

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 4.

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Jeffersonian Republican.

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Dear Sirs,—Early last spring, two young gentlemen (cousins) entered into partnership for the purpose of transacting mercantile business in Tampico. On the 15th day of June, one left the home of the other, (almost as his own home by endearment,) bidding a gay and laughing farewell to all. He arrived safely in T—, and commenced business with flattering prospects. In August his cousin left N. Y. to join him; but a few days after his departure, news arrived of the death of his relation and partner in T—, suddenly cut down by those fearful fevers so prevalent in the South.

This was afflicting news for his Uncle's family, who loved him much,—but how overwhelmingly so to his own mother, who was a widow, dependent upon him, and he her only son.—The following verses, called forth by the circumstance, are at your disposal, either to light a fire with, or place in some corner of your paper, as seems most proper.

'Twas in the merry month of June,

'Twas on its last "bright balmy morn,"

A cousin as a brother dear,

From loving, aching hearts was torn.

His step was buoyant as the air,

His heart was light as June's bright day,

His cheek was touch'd with health's fair hues,

Around his lips joy lov'd to play.

He was his mother's only son,—

His widow'd mother's constant prop;

In him was center'd all her life,

Alas! he was her only hope.

With hopes as bright as morning's sun,

He sought a stranger's foreign shore;

Propitious winds and waves conveyed

Him there, but to return no more.

And now on Mexico's far coast,

The verdant sod the lov'd conceals;

By stranger hands he's laid to rest,

'Till God's last trump the grave reveals.

Oh! envious, envious, cruel death,

Who like the leech cries still give, give!

Oh! why not take the useless throng,

And let the widow's fond hope live!

But cease my soul thus to complain,

'Tis God who life and being gives;

With patience wait and he'll make plain,

Why strong youth dies and worn age lives.

But oh! who now shall wipe the tear,

From off that lonely mother's cheek!

Who'll her declining pathway smooth,

And consolation to her speak?

Yes there is one, Himself hath said,

"'Till to the widow be a God,"

Then trust in Him, dear mother trust,

And meekly bowing kiss the rod.

And now oh! God, oh! God protect,

That other much lov'd absent one;

From dangers and diseases shield,

And bring him home, that only son.

Milford, January 1844. H.

"What's in a Name?"

A chap up in Iowa, by the name of New, recently got married, and being somewhat of a facetious turn of mind, named his first-born "Something," which of course was Something New. His second was christened "Nothing," it being Nothing New.

A mortar of three parts chalk and three parts Roman lime, mixed to a proper consistence with water, is said to form an efficient coating for wood exposed to the action of water.

It is said that a gymnasium is about to be established at Washington, for the benefit of members of Congress and others who want exercise

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

Christian Duties.

In this land of established rights, where experience has given that wisdom to her legislative councils, that she no longer attempts to restrain the power of reason, or to silence the clamours of conscience, and when enlightened policy has enwoven the Bible in her legislative scrolls, where the deep foundation of tolerance is laid, and from her portals the sentiments of every heart may be fully avowed. None need, as in ages gone by, conceal the convictions of truth; none need immerse themselves in dens and caverns, ever dreading to be hailed before some tribunal, fearing the arm of that law with whose unwholesome restrictions they could not concur. Here the equitable law opens a sanctuary that will admit all under its spacious dome, and the fervour of piety may be expressed, either in the loud praise of pealing anthems, or in the silent communion of the heart.

And truly it is a theme of congratulation that there is a land where the beautiful landscape of the wide-spreading prairie, or the heavy cascade, shows it replete with temporal advantages, and where equity and toleration govern the moral tone of feeling, and

"Error has no place,

That creeping pestilence is driven away,

The breath of heaven has chased it,"

so that the weary of other lands may find a refuge in her bosom.

And while sitting under his 'own vine and fig-tree,'—his mind retrospecting the dark ages of former superstition, and again glancing over the present state of misrule and heathenism in lands only separated by the ocean's surge, should not the heart of the christian throbb with solicitude to give some adequate return to his fatherland, for its liberal provisions and abundant care. Nor need he stand long surveying the field to find employment amid a population ever renewing and ever passing away; for many are the scenes that will open for ameliorating the condition, arousing the dormant energies and casting in his mite to benefit frail humanity.

Various are the avenues leading to human improvement and to the final welfare of society; and among these no one opens to a wider prospect of substantial good, than the moral culture of the rising generation.

This too is a platform where all can labor,—where female influence will be advantageously felt,—where self-denying labor is constantly demanded, and it requires in the morning to sow the seed, and in the evening to spare not the hand.

But much it is to be feared with the mass of professing christians, that the daughters of Zion too, are anxious to throw off responsibilities, and allege they may not be required to move beyond their own household band, and ask why is individual effort necessary, when the public resources are so ample, both for maintenance and instruction. We reply, that if much moral good is effected, both public resources must be applied and individual enterprise exerted.

How many families are there where the sacred writ lying in an obscure corner, is scarcely perused by the parents, and to the younger portion of the household, who spend their leisure hours recklessly as the deer of the forest, its precepts are scarcely known. And how many helpless offspring of the slothful, the vicious and the inebriate, to whom comfortable raiment and food are luxuries not often received, are growing up in our midst, without that mental training that would enable them to leave the footsteps of their progenitors, and stand forth in the dignity of virtue.

It is in your power to search these hamlets, to enquire into the spiritual and temporal condition of the inmates; you can at any time be a welcome visitor to the dejected, and your footsteps may ever be hailed as the messengers of mercy.

You can establish Sabbath Schools in your vicinity, and attract the attention of all to this hallowed source of instruction. For no institution that has been projected has realized greater advantage to the community, by promoting orderly habits among the youth, checking roving propensities, and insuring reverence for the day of rest, and in giving the fundamental branches of learning, with religious instruction, than the Sabbath School.

And but few are unwilling their children shall come to this font of knowledge; the experience of many years having ascertained its utility and innocence.

Many are the beaten tracks for evangelizing the world that have not been mentioned, but this lowly way of leading the minds of youth may finally be not among the least successful. And though difficulties may be at the out-set, yet they will soon 'hide their diminished head' before the resolves of duty, and the beginning that seems small as a 'man's hand,' may soon spread its widening way until a cloud of incense shall descend upon the works of the righteous. S.

From the N. Y. Tribune

The Oregon Emigrants.

Messrs. Greely & McElrath:

I saw in your paper of yesterday morning in a communication from the City of Washington, a notice of the misfortunes which have already befallen the company of emigrants to the Oregon Territory. It appears that eight persons, women and children, died of thirst, starvation or fatigue before reaching Fort Hall on the Saptin!—that their cattle and other animals were very much emaciated, and their hopes of getting to Lower Oregon were surrounded with such gloomy forebodings that some of the company had returned to the States. This is sad news to me; not because I have relatives among that daring band, or ties or interests connected with them, other than those which would follow any individuals similarly circumstanced; I am made sorrowful by deriving from a recollection of my own suffering in those terrible regions, a clear idea of the lingering agony which those mothers, and children must have endured, from the time when they began to creep upon them, or weariness to waste away their lives, till the last pang was swallowed up in death! I do not believe that one who has never crossed the Rocky Mountains, that awful barrier of snows, and herbless sands, and naked rocks, can have a fair conception of the horrors which hang around every day and hour of that journey! Perpetual journeyings themselves if attended with the comforts of eating, drinking and sleeping, as found along the high ways of civilized countries, would be quite trying to health and mental quiet. Ladies with families in charge would sink under the hardships, and the physical powers of children would be materially depreciated.

But in progresses over the Plains on this side of the Rocky Mountains, as well as among those mountains themselves, there is no roof under which to sleep; the deep heavens gmented with stars—or covered with the pall of the tempest, is the wayfarer's only shelter. He has not even a tree to east his branches over him at a dozen encampments from the frontier of the States, to Fort Hall!

He has no road on which to travel. On the trail along the banks of the Great Platte the traveller is beset with tall grass, so harsh as soon to wear the fore parts of his animal's hoofs to the quick unless they be protected with iron shoes, or bound up with raw hide taken from the neck of the buffalo bull. When he passes the grassy district and approaches the mountains, he finds himself among endless fields of different species of cacti or prickly pear, which fill his animal's legs with thorns; or among vast fields of loose sand, small sharp rocks, the wild wormwood, or tracts of scoria; all of which continually maim and weary his riding and pack-bearing animals to such a degree as to compel him, if he would advance on his journey, to submit his own limbs to be lacerated in a similar manner.

He has nothing but meat for food. A little meal flour and Indian corn is taken out to sustain life until the adventurer meet the buffalo. These animals are usually found in the latter part of May, the time when parties who intend crossing the mountains, leave the States,) about 200 miles from the frontier. From this point onward, wild meat is usually relied on as the only diet, until they reach lower Oregon, a distance of 3,000 miles.

The sufferings of women and children on such a journey, made on horses or mules, with such sustenance and lodging, must often end in death. It is indeed remarkable to me that more of the Oregon emigrants did not die before reaching Fort Hall.

I will hereafter furnish for your paper a description of the part of the journey still before them, from which some idea may be gleaned, of the sufferings which still await them.

THOMAS J. FARNHAM.

New-York, 1843.

Shoemakers.

The old saying "shoemaker stick to your last" is about being verified in the shoemakers protesting against any alteration being made to the Tariff, by which their distinct interest may be affected. It is supposed that there are not less than 150,000 journeymen shoemakers throughout the United States—quite an army, and moreover, 30,000 females who are employed in binding shoes.

From Oregon.

We have before us a long and interesting letter from a gentleman belonging to the Methodist mission in Oregon, from which we make the following extracts: St. Louis Repub.

I am stationed at the Willemette Falls. This is a rather romantic spot, yet many things conspire to render it rather pleasant than otherwise. Its advantages for water power are very little, if any, exceeded by those of Rochester. There are at this place now a cooper's shop, two small stores established this season, by two Americans named Briggs. One is to be permanent if circumstances will justify. It is established by Mr. Cushing, of Newburyport, Mass. I understand he takes a deep interest in the affairs of Oregon. We have two mission buildings.

A saw mill is raised, and a flouring mill is in contemplation by a milling company, formed in the country for the purpose of improvement. The Hudson Bay Company have two houses for their convenience. So that we have quite a village.

What of the climate, water, soil, timber—in a word, advantages and disadvantages of Oregon, and what encouragement does the country hold out to emigrants? The climate is mild, the summers generally fine, though in the middle of the day rather warm. The nights are cool, and very little rain in summer. This summer, however, we have been favored with some rain; it has been difficult to secure the harvest; not much, however, will be lost. This is a prolific season here; crops are very good.

There will probably be fifty or more thousand bushels of produce in the country this year. Last year the Hudson Bay Company shipped, probably 20,000 bushels for the Russian dominions and other places, at sixty cents per bushel. The winters are generally rainy, tho' there is some pleasant weather, sometimes a little snow. Cattle, however, keep fat all winter, without foddering. This is destined to be one of the best grazing countries in the world. There are now large herds of cattle here, and more are annually being driven from California. Beef and pork are becoming abundant. Beef 5 to 6 cents per pound, pork 7 to 10 cts., wheat 60 cents to \$1; peas about the same; corn is scarce, \$1 to \$1 50 per bushel. Garden vegetables are also raised. Horses are numerous. I know of no country where there are so many cattle and horses for the population as in Oregon. Some Indians are said to own 150 head of horses.

This summer there have been six or seven droves by my house to the settlement, to exchange for cattle. These are mostly from the upper country. These Indians will soon be rich in cattle, &c. There are domestic animals, such as I have already mentioned, and cats, dogs, and hens; no tame geese, or very few; though there are thousands wild; also the swan, bald and gray eagle, vulture, buzzard, the crow of different kinds, fish-hawk, hen-hawk, pigeon-hawk, owl, black bird, robin, wren, and various kinds of other birds; some of which I have never seen in the States. We have the elk, deer, bear, panther, fox, raccoon, wild cat, wolf, squirrels of different kinds, rats, (bushy tail) mice, moles, beaver, otter, muskrat, mink, weasel, snakes, rattle-snakes in some places, adder, lizards, and creeping and flying locusts of various kinds and colors. Water is abundant and good.

The streams are generally clear as crystal; some, which rise in the mountains of perpetual snow, are cold all summer. There are several snow mountains in view from almost every point and greatly, in my opinion, add to the beauty of the country. The soil is generally good; some dark loam mixed with clay, some sandy, gravelly, red soil; all productive very well so far as they have been tried. Wheat is sowed here from year to year. One man, it is said, has raised seven or eight crops of wheat in succession from the same ground, and the last is said to have been the best, and all were good. It is frequently the case, that when wheat shells considerably in harvesting, what falls is left on the ground and the next season a good crop is realized. I know of no country where a man can make a farm easier than in Oregon, or where he can live easier.

Mills are rather scarce, though the prospect is increasingly favorable. There are no regularly laid out roads; and the general mode of travelling is on horseback, or by canoes. The prospect of commercial intercourse with the Sandwich Islands and China is good. The Sandwich Islands are destined to be the western world, what the West Indies are to the U. States. We obtain sugar and molasses from these, nearly, or quite as cheap as they can be afforded in the States. It is only about sixty days' sail to China, and fifteen or twenty to the Islands.

Slavery. This has existed from time immemorial. The stronger tribes make war on the weaker, take prisoners, and enslave them.—These are frequently taken to other parts of the country and sold to other tribes. Such has been the case this week. A large party of the Clamoth tribe, fierce and warlike, from the South, came in with about twenty slaves, and sold most or all of them. Some, I was informed,

were sold for three horses each, some cheaper. Slaves are not considered fillicum, that is, people, but as dogs. They do the principal part of the work and drudgery, and when they die are cast out among the bushes without burial, and are generally devoured by wild beasts.—Hence human bones are scattered far and wide, and are numerous in some parts of the country. Slaves are generally as well or better clad than their masters, and as to food, fare equally well, but the epithet—slave is fixed upon them, never or seldom to be removed. In some instances they obtain their freedom. Many of the settlers, both French and American, buy and sell slaves. By these most of the work of the former is done. Will not some government notice this? Are not the laws of the Union strict on the subject of enslaving Indians!

The Death of the Poor.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Pause ye awhile with reverent breath,
Break not the stern repose,
A spirit loosed by the hand of death
To its kindred skies hath rose!
The bolt hath fallen!—another frame
Will soon lie low in dust,
What boots it how his rank or name,
Where was his hope and trust!

Unbarè the head!—ye stand within
A consecrated spot,
Though frail and loose the covering
That shields the poor man's cot,
Bright angels have been from above
To soothe his fainting breast,
And they have spread their wings of love
Upon his place of rest!

Earth, thou hast none to mourn him here—
The poor can have no friend
But He who hearkens to their pray'r,
And their few wants doth tend!
The rich go to their trophied tomb,
And gorgeous rites are given;
But wealth lights not sepulchral gloom,
And pomp offends high heav'n.

The needy have no record here,
A nameless dweller doth show
There is one dweller more elsewhere,
A mortal less below!
What matters it, their bed is one
Where countless millions lie!
Princes and serfs to us unknown,
But register'd on high!

Eruption of a Volcano.

The Auburn Journal publishes a letter from Rev. Titus Coan of the Sandwich Islands, dated May 16, giving a description of a volcanic eruption in the Islands. We make the following extract:

On the 10th of January of the present year, just at the dawn of day, we discovered a rapid disengagement of liquid fire, from near the summit of Manna Loa, at an elevation of 14,000 feet above the sea. This eruption increased from day to day, for several weeks, pouring out vast floods of fiery lava, which spread down the side of the mountain, and flowed off in broad and burning rivers, throwing a terrific glare upon the heavens, and filling those lofty mountainous regions with a sheen of light.

This spectacle continued from week to week, without any abatement, till the molten flood had progressed twenty or thirty miles down the side of the mountain and across a high plain which stretches between the bases of Manna Loa and Manna Kea. It was not till after many weeks that I was able to visit this scene of terror and sublimity. At length, in company with Mr. Paris, the missionary for Kan—a station south of Hilo—I made the attempt.

We penetrated through a deep forest, stretching between Hilo and the mountain, and reached the molten stream as it flowed over those vast and high regions lying at the base of the mountain. Here we were able to approach the fiery stream and dip up and cool its burning fluid as we would approach the banks of a river and take of its waters. From this we followed the stream to the top of the mountain, and found its source in a vast crater amidst the eternal snows of those wild and heaven desolated regions. Down the sides of the mountain the lava had now ceased to flow upon the surface; but it had formed for itself a subterranean duct, at the depth of 50 or 100 feet.

The duct was incased vitrification, as smooth as glass, and down this fearful channel a river of fire was rushing at the rate of 15 or 20 miles an hour, from the summit to the foot of the mountain. This subterranean stream we saw distinctly through several large apertures in the side of the mountain, while the burning flood rushed fearfully beneath our feet. Our standing above it was like standing upon ice on a river, while the liquid flood flows under your feet. Our visit was attended with peril and inconceivable fatigue, but we never regretted having made it, and we returned deeply affected with the majesty, the sublimity, the power and the love of that God who "looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; who toucheth the hills, and they smoke;" whose presence melts the hills, and whose look causes the mountains to flow down.

There is a woman in Boston 104 years of age, who attends church regularly.