tendency, its unconstitutionality, and its liability to be repealed by any majority of Congress, all figured in bold relief. Mr. Benton concurred in the sentiments of the document. Mr. Archer would not question the respectability of the assemblage, though he had seen a paper printed in the immediate neighborhood which did so, but he protested against any such nullifying doctrines as these going out as the evidence of the feeling of the people of Virginia. A debate sprung up, which Mr. Clay found was likely to consume more of the time of the Senate than was reasonable, and he moved to lay the matter on the table.

Mr. Alabama Clay asked him to withdraw it.

Mr. Clay—Indeed I will not.

Mr. Benton went on to denounce the motion to lay on the table, when Mr. Clay peremptorily called him to order.

Mr. Benton, imperturbable gravity, "take down the words," (alluding to a rule of the Senate which requires words out of order to be submitted in writing.)

Mr. Benton was again proceeding, when Mr. Clay rose and said—"I call the gentleman to order and insist that he take his seat."

Mr. Benton, still standing—"take down the words."

The Chair said that a motion to lay on the table carried with it the motion to print, which Mr. Benton had previously made. The decision was no doubt erroneous.

Mr. Benton said he would not take his seat until the Chair had decided.

The Chair said it had decided.

Mr. Benton—Then I appeal from the decision.

Mr. Clay—I move to lay the appeal on the table. Here a scene of altercation ensued as to the point of order, which seemed for a moment to threaten the harmony of the body; but it subsided almost as suddenly as it was raised. Mr. Cuthbert rebuked the Senator from Kentucky for showing passion. Mr. Clay (bowing with great good humor and smiling,) "with great deference to the gentleman, I submit whether the ebullition of passion is not from the other side.

Mr. Clay reported the bill from the House relating to duties and drawbacks, with several amendments. Mr. Buchanan, speaking in *sotto voce*—I hope there is no soda nor pipe clay in it. Mr. Clay said there was not.

The bill to revise the charters of our District Banks was passed, after Mr. Benton made his last attack—the vote was quite respectable, being 29 to 15.

The Fortification Bill, which has occupied so much time, was at last passed by a vote of 45 to 4. Mr. Calhoun voting in the minority.

The bill which occupied the greater portion of the time of the Senate during a protracted session, was the Navy Pension Bill, which may possibly absorb another day, as no two Senators of either side seem to have any definite idea of it. It was owing to hasty and loose legislation in 1837, that the Navy Pension fund was literally plundered, and finally exhausted. And some Commanders of line-of-battle-ships are now receiving pensions under that act for full disabilities. If there be a greater abuse than that extant; I confess I do not know where to find it.

In the House of Representatives, the Fiscal Bank Bill was under discussion until 11 o'clock at night. The bill, you are aware, comes out of committee to-morrow at 12, and that produces great anxiety on the part of speakers to be heard. Another excellent rule to be adopted by the House would be, not to allow any one member to speak more than once on any given subject.

Mr. Adams submitted a resolution, inquiring by what authority any foreign Minister could hold a correspondence with any Secretary or head of a department, on matters before the National Legislature. This has reference to some communication made to the House by the President.

On motion of Mr. Bouts it was laid on the table, by a vote of 99 to 79.

We were sitting among others in the gallery of the U. S. Senate, listening to the debate on the Bank bill, when Mr. Calhoun rose, and in reply to some remarks from Mr. Clay, remonstrated with great energy against the establishment of a National Bank. It would interfere, he declared, with our State institutions, and in this interference seemed to lie the great burden of his objections. One would have inferred, from the enthusiasm with which he spoke of State Banks, that they were all sound as a nut, and all paying out the precious coin whenever desired, and most especially that the Banks in the Senator's own State were well stored with specie, and challenging all bill holders to their groaning counters. But this flattering picture was all cruelly dashed by Mr. Smith of Indiana, who, rising in his place, held up a bill which read much as follows: "The Directors of the State Bank of South Carolina promise to pay the bearer twenty-five cents in current money." South Carolina, her State Bank, and a twenty-five cent skimpster!! This is the currency which so kindled the admiration of Mr. Calhoun, and over which he seemed to hang with the rapture of a young mother over her first born bud of bliss, and which a National Bank, alas! would destroy! Verily this reminds one of the Indian who refused to change his tomahawk made of a split stick and sharp stone, for one fabricated of good steel.—N. American.

An Escape.

Yesterday morning about 1 o'clock an Irishman confined in our county Jail had occasion to go into an adjoining cell where the celebrated Peter W. Blair Jr. was confined. He immediately discovered that Blair's clothes were not in the usual place of deposit and on going to his bed he found it unoccupied. He then proceeded to the door of the hall leading to the cells which he found open, when he gave the alarm. It was discovered that the two pad locks which secured the door had been picked, and that Blair descended to the basement, unlocked the rear door, and fled.

Blair was a native of Warren county—inherited a handsome property at the death of his father, went to Newark during the late speculative mania—was soon fleeced of his property—returned to his place of nativity and entered largely into the mercantile business, the purchase of grain, and converting it into flour. His receipts not being equal to his expenditures, in an evil hour he forged endorsements on several notes made payable to one of the Banks in this Town, probably with the intention of meeting them as they became due, as some of them were nearly paid off when the discovery was made. Notices of protest on one or two of them were received in Warren which led to the discovery of the fraud, and Blair fled. He was arrested in the city of New York and imprisoned, but through some mysterious agency he made his escape, and in June, 1840, he was re-taken in Michigan, where he was employed in peddling pills, and brought back to our county Jail and secured. At the July term of our Circuit that year six bills of indictment were found against him, but his trials were not brought on until the September term, when he was found guilty on three of them, and plead guilty to the other three. His friends in Warren urged the Court not to send him to the State Prison, as it would be a lasting stigma upon his family and connexions, but stated, through their Counsel, that if he could be permitted to pay the penalty of a breach of the law by levying a fine, that fine should be paid. In accordance with the desire of the friends of the criminal he was fined \$250 on each indictment, with costs of suit, but instead of coming forward and retrieving their pledge, he has remained a prisoner in our county Jail, and at the expense of the county, these fourteen months, and nearly eleven months after his conviction.

At the last meeting of the Board of Freeholders of this county, Blair applied to that body to be released from his liabilities on account of his inability to pay them and the non-compliance of his friends to assist him. The Board very promptly refused the application, and intimated that he must remain a county prisoner until his friends saw proper to redeem their pledges by paying the fine and costs, or securing the county therefor. Thus all hopes of defrauding justice were at an end in any other manner than by another escape, which he has at length effected.

The manner of his escape is a mystery. Sheriff DeCamp went to New York on business on Monday morning, and in the afternoon his Deputy, Mr. Denison, was thrown from his horse and severely injured. The keys of the prison were deposited with the Clerk, who locked them in his desk previous to closing his office, and on the escape being discovered, every door and lock about the Clerk's office was found secure, and the prison keys in the place they were placed, with no indication that they had been disturbed. The general opinion, is that some person was secreted in the interior of the building and there remained until all was quiet, when the door was opened by means of false keys, and Blair was thus assisted in his escape by a friend, as it is not probable he could himself carry the large quantity of clothing he had in possession.

Blair is what may be called a comely personage—can accommodate himself to any kind of society—can play the gentleman or lady as occasion may require—is ready at any and all times to turn his hand to preaching, peddling pills, writing poetry on subjects of love and matrimony, or measuring out tape or molasses. In fact he is a very good subject for the Republic of Texas, whither we hope he has gone, and thus spare the tender feelings of his connexions which must necessarily be sadly tortured should he be re-captured and sent to the State Prison for breaking Jail.

P. S. Since the above was in type Sheriff DeCamp has returned, and on his endeavoring to secure the door with the same pad-locks, (both were of English manufacture, and made expressly for such purposes,) he found one of them so much out of order that the key would not turn. It was taken to Mr. Gridley's shop and broken open, when it was discovered it had been picked from the outside, and the wards so much bent as to render it useless. Thus far the mystery is solved, but who rendered the assistance the parties only know.—Handbills were issued by day-break, and persons sent in every direction.—Morristown Jerseyman, Aug. 4

There was a case of cruel but not absolutely unusual punishment in the House of Representatives the other day. The subject was the Bank bill, and Col. W. W. Payne, a new Loco-Foco Member from Alabama, got the floor, and blew off a large head of steam against any such institution. It was unconstitutional, oppressive, iniquitous, pernicious, &c. &c. When he had finished, Christopher Morgan, a Whig from this State, got up and quietly asked the orator if he was the same Col. Payne who in the Legislature of Alabama a few years since voted to instruct the Members of Congress from that State to support a National Bank with a capital of One Hundred Millions? This was a choker.—The Col. has not since edited the House.—N. Y. Tribune.

POOR SWARTWOUT is in an unfortunate fix. Disowned by his own political friends, and repelled by the Whigs whom for years he opposed, it is difficult for him to find any available position. The Pennsylvanian argues because "his friends" gave him a cordial greeting in New York, necessarily he must be a Whig, as loco foco desert an unfortunate man the moment he ceases to be useful to them. Swartwout for years headed the Jackson and Van Buren cliques in New York. He contributed generously of his Custom House emoluments to sustain his political friends. But in his adversity they desert him, and basely try to disown one who for years upheld the loco foco in N. York, and fed and clothed many a breechless zealot of that party.

The Miltonian says the Harrisburg Reporter has promised to "work off" Benton's and Ingersoll's speeches as soon as the press of other matter will permit, and adds the advice that if the Reporter has overloaded its stomach with such indigestible matter as those speeches it had better work them off as soon as possible. If Benton's mint-drops won't do it, a dose of Brandreth's Pills is recommended.

A Great Volcano.

The Missionary Herald for the present month contains a letter from Mr. Coan, a Missionary stationed at the Sandwich Islands, giving an interesting description of the great crater at Kilauea. The scene which he thus vividly describes, must have presented one of the most grand, sublime and terrific objects in nature:

"On the 30th of May the people of Puna observed the appearance of smoke and fire in the interior, a mountainous and desolate region of that district. Thinking that the fire might be the burning of some jungle, they took little notice of it, until the next day, Sabbath, when the meetings in the different villages were thrown into confusion by sudden and grand exhibitions of fire, on a scale so large and fearful, as to leave them no room to doubt the cause of the phenomenon. The fire augmented during the day and night; but it did not seem to flow off rapidly in any direction. All were in consternation, as it was expected that the molten flood would pour itself down from its height of four thousand feet to the coast, and no one knew to what point it would flow, or what devastation would attend its fiery course. On Monday, June 1st, the stream began to flow off in a northeasterly direction, and on the following Wednesday, June 3d, at evening, the burning river reached the sea, having averaged about half a mile an hour in its progress. The rapidity of the flow was very unequal, having been modified by the inequalities of the surface, over which the stream passed. Sometimes it is supposed to have moved 5 miles an hour, and at other times, owing to obstructions, making no apparent progress, except in filling up deep valleys, and in swelling over or breaking away hills and precipices.

But I will return to the source of the eruption. This is in a forest, and in the bottom of an ancient wooded crater, about four hundred feet deep, and probably eight miles east from Kilauea. The region being uninhabited and covered with a thicket, it was some time before the place was discovered, and up to this time, though several foreigners have attempted it, no one except myself, has reached the spot. From Kilauea to this place the lava flows in a subterranean channel, probably at the depth of a thousand feet, but its course can be distinctly traced all the way, by the rending of the crust of the earth into innumerable fissures, and by the emission of smoke, steam and gases. The eruption in this old crater is small, and from this place the stream disappears again for the distance of a mile or two, when the lava again gushed up and spread over an area of about fifty acres. Again it passes under ground for two or three miles, when it re-appears in another old wooded crater, consuming the forest and partly filling up the basin. Once more it disappears, and flowing in a subterranean channel, cracks and breaks the earth, opening fissures from six inches to ten or twelve feet in width, and sometimes splitting the trunk of a tree so exactly that its legs stand astride at the fissure. At some places it is impossible to trace the subterranean stream on account of the impenetrable thicket under which it passes. After flowing under ground several miles, perhaps six or eight, it again broke out like an overwhelming flood, and sweeping forest, hamlet, plantation, and every thing before it, rolled down with resistless energy to the sea, where leaping a precipice of forty or fifty feet, it poured itself in one vast cataract of fire into the deep below, with loud detonations, fearful hissings, and a thousand unearthly and indescribable sounds.

Imagine to yourself a river of fused minerals, of the breadth and depth of Niagara, and of a deep gory red, falling, in one emblazoned sheet, one raging torrent, into the ocean! The scene, as described by eye-witnesses was truly sublime. Two mighty agencies in collision! Two antagonist, and gigantic forces in contact, and producing effects on a scale inconceivably grand! The atmosphere in all directions, was filled with ashes, spray, gases, etc., while the burning lava, as it fell into the water, was shattered into millions of minute particles, and being thrown back into the air, fell in showers of sand on all the surrounding country. The coast was extended into the sea for a quarter of a mile, and a pretty sand beach and a new cape was formed. Three hills of scoria and sand were also formed in the sea, and the lowest about 200 and the highest about 300 feet.

For three weeks this terrific river disgorged itself into the sea with little abatement. Multitudes of fishes were killed, and the waters of the ocean were heated for twenty miles along the coast. The breadth of the stream, where it fell into the sea, is about half a mile, but in land