

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 4.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1843.

No. 18.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
SCHOCH & KOLLOCK.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance.—Two dollars a quarter, half yearly,—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietors, will be charged 37 1/2 cts. per year, extra.
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Jeffersonian Republican.

From the London Despatch.

There's a Star in the West.

There's a star in the West that shall never go down,

Till the records of valor decay;

We must worship his light, tho' his not our own,

For Liberty burst's in its ray;

Shall the name of WASHINGTON ever be heard

By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?

Is there none out of bondage that hails not that word,

As the Bethlehem Star of the West.

"War, war to the knife—be enthralled or ye die!"

Was the echo that waked in the land;

But it was not his voice that prompted the cry,

Nor his madness that kindled the brand;

He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,

While a leaf of the olive remained;

'Till goaded with insult, his spirit arose

Like a long-baited lion unchained.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,

But sighed o'er the carnage that spread;

He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,

But wept for the thousands that bled.

Though he threw back the fetters and headed the strife,

Till man's charter was fairly restored,

Yet he prayed for the moment when freedom and strife

Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

Oh! his laurels were pure, and his patriot name

In the page of the future shall dwell,

And be seen in the annals, the foremost in fame,

By the side of a Hofer and Tell.

Revoke not my song, for the wise and the good

Among Britons have nobly confessed,

That his was the glory and ours the blood

Of the deep stained field of the West.

Foreign Correspondence.

LONDON, June 11, 1843.

Here am I in the great metropolis of the world, as still and quiet in my chamber as though I was in our own quiet borough.—We arrived at about 8 P. M., yesterday, and though only a week has gone by since I forwarded my last letter, I have seen enough to fill volumes in description, yes volumes upon volumes have been written on the places we have passed through, and not the half been told. I can truly say I have never had crowded into one week the tithe part of so much, and how to tell it to you I know not. I feel as if I had been travelling a month instead of 6 days; you can easily imagine when I say to you we have visited Chester, Eaton Hall, Birmingham, Coventry, Kennilworth, Guy's Cliff, Warwick Castle, Stratford on Avon, Woodstock, Blenheim, Oxford and Windsor Castle between this and Liverpool, and have seen every one thoroughly. Have we been idle? Could we have done more? How to detail it is the trouble. First for generals.

The season has been remarkably wet. There has been rain every day for the last six weeks. I have never seen so changeable a climate—it will rain and clear up half a dozen times a day—again it will have the appearance of an immediate coming storm for hours, so that the only way is to disregard appearances, and progress on, always with an umbrella. It is uncommonly cold for the season, we have had fire every day. The exquisite beauty and richness of the herbage and foliage strikes the traveller first. The green is more uniform and vivid than with us, caused by the great moisture of the climate. I have seen nothing in the cultivation of the soil, that caused me to blush for Northampton. Our farmers I think do up their fields as well and as scientifically as they do here; they cultivate to be sure a little more closely but that is all, and that is owing to the great value of land. In the natural picturesqueness of scenery too we beat them; what I have seen far away but in that of all we must yield, and do it with a good grace, for I should be sorry the time should

ever come when one man with an income of £400,000 per annum shall keep hundreds in poverty around him living out their lives to adorn thousands of acres of valuable land with trees and flowers and shrubs, which the proprietor only sees for perhaps a fortnight a year.—The appearance of the buildings of all but the gentry are small and mean in the extreme—their only redeeming feature is that each has its yard and garden adorned with beautiful shrubs. This gives beauty to the country which I wish our countrymen would imitate, it would not consume any valuable time and besides humanizing those engaged in it, would add so much to the appearance of their dwellings. Every thing almost but this seems ancient and old. The people that we have seen on the road and in the towns we have passed through have mostly had a very common appearance. There is nothing like that attention to dress that is with us. The idea of subordination prevails to a great extent. The waiters at the inns are about the best dressed people that we see in travelling, but bow and scrape to every word they utter and every answer they make; you see the same in walking about.

The buildings in most of the towns are very old and mean. Those that we have passed through put us in mind very much of the ancient parts of many of the towns of Pennsylvania, as Lancaster, York and the older parts of Easton. They are generally not more than 2 stories high, you will often not see what we would call a handsome house in a town of 6 or 8,000 inhabitants, yet this ancient appearance is interesting, it points to bye gone days, that history has so familiarized us with. I mention this peculiarity as only the most common, for of course the palaces and seats of noblemen and gentry are of the most superb and magnificent character.—My ideas of English scenery have been fully realized. Add to that rich beauty of herbage, the splendid mansions and castles scattered over the country, the towers and turrets peering up in every direction, the close cultivation, their beautiful hedges of Hawthorn and Holly, the Ivy creeping over their buildings and the ruins around, and you have what few countries can excel. So much now for generals, or a six days sojourn. I will now go to particulars in detail which will be a mere journal *en route*.

We landed at Liverpool about 12 M. of Saturday and first accompanied our baggage to the Custom House, to have it searched to see that we had not undertaken to smuggle into Her Majesty's dominion, any contraband articles on which a duty should be paid. We were kept hanging about this place for some 3 hours before it was completed and though when it came our turn it was a mere sham, not taking half a minute with my trunk; it was annoying to be kept so long. All that was captured among our crew was some bundles of cigars, belonging to some of our young smokers, which were pounced upon quite greedily. We took up our lodgings at the Waterloo Hotel, a good house.—The mode of living at the English hotels is new, but I think we can easily fall into it—every one lives by himself and orders such dishes as he likes, unless he is in company with his own party, who may then eat together. Liverpool is very much like New York. It is indeed called the American city, having been raised and kept up by the American trade, which it has engrossed. The brick which they build with is most miserable. We would not use it for the poorest outside walls. I think if one of our Yankees would bring over some Philadelphia brick, he would make a speculation with them. The most interesting place I saw in Liverpool was St. James Cemetery. It was formerly a quarry, in the neighborhood of what is now the best part of the town, from whence was obtained most of the building stone. After excavating a hundred feet or thereabouts, for perhaps 5 or 600 yards or more in length, and half as many in breadth, in different ways, they filled up the bottom to a considerable depth with soil and placed the graves there, making vaults in the rock and planting it with trees, flowers, and shrubs in the most picturesque manner. Here we first saw the Laburnum, the Holly, the Yew, and the Cypress—the effect was very fine. The tomb of Huskisson, erected by the citizens of Liverpool, whose representative I think he was, is the finest. He was killed near there on the rail road. The statue of him which is over it, cost £3,000. The docks of Liverpool are deservedly its pride. The tides rise in the Mersey from 20 to 30 feet and are so rapid that vessels cannot lie along shore to receive their cargoes. To obviate this difficulty the merchants constructed immense basins in front of their ware-houses, all along the river, of splendid hewn stone, the vessels go in at high tide through openings, the gates of which are then closed, and they are shut in. The appearance presented in coming up the river is very singular—nothing of the hulls are to be seen, only these high walls and the tops and rigging of the vessels above.

We left Liverpool at 10 A. M. on Monday, crossed in a steamer to Birkenhead, and from thence by railway to Chester, one of the oldest

towns in England. Some date its origin about 100 years after the Christian era. It was no doubt commenced by the Romans, whose XX legion quartered here. It is now richer in Roman ruins than any place on the Island. The great outline of the wall is distinctly visible. We walked round the old wall still kept up, wide enough for two to walk abreast and paved with smooth stones. The remains of battlements and towers are numerous. We visited the Cathedral, perhaps the oldest in England, its date being as unknown as that of the town. It is a large Gothic pile of the most ancient character, the windows are stained in the most singular manner; the tombs are the oldest known, no one we were shewn sculptured the three kings of Mercia. It was originally the celebrated Abbey of St. Warburg.

You know for every thing you see here you must pay, but we were amused at an extra ruse to levy black mail of strangers. As we entered the door I enquired of some lads for the porter; they made no reply, and not finding him we walked in through the half-opened door into a damp looking room without uncovering, when the boys sprung towards us and told us there was a forfeit of a shilling for any one having their hats on, and that they were appointed to collect it; so we paid it down and sent them for the janitor to whom we also paid a fee. After leaving the Cathedral we dove down into a dirty dark cellar to see what had been a Roman Bath. We could see the pillars and where the spring was, now filled up with rubbish. They told us it communicated with the Abbey several hundred yards off. Having ordered dinner at 4 P. M. we took a fly and started to visit Eaton Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Westminster, about 4 miles. After crossing the Dee by a new and very fine bridge, having the longest span of arch in the kingdom, we soon entered the grounds and rode through it about 2 miles along a splendid avenue lined on both sides with groves of trees all planted, but so that they are now only known by the regular interchange of variety until we came to the Park. Here we saw flocks of Deer sporting around as tame as our sheep. We soon reached the building. It was the first structure of the kind we had seen and we were all struck with its magnificence. It is in style what is called, I believe, the florid Gothic, built of Shropshire stone. The centre is three stories high, the wings two. The whole length of the building is about 700 feet. It is said that it cost about two millions of dollars to build it, and the same to furnish it. To describe the interior from recollection now after all that I have seen since, would be impossible. I then thought it more magnificent than I should see again in England, but cannot say so after seeing Windsor, yet everything was most superb. The floors were all oak; the ceilings most exquisitely painted or sculptured; the rooms hung with the most splendid paintings and filled with the most expensive furniture. Figures in mail guarded the entrance and coats of mail and armor ornamented the walls. The views from the windows were beautiful. After being politely shown through we were given over to the gardener with whom we spent an hour in the garden and it was an hour well spent. Heart's ease as large as a dollar, some I think larger—every flower that could be thought of, peaches in the green houses—just ripe, pinerias, &c. What cannot money do? The Marquis's income is about £300,000 per annum.

Upon our return to Chester we dined and took the cars at 6 P. M. for Birmingham which we reached about 9 1/2 P. M.—At this season it is not dark until 9 P. M. In the morning we took a long walk over the town, and after breakfast went to the splendid show room of Mr. Collis, where we saw almost every thing in the shape of ware, and such like articles. It is a most splendid exhibition. We visited several manufactories and were kindly shown through the different apartments. They have carried mechanism to a very great perfection. After this survey we again got into the cars and proceeded to Coventry, about 18 miles and stopped at the King's Head, which is in the same house where 'Peeping Tom,' as the legend has it, who could not resist his curiosity to see the Lady Godiva, in her ride through the town in Eve's costume, took his stand. His image dressed in a cocked hat is yet kept peeping out of the window, and Lady Godiva's exploit is very frequently commemorated, out of gratitude for the favors she obtained for the citizens. We first visited St. Michael's Church erected about 600 A. D. It is an old and venerable pile and has the tallest and finest spire in England. It is 300 feet high and the Chapel is just the same length. From there we went to the Town Hall, another most ancient building. The town though large has nothing else in it uncommon. Both J. and I were struck with the similarity in shape between this, admitted one of the finest spires, and that of our German Reformed Church at Easton.

At Coventry we took a fly with two horses for Kennilworth, to see the celebrated ruins of Kennilworth Castle, which we reached in less than an hour and where we spent more than

that lingering around there, enjoying the luxury of retrospect, peopling them with those of bye gone ages. They are truly most magnificent even in their decay and before their destruction must have been grand in the extreme. It was built about 1100 and came into possession of the Royal family about 100 years after, and was the scene of many a plot, and fight and turmoil. In 1242 it was given by Henry the 3d to Simon Mohrford, Earl of Leicester, his brother-in-law, who afterwards turned against him and dethroned him for a while, but was himself subsequently slain and the castle returned to the Royal family, by whom it was several times granted away and resumed, until granted in 1563 by Queen Elizabeth to Robert Dudley, whom she made Earl of Leicester. It was under him that Kennilworth reached the summit of its grandeur, and here he magnificently entertained the Queen for 17 days in the most sumptuous manner. The cost and expense of the entertainment may be guessed at by the quantity of beer drank, which amounted to about 320 hogshheads. The great 'Wizard of the North' has however, drawn the picture in the most masterly manner, to which I will refer you. Massive fragments of walls, arches and columns covered with luxuriant ivy intermingled with hawthorn and ash, are all that now remain of this once splendid edifice. Cromwell divided it among several of his officers who soon plundered and destroyed the Manor of Kennilworth. In the language of one of the old chronicles, "they pull down and demolish the Castle, cut down the King's wood, destroy his parks and divide the lands into farms among themselves.—Hawkesworth seats himself in the gate house of the Castle and drains the famous pool consisting of several hundreds of acres of land, and Hope and Palmer enclose a fourth part of the commons called the King's woods from the inhabitants and take it as their own free estate." We climbed to Caesar's Tower which yet remains, perhaps, most perfect. Stood in the great Banqueting Hall—visited as well as we could the Queen's Dressing Room, the Presence Chamber and the Privy Chamber, of all of which only fragments of wall richly clothed with ivy remain.

From Kennilworth we went to Guy's Cliff, so celebrated as the place where the great Earl Guy, after performing the most astonishing feats of valor and renown, retired to a cell or cave and spent the remainder of his life, a hermit. We drank from his well, went in his cave and made a general tour of his haunts along the now rapid Avon. The Cliff is now the residence of the Honorable Charles Bertie Percy, who has adorned and ornamented it most beautifully. His house is built upon the edge of the cliff, a fine avenue of trees reach from it to the road; the lawns are covered with the richest green sward, cascades of water leap among the rocks and flowers adorn the terraces. We were shewn through the house by the housekeeper. The owner has a very fine collection of paintings by some of the first masters, and his house is very handsomely furnished. We also went down into the damp cloisters, cut into the rock, where the Monks used to live as is said, 400 years before Sir Guy came. They were damp and cheerless enough.

From here we went to Warwick where we arrived in the evening. In the morning we went to Warwick castle, the seat of the great Earls of that name, and the only perfect specimen of the old Baronial Castles left. It is one of the oldest and most renowned families in England, for Warwick is said to have had its Earls since the reign of the great Arthur, numbering the great Sir Guy, the destroyer of the Dun Cow, and that last of the Barons, 'The King Maker.' The exterior view of this noble pile is truly majestic, nor is the interior inferior. Passing through the Porter's Lodge we entered a winding road cut in the solid rock, covered above with the limbs and foliage of beautiful trees and its sides lined with the moss and ivy; which in about 100 yards brought us to the outer court where the stupendous line of fortifications with 'the cloud capt towers' broke suddenly on our sight. On our right was Guy's Tower, built in 1400, on the left Cesar's Tower, said to be coeval with the Norman Conquest, the first rises to the height of 128 feet with 12 sides, walls 10 feet thick, base 30 feet in diameter, the latter rises to the height of 147 feet from its base and both are connected by a strong embattled wall, in the centre of which is the ponderous arched gate way flanked by towers and succeeded by a second arched gateway with towers and battlements; before the whole is a now empty moat.

Passing the inner gateway we came into the court and here beheld the castellated mansion of the 'Mighty Warwicks'—fit residence for those warrior chiefs remaining uninjured by time or the elements. We entered the Great Hall by a flight of steps under a gothic porch. It is 62 feet long 40 broad. To describe the contents of this great castle would require a book instead of a sheet—let us suffice to say that it is filled with the finest paintings, furniture, tapestry and curiosities. Ancient armor of the most curious description hang on the walls; the ceilings are carved or ornamented in

the most beautiful manner; the views from the windows are very fine, especially that from Lady Warwick's Boudoir, and was more pleasing to me than the 'State Bed' of Queen Anne, which George the 3d gave to the Warwick family, and occupies what is called the 'State Bed Room.' From the Castle we went to the Green house, where among the beautiful flowers we found the celebrated Warwick Vase. It is the most splendid thing of the kind to be seen, of white marble designed and executed in the purest Grecian taste; it was found at the bottom of the lake at Andriens Villa, near Tivoli, about 12 miles from Rome, and will hold 136 gallons. From the green house we took a walk of near a mile through trees and shrubs to the river from which there is a most magnificent view of the castle with its towers and turrets, the Avon with its cascade, the old arches of a broken bridge left standing for effect and the verdant lawn around. Passing on we again reached the Castle and went to the Porter's Lodge where are kept the relics of the Great Earl Guy. Here we were shewn his sword which no man of our day would like to bear; his armor a rib of the Dun Cow, which (unbeliever) I took to be a whale's tusk, his Lady's stirrups, and in the middle a tremendous Iron Pot, called 'Guy's Porridge Pot,' as large as a batter's boiler from which 'twas told his family and self partook their morning mush and milk. It is now filled with punch on great annual festivals for the tenants, and the quantity of sugar and spirits of different kinds taken in the mixture which the Porter told us, was almost incredible, but I have forgotten them. He took Guy's flesh fork with which he used to fish out from it his dainties and drawing it quickly round the rim it sounded like the tones of a loud bell.

We left Warwick about 1 P. M. and drove to Stratford on Avon

"Where his first infant lays sweet Shakespear's song,
Where his last accents faltered on his tongue."

We stopped at the "White Lion," a few doors from the house in which the Bard of Avon was born, and immediately went to look at it. The old lady who shows it, depends upon the receipts of visitors for her livelihood, for sight showing I should think was a most profitable, as it is a very general business in this country. The house is a very mean looking affair. We have scarce a two story one poorer in appearance. The walls of the room up stairs, where the event is said to have taken place is scribbled over so thick with names of travellers that no more space is left. We saw many of our countrymen, and in a book of names many more. The old lady pointed out some deprecations that some visitors had committed, which surprised me. There was a huge mantle of solid oak of the toughest kind. A party of ladies called in a carriage, told her they wanted to remain some time in the room, for meditation for visitors for her livelihood, for sight showing I suppose, and managed to send her away, when with some iron instrument they split off a huge piece of the old orken mantle and carried off without suspicion! What think you of such veneration? I thing they ought to have been held as near the caldron of Macbeth's witches as would at least have sickened them awhile; others have split pieces from the doors and windows, so that if the spirit of appropriateness continues "Shakespear's house" will be carried away by inches. From the House we went to the Guild Hall over which is the School House where the Bard was educated, and from thence to the Church in which he lies buried, where lay his bones protected by his own defensive epitaph.

We lingered about Avon until the middle of the next day, walked for miles around. I had the honor, as the chambermaid sweetly informed me, to sleep in the room and bed which the Queen Dowager Adelaide had occupied about a fortnight before, on her way to a country seat she is about occupying; it made no impression on my slumbers, which were as Republicantly sound as though I had been in other quarters. The rooms are designated by the names of Shakespear's plays and not by numbers, thus my bed room was Richard III, my dressing chamber adjoining, Midsummers night dream, our sitting room, The Merchant of Venice. The scion of the old mulberry which Shakespear planted, stands in the garden attached to the Hotel, and the gardener having been trimming it, brought us in a small block each, which we seized as a prize.

Our next stage was to Woodstock, the seat of the Duke Marlborough. The honor of Woodstock was conferred by Queen Ann on the Duke of Marlborough for his eminent services, at the same time half a million sterling was voted by Parliament to erect him a palace, and the whole was called Blenheim, from the victory of Blenheim, considered one of the most important of his victories. The grounds comprise about 2700 acres, the circumference is about 12 miles, about 200 acres of gardens or decorated pleasure grounds. We were too late for admission into the Castle which we regretted, but made amends by a four hours walk over the gardens and park, which exceed any thing of the kind I had imagined. The beauty and magnificence are beyond description. The old gardener was with us an hour