



## JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN

Thursday, July 29, 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.

L. BARNES, at Milford, is duly authorized to act as Agent for this paper; to receive subscriptions, advertisements, orders for job-work, and payments for the same.

### Young Ladies' Institute.

The attention of the reader is directed to the card of the Principal of this Institution, which appears in our paper of to-day. We understand this Institution offers admirable facilities for the education of young Ladies.

### Relief Notes.

Thirty-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-two dollars of the relief issues were cancelled by the State Treasurer, on the 31st ult.

The debts of all the States in the Union, amount to \$221,023,827.

Correspondence of the Jeffersonian Republican.

### Pencilings at Random.

Morristown—Public Square—Public Buildings—Fort Non-sense—Washington's Head Quarters in 1779-80—Count Pulaski—Morris and Essex Rail Road—Incident, &c. &c.

MORRISTOWN, July 24, 1847.

Morristown, situated as it is on an elevated plain, in the midst of a country under a high state of cultivation, now bearing upon its broad bosom an abundance of rich golden harvests,—enjoying a pure and delightful atmosphere,—having a sufficiency of good wholesome water—with scores of pretty *cateras*, and a dozen *et ceteras*, render it one of the most charming places in the country. The streets, which are broad, intersect each other at right-angles, and are built up with splendid private residences, and public edifices, all embowered in rich profusions of shrubbery.

The Public Square is a beautiful plot of ground and has undergone some improvement recently, but doubtless susceptible of more. It should be liberally interspersed with a variety of shade trees, and a small fountain methinks would not detract from its beauty and interest.

Among the public buildings the first Presbyterian Church and the Court House rank the first,—the former I am told was established in 1740—the latter, a magnificent structure, was erected some 25 years since at an expense of \$25,000. Immediately back of the town on a commanding eminence are the ruins of Fort Non-sense, built in the Revolution. The old fort has been considerably "done-for" by Time, yet its outlines can be distinctly seen. About a quarter of a mile east of the Town, on elevated ground, stands the building that was occupied by Washington as his headquarters in 1779-80. An amusing incident is related as having occurred during that time, showing the coolness and self-possession of the "Fabius of America." During the winter several false alarms were given of the approach of the enemy. One evening, about midnight, when some of the younger officers were indulging themselves over their wine in the dining-room an alarm was given. A guest, a young man from New-York, something of a *bon vivant* was in much trepidation, and rushing out into the entry exclaimed, "Where's the General? where's the General?" Washington, just then coming down stairs, met him and in a moderate tone said, "Be quiet young man! be quiet!"

Count Pulaski frequently exercised his corps of Cavalry and performed astonishing feats on horseback in front of the headquarters. It is now the residence of Judge Ford.

The operations of the Morris and Essex R. R. from Morristown to Dover are spirited indeed; they contemplate having it completed in October. The prospects for the extension of this road to the Water Gap, and from thence to the Lackawanna Coal beds are very flattering.

Visitors are constantly arriving and departing for Schooley's Mountain, Basking Ridge, and Mendham. Pity they could not have a peep at the Delaware Water Gap. With what rapture mingled with astonishment would they gaze upon the Alpine scene, clothed in all its grandeur and magnificence. More anon.

THE DOCTOR.

### The Issue in Pennsylvania.

We are rejoiced to receive from all sections of Pennsylvania the most cheering intelligence in relation to the prospects of the Whig party at the coming Governor's election. From the North and the Northwest, from the West and the central counties, are of the most encouraging character. In this section of the State the Whig majorities will, in all human probability, exceed the most sanguine expectations formed and expressed at the time of the nomination. We conversed recently with an intelligent gentleman of the interior, one well acquainted with the State, and informed, by a recent intelligence, from most of the Southern, Central and Western counties, who assured us of his conviction that the Whig majority cannot be less than twenty-five thousand. It is our habit to regard the future in the least sanguine light; and though we believe that we are from the state of public sentiment, entitled to such a majority, we dare not promise it. But, unless every testimony errs, the aspect of the canvass is most favorable, and promises, with confidence, a great Whig triumph.

This result is to be anticipated not merely from the immediate evidences of its advent, but from the character of our people and the history of our politics since the era of '44. The patriotism of the Keystone has never trifled with any crisis of the country. Honest, earnest and sincere, it has met every duty, in full confidence that the same spirit guided those who ruled the public councils. When, therefore, gentlemen like James Buchanan, John K. Kane and George M. Dallas assured them that in voting for James K. Polk they were sustaining the Tariff of '42 and the protection of Pennsylvania's peculiar interests, they judged them from the honest standards of their own bosoms, and were deceived; but once deceived, the insult heightens the wrong, and a sense of mortification at having been the victims of so miserable a fraud, determines them in their resistance to it. The Kane counterfeit which won the vote of Pennsylvania, was hardly more deceptive than the Administration juggler that represented the effects of the European famine as the results of the Tariff of '46. This latter bubble has burst before the time fixed by the hopes of the Administration; and the people of Pennsylvania see their coal and iron interests sacrificed without a hope of reaping the dream harvests promised by the party, from European necessities. The present price and future prospects of grain, and the clouds already gathering darkly over the coal and iron interests reawaken, with redoubled resentment, the attention of the cheated people of Pennsylvania to the fraud of 1844; and they cannot fail to recognize in every act of the present national administration a bitter and settled hostility against every interest cherished by their State.

In no quarter of our Union is there a spirit more quickly and sternly alive to the call of the nation against a foreign foe than in Pennsylvania. All parties have vied in their readiness to offer up their quotas of sacrifice to the present war. But while the duties of patriotism abroad have been thus nobly answered, those at home have not been forgotten. Pennsylvania, by the unanimous action of her last legislature proclaimed in tones not to be misunderstood, her unchangeable determination never to sanction acquisition for the purpose of extending slavery. This being now the only recognized, the only imaginable object of our present war, (unless we regard the establishment of Southern and slave supremacy as an admitted object, and the erection of a national debt, and the exaction of a direct tax as its legitimate results)—Pennsylvania cannot, without an inconsistency almost grotesquely disgraceful, sanction it. The candidate of the national administration in Pennsylvania, Mr. F. K. Shunk, has distinctly announced his adherence to all the acts and doctrines of Mr. Polk; and those who vote for him are driven to the necessity of identifying themselves with the support of every measure of Mr. Polk, from his Mexican war down to his Harbor Veto.

The confident prospect of a Whig triumph in Pennsylvania doubtless arises from the state of the public questions before our people; but it also receives great auxiliary promise from the character of our candidate. From the Keystone's hundred thousands no individual could have been selected as a candidate more justly popular than James Irvin. Few men so faultless in personal and political character have been presented for the suffrages of the people. His history as an individual, illustrating the rise of unprovoked worth and energy—his career as a public man, proving that those who are the last to seek honor are the earliest to find it, and that those who are true to the people never have reason to complain that the people are false to them—are all of interest and instruction. His benevolence, unostentatious but active, his integrity public and private, his lofty and spotless purity of morals,—these are merits not likely to be overlooked by a people like those of Pennsylvania. Gifted with a mind naturally clear, bold and correct, and expanded by enlarged study and public experience, Gen. Irvin would make, and will make—for we regard his election as certain—a Chief Magistrate worthy the first State in the Union. Moderate, liberal and free from political acerbity, he will be found decided, enlightened and elevated in the support of every Pennsylvania interest; and, free from all influence of cabals or favorites, he will be the Governor himself, independent and self-sustained, or sustained only by an admiring people. Pennsylvania has long needed such a Chief Magistrate. The entire and enthusiastic union of the whole Whig party in his support, and the known favor with which he is regarded by thousands of the democracy, will secure his triumph, and that of Pennsylvania interests—the One Term Principle and all that the Keystone has hitherto vainly sought to obtain.

To secure that consummation so devoutly to be wished, it is necessary that no nerve of the Whig party should be left inert. A majority of 50,000 in our favor will avail us nothing if it is not at the polls. Organization in counties and townships, the means of spreading political information, and also of bringing voters to the polls should be adopted. When? NOW. If these duties be neglected or deferred, confidence will be diminished; the duty postponed will be but lamely performed; and it should be remembered that it is more easily, calmly and pleasantly done now than hereafter. Let, therefore, the earnest and honest, the steadfast and true of the past, be found at their posts in season. Let the young and ardent, the active and energetic, come forth for this important duty. In every county, every township, let the live be astir. All looks well; but all must be well. We want no hollow tumults—no false excitement—no shouts before triumph—but organization and its energies, labor and its results.

North American.

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

Having been kindly presented with a copy of this paper, I have resolved to contribute to it some efforts of my pen, should they be thought worthy of its columns. The following is part of a Sermon delivered on July 4th, 1847, and, if desired, I shall give the remainder in subsequent numbers of the paper. C. M.

Text—Hebrews ii. 14, 15.

Exceedingly great is the interest attached to this day, in the hearts of all present.

First. It is the Lord's day; the day which commemorates His resurrection from the dead, when He "led captivity captive," and showed the powers of earth and hell that He could not be defeated in securing the redemption of sinners.

Second. It is a day set apart by the professed worshippers of Jehovah in this church, for celebrating the dying love of Christ, which He manifested for His church, on that awful night on which He was betrayed; and

Third. As American citizens, we hail on this hallowed day, another anniversary of the greatest achievement which, perhaps, the political world ever beheld—the freedom and independence of a nation, the wings of whose eagle stretches towards the poles.

It is impossible to conceive of an accumulation of circumstances and ideas more enhancing, more magnificent, occurring on the self-same day, to the self-same people. We have to discourse simultaneously upon interests, political, spiritual and eternal. O that some arch-angel had the task to perform! Then, would such transcendent themes be rightly handled. Then, might that spring in the souls of men, which would set in motion their complex machinery, be touched by his latent powers, and they induced, on a day like the present, to seek their highest, best, eternal good.

Americans! It becomes you to-day, to behold the hand of Almighty God, in your present political and religious existence. Not long since, yours was a country partially cultivated and thinly settled, without arms, without ammunition, without soldiers, without money, without anything but that which is the glory of a people—the love of liberty, and the religion of the Bible. True, the histories of those times throw this last and best accomplishment somewhat in the shade. The political character of the colonists seems most prominent upon the historic page, while their religious character is obscured. This is a certain result, when some military or political man of the world is the narrator of events. The immediate means employed, and the results achieved are foremost in the mind of such a man; while the grand latent power, which set those means in motion, is forgotten. But let us not forget it. It becomes us to-day to keep it before our minds. If it is right to praise men for piety, then, to their praise be it declared this day, those who led in the achievement of American Independence were men of God.

The sublime and exalted views which they took of the proper rights of man, were derived from, and modified by the principles of that religion which "maketh wise unto salvation." They had two mottoes inscribed upon their banner, which was planted upon these then desolate hills, and the hosts of embattled tyrants read, with confusion in their hearts, "The God of our Fathers!" and "Liberty or Death!" Those revered sages too, who, being driven by religious oppression from their homes to seek a retreat in the wilds of America, to worship the God of heaven with untrammelled consciences, and landed first on Plymouth Rock, were still fresh in their memories. Well they might be; for the colonists were the sons and grandsons of the Pilgrims. Those principles of piety which they imbibed with their mother's milk still filled, warmed and expanded their hearts, and it was under the influence of these that they were enabled to steer so nobly, upon the ocean of conflict, that bark which contained the destinies of this mighty Republic. They were men of God. God was at the helm of the devoted vessel; what wonder then, that she moored safely in the port of peace?

This grand achievement was the consequence of a something besides simple valor. "He who setteth up one and putteth down another," and holds the destinies of worlds in his hands, exerted a providential care over the colonists, and with such a General-in-Chief, well might they resolve to face, even to the cannon's mouth, the haughty hosts of Britain. "My God and my country," was a theme which then vibrated upon the strings of every true American's heart; and, although he might be called to leave the tracks of his bloody feet upon the snow and ice, and sandy deserts, yet the love of these counterbalanced all, and again "The God of our Fathers," and "Liberty or Death," issued from his lips with an enthusiasm, which we, at this late day cannot appreciate.

That the superintendency of Divine Providence was exerted in behalf of those noble spirits, is evident from the fact of their suffrages being guided to the selection of a man to lead their ragged forces to battle, whose name and fame shall descend to generations not yet born. Were I to mention his name, every heart would beat with emotion; but that name is already engraven on every memory. A minute history of this wonderful man is precluded by the sanctity of this day; but it is already known, or ought to be known, by you all. You have dwelt upon that history from your infant movements; for I, who am of foreign birth, can remember how the tear trickled down my infant cheek, while I sat upon my father's knee, and he told me the mournful story of the American revolution. You have perhaps listened to that history from the lips of some veteran soldier, who

recounted the alternate defeats and triumphs of those times, which tested with severest scrutiny the sincerity of patriotism. "There," would he say, "our little army of heroes advanced. Before us were the boastful legions of European valor; and the altars of our religion, the firesides of our children, and the graves of our fathers behind.—Between these we planted our standard. The banner was unfurled—the drums were beat, and onward we marched, resolving to die, or to be free. At our head, rode majestically the noble Washington; above us, smiled propitious heaven; within us, hearts beat high at the sound of our political and religious rights, and at the bayonet's point we received those who had ploughed the ocean's waves, to enslave the tattered sons of freedom.—True, we left many of our brethren to welter in their blood along the field; but at the sound of that voice, which seemed inspired by heaven for the sole purpose of leading on to victory, again we marched and sought anew to baffle the monsters who butchered our wives and children, and polluted our sanctuaries of worship." Such is the story to which you may have listened. It was little wonder then, that the daughters of America strewed the road with flowers, on which their conqueror passed, and chanted with their maiden voices, the song of his worth. The sound was then echoing from north to south, and from east to west, "Cornwallis is taken! Cornwallis is taken!" but all knew that it was Washington who took him; and, the saviour of his country well deserved the songs and floral wreaths of those virgins, whom he had saved from the brutality of foreigners, and the tomahawks of savages.

As evidence that the Almighty protector of the oppressed, had raised him up for the office which he filled, and qualified him for it, one circumstance deserves to be noticed, which will never lose its interest while memory retains her powers, or integrity its influence. The finances were embarrassed; the revenues of the scattered settlements could not meet the claims of the treasury, and the half-starved troops were disappointed of their pay. A spirit of revolt instantly spread through the ranks; British bribes were scattered with an unsparring hand, and there was not wanting those who fanned the flame that was making its baneful way to the very pillars of freedom. Had he who passed the Rubicon been there, O what would we have to think of to-day! for it would have been as easy then for Washington to become master of America, as Caesar did of Rome. Thank heaven, a nobler spirit was there. With righteous indignation, he rebuked the fiend that had breathed infidelity; calmed the passions of thousands in a short but graphic speech; opened to view the gulf of bloody toil had gained; and, appealing to that God whom he worshipped for the justness of his intentions, again revived the drooping spirits whom hunger and nakedness had driven almost to despair; caused them to pant anew for glorious battle, and to wreath for their own brows garlands of victory! That was the hour of this country's redemption. Then, the eagle of freedom, and the angel of religion, were stretching their wings for flight; but turning again towards the little band whom God had set them to watch, they saw a man at their head whose words ran with electrical rapidity through their ranks; up rose a forest of spears glittering in the sunbeams, in token of their renewed courage, and through the distant valleys again resounded that inspiring motto, "The God of our Fathers!" and "Liberty or Death!"

Such were the times, the events, and the characters whom we are on this day to commemorate, and if there is a spark of christian patriotism within our breasts, we cannot let this day pass without grateful acknowledgements to Almighty God; without shedding a tear over the graves of departed sages, soldiers, patriots and statesmen. The grave has closed over them forever, but they should live in our fondest affections. Time may scatter his moss upon their tombs, but the evergreens of fame shall obscure it. Their glory, and especially that of Washington, is co-extensive with the earth, and shall be commensurate with time.

(To be continued.)

### Pig Metal.

There are at present in operation near Allentown, says the Register, five Anthracite Furnaces, which together manufacture from 450 to 550 tons of Pig metal weekly. We were informed that stack No. 3, at Catasauqua yielded week before last, alone, near 140 tons. This is said to be the largest stack in the United States. The boss being 18 feet in diameter. The other two stacks of the same place, are one 10 and the other 14 feet, and run from 80 to 110 ton per week. The whole amount of pig metal manufactured at these three Furnaces for the last two weeks was from 325, to 338 tons a week. The Allentown Furnace runs from 220 to 230 tons.

There are also two Charcoal Furnaces, in this county that yield each from 20 to 25 tons of metal weekly, making together upwards of six hundred tons of pig metal.

The farmers of this State have been told all along by the Locofocos that the high prices of Wheat and Flour were caused by the Tariff of 1846. Now, when the prices are rapidly falling, these Locofocos are silent as death on the subject. If the British Tariff of '46 caused the advance in the prices of provisions, to what is the declining prices to be attributed? Will these honest Locofocos tell us?

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce says that frauds are practiced in the preparation of coffee for market. Some bags recently received have stones in them weighing a pound or more. Stones are very well in their proper place, but the Journal insists that they do not make good coffee.

According to the quarterly report of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Government has during the quarter received revenue to the amount of \$6,300,000, and within the same time, borrowed \$7,510,950. We wonder if any loco-foco officers of Government ever trouble themselves now about the famous maxim of Gen. Jackson—"those who trade on borrowed capital ought to break!"

### Delaware and Hudson Rail Road Project.

Remarkable Old Mineral Region. To the Editor of the Newark Daily Advertiser— I have just seen a notice in the Daily that the Directors of the New Jersey Delaware & Hudson Rail Road Company have appointed a Committee, mostly of your City, to select the best route for the location of the Road.

The charter allows the Company to start at any point on the Delaware between the mouth of the Paulins-Kill river, in Warren Co., just below the Delaware Water Gap, and the N. Y. State Line; and also, to join any road, chartered or to be chartered, leading to the Hudson. As the gentlemen of Newark, and perhaps other stockholders, are mostly strangers to the country, and as much interest is felt by the different sections, each representing its own interest—which may tend to defeat that fair exploration which the interest of the Company and the public requires—and knowing that three routes will be recommended for examination, one who is perfectly acquainted with the routes in Warren and Sussex, and generally with those through Pennsylvania to the Lackawanna coal fields, may be permitted to make some statements respecting them.

One of the proposed routes would begin at Stanhope, and run north westerly some 3 miles, until it reaches the Pequest Flats, or what is called the Quaker-Settlement; from thence across the settlement in a western course 10 miles, to Johnsonburg, over a perfectly level country, under a high state of cultivation. The fall it is supposed will not exceed ten feet to the mile. From Johnsonburg the road would go 3 miles directly west to Markshoro. The road here might be more difficult to build, on account of the high ground, and the difficulty of getting down to the table lands of the Paulins-Kill, at or below Markshoro. But Mr. Sullivan, an eminent engineer, in his report some years ago, said it could be done by crossing the stream below Markshoro, where the banks are high, and then passing gradually down the sides of the high lands until it strikes the low lands on the Paulins-Kill, at Blairstown, 3 miles below Markshoro. The grade in these 3 miles will not exceed 25 feet to the mile, and this only, it is thought, in the first mile.

Markshoro is also on the survey made in 1836 by James B. Sargent, who was employed by the Company at that time, to survey the route from the Water Gap to Newburg, on the Hudson.

From Blairstown to Columbia, on the Delaware, at the Water Gap, the distance is 8-3/4 miles; a perfect plain, the fall not exceeding 12 feet to the mile, by actual survey. From Columbia through the Water Gap, the grade is 27-2/3 feet per mile, and this is made to reach a sufficient elevation for crossing the Delaware, and meet the road on the opposite side. The rise through the Gap can be reduced to less than 20 feet, by entering it at a higher point above Columbia, and also shorten the distance; from Stanhope to Columbia is 28 miles, by the proposed route; from the Gap to the Coal Fields at the outlet of Cobb's Gap, (on Roaring Brook 8 miles above Pittston,) is 45 miles, making the distance from Stanhope to the Coal Fields 73 miles, or 116 miles from New York.

The second route proposed begins at Stanhope, and runs northwest to Newton the county town of Sussex, a distance of 11 miles; after passing 3 miles beyond Stanhope, the ground is said to be very favorable. (It was surveyed, some years since by Mr. Beach.) Thence leaving Newton, and running 4 miles westerly, to Batesville, on the Paulins-Kill. This ground is said to be favorable. At Batesville it strikes the Paulins-Kill valley, and passes down the table lands, via Stillwater, to Markshoro, 10-1/2 miles. Here it intersects the first named route, and passes over it, via Blairstown, to Columbia, 12 miles.—Thence the distance from Stanhope to the Gap is 37 miles, being 9 miles further than the first route, making the distance from Stanhope to the Coal Fields, by the second route, 82 miles, or 135 miles from New York.

Now as to the third route, from Stanhope to Carpenter's Point or Port Jervis on the Delaware, near the N. Y. State line. From Stanhope to Newton, 11 miles; from Newton to Port Jervis, 30 miles; from Port Jervis to the same point in the Lackawanna valley as in the other route, 70 miles—making the distance 111 miles from Stanhope, via Port Jervis, to the Coal Fields, or 154 miles to New York.—After leaving Newton, the route runs N. W. to Branchville, 6 miles; here it is 24 miles from Port Jervis, and on the east side of the Blue Mountain. Here, also, it enters the mountain district, and passes through a thinly inhabited country, not susceptible of much improvement; and when it arrives at Port Jervis, it comes in competition with the Delaware & Hudson Canal, and with the N. Y. & Erie R. R., and, as before stated, then 70 miles from the Coal Fields. The rise is about 60 feet to the mile, on the east side; the fall on the other side not recollected: refer to Mr. Beach's Report.

The first two proposed routes pass through the most extensively improved parts of Warren and Sussex; there being no mountain or broken lands from near Stanhope to the Gap. Every farm on either route at this time would sell at from \$25 to \$50 per acre.—In fact, either of these two routes would secure in a great measure the carrying of much the larger portion of the agricultural products of both counties.

By taking the Water Gap route, the road will escape all competition; it is the middle and direct route, and passes through a great agricultural region. No other road can come in competition with it. If the Somerville road should be extended to Easton, it would not interfere: Easton being 22 miles south of the Gap, which would be the nearest point to that road. After passing through the Gap it enters Monroe County, of which Stroudsburg is the County town.

The Gap is the great natural key through which the products of Monroe, Luzerne, Pike, and other western counties in part pass, on their way to the eastern markets, as well as the route through which the travel from the same region, as well as further west, also passes to the east. Besides, the Gap is a place of much resort from the cities. Upwards of 1300 persons visited the Mountain House during the last season, by stages, &c. There are also slate quarries now opened and successfully worked, near the Gap. The Alleghany Mining Company are now opening and working the ancient Copper Mines, near the Gap. These Mines were extensively worked when N. York was called New Amsterdam. After the change of the Dutch government they were abandoned.

The Legislature of Penn. gave a liberal charter to the Delaware & Susquehanna R. R. Co., previous to 1836, and this is now secured by its friends. This road was intended to start at Pittston, Pa., on the Susquehanna, and pass up the Lackawanna valley, and along Roaring Brook to