

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 4.

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TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and 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 \$1.25 extra per year, extra.  
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## JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large elegant plain and ornamental Type, we are prepared to execute every description of

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## The Bachelor.

A Bachelor, a Bachelor,  
How pleasant it must be,  
A welcome guest at every feast,  
A happy fellow he:  
Whatever he earns he freely spends,  
For home he has no care—  
The young and merry Bachelor,  
His home is everywhere.  
To ball and rout invited out,  
A beau to every belle,  
The pleasures of a Bachelor,  
No tongue can ever tell.  
A Bachelor, a Bachelor,  
When age with wrinkled face,  
Comes creeping on him by degrees,  
With slow yet steady pace;  
The jovial set whom once he met,  
An evening hour to pass,  
Some, some are dead, and some are wed,  
For Time still turns his glass;  
No friend to cheer his silent home,  
No heart responsive beats;  
He bears his sorrows all alone,  
And pity never meets.  
A Bachelor, a Bachelor,  
He lives and dies the same;  
No wife to weep when he is dead,  
No child to bear his name!  
With mourning garb and measured pace,  
Strangers attend his bier;  
They loved him not, and scarcely pay  
The tribute of a tear.  
No silent grief, no heartfelt prayer,  
Hangs o'er his place of rest;  
He leaves this world as he has lived,  
Unblessing, and unblessed.

## Predictions for 1844.

This year will be famous for a thousand different things. From January to December, the days will consist of twenty-four hours each; and there will be such a number of eclipses, that many wise people will be in the dark.  
Those who lose money will look sad, and those who are in want of cash when they borrow, will want it more when they come to pay.  
Quadruped this year, will go upon four legs, pretty generally, and cows horns will be crooked.  
The celestial aspects indicate that political parties will not agree for some time to come; but whoever is President, water will run down hill, and ducks will waddle as heretofore.  
Cabbage this year will be rather round than three-cornered, and beets will be decidedly red. Coal will be as black as ever; cats will love fish, but hate to wet their feet, and all on account of the late Comet.  
Whoever sells his house to buy moonshine will hardly get his money's worth. Whoever runs to catch the rainbow, will get out of breath for his pains. For all that, Eastern lands may be had for the buying.  
Locomotives and auctioneers' tongues will run fast. There will be mortal war between cats and rats, as well as between Aldermen and roast turkeys. People will talk about the end of the world, but it is ten to one that the solar system will not run against the dog-star between now and next April.  
Sea Serpents this year will be hard to catch, and none but a conjurer will be able to get a quart into a pint bottle. Those who have wooden legs will suffer little when they freeze their toes. Wigs are expected to be fashionable among the bald, but blind folks will have some difficulty in seeing.  
Divers steamboats will blow up this year, yet it is hardly possible that any Southern slaver will be able to set the Mississippi on fire. Apples will ripen about October, sooner or later; but that is all one, provided we have cider enough. Foxes will pay particular attention to poultry; there will be very few old birds taken with chaff, and wild geese will not lay tame eggs.  
A linen factory, upon a large scale, is going into operation, at Paterson, N. J.

## The Tariff—Yankee Clocks, &c.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

LIVERPOOL, NOV. 18, 1843.

Sir:—The most prominent subjects that engage the public attention at the present time are 'The Irish Repeal,' 'The Anti-Corn Law League' and the 'Rebecca Riots' in Wales.—Of the first I know not what to say. The action and interference of the Government have most certainly checked the Repealers in their public demonstrations, but that the excitement has subsided, only to break forth afresh, is believed by more than one. The trial of O'Connell will soon come on, the result of which will be an acquittal. It is reported to-day that he has summoned three millions of witnesses, all of which will appear for the defence. If it is true he will never live to see his sentence, even if he be convicted. He is an old Fox and will worry 'his Majesty's Hounds' ere the race is over.

The 'Anti-Corn Law League' are making tremendous efforts to disseminate their principles, and with great success. They, however, use some arguments which I think might with propriety, be questioned. For instance, in 'Lancashire,' 'Yorkshire,' and other manufacturing districts, they tell the people 'The American Tariff was passed only as a retaliation for the English Corn Laws, and repeal the Corn Laws and the Americans will repeal their Tariff.' These being districts almost wholly dependent on America as a Market for their goods, the result is as would be anticipated.

Did our own countrymen know as all must who have visited England and the continent, the benefits which result to our country from the present tariff, I cannot believe there would be Free Trade men enough in the States to say We. It is astonishing to me that in 'New England' and 'Connecticut' my native State, there should be Free Trade men enough to make a show of a party. Open our ports for the admission of the pauper laborers of this country, and our wheels would stop, and the machinery would rust in their gudgeons. And can the farmers of our country be made to believe that the Tariff is in opposition to their interest?

The different ships which arrive from New York are loaded with cotton, turpentine, cheese, lard, clocks, &c. &c. The idea of our Connecticut folks furnishing 'John Bull' with time-keepers, is not less singular than true; and as I am from the Clock State, and acquainted with the particulars of this enterprise, I will, as briefly as possible, give them to you. The first importation of clocks into this country was in the year 1842, and by Mr. C. Jerome, Bristol, Conn., the most extensive clock manufacturer in the U. S. The clocks were accompanied by Mr. C. Jerome, jun., a chip of the old block, an open, decided, genuine 'Henry Clay' Whig, who can calculate well on the workings of the Free Trade System, and makes 'no bones' in telling 'John Bull' that 'Brother Jonathan' knows his own interests too well, to receive their goods free, and be taxed to defray the expenses of the Government.

The first movement of Mr. J., after his arrival here, was to open a store in the Broadway of Liverpool, which was done more to show the article than effect sales. The first clock sold was to one of 'Her Majesty's Custom House Officers,' for the moderate sum of \$28. The next to an 'English Officer' for the same price. Rather a 'tall start' thought the Yankee. After supplying the natives for a few weeks, a proposition was made to buy the stock, if he would quit the premises, and retail no more.—It was agreed upon, and Mr. Jerome directed his attention to the wholesale houses in London. About this time it was 'reckoned' among the clock speculators in Connecticut, that the business in England was better even than it was cracked up to be, and others engaged in it. The result is, as would be expected, by every one except a Connecticut Yankee, viz: the market is glutted, and clocks are bought here even cheaper than they can be in New York. The original cost is about \$3.50, freight \$7.50 per ton, measurement, duty 20 per cent, and 5 additional, or about \$1 per clock, and they are sold here for \$4.50 and \$4.75, and these a good brass clock. I think it quite wrong that the clock manufacturers in New York and Connecticut should misrepresent the state of the market as they do. It only acts as an inducement for parties to engage in and loose, who cannot afford it. I trust, sirs, that a regard for the interests of every American will induce you to give publicity to these statements, which is made by one Who Knows.

## Information Wanted.

Benjamin T. Cox, a lad of 15 years old, left the residence of his parents in Montgomery county, on the evening of the 10th ult., without any known cause. Any information of his whereabouts, will be thankfully received by Abraham R. Cox, Upper Providence, Montgomery county, Pa.

A New-York paper advertises that the owner of the perpetual motion, lately exhibited in the city, has absconded without paying the man who turned the crank in the cellar.

## HISTORY OF HORN.

The Modern Blue Beard—His birth at Worms—Disposition to Ream—Narrative of his dreadful crimes—His children—He is no doubt the greatest criminal ever tried in this country.

Hellman, *alias* Adam Horn, was born on the 24th June, 1792, and is now in his 52d year, at the ancient town of Worms, on the river Rhine, renowned as the place where the German Diet assembled in the year 1521, before which Luther was summoned to answer the charge of heresy, and is a portion of the Hessian State of Darmstadt. He is, therefore, a Hessian by birth, and the son of Hessian parents. We have before us (says the Baltimore Sun) a certificate, signed by a priest, and dated at the town of Worms, in the year 1792, giving the name of his parents, and certifying to the day of his birth and baptism under the name of Andrew Hellman; there can, therefore, be no doubt as to this being his true name. His parents gave him a good education, and at the age of 16 he was bound apprentice to a tailor at Wisupenheim, in Peterstheim county, where he remained until he was of age, when a desire to roam induced him to start off with only his thumb and scissors in his pocket, with the aid of which, according to his own representation, he worked his way through all the German States, as well as various other parts of Europe, returning again to Wisupenheim in the fall of 1816, after an absence of nearly three years. He could not long content himself there, however, and hearing of the golden harvest that was to be reaped in America, and having a desire to see a country that he had heard so much of, he took passage for Baltimore, where he arrived in the year 1817, being then about 25 years of age. As far as can be learned, after his arrival, he worked for a merchant tailor of Baltimore, for nearly three years, when he started for Washington, and passing through the ancient city of Georgetown, soon found himself in Loudon county, Virginia. Whilst in Baltimore, he made many friends, and was a young man of good personal appearance, and correct deportment. He seemed, however, to have imbibed a lasting dislike to the whole female race, looking upon them as mere slaves to man, whilst he considered man, in the fullest sense of the term, as the 'lord of creation.' Woman, according to his opinion, was only created as a convenience for the other sex, to serve in the capacity of a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, to cook his victuals, darn his stockings, never to speak but when spoken to, and to crouch in servile fear whilst in his presence.

He arrived in Loudon county, Virginia, in the fall of the year 1820, and stopped at the farm house of Mr. George M. Abel, situated about four miles from Hillsborough, and about seven miles from Harper's Ferry. Mr. Abel was an old and highly respectable German farmer, who had emigrated to this country a number of years previous, and had reared around him a large family of sons and daughters. The old gentleman took a liking to Hellman, and, unfortunately, as the sequel will prove, allowed him to stop or board with him, and being a good workman, he soon succeeded in having plenty of work to do from the farmers of the surrounding country. He remained through the winter, and in the spring of 1821 started for Baltimore. He, however, remained in Baltimore for but a few months, and in July again returned to his old quarters at Mr. Abel's, where he had so effectually succeeded in concealing his opinion of the sex, or had perhaps been lulled from its expression by the scenes of happiness, contentment, and equality that prevailed among the different sexes of the household of the respectable old Loudon farmer, that he was allowed to engage the affections of one of his daughters.

Mary Abel was at this time in her 20th year, totally unacquainted with the deceitfulness of the world; and deceived by his profession of love, she became, in the month of December, 1821, the wife of Andrew Hellman. They continued for two years in the family of Mr. Abel, during only a portion of which time the presence of relations and friends were sufficient to restrain the fiendishness of his disposition. After the lapse of a few months he appeared to be gradually losing all affection to her, though for the first sixteen months, with the exception of this apparent indifference, every thing passed off quietly. On the 8th of August, 1822, Louisa Hellman, their first daughter, was born, which, however, he looked on as a serious misfortune, and had they not been under the parental roof, sad would doubtless have been the poor mother's fate.

In the month of April, he became jealous of her, and the suppressed ferocity of his soul towards the sex, broke forth with increased violence. He accused her of infidelity of the basest kind, and on the 27th of the ensuing September, when Henry Hellman, their second child, was now living in Ohio, was born, he wholly disowned it, and denounced its mother as a harlot. From this moment all hopes of peace or happiness were banished, but, like poor Malinda Horn, she clung to him and

prayed to her God to convert and reform him, hoping that his eyes would be ultimately opened to reason and common sense. But, alas! it was all in vain. In return for every attention and kindness, she received nothing but threats and imprecations. Instead of the endearing name of wife, she was always called 'my woman,' and his ideas of the degrading duties and dishonorable station of woman, fully applied to her. He had, however, never used any personal violence, and she consequently felt bound, for the sake of her children, not to desert him.

At the time of leaving Loudon county, he disposed of property to the amount of at least \$3,000. How he had accumulated so much in the short space of ten years, when he had come there penniless, was, and still is, regarded as a mystery. Although possessed of a close and miserly disposition, denying his family nearly all the comforts of life, with the exception of food, of which he could not deprive them without suffering himself, it seemed impossible, from the fruits of his needle, so large an amount could have been accumulated.

About a year after their arrival at Logan, O. Mrs. Hellman, on one occasion, had poured out a bowl of milk, with the intention of drinking it, but before she got it to her lips, she found that the top of it was covered with a quantity of white powder, which had at that moment been cast upon it. Immediately suspecting it, she threw it out, and undoubtedly, from subsequent events, thus preserved her life. There was no one in the house at the time but her husband, and he denied all knowledge of it. She was under the impression at the time that he had attempted to poison her, and is now generally believed that such was the case.

In the month of April, 1839, all three of the children were suddenly taken sick, and lay in great suffering for about forty-eight hours, when Louisa, the eldest, aged 17 years, and John, the youngest, aged 12 years, died, and were both buried in one grave, leaving the mother inconsolable for her loss. Her whole attention, however, was still required for poor Harry, who lay several days in great suffering, but he finally recovered. This was a sad stroke to the heart of the already grief-stricken mother, which was doubly heavy upon her from the firm belief she entertained that their death had resulted from poison, and that that poison had been administered to them by the hand of their father—by that hand which should have brushed away from their path every thorn that could harm them. The belief is now general throughout the country that their blood is also on the head of Andrew Hellman, but whether true or false remains to be decided between him and his God.

On Saturday, 28th September, 1839, Mrs. Rachael Abel, the wife of Mr. George Abel, came to see her sister-in-law, and as soon as she entered the room she was surprised to see Hellman lying in the bed in the front room, with his head, face, and clothing covered with blood. With an exclamation of wonder, she asked him what was the matter. He replied, affecting to be scarcely able to speak, from weakness and loss of blood, that two nights previous, at a late hour, a loud rap had summoned him to the door; on opening it, two robbers had entered it, one a large brown man, (meaning a negro) and a small white man, when he had been immediately levelled to the floor with a heavy club. How he had got into bed he said he could not tell, but said he had been lying there suffering ever since, unable to get out. On hearing this story, and from his bloody appearance and apparent faintness, not doubting it, Mrs. Abel, exclaimed, 'Where, in the name of God, is your wife?' to which he replied, 'I do not know, go and see.' On pushing open the back room door, a scene of blood met her view that it would be irrisponsible fully to describe. In the centre of the room lay the mangled corpse of the poor wife, with her blood drenching the floor, while the ceiling, walls, and furniture, were also heavily sprinkled with the streams which had evidently gushed from the numerous wounds, which she had received in the dreadful struggle.

From appearances, it was rendered certain that he himself, in cold blood, thus butchered his wife. The fact of his having hewn up and dissected the body of Malinda Horn, can no longer, therefore, be considered a matter of wonder. It was only the second act of the bloody drama, and well did he understand his part. The man who had passed, without being conscience-stricken, through such a scene of blood as that we have just described, was doubtless capable for any emergency, and he probably disposed of his second subject with the same ease of mind that a butcher would quarter a calf.

He was arrested and confined in the jail of Belmont, Logan county, Ohio, but succeeded in effecting his escape with the irons on his legs. On the night of his escape he had been left up stairs later than usual, and there being no fastenings of any consequence on the door, he walked off.

He was immediately pursued and tracked to the house of a man named Conrad Harpole, near East Liberty, in Logan county, in the neighborhood of which a horse, belonging to one

of his attorneys, was found running loose, and it was ascertained that he had there purchased a horse, saddle, and bridle, and pursued his journey. He was then traced to Carrollton, Carroll county, where he had formerly lived, passing through in open day. He was here spoken to by an old acquaintance, but he made no reply. Some of his pursuers actually arrived in Baltimore before he did, and, although the most diligent search was made for him, assisted by high constable Mitchel, no further trace could be found of him. They, however, were under the opinion that he was concealed in the city, and finally gave up all hope of detecting him. The next thing that was heard of him was in York, Pennsylvania, where, on the 28th of September, 1841, about ten months after his escape, he appeared before John A. Wilson, Esq., a justice of the peace, and executed a deed for 640 acres of land in Mercer county, in favor of Charles Anthony, Esq., one of his attorneys.

He made his appearance in Baltimore county, in the neighborhood of the scene of his first murder, early in the year 1842, and commenced boarding at the house of William Poist, in the month of May. On the ensuing 17th day of August, 1842, he was married to Malinda Henkle, as is already known to our readers, as well as his deeds from that time up to the present. If guilty of no other crimes but those of which he stands publicly charged, he is undoubtedly the greatest criminal that has ever been tried in this country.

Since his conviction, however, we learn that he has become greatly changed, and under the guidance of a spiritual teacher, is seeking pardon of an offended God. He has expressed a great desire to see his son, Henry Hellman, and has written to him to come on without a moment's delay, which he will no doubt soon do, as we learn he has expressed a great desire to see his father before his death.

## Henry Clay's Wife.

A lady of Northern Pennsylvania now residing in Virginia, has written to a friend in Montrose, Penn. from which the Editor of the Susquehanna Register has published several extracts. Among them we find the following, which will interest the ladies at least, and shows Mrs. Clay to be the true American matron, as her husband is the true American citizen and patriot.

'I happened to get in company with Claymen and ladies too. I met with Mrs. H. of Lexington, Kentucky, who had visited at Mr. Clay's during the last summer; and she gave me a pleasant account of the domestic habits of the family. Mrs. Clay gets up at 4 o'clock in the morning—superintends her dairy, does much of the labor with her own hands, sometimes churns the cream and always salts and prepares it for the market, &c. She said it was a well arranged house, and she described the place as beautiful in the extreme. I enquired whether Mrs. Clay was genteel and lady-like in her manners. She said yes, exceedingly so—that it was rare to meet one so intelligent and accomplished. Mrs. H. would almost have made a Clay man of you, if you had heard her talk.'

## Corn Cobs.

The most economical method of disposing of corn cobs, is doubtless to pound them up and grind them with corn for stock. But as this is often neglected, another excellent mode of disposal is to soak them in pickle and feed them to cows or other cattle in the yard. A large tub formed by sawing a hoghead in two, near the middle, should be placed in a convenient place near the yard, and being filled with cobs a sufficiency of warm water strongly impregnated with common salt should be poured over them to render them soft and palatable to the stock.

Most animals devour them greedily in this state, but when it is not too much trouble, grinding into meal is much preferable. The meal of the cob also makes excellent puddings.—Maine Cultivator.

## Methodist Episcopal Church.

The increase of this body within a few years has been without a parallel. In their last official documents they publish their numbers in each conference in the Union and Texas, of which the summary is:—

	Whites	Col'd	Indians	Total.
Total this year	936,736	128,410	3,379	1,068,525
Total last year	803,296	107,296	9,817	919,209
Inc. this year	133,440	21,114	762	155,216

A man in Huntsville, Alabama offers a piano forte for sale, and says he'll wait for payment till Henry Clay is elected President.

No great shakes of an offer, this. If he'll wait till Martin Van Buren is elected we'll find a customer for him.—Paterson Intel.

A new England paper says:—'A young Quakeress was married a few evenings since in Philadelphia, and her bridal dress consisted of woven glass and satin, which was imported from France at a cost of \$1500!'