

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and 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 proprietors, will be charged 37 1/2 cts. per year, extra.
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JOB PRINTING.

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

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Jeffersonian Republican.

The Farmer.

Of all the pursuits by man invented,
The Farmer's make the best contented;
His calling good, his profits high,
And on his labor all rely.
Mechanics all by him are fed,
Of him the Merchant seeks his bread:
His hand gives meat to every thing,
Up from the Beggar to the King;
The milk and honey, corn and wheat,
Are by his labors made complete.
Our clothes from him must first arise
To deck the fop and dress the wise;
We then by vote may justly state
The Farmer's rank among the great;
More independent than they all,
That dwell upon this earthly ball.
Hail, all you Farmers, young and old,
Push on your plough with courage bold,
Your wealth arises from your clod,
Your independence from your God.
Since then the plough supports the nation,
And men of rank of every station,
Let Kings to Farmers make a bow,
And every man procure a plough.

American Character.

"The American people," says Mr. Godley, in his letters on America, "are superior to ourselves in energy, enterprise, perseverance, eagerness, activity, and varied resources, in all the faculties, in short, which contribute to produce what is now technically called material civilization, and what have always, in a peculiar manner, distinguished the British from the continental Europeans. "Wherever," he says, "they have a fair field for the exercise of them, they beat us. Their ships sail better, and are worked by fewer men, their settlers pay more for their land than our colonists, and yet undersell them in their own markets; wherever administrative talent is called into play, whether in the management of a hotel, or a ship, or a prison, or a factory, there is no competing with them; and after a little intercourse with them, I was not surprised that it should be so; for the more I travelled through the country, the more was I struck with the remarkable average intelligence which prevails. I never met a stupid American. I never met one from whose conversation much information might not be gained, or who did not appear familiar with life and business, and qualified to make his way in them. There is one singular proof of the general energy and capacity for business which early habits of self-dependence have produced; almost every American understands, takes a lively interest in them (though many abstain under discouragement or disgust from taking a practical part) and is familiar not only with the affairs of his own township, or county, but with those of the State and of the Union; almost every man reads about a dozen newspapers every day, and will talk to you for hours if you will listen to him about the tariff, and the bank; and the Ashburton treaty. Now, anywhere else the result of all this would be the neglect of private business—not so here; an American seems to have time, not only for his own affairs, but for those of the commonwealth, and to find it easy to reconcile the apparently inconsistent pursuits of an ever bustling politician, and a steady man of business. Such a union is rarely to be met with in England, and never on the Continent."

BEES.—To stop bees from fighting and robbing one another, break the comb of the robbers so that the honey will run down among them, and they will go to work at home. I had two hives of bees destroyed this month by being robbed, and should have had another robbed, if I had not received the above information.

Cultivator.

We are sometimes apt to wonder to see those people proud who have done the meanest things, and a shame of hearing of them, often make the composition we call pride.

Schools of Pennsylvania.

During the past year, nine hundred and forty-five districts levied the necessary amount of school tax, and drew their portion of the State appropriation. Eight hundred and sixty-five of these have forwarded their annual reports.—The number of male scholars was one hundred and sixty-one thousand, one hundred and sixty-four, and of female scholars one hundred and twenty-seven thousand, five hundred and ninety-eight. The average number of scholars in each school was forty-five, and the cost of teaching each scholar per month forty cents and a half, or one dollar and twenty-one cents per quarter. The amount of State appropriation paid to the accepting districts was two hundred and seventy-two thousand, seven hundred and twenty-dollars, and the school tax levied in the same districts, amounted to four hundred and nineteen thousand and twenty dollars. The whole cost of instruction in the reporting districts, was four hundred and forty-six thousand three hundred and seven dollars and sixty-one cents. Fuel and contingencies, thirty-eight thousand one hundred and forty-six dollars and fifty-one cents, and the whole amount paid for school houses ninety-two thousand seven hundred and forty-nine dollars.

Hens' Eggs.

We have received from a subscriber a couple of hen's eggs, of immense size—being a specimen of the productions of a breed of hens bro't into this country, from Guelderland a few years since, by Capt. John Devereaux, of Marblehead. They weigh 3 oz. and 3-4 a piece, and measure 7 3-4 inches in circumference one way—and 6 1-2 the other. If any one has any larger hen's eggs, bring them along!
We learn that these Dutch fowls are of a large size, some weighing seven pounds a piece, of a coal black color—may be easily fattened, are delicate food, and first rate layers. Their eggs are usually one-third larger than those of our ordinary fowls. One of the hens which Capt. Devereaux brought home, laid 160 eggs, daily, in succession!—*Mercantile Journal.*

Pennsylvania Tolls.

The amount of Tolls received on the State improvements, since the opening of the navigation the present season, up to July 1, 1844, is \$597,706 69. Of this sum, \$509,210 have been received on the main line. The total increase of the present over the last year, is \$131,347 31—the increase on the main line alone being \$92,681 45.

"Go it while you're young"—The Augusta (Maine) Farmer, has a leader of a column long, headed "Go it while you're young," and in the course of the article the editor exhorts his readers to be careful how they "go it;" he tells them to "go it" for early rising; "go it" for virtue; "go it" for education, intelligence, wisdom, &c.; "go it" for temperance—for strict honesty; "go it" for matrimony; and in all your "goings" don't forget to "go it for a NEWSPAPER."

Important Galvanic Experiment.

Mr. Ross presented a potatoe seven inches in circumference, and others no larger than peas, all planted in the same soil, at the same time—the 25th of May. The large one was from a small plot under the influence of a galvanic battery. Plates of copper and zinc were placed at distances of about 200 feet apart, the potatoe planted between. They were connected by a copper wire following on the fence. This formed a battery, the moisture and acids of the earth exciting the galvanic influence which was thus constantly through the soil in which the potatoes were planted. This is the most important result ever yet obtained by this experiment in the cultivation of plants. It has previously been tried with success in the conservatories of England.—*Exchange paper.*

Editorial Hardships.

The editor of the *Temperance Advocate*, published at Columbia, S. C. apologizes for the dullness of his sheet by urging that he has totally exhausted every topic connected with the good cause he advocates. In his grief he declares himself almost ready to cry out, with the North Carolina boy who was moving to Texas. "The mare's loose!—Tig's dead!—the skillets broke!—Sal's so drunk she don't know herself from seven dollars and a half—and I don't care a d—n if I ever see Texas."

A New Trickster.

A legerdemain who calls himself Herr Dabbler, was astonishing the good people of London at the last accounts. In one of his tricks he places a glass of muddy water on the table, and over it a small wooden cover, when, instantaneously, the water is changed from its state of impurity to clearness and brilliancy.

In another, he puts into a large kettle, with no communication with any surrounding object, except by a rope by which it is hung, three dead pigeons with about a gallon of water, and, after applying a spirit lamp, he takes off the lid when the water has found some vent, the pot is empty, and three live pigeons flutter around the theatre. He is a German.

Henry Clay.

TUNE—"It's my delight of a shiny night."

(Written by a Gentleman of Chester county, Pa.)

O! come let's sing of the Farmer,
The bright star of the West,
Of all the Statesmen in the land,
"The wisest and the best."
We'll shout his great and glorious name,
In thrilling tones to-day—
O! he hails from 'Old Kentuck,' my boys,
They call him Harry Clay.

His name is borne on every gale,
'Tis heard on every side;
His country's brightest ornament,
Her glory, boast and pride;
'Tis breathed in every sunny land,
Fair Greece takes up the lay,
And Columbia's grateful sons yet love
Their Champion Harry Clay.

Though now the foremost of the first,
Among the wise and great,
He owes his brightest glory to
No accidental fate;
The 'Mill-Boy of the Slashes' first,
He soared his upward way,
'Till a nation's tongue now calls upon
It's favorite Henry Clay.

No narrow views or selfish ends,
Contract his manly soul;
He scorns to favor any clique,
He labors for the whole;
Brave, honest, gen'rous, firm and true,
And never known to stray;
No 'traitor' vile need we to fear,
In noble Henry Clay.

When British foes assailed our rights—
Our seamen dared t'enslave,
His voice rang through our council halls,
Those sacred rights to save.
It nerved each daring soldier's arm
To drive the foe away,
And our glorious Union now we owe
To fearless Harry Clay.

When strife arose among the States,
To mar their sisterhood,
And frenzied Treason threatened hard
To deluge all in blood;
His spirit bold rode o'er the storm
And changed dark night to day,
And the Union stands a monument
To fearless Harry Clay.

The Statesman wise and eloquent,
Friend of the workman's cause,
The champion of his country's rights,
Defender of her laws;
To right the erring ship of State,
And to direct her way;
The people now call to the helm,
Their pilot, Harry Clay.

From every corner of our land,
Where Maine's dark forest's frown,
Where Allegheny's lofty heights
On fertile fields look down,
Where Mississippi's waters roll,
And Georgia's plains look gay;
The gallant Whigs together shout
A 'Bugle Blast' for Clay.

The latest Yankee notion, says the St. Louis Reville, that we have heard of, is the progress through Iowa of a chap who bores ears and puts in little rings, of fourteen carats quality, at two bits a pair. The advertisement we met with shows that this new Yankee speculator is named "Hiram Fife," and future commentators upon Shakspeare will, no doubt, notice him as the "ear-piercing Fife."

The editor of the *Buffalonian* says he would as soon try to go to sea on a shingle, make a ladder of fog, chase a streak of lightning thro' a crab-apple orchard, swim the rapids of Niagara, or set Lake Erie on fire with Lucifer matches, as to think of stopping two young people from getting married, when they take it into their heads to do so.

The wife of a studious man went into his library when he was reading, and wished that she was a book, for then he would be more attentive to her. "I wish you were an almanac," said he, because then I should have a new one every year.

Rapid Progress in Music.

It is said that there is a young man in N. York scarcely 18 years of age, who commenced but six months ago practicing on the whistle, and he is now capable of blowing the tin horn to call his father to dinner.

From the N. Y. Tribune

The Game of Deception.

We have before us a Loco-Foco pamphlet of 40 pages, published by N. Hickman, Baltimore, and obviously got up under the auspices of the late Baltimore Convention, entitled "The Life and Public Services of the Hon. JAMES KNOX POLK, with a Compendium of his Speeches on Various Public Occasions. Also, A Sketch of the Life of the Hon. GEORGE MIFFLIN DALLAS." We give the title of this pamphlet in full in order to show its promises; we will now proceed to set forth its performance.

The Life of Mr. Polk commences with the statement that his great-uncle, Thomas Polk, of N. C. was an early and ardent Whig of the Revolution. So far true; but the writer conceals the equally well known fact that James K. Polk's grandfather, Ezekiel Polk, was a famous Tory throughout the Revolution, and barely escaped execution as such for his outrages when taken at last prisoner by the exasperated Whigs. Now this is no fault of Mr. J. K. Polk's, but it is shabby to attempt making capital out of the Whigism of a great-uncle, concealing the fact that his grandfather was so bitter and active a Tory in the heart of as strong a Whig community as that of Mecklenberg, N. C.

Coming down to Mr. Polk's own time, we are told that he entered Congress young, and followed implicitly the lead of Gen. Jackson in the Bank war, and hostility to Internal Improvements, and pieces of his Speeches on the Removal of the Deposits and sustaining the Maysville Veto, are given; but not one word, either in his life or speeches, of his being the author or champion in Congress of the Pet Bank scheme—a medley of gross corruption and humbug—which the Whigs told him would fail—must fail, because it had within it the elements of dissolution. Neither is there a whisper of his early, deadly, persevering hostility to any sort of a Protective Tariff, which led him even to vote to crush the Compromise Act in the first year after its passage, and put down the duties at once to a Revenue standard. His bitter, life-long hostility to Protection, commenced in 1828 and was prosecuted to the utmost even in the campaign of 1843, with false assertions that the effects of Duties are always to raise prices correspondingly and absurd predictions that the present Tariff would prove utterly inadequate to the production of sufficient Revenue. Of Mr. Polk's uniform opposition to the acts passed from time to time providing some relief for the aged Veterans of our Revolution, robbed of their pay by the worthless Continental currency, and his vote in a minority of 32 against a proposition (moved by a Virginian) to take more effectual measures for the suppression of the African Slave-Trade, we have not a word. In fact, you would hardly guess from this most luminous 'life' that Mr. Polk ever did any thing in Congress but help Gen. Jackson break down the Bank and Internal Improvements. But on the last page of the cover, there is a single passage quoted from his speech at Jackson, Tenn. on the 3d of April, 1843, in which he says,

"He (Col. P.) was opposed to Direct Taxes, and to prohibitory and protective duties, and in favor of such moderate duties as would not cut off importations. In other words, he was in favor of reducing the duties to the rates of the Compromise Act, where the Whig Congress found them on the 30th of June, 1842."

This passage, the 'Life' says, "runs concurrently with the views of Mr. Clay himself," in a speech made by him on the 21st of January, 1842, of which they quote from the condensed, hasty, daily report of the National Intelligencer the following:

"Carry out then the spirit of the Compromise Act. Look to REVENUE ALONE for the support of Government. Do not raise the question of Protection, which I had hoped had been put to rest. THERE IS NO NECESSITY OF PROTECTION FOR PROTECTION."

Here, then, are two passages picked out from two of the many speeches of Mr. Clay and Col. Polk respectively, to prove that their views with respect to the Tariff are essentially concurrent. But who believes a word of this? Do the authors and distributors of this pamphlet? Not a man of them! Does any man who knows any thing of the history of these two men? Impossible. Look at the eagerness with which South Carolina rushes to the Polk standard, expressly on the ground that Polk is her man on the Tariff and Clay is not. The truth is, these men mean to deceive. It is just the same as though they were uttering counterfeit money. They know that Messrs. Clay and Polk's views on the Tariff are discordant, antagonist, yet they labor and hope to make their readers believe the contrary. Honest politicians!

But let us look at the language they have pressed into their service. Mr. Polk says plumply he is in favor of cutting down the present Tariff to the rates of the Compromise Act—that is, to twenty per cent. at the highest.—This is what he is arguing for, as the rest of his Speech shows—to keep the Proceeds of the Public Lands in the Treasury, and reduce the duties levied by the present Tariff to twenty per cent. This, he says, is required by the Compromise Act, being in deadly hostility to

the principle and provisions of the present Tariff

Does Mr. Clay say anything like this? Far from it! He says, indeed, that we should carry out the spirit of the Compromise Act, and that if we do this, we need not raise the question of Protection, because 'there is no necessity of Protection for Protection.' When he says "Look to Revenue alone for the support of Government," he expressly means, 'Look to Customs alone for the support of Government,' and distribute the Land Proceeds to the States, as was understood when the Compromise bill was passed. Then levy your duties fairly, with a proper discrimination in favor of our Home Industry—raise enough Revenue from Customs for the wants of the Government, and there is no need of raising the question of Protection for Protection—that is, of Protection wholly dis severed from the idea of Revenue. This is Mr. Clay's understanding of 'the spirit of the Compromise Act,' and this he has ever been willing to observe. But cutting down all duties to twenty per cent. or lower, and keeping the Land Fund from the States to make up the deficiency, he has always protested against. He has repeatedly expressed his approval of the present Tariff as "in the main, wise and proper," and publicly rejoiced over the defeat of the furious attempt to destroy it made by Mr. Polk's friends, in accordance with Mr. Polk's own speeches. He declares deadly hostility to the Tariff as it is, while Mr. Clay is its advocate and champion. How base and insulting to the popular intelligence, then, is the studied effort of this pamphlet, and of such journals as the *Albany Argus* and *Newark Morning Post*, to make their readers believe that Messrs. Clay and Polk hold the same views on the Tariff question!

The Cloven Foot Revealed.

We ask the candid attention of readers of every name to the subjoined extract from Mr. McDuffie's speech at the Democratic Association in Richmond, Va. Read it thoughtfully, and then say whether Mr. Polk and his Southern allies and supporters can be in favor of the Tariff—as their Northern managers here falsely pretend? Read it, and say whether Northern farmers and mechanics can trust these men with the power of the General Government.

Fellow Citizens:—Whenever I address you upon the wrongs and outrages that unjust and unconstitutional Tariff laws impose upon you, I always resolve before-hand to be calm and collected, and in no way to indulge in my feelings—but it is impossible to restrain them, as they throng before the remembrance of these wrongs. I solemnly declare, on my responsibility, (a laugh from a few Whigs, [probably.] present,) and before God, and I stake my reputation upon it, that man never before has invented such a system of grinding oppression as this Tariff taxation on our incomes. They hide it from common gaze, and to save themselves from terrible popular indignation, but they cannot hide it from the South, for it is impressed upon her by poverty and a declining trade. All our agricultural productions go abroad, but that system of taxation cuts us off from all that market God has given us. We have as much right to exchange our products with foreigner, as one man has a right to trade with another—as much right as there is to exchange a horse, or any other article, without the intervention of a police exacting a severe taxation. But forty or fifty men from the North, principally from New England, have devised a system that shuts us out from our foreign markets, and aided by Southern Whigs, (God save the mark!) have carried it into execution. And, great God, what a system! When, in 1842, it was proposed, the patriots of the South rose up as one man against it. The South was a phalanx undivided and indivisible. North Carolina, if I remember, led off in the opposition. From 1816 till 1842, the South voted unanimously against all these schemes to impoverish the South and to aggrandize the North. But where is North Carolina now? Where is Georgia? Not one solitary Whig vote from the Southern States, save one from Georgia, (Mr. Chappel,) voted for the repeal of the terrible Tariff of 1842. This section of the Union, which from the time of the serious protective Tariff agitation, in 1824, has stood in a phalanx for years and years, independent of parties, is now broken in upon. The Whigs have gone over to the enemy—the enemy of the South, under some extraordinary, unaccountable revolution.

That Black Whig Tariff of 1842.

Last Friday a Whig merchant in this place, bought the sheering of a flock of sheep from a locofoco, for which he paid \$175. Last year the same merchant paid the same man for the sheering of the same sheep only \$125. What a wicked Black Tariff that is, ruining the farmers, laborers and mechanics. One fact like this outweighs all the judicious Tariff arguments that can be produced.—*Ogdensburg N. Y. Sent.*

How can any farmer who is acquainted with these facts sustain JAMES K. POLK, who thinks that "wool should be duty free."