



**JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN**  
Stroudsburg, November 9, 1843.

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**WOOD! WOOD!! WOOD!!!**

Those of our subscribers who intend to furnish Wood in payment of their subscriptions, are requested to forward the same immediately. Nov. 2, 1843.

**The Next Governor.**

We notice by our exchange papers that the question, "Who shall be the next Whig Candidate for Governor?" is already beginning to be extensively agitated. In different parts of the State, different individuals have been named; such as George W. Toland, of Philadelphia, William Heister, of Lancaster, John Banks, of Reading, Hartmar Denny, and Walter Forward, of Pitsburg, and numerous others; any one of which would make a good Governor.

In view of this, therefore, we announce our first choice to be the *Hon. John Banks*, of Berks county. Of his qualifications for the station, we conceive it unnecessary to say one word—they are universally admitted to be of the highest order. When a candidate for the office in 1841, he passed through that trying contest as a man of unblemished and spotless reputation; not a single charge was brought against him of which any one need be ashamed; and although defeated, in consequence of the paralysis of the party, which followed the defection of John Tyler, he still received a very creditable vote, and came most honorably out of the campaign.

When he was nominated, in March 1841, his prospects of success were bright and flattering;—but long before the day of election came round, it was evident that he was destined to be a victim of Tyler's treachery. Notwithstanding this, he nobly devoted himself for the good of our cause; and shall we not now, when by a proper effort we can elect a Governor, recompense him for his former sacrifice. We think the party owe him the nomination; and therefore our voice is for the *Hon. John Banks*, for Governor; satisfied that his nomination will be cordially responded to throughout the State, and that he will more effectually rally and unite the party than other man.

**Reduction of Postage.**

A grand effort, we understand, will be made at the next session of Congress, to have the present rates of letter and newspaper postage reduced. We are glad to hear this, and hope the design will be successfully prosecuted. The present rates of postage are entirely too high; and whilst they are oppressive on the people, instead of adding to the revenue of the Post Office Department, daily decrease its receipts, by forcing thousands of letters and newspapers through private channels. By reducing the rates of postage at least one half, we honestly believe the revenue of the Department would be greatly increased by the immense additional carriage in the mails. This subject deserves the immediate and serious consideration of Congress.

**The New York Election.**

The annual election in the State and City of New York, for Members of the Legislature, and County officers, took place on Tuesday of this week. Although labouring against great disadvantages, the Whigs had some faint hopes of carrying a majority of the members of the lower house. We should rejoice to be able to record a fulfilment of these hopes in our next. But we are not very sanguine. We are afraid our friends were not sufficiently waked up to the importance of going to the Polls and carrying the State, as they have the power to do, and will do next year for *Henry Clay*.

**Broke Jail.**

One of the young scamps, whose lodgment in our County Jail we announced last week, succeeded in making his escape from there on Thursday morning last, and has not since been heard of. He was the eldest of the two brothers who had been committed, and called himself Charles Hull. The Sheriff, offers a reward of \$20, for the apprehension and delivery of said Hull, to the Jail of this, or any of the adjoining counties.

**Thomas W. Dorr.**

This individual, who about eighteen months ago threw the *little State* of Rhode Island, into a great state of confusion, by wanting to be Governor of it, and subsequently obliged to seek his safety in flight, returned to Providence, R. I. one day last week. He was immediately arrested by the Sheriff, and lodged in prison for safe keeping. He has since been taken to Newport, where several indictments for High Treason have been found against him, and upon which he will soon be tried. If he gets clear, it is his intention, he says, to submit quietly to the authorities that be, and practice law in Providence.

We observe that that capital Whig penny newspaper, the "National Forum," of Philadelphia, has passed into the hands of Bela Badger, Esq. who will hereafter be the proprietor. It will continue to be edited by that able and gentlemanly editor, James S. Wallace, Esq.

**Col. Richard M. Johnson.**

This distinguished citizen is still continuing his grand tour through the Eastern and Middle States. He entered Trenton, N. J. on Monday, and on Tuesday repaired to Flemington, in the same state. He is expected to reach Philadelphia to-morrow, where he will be received in fine style.

**FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.**

MESSRS. SCHOCH & SPERING:

In the last number of the *Monroe Democrat*, I observed a communication from Moses W. Coolbaugh, of Monroe, and in that communication he not only invites an issue with any one as regards certain charges, which were currently reported before the election, but denounces those charges as base, infamous and unfounded. My only reason for sending you this communication, is a peculiar regard for the interest and welfare of the State, and of the democracy in particular; but I do most sincerely regret that the services of so faithful and efficient a representative have been lost to the community, for reasons above stated. Why that article in the *Monroe Democrat*, goes to show his fitness for State Senator, or for almost any other station, and if he did not succeed this time, he is already making preparations for something hereafter, (his own denial of having any political object in view to the contrary notwithstanding.) I would ask this Patrick Henry of Monroe, why the necessity of such an article as that in the *Democrat* of last week, if some of those charges made, of which he complains so much, had no reality in them; but I, as one of the citizens of this county, fear that there is too much truth in them,—and the reason for thus thinking is, that the wounded bird is generally told by his fluttering. In respect to the honesty of this dictator of democracy, as regards the Bushkill appropriation, I can make no direct charges, and my only object in asking you to publish the above is that truth and justice may take place; but I have been informed that the appropriation money was brought on by him, and he is one of the securities of said commissioners. How much of that money is in his hands I know not, but I guess the other security could tell where about one thousand of that amount was; and I know that a public prosecution has been commenced against the commissioners, for the unexpended balance of that said appropriation. With these desultory remarks I shall drop the subject this week, to make further enquiry into this Bushkill business hereafter.

**ANTI-BUSHKILL.**

**Loco Candidate for the Presidency.**

The Loco Foco Connecticut State Convention last week nominated Martin Van Buren for the next Presidency; and appointed delegates to the National Convention, by general ticket, the mode which the Calhoun and Tyler men say they will not submit to. The New Haven Calhoun men vehemently opposed the course of the Convention, but the Regency from Hartford, the Van Buren men, had the strength on their side as usual, and carried every thing before them.

The Vermont State Convention on the 17th inst., also declared for Van Buren.

It is now reduced to a certainty that Van Buren will be nominated. He has the delegates from Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, Ohio, Virginia, Vermont and Missouri and we believe some other states. The other candidates have as yet no delegates at all. The little magician has managed his card with exquisite skill, and may now sit at his ease and smile at the ineffectual struggles of his rivals.

**The Providence Journal says:**

The Loco-focos of Massachusetts are sneering at the Whig candidate for Governor because he is a religious man, and think that the term "Deacon Briggs" is one of reproach.

Of course—they prefer to send such a man as Robert Dale Owen to Congress who makes a scoff of every sacred institution—or to support John Snyder, who boasts of his infidelity and to show how little he cared for the Christian Sabbath, harnessed a bull to a sulkey and drove to the church door during service!

The following brief extract is taken from a speech recently delivered by Henry Clay, at a Fair in Kentucky. We recommend it to the special attention of every man in the country, as containing sound and true Whig doctrine.

"This a proper occasion for declaring the great American maxim, that it is both our interest and our duty to make as much at home as we can, and to buy as little as possible abroad. The family, or nation, that acts upon this principle will never become bankrupt. Economy and household industry constitute the great and the only sure remedy for hard times with families. The family that practices industry and frugality, and sells more than it buys, will certainly rise to wealth and independence; whilst the one which acts upon opposite principles, will surely fall into poverty and decay. As it is with families, so it is with nations, for a nation is no more than a large collection of families. To remove the pressure of the times, let every individual buy only what he wants when he has the means to pay for it; when he has not the means, let him buy not at all, and let him make his industry profitable by always selling more than he buys.

That man, or nation, is not free and independent that is always in debt, or that lives mainly upon the labor of others. To make ourselves, to make the American nation independent, we must furnish our own necessities, our own luxuries, principally. And why can we not, why should we not do it? Why should we go to France and England for cloths and silks when at our domestic hearths we can make articles of the same material of such substantial beauty as these [pointing to several before him]. It is individual and national prodigality to do so. Let us foster and uphold our own industry, and it will enrich individuals and the nation; but neglect that, and prefer the labor of foreigners, and both individually and nationally we become poor."

**Foreign News.**

THIRTEEN DAYS LATER BY THE BRITANNIA. We extract the following foreign news from the *New York Daily Tribune*, of Monday.

By an *Express* run by HARNDEN & Co. from Boston, we have just received the news by the steamship BRITANNIA, which arrived at Boston on Sunday morning, after a stormy passage of seventeen days, having left Liverpool on the 19th ult.

The news is important. O'CONNELL has been arrested by the British Government for nothing but peaceably holding meetings to petition Parliament for a peaceful Repeal of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland. Thus Toryism in England has accomplished what Loco-Focoism has done in this country—the virtual suppression of the Right of Petition, whenever it shall be exercised in favor of an object which the ruling power does not approve.

This unjust and illegal movement will give a great impetus to the cause of Repeal every where. O'Connell has given bail, and issued a Proclamation entreating the Repealers every where to be patient, peaceful and forbearing. The People heartily respond to this caution. If he and they but maintain their present attitude, their triumph cannot be far off.

France is tranquil. Spain is becoming so. Wales is disturbed. Great Britain is comparatively busy and prosperous. The treaty with China has been ratified on all hands. Dr. Pusey has returned to Oxford, with his health restored.

SPAIN.—Rumors have been afloat that Cadiz, Carthage and Marcia had pronounced. San Sebastian was about to follow the example of Saragossa. There were fears of an encounter on the 26th, but up to the 27th all was tranquil.

Among the passengers in the *Britannia* were ex-Gov. Throop of this State, Hon. Horace Mann of Boston, H. D. Maxwell, Esq. of Easton, Pa., and Mr. Mark, Consul General of Prussia.

**A Self-made Man.**

The Whig member of Congress elect from the Harrisburg District, (Pa.) Alexander Ramsey, is by trade a carpenter, and ten years ago was busily working at his vocation. Shortly afterwards he went to the Manual Labor College at Easton, where, though working three hours a day to cover his expenses, he made rapid progress in his studies. Want of means compelled him to leave the institution before completing the course. He afterwards taught school for a season, studied law under Judge Reed at Carlisle, was admitted to the Bar in 1839, elected Clerk of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives in 1841, and is now a member of Congress.—*Alb. Eve. Journal.*

**Counterfeit Mexican Dollars.**

The Mexican papers notice the emission of counterfeit dollars, and state the government is instituting a rigid inquiry into the matter. In the spurious coin, the word "Republica" is badly executed, the space between the two first syllables being very great; and the leaves of nopal which appear to spring from the earth on the reverse of the coin, are larger in the counterfeit than in the genuine specimens.

**Sublime.**

The shades of night gathered thickly around. Dark masses of clouds hung portentously over the earth; the winds whistled mournfully over the horizon; while the deep-toned thunder in muttering accents proclaimed the fearful tempest's near approach, as the big drops of rain began slowly to descend, with a look and manner not to be mistaken, the little pig did curl up his tail and run like blazes.

The receipts of the Fair of the American Institute in New York, are \$12,000.

**The Workingmen's Song.**

AIR—*Washing Day.*

TIMES won't be right it's plain to see  
Till Tyler runs his race,  
But then we'll have a better man  
To put into his place:  
For now we'll rouse with might and main,  
And work, and work, away;  
We'll work, and work, and work, and work,  
And put in HENRY CLAY.

For now we'll rouse with might and main,  
And work, and work away;  
We'll work, and work, and work, and work,  
And put in HENRY CLAY.

The Farmers want good times again  
To sell their wheat and pork,  
And so to put in HENRY CLAY,  
They're going right to work;  
They'll plough and sow, and reap and mow,  
And thresh, and thresh, away; [thresh,  
They'll thresh, and thresh, and thresh, and  
And vote for HENRY CLAY.  
They'll plough and sow, &c. &c.

The Laboring Men they want more work  
And higher wages too,  
And so they'll go for HENRY CLAY,  
With better times in view;  
They'll saw and chop, and grub and dig,  
And shovel and shovel away; [shovel,  
They'll shovel, and shovel, and shovel, and  
And vote for HENRY CLAY.  
They'll saw and chop, &c. &c.

The Weavers, too, will go to work  
For a TARIFF and HENRY CLAY;  
They'll make us all the Cloth we want,  
If they can have fair play;  
They'll reel and spool and warp and wind,  
And weave and weave away; [weave,  
They'll weave, and weave, and weave, and  
And vote for HENRY CLAY.  
They'll reel and spool, &c. &c.

We want no clothing ready made,  
From England or from France;  
We've Tailors here who know their trade,  
And ought to have a chance.  
They'll cut and baste and hem and press,  
And stitch and stitch away; [stitch,  
They'll stitch and stitch and stitch and  
And vote for HENRY CLAY.  
They'll cut, &c.

The Coopers know when Farmers thrive  
Their trade is always best,  
And so they'll go with one accord  
For Harry of the West. [crose,  
They'll dress, and raise, and truss, and  
And hoop and hoop away;  
They'll hoop, and hoop, and hoop, and hoop,  
And vote for Henry Clay.  
They'll dress, and raise, &c. &c.

The Hatters do not want to see  
Their keutles standing dry,  
And so they'll go for Henry Clay,  
And then the Fur will fly.  
They'll nap, and block, and color, and bind,  
And finish, and finish away; [ish,  
They'll finish, and finish, and finish, and fin-  
And vote for Henry Clay.  
They'll nap and block, &c.

Shoemakers, too, with a right good will,  
Will join the working throng,  
And what they do for Henry Clay,  
They'll do both neat and strong;  
They'll cut and entrap and last and stitch,  
And peg and ball away—  
They'll ball and ball and ball and ball,  
And vote for Henry Clay.  
They'll cut, &c.

The Blacksmiths too 'll roll up their sleeves,  
Their sledges they will swing,  
And at the name of Henry Clay,  
They'll make their anvils ring.  
They'll blow, and strike, and forge, and weld,  
And hammer, and hammer away; [hammer,  
They'll hammer, and hammer, and hammer, and  
And vote for Henry Clay.  
They'll blow and strike, &c.

And thus we'll work and thus we'll sing,  
Till Tyler's race is run;  
And then we'll have to fill his place—  
Kentucky's favorite Son;  
For now we'll rouse with might and main,  
And work and work away,  
We'll work and work and work and work,  
And put in Henry Clay.

And now we'll rouse with might and main,  
And work and work away;  
We'll work and work and work and work,  
And put in HENRY CLAY.

**The Bible Prohibited.**

Dr. Franklin, in his own Life, has preserved the following singular anecdote of the Bible being prohibited in England in the time of Mary, the Catholic. His family had then early embraced the reformation: "They had an English Bible, and to conceal it the more securely, they conceived the project of fastening it open with pack threads across the leaves, on the inside of the lid of a stool!" When my grandfather wished to read to his family, he reversed the lid of the stool upon his knees, and passed the leaves from one side to another, which were held down on each by the pack-thread. One of the children was stationed at the door to give notice if he saw an officer of the Spiritual Court make his appearance; in that case the lid was restored to its place, with the Bible concealed under it as before.

Charles F. Muehll, the forger and ex-Member of Congress, was pardoned on Wednesday by Governor Bouck.

**Shooting for Popularity.**

Mr. Mallory's Life of Mr. Clay has this anecdote of his early appearance in the political arena.

"While engaged in stump speaking, as it is termed, in Kentucky, an incident occurred which it may not be amiss to relate. It illustrates his tact and ingenuity in seizing and turning to good account trivial circumstances, for which he is so celebrated, and to which he is indebted for the enviable title of being great in little things. He had been engaged in speaking some time, when a company of rifle-men, who had been performing military exercise, attracted by his attitude, concluded to go see what that fellow had to say, as they termed it, and accordingly drew near. They listened with respectful attention and evidently with deep interest, until he closed, when one of their number, a man of about fifty years of age, who had evidently seen much back-woods service, stood leaning on his rifle, regarding the young speaker with a fixed and most sagacious look. He was apparently the Nimrod of the company, for he exhibited every characteristic of a mighty hunter.—buckskin breeches and hunting-shirt, con-skin cap, black bushy beard and a visage which, had it been in juxtaposition with his leathern bullet-pouch, might have been taken for part and parcel of the same. At his belt hung the knife and hatchet, and the huge indispensable powder-horn across a breast bare and brown as the bleak hills he often traversed, yet which concealed as brave and noble a heart as ever beat beneath a fairer covering. He beckoned with his hand to Mr. Clay to approach him, who immediately complied. 'Young man,' said he, 'you want to go to the legislature, I see?' 'Why, yes,' replied Mr. Clay, 'yes, I should like to go, since my friends have seen proper to put me up as a candidate before the people, I do not wish to be defeated.' 'Are you a good shot?' 'The best in the country.'—Then you shall go; but you must give us a specimen of your skill; we must see you shoot.' 'I never shoot any rifle but my own, and that is at home.' No matter, here is old Bess, she never fails in the hands of a marksman; she has often sent death through a squirrel's head one hundred yards, and day light through many a red skin twice that distance; if you can shoot any gun you can shoot old Bess.' 'Well, put up your mark, put up your mark,' replied Mr. Clay. 'The target was placed at the distance of about eighty rods, when, with all the coolness and steadiness of an old experienced marksman, drew old Bess to his shoulder and fired. The bullet pierced the target near the centre.—'Oh, a chance shot! a chance shot!' exclaimed several of his political opponents.—'A chance shot!—He nigh shoot all day and not hit the mark again; let him try it over, let him try it over.' 'No; beat that, beat that, and then I will,' retorted Mr. Clay.—But as no one seemed disposed to make the attempt, it was considered that he had given satisfactory proof of being the best shot in the country; and this unimportant incident gained him the vote of every hunter and marksman in the assembly, which was composed principally of that class of persons, as well as the support of the same throughout the county. The most remarkable feature respecting the whole transaction is yet to be told. Said Mr. Clay, 'I had never before fired a rifle, and have not since.' The result of the election proved Mr. Clay much more popular than it had been supposed he was; he was elected almost by acclamation."

**Huge Fish Story.**

The Planters' Banner, is responsible for the following monstrous fish story:—"Mr. Alphonse Carlin, a gentleman of this parish, who is fond of adventure, informs us that a few weeks since, when on a sea shore excursion, towards the river Sabine, in company with two or three other persons, he captured a fish of a very extraordinary species. It was of a flat shape, about 14 feet long, with a tail something like that of an ox; about 18 feet in width, with large fins, which it used like wings, and a mouth of curved shape, about three feet long! It had two spiral trunks or horns one on each corner of the mouth. He says that after he put a bullet in it, the monster flew at his boat, and with his mouth wide open, its grisly horns protruding in front, its tail slashing the air and water, and its fins, playing on each side, a struck terror into its crew. By a mere muscle he escaped, by fending off with an oar, as a broadside was fired down his throat!—After much difficulty it was captured, and an ineffectual attempt was made by five men to haul it on shore. He thinks it must have weighed upwards of 2000 pounds."

**Horrid Murder.**

We learn from the Danville Intelligence that on Monday night last, a party of young men in Augusta township, Northumberland county, Pa., went out for the purpose of hunting Raccoons, and in passing a house where two Irishmen named Hunter, (brothers) with a third person, name not recollected, made an attack on two of the party, Wm. Grant and John Vandling. Mr. Grant was first attacked and felled to the earth by the club of the assassins, and although severely bruised, was not fatally injured. Young Vandling was next attacked, and cruelly beat with clubs, and would have been massacred on the spot, but for the timely arrival of two of his brothers, and the rest of his young companions, who rescued him from the hands of the desperadoes. When discovered, he was found to be fatally injured, and although about three miles from home, by the assistance of his companions he was able to reach his father's house, when he died in one hour after his arrival. The three murderers have been arrested and lodged in the jail at Sunbury, to await their trial.

**Gold.**

The Salisbury, North Carolina, Watchman, learns that recent discoveries of gold have been made in Wilkes county, on Roaring river, and other places.