



JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN

Stroudsburg, Pa. Sept. 18, 1840.

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

CANDIDATES OF THE PEOPLE.

FOR PRESIDENT:

Gen. William Henry Harrison, OF OHIO.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:

John Tyler, OF VIRGINIA.

ELECTORAL TICKET.

SENATORIAL.

John A. Shultz, of Lycoming, Joseph Ritzer, of Cumberland, DISTRICTS.

- 1 Levis Passmore, 12 John Dickson, 2 Cadwallader Evans, 13 John M'Keenan, Charles Waters, 14 John Reed, 3 Jona. Gillingham, 15 Nathan Beach, 4 Amos Elmaker, 16 Ner Middlewarth, John K. Zeilin, 17 George Walker, A. R. Millvaine, 18 Bernard Connelly, jr, 5 Robert Stinson, 19 Gen. Joseph Markle 6 William S. Hendrie 20 Justice G. Fordyce, 7 J. Jenkins Ross, 21 Joseph Henderson, 8 Peter Filbert, 22 Harmer Denney, 9 William Adams, 23 Joseph Buffington, 10 John Harper, 24 James Montgomery, 11 Wm. McElwaine, 25 John Dick.

Col. Johnson said (in Congress)—"Who is General Harrison? The son of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; who spent the greater part of his large fortune in redeeming the pledge he then gave, of his 'fortune, life and sacred honor,' to secure the liberties of his country. Of the career of General Harrison I need not speak: the history of the West is his history. For forty years he has been identified with its interests, its perils and its hopes. Universally beloved in the walks of peace, and distinguished by his ability in the councils of his country, he has been yet more illustriously distinguished in the field. During the late war, he was longer in active service than any other general officer; he was, perhaps, oftener in action than any one of them, and never sustained a defeat."

The Communications of H. C. M. have been mislaid. We hope the author will excuse us.

Ancient Federalism.

The "Log Cabin" well says, that the last hope of Federalism is its attempt to direct the attention of the People from the misgovernment and monstrous abuses which now exist, to the contests and differences of forty years ago. If the wire workers can only set the People by the ears about the politics of the last generation, they may hope to glut themselves on the spoils of the Treasury for another four years, and by repeating the tricks, for forty years to come. For it is one that answers for all times and occasions: let the officeholders oppress and impoverish the people ever so much—let them rob the Treasury, and burn the Public Buildings, or commit any rascality, and they have one unvarying stratagem to divert public attention: Don't believe those Whigs; they are all old Federalists, Aristocrats, and enemies of the working people. With the names of James Buchanan, William Wilkins, Charles J. Ingersoll, David D. Wagoner and many other "ancient federalists," paraded in their newspapers as democratic leaders, they constantly invoke the shade of Jefferson to cover the misrule of Van Buren—this, however is too paltry a device to entrap an intelligent community—they further assert, that all the democrats of the days of Jefferson and Madison, with their descendants are now friends of the administration. "Facts speak louder than words," now let us see who the electors from the Northampton district for President Jefferson and Madison were.

- 1800 Jonas Hartzell, '04 Henry Spring, '08 Jacob Weygant, '12 Nathaniel Michler.

We do not know as to the first named, but the families of the three last are well known to be staunch Whigs. Let it not be forgotten too, that Martin Van Buren in 1812, was the warm advocate for the election of the candidate of the "Peace party" to the Presidency.

Canvassing in Tennessee.

Borrowing a Shirt.—Senator Grundy is now perambulating East Tennessee—the Knoxville Times says: He alluded in one of his speeches to the Baltimore Convention of Whig young men, as being composed of the "silk stocking gentry."—Mr. Arnold made a very practical reply, by directing the attention of the People to the Senator's ruffled shirt, pumps, massive gold ring, and breast pin, and asked "if he wasn't a pretty pink of Democracy to talk of silk-stocking gentry." The answer was conclusive—before his next speech, Mr. Grundy had borrowed another shirt.

The same course may with propriety, be recommended to the Honourable Representative in Congress from this district—in the course of a tirade which he lately made in our Court House, against the aristocratic Whigs, he it was observed, was the only person present, who wore a ruffled shirt!

The friends of Reform in this State have constantly endeavoured to make political meetings general, instead of confining them to one party—the game of the Federal loco-focos is to prevent the people from hearing the truth, and their party managers refuse to assent to it—in Murfreesborough on the 26th August, the citizens addressed a note to Mr. Grundy, proposing such an arrangement as would enable the people to hear both sides of the question. "The reply of Mr. Grundy was a virtual refusal to enter into any discussion. Mr. Peyton the eloquent Whig delegate from Louisiana happened to be present. Accordingly as soon as Mr. G. had concluded his remarks, he started. "I hope" said Mr. Peyton, "Mr. Grundy will stay and hear me." Mr. G. kept moving. Mr. Peyton raising his voice—"I hope Mr. Grundy will not be like the lame Captain. The lame Captain went out to fight Indians, and coming upon them unexpectedly, "Boys" said he, "there they are—they are very numerous—my opinion is they'll whip us—", said he, fight hard—retreat in good order—as I'm a little lame, I'll go now"—and away he went." Here a shout went up that rent the air and shook the hills. Mr. Peyton, after expressing the hope that the other Van Buren men present would not follow the example of their lame Captain, proceeded to address the audience, who remained until sundown, in a speech replete with sound argument, impassioned eloquence, rich humour, and biting sarcasm.

"A Minute Man."

Mr. Van Buren has spent more than seventy dollars of the People's money every minute since he was sworn into office as President of the United States.—FANATA! as you look up at your clocks, remember that more than a dollar of the public treasure goes with every click.

It is truly remarked and we believe every one can testify to its truth, that all the outcry against hard cider, proceeds from habitual frequenters, and haunters of taverns.

The two Elections.

OUR POLITICAL FRIENDS IN OTHER STATES

Our political friends in other cities and States should not forget that the General or State Election will take place in Pennsylvania on the 13th of October, while the Presidential election will not take place until the 30th of October, or more than two weeks after. They should also be informed that the friends of Harrison expect to do much better at the Presidential than at the Legislative election. Thousands will vote for "OLD TIP" in Pennsylvania, who cannot be induced to go for any other candidate. Local questions moreover may, in many instances, influence the result of the preliminary elections. Thus at the last Presidential struggle, a similar state of things existed, and although the Whigs were sadly defeated on their Legislative Tickets, they rallied at the Presidential struggle—and despite the depression and discouraging prospect, gave the "Hero of the Thames," a vote sufficiently large to render it uncertain for some time, whether or not he had carried the State. The Van Buren majority on that occasion, was little more than 4,000. Then, too, the Whig party of the State was divided. Now, the opposition are thoroughly united. The cause of "Old Tip" is brighter than it ever was before. We again say therefore, that however well we may do in Pennsylvania, at the election on the 13th of October, we shall do infinitely better on the 30th, when the Old Hero will be in the field himself.—Pa. Inquirer.

The new allies of Temperance.—It is really amusing to witness the wonderful regard for Temperance which has grown up in Loco-Foco ranks, since the cry of hard cider has ethoed back its thunder upon the affrighted ears of the catiffs who attempted, by its introduction, to destroy the character of a good and great man. The Newer Mug and Five Points party, look well in their new avocation, of advocating temperance. It must come very natural to the swiggers of strong beer in Tammany Hall!

But the Argus has revived a charge against General Harrison of having an interest in a distillery. True it is that in 1827 he had, and it was productive of much profit, but subsequently being convinced of its being a business of a nature injurious to many of his fellow-citizens, he nobly relinquished it altogether, and has now nothing to do with it. Thus falls the charge to the ground, as every other which has yet been made against General Harrison.—[Alb. Eve. Journal.

The Buckeye Blacksmith lately addressed a meeting at Milton, Pa., at which more than one thousand persons were present.

A Yankee pedlar has been selling blank books at the West as the life of Van Buren!

Property, valued at \$37,000 was destroyed by fire, at Rochester, N. Y., on the 26th August. Insurance about \$7,000.

VERMONT.

HO—ALL TO THE RESCUE!

The sweeping result of the late elections in this glorious little State recalls to mind, a revolutionary song, which embodies the spirit stirring verse, the indomitable hatred of the "Green Mountain boys" to every species of tyranny—they have just given ample evidence, that they are still animated by those same patriotic feelings in 1840, which distinguished their sires in the "days that tried men's souls."

The Song of the Vermonters, 1770.

The political history of Vermont is full of interest. In 1762, New York by reason of an extraordinary grant of Charles II, to the Duke of York, claimed a jurisdiction over about sixty townships of which grants had been given by the Governor of New Hampshire, declaring those grants illegal. An attempt was made to dispossess the settlers, but it was promptly resisted. In '74, New York passed a most despotic law against the resisting Vermonters, and the Governor offered a large reward for the apprehension of the celebrated Ethan Allen and seven of his associates. They in turn threatened to "kill and destroy any person or persons whomsoever that should be necessary, aiding or assisting in taking any of them." In '77, Vermont declared its independence, New York still urged her claims and attempted to enforce them with her militia. In '79, New Hampshire also laid claim to the whole State; Massachusetts speedily followed by putting in her claim to about two thirds of it. Congress powerless under the old confederation endeavored to keep on good terms with all parties, but ardently favored N. Y. Vermont remonstrated warmly. Congress threatened. Vermont published "an appeal to the candid and impartial world"—and asserted its own absolute independence. Notwithstanding the threats offered on all sides, the contest terminated without much bloodshed, and Vermont was admitted into the Union in 1791, after existing as an independent sovereignty, for nearly fifteen years.

Ho—all to the borders! Vermonters, come down, With your breeches of deer-skin, and jackets of brown; With your red woolen caps, and your moccasins, come To the gathering summons of trumpet and drum.

Come down with your rifles—let grey wolf and fox Howl on in the shade of their primitive rocks; Let the bear feed securely from pig-pen and stall; Here's a two-legged game for your powder and ball.

On our South come the Dutchmen, enveloped in grease; And, arming for battle, while canting for peace; On our East, crafty Meshech,\* has gathered his band, To hang up our leaders, and eat out our land.

Ho—all to the rescue! for Satan shall work No gain for his legions of Hampshire and York! They claim our possessions,—the pitiful knives— The tribute WE pay, shall be prisons and graves!

Let Clinton and Ten Broeck with bribes in their hands, Still seek to divide us, and parcel our lands:— We've coats for our traitors, whoever they are; The warp is of FEATHERS—the filling of tar!

Does the "old bay State" threaten? does Congress complain? Swarms Hampshire in arms on our borders again! Bark the war-dogs of Britain aloud on the lake! Let 'em come,—what they can, they are welcome to take.

What seek they among us! the pride of our wealth Is comfort, contentment, and labor, and health; And lands which, as Freeman, we only have trod, Independent of all, save the mercies of God.

Yet we owe no allegiance; we bow to no throne; Our ruler is law, and the law is our own; Our leaders themselves are our own fellow-men, Who can handle the sword, or the scythe, or the pen.

Our wives are all true; and our daughters are fair, With their blue eyes of smiles, and their light-flowing hair; All brisk at their wheels till the dark even-fall; Then blithe at the sleigh-ride, the husking, and ball!

We're asleep on the hill sides; we've cows on the plain; And gay-tasselled cornfields, and rank growing grain; There are deer on the mountains, and wood pigeons fly From the crack of our muskets, like clouds on the sky.

And there's fish in our streamlets and rivers which take Their course from the hills to our broad bosom'd lake; Through rock-arched Winoski the salmon leaps free; And the portly shad follows all fresh from the sea.

Like a sunbeam the pickerel glides through his pool; And the spotted trout sleeps where the water is cool; Or darts from his shelter of rock and of foot; At the beaver's quick plunge, or the angler's pursuit.

And ours are the mountains, which awfully rise Till they rest their green heads on the blue of the skies; And ours are the forests unwasted, unshorn, Save where the wild path of the tempest is torn.

And though savage and wild be this climate of ours, And brief be our season of fruits and of flowers, Far dearer the blast, round our mountains which raves, Than the sweet summer zephyr, which breaths over slaves!

Hurra for Vermont! for the land which we till Must have sons to defend her from valley and hill; Leave the harvest to rot on the field where it grows; And the reaping of wheat for the reaping of foes.

From far Mississipi's wild valley, to where Possomunk steals down from his wood-circled lair, From Shottock river to Lutterlock town,— Ho—all to the rescue! Vermonters, come down!

Come York, or come Hampshire,—come traitors and knaves; If ye rule o'er our LAND, ye shall rule o'er our GRAVES; Our vow is recorded—our banner unfurled; In the name of Vermont we defy ALL THE WORLD!—

\* Hon. Meshech Weare, Governor of New Hampshire.

† Gov. Geo. Clinton, of N. Y. and Hon. A. Ten Broeck, President of the N. Y. Convention.

‡ The New York sheriffs and those who submitted to the authority of New York, were often roughly handled by the Green Mountain boys. The following is from the journal of proceedings of the Vermont council of public safety:— "is permitted to return home, and remain on his father's farm, (and if found off to expect thirty nine lashes of the beech seal) until further orders from this council." The instrument of punishment was termed the "beech seal," in allusion to the great seal of New Hampshire affixed to the grants, of which the beech rod well laid upon the naked backs of the "Yorkers" and their adherents was considered a confirmation.

"Rather than fail, I will retire with my hardy Green Mountain boys to the desolate caverns of the mountains, and wage war with human nature at large."—Ethan Allen's letter to Congress, March 9th, 1781.

A Voice of '76.

The Newburgh (N. Y.) Gazette contains the following eloquent letter from Benjamin Eaton, one of the Life Guards of General Washington.

To the descendants of Revolutionary Soldiers:

An old soldier of the Continental Army asks for the last time to speak to his countrymen. During the suffering service of the Revolution, I was in sixteen engagements, and was one of the little band who volunteered under Sullivan to destroy "the Six Nations of Indians." I was one of that small company selected as the Life Guard of George Washington—but two of us are now living. I was at the tough siege of Yorktown, at Valley Forge, Monmouth, and thirteen other hard battles, and saw Cornwallis surrender to our old General. My service ceased only with the war. After all this hardship and suffering, in the street when I go out in my old age to see the happiness I have helped to give you, I am pointed at as a British Tory—yes, a British Tory—I have said nothing when I have been told so, but have silently thought that my old General would never have picked out a Tory to form one of his Life Guard, nor would a Tory have suffered what I have suffered for you. This abuse has been shamefully heaped upon one of your old soldiers because he is what he was when the war broke out, and what Washington told us we must always be when he shook hands with us as we all were going home. I was a Whig in the Revolution, have been ever since and am now. As a Whig I enlisted for the whole war, was in favor with the other Whigs of Thomas Jefferson, went with the party for James Madison, was in favor of the last war, and to be consistent in my last vote, must give it for Gen. Harrison. He is a brave man, and was never known wherever he has been to take a penny from his neighbor or the Government that was not fairly his. We have trod over the same ground fighting for liberty. His father (he was one of the Revolution) signed our Independence roll, and then we all went out together to fight for it, and we proved it was true.

It really appears to me that this cannot be the same government that our old soldiers helped Washington to put up here. We fought to have a Government as different from any in Europe as we could make it. Well, we done it, and until lately things have all gone on smoothly and Europe was beginning to get ashamed of the way she made slaves of her subjects by making them work and toil for seven poor cents a day with a Standing Army over them to force them to it. But our President now tells the people that things have gone wrong since the Old War, and that there are twenty-three miserable governments in Europe where the Kings wear crowns, the rich purple, and the poor people rags, that we must fashion after them if we want to be happy and prosperous! We had English laws here once and they were the best in Europe, but we couldn't stand them and we put them under our feet. We used to work for mere nothing then, and we cannot do it again. Working for a few cents a day may do for slaves, but not for freemen whose liberty cost more blood than liberty ever cost before; why, the very first thing that started the old war was the Standing Army that the King kept quartered on us: we told him that we wanted no soldiers over us in time of peace, but he refused to mind us, and I saw Lord Cornwallis surrender up a part of them to honest George Washington. Our President now proposes to have a standing force—what for?—Beware!

Jefferson never asked for armed men to reelect him or elevate his successor. Madison asked for them only in the time of the late war, and warned the people when he left his office to be careful about keeping soldiers in time of peace. Our streets are filled with idle men who were active laborers once when employment was to be had. The men of enterprise who once employed them have been ruined by the government. And now these honest but unemployed laborers are told by the government that when they go to work again they must do it for a few cents a day—that labor must be as cheap here as it is among the slaves of Cuba or the slave of Europe. Ambition and ignorance on the part of our Government have shut up our shops and stores, scuttled our ships, filled our streets with idleness and bankruptcy and given no encouragement to the farmer as he looks at his grain. Are not things so? You know they are, and I have no motive in saying what may be false—I am too far advanced for office or any thing else but death—it will soon be here. My little pension, and I thank you for it, will soon stop and I go home with the rest of the Life Guards. There is one remedy only for the safety of the country I have served. Put other men to stand at the tiller and round the cables, and you will soon be back on the old Constitutional track. Gen. Harrison is honest, he never deceived you and he never lost a battle, and the people wont let him lose this. Accept my advice and you all have my blessings—my advice is that all of you become the Life Guards of the country, and my blessings is that your old age may have less fears for liberty than mine.

BENJAMIN EATON.

One of the two surviving Life Guards of George Washington. Newburgh, N. Y. Aug. 28, 1840.

A pretty considerable sized cider press as the fellow said, when he ran foul of fifteen acres of Whigs.

A Sign.

A Harrison meeting is about to be held in Union, the call for which is signed by upward of 1000 citizens.

The Third Congressional District.

The Hon. CHARLES NAYLOR, declined a re-election to Congress. We annex the correspondence between Mr. Naylor and the Committee:

NORTHERN LIBERTIES, Aug. 19, 1840.

Hon. Charles Naylor: Dear Sir—At a meeting of the Democratic Whig Delegation of the Third District held on the 18th inst. you were unanimously nominated the candidate to represent the District in the next Congress, and the undersigned were appointed on behalf and in the name of the Delegation, to make known to you the decision of their body, and ask your acceptance of the nomination.

In discharging this duty, we may be allowed to express the high estimation in which you are held, not only by the Delegation which we have the honor to represent, but by every citizen of the District, not so far blinded by party as to be able to appreciate individual worth, devotion to country, and untiring zeal in the cause of equal rights.

Be assured, dear sir, that your services while in Congress, the ability with which you represented the District, and the principles which are known to have governed you in private as well as public life, formed the basis or the decision of the Delegation.

Individually, we hold in the highest estimation your public and private worth, and trust it may comport with your inclination and sense of duty to accept the nomination.

With great respect, Your obt' serv'ts,

- ELIHU D. TARR, THOS. ROBINSON, F. SUPLEE, JACOB RICE, DANIEL CLARK, H. C. PRATT, J. MUSSLEMAN.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1, 1840.

To Elihu D. Tarr, Thomas Robinson, Jacob Rice, F. Suplee, Daniel Clark, H. C. Pratt, and J. Musselman, Esqs.

GENTLEMEN—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 19th ult. informing me of my unanimous nomination as a candidate for Congress, by the Whig Delegation of the Third Congressional District. This nomination was suddenly made at the first meeting without my solicitation or knowledge. If I were surprised when it was first communicated to me, I must say that there were mixed with that surprise, feelings of the most gratifying character. It came upon me like the "well done, thou good and faithful servant"—pronounced by those in whose service I had been engaged, and a good place in whose affections it was my sole ambition to enjoy. Worn out with anxious and fatiguing exertions, amidst many persecutions, it told me that my constituents still gave me their confidence—that, however enemies assailed, friends clung to me, and that those who gave me power, were still willing to continue the trust.

But, grateful as I am for this last act of their kindness, I feel it to be my duty to decline its acceptance.

It is well known to most of my friends, that so far back as two years ago, I made up my mind not to be a candidate for Congress at the ensuing election.—This determination continued with me up to the close of the last session of Congress—it was every where and on all occasions expressed—and the feeble state of my health, so severely tried by the labors of the last year, (to say nothing about the situation of my affairs) admonished me of the necessity of adhering to it. Upon my return from Congress, however, very many of my sincere friends and constituents, under the apprehension that my retiring at this time would be prejudicial to the cause, which I feel to be above all personal considerations, pressed me warmly to relinquish this determination. I resolved, therefore, that if, in the opinion of my friends, it should become necessary for me to be a candidate, I would at once trample on all regard for health and personal interest, and again take the field, knowing that in the event of my election, if circumstances imperiously required it, it would be in my power to resign. Such were my views at the time I received your unexpected nomination. I am now, however, happy to be assured that there is no occasion or necessity for my being a candidate, and I therefore most respectfully, but positively decline.

I cannot conclude, without saying through you, to the members of your delegation, and my constituents, that for the many marks of kindness and confidence with which they have uniformly honored me, my gratitude can find no adequate language to return them thanks. Underserving as I am and have been, they have covered me with such honor as they had to give. In all my trials, they have cheered and sustained me, and every new attack, has but called forth new expressions of their generous attachment and regard. For me they have done every thing.—They have clung to me through good report and evil report, and I only regret that I have not had the power to serve them and honor them in return, as I wished, and as they deserved to be. If I ever had one wish stronger than another, it was that God should have given me power so as to have served my country, as to have honored my constituents and distinguished their district.

The banner of their cause I have had the honor to bear, through many a hard fought battle. Though I have not been able to distinguish it, it has always been up and flying in the thickest of the fight. I have maintained it with what little ability I had, and with a spirit at least that never flagged and never faltered. If I have gained for it no renown, I now return it to them, I hope, untarnished and undisaugured. And let me say, they will still find me by its side, guided.