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

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The following Ode was written for the Bi-centenary celebration of the Westminster Assembly.

Two Hundred Years Ago.

Two hundred years, two hundred years, our bark o'er billowy seas,
Has onward kept her steady course, through hurricane and breeze;
Her Captain was the mighty One, she braved the stormy foe,
And still He guides, who guided her, two hundred years ago!
Her Chart was God's unerring word, by which her course to steer;—
Her Helmsman, was the risen Lord, a helper ever near;—
Though many a beauteous boat has sunk, the treacherous waves below,
Yet ours is sound as she was built, two hundred years ago!
The wind that filled her swelling sheet, from many a point has blown,
Still urging her unchanging course, through shoals and breakers on;—
Her fluttering pennant still the same, whatever breeze might blow,
It pointed, as it does, to heaven, two hundred years ago!
When first our gallant ship was launched, altho' her hands were few,
Yet dauntless was each bosom found, and every heart was true!
And still, though in her mighty hull, unnumbered bosoms glow—
Her crew is faithful as it was, two hundred years ago!
True, some have left this noble craft, to sail the seas alone;
And made them, in their hour of pride, a vessel of their own;—
Ah me! when clouds portentous rise; when threatening tempests blow,
They'll wish for that old vessel, built two hundred years ago!
For onward rides our gallant bark, with all her canvass set,
In many a nation still unknown, to plant her standard yet;—
Her flag shall float, where'er the breeze of freedom's breath shall blow,
And millions bless the boat that sailed, two hundred years ago!
On Scotia's coast, in days of yore, she lay almost a wreck,
Her mainmast gone, her rigging torn, the boarders on her deck;—
There Cameron, Cargill, Cochran, fell; there Benwick's blood did flow,
Defending our good vessel built, two hundred years ago!
Ah! many a martyr's blood was shed, we may not name them all;—
They tore the peasant from his hut; the noble from his hall;—
Then brave Argyle, thy father's blood, for faith did freely flow;—
And pure the stream, as was the fount, two hundred years ago! (*)
Yet onward still our vessel pressed, and weathered every gale;
She cleared the wreck, and spliced the mast, and righted every sail,
And swifter, stauncher, mightier far, upon her cruise did go;—
Strong hands and gallant hearts had she, two hundred years ago!
And see her now;—on beam-ends cast, beneath a north-west storm
Heave overboard their very bread, to save the ship from harm;—
She rights!—she rights! hark how they cheer, all's well, above, below!

(*) The noble and illustrious house of Argyle still stands on the side of truth and righteousness, as appears from the part which the present Duke takes on the subject of the Scotch church in the House of Lords.

She's tight as when she left the stocks, two hundred years ago! (†)

True to that polar star which led, to Israel's cradled hope,
Her steady needle pointeth yet, to Calvary's bloody top!—
Yes there she floats, that good old ship, from mast to keel below,
Sea-worthy still as erst she was, two hundred years ago!
Not unto us, not unto us, be praise or glory given,
But unto Him, who watch and ward, hath kept for her in Heaven;—
Who quelled the whirlwind in its wrath, bade tempests cease to blow,
That God, who launched our vessel forth, two hundred years ago!
Then onward speed thee, brave old bark, speed onward in thy pride,
O'er sunny seas and billows dark, Jehovah still thy guide;—
And sacred be each plank and spar, unchanged by friend or foe,
Just as she left old Westminster, two hundred years ago!

Easton, Pa. J. L. G.

(†) The intelligence has just arrived, shewing that by the recuperative energy of the truth, as embodied in our system, the church of Scotland has righted, and is free, though at the expense of every thing but her divine Head.

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

The tongue of the vigilant clock tolled one,
In a deep and hollow tone;
The shrouded moon looked out upon
A cold, dank region, more cheerless and dun,
By her lurid light that shone.
Mozart now rose from a restless bed,
And his heart was sick with care;
Though long he had woefully sought to wed
Sweet Sleep, 'twas in vain, for the coy maid fled,
Though he followed her every where.
He knelt to the God of his worship then,
And breathed a fervent prayer;
'Twas balm to his soul, and he rose again
With a strengthened spirit, but started when
He marked a stranger there.
He was tall, the stranger who gazed on him,
Wrapped high in a sable shroud;
His cheek was pale, and his eye was dim,
And the melodist trembled in every limb,
The while his heart beat loud.
"Mozart, there is one whose errand I bear,
Who cannot be known to thee;
He grieves for a friend, and would have thee prepare
A requiem, blending a mournful air
With the sweetest melody."
"I'll furnish the requiem then," he cried,
"When this moon has waned away!"
The stranger bowed, yet no word replied
But fled like the shade on a mountain's side,
When the sunlight hides its ray.
Mozart grew pale when the vision fled,
And his heart beat high with fear;
He knew 'twas a messenger sent from the dead,
To warn him, that soon he must make his bed
In the dark, chill sepulchre.
He knew that the days of his life were told,
And his breast grew faint within;
The blood through his bosom crept slowly and cold,
And his lamp of life could barely hold
The flame that was flickering.
Yet he went to his task with a cheerful zeal,
While his days and nights were one;
He spoke not, he moved not, but only to kneel
With the holy prayer—"O God, I feel
'Tis best thy will be done!"
He gazed on his loved one, who cherished him well,
And weepingly hung o'er him;
"This music will chime with my funeral knell,
And my spirit shall float, at the passing bell,
On the notes of this requiem!"
The cold moon waned; on that cheerless day,
The stranger appeared once more;
Mozart had finished his requiem lay,
But ere the last notes had died away,
His spirit had gone before.

Saluting the Bride.

A late number of the Fall River Argus says, a loving couple in that place who were bent on committing matrimony against the will of their parents, managed to dodge the old folks last week, and get spliced in a neighboring town in Rhode Island. On their return to Fall River, the mother of the new made wife repaired to the house where they had taken refuge, and seizing her truant daughter in the presence of the bridegroom, gave her such a shaking "as you never did see."

REMARKABLE.—The U. S. Gazette in speaking of the present position of our Government remarks, that never since the organization of the Government, has the administration presented such a remarkable aspect as it does at present.

General Harrison died, and Mr. Tyler left the duties of Vice President to become the Acting President.

Mr. Southard, who succeeded Mr. Tyler in his ex-officio duties in the Senate, died, and Mr. Mangrum was elected to act in his place.

Mr. Webster resigned, and Mr. Legare was appointed in his place acting Secretary of State.

Mr. Legare died, and Mr. Upsher has been appointed to fill his place, acting Secretary of State.

The death of Mr. Legare leaves entirely vacant the office of Attorney General.

The Presidency, the Vice Presidency, (or) and the Department of State have acting incumbents, and the Attorney Generalship is entirely vacant.

The Pennsylvanian, of July 3d, gives the following paragraph.

THE HEAT.—The sun is so hot at Boston that it seems to be actually burning up the houses; for the Atlas says that a store on Central Street, was set on fire on Thursday by the focus formed by the rays of the sun, concentrated through a bull's eye in a window in the roof. A gentleman sitting in another store in the neighborhood, discovered smoke issuing from the roof; and, upon giving the alarm, the upper loft was examined, and the pine frame work was found in a blaze of fire, at just the place where the focus produced by the glass fell upon it.

A Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Tribune, in a letter dated June 27, writes—

For the last two or three days, I have heard of rumors of the most painful character relative to the health and condition of mind of Mr. Nicholas Biddle. It is said that he is actually laboring under a species of mental aberration, brought upon him by sudden reverses of fortune and deep distress of mind. The source from whence the above information is derived may be relied upon. Mr. Biddle remains at his residence at Andalusia, on the Delaware, a few miles above the city.

The Hon. George Plummer died on 3th inst., at his residence in Westmoreland County, Pa., in the 31st year of his age. He was one of the pioneers of the settlement of Western Pennsylvania. The Presbyterian Advocate has the following in reference to him: "Mr. Plummer was reputed to have been the first white male child born west of the mountains, under the British Government; and was at one time shut up at Fort Duquesne for 4 days and nights, by that bold Indian Warrior Kilbuck; and witnessed from the walls of the Fort a successful stratagem practised by two of the savages on what is now the Allegheny side of the river, in decoying a couple of their white enemies—and which resulted in the death of one of the latter—one of the Indians also was killed by a rifle shot from the fort.

In the various public offices, which he held, he maintained an unimpeachable character for sterling integrity and honesty of purpose. As a member of the Senate and National Legislatures and as an office bearer in the House of God, his conduct was eminently exemplary for steady attention to business, and an unwavering desire to discover and pursue the right."

We learn from the Charleston Mercury, that the Repeal Society of that city, has formally disbanded itself, in consequence of Mr. O'Connell's recent speech in Dublin, referring to the subject of slavery. This association had made one remittance to Ireland and was about sending another, but at its final meeting, it was resolved that the money on hand should be divided among charitable societies in the city of Charleston.

A green horn, whose head contained more sap than brains, entered a store in one of our cities, and inquired of a bystander if there was an opening for a man of talent there. Yes, replied the other—there is the door.

The United States and Macedonian.

The following spirited account of the celebrated battle between the U. S. frigate United States and the British frigate Macedonian, in which the latter was taken in from a new work entitled "Thirty years from Home, or a voice from the main deck, by Samuel Leech." "The author at the time was a lad on board the captured frigate, and his impressions of so terrible a contest are much more vivid than one gleaned from official despatches.

The Sabbath came, and it brought with it a stiff breeze. We usually made a sort of holiday of this sacred day. After breakfast it was common to muster the entire crew on the spar deck, sometimes in blue jackets and white trousers, or blue jackets and blue trousers; at other times in blue jackets, scarlet vests, and blue or white trousers; with our bright anchor buttons glancing in the sun, and our black, glossy hats, ornamented with black ribbons, and with the name of our ship painted upon them. After muster, we frequently had church service read by the captain; the rest of the day was devoted to idleness. But we were destined to spend the Sabbath just introduced to the reader in a very different manner.

We had scarcely finished breakfast before the man at the mast head shouted, "Sail ho!" The captain rushed upon deck, exclaiming "mast head there!"

"Where away is the sail?"

"The precise answer to the question I do not recollect, but the captain proceeded to ask, 'What does she look like?'

"A square rigged vessel, sir," was the reply of the look-out.

After a few minutes, the captain shouted again, "Mast-head there!"

"Sir!"

"What does she look like?"

"A large ship, sir, standing towards us!"

By this time the most of the crew were on deck, eagerly straining their eyes to obtain a glimpse of the approaching ship, and murmuring their opinions to each other on her probable character. Then came the voice of the captain, shouting, "Keep silence, fore and aft!" Silence being secured, he hailed the look-out, who, to his question of "What does she look like?" replied, "A large frigate bearing down upon us, sir?"

A whisper ran along the crew that the stranger ship was a Yankee frigate. The thought was confirmed by the command of "All hands clear the ship for action, aboy!"

The drum and life beat to quarters; bulkheads were knocked away; the guns were released from their confinement; the whole dread paraphernalia of battle was produced; and after the lapse of a few minutes of hurry and confusion, every man and boy was at his post, ready to do his best service for his country, except the band, who, claiming exemption from the fray, safely stowed themselves away in the cable tier. We had only one sick man on the list, and he, at the cry of battle, hurried from his cot, feeble as he was, to take his post of danger. A few of the junior midshipmen, were stationed below, on the berth deck, with orders, given in our hearing, to shoot any man who attempted to run from his quarters.

Our men were all in good spirits; though they did not scruple to express the wish that the coming foe was a Frenchman rather than a Yankee. We had been told, by the Americans on board, that frigates in the American service carried more and heavier metal than ours. This, together with our consciousness of superiority over the French at sea, led us to a preference for a French antagonist.

The Americans, among our numbers felt quite disconcerted, at the necessity which compelled them to fight against their own countrymen. One of them, named John Card, as brave a seaman as ever trod a plank, ventured to present himself to the captain, as prisoner, frankly declaring his objections to fight. That officer, very ungenerously ordered him to his quarters, threatening to shoot him if he made the request again. Poor fellow? he obeyed the unjust command, and was killed by a shot from his own countrymen. This fact is more disgraceful to the captain of the Macedonian, than even the loss of his ship. It was a gross and palpable violation of the rights of man.

As the approaching ship showed American colors, all doubt of her character was at an end. "We must fight her," was the conviction of every breast. Every possible arrangement that could insure success, was accordingly made. The guns were shotted; the matches lighted; for although our guns were furnished with first rate locks, they were also provided with matches attached by lanyards, in case the lock should miss fire. A lieutenant then passed through the ship, directing the marines and boarders, who were furnished with pikes, cutlasses and pistols, how to proceed if it should be necessary to board the enemy. He was followed by the captain, who exhorted them to fidelity and courage, urging upon their consideration the well-known motto of the brave Nelson. "England expects every man to do his duty." In addition to all these preparations

on deck, some men were stationed in the tops with small arms, whose duty it was to attend to trimming the sails, and to use their muskets, provided we came to close action. There were others also below, called sail trimmers, to assist in working the ship, should it be necessary to change her position during battle.

My station was at the fifth gun on the main deck. It was my duty to supply the gun with powder, a boy being appointed to each gun in the ship on the side we engaged for this purpose. A woollen screen was placed before the entrance to the magazine, with a hole in it, through which the cartridges were passed to the boys; we received them there, and covering them with our jackets, hurried to their respective guns. These precautions are observed to prevent the powder from taking fire before it reaches the gun.

Thus we all stood waiting orders in motionless suspense. At last we fired three guns from the larboard side of the main deck; this was followed by the command, "Cease firing; you are throwing away your shot!"

Then came the orders to wear ship, and prepare to attack the enemy with our starboard guns. Soon after this I heard a firing from some other quarter, which I supposed to be a discharge from our quarter deck guns; though it proved to be the roar of the enemy's cannon.

A strange noise such as I never heard before, next arrested my attention; it sounded like the tearing of sails just over our heads. This I soon ascertained to be the wind of the enemy's shot. The firing after a few minutes' cessation recommenced. The roaring of cannon could be heard from all parts of our trembling ship, and mingling as it did with that of our foes, it made a most hideous noise. By and by I heard the shots strike the side of our ship; the whole scene became indescribably confused and horrible: it was like some awful tremendous thunder storm whose deafening roar is attended by the incessant streaks of lightning, carrying death in every flash, and strewn the ground with the victims of its wrath, only in our case the scene was rendered more horrible than that, by the presence of torrents of blood which dyed our decks.

Though the recital may be painful yet as it will reveal the horrors of war, and show at what a fearful price a victory is won or lost, I will present the reader with things as they met my eye during the progress of that dreadful fight. I was busily supplying my gun with powder, when I saw blood suddenly fly from the arm of a man stationed at our gun. I saw nothing strike him; the effect alone was visible; in an instant the third lieutenant tied his handkerchief around the wounded arm, and sent the groaning wretch below to the surgeon. The cries of the wounded now rang through all parts of the ship. These were carried to the cockpit as fast as they fell, while those more fortunate men who were killed outright, were immediately thrown overboard, as I was stationed but a short distance from the main hatchway, I could catch a glance at all who were carried below, a glance was all I could indulge in, for the boys belonging to the guns next to mine were wounded in the early part of the action, and I had to spring with all my might to keep three or four guns supplied with cartridges. I saw two of these lads fall nearly together. One of them was struck in the leg by a large shot; he had to suffer amputation above the wound. The other had grape or canister shot sent through his ankle. A stout Yorkshireman lifted him into his arms, and hurried him to the cockpit. He had his foot cut off and was thus made lame for life. Two of the boys stationed on the quarterdeck were killed. They were both Portuguese. A man, who saw one of them killed, afterward told me that his powder caught fire and burnt the flesh almost off his face. In this pitiable situation, the agonizing boy lifted up both hands as if imploring relief, when a passing shot instantly cut him in two.

I was an eye-witness to a sight equally revolting. A man named Aldrich had one of his hands cut off by a shot, and almost at the same moment he received another shot which tore open his bowels in a terrible manner. As he fell two or three men caught him in their arms, and as he could not live, threw him overboard. One of the officers in my division also fell in my sight. He was a noble hearted fellow, named Nan Kivell. A grape or canister shot struck him near the heart, exclaiming, "Oh my God!" he fell and was carried below, where he shortly after died.

Mr. Hope, our first lieutenant, was also slightly wounded by a grummet or small iron ring, probably torn from a hammock clew by a shot.

He went below shouting to the men to fight on. Having had his wound dressed, he came up again, shouting to us at the top of his voice, and bidding us fight with all our might. There was not a man in the ship but would have rejoiced had he been in the place of our master's mate, the unfortunate Nan Kivell.

The battle went on. Our men kept cheering with all their might. I cheered with them, though I confess I scarcely knew for what. Certainly there was nothing very inspiring in the aspect of things where I was stationed.