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

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The Great Enterprise.

THE RAIL TO OREGON.

The Hon. Z. Pratt has, through the National Intelligencer, issued an Address to the people of the United States, in relation to the stupendous enterprise of a passage across our continent to the Pacific. He notices the two plans that have been agitated, one by canal or railroad somewhere in Panama to Tehuantepec, in Mexico, between latitude N. 7 and 16 degrees; and the other by railroad from Lake Michigan through the Rocky Mountains to Oregon, on the parallel of about 42 1-2 deg., all in our own Territory. He regards the canal as impracticable, because if it can be done at all, it must be by the combined efforts and influence of all the different commercial nations that are interested, a combination that it would be impossible to obtain. He states various other objections, and then proceeds to notice the Whitney scheme of a railroad from Lake Michigan through the South pass of the Rocky Mountains to Oregon. He condenses its chief features thus:

He asks Congress to appropriate sixty miles wide of the public lands, from Lake Michigan to the Pacific, for this especial purpose, and as he builds the road he takes the land to reimburse himself. For eight hundred miles, the one half at the Government price it is estimated will build the road; the other half creates a fund for where the lands are poor. When completed the road to be free to all the world except for repairs and operations, to be fixed by Congress. The distance from the lake to the ocean is twenty-four hundred miles; the estimated cost, when ready for use, \$70,000,000. The number of acres required is 92,160,000 waste land, 1,200 miles without timber or navigable streams, and of small value, and would it ever settle or be of any value without the road? Clearly not.—Then the question is, shall Mr. Whitney take these lands, and, by the sale and settlement thereof, build this road, or shall they be allowed to fritter away without any perceptible good? This great highway of nations, the greatest work ever done by men or nations; a road which must forever be the thoroughfare between all Europe and Asia; a work which will bring us together as one family, binding us with a bond of iron which cannot be sundered—both useful in war and peace; a work which will give us the command of and make the commerce of all the world tributary to us, adding millions of wealth to the nation, and ten folding its population; a work which shall change the condition of all mankind, bringing all together as one nation in free intercourse and exchange of commodities; a work which must be the means of civilizing and christianizing the heathen, the barbarian, and the savage—shall these waste wilderness lands be applied to this noble, this more than glorious purpose? I cannot doubt all will say yes.

Mr. Pratt urges the matter still further as follows:

"When we look at the past, and see how civilization has travelled west, bringing commerce and the useful arts with it; when we see that civil and religious liberty was driven to this continent as its apparent last resting place; when we see the progress and even strides of these United States in wealth and greatness; when we see this vast, this rich continent yet a wilderness before us, the best climate and country, and under the best government the sun ever shone upon; more congenial to grow the whole man than any part of the globe; placed directly in the centre of the earth—Europe, with more than two hundred and fifty millions of souls on the one side, with the Atlantic, three thousand miles between us, and on the other side all Asia, with seven hundred millions of souls, and the Pacific, a little more than five thousand miles, between us; and when we know that the earth does not produce enough to sustain the vast multitudes on either side, and nowhere for them to go but to us; and when we know that the building of this great road will open to settlement, production, and intercourse with all parts of the globe, this vast wilderness of twenty-five hundred miles in extent, can we doubt that it is our destiny and paramount duty to go forward and accomplish it? Clearly not.

Mr. Whitney proposes to start his road somewhere on Lake Michigan, where he can find the lands unoccupied; and thence cross the Mississippi, near Prairie du Chien, in the parallel of about 43 deg; and thence over the Missouri, between Council Bluffs and the Big Sioux; thence to the Pass, on the parallel of about 42 1-2 deg; thence to the best point on the Pacific, St. Francisco or the Columbia river. This route or starting point would seem absolutely necessary. First, the route must be where the rivers can be bridged; the starting point must be from where the lands can be made immediately available for means, and where the good land can furnish means for the part where the land is poor, and to furnish timber for the road and for buildings where there is none. The plan could not be carried out from a starting point west of the lake, because there would not be a sufficient amount of lands on the route to insure success, and because the expense of transportation of material to any other point would cost so much as to forbid the work. And it is not material to the States, as all would join this at or near the Mississippi, making this the most central for all the Atlantic cities and for New Orleans, and being about the centre of the continent. New England and New York would have their Buffalo and Erie roads through Ohio; Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh and through Ohio; Baltimore to Wheeling and through Ohio, two hundred miles nearer than New York; Richmond her direct and best of all the routes to Cincinnati, and then onward; Charleston to Nashville and to Louisville, or direct through the entire State of Illinois; and New Orleans, with the father of rivers always navigable, to the Ohio; while St. Louis would have the Mississippi and Missouri, and her railroad up the Missouri valley, the first to reach it—all equally located and sharing in all its benefits. Thus uniting and bringing all together at one grand centre; distant from ocean to ocean from either city not over 3,400 miles, performed at a moderate speed in eight days, and at thirty miles per hour in five and a half days, and with the magnetic telegraph outrun the sun by 12 hours; placing us on the Pacific, directly opposite to all Asia; distant from Japan but 4,000 miles, from China but 5,400 miles, to Australia but 6,000, to New Guinea 5,340 miles, and to Singapore 7,660 miles. From London or Liverpool (latitude about 50 deg) to New York is about 3,000 miles, to be added to the above, when we have the direct route from Europe to all Asia, and much shorter than any other route possible to accomplish.

These distances appear so much shorter than those for the route across the isthmus, that an explanation is required. First, we start from London, latitude 50 deg, and cross the isthmus, in from 7 deg. to 16 deg. north latitude, and about 90 deg. west longitude, thence to Canton, latitude about 23 deg, and east longitude 113 1-2 deg., or about 170 deg. of longitude, each degree of longitude full 50 miles, making from the terminus of the canal to Canton over 10,200 miles. Whereas from Columbia River, latitude 46 1-2 deg. to Shang-hai, latitude about 32 deg, and east longitude 122 deg, where all the commerce of China would centre, is 110 1-2 deg. of longitude, measuring on this parallel about 47 miles each, a distance of 5,400 miles. Thus it will be seen that a vessel bound from the terminus of a canal across the isthmus to China, the shortest and best route would be first to the Columbia river, and then to China. Thus we see that this would gain over that of the isthmus from London to China 3,758 miles, to Australia 2,449 miles, to Singapore 1,398, and New York gains over Europe about 3,000 to all these places. This seems to be Nature's route. On this belt, this line around the globe, is almost all the population of the world; on this line is and will be the greatest production of breadstuffs and meat, the sustenance of man and of commerce, adding wealth to the nation; the only route which can of itself furnish the means to build the road, or where the labor of man can make it available. Nature has here smoothed the way, and opened the mountains to let us pass.—Then look at our picture, our position with this road completed: behold with one hand we reach out over the Pacific to the millions of Japan, China, and all Asia, with our manufactures, our cotton, our tobacco, our hemp, our rice, our flour, our corn, beef, pork, leather, and all our many and various products, and receive back in exchange their teas, coffee, sugar, spices, indigo, drugs, silks, and various useful and curious fabrics, with gold, silver and precious stones—all too with our own ships and our own men; and with the other hand over the broad Atlantic, to all Europe, our various products in exchange for theirs, and receive their surplus population to whom we give a home, a country, while our body draws to it and controls the rich commerce and wealth of all the world, spreading and circulating from ocean to ocean, through every artery, through every city from Texas to Maine, and from the heart, the centre, would spring and flow forth throughout the whole frame, the whole system, the life, the products of man's labor, from the earth, which created, would control and sustain it. The picture is grand, and might be considered a vision, had it any other foundation than the wilderness earth, which by the labor of man

is to bring forth all we want, and at the same time richly reward that labor. It is a great plan, a great work; but we are the people to do big things. This we have only to commence; it works itself. Build the first mile and it prepares the way for another. The settler has the means of free transit to market. Villages and cities would spring up, from one end to the other, all independent and happy, because the free intercourse with all the world afford a full reward for labor. Then will you take your money and send it out of our country, to be used against your interest, or will you have the Oregon road, which will cost you nothing but your votes? Mr. Whitney does not ask for one dollar in money, nor will he subject any man to one cent of taxation, and no harm to any; he does not even ask a survey for his route; all he desires is, that the waste wilderness land may be placed so that by sale and settlement the means in money and labor can be produced to build the road, and when the road is completed, to be under the control of Congress, of the people, and no dividends. All this he proposes at his own risk and hazard, and if it fails the people lose nothing, as no part of the lands would be granted to him faster than the road is built. It appears to me that this is no mysterious affair—a plain, simple, business plan, grand and sublime, but as simple as grand.

A New and Important Invention.

Which does away with the present system of rope making, has just been made by Mr. Whipple, of Providence R. I. By this process, rope can be made in the piece a mile long, or to an indefinite length—in a square room—thus doing away with the necessity of long ropewalks. Two twists are made at one revolution, without twisting or turning at the end of the rope, as is now the custom. The strand is formed, and rope laid in a more perfect manner, and at far greater speed than is now attained. From 150 to 200 feet of two inch rope can be thus made in a minute; smaller sizes much faster. One man could tend a number of these machines at once. If this invention is carried out, a process will soon be in use, not only doing away with foreign importations, and controlling our own market, but exporting to other countries. Two-thirds of all the cordage made in this country is from dew rotted American hemp, at an average of 5 cts., though the present rate is 7 cts.,

Clubfoot in the Horse.

A fine black wagon horse, the property of Mr. Miller, miller, of Newton St. Cyrus, was some time since sent to Mr. Tremlett's kennel to be slaughtered, being considered incurable, having a distortion of a foot from a contraction of the sinew, which made him walk on the front of his hoof, with the heel elevated perpendicularly. Being an animal in such good condition, Mr. Tremlett was unwilling to destroy him.—He therefore requested Mr. Read, veterinary surgeon to examine him; who decided that the only chance of rendering the animal useful would be the division of the greater flexor tendon of the leg. Accordingly the operation of tendotomy, or dividing the tendon was performed.—Ten days after the operation he walked flat on the sole of his foot: one month afterwards he was put to the plough. He is now as useful as any horse on the farm, and performs all the duties a horse is required to perform. Four months have elapsed since the operation was done; a fair trial has therefore been given to test the utility or inutility of the operation.

Thus is Life.

If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly, and the birds sing as sweetly to-morrow.—Business will not be suspended for a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought to our memories. 'Is he dead?' will be the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass to their work. But no one will miss us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus we shall all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years not a living being can say, 'I remember him!' We lived in another age, and did business with those who have long since slumbered in the tomb. Thus is life.—O, blessed are they who are held in everlasting remembrance.

Trade.

Though there is a great difference between trading and gaming, yet most of that difference is lost, when men once trade with the same desires and tempers, and for the same end, that others game; charity and fine dressing are things very different, but if men give alms for the same reasons that others dress fine, only to be seen and admired, charity is then but like the vanity of fine clothes. In like manner, if the same motives make some people painful and industrious in their trades, which make others constant at gaming, such pains is but like the pains of gaming.

A gentleman in Howard county, Va., has entered into the novel speculation of raising black cats, and has purchased an island in the Chesapeake bay, which he has stocked with these animals. The object is to raise them for their fur, which is quite valuable.

The Treachery against Mr. Muhlenberg—More Proofs.

We give below a second letter from Col. Salisbury, which must fasten the paternity of the Champion editorials upon Messrs. Miller & Petriken, and involve Gov. Shunk in a connection with the same political outrage.

The articles referred to in Mr. Sprigman's statement are the same which we have already published and there is no necessity of again placing them before our readers.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 25, 1847.

Editors North American and U. S. Gazette:

Gentlemen:—I have noticed a denial by the individuals named in my letter to you of the 20th instant, of any participation in the vituperation and abuse which characterized some of the editorial articles against Mr. Muhlenberg, which appeared in the Champion after his nomination in 1844.

I cannot say that I am surprised at this bold denial by these gentlemen—the only remedy left them being to deny the facts charged upon them and proven.

They were charged before the people of Pennsylvania with having committed a moral and political offence, in the indecent and unprecedented opposition which they made to the Democratic party of Pennsylvania and its nominee for Governor, in 1844, through the columns of a public journal, a miserable, pitiful sheet, called the Democratic Champion.

To this charge they plead *not guilty*. I might rest upon my letter of the 20th instant. Upon the broad basis there laid down I feel entirely secure, for "truth is mighty and will prevail;" but to the end that the country may have no doubt as to the truth of the charges which have been promulgated, against the political integrity of Messrs. Miller, Petriken and others, I herewith enclose you such additional evidence as will convince the people of Pennsylvania that any and all denials by these gentlemen, of their improper and inglorious opposition to Henry A. Muhlenberg, after his nomination, is utterly nugatory, and only increases the offence with which they already stand charged at the bar of public opinion, and upon which the citizens of the Commonwealth are to render a verdict.

However extraordinary and painful it may be, it will be seen that these gentlemen *did* oppose Mr. Muhlenberg with vehemence after his nomination. They denied to him, the then democratic candidate for Governor, that justice and support they are now claiming for themselves. They opposed him after his nomination by the democracy of the State, and refused to be bound by the settled usages of the democratic party: men who are enjoying and claiming at the present moment, high places of honor, trust and emolument, at the hands of a great party, and mainly, from the labor and toil of the friends of the lamented man whom they so much traduced, and who is not now here to answer for himself.

There are times and occasions when the duty of the citizen rises superior and is paramount to party considerations. This, in my judgment, presents one of those cases. Let justice be done, though the heavens fall.

That Mr. Muhlenberg's early and attached friends; those who have stood by him while living for more than a quarter of a century, through evil and good report, with a firm and steady hand, as he had always stood by them, may feel deeply wounded, is not my fault. The smarting of the wounds can only be traced to the poisoned arrows, which quivered in the bow of his pseudo friends, Messrs. Miller, Petriken, &c.; nor shall the violence and menaces of a little "brief authority" deter me from a fearless and faithful vindication of a fallen friend; and the political rights of those, who like myself, loved him when living, and revere his memory when dead.

Men should always expect, who live in the midst of a free, virtuous and intelligent people, to bear the consequences of their own misdeeds and perfidy. If there is treason in the camp, who are the Traitors? Let the facts now put forth to the country answer this question. We may be permitted to say, nor can it be denied with truth, that the friends of this lamented man have felt the lash of proscription applied with unwarrantable severity by gentlemen now in power and who are again seeking their support.

It has been claimed by Mr. Miller that he had nothing to do with the contemptible sheet called the Champion.—It was a contemptible sheet; and it was contemptible, wicked and cruel for an individual who owed Mr. Muhlenberg a debt of deep and abiding gratitude, to make such a sheet an organ of persecution, vilification and abuse towards him at a time when he was the standard bearer of the republican party of the State.

It can be claimed no longer, that these gentlemen are not deeply involved and connected with the vilest editorials which appeared against him during the campaign of 1844, in the columns of the paper mentioned above. Has it come to this, that a member of Mr. Shunk's cabinet is the keeper of the articles of that miserable paper, and one of the most violent in its

personal abuse that ever was penned against any one? How is it that Mr. Miller's colleague is in possession of the original manuscript headed "Blooded Parson" and which appeared in the Champion under its editorial head? We were surprised when we learned, as we have this day, that this infamous article the ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT is in the keeping of a member of Gov. Shunk's cabinet, and a colleague of his Secretary, Jesse Miller—the Hon. John Laporte! Precious relic for the cabinet of a great State to keep. We have indeed fallen upon evil times.

Is the vituperation, which has been heaped upon a great and good man, when living, so interesting, that the manuscript copies are kept as remembrances of their own unscrupulousness after his death; or, are they kept by the Cabinet officers of the present State Executive, to prevent their paternity from being exposed to the indignant gaze of the Democracy of Pennsylvania and the world?

At an early hour this morning, I received a letter from the Hon. John Laporte, Surveyor-General of the Commonwealth, from which I make the following extract, for the purpose of vindicating the truth of my statement and the correctness of my course in the premises:

"Sir, I ask you to send by my son, (the bearer of this) a paper I handed you some time last summer, purporting to be an original article, written for a paper, called the Champion, published in this place in 1843 and '44, headed 'The Blooded Parson,' and I shall expect you to comply with my request forthwith.

Yours, &c., JOHN LAPORTE."

Will it now be denied that these gentlemen of the Cabinet, who have so stoutly denied their opposition to Mr. Muhlenberg, both before and after his nomination, have all along retained possession of the evidence of their own treachery, democracy, whose support they covet?

Herewith is enclosed the affidavits of the publishers of the "Democratic Champion," also a statement by one of the publishers, voluntarily made by him, relating to this whole matter. I also forward you a letter from Henry Sprigman, Esq., and take this opportunity to thank him for his kindness in attending not only to my own personal interest in the matter, but the interests of the public. The letter, and this communication, are at your disposal in the cause of truth and justice. I am very respectfully,
Your obedient serv't,
SETH SALISBURY.

Advantages of the Fair Sex.

According to Haller, women bear hunger longer than men; according to Pluarch they can resist the effects of wine better; according to Unger, they grow older and are never bald; according to De La Part they have sea-sickness lighter; according to Aristotle they can keep up longer in swimming; and according to Pliny, they are seldom attacked by lions. (On the contrary they will run after lions).

Impudent Advice.

A maiden lady, not remarkable for either youth, beauty, or good temper, asked the advice of a neighbor as to how she should get rid of a troublesome suitor.

'Marry him?' was the advice.
'Nay, I had rather see him hanged first!'
'No, madam; marry him, as I said to you, and I'll assure you it will not be long before he hangs himself.'

'I, say, snowball! are there any Recharites around here?'

'Can't zackly 'plain dem bites, Massa'—
'Richer bites! Richer—bites! What kind 'o fish am he, Massa? You get skeeter bites nuff down in Sam Ling's swamp!'

'I mean Sons of Temperance, do you know any of them in this vicinity?'

'No I dussn't—I disremembers 'em all togedder, Massa Ling got two sons, but they're keechin' catfish, an' ole Dinah got small picaninny—it's gal though!—'

'Oh, you're a numskull!—I'll ask you one more question—is there any Odd Fellow's Lodge in these parts?'

'Don't know bout de Lodging, Massa, but good many odd chaps all bout. Some of 'em 'dam odd too!'

'Tha'll do—good morning.'
'Mornin' Massa.'

A droll fellow was asked by an old woman to read the newspaper, and taking it up began as follows:—

'Last night, yesterday morning, about three o'clock in the afternoon, just before breakfast, a hungry boy about forty years old, bought a penny custard and threw it through a brick wall, made of iron, and jumping over it broke his ankle right above his left knee, fell into a dry millpond and was drowned. About forty years after that, a high wind blew down the Dutch church and killed an old sow and two dead pigs at Boston, and a dead horse kicked a blind man's eyes out.'

People turn up their noses at this world as if they were in the habit of keeping company with a better one.