

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## POETRY.

### Forget Me Not.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

The following little poem was written by the late President in his early days. It has a singular force at the present juncture, especially the simile introduced in the last two lines.

The star that shines so pure and bright,  
Like a far-off place of bliss,  
That tells the broken hearted  
There are brighter worlds than this;  
The moon that courses through the sky,  
Like man's uncertain doom,  
Now shining bright with borrowed light,  
Now wrapped in deepest gloom,—  
Or where eclipsed, a dreary blank,  
A fearful emblem given  
Of the heart shut out by a sinful world  
From the blessed light of heaven;—  
The flower that freely casts her wealth  
Of perfume on the gale;  
The breeze that mourns the summer's close,  
With melancholy wail;  
The stream that cleaves the mountain's side  
Or gurgles from the grot—  
All speak in their Creator's name,  
And say "Forget me not!"  
"Forget me not," the thunder roars,  
As it bursts its sulphury cloud;  
'Tis murmured by the distant hills,  
In echoes long and loud;  
'Tis written by the Almighty's hand  
In characters of flame,  
When the lightnings gleam with vivid flash,  
And his wrath and power proclaim.  
'Tis murmur'd when the white waves fall  
Upon the wreck-strewn shore,  
As a hoary veteran bows his chest  
When his day of work is o'er.

We copy from the Bucks County Intelligencer, for the information of our loco friends, the following:

### General Orders.

HEAD QUARTERS HARRISBURG, July 21, 1841.  
The musicians will play, "Old rosin the bow."  
And then,  
Ye Boss Loco Focos attend me  
And all my good "Collar men" too,  
I've need of you all to defend me  
And tell me what next I must do.  
And tell me &c.  
I've signed near a dozen of Vetoes  
And granted of pardons a few,  
But how am I to be re-elected  
Is a matter I cannot see through.  
Is a matter &c.  
I've play'd many tricks for my friends,  
And shuffled till I've got "blue,"  
But the Democrats still show a Jack,  
Oh! what in the world will I do!  
Oh! what &c.  
Ye Camerons all gather around me,  
My guardians so watchful and true,  
And come along Ovid and Jimmy  
And tell me what I'd better do.  
And tell me &c.  
You know I depend on my Presses  
For keeping my acts out of view,  
And if they can do it by lying  
I'm certain they'll carry me through  
I'm certain &c.  
So come along Hutter and Cantine,  
And all of my libelling crew,  
I'll give you a pardon beforehand  
If Judge Banks you'll help me to "loo."  
If Judge &c.

### "He will come To-morrow."

The following pathetic story is extracted from an English periodical, and well illustrates the strength of a mother's love.

I always ride on the outside of a stage coach from taste, as well as from economy—because I like to see as much of the landscape as I possibly can; and I try to sit next to the coachman, because he knows not only to whom the seats we pass on the road belong, but can sometimes tell one interesting anecdotes of the owners themselves—so I am sure of being entertained on my journey, if so placed.  
Well, I was so fortunate on my last journey from London to C— as to get my favorite seat, and it was next to an unusually pleasant driver, —I found he was a family man; had a wife he seemed fond of, and a child, a little boy whom he was afraid of; and as he saw that I sympathized in his feelings, he was more dis-

posed to gratify my curiosity. At length after a very prosperous journey, we saw the abbey church of C— in the distance and we were not long in reaching the inn.

When the coach was about to stop, my attention was drawn towards an elderly woman, meanly, but neatly clad, who was looking up to the coach with an expression of anxious impatience in her eye, which forcibly interested me.

The coachman saw her also, and dashing away a tear, said, "Ah poor soul! there she is again, and there she has been every day for years, and now I am a parent myself, and an anxious one too, I feel the more for her." This speech increased my interest in the poor woman, who, now that the coach had really stopped, and the passengers were getting down, drew quite close to the wheels, and looking up in the coachman's face with an expression which evidently unmanned him, said, in a hurried voice, "Is he come to-day?" "No dear soul," he replied, "but he will come to-morrow, you know!" "Yes, yes," said she, "he will come to-morrow!" She then hurried down the street, followed by a respectable young woman, who shook her head mournfully at the driver as she turned away.

I had paid all demands upon me, and might have gone in search of a place to N—but I could not stir till I had an explanation of what seemed so interesting to a sentimental traveller like myself, and I asked the coachman if I might speak a few words with him. "I see what you want to ask," he replied; "and as soon as I have done all my duty here, I will walk with you to the inn where the other coach starts from."

I thought him a long time about his duty; but at last he joined me, and we walked down the street together. "You want to know all about that poor woman," said he. "Indeed I do." "It is a sad story, sir. She and her husband, respectable little tradespeople, had one child, and a fine lad he was; but he was more fond of play than work, and his father was a severe man. His mother doted on him, poor soul! and he loved her dearly. But not to be lengthy; when he was eighteen, poor Willy did something, I do not know what exactly, which put his father in a great rage and in spite of his wife's tears and prayers, struck his son, and turned him out of doors. I have always heard the poor lad did not deserve it; certain it is that he was wrong in one thing; for he told his father he saw him for the last time, for he would never come back to be struck again! And he enlisted directly, and left C—with the soldiers.

Oh! the agony of the poor father when he had slept on his rage, and rose the next morning! The poor mother had not slept at all, and they both went in search of their now pardoned son. But he was gone. And by a very affecting letter to his mother, they learned that he was ordered to the West Indies! and they were not rich enough to effect his discharge! So he sailed, and it broke his father's heart.

On his death-bed he left loving messages and his blessings to his boy, and said he died of a broken heart, and from the recollection of his harshness to him.

Well, time went on, and the poor widowed mother might be said to live only for and in letters written by Willy; and every letter was full of love and piety.—At last came a letter from him to say he had been at death's door with a bad fever, and was so weak still, after it, that the medical men had ordered him home, as the only chance of life.

"Oh! I shall nurse him again!" the poor mother said, all fear lost in the delight of having him restored to her; and when the time came for the vessels being due in which he sailed, busy as a bee was she in preparing for his coming.

At last he wrote to say that he was landed, that he had almost recovered his health and strength in the voyage, and should be at C— on such a day. That morning the poor mother went to the coach office, long before the horn announced the approach of the stage. It came, but she could not see her son on the outside; perhaps he was inside, and she ran eagerly forward to look in at the window, but he was not there.—"Where is he? Where is my boy?" she cried to the driver, who had not as yet observed her. Now sir, that man was a good sort of man enough, but he did not understand a parent's feelings, and what do you think he replied? "Your son! poor soul he is not come indeed!" "But he will come to-morrow, then; is there not a letter to say so?" "No, mistress—your poor son will come no more! He fell off the coach coming from Portsmouth to London, and was killed on the spot!"

I, a little boy, then, was present at this scene—and I never shall forget the shriek, with which she repeated the word "killed" and then fell back, as if it had struck her to the heart! She was carried home insensible, and we all hoped she would never recover. But it was ordered otherwise. She recovered to life the next day, but not to reason—for the first words she uttered were, "I must get up and dress myself, or I shall not get to the coach in time to meet Willy!" And finding she was able to dress herself, and walk as usual, her niece, who lived with her, she whom you saw to day, let

her go out, and she reached the coach as he horn blew. Oh! it was very affecting to see that poor bereaved creature go up to the coachman and ask him again if her son was come! The driver that day was a neighbor of hers, and having heard the tale, he replied kindly and cleverly, "No he is not come to-day, but perhaps he will come to-morrow." "Yes, yes," she replied with a smile that wrung the heart, "he will come to-morrow," and away she hurried. And sir, she has come to that coach office, and asked the same question, and received and repeated the same answer, for, as I have told you to-day, many, many years! But surely, sir, she does not suffer much, does she?"

"I trust not," I replied, and this hope born of despair, is, probably, the merciful ordering of Divine Providence for her relief." "Ah, so I think," he replied, "but heaven bless you, sir! here is your coach, and it is now setting off." "I hope we shall meet again," I said, shaking him by the hand, and off we drove.

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.

### AWFUL DISASTER.

Destruction of Lake Steamboat ERIE, by Fire—One Hundred and Seventy-Five Lives Lost.

The New York papers of last evening contain the most heart-rending intelligence it has ever been our lot to record. The steamboat Erie, Capt. Titus, left Buffalo for Chicago, on Monday afternoon, with upwards of 200 passengers, many of whom were German emigrants, and awful to relate, when near Silver Creek, she was discovered to be on fire, and of the large number of passengers on board, only TWENTY-SEVEN remain to tell the startling tale. Thus, have upwards of ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE human beings met an untimely end, having either been drowned or burned to death, in the midst of the terrible confusion that must have ensued. Captain Titus is among the number saved; and his name is the only one that has yet been published. We no doubt shall receive further particulars during the day.

The Erie had a large amount of merchandise on board.

We are indebted to the New York Herald for an Extra, from which we copy the following particulars:  
The steamer Erie left Buffalo on Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock for Chicago. The precise number on board of her is not known, but it is estimated by the captain, from a glance at the register before leaving the harbor, to have exceeded two hundred souls. Amongst the number were several painters, who with their materials were on their way to some port up the lake for the purpose of painting a boat lying there. A strong wind and rough sea prevailing at the time, Capt. Titus hesitated for some time to put out, but the De Witt Clinton having left about three hours previous, he was finally induced to start on the fatal voyage.

At about 8 o'clock the vessel was suddenly wrapped in flames from the bursting of a carboy of varnish on the boiler deck, whilst so sudden was the combustion that the passengers were at once forced overboard, in many instances without the slightest article to sustain them.

Fortunately the De Witt Clinton had put into Dunkirk, and discovering the Erie in flames hastened to her relief.

She picked up twenty-seven only of the whole number on board, whilst about two hundred fell victims to the devouring element. Only one female was saved, as also were the captain and one of the crew.

The Erie, in addition to a full complement of passengers, had on board a large quantity of merchandise for Chicago and intermediate places.

For the above particulars we are indebted to a friend who came down in the boat this morning, and they may be relied upon as correct in all the leading features attending this most melancholy occurrence.

Such are all the particulars we have yet received. To-night we shall know more of this awful affair. None of the passengers' names are known here and all is suspense, all anxiety.

We understand that the Erie was five years old, was built and owned by Mr. Reed, of Erie, Penn., and cost \$90,000. She is said to be a splendid and fast boat, and of the first class. She was recently put in complete order, refitted and repainted in fine style. She was a great favorite, and had encountered many a severe gale.

The De Witt Clinton, which rescued the twenty persons lives, is an old boat, used for freight and passengers.

Immediately on the receipt of the above painful tidings, we issued a third edition, and the city was thrown into deep sensation.

Not since the burning of the Ben Sherrod, on the Mississippi, George Washington, on Lake Erie, and the Lexington, on Long Island Sound, have we heard of such a dreadful, shocking, and deeply to be deplored calamity as the destruction of the ill-fated Erie, and more than a hundred and fifty men, women and children. Until all the names of these unfortunate persons who have thus been hurried into eternity, are known, anxiety never so great will pervade throughout the whole country.

### From an Extra issued by the N. Y. Sun. THE DREADFUL CATASTROPHE ON LAKE ERIE.

#### Further and Important Particulars.

We are happy to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Banta, the clerk of the South America, for a copy of the second edition of the Albany Evening Journal of last evening.

From the Albany Evening Journal we have obtained the following additional and highly interesting particulars relative to this awful and heart-rending calamity which we hasten to lay before our readers.

FIRST OUTBREAK OF THE FIRE.—The boat had been thoroughly overhauled, and although the wind was blowing fresh, everything promised a pleasant and prosperous voyage. Nothing occurred to mar this prospect till about 8 o'clock, when the boat was off Silver Creek, about 8 miles from shore, and 33 from this city, when a slight explosion was heard, and immediately, instantaneously almost, the whole vessel was enveloped in flames.—Capt. Titus, who was on the upper deck at the time, rushed to the Ladies Cabin to obtain the life preservers, of which there were from 90 to 100 on board, but so rapid had been the progress of the flames, he found it impossible to enter the cabin.

The captain then returned to the upper deck, giving, as he hurried on, his orders to the engineer to stop. The engineer replied that in consequence of the flames he could not reach the engine. The steersman was immediately directed to put the helm hard a starboard. The vessel swung slowly round, heading to the shore, and the boats—there were three on board—were then ordered to be lowered. Two of the boats were then lowered, but in consequence of the heavy sea on, and the head-way of the vessel, they both swamped as they touched the water.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF A LADY.—At this period the spectacle was appalling in the extreme, and no language can describe the frantic horror of the doomed passengers. The small boat was lowered—four persons in it—the captain jumped in—and the boat filled with water and dropped astern. A lady floated by at this moment with a life preserver on—she shrieked for help—the captain threw her the only oar in the boat—she caught it and was saved—this lady was Mrs. Lynde, of Milwaukee, and she was the only female who was saved from that fated vessel.

#### DISCOVERY OF THE WRECK.

In this condition, the boat a mass of fierce fire, and the passengers and crew endeavoring to save themselves by swimming or supporting themselves by whatever they could reach—they were found by the Clinton at about 10 P. M. The Clinton left here in the morning, but in consequence of the wind had put into Dunkirk. She laid there till nearly sunset, at which time she ran out and had proceeded as far as Barcelona, when just at twilight, the fire of the Erie was discovered some 20 miles astern. The Clinton immediately put about and reached the burning wreck about 10.

It was a fearful sight. All the upper works of the Erie had been burned away. The engine was standing but the hull was a mass of dull, red flame. The boats of the Clinton were instantly lowered and manned, and every person that could be seen or heard was picked up, and every possible relief afforded. The Lady, a little steamboat lying at Dunkirk, went out of that harbor as soon as possible, after the discovery of the fire, and arrived soon after the Clinton. It was not thought by the survivors that she saved any.

#### THE WRECK.

At one o'clock, A. M. all was over. Nothing was heard but the low, dead crackling of the expiring fire. Not a solitary struggle for life could be seen on the wide waste of waters. No trace was left on the glassy surface of the deep of all that had perished in that hour of agony, except a portion of the hapless hulk of the ill-fated Erie.—An effort was made to tow the hull ashore, but it sunk in eleven fathoms water, about four miles from the banks of the lake. It was now daylight, and the Clinton headed for the shore.

#### ORIGIN OF THE FIRE.

Among the passengers on board were six painters, in the employ of Mr. W. G. Miller, of Buffalo, who were going to Erie to paint the steamboat Madison. They had with them demijohns filled with spirits of turpentine and varnish, which unknown to Capt. Titus, were placed on the boiler deck directly over the boilers. One of the firemen, who was saved, says he had occasion to go on the deck, and seeing the demijohns, removed them. They were replaced, by whom is not known. Immediately previous to the bursting forth of the flames, as several on board have assured us, a slight explosion was heard. The demijohns had probably burst with the heat, and their inflammable contents, taking fire instantly, communicated to every part of the boat which, having been freshly varnished, caught as if it had been gunpowder.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—It is a singular coincidence that the Erie was burned at almost identically the same spot where the Washington was burned in June, 1838. Capt. Brown,

who commanded the Washington at that time, happened to be on board the Clinton, and was very active in saving the survivors on board.

NUMBER ON BOARD.—It is impossible to give a correct list of all the passengers. Of cabin passengers Capt. Titus thinks there were between 30 and 40, of whom 10 or 12 were ladies. In the steerage there were about 140 passengers, nearly all of whom were Swiss and German immigrants. These were in families, all of whom found a common grave in the yawning deep. The heart bleeds, as it reflects on the many ties of endeared relationship which were thus suddenly, rudely, and forever broken.

The following is a list, so far as can be ascertained, of

#### THE LOST.

W. M. Camp, Harrisburg, Pa.  
Willet Weeks, Brooklyn.  
John C. Pool, New York City.  
E. S. Cobb, Ann Arbor, Mich.  
Otto Torp, N. Y., wife and 3 children.  
Lloyd Gelston, Erie, clerk.  
Mr. Joles, steward of the boat.  
Mr. Giles Williams, Chicago.  
Chas. J. Lynde, Milwaukee.  
Watts S. Lynde, Homer, N. Y.  
Mrs. Wm. Smith and child, Schenectady.  
A. Sears, Philip Barbier, Henry Weaver, Wm. Thomas, — Everts, Peter Finney, painters, Buffalo, in the employ of Wm. G. Miller.  
Miss A. Miller, Buffalo, sister of W. G. Miller.  
J. D. Woodward, New York.  
Wm. Griffin, Mississippi.  
D. S. Sloan, Geneva.  
E. Stow, Canada.  
Wm. Sacket, Michigan.  
Mrs. Spencer and two children.  
Mrs. Dow.  
Mrs. Robinson, Ballston, Spa. N. Y.  
Miss Robinson, do do  
Miss King, do do  
Mr. Moore, lady and 2 children; from Yates county, moving to Michigan.  
Oris Green, Rushville, Yates county.  
Roome Button, from near Fort Plain.  
Charles S. Mather, Mt. Clemens, Mich., has got a family at that place.

List of Swiss passengers shipped by Messrs.

Names.	Numbers.	Destination.
Geo. Zuggler & family	6	Akron, O.
John Flang	2 1-2	do
Martin Zuigen	2	do
Geo. Rettenger	3	do
Geo. Christian	5	do
Geo. Neigold	7 1-2	do
M. Riebold	3	do
Geo. Steinman	2	do
Peter Kling	2	do
L. Gilling	3	do
Peter Schmidt	1	do
John Netzell	1	do
Peter Schendler	5	Cleveland
J. Newminger	4	do
S. Scapler	5 1-2	do
R. Filling	2	do
Mr. Ogens	1	do
J. Kortan	1	Dover, O.
C. Durler	1	do
Mr. Lithhold & family	5 1-2	do
C. Deitherick	2	do
C. Wilbur	6	do
C. Palmer	5	Masillon, O.
J. Gargham	5 1-2	do
J. Mulliman	1	do
C. Kellerman	1	Chicago.
C. Minter and friend	2	do

Mintch was recently from Europe, and left his family in this city. He was on his way west to secure land for future settlement.

This list comprises the names of 87 persons; as it is customary to pass children at half price, the whole number in this list must have reached one hundred souls. Only four persons of the whole including Durler and three others whose names we could not learn, were saved.

We now give the brief list of

#### THE SAVED.

We are indebted to Mr. Gibson, clerk of the steamboat De Witt Clinton, for the following list of persons saved:—

Jerome McBride, wheelman, badly burnt.  
James Loverly, do  
Hiram de Graff, passenger.  
Dennis McBride, 1st mate.  
Theodore Sears, painter.  
J. H. St. John, passenger to Chicago.  
C. Hogg, do badly burnt.  
Wm Wadsworth, one of the band, Erie.  
Alfred O. Wilkinson, East Euclid, Ohio.  
William Hughes, 2d mate.  
Luther B. Searls, fireman.  
Thomas J. Tan, Pittsford, N. Y.  
John Winchell, Buffalo.  
Edgar Clemens, 1st engineer.  
Son of Geo. Beebe, Cleveland.  
Harrison Forrester, Harbor Creek, Pa.  
Thomas Quim, Middlefield, Mess.  
Three German passengers burned badly.  
Robert Robinson, colored man, barber.  
— Johnson, do 3d cook.  
Giles Williams, Chicago.  
Capt. Titus, captain of boat.  
Mrs. Lynde, Milwaukee.  
Christian Durder, Holmes Co. Ohio.  
— Rice, Hydraulics, Buffalo, badly burned