



JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN
Stroudsburg, November 23, 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 his agency affords.

The Hudson & Delaware Rail Road.

We published in last week's Jeffersonian, the Report of a committee of scientific gentlemen to the President of the Hudson & Delaware Rail Road Company, in connexion with an able article from the New York Tribune, in both of which the importance of the proposed Rail Road from Newburgh, N. Y. to the Delaware Water Gap, in this State, thence along Broadhead's Creek to Stroudsburg, and so on to the Coal Mines in Luzerne county, was exhibited, and the construction thereof strongly urged. Since then, we believe, the subject has been pretty generally discussed by our citizens, and we are glad to ascertain that it finds among them many advocates. Our object in returning to it, at this time, is to keep alive the attention of those whose minds have been directed to its importance, and to point out one or two of the many advantages which must necessarily result from its completion.

There are but few regions in the United States, more abundantly blessed with all the requisites of wealth and prosperity, than this. Our unimproved lands abound with timber of almost every description. Our coal mines, which are continually increasing in number, contain inexhaustible beds of the best anthracite. Our extensive iron mines, teem with the richest ore. Our water power, and other means of manufacturing, are unsurpassed. Yet in consequence of our isolated situation, and the want of an easy means of communication with one of our great cities, all these blessings are of comparatively little advantage to us. By the construction of a Rail Road, such as has been proposed, a good and lasting market would be opened to us for the disposal and employment of them all.

This is not the only advantage we would derive from such an improvement. By its means we would be brought within a few hours ride of the great commercial metropolis of the Union; and our merchants and other traders, instead of being obliged to spend weeks in going to Philadelphia to make purchases, and afterwards having them brought to Easton on the Canal, and from there here in waggons, could go to New York one day and return with their goods the next.

In the article of fuel, alone, there would be a saving of thousands of dollars annually, in consequence of the low price at which Coal would be furnished. It is reduced to a certainty, that upon the completion of the Rail Road, the price of that article could in no event exceed one dollar per ton in Stroudsburg.

In every light in which this subject may be viewed, it presents equal advantages; both to us, and to persons elsewhere. We have merely considered it in a few of its bearings upon this place and neighborhood; and we are sure the picture should be bright enough to induce our capitalists to examine into the matter, and if they find it as it appears to us, to take hold of the subject in earnest.

Massachusetts Redeemed.

The annual election in the Old Bay State, on the 14th inst., resulted in a glorious Whig triumph. Briggs, the Whig candidate for Governor, has a majority of nearly 5000 votes over Morton, loco. The Abolition vote is very large, and prevents a choice of Governor by the people; but as the Whigs have earned a majority of the Legislature, that will secure to them the Executive. Last year the locos carried the Governor and Legislature. It is evident that "that same old coon," is waked up at last.

Plenty of Pigeons.

We learn from the Repository, printed at Canton, Stark county, Ohio, that wild pigeons were so abundant in the neighborhood of that place on the 26 of October, that of several parties of sportsmen who had gone out in pursuit of them, one killed 1169, another 1060, another 900, and several others from 5 to 600. The game was afterwards distributed gratis to the citizens of Canton. We should like to have such a flight of them in the neighborhood of Stroudsburg, to let our sportsmen try their fowling pieces at them.

A Confession.

The upper district of Philadelphia, we are informed, was thrown into a great state of excitement, on Thursday afternoon last, in consequence of a German, calling himself Augustus Miller, but whose real name is Augustus Jacoby, confessing that he with an accomplice named William Heyer, had committed the murder at Change-water, Warren county, N. J., in May last.

The circumstances under which he made the confession are briefly these. Jacoby had a quarrel with Heyer, at a beer house, in the Northern Liberties, on Wednesday evening, and also one on Thursday afternoon. By the interference of the keeper of the house, the parties made friends and shook hands. A few minutes after, Jacoby called the keeper of the house out of doors, and told him he might make a thousand dollars. That a reward to that amount had been offered for the perpetrators of the Warren county murder, and that he and Heyer were the ones who had committed it. They then returned to the house, and the keeper told Heyer he had better fly to Baltimore or some other place. Heyer declared he was innocent, and refused to do so. In a few minutes the house was crowded, and the two men conveyed to the watch house.

On Friday morning, however, when they were brought up for examination, Jacoby made a confession exonerating Heyer from the charge of murdering Parke and Castner, and pleaded sickness, fits of hypochondria, &c., as the cause of his extraordinary conduct. He said he was innocent and so was Heyer, whom he had never seen until a few nights ago. The mayor discharged Heyer, but continued Jacoby in confinement, until more light shall have been thrown on the affair.

We learn by a gentleman from Easton, that Jacoby was tried at that place in August last, for an assault and battery, with intent to kill, on the Rev. Mr. Georgie, of Weissport. That he was convicted of the assault and battery, and sentenced by Judge Banks to two months imprisonment in the County Jail. His time there was out a few weeks ago, when he was released from confinement, and after being about Easton for some days, left for Philadelphia. It is the universal impression at Easton, that he had no hand in the murder of Parke and Castner.

Public Lectures.

We called the attention of our citizens, a few weeks since, to the importance of making arrangements to have a course of public lectures delivered in Stroudsburg, this winter—but no further action, we believe has been taken upon the subject. Is there not some one who will take the matter in hand—there is still time enough.

Ex-President Adams.

This venerable old gentleman recently visited the City of Cincinnati, to take part in the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the scientific observatory, about to be erected at that place. During his stay there, he was entertained in the most hospitable manner;—receiving several public dinners, and other marks of honorable distinction. His address, on the occasion of laying the corner stone, is spoken of as a master-piece of eloquence and sound sense. He left there on the 10th inst., for Washington, by way of Pittsburgh—to which latter City he had received an invitation from the authorities.

That Same Old Coon's Visit to Maine.

An election was held in the four Districts of Maine which failed to make choice of Members of Congress at the State Election in September. The result is most cheering. The latest returns indicate the election of three whig members of Congress. The result is a great victory. The Democratic candidate is defeated by Mr. "Scattering," in the remaining district. The Old Coon is fat and saucy, and when last seen by the Maine boys was in as healthy and sound a condition as ever. He is still on his legs, and will shortly make some more visitations.

Arrangements are making to extend the Somerville Rail Road to Easton, Pa., to connect with the New Jersey Rail Road at Elizabethtown, thence to Jersey City, instead of by the steamboat from Elizabethtown Point.

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

The Post Office.

Of all the public offices, this is one which should be properly attended to. It is the duty of a Post Master to attend strictly to the duties of that office, and to see that articles brought there by Mail are not enquired for more than three or four times by their owner before they are obtained. When this is too much trouble, it is time for a change. The power of bestowing the office is in the hands of the people, and it would be well for Post Masters to bear this fact in mind. PRUNO.

A Horse Stung to Death by Bees.

We learn from the Hartford, Conn., Patriot, that Mr. Wm. Russell, of Spring Hill, tied his horse near a bee hive a few days ago, when the swarm set upon the horse and stung him until he sank down in the greatest agony and immediately died. Before he fell, Mr. R. made every effort to remove the horse; but the poor brute seemed spell bound, and refused to stir. The day was warm, and Mr. R. had been driving fast.

From the Daily Forum.

Clay, Van Buren and the South.

The Montgomery Journal, an Alabama paper, says the reason, which makes Mr. Clay so eminently more desirable as a candidate for the south than Mr. Van Buren, are so obvious and apparent as to force stern conviction of that fact on the minds of vast numbers not known or recognized as Whigs, and this impression many are unable or are too patriotic to be willing to conceal. Though policy may dictate to forbear, truth will occasionally force its way through all the restraints which it imposes, in a decided and candid avowal of a preference which honesty will not allow them to repress. Among others, the Hamburg (S. C.) Journal, (Calhoun loco) gives expression to his feelings on this subject which cannot be mistaken. The Journal says:

"We prefer the whig candidate decidedly to Mr. Van Buren, and unless we are egregiously mistaken, the good people of the South coincide with us. Not that we are in favor of Mr. Clay, but let us have him in preference to the other. Clay is a candid man, and what he does, comes openly and aboveboard; we know how to take him—he fights fairly—but when we have to march under the banner of a magician, we feel uncomfortable, and wish to have a running start, as the party must be driven back under such a leader.—Therefore we advise the democratic party to drop Mr. Van Buren as early as possible, for he will not do to march with. Calhoun first, Clay next—unless we can start a better man than Van Buren."

This extract from the Calhoun organ does not tally with the paltry charges of double dealing and Janus-faced principles, made by the Pennsylvanian, to which we adverted in our last. An observer of the spirit of the press, cannot fail to notice that while the chivalric south always concedes to Mr. Clay perfect fairness and candor, the locus of the north, who are indoctrinated with the grimalkin policy of Van Buren—the "mousing politicians" who can wait for days at a hole to catch their prey—are continually charging the Whig leader with having two sets of principles, or contradicting themselves, "swear by yea and nay" that he has no principles at all!

That Mr. Clay has a strong hold on the affections of the South, as well as the North is evident, and this knowledge "burns like the mines of sulphur" in the jealous bosom of Van Burenism. It is the natural consequent of Mr. Clay's candor and decision on all occasions, that he has endeared the people of both extremes of our union to him. They cannot forget, that in times past, when breakers were under the very bow of our ship of state; when terror and dismay were impressed on every countenance; when in extremity, our nation called on some strong mind to plan, and some stout arm to accomplish its deliverance, that Henry Clay seized the helm and skilfully piloted the bark through the vortex! They cannot forget that fearful peril passed; they cannot forget the noble mind that achieved a path to safety! When danger was imminent, did Henry Clay ever desert the ship or fail to lend an ear to the complaints of the people! When did the fear of losing personal popularity, or the dread of awakening sectional jealousy ever deter him from what he conceived to be his path of duty? Bold, fearless and energetic; armed with the consciousness of right and noble motives, he has calmed the storm of angry politics and allayed the troubled waters of strife. With such a man at the head of our government—with his commanding talents and fearless sense of duty, the American people would smile at foreign commotion; the elements of national discord might roar and rage around them; thrones might totter and proud kingdoms bow to the dust, while our loved Republic would calmly glide along in peace and harmony and every citizen feel security and confidence, because a "father was at the helm!"

Shall we draw a contrast to this picture?—Having given the light, shall we darken with the shade? What ennobling characteristic; what chivalric feeling; what national benefit; what political achievement endears Martin Van Buren to the American people? Let the shade of Clinton, his early friend, hunted and wried to the very death by his base perfidy and personal schemes of aggrandizement answer: Let his paltry truckling to the power of Great Britain—his craven ministerial instructions in relation to the West Indian Trade, and the cohort of public plunderers under his sub-treasury scheme give response: Let those who in answer to their petitions for relief, when national distress bowed down their energies, received the taunting reply, that the people might take care of themselves and the government take care of itself, testify how far such conduct endeared him to their remembrance. A fox in stealthiness; a wolf in rapacity, and a jackall in pandering to the appetites of his superiors; the jackdaw who strutted through a presidential term, in the borrowed plumes of the military chieftain who preceded him, what claim has he on the people's affection, or what to hope from their "sober second thought?" The puppet of reckless politicians, who hope to advance him despite the popular wish; the cringing, pliant wretch, who bends to every breeze in hope to court favor, and the only man in the history of our nation, who has ever dared to make the presidential chair the citadel to hang the pirate's flag, inscribed "to the victors belong the spoils." What has such a thing to hope for in the South, where nobleness of nature will cause political error to be overlooked? What has he to expect in the North, with its increasing sources of information, its extended school system and its general diffusion of knowledge? Does he hope to seal the nation's eyes up and steal to power while the republic's national guard of voters are asleep? He must be a "magician" in something more than empty name, before he can again hope for success in

his aspirations. The people are not to be deuded in a support of the self-same man, whose imbecility they rebuked in 1840—they have driven the plunderers from the capitol, they will have no agency in a "restoration of the Bourbons."

Let the characters of Henry Clay and Martin Van Buren be compared and who then will wonder that the South, with its love of noble deeds and gallant bearing should prefer to vote for Henry Clay, rather than Martin Van Buren, despite all political preferences. Who would not prefer to support the champion of Universal Liberty, the friend of Poland, Greece and the South American republics, the father of the American system, the pacificator of the vexed Missouri question, he who compromised the nullification difficulties and has ever shown himself a patriot and statesman, in preference to Martin Van Buren, whose sole and only act of diplomacy on record is the alteration of the treaty terms of our trade with the West Indies, which has nearly destroyed that once lucrative source of commercial wealth and given our maritime rival advantages over us, which can never be regained!

Electors of President.

The next election for President will be decided under the new apportionment of Electors. The number to which each State is entitled to, is set forth in the annexed table. Politicians had better lay it by for the purpose of refreshing their memory, when the time approaches that sets them to making "calculations!"

States.	Electors.
Maine.	9
New Hampshire.	6
Massachusetts.	12
Vermont.	6
Rhode Island.	4
Connecticut.	6
New York.	36
New Jersey.	7
Pennsylvania.	26
Delaware.	3
Maryland.	8
Virginia.	17
North Carolina.	10
South Carolina.	9
Georgia.	10
Alabama.	6
Louisiana.	9
Mississippi.	6
Tennessee.	13
Kentucky.	12
Ohio.	23
Indiana.	12
Michigan.	5
Illinois.	9
Missouri.	7
Arkansas.	3
Total.	275

Required to elect, 138.

It is now a matter of certainty, that, unless death again prostrate the hopes of the nation, Henry Clay, of Kentucky, will receive the nomination of the Whig Party. We consider it equally certain that if nominated, he will be elected.

The vote of the following States may be safely calculated upon as certain for Clay:

Massachusetts.	12
Vermont.	6
Rhode Island.	4
Connecticut.	6
New Jersey.	7
Delaware.	3
Maryland.	8
North Carolina.	10
Georgia.	10
Louisiana.	6
Tennessee.	13
Kentucky.	12
Indiana.	12
Michigan.	5
Ohio.	23
Mississippi.	6
Total.	142

Mr. Clay's chance is decidedly best for New York 36, and Virginia 17, making 58 And an equal chance for Pennsylvania 26, and Maine 9, making 35

The only States the Locos can calculate upon with any degree of certainty, are—

New Hampshire.	6
South Carolina.	9
Alabama.	6
Arkansas.	3
Missouri.	7
Illinois.	9
Total.	43

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

Now and Then.

Let on the Steam, and crowd it Jerry! BOTHAM & Co.

"The Squire in his tiny bark," Ira in his "Machine."

Well Jerry, you did "let on the steam!" Have you burst the boiler, or broke the beam? If you have the priest will cry and scream, And curse the Westfall poet:— He should be made of "sterner stuff." The "number of one" will prove enough For him, and then he'll feel mighty gruff— Full well Jerry you know it.

Now, since he's a man of such great "sense," And argues that he "meant no offence," To write about me in the present tense, Deserves commiseration— He call'd upon the Presbytery, And pronounced to them his litany, O! if they would educate him free, He'd be their soul's salvation!

But when made fit for the priesthood chair, This whishing buzzard would at them stare, Deny the truth and at once declare,

The gospel not to preach— But he would prattle of temperance, The Churchmen may seek their recompense, He vows that now, and forever hence, A Latin school will teach!

Who cares for "Shakespear" and all his "fun," He once had in poaching "number one," Asham'd thereafter for what he'd done,

And so is the Dingman Priest; He prays that the "Squire's tiny bark," May always lie dormant in the dark, That he may sing no more "like a lark," Is his fervent wish at least.

When this great man enters into Church, He walks like a Christian to his "perch," You'd think he was really in search,

Of Beelzebub the devil; He does not come in till almost through, The Congregation can have full view Of this strange man in his suit of blue:— At him the people revel.

But Jerry, how goes the great "Machine!"— Full six feet high, and so lank and lean, Do thou oil it well and keep it clean,

Or 'twill cry, "O Hen-e-re!" Just "slap Vansykkle in once more, Screw down the machine upon the floor, And he'll come out in "Grecian Lore!"— Alike yourself he'll be!

Why, he may be call'd a "Socker Pete!" Ah! a giant mind he's got complete!

His "Machine" is built quite square and neat, He says one's a "high number"—

He can twist old Euclid round and round, For in mathematics he's profound, Archimedes he could soon confound,

And Newton he could cumber! If his great machine should start once more, To grind Congressmen and "Grecian Lore!" The "Squire" shall sail in his "bark" no more, But in the machine be thrust! Now Jerry, do throw the young priest in, And "crowd the steam" before you begin, He'll come out a NEW-MAN as slick as a pin, Throw him in Jerry—you must.

Ira, if you get the "Tyler Grippe," You call on the "Squire" near Sim's Clip,

He'll cure you in taking the first trip— If rest—I miss my aim;—

He'll row you in his tiny bark, 'Till your throat 'll be as shrill as a "lark,"

Don't forget your gun, but leave your mark, And fire at larger game!!! H. C. M.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of venditioni exponas to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in Milford, on Monday the 11th day of December next, at 2 o'clock, p. m., the following property to wit:—The equal undivided one third part of a lot of land, being part of a larger tract, surveyed in the warrantee name of William Allen, conveyed to Israel Wells and others, and by the said Wells to John Biddis, sen., situate on both sides the Saw creek in Milford and Dingman townships, on which are erected a

GRIST MILL, SAW MILL, MACHINE SHOP,

Three Dwelling Houses and out buildings, known as the Biddis Mill property, containing

FIVE ACRES,

more or less. ALSO—The equal undivided one third part of a certain tract of land, being part of a larger tract, surveyed in the name of William Allen, situate on both sides the Saw creek in Milford and Dingman townships, adjoining the lands above described, containing about

Twenty Acres

more or less. ALSO—The equal undivided one third part of another tract of land, being part of a larger tract, surveyed in the names of Patience Seely and Abraham Bickley, situate on both sides the Saw creek in the said townships of Milford and Dingman, adjoining lands above described, and on which there is a mill seat, containing

FOUR ACRES

more or less. ALSO—The equal undivided one third part of another tract of land, situate in the township of Milford, being part of a tract surveyed in the name of John Stewart, and being the premises now in the occupancy of Hugh Brisco, containing about

THIRTY ACRES

more or less; all of which said lands and real estate situate in the county of Pike, and State of Pennsylvania, and in all which Martha Biddis, widow of the late John Biddis, deceased, has an estate or interest of dower.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of George Biddis, and will be sold by me for cash. JAMES WATSON, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Milford, } November 16, 1843.

ESTRAY.

Came to the enclosure of the subscriber, in Hamilton township, on the 10th day of November, a

BROWN STEER

with one ear crot. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take it away, otherwise it will be disposed of according to law.

CONRAD KEMMERER. November 23, 1843.