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

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Jeffersonian Republican.

Winter.
Now winter comes, with awful gloom
To rule the varied year,
And nature seems to mourn her doom
And seems to shed a tear.
Her fragrant flowers, her fields of green,
Droop, wither and decay;
No more the birds are heard or seen,
They've sung their parting lay.
No more do soft refreshing showers
Or balmy dews descend;
For winter rules this clime of ours,
Prophetic of its end.
As o'er the scene I cast my eye,
This truth it seemed to say—
Thou too, fond man, must shortly die,
Must shortly pass away.
O, then, in early life prepare,
Ere age or death shall come,
For scenes where happy spirits are,
A blast—a heavenly home!
The birds have sought more genial skies,
The bowers of peace and love,
Like them, fond man, be early wise,
—And seek for joys above.

Reflection.
The Past—where is it! It has fled.
The future? It may never come.
Our friends departed! With the dead,
Ourselves! Past hastened to the tomb.
What are earth's joys! The dews of morn,
Its honors! Ocean's weeping foam.
Where's peace! In trials wretchedly borne.
—And joy! In heaven, the Christian's home.

The Female Assassin.
Associated with *Revue-Gambogeres*, Arch-Chancellor of the French Empire.
About the close of the government of the Directory, the keeper of the hotel garni, in the Rue de l'Université, waited on the minister of Police, and in a state of great agitation, stated that one of his lodgers, whom he named, had been murdered on the preceding night. He had engaged the lodging about six o'clock in the evening, describing himself as an inhabitant of Melun, who had come to Paris for a day or two on business. After ordering his chamber to be prepared for him, he went out, saying that he was going to the Odeon, and would return immediately after the performance. About midnight he returned, but not alone; he was accompanied by a young and beautiful female, dressed in male attire, whom he stated to be his wife, and they were shown to the apartment which had been prepared. In the meantime, continued the hotel keeper, the lady went out; she appeared to be fearful that her husband would be disturbed; and she desired that no one would enter the room until her return. Several hours elapsed and she did not make her appearance; at mid-day, considerable surprise was manifested at her prolonged absence, and the servants at the hotel knocked at the gentleman's door without receiving any answer. It was now discovered that she had locked the door and carried the key away with her.
The door was broken open, and the unfortunate man was found dead in his bed. A doctor was sent for, and he declared it to be his opinion that the man's death had been caused by a blow of a hammer adroitly inflicted on the left temple. The female never again appeared; she was sought for in vain.
In about a month after a similar murder was committed. The victim was likewise a man from the country, and his death was produced in a manner I have before described. The affair excited considerable consternation in Paris. Within another fortnight, a third crime of the same kind was committed; and in all these affairs, the mysterious female in male attire was involved. It is scarcely credible, but nevertheless true, that eighteen or twenty of these extraordinary murders were committed with impunity! In every instance the little that was seen of the woman rendered it difficult for any one to give a minute description of her person, all the information that could be obtained was, that she was young, pretty, little, and well formed. This description answered that of many other women in Paris besides the murderers.

Meanwhile, Napoleon arrived from Egypt and possessed himself of the reins of government—Being informed of the atrocities which had been committed in the capital, he directed that active measures should be taken for the detection of the criminal. He spoke to Fouché on the subject. At that time the capital was filled with

Fouché's spies. A fine looking man, about twenty, was one evening accosted in the street by a person whom he at first supposed to be a very handsome man. He passed on, but suddenly the thought struck him that the person who had spoken to him was a woman in disguise, and he immediately recollected the female assassin.
"It is she," he exclaimed: "I have discovered her and my fortune is made."
He turned back and entered into conversation with her. She at first denied her disguise, but finally acknowledged it, and the young man prevailed on the nymph to accompany him home in the character of a young relation from the country.

"Where do you live?" she inquired.
He named a hotel in which one of the mysterious murders had been committed.
"Oh, no; I cannot go."
"Why?"
"Because I am known there."
These words confirmed the suspicion of the police agent. He alluded to his property, and mentioned two hundred louis which his uncle had given him, of which he said he had spent the twentieth part, adding,
"Well, then, if you will not go to my lodgings, where else shall we go?"
The female mentioned a hotel to which they immediately repaired. The young man was about to leave the room to order supper, when the woman called him back.
"Will it be safe," said she, "to leave your money all night at your lodgings? Is it not likely you may be robbed? Suppose you go and bring it here!"
"Ah!" thought the young man, "the veil is now raised," and then without the least appearance of suspicion he thanked her for her prudent hint, and left her, under the pretext of going to fetch the money.
He immediately repaired to the office of the police minister, and gave information of the discovery he had made. Furnished with the sum of one hundred and eighty louis, he returned to the house where he had left the woman. He was accompanied by several agents of the police, who stationed themselves at the door of the apartment.—The murderer and her pretended lover sat down to supper. She requested him to hand her handkerchief, which she had left on a console behind her chair. He rose to get it, and during the instant that his back was turned, she poured a powerful narcotic into his glass.
He did not perceive this, and drank off his glass of wine hastily; but he had no sooner swallowed it, then he exclaimed, "What wretched wine!"
The lady made the same complaint. A second glass was poured out and pronounced better.
Meanwhile the young man felt his head becoming quite giddy and confused, and his lips growing stiff. With well acted concern, the woman, the murderer, rose, and threw her arm around his neck, apparently with the intention of supporting his head. At this very moment he mechanically raised his hand and felt the hammer in the side pocket of the coat worn by the female. He felt conscious of the danger of his situation; he attempted to rise and leave the room, but his strength failed him. He tried to speak, but his tongue was paralyzed. By one desperate struggle he made a faint outcry, and then fell on the floor in a state of utter insensibility.

The woman drew her little hammer from her pocket and laid it on the floor. She then searched her victim, took the purse and deposited it in the pocket she wore. She placed his head in the requisite position to receive the deadly blow, and raised her right arm for the purpose of inflicting it, when the fatal hammer was suddenly wrested from her grasp. The police agent opportunely entered the room at that moment.
On the first examination, she gave the following romantic account of herself. She was of a respectable family and irreproachable conduct; but having bestowed her affections on a young man who had treacherously forsaken her she had from that moment rowed implacable hatred to all the male sex, and the murders she had committed were actuated by no other motive than vengeance for the injury inflicted on her feelings. Would it be believed that there are persons weak enough to pity their victims betrayed affections! The sensibilities are often ridiculous and sometimes blameable.—An effort was made to screen the wretched victim from the punishment of the law. When asked why she committed robbery as well as murder, her defenders could give no satisfactory reply. The criminal, however, underwent the penalty of the law; and certainly society has reason to rejoice that the punishment of death had not been abolished.

Don't Complain
A Merchant was once returning from market.—He was on horseback, and behind his saddle was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to the skin. At this time he was quite vexed, and murmured because God had given him such weather for his journey. He soon reached the border of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, who with leveled gun was aiming at him and attempting to fire; but the powder being wet with rain, the gun did not go off, and the merchant, giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself:—
"How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently, as sent by Providence! If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not probably have been alive at this hour. The rain which caused me to murmur, came at a fortunate moment to save my life and preserve to me my property!"
"I say, Jerry, lend me your news-paper."
"I can't do it, you wouldn't lend me your news-paper the other day, you know."
"Nonsense, that's another thing; I only want to read it to the ladies."
"Can't come it, I only wanted to wear your new coat to see the ladies."

First Discovery of California.
On the 15th November, in the year 1577, Capt. Francis Drake, the circumnavigator, sailed from Plymouth with five ships, carrying 164 men and officers, professing on a voyage to Alexandria, in Egypt, but really with the intention of sailing into the Pacific Ocean, where the English flag had never been seen before.
After passing the Cape de Verd Islands, he sailed during 54 days without the sight of land, and then entered the River Plate. After supplying his vessels with water from the great river, Drake sailed southwards, and passing through the straits named after the only circumnavigator of the globe who had preceded him—the Straits of Magellan—he entered the Pacific Ocean on the 6th of September. He arrived off Valparaiso on the 29th of November. He plundered the town of St. Jago, where he took a booty of 25,000 pieces of very pure and fine gold.

Proceeding thence to a port named Tarapaca, he landed, and found a Spaniard sleeping by the seaside, with 13 bars of silver lying by him, of the value of 4000 ducats. He took the silver and left the owner to finish his nap.—Not far from thence, going inland for water he met a Spaniard and an Indian boy driving eight Lamas, or sheep of Peru, which are as big as asses, every one of which had on its back two bags of leather, each bag containing 50lb. weight of fine silver. Bringing the Lamas and their burdens to the ship, they found in all 4 cwt. of silver.

Thence they proceeded to Africa, where they plundered a vessel containing 57 wedges of silver, each weighing 20 lb. On the 30th of February, they arrived at Lima, where they plundered all the ships in the harbor, in one of which they found a chest full of rials of silver, and a good store of silks and linnen cloth.—Here they heard of a rich treasure-ship, named the Cacafuego, which had sailed to Paita. They immediately gave chase, but, on arriving at Paita, found that the Cacafuego had sailed for Panama. They at once renewed the chase, and in the course of it, they picked up a vessel which contained 80 lb. weight of gold and a crucifix of the same metal, "with goodly great emeralds set in it." Continuing the pursuit, they at last came up with the Cacafuego, which well repaid them for the trouble it had given them. Beside precious stones, they found 13 chests of rials of silver, 80lb. weight of gold, and 26 tons of uncoined silver. This rich capture was made off Cape San Francisco, 150 leagues from Panama. From this point they proceeded to Guatulo, and thence to Ceno where they careened their ships.

On leaving the Island of Ceno, which is eight degrees north latitude, Drake resumed his cruise, and took another rich ship; and now being satisfied with his booty, he determined to return home by the islands after the Malucos, and thence to sail by the course of the Portuguese, by the Cape of Bonas Esperance. For this purpose he ran northward for 800 leagues, to get a favorable wind, and on the 5th day of June, being in 43 degrees towards the Pole Arctic, being speedily come out of extreme heat, Drake found the air so cold that his men being pinched with the same complained of the extremity thereof; and the further they went the more cold increased upon them.

Whereupon they thought it best to seek land, which they found to be mountainous, but low plain land. "We drew back again (says the historian of the voyage) without landing, till we came within 38 degrees towards the line. In which height it pleased God to send us into a fair good bay, with a good wind to enter the same." This country was no doubt the country which has recently become so famous under the name of California, and this bay was probably the great bay of San Francisco.—The inhabitants came down to the shore, gave Drake a very friendly reception, and the king offered him the government of the country.—"Wherefore, in the name and to the use of her Majesty (Queen Elizabeth) he took the sceptre, crown, and dignity of the said country in his hands, wishing that the riches and treasures thereof might so conveniently be transported, to the enriching of her kingdom, as it a boundeth in the same." "There is no part of the earth here to be taken up, wherein there is not some special likelihood of gold or silver."

At his department from the country, Drake set up, as a monument of his having been there, as also of her Majesty's right and title to the same, "a plate, nailed upon a fair great post, whereupon was engraved her Majesty's (Queen Elizabeth's) name, the day and year of our arrival there, with the free giving up of the province into her Majesty's hands, together with her highness's picture and arms, and a piece of sixpence of current English money; and under the plate was also written the name of Drake."
"It seemeth (says the historian of the voyage) that the Spaniards hitherto had never been in this part of the country; neither did they ever discover the land, by many degrees to the southwards of this place."

Such was the account of this land of gold, published in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It certainly is one of the curiosities of history that the first land ever taken possession to by the English on the continent of America should have been the new famous California, and that it should have been occupied some years before the first attempt was made to colonize the provinces, which have since grown to be the United States of America.—*Bain's History of Liverpool.*

Life on the Turning of a Card.
A friend narrated to us a day or two since an anecdote of early times in West Tennessee, which we will attempt to repeat even at the risk of losing the graphic simplicity of his conversational narrative.
Some eighteen or twenty years since a well known resident of Tipton county was put on

his trial, charged with the murder of his wife. As usual in such cases, popular feeling was largely against him, and all the eloquence and ingenuity of his counsel were required to make any impression in his favor upon a jury, which, however impartial it might desire to be in the consciousness of sworn duty, could not but see the waves of popular prejudice surging in upon it.

The case was ably argued. The counsel for the defense made most vigorous and impassioned appeals. The case was submitted to the jury; and they retired, to make up the verdict. Time passed, and as the setting sun warned all of the approaching night, the large throng in attendance, the judge, counsel, etc. retired, all the anxious, the accused not the least so, to learn the verdict of the jury, and some wondering that the jury, hesitated for one moment to bring in a verdict of guilty. In the meantime the jury had come to a point beyond which they could progress no further. The appeals of the counsel of the defense had not been without their influence, and the jury stood unchangeably six for conviction and six acquittal. Something had to be done. In those days twelve good fellows could not be got together for a night, and sleep. Cards appeared mysteriously from the depth of sundry large pockets, and exercises in seven up and poker were zealously commenced.

About midnight one of their number, Col. P., proposed that they should play a game of seven up, the result to decide the verdict.—The proposition was heartily and unanimously agreed to, in all seriousness, and the whole crowd collected around Col. P. and his opponent, who proceeded to play the game on which was staked a human life. Colonel P. played to save the accused. His opponent played and quite as zealously, to secure the conviction. The backers, five and five, stood behind them, encouraging the champions, and watching the game dimly seen by the light of two tallow candles, with the most intense interest.

The game proceeded with very equal fortune, till both parties stood six and six. It was Col. P.'s deal; he dealt, and TURNED JACK.—The prisoner was acquitted, and every man of the jury joined in a shout which startled the whole village, even the revelers in "the grocery." Next morning the jury went into the court, and gave, to the astonishment of many, the verdict of "not guilty." The jurymen who played the unsuccessful game for human life, still lives, a much respected citizen of this district. One of the counsel is a very distinguished member of the Memphis bar, and the accused has, as we believe, gone to a higher court; but neither of them, nor any of the assemblage for the court, who marvelled at the verdict, eighteen years ago, have ever known that a human life was saved by turning Jack! There are some curious episodes in the history of our early settlements; but who would think of venturing life upon turning Jack.—*Memphis Eagle.*

Blitz in an Omnibus.

A night or two since, BLITZ, the renowned magician and ventriloquist, took a seat in an omnibus, containing seven or eight passengers. The coach had scarcely proceeded a couple of squares, when the driver heard some one exclaim—

"Hold up—hold up, I say!"
The horses were stopped and John looked around smilingly for his passenger, but none appeared. With an immodest exclamation, he gathered up his reins and said "get up." Pretty soon some one cried out—

"Stop, driver, stop!"
The driver again stopped and looked down into the coach, and inquired what was wanting. The passengers eyed each other, as much as to say, "I didn't speak."

Again the coach rolled on, only to be stopped at the next corner by the heart rending squeaking of a poor run-over pig. Instantly each head was thrust out of the windows to behold the death struggles of the grunter, but no grunter was to be seen. In another minute some one exclaimed in a gruff voice—

"Keep off my toes!"
Every one looked around but in vain, for the man with the damaged toes. The passengers were completely bewildered. At the next crossing the coach stopped to take in a lady. Hardly had she taken her seat, before she exclaimed—

"Let me be—keep your hands off me!"
And the driver looking down, shouted—
"Look-a-here, in there; if you're gentlemen, I'd thank you not to take improper liberties with the lady passengers—it won't do!"

The lady made an observation, as the coach rolled on, but she was not understood. They had scarcely gone a square further, when the passengers were startled by the cries of an infant. Instantly all eyes were fixed upon a middle aged gentleman, who had a carpet bag on his lap. The man blushed and stammered out a barely intelligible—

"What the duce is all this about?"
"Let me out!" screamed a lady.
"Murder!" screamed a boy on the steps, while three or four tugged lustily at the strap.
"What is the matter in there?" inquired the driver, all attention being now turned to him.

"Matter enough," replied a gentleman, "take my fare out of this quarter."
"Keep your hands out of my pockets!" proceeded from some one.
"Did you address me sir?" asked another.
"I didn't speak at all," gravely replied the man with the quarter.

"Because, sir, no one shall with impunity accuse—"
Again the baby was heard to cry.
"Shame!" said some one.
"Who would have believed it!" remarked another, while a third (Blitz, of course) shook

the omnibus with a horse laugh. "Thinking he had fun enough, the ventriloquist paid his fare and jumped out of the omnibus. Scarcely had he reached the side-walk, however, before the driver heard the words "hold up!" from four quarters in as many seconds, but not a passenger could be discerned. Filled with wonder, he hurried on his way. Blitz is a great fellow! —*City Item.*

The Laborer's Hire in Ireland.

At the Kanturk Sessions this week, James Greene (a respectable looking farmer) was summoned by a wretched looking man, named Walsh, for 1s. 6d., for the hire of 18 days' resping and saving the harvest.

Walsh being sworn, deposed to his having worked 18 days, for which defendant agreed to pay him ONE PENNY PER DAY.
Defendant—Gentlemen, I deny it. Why should I agree to pay him a penny per day, when I could get the best men in the country for that now? I have a witness. I agreed with him for ONE HALF PENNY PER WEEK, which I tendered him, and he refused it. I now tender it to him, and again, in the presence of your honors. [Defendant produced a well filled purse, and offered 6d. to poor Walsh, provided he had the change (4) to give him, taking good care to hold it fast.]

Plaintiff—Why should I take it? He owes me 1s. 6d. your honor, and well I earned it.— Whilst I was with him, I was obliged to be up in the morning about four o'clock, to let the cows out of the sleeping field, and remain herding them until the other men would come to work, and used then obliged to work them all day, and get nothing for my support but a dry Indian gruel. They used to give the milk to the calves and pigs before my face, and would not give me a drop.

Defendant endeavored, in a very earnest speech, to convince the Bench that a bargain was a bargain, and ought to be kept, and that he ought to get the benefit of his bargain.
The Bench fully concurred with Green, by decreeing him the 1s. 6d. hire, with 8s. 6d. for the loss of time and costs, and ordered the immediate issue of the warrant.

Coffee.

In an interesting article communicated to Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, by a writer at Rio de Janeiro, estimates are made from the most reliable information, of the present production and consumption of coffee throughout the world. By these estimates it appears that the amount produced in 1849 was 426,000,000 lbs. of which more than one-third was produced in Brazil. But immense as is this amount, the consumption is still larger, being estimated in 1849 at 630,000,000 lbs. swallowing up the entire production of that year, and the whole stock on hand at its commencement. The consumption, it is also stated, is increasing at the rate of 15 per cent. a year in the United States, and 24 per cent., on the average, in other countries.— It follows, therefore, that consumption must be checked by an increase of price, or the production increased, for the demand greatly exceeds the supply. But the writer says that any adequate increase at present is not to be expected, owing to the want of slave labor in Brazil, and the impossibility of soon introducing free labor there, and from other causes. Whether these statements are correct, we have not the means of knowing—but whether they are or not, it is probable more coffee speculations will be the result.

The writer closes his article with the following interesting and important query:
"As civilization alone can put a stop to the slave trade on the coast of Africa, and as coffee produces most abundantly upon every part of the coast, it is not worth the while of philanthropists to turn their attention to colonization, and thereby secure two great objects—the stoppage of the trade, and an abundant supply of an article now become a necessary of life, besides many others, and a refuge for the emancipated slaves of the United States?"

Mr. Buck, the Engineer employed by citizens of Newburg and others along the route of the contemplated Rail Road from Chester to the Delaware Water Gap, has now been engaged some three weeks upon the line, and has at length fixed upon a route from the State line, through Vernon, Hardyston, Sparta, Lafayette and Newton, that presents a level for nearly the whole distance of 21 miles, and where grades occur, they need not exceed 15 feet to the mile. To grade this distance cannot exceed \$3,000 to the mile. The summit level of this route will be attained about one mile west of Newton, and from thence the fall will be about 250 feet to the Delaware, a distance of about 20 miles; but it is thought the country is so situated that this descent can be thrown equally over the whole distance, so that no grade will exceed 20 feet to the mile. The engineer seems to be determined to select the best route, regardless of the opinions of parties who may seek to advance their own private interest at the expense of the road.

The importance of easy grades to a road, which is designed to connect the best coal fields in Pennsylvania with tide water, and which will also have to convey the 2,000,000 of dollars worth of surplus agricultural products of Sussex and Warren, saying nothing of the Iron and Zinc ores, and manufactured products, cannot be too highly appreciated, and it is hoped that no pains will be spared to attain this object.

That portion of this work remaining to be done in N. York State between New-Milford and Chester is about 14 miles in length, and passes through Warwick and Sugar Loaf to the termination of the Newburgh Branch below Chester, over a country of easy grades, upon which a road can be built in the opinion of competent engineers, for \$10,000 a mile, with heavy rail and in the best manner.

A few days since, a gentleman near West Point took into his service a vetulant son of Erin. The first day of his service, he was startled by the sound of the evening gun as it reverberated through the highlands, and awakened the mountain's echoes, and anxiously inquired of his employer the cause of the explosion, and was told that it was the sundown gun. "Oh, bless me," said Pat, "and does the sun make such a devil of a thunder as that, on going down in this country?"