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William the Negro Boy.
A TRUE TALE.

BY MRS. JANE L. GRAY, EASTON, PENNA.

It once befell upon a day
When chilling winds did blow,
And winter had his mantle on
Of white and dazzling snow;
And every pond and rivulet
Were bright and smooth as glass,
Some boys went out, a sportive hour
Upon the ice to pass.

Oh, many a mother's hope was there,
With kerchief round his chin,
And mittens warm upon his hands,
And cap of sable skin.
And there was many a gentle youth,
Their parents' pride and joy;
There, too, was William Patterson,
A humble negro boy.

Oh, but they were a jolly band,
And pleasant 'twas to see
How gracefully upon the ice
They went, and merrily.
Now here, now there, now up, now down,
While laugh, and joke, and shout,
Were heard upon the sparkling lake,
And echoed round about.

Alas! for in the very height
Of all their sport and glee,
The treacherous stay beneath their feet
Was broken suddenly!
Down, down they sink—seven precious souls,
Beneath the ice bound wave;
Oh, who of all that shared their sport
Will risk his life to save!

"Oh Patterson, Will Patterson!
In agony they cry!
"Our comrades, come, oh, quickly come,
Save, save them, or they die!"
He heard, he flew, small need had they
To call upon him twice;
Like lightning flash at summer's eve,
He's down beneath the ice.

And soon up to the slippery verge,
His sable arms upore
Two shivering youths, the rescued ones,
And carried safe to shore.
"I'll save them all, I'll save them all!"
The youthful hero cried;
Again the daring boy went down,
Rose, struggled, sank, and died.

Vain were thy efforts, noble boy—
He died but could not save,
And many a mourning mother's pride
Lies with him neath the wave.

How changed the scene—for laugh and shout,
For frolic, sport, and glee,
Are heard around that fatal spot,
Wild shrieks of agony.

And dare we woo to muse for thee,
Dark Africa's sable son?
Thy name might shine in glowing lines—
Be graven in lasting stone.
For bold and fearless was thy heart,
Though black might be thy skin;
The hero on the blood-stained field
Could scarce thy laurels win.

And now unto his mother's home,
He left so blithe at morn,
A stiff cold corse her darling boy
Was sadly, slowly borne!
She laid him in his wintry grave,
Her earthly stay is gone—
Poor woman—Oh! God pity her,
She's lost a noble son.

And how to all that may have read
This short and simple lay,
A word or two before we part:
A humble bard would say:
Oh, life is fleeting, death is sure,
Think of the judgment-day.

The Commerce of the Pacific.

From the Honolulu Polynesian of October 14.

It may be of interest to the commercial world to cursorily glance at the increase of trade in this quarter. A chain of events has occurred, during the past few years, which has attracted the attention of the world to this quarter of the globe; and the vast expanse of the Pacific, a few years since traversed only by whale ships and an occasional trader on the north-west coast, will soon be whitened with the sails of commerce. The western shore of the American continent, where a few years since, the solitude was unbroken save by the crack of the red man's rifle or the tramp of the adventurous trapper, already resounds with the hum of civilization and the merry sounds of productive industry.

In the chain of events which has served to attract attention to this portion of the globe, the first was the seizure of these islands by Lord George Paulet, and the subsequent restoration by Admiral Thomas. Up to that time—1843—the trade of the islands was limited to one or two ships which sailed from Boston, and the trade with the whaling fleet. The imports in 1843 amounted to \$23,385 38, upon which a revenue of \$8,468 38 was collected. So rapidly did the trade increase that in 1847 the imports amounted to \$710,133 52, and the revenue to \$48,810 25; while for the current year the amount of both imports and revenue therefrom will doubtless far exceed that amount. But it should be born in mind that this great increase of importation is not the consequence of increased consumption for many of the goods which have been imported, and paid duties here, eventually found their way out of the country. The actual consumption has, doubtless, increased, but not in proportion to the increase of imports; for a large share of the goods, independent of those shipped to Oregon and California, are for supplies for whale ships. The export of the islands is very limited and the consumption must consequently be limited. Seventy-five vessels engaged in trade arrived and sailed from the islands during 1847. Many of them, it is true, were small schooners, and made several trips during the year. The arrivals and departures will far exceed that number the current year. Since 1843 quite a trade has sprung up between these islands and China, Oregon, and California.

The second event which occurred to draw public attention to the Pacific was the establishment of the French Protectorate at Tahiti. Although this event has not directly exerted any great influence upon commerce, it has, in a political sense, attracted public attention to the Pacific, and will, in the end, if the right measures be pursued by the Government there, exert a wholesome influence upon commerce. The consumption will be increased by the influx of foreigners, while the products will also be increased.

The settlement of the Oregon boundary question and the influx of settlers may be classed as the third event, which has already exerted and is destined to exert, a still greater influence upon the growth of commerce in the Pacific. The exports of Oregon, a few years since, consisted mainly of furs and her trade was limited to one or two vessels annually. We have no statistics by which to judge of the increase of trade, but it must be apparent that it has been great. Lumber, timber, flour, and salmon are now exported from Oregon in large quantities. The occasional trader is but one of quite a fleet of vessels which now annually visit Columbia river. The natives of the forest are fast sinking away before the mighty tide of civilization which is pressing onward, and their wigwams are being displaced by the hut of the hardy pioneer. Oregon is rich in agricultural resources, and the time is not far distant when her "dark shores" will be crowded with stately warehouses; her waters be whitened with the sails of commerce; her rivers ploughed by stately steamers; and her borders resound with the songs of an independent and happy people.

The occupation of California by the American forces may be called the fourth link in the chain of events to which we have alluded. The trade of California, previous to this event, was limited to an occasional hide-drogher or smuggler—her exports to hides and tallow, with now and then a sprinkling of specie. During the occupation of the country by the forces of the United States trade was better, the consumption was increased; but on account of no export existing, the prosperity of the country was likely to suffer a serious check. Luckily, in June last, the gold placera on the American Fork was discovered, and the ease with which gold was procured soon afforded an export more than sufficient for all their wants. The treaty of peace between Mexico and the United States being ratified, Upper California, gold and all, became a part and parcel of the great American Republic.

California has presented an instance of Commercial growth unequalled in the annals of the world, and the discovery of gold in such abundance is an event which will exert a mighty influence upon the prosperity of commerce in this ocean. A dense population will soon be in California, and, if agriculture be neglected, a large fleet of vessels will be required to supply their wants.

The line of steamers via Panama, which are to commence running in January next, will make California and Oregon near neighbors to the great commercial cities of the Atlantic coast. A railroad has long been talked of, and will doubtless soon be commenced. Boston and St. Louis are already connected by a magnetic line, an extension of which is already contemplated to the Pacific coast. The expense of completing a line from St. Louis to the Pacific has been estimated at \$300,000, and we confidently believe that in our day and generation both undertakings will be accomplished.

It is impossible to foretell the mighty influence which this chain of events will exert upon the future prosperity of commerce in this ocean. The Pacific, about which so much has been written and so little known, will soon be crowded with traders; every bay and island, every nook and corner will be explored. The mighty wave of emigration which is now rolling towards the western shores of the American continent will, sooner or later, reach our shores. The geographical position of these islands point to them as the West Indies of the Pacific coast. Before, however, any great advance can be made here, a different policy in regard to lands and labor must be pursued. If the people who own lands will not cultivate them they must and will be expelled from the hive.

A Discovery for Preventing Fires.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Institution, held in London, an important paper was read, which is making some talk among scientific men, and is of great interest to the world at large. It is no less than a discovery, by means of which carbonic acid gas is applied to the extinguishment of fires with complete success, in its operation instantaneous, and with this immense advantage, with none of the injury to furniture, buildings, &c., inseparable from the use of water for a similar purpose. The paper was read by Rev. I. Barlow, and was an account of an invention of a Mr. Phillips, called "Phillips' Fire Annihilator." The paper has since been published in the annals of the society at length. The following is a brief abstract of its purport:

In large fires, flame is the great agent of destruction; it occasions a violent draught, intense heat, and rapidly generates suffocating and noxious gases. For its existence a constant supply of pure air is necessary, as well as a constant high temperature. To prevent the latter, water is sufficient, but not so to prevent the other condition. The "fire annihilator" subdues flames by preventing effectually the supply of its vital element, pure air, and supplying instead one destructive to its existence—carbonic gas, and steam—thus rendering the continuance of flame impossible. These are generated by this apparatus, which is perfectly portable, for one ample for a private house weighs only about twenty-five pounds. It is so contrived that by simply touching a spring this active agency can be aroused in three seconds of time. For the protection of larger buildings, such as churches, factories, &c., a larger apparatus in proportion will be required, in a convenient position. The potency of this invention was exhibited in several different ways in the lecture room. Models of houses, ships, &c., were set on fire, and when fully ignited, the flame was extinguished as soon as the annihilator was brought to bear upon it.

The great advantages of this invention are the instantaneous effect produced, long before a fire engine could have been got in preparation, or brought to bear upon the fire, and the complete freedom from any injury to furniture inseparable from the employment of water. This apparatus may be always at hand ready for use; is easily set in action; is always sure to come into action; occasions no injury to the house or furniture, and no injury need be apprehended from its use. This is all the account of this important discovery yet made public. There seems to be no reason to doubt the full value claimed for the discovery, which cannot fail to prove one of the most beneficial applications of scientific knowledge that this prolific age has brought forth. If I am able, during my brief stay in England, to learn more, I will write you again respecting it.

"A man can never be respected in the eyes of the world, or in his own, except so far as he stands by himself, and is truly independent. He may have friends, he may have domestic connections, but he must not in these connections, lose his individuality."

CONJUGAL.—One of our contemporaries gives the following good advice to wives: "If you find it necessary to chastise your husband, you should perform the painful duty of using the soft end of the broom and not the handle."

From the Louisville Journal.

Serenade.

Look out upon the night, lady,
'Tis sweetest in life's hours;
The Loving moon is kissing now
The little loving flowers—
The air goes whispering by, lady,
And murmurs to each tree
As softly with its perfumed breath
As I would fain to thee!

Look out upon the night, lady,
Look out on yonder star,
It gazeth on its earthly love
Night after night afar;
My love is like that star, lady,
It burneth bright and fair;
And though a cloud may dim its ray
It still burns warmly there!

Look out upon the night, lady,
See how the moon awakes
A thousand things to life and love
In all the forest brakes;
Thy love was like that moon lady,
O'er all it shed its light,
And made my life a lovely thing—
How beautiful, how bright!

Look out upon the night, lady,
The moon is growing dim;
A mighty storm grows o'er the sky,
And hushed is night's low hymn!
So dimmed beneath life's cloud, lady,
The light of love to me—
And like yon moon, so fled the hope,
The hope I had in thee!

Look out upon the night, lady,
See how thy love's decay
Has spread a shadow o'er my heart—
My light has passed away.
Don't see yon dark abyss, lady,
So full of shadows strange,
Where light showed many a lovely form!
E'en such is my heart's change!

Look out upon the night, lady,
For love alone 'tis meet—
It's magic and its loveliness
Alas! like it are fleet!
The dew-drops on the grass, lady,
Beneath the glare of noon,
Leave not a fainter trace behind,
Nor pass one half so soon!

COLUMBUS, Miss., March 15, 1849. R*****.

In the wrong Bed.

A few nights since, a gentleman, who is not particularly well acquainted in the city, made a mistake which very nearly proved a serious one to him. The houses are all so much alike that it was a matter of extreme difficulty for him to ascertain the exact tenement where he was domiciliated, and in a thick drizzle fog he was sorely perplexed to find his own door. He had forgotten how many it was to the corner, could not read the names of the streets, owing to the darkness, and therefore resorted to the ingenious expedient of trying with his night-key every door he came to. At length, to his unspeakable relief, the key slipped in, and he could open his door. Much to his rage, he could not find his box of matches; his tables had been moved, and he stuck his head violently against one of the bedposts. "What a set of wretches these land-ladies are!" he uttered, after a series of execrations; "they never consult a single gentleman's convenience at all.—What the deuce have they been shifting all the furniture in the room for, without asking my permission? If there was any bell in the room, I'd ring up all the servants in the house. Confound them! I wish they were all in Tophet. Now I suppose I must go to bed in the dark, that's pleasant, very. Ah! I wish I had the infernal shoemaker that made these boots here, I'd choke him! How can I get them off without a boot jack? I can't do it. Well curse me if I care; I'll sleep in them, muddy as they are, and it will learn them to let things alone." Such were the soliloquizing of this tenant of comfortable lodgings, as he proceeded to divest himself of his clothes, and got into bed with his boots on, calling the most fearful imprecations down upon the heads of all persons of all ages, sexes and conditions, who ever leased chambers garniers. After a little while he fell asleep, but was not destined to remain in a state of somnolence long, for he was awakened by a noise at the door. He listened, and heard distinctly a key inserted in the lock. An indistinct sensation of fear crept over him; and he wished that he had a revolver under his pillow to defend himself against the attacks of this burglar and midnight assassin, for such he judged him to be. The latch ticked and the intruder entered. A cold sweat broke out upon the gentleman in bed, but he lay perfectly quiet till necessity should require action. He heard some one moving about the room, but with a very uncertain gait, occasionally stumbling over shoes and other articles, at length heard him use a friction match, which was succeeded by a production of light. "Well," thought the gentleman, "he is pretty systematic,

ic, at all events, and appears to understand the ropes well." As a candle was lighted, the figure of a six footer, with very bushy whiskers was revealed. The sleeper was scarce five feet four, and not very powerfully built. As the new comer's eyes fell upon the clothes just taken off by the gentlemen in bed, he exclaimed. "What the devil are these?" and as he kicked them over with his foot, he added, "There'll be trouble here soon." Saying this he took up a light and approached the bedside. The single gentleman thought his time had come, and momentarily expected to be pined to the bed with a bowie knife, or have half a dozen bullets lodged in his cranium; but being remarkably "plucky," he determined to die "game."

"What the devil are you doing in that bed?" shouted whiskers.

"Trying to sleep," was the little man's response.

"And how did you come to bed?" continued he of the whiskers savagely.

"None of your business, you scoundrel!" warmly retorted the little man, assuming a sitting posture.

"Well, all I can tell you, my little feller is that you've got to come out of that quicker, or I'll be the death of you!" continued the long man. "How dare you get into it?"

"None of your infernal business!" cried the little one. "How dare you come into my room, you burglarious scoundrel?"

"What do you mean, sir, by burglars? Do you know where you are, and who you are talking to?" said whiskers.

"Yes sir-ee, do I. I'm in my own room, and talking to a cowardly, sneaking burglar, and if you say another word I'll blow your brains out!" and the little man thrust his hand under the bolster, as if to get out a pistol.

"What are you about, sir?" exclaimed the long man, jumping back. "Don't shoot, for heaven's sake! You are either crazy, or have been drinking; and I should like to know how you came into my apartment."

"Your apartment! Mine, sir—mine!" said the little man.

"I tell you it is not yours, sir, it's mine, sir, No.—Circus street," said whiskers, resolutely.

"Eh!" said the little one, thrusting his head from under the mosquito bar, and looking about him—"no more it ain't mine!" saying which he sprang out of bed and explained that he had made a mistake in the house, and got into the wrong box, but was gratified at learning that it was not a very serious mistake, as his own domicile was next door. Both parties being satisfied, the victim of circumstances "moved his boots" to their proper place, where he found his bed, table, matches, and boot jack, all in their accustomed places, much to his satisfaction; but when he retired for the night, he mentally resolved never to leave home after nightfall again without a competent guide, and when he did, to adopt a maxim. "First be sure your right, then go to bed."—[N. O. Picayune.

The case of fashionable charity, of the lady who presented an old female alms-aster with a white-wash brush, the other day, worth a quarter, on condition of her rendering a half dollar's worth of labor in exchange, reminds us of the story told of an unfeeling, covetous old land lady, whom we knew well years ago, the truth of which, from our knowledge of her character, we have no reason to doubt. "One day a weary and almost famished soldier, of the war of 1812, called at her house and asked for refreshment. His appearance indicated extreme poverty.—The old lady thought his means not adequate to remunerate her for a very ample repast, so she placed before him a dish of bones which looked as though they had been pretty faithfully picked, and left her son to settle with the soldier, when he had finished their second examination. The boy, pitying the traveller, and willing to give his parent a reproof for her parsimony, told his guest that he was welcome to what he had eaten, and made him a present into the bargain. In a short time the mother returned, when her son inquired, "Mother, how much was it worth to pick those old bones?" "A shilling my dear," said she, expecting to receive the money. "I thought so," said the boy, "and I gave the old soldier a shilling for doing it."

Black Sheep, have you any Wool.—A servant girl recently from Ireland, who lives with a family in Columbia street, Brooklyn, was a few days since terribly afflicted with ear ache. She was told that a little wool in her ears would cure her, but unfortunately there was not a bit in the house. One of the girls suggested that she should ask for a little from the head of a colored man who happened to be passing. Hoping for relief she did so. Sambo opened his eyes wide, but doubted that he heard aright. "Want what, Miss?" "A little of yer wool if ye please." Sambo stood a perfect picture at her boldness. The next moment he made tracks down street muttering savagely.—"Tinks black man sheep, by gum."

If justice is not due to brutes, neither is it due to men.