

lorgery might be made to appear, he drove furiously back to the Park. On arriving, he burst into the room where Mrs. Winthrop and the new married pair were seated at tea.

"You are very kind, uncle," said Eliza; "ones friends do not often call twice in one day."

"You villain!" roared Pell at Tim, "so you are the same thief that stole the will from my bedroom table, about six weeks ago! You needn't think to escape! You'll be called on by an officer to-morrow morning, and go to jail!"

"Thank'ee, I've no occasion," said Tim; "I only borrowed the will a few hours, just to get it proved. Was it not returned the next night? Ask Peter."

The old villain almost foamed at the mouth: "And so you colluded with my servant to rob me of the will, did you? Very well, Mr. Jocelyn, there is a law against thieving."

"Yes," replied Tim, sipping his tea very coolly. "Peter did assist me some in the matter. I was in his room, and stood at the window of the door, as you were about to commit the crime of—*Forgery!*" The last word was pronounced in the same unearthly voice that had frightened Pell on the evening alluded to.

The miserable old man saw that his crime was known, and that he was in Tim's power. But Tim commiserated him, and promised not to divulge the crime, on condition that Pell, after surrendering the will and estate should quit the country. This was forthwith done, and Tim and Eliza soon left Farmingdale Park for her father's homestead, where they still reside, surrounded by worthy and sincere friends—of whom faithful old Peter is not the least.

As for poor Benson, he did not return to the college, nor was he ever again seen in that vicinity.

#### The Season.

Gentlemen from the interior of N. Hampshire, on the 4th, report two feet of snow on a level in the woods, and large banks in the roads.—The Franconia mail continued to go through the Notch on runners, and the sleighing was reported "first-rate."

In Peacham, Vermont, on the 1st of May, the ground was extensively covered with snow, and there were banks in every direction from two to eight feet deep.—*Boston Traveller.*

A farmer of Pitsfield, (Massachusetts,) remarked to us on Monday, while conversing with him relative to the backwardness of the season, that some dozen years since, on the 14th of May he planted potatoes; on the day following snow fell to the depth of eight inches on a level, and on the 16th he drew wood upon a sled! The crops, however, that year were good. The statement of these facts will have a tendency to satisfy all who manifest impatience at the tardiness of spring that better times are coming probably.—*Pittsfield Sun.*

#### The Dead.

How little do we think of the dead. Their bones lie lowly entombed in all our towns, villages and neighborhoods. The lands they cultivated, the homes they built, and the work of their hands are always before us. We travel the same road, walk in the same path, sit at the same fireside, sleep in the same room, ride in the same carriage, and dine at the same table, yet seldom remember, that those who once occupied these places are gone—alas forever! Strange that the living soul should so soon forget the dead, when the world is full of the remembrances of their lives. Strange that the fleeting cares of life should so soon rush in and fill the breast to the exclusion to those so near. To-morrow, he passes that grave with cold indifference. To-day his heart is wrung with all the bitterness of anguish for the loss of one he so much loved; to-morrow, the image of that friend is effaced from his heart and almost forgotten. What a commentary upon man.

#### The Magnetic Telegraph in America.

The New York Herald gives a table of the several lines of telegraph in operation in the United States, worked by Professor Morse's system, as follows:

	Miles.
New York, Albany and Buffalo	510
New York, Philad. and Washington	240
Washington to Fredericksburg, Va.	50
New York and Boston	250
Philadelphia and Pittsburg	300
Buffalo, Lockport and Toronto, in Canada	130
Auburn, Ithaca and Elmira	60
Syracuse and Oswego	35

It appears, from a statement in the same paper, that there are under contract, and in process of construction, lines to the extent of 4974 miles, making a total, when complete, of 6549 miles.

A western editor having studied for two weeks to make some poetry, finally succeeded. Here is a specimen of the production:

All hail the land where freedom was born,  
All hail the land where daddy hoed corn;  
He stuck'd his hoe into the ground,  
Pulled it out and no corn he found.

**HORSE HUNTING.**—They have been hunting for a stolen horse in Wenham, Mass., for three or four days, and at length found him in the cellar of the stable, he having fallen through a rotten corner of the floor.



### JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN

Thursday, May 27, 1847.

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

#### Democratic Whig Nominations.

FOR GOVERNOR,  
**JAMES IRVIN,**  
OF CENTRE COUNTY.  
FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,  
**JOSEPH W. PATTON,**  
OF CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

#### The Columbian Magazine.

The June number of this excellent monthly has been received. It is a gem, and fully sustains its high reputation. The reading matter is of a superior order, and the embellishments cannot be surpassed. A new volume commences with the July number. Published by Ormsby & Hackett, 116 Fulton street, N. Y., at \$3 per annum, in advance.

#### Godey's Lady's Book.

For June, is on our table, and is a capital number. It is filled with literary matter of the highest excellence, from the pens of the most gifted writers of both sexes, in the country.—The engravings are of a costly and beautiful character, and are alone worth the subscription price.

Godey's reprint of Blackwood's Magazine, for May, has also been received. Its contents are varied and interesting. It is furnished at the very low price of \$1 per annum, in advance.

#### Fourth of July coming.

We have already received a copy of Wilson & Co.'s mammoth JUBILEE BROTHER JONATHAN, issued in New York for the 4th July. Among the multitude of engravings contained in this stupendous newspaper, we notice two historical ones of a very large size, and of peculiar interest. They are, Washington's entrance into New York in 1783, and Washington taking leave of his officers on retiring from military life. Both these engravings are finely executed, and with a historical fidelity worthy the great events which they commemorate. The Jonathan contains over eighty engravings and portraits in the aggregate. The price is 12 cents per copy.

#### The Crops.

We have had a number of fine refreshing showers in this neighborhood, during the past few days, which has given a healthy aspect to the crops in this region, and they now present at least a promising appearance, and a tolerable fair yield may be expected. This rain will bring up the corn that has been planted and lying in the ground for some time. Below are subjoined an account of the prospects in various parts of the country:—

**The Wheat Crop of Ohio.**—The Cincinnati Gazette, says: Some of our cotemporaries have already expressed the opinion that so large a portion of wheat in the ground have been winter killed that there is danger of a short crop in Ohio. We have lately passed through the State from this to Cleveland and thence to Beaver, Pennsylvania, and although we noticed many fields where a large portion had been winter killed, we are confident, taking into consideration the quantity into the ground, that the present promise is of a yield above an average crop.

**Crops in Virginia.**—The Lynchburg Virginian states that the crops in that vicinity were very unpromising, until the recent rains, but there is a much better prospect.

The Plainsville (Pa.) Telegraph states that the wheat fields in that region look well, and promise an abundance. The late rains will start up the grass. Most kinds of fruit, from the bloom of the trees, give a gratifying assurance that in the proper season we shall have plenty and to spare.

**Maryland Crops.**—The Easton Star says:—Notwithstanding the excessive drought for several weeks past, happily relieved by a delightful rain on Sunday night last, the wheat crop of this county looks remarkably well.

The Middletown Enterprise, of Saturday, says: After all the murmurings and predictions of the farmers in this vicinity, we think they will be blessed with pretty good crops, unless some unforeseen mishap occurs.

**Crops of Michigan.**—Kalamazoo, May 10, '47. Our season here has been somewhat backward, although the wheat crop upon the ground never looked better. We are somewhat favored in that particular, as our neighbors in northwestern Indiana, in Illinois and Wisconsin have suffered seriously in consequence of the severity of the winter.

**Famine Threatened in our own Country.**—The Marlborough (Md.) Gazette states that considerable destitution exists among the poor of Prince George's county. A worthy clergyman in the lower part of the county has been making collections to buy corn for the suffering poor in the parish.

#### "The Anglo-Saxan."

Is the title of a new paper, published in the city of New York, by Messrs. Andrews & Boyle, Sun Buildings, corner of Fulton and Nassau streets. It is devoted to Phonography, or the spelling of words as they are pronounced, and presents quite a unique appearance. Persons wishing to become acquainted with this new and easy mode of spelling and writing, should subscribe for a copy of this paper.—*Terms, \$2 per annum, in advance.*

#### Coming Elections in 1847.

The following are the elections yet to take place this year:—

State	Day	Month	Day
Kentucky	Monday	August	2d
Indiana	"	"	"
Illinois	"	"	"
Missouri	"	"	"
Alabama	"	"	"
North Carolina	Thursday	"	5th
Tennessee	"	"	"
Vermont	Tuesday	Sept.	7th
Maine	Monday	"	13th
Georgia	"	Oct.	4th
Arkansas	"	"	"
Florida	"	"	"
Maryland	Wednesday	"	6th
South Carolina	Monday	"	11th
Pennsylvania	Tuesday	"	12th
Ohio	"	"	"
Michigan	Monday	Nov.	1st
Mississippi	"	"	"
Louisiana	"	"	"
Texas	"	"	"
New York	Tuesday	"	2d
New Jersey	"	"	"
Massachusetts	Monday	"	8th
Delaware	Tuesday	"	9th

Their candidate, Gen. Irvin, is known to be a man of immense wealth.—*Dem. Union.*

If Gen. Irvin is wealthy, says the Harrisburg Intelligencer, it was accumulated by honest industry, and is highly creditable to him. He has accumulated his property by the sweat of an open brow, and the labor of an honest hand, and makes good use of it. He has not, like Shunk, subsisted like a drone upon the bounty of the people, for over THIRTY YEARS, nor has he ever SWINDLED the State out of over NINE THOUSAND DOLLARS! Wealth is no objection to a man, but dishonesty is!

¶ In view of the past action of the Loco-foco party, the Reading Journal charges it upon them, "that if ever there was a party of TORIERS and TRAITORS, in this country, since the days of the Revolution, it is composed of the POLK and SANTA ANNA LOCOFOS of the present day. JAMES K. POLK is the BENEDICT ARNOLD of the nineteenth century. His pass to Santa Anna is of a piece with the pass granted by Arnold to John Anderson (Maj. Andre.) Their names are indissolubly linked, and it is but fair to presume that those who now stand up for the one would have stood up for the other had they lived in the days of the Revolution."

¶ The Washington Union has an article under the caption of "Santa Anna in Mexico." The Administration should blush to look at that caption. How came "Santa Anna in Mexico?"—*Louisville Journal.* He was Polk'd there.

**Santa Anna's Leg.**—It is evident that General Scott means to have a brush for the Presidency, as he has taken the stump.—*North American.*

¶ The result of the battle of Cerro Gordo has shown how much more reliable in time of war are wooden legs than flesh and blood ones. "While Santa Anna's live leg ran away, the wooden one was firm to the last.—*Id.*

It is said that Santa Anna foamed with rage, [at Cerro Gordo] when he found that the day was lost.—*Charleston Courier.*

It is no wonder that Mr. Polk's cork-legged friend foamed a little. He was uncorked.—*Louisville Journal.*

#### The President.

The Baltimore Patriot, after pointing to the errors of the present administration of the Government, says:

"Mr Polk has not, in all this, disappointed public expectation. Those who opposed his election to the Presidency insisted that he was not competent of the office—that he neither had the moral influence nor the intellectual capacity, which should be possessed by the chief magistrate—and predicted that his administration, if he were elected, would be characterized by contradictions, feebleness and corruption. This was scarcely denied by some of his advocates, and to many of them was a recommendation that the apprehensions were just.

"Mr. Polk was elected. What the Whigs insisted of him, he has shown to be true—what they predicted of his administration has come to pass. Nobody is deceived. Mr. Polk has fulfilled the public expectation!"

From the North American.

#### The War as it Stands.

It is a question still debated among those best acquainted with the subject, whether Gen. Scott will be enabled to reach the capital of Mexico without further and terrible sacrifices. It might be thought that a victory so decisive as that of Cerro Gordo ought to be sufficient to discourage a foe so frequently proved to be unequal to the struggle, from further resistance; but the celerity and apparent ease with which Santa Anna, after the battle of Buena Vista, assembled fresh thousands to encounter General Scott, indicates a degree of desperate resolution which will probably induce a renewal of the effort to stop the career of our troops.—There are still situations of vast strength interposed between our army and the city of Mexico; and if the Spanish obstinacy prompts a bold and desperate defence, thousands of wives and mothers in both countries may have occasion to mourn over the result. Gen. Scott may be checked, he may be constrained to mark his path with graves, and struggle at every step; but it is our belief that he cannot be prevented from reaching Mexico. And what then? It has always been doubted whether the capture of the capital would secure submission. The latest advices inform us of the probable intention of the Mexicans to change their seat of government; it is also proposed to abandon open resistance in the field and adopt the guerrilla mode of warfare; and every report that reaches us speaks of implacable hostility and unending resistance. If these statements be confirmed by future results, we are but at the threshold of this bloody war. We have turned but the first bloody leaf of this volume of horrors. Lives innumerable, American and Mexican, are yet to answer for the insanity of this Administration; and we may look forward to a future crowded with sacrifices and afflictions.

Since this contest commenced there has been everything in it to excite and gratify the warlike passions of our people. We have victories that transcend the wonders of romance; and national pride and national vanity are appealed to with an eloquence which it requires an extraordinary self-control to resist. In time, and with the sacrifices required, having made Mexico a wide sepulchre, we may conquer it. Although the effort be one that must redden the path of our triumph with the best blood of our country, we may effect it. We may add a dozen Mexican States to our Union, and crowd our Congress with members of every language, complexion and character. And, although these barren, or ruinous triumphs be won at the price of bankruptcy or disunion, still we may, and will exult, with an earnest joy over the victories of our arms, for they are the triumphs of our brethren—the glories of our flag; and the pulse leaps and the shout rises before we have time to think at what price all this glory has been won. Yet we are constrained, in the midst of these triumphal rejoicings, to retrace, with a sadder emphasis, the expression of our disapprobation of this war.

Congress, however strong the majority in favor of the Administration, would never have declared this war. It was commenced by the President's usurpation of the war power. It was commenced, whatever pretext was at first resorted to, for the guilty purpose of conquest. That object is now avowed and gloried in by the Administration and its friends. Such a war, with such an object, cannot be otherwise than guilty, whatever glory may crown it, or than unfortunate whatever rapine it may accomplish. Its reacting curses must reach and punish us in the consequences of a precedent of successful crime, and in the wide-spread and reckless demoralization of the people. Were there no other or worse evils in the train of this war, than those induced by military demoralization, and the excitement of a natural love of conquest, the retribution of time would be found to avenge sufficiently the wrong we are committing. But there are other and more immediate results which no good man can contemplate without grief and horror. The first fruits of those conquests are the extension of slavery which the Administration has determined to accomplish, and the people to avert it, at any hazard or any consequence. In this struggle, our Union must encounter a peril the most deadly—a peril that may induce civil discord, and may involve civil war.

To these costs of this unhappy contest, it is unnecessary to add the painful sacrifice of human life and the aggravation of human suffering, for these are considerations which the friends of the war seem to regard as too trivial for notice. But there is a consequence which the most ferocious and unfeeling may appreciate—the establishment of a towering and perhaps an everlasting national debt, and the imposition of domestic and direct taxes by the general Government. Against this combination of evils immediate and inevitable, the war

offers not a solitary advantage, unless military glory be considered a substantive blessing. It tutors us in the trade, and levers us with the thirst of blood; it starts us upon a career of guilty wars of conquest; it endangers our liberties by standing armies and strong governments; and destroys our prosperity by its heavy and crushing extortions and its war against the peaceful interests of industry: but it promises no good, and it affects no justification. The considerate, the just and the patriotic of the land may well regard the brightest glory ever won by the slaughter of mankind, as no sufficient recompense for such consequences, and unite in praying for the hour when a change of councils will secure a change of policy.

#### Latest from Vera Cruz.

Our friend and correspondent at New Orleans informs us of the arrival there of the steamer James L. Day, from Vera Cruz on the 6th, bringing among her passengers Gen. Pillow and Col. MAY, the latter having got on board at Brazos.

The city of Puebla had sent a deputation to Gen. SCOTT, and will make no resistance to his occupation of that place.

Arrangements had been made to defend the capital, but after Gen. Pillow was on board at Vera Cruz he received a message from shore stating that an express had arrived with intelligence that the Mexican government had abandoned the capital, taking with it the archives, and that the citizens had sent a deputation to Gen. SCOTT to advance and afford them protection.

Proclamations were being circulated by the Mexicans calling for the organization of guerrilla regiments, which plan of warfare was to be adopted on an extensive scale.

In consequence of sickness, death, and loss in battle, it is said that Gen. SCOTT will not have left in his army more than about 5,000 effective men, after the return of the volunteers whose time shortly expires, and whom Gen. Pillow states will return almost to a man. Of the seven regiments, he says not a company will remain.

SANTA ANNA'S army was entirely dispersed, and he, wholly without power and influence, was seeking to leave his country.

Gen. TAYLOR remained at Monterey, and the main body of his army at Buena Vista, without any prospect of an immediate advance. All the new troops recently intended for him were, under a new order, to be sent to Vera Cruz.

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

The Britannia arrived at Boston on the 17th inst., bringing fourteen days later advices from Europe.

The flour market continues to advance. The potato blight has reappeared in the neighborhood of Belfast.

O'Connell is sinking daily—his earthly career is drawing rapidly to a close.

The weather has recently undergone a favorable change—vegetation is making progress. The account of the Wheat and Oat crops are highly encouraging, and even in regard to Potatoes, with the exception of the neighborhood of Belfast, the accounts are very gratifying.

A most diabolical plot to murder the Pope has been discovered. It was first found out by the French Ambassador—he revealed the names of the conspirators. Their intention was to assassinate him while giving audience to one of them, who was appointed to kill him.

A Capuchin Priest presented himself for an audience of the Pope. His Holiness requested his name. This he gave—but before admitting him, the Pope looked over the list of conspirators, and finding the name of the Capuchin there, he immediately summoned Carbone, who, on the Capuchin's entrance, seized him, and on searching him, found he had a brace of pistols and a poisoned dagger about his person. He was conveyed to prison. Many arrests took place.

"A letter from Gen. Taylor has been received in New York, written in reference to his nomination for the Presidency, in which he expresses a preference for Henry Clay over every other candidate named, and for Crittenden and McLean next. But notwithstanding these are his preferences over all others, he still candidly avows that he is not indifferent to the will of the people, and intimates that he will feel himself bound to accept the Presidency, if the people should persist in thrusting it upon him! Let us hear no more about his declining the nomination."

#### India Rubber Money.

The editor of the New London Star has been shown a "One Dollar Bill of the New Haven County Bank—genuine—the paper of which was India Rubber, but little thicker than the ordinary paper, and perfectly impervious to water. Indeed, to so great perfection had it been brought, both in the filling up, and in the ink used for the signatures, that it seems to have defied the common, and even some uncommon methods of obliteration. It had been soaked and boiled in strong potash lye, with scarcely perceptible effect."