

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 3.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1842.

No. 30.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THEODORE SCHOCH.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars a quarter, half yearly,—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 7 1-2 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except the option of the Editor.
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion—larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large elegant plain and ornamental Type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts,

JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER

BLANKS,

PAMPHLETS, &c.

Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Jeffersonian Republican.

POETRY.

Good Old Times.

I do respect the times of old,
The times of beans and pork,
When our old clever, honest dads,
Went whistling to their work;
When old cock'd hats and breeches
Were the fashion of the day,
And good thick-bottom'd shoes were worn,
With buckles shining gay.

The times of old—the times of old—
When our good mothers wore
Good homespun stuff—and kept their muffs,
And tippets ever more;
When good stout waists were all the rage,
And cheeks ne'er painted were,
And borrow'd curls ne'er deck'd the girls,
With beauty debonair!

The times of old—the good old times,
When home-brew'd beer went round
The merry hearth, where boisterous mirth,
And apples did abound—
When giggling maids would hang their heads,
In bashful modesty,
And sprightly lads would eye their dads,
And nudge them cosily!

The good old times, when our old dads
Were fat and hearty too,
With hair comb'd back so gracefully,
And done up in a que;
I do respect those golden days,
When fashion was inclin'd
To make her votaries wear their coats
With pocket holes behind!

Alas! they've pass'd with time away,
Those halcyon days are o'er,
And now, men doat on black frock coats,
With pocket holes before;
The women, too, have got the que,
And wear their chains of gold—
O, for the lads, like our old dads,
Who lived in times of old.

Miss Esther Jane, daughter of N. W. Williams, Esq., of Hancock, recently spun 107 fathoms or 5 run and 7 knots of first rate woollen yarn, and reeling it all herself, between the hours of sunrise and sunset.—*Delaware (N. H.) Gazette.*

Miss Esther Jane is a pattern girl, and has a noble example to the sex to which she is credited. If most of the young ladies of the present day would spin more of the woollen, and less of the street yarn, there would be more prosperity in our country, and less need of "protection;" there would be more good wives, and fewer bankrupt husbands.—*Boston Democrat.*

A man just married, having discovered that his bride was in the habit of shedding her teeth and curls when ever it pleased her, swore if ever he married again, the lady should have black teeth and red hair, as he could then be sure they were not false.

Good Hint.

The celebrated Dr. Abernethy said: "I tell you, honestly, what I think is the whole cause of the complicated maladies of the human frame; it is their gormandizing, and stuffing, and stimulating the digestive organs to excess, thereby creating irritation. The state of our minds is another grand cause, the fidgeting and disconcerting themselves about that which cannot be helped—passions of all kinds; malignant passions and worldly cares pressing on the mind, disturb the central action and do a great deal of harm." These are certainly excellent hints for the present unsettled times.

Powdered Charcoal will remove smells, impurities, &c. from old glass vessels, after the grosser parts have been scoured off with sand and potash.

The Reception of John Quincy Adams.

HIS SPEECH.

From the Boston Courier.

The Convention of citizens of the twelfth Congressional District, for the purpose of receiving and welcoming their distinguished representative in Congress, assembled at the Universalist Church in Weymouth, (anciently Braintree,) on Saturday, the 17th inst. After completing their organization, a procession was formed and marched to the Rev. Mr. Perkins' church, the galleries of which were crowded with ladies, and the body with citizens, all eager to see and hear the wonderful and eloquent old man in whose honor they had assembled. When he entered the church the whole congregation rose and continued standing until he had taken his seat, with the officers of the meeting, upon the platform in front of the pulpit. A prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Perkins, after which the President rose, and in a very handsome and forcible manner, opened to the Convention the purposes for which they met.

"We have come," said he, "from the banks of the Neponset, and from the rock of Plymouth, moved by one motive, animated by one spirit, to greet the return of our honored representative, after the arduous labors and duties of the longest and one of the most trying sessions of Congress since the foundation of the government, and not only so, but after a service which has been most meritorious and distinguished during ten years, the whole time that has elapsed since the formation of the District. Conspicuous as has been his action upon every subject of public importance, upon the questions of Distribution, the Tariff, the Veto Power, yet he is, if possible, more endeared to us and to our posterity for his fearless and unwavering maintenance of the right of petition, cloven down and trampled under foot by the fierce spirit of slavery. For this he has been branded as a traitor and threatened with expulsion from the House—for his testimony to this truth he has borne universal reproach, far worse to bear than violence. Every insult and outrage has been heaped upon him—every effort made to silence him—but their utmost power he foiled and defied. To put down and silence him, is a triumph southern chivalry has not yet achieved."

"Though aged, he is of so iron a limb,
Few of our youth can cope with him;
And the foes whom singly he kept at bay,
Outnumber his hairs of silver grey."

Then turning to Mr. Adams, he said—
"Permit me, sir, to congratulate you on your safe return to your home, after the toilsome duties of a protracted and stormy session, and to assure you that the multitude gathered here today have come to bid you welcome. Assembled at Braintree, the birth-place of your father, our thoughts naturally recur to his and to your eminent public services. It has fallen to you to sustain and to cherish those institutions which he in so eminent a degree contributed to establish. When we review your active services of more than half a century, abroad and at home, in courts and in council, as chief magistrate and as representative, we are dazzled with their splendor and overwhelmed by their magnitude. Who, now, sir, doubts the ability, the wisdom, and the purity of your administration? No experiments were then tried upon the public prosperity. No disordered currency then embarrassed trade. No paralyzing vetoes, the offspring of self-will and delusion, obstructed legislation. The constitution was not then set at defiance under the shallow pretext of obeying a blind and selfish personal conscience, nor was the patronage of the government, as it has since been, perverted and squandered to encourage and reward partizan services. But great as were your services as chief magistrate, I hardly know if they were greater, certainly they were not more arduous or more meritorious, than your recent services as representative in Congress. Your brightest glories have been your last. Your course has been like that of the sun—bright in its rising, splendid in its meridian, glorious in its decline."

The sentiments of Mr. Davis's address met with a hearty and loud response from the audience, and it was followed with a spontaneous outbreak of applause. When the applause had subsided, Mr. Adams rose and was received with great enthusiasm and spoke as follows:

"Overwhelmed as I am, sir, by the many kind and flattering things which you have been pleased to say, in allusion to my public services, the emotions of my heart bereave me of the power of words. You will pardon me then, if, considering the brief period we are to be together, and the many topics that press upon my attention, and the want of language which oppresses me, I pass by and forbear to reply to the kind sentiments you have uttered, and proceed at once to address myself to my constituents here assembled."

Then turning to the audience he continued: "The first and all absorbing sentiment of my heart to you my constituents of twelve years, is gratitude—to God, that he has preserved my life and given me the power to serve you so long—to you, that through good report and through evil report you have ever stood by me and sustained me by your voices and your votes.

When I first took my seat in the Representative body, it was under the apportionment of 1820, when Massachusetts had thirteen Representatives out of 185. During that Congress a new apportionment was made, under which you became the 12th district of Massachusetts. Since that time, your whole existence as a district, I have been your Representative in the Congress of the Nation. But your existence as a district has now ceased—and during one brief session, I shall act, not as your Representative, but as executor of your last will and testament. When, after filling various offices abroad and at home, the majority of the people of the Union had seen fit to dispense with my services, your nomination of me for Representative gave me peculiar satisfaction, for it assured me that your confidence, at least, continued unabated. In that office I have always endeavored to be faithful to you, faithful to the interests of the whole country, faithful to the world of mankind of whatever nation or complexion. And you have remained constant and true in your regards towards me. Nay—that regard has descended from parents to children—for since my first election, almost a whole generation of voters, enough to constitute a majority of the district, have come forward into life. I have always received large majorities, notwithstanding active and sometimes unusual measures have been used against me. I have never been trammelled with instructions; nor teased with interrogatories in advance; but have been left free to act according to my own judgment of my duty and of your interest. Even the public journals of the district have rarely animadverted with severity upon my course, but, have, for the most part, sustained and approved it. For their continued, unwavering and generous confidence, I return now the expression of my heartfelt gratitude.

When I was first invited to this meeting, it occurred to me, that while it would give me the pleasure of thanking you for your long continued kindness, it would also afford me the opportunity to review and lay open before you the course of administration, from my first election to Congress hitherto, not only in its outward profession and measures, but in its secret purposes. I shall confine my remarks to a few of the most important topics. My friend Mr. Appleton, in his late letter to his constituents, has lifted a corner of the veil and given a glimpse at the secret springs of governmental policy—that policy which had for its object to elevate South Carolina and slavery to the throne of the Union. In that letter Mr. Appleton says, "nullification, separation, and the forty-bale theory, has passed away." They have, in a certain sense passed away. The palmetto standard is not now arrayed against the standard of the Union. South Carolina is not now in rebellion. (He here read from the Boston Atlas of Saturday morning, an extract from a Charleston paper, the purport of which was, that Mr. Calhoun's party would either repeal the tariff, or nullify.) This is the way nullification has passed away. Believe me, nullification has neither changed its nature, nor relented in its purposes. Nullification is the acting President's conscience. It is the secret of his vetoes and his reasons. I would wish to speak of the President with all the respect to which his accidental office and his recent domestic affliction entitle him. I would fain spare his public character, out of respect for his private virtues. But he has committed the unpardonable sin of double-dealing—the sin which brought Charles the First to the block. I cannot forgive his duplicity.

But nullification is not the only foe to our institutions, whose insidious machinations we have to dread, nor the only evil spirit that has incited the administration of our government to deeds of disgrace and flagrant wrong. The dismemberment of Mexico, a neighboring and friendly power, and the annexation of its revolted provinces and territories, was a gigantic and darling project of Andrew Jackson. So confident of its success was he at one time, that he actually offered the government of the Territory thus to be acquired, to Hutchings G. Burton. The President of Texas is a Tennessean, and a neighbor of General Jackson. But the manner in which the recognition of Texan Independence by the United States was brought about, will show the feelings of our government towards the rebellious subjects of a friendly power. The battle of San Jacinto was fought in April, 1835. On the 22d of December, 1836, General Jackson sent a message to Congress, in which he recounts the state of things in Texas, and says they desire to have their independence recognized by the United States. He then expresses some doubt as to what department of government the duty of recognizing the independence of a foreign state belongs to—and cites the practice of our government heretofore, and closes with recommending that we do nothing premature, but wait, as in the case of the South American States, until the ability of Texas to defend itself and maintain its independence should be demonstrated. Such was the text: let us now look at the commentary. Such the theory: let us see what was the practice. This message, so full of friendly sentiments towards Mexico, was sent to the House on the 22d of December. On the night of the

3d March succeeding, (1837) the very last night of General Jackson's administration, no material change in the affairs of Texas having taken place in the mean time, the present Minister to Mexico, Waddy Thompson, offered in the House of Representatives an amendment to the appropriation bill, to provide for paying the expenses of a Minister to Texas, whenever the President, in his judgment, should think it expedient to send one. The party majority carried the amendment through both Houses, the bill received the signature of the President, and he nominated a Minister to Texas that very night!

The base and corrupt spirit at the bottom of the administration of this country, is seen in every thing relating to Texas. Coming down to 1841, let us look at the much talked of Santa Fe expedition. This was a marauding and hostile invasion, planned, fitted out, and undertaken in the United States, and by citizens of the United States against the Mexican city of Santa Fe. It was luckily unsuccessful, for they did not even put a price upon their lives, but surrendered at discretion. Had it chanced otherwise, the consequences might have been most disastrous. And how were these pirates treated? We are accustomed to think of Santa Anna as a kind of honored beast, very terrible and sanguinary. But how did he treat these prisoners? Why, the government of the United States was immediately besieged with applications in behalf of these unfortunate traders and pleasure travellers—and Santa Anna has released every one of them! Had a similar expedition been undertaken by as many British subjects, during the administration of Andrew Jackson, against the city of Philadelphia, and been intercepted by him as the Santa Fe marauders were by Santa Anna, what, think you, would Jackson have done with them? Let *Arbutnot and Ambrister answer*. He would have hung up every one of them at the first tree he could come at.

Another fact may be stated in illustration of the feeling towards Texas. On the last day but one of the last session of Congress, a bill was introduced in the Senate (which, by the way, had no right to originate such a bill) to appropriate a sum of money, to defray the expenses of the treaty with the Wyandot Indians—and in that bill were two sections pertaining to subjects somewhat different, which therefore, upon Mr. Tyler's principles of not joining disconnected subjects in one bill, would have justified him in refusing it his signature. He signed it notwithstanding. The second section appropriated \$100,000 to defray the expenses of the Courts of the United States. The third section, appropriated six thousand dollars, to pay the expenses incident to the capture of the Santa Fe prisoners. This section the House struck out. On the next day, within half an hour of the adjournment of Congress, a joint resolution was introduced in the Senate by Mr. W. C. Preston of South Carolina, to pass this appropriation, and went without opposition, through the Senate and the House, and received the signature of the President. And mark you, this was a joint resolution, in direct violation of the Constitution of the United States, which provides that no money shall be taken from the Treasury of the United States, except according to law—and we all know that a law must be introduced in the form of a bill, and have several readings, and go through various formalities, and is a very different thing from a joint resolution! This is the way with every thing in relation to Texas.

It may be thought that I owe you an apology for my course respecting the President. In my letter, accepting your first nomination, I stated that I should support the President of the United States; whenever, and as far as in my judgment I could do so with propriety, and such I conceive to be the duty of a representative. But I have usually, it is true, been found in opposition to the President, though not uniformly so, as for example, in the case of the difficulty with France, during General Jackson's administration, I took strong ground, as you may remember, in defence of the President. But still, in the main, I have differed with the administration for the time being. As to President Tyler, I became satisfied within 1 month after his accession to the presidency that his re-election to that office would constitute the point on which his administration would turn. Nevertheless, at the breaking up of the Cabinet upon the veto of the bank bill, (though I was glad of that veto, not because of the grounds it was based upon, but because the assent of the States was required,) I was one of the Massachusetts delegation with whom Mr. Webster consulted, and I strongly advised him to continue at his post. I thought the danger of war with Great-Britain, at that time, to be imminent—and I had confidence that if any man in the country could avert it, the Secretary could—and I therefore advised him to continue at his post. That danger has now happily passed away—and there is perhaps no other citizen who could have brought the negotiation to a favorable termination, and saved us from being plunged into a war with England. Yet though such was my advice to the Secretary of State, I was satisfied the very moment I looked at the

estimates furnished by the Treasury Department, at the commencement of the late session of Congress, that I must come out in open opposition to the President. The first page of the report contained estimates calling for 25,000,000 of dollars for ordinary expenditures. For the army \$12,000,000—the navy \$8,000,000—the civil list \$5,000,000. The army was to be increased by two regiments—forts were to be built from one end of the country to the other; admirals and other officers were to be added to the navy. I saw that this would not do, and believing the army needed reduction, I opposed it, and a reduction has been made. But when I saw Mr. Tyler's announcement, in his letter to the 4th of July committee at Philadelphia, of the doctrines that each of the departments of the government is totally independent of every other, and the President is a part of the Legislature, and Congress can pass no law without his assent, I became satisfied of his utter incapacity. Is the President independent of Congress, who may impeach him, and of the Senate, who may try and convict and punish him? Cannot a majority of two-thirds pass a law in spite of the President? Liberty and independence! and such doctrines as these blended together!

Perhaps my own violence of manner at times requires some apology. I do not pretend to be more than human, and it may be true that I have sometimes used expressions which outran what it became me to say, but not what it became those who provoked them to hear. But the truth is, no other man is attacked in the way I am. They always assail me with misrepresentation and personal abuse. Take a recent case. I have been accused, both in and out of Congress, with invoking the God of battles—a thing I never did in my life. Even my colleague, Mr. Cushing, regretted, in the House, that I had invoked the God of battles. I went to him and told him I should call for proof that I had ever invoked the God of battles. Mr. Irwin, another member of the corporal's guard, so called, made the same accusation. The fact is they merely mistook a deprecation for an imprecation—a slight mistake to be sure—but which materially affects the theory of my motives.

Perhaps my vote on the Tariff Bill may require especial explanation here. I am glad that the bill passed, although I voted steadily against it, and I think the Whigs did right to pass it. But I thought the distress which the postponement of a tariff until the next session of Congress would occasion would be of short duration, while I regarded distribution as a permanent and most important principle—and I believed that if once abandoned, it would be abandoned forever. I would not, therefore, in view of all I had said and all I had written, avert a temporary distress by the sacrifice of a principle which I considered of the highest importance both to you and to your posterity. To be sure, as it turned out, my fears were not realized—for a distribution bill was subsequently passed, detached and by itself, and by considerable majorities. Yet the President put it in his pocket.

It may be expected that I should say something here concerning the right of Petition—a right most dear, I am aware, to you, and most vital to the country. But I have done all that I could to preserve and defend that right, but in vain. It has been denied you—and I have no hope that I can do any thing effectual during the brief term of service which remains to me as your Representative to regain it. Could I do so, I should esteem it the chief glory of my life.

My career as your Representative is now closed. Let me end as I began, with my thanks to you for your constant and uniform support for so long a period and on so many trying occasions. I can never more be the Representative of Plymouth Rock—but my prayers shall never cease to ascend for your prosperity and your happiness.

The address, of which the above is an imperfect outline, occupied nearly three hours in the delivery, and was for the most part, extempore. It was listened to throughout with undivided attention, and received with frequent applause. The venerable Ex-President appeared to be in excellent health and voice, and seemed very little fatigued when he concluded.

A Valuable Boy.

"What can you do?" asked a traveller of a country urchin whom he saw in front of a farmer's house, tugging a load with a long straw. "O, I can do mo'n considerable. I rides the turkeys to water, milks the geese, cards down the old rooster, puts up the pigs tails in paper to make 'em curl, hamstring the grasshoppers, makes fires for flies to court by, keeps tally for dad and mammy when they scold at a mark, and cuts the buttons off dad's coat, when he's at prayer in the mornin'!"

Vermin on Cattle.

To destroy lice on cattle, take the water in which potatoes have been boiled, and wash them with it. It is said the vermin will all be dead in two hours.