

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

God in the Storm.

How vain the atheist's affected laugh,
And ridicule of Power Omnipotent,
Nature attributing in all her forms,
To undesigning wild fortuity;
Or deist's confidence in hope absurd,
The fearful hope, of an eternal sleep.
A God of just perfection rules on high,
And takes cognizance of the deeds of men.
Of stooping from his throne of thrones in heaven
He deigns to place himself in middle sky,
As if in anger walking to and fro,
Shaking creation with his mighty tread.
Descending on the sable cloud, I saw
Him seat himself composedly, in his hand
He held a lurid thong of forked form,
Poising, and swaying it with awful grace,
As charioteer impatient for the course,
Though needful not to urge his frightful speed.
His breath the power that rolled his chariot on,
Seemed as he held it in his mercy's might
To awe the waywardness of human pride,
That turns man back from following after God,
And wren him flee the dreadful wrath to come.
He breathed, and starting for his destined goal,
Mysterious goal, known only to himself,
Through middle space th' Eternal held his way,
By mortal man seen only through a veil,
In mercy hiding him from mortal gaze.
He breathed, and as he rode in grandeur on,
The mightiest monarchs of the ancient hills,
Trembling in knotted joint, and sinewy limb,
Did their obeisance to Omnipotence.
Some bowing waved their arms in reverence,
Some shuddering by turns, then bending low,
Scattered their ornaments from off their crests,
In sign of fear, or deep humility.
While others falling prostrate to the earth,
Consigned their long held honors to the dust,
In adoration of the king supreme.
The ever lasting hills his presence felt,
And owned the terrors of his fiery rod
Still as he brandished it in upper air,
And bent it sheer on their devoted heads,
Echo awakening from her caverns hoar,
Shook earth with the reverberations dread.
Milford, July, 1843.

Held him to his Bargain.

A poor fellow, says the Pittsburg Post, named Wise, in Clearfield county, Pa., has got himself into a very foolish matrimonial difficulty. He attended a militia training, and, at a "dancing party," he was married "in fun" to an interesting lady, named Martha Stage. After the party, Mr. Wise thought that Miss Martha had no further claims upon him; but she thought otherwise, and acting on the remark in the play of "oats, peas, beans and barley grows," which runs, "I'll hold to your bargain, and won't let you go," she has instituted proceedings against the poor fellow to make him acknowledge her as his lawful wife.

Love, Romance, and Suicide.

A young lady of Cincinnati is said to have jumped overboard from the Little Ben, while on her last passage down, 20 or 30 miles below the city, and was not recovered. She was forced to leave the city to prevent her marriage with a gentleman obnoxious to her parents. The name of the parties not ascertained. The Editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer hopes that the affair may all be idle rumor, but fears that there is truth in the melancholy particulars.

In Florida, the number of Indians is estimated at between 3 and 400. It is feared that they are yet determined to make war upon the whites. When will the "Florida war" have an end?

Mr. Grattan, the British Consul, in answer to an invitation to attend the late Bunker Hill celebration, respectfully declined, and begged the committee would excuse him from the doubtful task of "defining his position."

From the Saturday Courier.

Sale of the Public Works.

The veto of the Governor of this State of the bill for the sale of the public works, we mentioned to our readers last week as having been filed in the office of the Secretary of State to be returned to the next Legislature.

This bill provides for the incorporation of a company, to which is to be transferred the main line of the State improvements by railroads and canal, connecting the city of Philadelphia and the city of Pittsburg. Those improvements, constructed at an aggregate cost of about fifteen millions of dollars to the State, are to be sold or transferred to this company for the sum of sixteen millions, to be paid in subscriptions of one hundred dollars a share, in cash or in certificates of loan of the Commonwealth. But it will be recollected that we have previously stated that these certificates are at about \$50 for \$100—and the consequence would be that the company would buy the improvements at about eight millions.

The general objection of the Veto is that, in the language of the Governor, "the measure is most impolitic and unwise." The veto then goes on to state as follows:

"The income from the main line of improvements this year, will very considerably exceed that of the last year. During the first two months of the business season, under great disadvantages, it is upwards of thirty thousand dollars beyond the corresponding months of last year. This is surely no cause for despondency, but for confidence and hope in the future value of these improvements.

At all events, if they are to be sold or disposed of, let it be on the most advantageous terms to the State. If, instead of confining the commissioners to taking subscriptions of stock on the terms mentioned, they were allowed to sell the stock at public auction, to the highest and best bidders, in amounts to suit purchasers, an advance would probably be realized beyond the simple subscription."

Speaking of the late attempt to sell the Delaware Division, at the Philadelphia Exchange, the veto says:

"When we see a most unexampled scramble for the stock—hired men forcing their way into the room of the Commissioners—not a man subscribing bona fide for himself, but all wearing the aspect of bold and unblushing speculation—persons who took an active part in the passage of the bill in the Legislature, congregating from remote parts of the State, and witnessing the transactions with more intense anxiety than mere patriotism usually produces—and the Commissioners finally compelled to disperse hastily and close the books without completing the task confided to them by the Legislature, it is well calculated to make us pause; to retract our steps, if we have acted without due caution, and to proceed only upon the clearest conviction of duty and of sound policy."

To take possession of Oregon.

It should be named, among the movements of the day, that Col. Richard M. Johnson has accepted an invitation to attend the Oregon Convention to be held in Cincinnati on the 3d, 4th, and 5th days of July instant. In his reply to the committee inviting him to express his full confidence in the title of the United States to the Oregon Territory, he says, "I am, therefore, willing to adopt such measures as may seem most conducive to its immediate occupation, whether the Government acts or not, having due regard to the laws and constitution."

A portion of the Canadian papers say that another rebellion is certainly brewing there, and that it will be far more extensive than the last. It is stated that irregular military companies have been formed; and bodies of privates are secretly forming. Meetings are being frequently held in Montreal, which are largely attended by the French Canadians, and secret societies, having for their object the dismemberment of Canada from the mother country, prevail throughout the French districts.

Mutiny and Murder.

The New Bedford Mercury publishes a letter, giving an account of a mutiny which had broken out on board of the whale ship Fairhaven, Capt. Norris, at the Ascension Islands. The Fairhaven had lost 11 men, and taken some natives on board in place of them.

One morning, (no dates are given,) whales were raised, and boats were lowered in pursuit, leaving the captain, a boy, and three natives on board. Shortly after they had left, those in boats discovered the ship's signals to be at half mast, and on returning in haste, learned from the boy, who was in the rigging, that the natives had murdered the captain.

With great difficulty the mate contrived to get on board unseen, by way of the cabin windows, and loaded several muskets, with one of which he shot one of the natives dead. Another was shot by the boat's crew, who succeeded in getting on board shortly after, and the third was put into irons, and carried into Sydney.

Effects of Perseverance—never despair.

The Providence Chronicle furnishes the following account of success from untiring perseverance, morality and honest labor.

In the fall of the year 1830, a young man just out of his time, landed at Whitehall, New York, to seek employment as a journeyman printer. He was comparatively poor and friendless, and after three months spent seeking work, was about ready to give up all hope of success, but resolving still to persevere, he at length obtained employment as a journeyman at eight dollars per week, in the office of the N. Y. Evangelist, a weekly paper published in that city. He continued in that situation till the Spring of 1832, when he procured a press and a few type, on credit, and opened a very small printing office to print cards and circulars. He had no sooner commenced business in this small way for himself, than the Cholera, that awful scourge appeared in the city. He was compelled, with a heavy debt, to close his office, and go to work as journeyman on the Evangelist, to procure bread for his little family. After a few months, when the Cholera had subsided, nothing daunted by so unpromising a beginning, the persevering young man reopened his little office, and obtained, occasionally, a job or two of work.

This enterprising and persevering young journeyman printer is no other than ROBERT SEARS, the well known author, writer, compiler, printer, publisher and bookseller, of the three beautiful volumes of Pictorial Illustrations, which succeeded each other at intervals of about six months, and of which, by the aid of about \$5000 expended in advertising, the almost incredible number of 30,000 were sold in less than eighteen months; and also of two other equally elegant pictorial volumes—"The Bible Biography," and the "Pictorial Wonders of the World." These two volumes, are received with a popularity nearly or quite equal to that of the Pictorial Illustrations; and in addition to these, Mr. Sears is now the Editor, Proprietor and Publisher of "Sears' New Monthly Family Magazine"—a most valuable periodical publication, which has already obtained an almost unprecedented circulation. How striking an illustration is afforded in the uphill progress of this friendless journeyman printer, of the truth of the adage—"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT"—Labor conquers all things.

Hatching Apparatus.

They have a machine for hatching eggs now actually in use in London, bringing out the little chickens in broods of fifties and hundreds, with all the punctuality of an old hen. The following is the advertisement of the machine, as we find it in the London papers of the 2d inst., which we insert gratis, just for the sake of spreading a knowledge of the new invention:

"Hatching Apparatus! Reduced prices (from Eight to Sixteen Guineas).—Messrs. Todd and Son, of Bury street, Bloomsbury, beg to call the attention of the public to their portable patent Hatching and Rearing Apparatus, being the original manufacturers. This successful invention is capable of hatching, at a trifling expense, any number of game and poultry eggs of all sorts, from 50 to 200, at one time, and possesses the further recommendation of furnishing poultry for the table at a trifling cost at all periods of the year. For further particulars apply to the manufacturers. A machine may be seen in use daily."

Wild Horses in South America.

One of the Robertsons, in his letters on South America, states that he has in his possession contracts which he made at Goya "with an estanciero, for 20,000 wild horses, to be taken on his estate at the price of a medio each, that is to say, threepence for each live horse or mare. The slaughter of them costs threepence a head more, and staking and cleaning the hides, once more, threepence; and lastly, a like sum for carting to Goya, making the whole cost one shilling for each skin. Of this contract ten thousand animals were delivered; the skins were packed in bales and sold in Buenos Ayres for six riabs of three shillings each, and they sold ultimately in England for seven or eight shillings; that is, the skins sold for about 2,800 3,000 per cent, on the first cost of the horse from which the skin was taken. Such is the accumulative profit sometimes of the produce which is taken from the hands of the grower in one country before it gets into the hands of the consumer in another.

The Fourth of July.

The records of the Past unroll,
Of gallant deeds in battle done,
And trace upon the brilliant scroll
The tale of war, and Freedom won,
In those dark days of blood and strife,
Columbia struggled for her life.

A nation's love has set apart
This day to memory of the Past;
And proudly in a nation's heart
Those memories rise distinct and fast;
While prayer and martial pageantry,
Devote this day to Liberty.

On every sea—by every shore—
Our star-lit flag waves high and free,
And loud above the Ocean's roar,
Is heard the Trump of Liberty:
Oh! bright o'er Tyranny's dark grave,
Hope's star lights up the Western wave.

Oh Liberty! this hallowed day
Thy name is heard from every tongue;
Rich offerings on thy altars lay,
With garlands bright thy courts are hung;
And waving in the morning light,
Gleam pennons steaming far and bright.

Not in the monarch's gorgeous hall,
Not in the warrior's brilliant train,
When claudis hush the cry of Pain,
While nodding plumes, and banners red,
In cruel mock wave o'er the dead.

But in the low and peaceful cot,
Where man untrammell'd, happy, dwells,
Tyrants unknown, and chains forgot,
The song of Freedom fearless swells;
There rise the strains of the Free,
To bless thy name, Oh Liberty!

We hear thee in the whispering tones
The sportive wind bears o'er the plain;
The billowy realm the ocean owns
Repeats thy name from main to main;
Hill-side and stream their voices raise,
And tune their notes to sound thy praise.

Oh! dearest boon on man bestowed!
Thou sunlight to the daring heart!
Thou guide along rich Learnings' road!
Thou nurse of Science and of Art!
This joyous day, our millions free
Devote to gladness, God, and thee.

A shout o'er free Columbia breaks,
A shout that swells a nation's breast;
The wild North hears—the sweet South wakes—
And rings with joy the wood-clad West,
From mountain top—by plain and sea—
Ascend the anthems of the Free.

The soil by freemen nobly won,
Is Freedom's habitation still;
Oh! guard it great and holy Ours,
From foreign and from civil ill;
The hand that won our battles for us,
Oh! be it ever round and o'er us!

Accept, oh God! a nation's prayer,
Accept the heartfelt offerings given;
Thanks for Thy kind, untiring care;
Thanks for rich fields, and smiling heaven;
Happy, on Freedom's soil we live,
Ours are the thanks that freemen give.

As changeless as the truth of God,
May this time-honored day return,
To light the green and blooming sod,
Where Freedom's quenchless altars burn,
Let ceaseless thanks ascend to Thee!
Our God!—The God of liberty.

An Exciting Scene.

One of the Mier prisoners who escaped and is at New Orleans, has related to the editor of the Picayune, the particulars of their suffering. The time of drawing the lots, which was an act of life or death, was one of the most anxious solicitude. One hundred and four white beans and seventeen black ones were deposited in a hat—the prisoners were marched up to draw, every two handcuffed together—the poor fellow whose evil fate it was to draw a black bean was then separated from his comrade, on whom he was never to look again—he was put into a high-walled yard, and in four hours afterwards a volley of deliberately aimed Mexican musketry separated his immortal soul from his suffering body! Base was this victory of cowardly vengeance.

"Father, is President Tyler fond of Music?" "Why, son?" "Because I heard you say he had brought up several organs!"

The Paisley Murderess Arrested.

A young woman, named Christina Cochran, alias Gilmour, who is accused of having murdered her husband in January last, near Paisley, in Scotland, by administering arsenic, arrived at New York, on Wednesday evening, in the brig Excel, from Liverpool, and was arrested under the provisions of the late Treaty, she having been demanded by the British Government, through an agent sent to this country by the Acadia.

The gentleman to whom she was married was a man of wealth, who settled 1000 L. upon her on the day of her marriage, and her father settled 1000 L. more; thus placing at her immediate disposal, nearly \$10,000. In April (suspicion having been excited) he was disinterred, and a large quantity of arsenic found in his stomach. The wife fled.

Previous to her marriage she had been attached to a young man named Spear, and afterwards left the neighborhood in company with him, which caused the suspicion, and led to the discovery of the husband having been poisoned. It was then reported at Paisley that the wife intended leaving Liverpool for New York, and affidavits as to the particulars were sent to Sir James Graham by the rural policeman, who received orders that if Sir James supposed she could be demanded under the treaty, to proceed to Liverpool, and if it was ascertained that she had embarked, to take the steamer, and pursue her. He did so, and arrived at New York on the 3d of last month. She is a woman about 25 years of age, and was accompanied by a young man. They passed on board as Mr. and Mrs. Spear. His real name, however, it appears, is Simpson. The wife is imprisoned in the Tombs, New York.

Murder at Georgetown, Ohio.

The Examiner of that place gives an account that on Wednesday two weeks, Mr. George H. Bohrer, of that county, was deliberately and in cold blood shot down, whilst engaged at work in his field. He was approached by a clan of cut-throats, three of whom fired rifles from the skirt of the woods, the ball of each rifle taking effect—one entering just below his right under jaw; another entering his right breast, near the nipple, and the other the small of his back. The brutal attack was made without giving any signal of alarm. Mr. Bohrer ran, after he received these balls, about one hundred and ninety steps before he fell. He was pursued by his blood-thirsty murderers, and with his hoe, with which he had been engaged at work, his brains beaten out.—The perpetrators of this foul crime then retreated, leaving the mangled corpse in the field. This horrible deed was perpetrated close by the side of one of Bohrer's little girls, who was at the time with him in the field. Mr. Bohrer was a man possessed of considerable property, which fact may serve hereafter to elucidate this daring and awful crime. At last accounts, three persons had been arrested, and were under examination. It is as plain as day-light, that the punishment of human crimes must become certain, or human life is to be the sport of the hardened wretches of human society.

An eel was caught in a net by Ward & Co., in Connecticut river, near the ferry, Upper Middleton, a few days since, weighing 7 3/4 lbs., circumference 9 in. length 4 1/2 feet.