



JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN
Stroudsburg, Pa. Nov. 20, 1840.

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

We observe, that the Locofoco papers are consoling themselves under their disastrous defeat, with the idea that at the termination of "Old Tip's" term of service, their party may be able to resume the reins of government, which they have so miserably managed. We believe, that such an idea will prove to be a greater delusion, than was the re-election of Martin Van Buren. It will be recollected that at the Harrisburg Convention of December last when Gen. Harrison was nominated for the Presidency, a very strong vote was given for the nomination of WINFIELD SCOTT of New Jersey, and from the favour with which it was even then received, it is more than probable he will be the Whig candidate for the Chief Executive office in 1844.

The Whigs of Easton held a meeting on Friday last, at which resolutions were adopted to celebrate the triumph of the people over the corrupt cabal at the "White House," by a public festival and dinner free to all friends of the "Peoples candidates," on the 21st day of November at 12 o'clock noon. Among the resolutions is the following, in which a high compliment is paid to our fellow citizens—Jonas Hanna and Peter Albert.

Resolved, That a special invitation be given to the two Democratic Whigs who alone voted our ticket in Middle Smithfield township, Monroe County.

Latest from Salt River.

We give from the U. S. Gazette the following information which is deeply important to a very large portion of our fellow citizens, in this county.

We are happy to state to our Van Buren brethren that the navigation of Salt river is in excellent order—the whole stream perfectly boatable. We found it very pleasant coming down a few days since; and we doubt not that, all things considered, the upward navigation will be safe. As it regards the settlement, we may say, from a great many years' residence, that it is comfortable and retired. The quarters which our party occupied—a party proverbial for making themselves comfortable—will be opened to the Van Buren men, and we commend to them that agreeable philosophy which we learned and practised in those green retreats; and as it regards our future movements, we say that, having rowed up the Salt River our opponents, we reserve the same canoe for ourselves whenever our country's cause shall so need our rowing up.

GENERAL JACKSON.—It must be exceedingly gratifying to the General, to witness the entire prostration of the party and principles, which flourished in such palmy pride during his administration. He has lived to witness the condemnation of his Charlatan experiments, and the ruin of all the politicians who have sustained them. The party which he has so bitterly denounced as Federalists and Abolitionists have proved themselves a large majority of the People.—Gen. JACKSON claims to be a Democrat, and to bow with implicit deference to the popular sovereignty.—We hope that he will learn to speak, therefore, with more forbearance of Log Cabins, Hard Cider and 'such mummery,' and to entertain a more just estimate of the character and services of Gen. HARRISON, now that they have been so signally honored by the Democracy of Numbers.—N. Y. Courier.

To show the way in which the Democracy of Tennessee have rebuked the indecent attempts of General Jackson to slander the reputation of "Old Tip," we give the election returns of the Hermitage precinct—it being the township in which the Ex-President resides—the votes stood on the 3d November.

	Harrison	104	Van Buren	26
The Congressional district is composed of the counties of Davidson and Wilson, which have together given a majority of 2021 for the cause of Reform. We desire the people of Monroe to look at the following counties in Jackson's own State, and see in what light the democracy of Martin Van Buren is there held.				
	Har.	V. B.		
Jefferson,	1811	131		
Knox,	2096	314		
Sevier,	914	40		

In Boyd's Creek township, Sevier Co. Harrison had 130, and Van Buren—nothing! Beat that who can.

NEW COINAGE.—The U. S. Mint, we see it stated, is engaged in coining a new dollar. It is of smaller diameter, and consequently more convenient than the Spanish coin, and is altogether better executed.

The Union Redeemed.



Actual Results.

The following are the actual results as far as heard from, making 215 electoral votes for Harrison, to 30 votes for Van Buren, being 67 more than a majority.

	Whig.	V. B.
No. 1. Connecticut,	8	
No. 2. Ohio,	21	
No. 3. Maryland,	10	
No. 4. Rhode Island,	4	
No. 5. New Hampshire,	7	
No. 6. New Jersey,	9	
No. 7. New York,	42	
No. 8. Pennsylvania,	30	
No. 9. Kentucky,	15	
No. 10. Georgia,	11	
No. 11. Maine,	10	
No. 12. Vermont,	7	
No. 13. Massachusetts,	14	
No. 14. Delaware,	3	
No. 15. Louisiana,	5	
No. 16. Indiana,	9	
No. 17. Tennessee,	15	
No. 18. Michigan,	3	
No. 19. Virginia,		23
	215	30

LOUISIANA.

A Brilliant Victory.

Our New Orleans dates are to the seventh. The friends of Harrison has swept every thing before them in New Orleans, where their majority was

953.

In nine parishes the Harrison majority was 1507.

In July last, the State polled 16,169, of which the whig candidates received 9,103, the loco foco candidates 7,047, and scattering 19. Showing a majority in favor of the whigs, of 2,056.

The N. O. Bulletin says:—"Advices transmitted during the progress of the election, warrant us in announcing to our friends that Louisiana has given a majority for Harrison, larger by 10 or 1500 than that given for the Congressional ticket in July."

MISSISSIPPI.

Symptoms of Thunder.

By the papers from New Orleans we have accounts from Mississippi. They indicate that if Martin has not been beaten in the State, he has made a very narrow escape. The following is from the New Orleans Bee:—

Warren County.—Full returns not received, but supposed to be two to one majority for the whigs.

Washington.—The whigs have carried this county by an overwhelming majority.

Claiborne.—Whig majority 217: viz. Grand Gulf, 38; Port Gibson, 111; Bethel Church, 43; Rocky Springs, 25.

Jefferson.—Rodney gives 100 whig majority. Adams.—In Natchez the vote stood, whigs 615, Loco Focos 300, whig majority 315.

Vicksburg, Tuesday night, 11 o'clock, November 3, 1840.

To the Editors of the N. O. Bee.

Gentlemen: I hasten to inform you of the result of the election in this (Warren) county, which as you will perceive is "O. K."

Vicksburg box,	392	Whig maj.
Mill Dale,	36	" "
Bovina,	68	" "
	496	

and two strong whig boxes to hear from, which will increase the majority to rising 600, which we think is pretty loud for a county giving but 1500 votes.

Reports from the interior to-night are highly cheering. In haste, yours,

ONE OF OLD TIP'S BOYS.

Red River Cut-off has gone for Van Buren by ONE!

Hancock county gives 114 majority for Harrison.

THE WAY MISSISSIPPI IS GOING.—At Pass Christian, in Mississippi, out of twenty-seven votes deposited in the ballot-box, twenty-six were for Harrison. The Locofoco who voted for Van Buren offered the inspectors ten dollars, it is said, for leave to take his vote back again.—N. O. Bul.

TENNESSEE.

A Voice from the Lion's Den!

WHIG GAIN 8,600 IN 37 COUNTIES.

The mail from the South last evening brought us returns from many counties in East Tennessee. They show a Whig gain in every county. We have also by the Western mail several counties from Middle and West Tennessee. They tell of a great majority for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."—Tennessee is redeemed!

A letter from Nashville, dated the 5th says, "Present Harrison majority 3,426, being a gain of 5,053 over the vote of 1839. What an overthrow of the Radicals! What a rebuke of the Experimenters!"

The Whig Congressional majority in the Boston District is 3054.

From the New York Express.

We have just received the following hasty sketch of the Fox Chase, from our friend Major Downing. The numerous incidents attending such a chase would require, no doubt more time and space than he could give it, especially as he has no other occupations, and has not yet the franking power. The first report of a victory is generally brief—the details are left for more quiet moments:

From the Log Cabin North Bend

To my fellow citizens from New Orleans to Downingville, and from Salt Water to the Lake Waters, up and down the country and cross wise.

FELLOW CITIZENS—Ever since the world began all the hunts and chases tell'd on in all parts of creation hain't been only a mere flea hunt to the rare Fox chase that has just been completed in these United States, by the grace of God free and independent at last.

It has been known to every body that for the last ten years it has been impossible to hatch eggs, or raise poultry, or to trust any thing at large of that nature—night arter night and day arter day—nest arter nest and chicken arter chicken was destroyed by the foxes, and they got so bold and so brazen at last they would come into the poultry-yard in open day, or any where else, and kept the hull feather'd tribe a kackling pretty much all the while. At first the folks got traps and dogs; but it got so at last, that the foxes got so numerous, it was just as much as a dog's life was worth to attack 'em—and folks began to despair—especially as it was found out that all the younger foxes got their directions from one rale sly fox, who as yet never had been track'd, or trap'd, or driven to his hole; he was every where, in every State almost at the same time. And wherever he was reported to be, there it was found all the other foxes was most knowing and most impudent. So it was concluded that it was no use to try and trap the common run of foxes, but if possible, make a general rally in all the States, and give chase to this old fox especially—and not give up till he was run to his hole, and then dig him out—for it was thought if he was only caught, all the rest would be pretty scarce. Well, this matter being agreed upon, the first thing next to be done was to select a good long winded leader of the chase—one who would not give out, and whose horn could be heard furthest.—And so we all agreed upon Old Tip—and we got him pretty well mounted, and he sounded his horn, and his echoes went up and down rivers and across valleys, and over mountains, till folks all about creation got well acquainted with the sound,—and on a given day, they assembled at all their stations, and put in practice the few general rules of the chase, capering a little round, and having a few sham chases jest to get nimble,—and then on a signal from Old Tip's horn, they all started, and sich a chase as I said afore, as then began the hull created world has never before seen—for it was an everlasting wide and long country to chase over, and no one knowing yet where the fox would first break kiver, all hands at first went to work heating the bush.—The first track was struck in Louisiana, and about 3,000 give chase there and run him out of that State, and he streaked it away North as hard as he could clip it, and knowing all the secret by-ways, escaped till he reached the state of Maine. The Maine boys were wide awake, and as soon as they struck his track there, they raised an almighty shout and headed him off.

He then sheered off to New Hampshire, where they are pritty much all fox—and there for a spell took breath. But hearing the coming shout he struck for Vermont in hopes the "Green Mountings" would furnish a kiver—but they were all awake there, and about 8,000 folks jined in the chase and he remained no longer in Vermont than he could get out on't. "Well," thinks he, "this is pritty tite work, and I'm off South agin, for this party must be friendly to me there, seeing as how I tell'd all the foxes to be civil to the Southern Chickens"—and so he slip't along to Georgia.

The Georgia folks however, not liking the natur of the breed, had already called their fox hunters together, and on the first show of a track they all opened and about 5,000 give chase there in a most noble stile, and he turned tail and run towards the middle States. In passing through the old North State of Carolina, he finds things too wide awake there to stop a minute—and jist so it continued all the way through Maryland, Delaware and Pennsylvania—though he bothered the hunters plagily in Pennsylvania, for they don't understand fox hunting much in that State—except in a few counties especially in Bucks county, and that is the reason why in that county they always have good poultry and plenty on't. So he continued North. In Connecticut and Rhode Island they gave him an amazing close run—and no time to stop or double, and eneamost caught him. As for Massachusetts, he knew pritty well he stood no chance there, and so you see but one strait chase across—and taking a bite in New Hampshire he tried for New York and run considerable well and comfortably along the Hudson, but such a howl as met him in the west was a shiverer for him and he sheered off for Ohio, but that was out of the frying pan into the hot ashes—and looking around him and seeing all ready in the States—some 10,000, some 15,000, some more, some less—scouring the country and prepared to track—thinks he "its no use—'tis the victor belongs the spiles" was the doctrine of my party and I may as well go for it to the last!" and he made a dead track to the Log Cabin at the North Bend—with about 30,000 Buckeyes arter him and Old Tip at the head on'em. I was standing near the door and I seed him coming, and now thinks I—here goes for Log Cabin mercy and hospitality and I opened the door and in he streak'd—and jist then up came Old Tip all of a lather. "He is safe," says I, "General—we have got him snug at last,"

"Well," says the General to his friends, "I

heart that would make the suggestion. WASHINGTON knew that an open proposal of this kind to the British commander would be likely, from its very publicity, to be rejected, and he therefore adopted an expedient. He despatched Captain Aaron Ogden, of New-Jersey, who was at that time, with WASHINGTON, ardently engaged in the cause of his country, with the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry, to Sir Henry Clinton; and he was directed to remain at Jersey City all night, after delivering his despatches; and in the course of the evening, which he would spend with the British officers, to speak of the arrest of Andre, and to suggest the certainty of his death, unless he could be exchanged for Arnold. After supper, he accordingly introduced this subject of painful interest, and found ready listeners. When he spoke of the exchange, one of the officers eagerly inquired if he had authority for that remark: "No," said Captain Ogden, "not directly from General WASHINGTON; but I think if the proposal is made, he would agree to it. The officer who made the inquiry was seen shortly to leave the room: crossing the river to New-York, he went directly to Sir Henry Clinton, and detailed the remarks to Captain Ogden. The next morning, the same officer observed, in a careless manner, to Captain Ogden, as he was about to depart, that the exchange which he had spoken of could not be made; 'it would be such a violation of honor and military principle, that he knew Sir Henry Clinton would not listen to the idea for a moment.' Failing in this General WASHINGTON determined on still another plan to save the life of Andre. He sent for Major Lee, and said to him:

"I have sent for you, in the expectation that you have some one in your corps, who is willing to undertake a delicate and hazardous project. Whoever comes forward, will confer a great obligation upon me personally, and in behalf of the United States I will reward him amply. No time is to be lost: he must proceed, if possible, to night. I intend to seize Arnold, and save Andre."

Major Lee selected a man by the name of Champe, a Virginian, of tried courage, and inflexible perseverance. He was sent for, and the plan proposed. He was to desert, and escape to New-York; to appear friendly with the enemy; to watch Arnold, and upon some fit opportunity, with the assistance of some one whom he could trust, to seize him, and conduct him to an appointed place on the river, where boats should be in readiness to bear them away. Champe agreed to undertake the mission, and departed. Soon after he arrived in New-York, he was sent to Sir Henry Clinton, who treated him kindly, questioned him very closely, gave him a couple of guineas, and recommended him to Arnold, who was anxious to procure American recruits. He enlisted in Arnold's legion, and had daily opportunities of watching the General. He discovered that it was his custom to return home about twelve o'clock every night, and to walk in his garden before retiring. This hour was fixed upon as the period when Champe was to seize him. He then wrote to Major Lee, fixing the third day after for a party of dragoons to meet him at Hoboken, where he hoped to place Arnold in their hands. Every thing was prepared by Champe and his associates for the arrest; but this second attempt was doomed to fail. On the day preceding the night fixed for the execution of the plot, Arnold had removed his quarters to another part of the city, to superintend the embarkation of troops, and the American legion was all placed on board one of the transport ships. And thus it happened that John Champe, instead of having the glory of delivering Arnold to the Americans, was safely deposited on board one of the transports, and carried to Virginia. Thus ended the second attempt of General WASHINGTON to save the unfortunate Andre. The proceedings of the Court of Inquiry were laid before a board of officers, by Sir Henry Clinton, and a deputation of three persons appointed to wait on General WASHINGTON, and renew the efforts to save the life of Andre. The negotiation was conducted by General Robertson for the British, and by Gen. Greene, for the Americans; but it produced no change in the opinion and determination of General WASHINGTON.

When the sentence of death was communicated to Major Andre, he manifested no surprise or concern, having evidently been prepared for the result. His only desire seemed to be, that he might die the death of a soldier, and not be hung as a felon. This wish was repeated in a most impressive letter to General WASHINGTON, but it could not be. The rules of grim-visaged War pointed out the gibbet, and the gentle and pathetic appeals of mercy could neither change the mode, nor win from death respite, reprieve, or furlough. The time for execution was fixed for the second of October, at twelve o'clock. Even within a step of the grave, the elegant accomplishments of this interesting man contributed to throw a light veil over the brief future, and enabled him to leave a sketch, which at this day possesses great interest. In the "Trumbull Gallery," at Yale college, is a pen-and-ink drawing, taken by him on the morning of his execution. It is his own likeness, seated at a table in his guard-room; and was presented to Mr. Tomlinson, officer of the guard.

The fatal day at length arrived. Andre partook of his breakfast, which had been sent every day during his confinement from WASHINGTON'S own table; and after having shaved and dressed, he placed his hat on the table, and said cheerfully to the officer of the guard, that he was ready at any moment. The course of people was immense. Nearly all the general and field officers, except WASHINGTON and his staff, were present. Major Andre walked from the stone house, where he had been confined, between two subaltern officers, arm in arm. Until his near approach to the gallows, he had believed that his request to be

shot would have been granted; and the dreadful disappointment caused a momentary shudder. He stepped into the wagon beneath the gallows, and took from his pocket two white handkerchiefs: with one his arms were loosely pinioned, and with the other, after removing his hat and stock, he bandaged his eyes, with perfect composure. He then slipped the noose over his head, and adjusted it to his neck, without any assistance. Colonel Scammel now informed him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it. He raised the bandage from his eyes, and said: 'I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man.' In another instant, his spirit had passed to the God who gave it.

Such was the melancholly fate of a man, whose rare accomplishments had procured for him the friendship and confidence of all to whom he was known. In ten short days, his fairest hopes had been blighted, and his brightest visions dispersed. But it was his singular fortune to die not more beloved by his friends, than lamented by his enemies, whose cause he had sought to ruin, and by whose hands his life was justly taken. There are few Americans who can look back upon the fate of Andre without deep regret. His name is embalmed in every generous heart; and while we condemn his great error, and approve the sentence of his judges, we can truly grieve that a life of so much promise was destined to such an ignominious doom.

The remains of Major Andre, which had been interred within a few feet of the place of execution, were removed in 1821, under the direction of Mr. Buchanan, the British Consul at New-York, and sent to England. They were deposited in Westminster-Abbey, where a monument, erected by order of the king, marks the last resting-place of Major John Andre.

When cold in the grave lies the friend thou hast loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee, then;
Or if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.'

Arnold received a commission as lieutenant-colonel in the British army, and continued actively engaged during the war against his country. After its termination, he was busily employed in commercial pursuits in the West Indies, and at last removed to England. But there, as here, he was shunned and despised by all honorable men; and after enduring the pangs of a guilty heart, the mark of scorn, even in the very land to which he had fled, the poor miserable outcast sunk to the grave, closing a life of guilt and shame, 'unwept, unhonored and unsung,' having secured an infamy of fame, which time can never efface. When all things else shall be forgotten, then, and not till then, will ARNOLD and TREASON cease to be regarded as synonymous terms:

'O'er his grave shall the raven wing flap,
He, the false hearted!" R. P. T.
Salem, (N. J.) July, 1840.

IMPORTATION OF SILK.—The Journal of the American Society states that the importation of silk into the United States, during the year ending 30th of September, 1839, amounted to nearly twenty-three millions of dollars. Compared with other articles imported, that of silk is one fourth more than the amount of any other. The amount of manufactures of cotton imported was \$14,692,397; of iron, \$12,051,668; of cloth and cassimeres \$7,078,906; worsted stuffs \$7,025,898; other manufactures of wool, \$3,567,161; one half the value of silks and worsted stuffs, \$1,169,042; total woollen goods, \$18,831,90. The importation of sugar amounted to \$9,924,632; linen, \$6,731,278. So that the importation of silk nearly equals that of woollen and linen together, and is equal to half of the other fabrics combined.

THE CANAL COMMISSIONERS.—The North American of yesterday, has the following paragraph in reference to the Canal Commissioners:—

"The Canal Commissioners must be elected by the people, or, at least, by the Legislature. We say must, because we believe that the sentiment has for a long time been steadily gaining ground that such a change is demanded by the interests of the Commonwealth, and we believe the people will finally insist upon having it effected. The question will also arise whether the number of Canal Commissioners should not be increased."

Laconic advice.—Mr. Hillyard, who for 21 years has been the president of the Northamptonshire Farming and Grazing Society, the annual meeting of which was held recently, in presenting a prize cup to Mr. J. C. Elliot, gave him the following laconic piece of advice: 'Now, young man, take this cup, and remember always to plough deep and drink shallow.—English paper.

The New York Sun states that there is a place in New Hampshire where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches 29 and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her. Those who are so lucky as to escape, pay a bonus to the miserable fellow who gets her. There's gallantry for you.

A LITTLE ACCIDENT occurred to Gen. Harrison on the 30th ult. He was riding over a part of his farm through which the tunnel of the Whitewater Canal passes, in a place which seemed as smooth and as well covered with grass as any other part of the field; suddenly he felt his horse sinking, and thought he was about to fall: the General sprang from him and alighted upon the firm ground, and the horse fell from 15 to 20 feet into a kind of sink hole, caused by the tunneling beneath. The General escaped without the slightest injury.

Washington Irving, an old personal and political friend of Mr. Van Buren, voted the Whig ticket at Tarrytown, N. Y., the place of his residence, on Tuesday.