



JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN

Stroudsburg, October 5, 1843.

Terms, \$2.00 in advance; \$2.25, half yearly; and \$2.50 if not paid before the end of the year.

V. B. Palmer, Esq., at his Real Estate and Coal Office, No. 59 Pine street, below Third, two squares S. the Merchants' Exchange, Philadelphia, is authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the *Jeffersonian Republican*, and give receipts for the same. Merchants, Mechanics, and tradesmen generally, may extend their business by availing themselves of the opportunities for advertising in country papers which this agency affords.

DEMOCRATIC WHIG NOMINATION FOR CANAL COMMISSIONERS.

WILLIAM TWEED, of Northumberland, BENJAMIN WEAVER, of Allegheny, SIMEON GUILFORD, of Lebanon.

Monroe county Election.

The following is a complete list of all the candidates for office, to be voted for at the election next Tuesday.

- CONGRESS, Richard Brodhead, jr.
- SENATOR, Francis W. Hughes, Moses W. Coolbaugh.
- ASSEMBLY, Rudolph Smith, Hugh B. Hinchine, George Beckman.
- TREASURER, Jacob Shoemaker.
- COMMISSIONER, Philip Shafer, jr., Peter Neyhart, Reuben Gregory.
- AUDITOR, Philip M. Bush.

Pike county Election.

The following, we believe, is a full list of all the candidates who offer themselves for office this fall, in Pike County.

- CONGRESS, Richard Brodhead, jr.
- SENATE, Francis W. Hughes, Moses W. Coolbaugh.
- ASSEMBLY, George Bush.
- TREASURER, Thomas J. Ridgway, Abraham Shimer.
- COMMISSIONER, James Simons, Timothy Depui.
- AUDITOR, John I. Westbrook.

The Election.

On Tuesday next the qualified citizens of Pennsylvania will again be called upon to attend the Polls, and select men to fill a number of the most important offices in their gift.—Throughout the State, Congressmen will then be voted for, and in eleven Districts, State Senators elected. A House of Representatives will be chosen, which will be called upon to act on some of the most weighty questions which have for years arisen in our Legislative Halls. A Board of Canal Commissioners will also have to be selected, and as this is the first time the people are called upon for that purpose, it is highly expedient that they should elect men who will faithfully and honestly do their duty.

In this County the electors will have but little choice, as far as Congress and Assemblymen go;—there being but one set of candidates for these offices. For State Senator and Canal Commissioners, however, they are required to distinguish between different aspirants. Let them do it in a liberal and patriotic manner. For County officers, a number of Volunteers have offered themselves, from among whom a good choice may be made.

To the Polls then; to the Polls! Vote for none but such as you either know or believe to be faithful and trust worthy, and you will then have honestly discharged the duties of Freemen!

Volunteer Encampment.

The encampment of Volunteers, at Allentown, is at the present time under full way. It was said that fifteen companies of foot and horse had signified their intention to be on the ground; but how many have arrived we have not yet learned. This is the day which was fixed upon for the grand review; at which time Gov. Porter was expected to be present. Gen. Keim, of Reading, has the command.

THE COAL TRADE.—The amount of coal shipped from the Schuylkill region, this season up to Thursday evening last, is 482,794 tons.

Canal Commissioners.

We again, and for the last time before the Election, ask the voters of Monroe and Pike, to examine into the characters of the men who compose the two Canal Commissioners tickets, and decide which of them are the best fitted for the important station to which they ask to be elected. For our part, we think the one containing the names of William Tweed, Benjamin Weaver, and Simeon Guilford, by far the most preferable. Wherever those gentlemen are known, they are proverbial for their "honesty and capability," and are just such persons as the exigencies of the times require. By electing them, we honestly believe, the people will take the first sure step towards making our public works productive and profitable.

The Warren Murder.

The application for a Habeas Corpus, which we said week before last would be made to the Judges of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, in the case of Carrier, has been granted; and he has been ordered to give bail in the sum of sixteen thousand dollars—five thousand on each of the three indictments for murder, and one thousand on the indictment for the assault, with intent to kill, on the boy Jesse Force. He has given the required bail, and been discharged from confinement. He will most probably be tried again on one of the remaining indictments for murder, at the Court of Oyer and Terminer which is to commence at Belvidere, in the latter part of November next.

Military Excursion.

We understand that the National Guards, of Easton, under the command of Captain Yohe, have received an invitation from the Military of New York, to visit the City, which they have accepted. They have made arrangements to leave Easton on the 16th of October, so as to be in New York on Tuesday the 17th, where they will remain four days. The Guards are one of the best drilled companies we know of, and an honor to Pennsylvania. They will no doubt be handsomely received by the military companies of New York, and hospitably entertained during their stay there.

The Delaware Greys, of Easton, commanded by Captain Reeder, are at present on a visit to Allentown, to attend Camp Washington. The Greys, we understand, have lately made quite an alteration in their uniform by adopting a large seal-skin Grenadier Cap, in the place of the leather cap and fountain plume, which they formerly wore.

New Jersey.

The Election in this gallant little State, for Congressmen, Members of the Legislature, and County Officers, will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday next. The contest on both sides has been very warm and spirited. In addition to the usual opposition, the Whigs have had to contend against the influence and patronage of the General Government. John Tyler has had all his office holders, besides a number of special emissaries actively at work, who have ridden the State for weeks, and expended their money in the most lavish manner. But the Whigs, nothing disheartened, have nobly striven to counteract this improper interference; and we hope successfully. We have strong faith, that notwithstanding all the efforts of the Loco Focos, and their new ally, Captain Tyler, New Jersey will present the right side up, on Wednesday evening next.

The Governor of Massachusetts has appointed Thursday, the 30th of November, as a Thanksgiving day.

Mr. Jonathan Albee, a Revolutionary soldier, residing in Lexington, Me., is now 100 years and 16 days old. He enjoys good health, converses very intelligibly about the campaigns he was in, lived to see his fifth generation, the oldest 12 years, and attended the polls and deposited his vote at the late election.

At the Circuit Court, Goshen, N. Y., last week, Charles Robinson, (colored) was tried for the murder of Susan Baker, (also colored) in Newburgh, on the 16th of May, and found guilty of manslaughter. He was sentenced to 7 years in the State Prison.

Husband and Wife to be hanged.

The Tonawanda, Pa., papers contain the trial of James Dolan and Bridget his wife, for the murder of Rufus G. Gere, on the 1st of August last. The trial was had before the Court of Oyer and Terminer of Bradford county, Hon. J. N. Conyngham presided, on the 9th ult. The testimony closed on Wednesday, and the Court charged the Jury on Thursday, the 14th, who retired, and after an absence of one hour, returned a verdict of guilty of murder of the first degree. Judge Conyngham, on Saturday, the 16th, sentenced both the prisoners to be hanged.

FIRE FLIES.—The fire flies of Jamaica, in the West Indies, emit so brilliant a light, that a dozen of them enclosed within an inverted glass tumbler, will enable a person to read or write in the night time without the least difficulty. Indeed, it is an expedient to which many resort. These flies are, in size, as large as a common live bee, and perfectly innocuous.—Their appearance in unusual numbers acts as a thermometer to the natives, and is an unquestionable indication of approaching rain. Travellers, they afford, even on the darkest nights, sufficient light to guide their footsteps with the greatest safety.

OUR NEXT SENATOR!

Two candidates have been nominated for this office by our political opponents, and as there is no Whig candidate, if our Whig friends vote at all, they should select the one most likely in the event of his election, to sustain measures best calculated to advance the true interests of the people.

MOSES W. COOLBAUGH of this County, and FRANCIS W. HUGHES of Schuylkill, are the candidates. Mr. COOLBAUGH has received a regular nomination from his party friends, of one portion of this Senatorial district, and Mr. HUGHES a regular nomination from the other portion.

In Schuylkill county both political parties will yield to Mr. HUGHES, a warm and united support on account of their personal knowledge of him and particularly because of his avowed opposition to the opening of an out-let lock at Black's Eddy, while the Lehigh Coal Company (whose operations are in Carbon county) will give Mr. Coolbaugh a warm support because of his having pledged himself in favor of the out-let. This question of the out-let lock at Black's Eddy affects the local interests of the rival coal districts of Schuylkill and Carbon counties, and it affects this county when regarded as a state measure, for if this out-let lock should be made, the whole Lehigh Coal trade would be diverted from our own State directly to New-York, and thereby injure many of our south-eastern counties, and particularly the city of Philadelphia, but which is of far more importance to us as tax payers, is, that nearly the whole trade would be taken from our Delaware division and thereby ruin this valuable public improvement, and take from our public Treasury about \$120,000 per annum, that would otherwise be receivable for tolls. This large sum of \$120,000 per annum must be drawn from the people in the shape of taxes in addition to that already paid, if this proposed out-let lock should be made, and in that event this must all be done to advance the interests of a speculating Coal monopoly.

The Lehigh Coal Company issue "scrip," with which they pay their laborers and others, which is at a discount of 25 per cent. Mr. HUGHES has pledged himself in the event of his election, to advocate the passage of a law forfeiting the charters of all corporations other than banking institutions, who issue "notes, bills, scrip," &c. intended for a currency.

Mr. HUGHES has also avowed himself friendly to a Protective Tariff.

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN. Random Chapters from an unpublished Novel.

Notes for exchange with Roldan.

CHAPTER I. It was in the town of Honesdale—Honesdale, what pleasant thoughts arise, as if by magic, at the mere mention of the name. Certainly this little terraqueous ball cannot produce its superior. Zounds, but my thoughts are turned topsy-turvy, when I think of the diverse and mellifluous enjoyments which exist in the enchanting town, and with which one can "drive dull care away." Milford, the glory of the notorious Roldan, with all its allurement of scenery and beautiful Ladies, cannot vie with it in offering enticements to the lover of Nature and Nature's beauties. Here one meets with true loveliness, free from rouge, pearl-powder, and back-gammon (otherwise, bustles). Well will the words, "Beauty, when unadorned, adorned the most," apply here. What town so favored as Honesdale for women—lovely women, adorned with all the graces which kind Nature and careful cultivation bestows? What place so favored as Honesdale, where loveliness and amiability go hand-in-hand, and weave their spotless wreathes for the brow of many a happy maiden? Happy, thrice happy is he, whose lot is cast in Honesdale. Is he ambitious of knowledge—desirous of becoming acquainted with the "multiplied complexity" of politics and governmental affairs? Let him seek the society of Honesdale's literati, and they, big with knowledge, will be gratified to disgorge some to him. Does he desire to while away an idle hour? Let him drop into George Brown's, and partake of his dainties, which "make merry the heart of man;" or if cloyed with good things, numberless young men will be pleased to join him in a hand at "seven up," or a rubber at whist, &c. Is he sad? Is he out of humour with the world and the world's people (the male portion)? He may seek the society of some angelic fair one. The silvery cadence of her voice will melt like balm upon his wounded heart. The interchange of kind and friendly thought with one pure and refined will renew his good humour, and he will leave her presence a happier, if not a better man. All this is true, true as the seven voyages of Sinbad, or the wonderful adventures of Baron Munchausen. But I have digressed most woefully. As I said, it was in the above named town, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-three, that a great commotion was heard, which sadly disturbed its customary peace and quiet.—Cries "says I to myself," something wonderful must have happened, thus to disturb the equanimity of our peaceful village. The President, or the Governor, or the Magistrate, or some other great man must have arrived, or perhaps the boundary question has come down

here, or may be a fire has broke out. But, says I, facts are more substantial than fancy, so I'll en sally forth and see. Grasping my hat and a fire-bucket, I straightway issued forth, making inquiries from every one that I met as to the cause of the hubbub. But all were too much absorbed in the calamity, whatever it might be, to heed my polite inquiries. Disorder reigned triumphant—none presumed to dispute her sway. It was a scene of such indescribable confusion, as one sees in the city of Brotherly Love, while a fire is raging in the "black darkness of the night." Huber and thither were the good people running, some with one boot on and the other in hand,—others with no boots at all. Two in that peculiar predicament, a natural segment of confusion, viz:—each a nether limb in one pair of unwhisperables. After various unsuccessful attempts to detain some passer by, I finally and in despair laid hold of a burly Englishman, who, thanks to my grappling irons, was brought to a dead halt. "What is the matter?" I exclaimed at the top of my voice. With mouth and eyes open as if astounded at my ignorance, he answered—"Hand his you so ignorant of the awful catastrophe? Why that extraordinary men, John H. Allen, the excellent heddor hof the wayne county 'erald' as gone to the city of Gotham, hand the folks thinks 'e vont come back."

CHAPTER II.

Piermont is a pleasant little town on the bank of the Hudson. Steamboats have a landing here, in order to accommodate a rail-road which runs into the interior of the Empire State.—Ding-dong ding-dong! come reader, let us quit our snug quarters in the Hotel, and go on board the boat. What an assemblage. All colours, sorts and sizes are here congregated in one unpromising living mass. What a subject for the student of human nature. But our business is not with these. But hold! see you that noble and majestic looking personage seated in the bow of the boat. What a commanding, intellectual forehead! What a piercing and expressive eye! Fancy would picture Byron, Scott, Dickens or Lever, to be such a looking person. He sits there like Napoleon on the imperial throne—"Grand, gloomy and peculiar, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality." But who is he? that's the question. Byron has gone to the "bourne from whence no traveller returns," and Scott, Dickens and Lever are on the other side of the deep blue sea,—so it cannot be one of them. Who then is it? Let us inquire of our fellow-passengers. Inquiry after inquiry is unavailing. No one knows him. He differs from Scott, inasmuch as he is an unknown Great Unknown, whilst Sir Walter bears the honor of a known Great Unknown, (contradiction in terms, no matter, the immensity of my subject must plead my cause at the bar of criticism.) He is the cynosure of all eyes. We are not the only ones mystified. Who can he be? Hold! Hark! the mystery is solved. The veil is drawn from the incognito. Light springs from darkness. The darkness is visible, and, moreover, audible. List to those two swart sons of Africa's sunny clime. They too, like every other person, were struck by the contour of the Unknown's countenance, and they, unlike every other person, discovered his identity with—with—but let them speak for themselves.—"Look heah, George Washington Patrick Henry, is you squatted wid dat distinguished lookin' geumen dat sets dere wid de little boy in um han?" "To be sure I bees, Mr. William Henry John Tyler, is it possible dat you be so consummatically disacquainted wid de intellectual genises of de United America of de Norf States, as not to hab de superogative honor to know dat literary carakter? Dat boy be de berry same child wot eats reasons and weddin cake, and runs down de back way to get to de offis, (vide Herald,) and dat man be his daddy, and my peckler friend and feller genis, John I. Allen, E. W. C. H. & S. C., (Editor of Wayne County Herald, and Schoolmaster from Connecticut.)"

CHAPTER IV.

Reader, imagine yourself in one of Gotham's superb hotels—The Merchants', as it is denominated. A large number of gentlemen are standing about the hotel register. Something out of the common course of events has transpired, thus to create excitement in the minds of those who live in the midst of excitement. Some name, of more than ordinary celebrity, is inscribed in the register. Hear! one is reading it aloud for the benefit of those who cannot reach it; silence! "John I. Allen, editor of the wayne county herald, and son! editor of the wayne county herald, and son! ha! ha! ha!" "What kind of an ism do you call that?" continued the one who read the name and title. "It's a Yankeeism," said a Briton. "It's a John Bullism," responded a Yankee. "It's an Irish bull," said a Frenchman. "It's a Frenchism," retorted an Irishman, "and, by Jabers, it's de mon who fought wid de Pike county bartens, and now he's come to lick Grady, de editor of de Tribune, because he won't notice his smart sayins in his paper." Poor John, who sat in one corner and heard all the remarks which were made at the expense of himself and his ludicrous mistake on the register, here arose saying to himself—"When one is in trouble, philosophy is consoling; but in extreme trouble, brandy and water is remarkably consoling; for my part, in troubles, big or little, I always takes brandy and water." Landlord give me a glass of brandy and water."

CHAPTER V.

Contained a detail of John I. Allen, editor of the wayne county herald, and son's proceedings in Gotham; but they must remain covered with the mantle of mystery, until the novel is put to press. Suffice it to say, that when "the peckler friend and feller genis" of George Washington Patrick Henry returned to Honesdale, his nose had a very peculiar twist, as if it had been

tweaked, his inexpressibles bore the mark of a—and his countenance looked remarkably SHEEPISH.

Seduction and Suicide.

We were yesterday put in possession of the following particulars, in relation to a melancholy case of seduction and suicide, which recently occurred in our city. Some few months back a young and accomplished girl, was seduced from the paths of virtue according to her own statement, by Dr. Eldridge, who figured rather conspicuously in one of our Criminal Courts, about two years. The result of this was the birth of a child, which shortly afterwards died, and the subsequent desertion by the seducer of his victim. Bereft of friends, money, and a home, the wretched girl threw herself on the protection of the Guardians of the Poor, who had the seducer arrested and held to bail. With the consent of the unfortunate girl the matter was taken out of the hands of the Guardians of the Poor, Dr. Eldridge having by a plausible and well told tale, promised that he would marry her and take her to England. This was only done to get him out of the clutches of the law. Abandoned and deserted appeal after appeal was made to him by his victim, but in vain, he took no notice of her.—In want, misery, and destitution, in a state almost bordering on frenzy, the wretched girl determined to put a period to her existence, bought a quantity of corrosive sublimate and swallowed it. She lingered in great agony for a few days, and was finally removed to the Alms House, where she died, and now lies buried.

The following lines, evidently written a short time previous to her taking the poison, was found on a table near her.—

Let no one attempt to use any cup, tumbler, or spoon that is on this table.

This is to inform all who may see it that no one is chargeable with my death; that is, with having in any form murdered me. I die by my own hand; I have been the victim of a cruel deceiver, who, after leading me into the greatest distress, has left me destitute of money, friends, and clothes. I know not which way to turn. This has caused me to commit the rash act. May God have mercy on my soul. It is my last request that Dr. Eldridge may be made to come and gaze on the cold-clay of her he so ruined and wiffully deserted. My name is R—. I am the adopted daughter of Mr. —, south Twelfth street. I had, when I lay very low, the promise from Mr. D—, the brewer, at the corner of — and Filbert street, to lie in the Magdalen Burial Ground. It has been my earnest wish in life—it is in death, I think if some one would call upon him, (he is a very benevolent man,) that he would let me lay there. R—.

It is my most earnest request that no efforts be made to restore life. I have no tie now to bind me here. I long to lay cold. A prostitute's life I cannot bear to lead—no other resource is left.

We forbear from giving all the names in this melancholy affair, at the earnest request of the friends of the deceased.—Daily Chronicle.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.—The New York Sun says: "If some common salt be put into water when washing cabbages or greens, preparatory to cooking them, the snail, slugs, worms, &c., will come out and sink to the bottom, so that they need not be boiled with the vegetables. It is impossible to wash them out, except the cabbages be taken to pieces, and people generally like to have this vegetable served up whole."

AN OLD TRICK REVIVED.—A well dressed man entered a baker's shop in Broadway on Friday, and purchased a loaf of cake for \$2.—He had no change with him, and nothing at home less than a \$10 gold piece, so he directed the cake and \$8 change to be sent to the residence of Dr. Lawrence, corner of Spring and Elm streets. After a little interval a boy was sent as directed. He was overtaken by the man, and told that the \$10 piece had been given to the woman in the baker's shop, and she had sent after the change. The boy delivered the money, and it is needless to say that his hunt for the residence of "Dr. Lawrence" was equally successful with that of the baker's lady for the \$10 mint drop.—N. Y. Commercial.

CROPS.—The last Goshen, N. Y., Democrat says that rarely has this county been blessed with better crops than at this season. The yield of wheat and rye was almost unparalleled; the grass crops was light, but the late favorable weather has enabled our farmers to make up the deficiency of the first cutting, by large second crops. Indian corn promises a much heavier yield than usual. Potatoes, which it is feared would be a failure, will turn out well. The buckwheat fields looks promising, and in this we specially rejoice, for in our opinion the real old fashioned pancake is the "ne plus-ultra" in the whole catalogue of cakes. And the rich and luxuriant verdure which now covers our fields, surpasses any thing that we have ever witnessed at this season of the year. So much for gloomy forebodings that were so rife among us in midsummer.

ASBESTOS.—This singular substance, which has as yet defied all the efforts of chemists to analyse it, inasmuch as it will neither melt with fire nor dissolve in water, and is entirely free from taste or smell, is found in considerable abundance in Pennsylvania, at no great distance from the borough of York.

In the county part of Canada, says the Montreal Herald, thousands are glad to work for \$2 a month!