

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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From the Louisville Journal.

Clay and Frelinghuysen.

What triumph tones upon the air,
What free exulting shouts are these;
Whence come the songs of joy we hear,
Thus borne on every passing breeze?
What but a nation's mighty voice,
Hailing the act a good and wise one,
That links with Clay's, (our first, high choice,)
The honored name of Frelinghuysen!
God's blessing on those honest men!
They were a nation's fitting voice;
And nobly did their calling, when
Of such as these they made their choice!
In the high catalogue of names,
Our suffering country most relies on
For aid, are none more nobly Fame's,
Than Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen.
Swift as the ruddy beams of morn,
That rend the darkly curtained night,
The tidings fair, by zephyrs borne,
Have robed our skies with gorgeous light:
From North to South, from East to West,
The wild exulting shout still flies on,
That tells—by freemen's hearts are blest
The names of Clay and Frelinghuysen!

And from each corner of our land,
Is heard the cry—up! to the fight!
Beneath our flag we'll proudly stand,
And do high battle for the right!
In such a cause we will not quail,
Victory we set our hearts and eyes on;
All know "there's no such word as fail,"
With Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen!
The sway of tyranny and wrong,
Hath nerve'd each heart with purpose high;
The clouds of black misrule, too long
Have darkened o'er our country's sky,
While one bright ray, alas! but shone
Too briefly on the dark horizon,
Where soon shall mount the glorious sun
Of Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen!

A sad accident occurred in Newark, N. J., on Friday last. A young man presented a gun at his sister, a young lady of 20, playfully remarking, "H!—shoot you," and pulled the trigger. The charge entered her lower jaw, and went through into the left shoulder. She is shockingly wounded. The brother, who did not know the gun was loaded, is quite frantic.

Drunkards Shall not Marry.

The Government of the principality of Waldeck, in Germany, have given public notice that no license to marry will hereafter, be granted to any individual who is addicted to drunkenness; or if having been so, he must exhibit full proofs that he is no longer a slave to this vice. The same government have also directed that in every report made by the ecclesiastical, municipal, and police authorities, upon petition for license to marry, the report shall distinctly state whether either of the parties desirous of entering into matrimonial connexion, is addicted to intemperance or otherwise.

SMILES.—The ladies have many kinds.—There is the smile of recognition—the smile of coincidence in opinion—the smile of encouragement when we are attempting to do something difficult—the smile of approbation when it is done—the smile of a roused fancy at our conversation—the smile of hope, if we venture to aspire. But the great smile, the smile imperial, is that which says, plainer than words, "you have won me!" That smile never leaves the memory, even after she who gave it has mouldered in the tomb.

Bear in mind that James K. Polk is opposed to the Tariff of 1842.

A Yankee Shoemaker.

'You hain't no occasion for a jour nor nothin', I spose,' said a jolly son of Crispin from the land of wooden nutmegs, as he entered a shoe establishment with his kit nicely done up in his apron.

'Wonder if I hain't,' was the reply of the Boss. 'Why I should like a dozen if I could get 'em; but what kind of a shoe can you make?'

'O, as to the matter of that,' said the snob, 'I reckon how I can make a decent sort of a craft.'

'Spread your kit then,' said the Boss; 'I'll give you a pair to try, and if your work suits me I can give you a steady seat of work.'
Crispin was soon at it hammering and whistling away as happy as a clam at high water, and the Boss was called away on some business which detained him two or three hours—meanwhile the tamping jour had produced a thing which bore some faint resemblance to a shoe, and feeling somewhat ashamed of it, hid it in a pile of leather chips that lay on the floor, and proceeded to make another, which he had barely time to finish when his employer entered and began to examine it.

'Look here, mister,' said he, 'I guess you needn't make the mate to this; it is the greatest botch that ever was in my shop, that's a fact.'

'P'raps you'd like to bet a trifle on that,' said the jour.

'Bet,' responded the Boss, 'why I'll bet a ten dollar bill against a hand full of tobacco that there never was a shoe made in this shop half so bad as this.'
'Done,' says Crispin, at the same time casting a sly wink at his shopmates, 'but stop, let me see if I've got so much of the weed with me. Oh yes, here's a whole hand of Cavendish,' and laying it on the cutting board, he ventured to suggest the propriety of having the snit skin laid along the side of it, which was no sooner done than he proceeded to draw from its hiding place the other shoe.

'Here, boss,' said he, 'you must decide the bet; say which of the two shoes is the worst.'
'Well, I guess I'm fairly sucked in this time,' replied the boss, pushing the Cavendish and skin-plaster toward the rightful owner, and throwing a ninerence to the youngest apprentice. The boy needed no farther instruction as to his duty, but was off in the twinkling of a bed-post, and soon returned with a quart of blackstrap. After all hands had sufficiently regaled themselves, the shrewd yankee put his sticks together, and bidding the boss a hearty good bye, started again on a tramp, very well satisfied with his forenoon's work.

A Tall Youth.

They are growing a giant at Coxsackie, in New York State, who promises to overtop all competition in this country or Europe. His name is Nathan Lampman, and he is sixteen years old, weighing 198 pounds, standing at this time 7 feet 1 inch in height, and growing "like mad." He is described by Dr. Smith as "a great tall, awkward good natured sixteen years old boy." He is believed already to have the longest legs on the continent, and has actually grown nine inches the last year. He is an ambitious youth, and has great desire to outgrow all creation; an aspiration quite likely to be reached, for he has good health and good habits. The Doctor thinks he will reach at least another foot, and on the whole we have a very good prospect of raising an "Empire" Giant.

Saratoga Springs.

A census of the population sojourning at Saratoga having been taken by the editor of the Republican, he gives the following report: "The number of visitants now in town is over 3,000—which may be classified as follows: Married, 1,000; unmarried, 2,000; old bachelors, 400; in pursuit of wives, 875; in pursuit of husbands, 900; Gentlemen, 800; Ladies, 1,100; loafers, 500; blacklegs, 240; pick-pockets, 25; politicians, 700; pious folks, 1,400; infidels, 800; free-thinkers, 600; nothingarians, 200; invalids, 540; in pursuit of pleasure, 1,700; spring water drinkers, 1,400; wine drinkers, 1,500; fops and dandies, 700; flirts, 800; flirts, 1,000; men of sense, 200; bells, 14; beauties, 7; butterflys, 250. To all these may be added 2,000 citizens, including 200 porters, 300 waiters, 360 chambermaids, 50 scullions, 40 scavengers, 80 hostlers, 100 loafers, 400 suckers, 620 negroes and 100 gamblers; also any quantity of good-for-nothing-know nothing vagabonds, who only live to be so many pests to the place they inhabit. Such a medley of human character is an interesting subject of contemplation of the philosophical observer, and we intend, as soon as other claims upon our attention are disposed of, to devote a chapter to some of the most prominent classes now congregated at Saratoga.

HOARSENESS.—One drachm of freshly scraped horseradish root, to be infused with four ounces of water, in a close vessel, for two hours and made into syrup, with double its weight in vinegar, is an improved remedy for hoarseness; a teaspoonful has often proved effectual, a few teaspoonfuls, it is said, have never been known to fail in removing hoarseness.

From the United States Gazette.

The Campaign—The Spirit in which it is carried on by the Locos.

It is apparent, and becomes daily more and more so, that the present campaign, or canvass for the Presidency, is to be carried on in a spirit of bitterness and malevolence, on the part of the Locofocos, hitherto unprecedented in this country; that instead of discussing the principles of the two parties before the people, and frankly avowing what measures they are for, what are the views and opinions of their candidate with regard to the measure considered more important at the north than all others, the leaders of that party are resorting to the most reprehensible misrepresentations in regard to these views and opinions, and the basest slanders of the Whig candidate.

We have seen and conversed with a gentleman who has lately returned from a tour through the middle, eastern, and northern counties of this state, and the account he gives of the calumnies industriously circulated among the people, and the truth of which is asseverated by the Locofoco leaders, against Mr. Clay, is almost incredible, even knowing as we do that there are those who seem to prefer falsehood to truth, and who are never so happy as when they have invented and palmed upon the honest and unsuspecting "a whopper" of the most malicious kind. Mr. Clay is represented as the vilest of the vile—as guilty of vices and crimes which would disgrace humanity, and any society in which they should be tolerated! And these stories are told by the "little great men" of neighborhoods who are always looked up to by their political followers as oracles of truth, and paragons of knowledge, with an air of seriousness, as if they themselves believed the monstrous untruths they were telling. And it may be that some of them do believe them; they may have had them from other "little great men" of the county, to whom they look for information and act as echoes, retailing out in their own neighborhood, what they have received wholesale from the county town.

It cannot have failed to strike every observer of passing events, how different is the course pursued towards Mr. Polk, by the Whigs, from that pursued towards Mr. Clay by the Locofocos. While the Whigs discuss Mr. Polk's principles, as avowed by himself at various times, and examine his votes, his qualifications for the office of President of the Union, &c., objects of legitimate examination and discussion, they meddle not with his private character. But the Locos, on the contrary, do not attempt to discuss Mr. Clay's principles, his public acts, his eminent services; no; these are abandoned, and he is assailed with all the poisoned weapons which CALUMNY herself ever invented, and gathered in her army.—This savage warfare upon him is not new.—For nearly twenty years the foulest slanders have been showered upon him, and the most malevolent, diabolical, and wicked falsehoods coined and put in circulation against him. But, like other felons and base coiners, the authors of these slanders take care to put them into circulation among those not likely to detect their baseness, and who will therefore receive them as true and genuine coin: they may circulate undetected for a while, but they cannot escape the test of truth. The American people are lovers of justice, and though prejudice may place a film upon their eyes and steel their hearts for a time, yet TRUTH will find her way at last into their bosoms. She is mighty and will prevail. General Washington himself did not escape CALUMNY, and the grim monster uttered a shout of exultation when death closed the mortal career of that illustrious sage, patriot, and hero; but she was soon driven back into her noisome den, to feed on toads and other poisonous reptiles. She loves "a shining mark," and where can she find one at the present day more brilliant than "the Farmer of Ashland," "the Statesman of the West," "the great Orator and Patriot of the age?" And who is the prime minister and scribe of this monster CALUMNY? AMOS KENDALL. He whom Mr. CLAY befriended and took by the hand when he came to Kentucky, a stranger, penniless, friendless, and "sick of a fever."—Even this viper, which Mr. Clay warmed into life in his own bosom, by his own fireside and upon his own hearth-stone—this venomous reptile is now the prime minister and secretary of the monster CALUMNY, which is so furiously hurling its poisoned arrows at Mr. Clay. From his bosom comes the gall by which the weapons are poisoned, and they are first hurled at the victim through "Kendall's Expositor," and when thrown from that magazine, caught up and again hurled at him by the Washington Globe, the Richmond Enquirer, the Albany Argus, the Nashville Union, and other affiliated presses. To all these calumnies, we have this answer: Mr. Clay has been in public life for nearly forty years, during which time no man has taken a more prominent part in all the important measures of the day. It is admitted, by his worst enemies, that he never disguised a single sentiment he entertained, and never failed to advocate it, whether popular or unpopular. This is admitting his frankness and honesty, and that he has never gone out of his

way to seek popularity. He has always been a leader, and not a follower, in the councils of the nation. How could he be so were he not respected, and how could he have been respected if guilty of the thousandth part of the vices his revilers lay to his charge? He has always been popular in his own state, district and neighborhood, and even more than popular; he has always been beloved by the people, and by those most who best knew him, his neighbors. Is it to be supposed that he would be loved and respected by them—that they would be so ardently attached to him, were one in a thousand of the lies told of him true? To believe this, is to believe that the people of Kentucky have no respect for virtue, morality or religion.—Again: is it to be supposed that a man can act a prominent part in public life in this country for thirty or forty years, and his character, public and private, not be known to the people?—If Mr. Clay has been the monster of vice and depravity he is just now found out to have been, by Amos Kendall, Francis P. Blair, and a few men whom SCORN has for years pointed her "slow, unmoving finger at," why has not the world, why have not the American people, heard of it before? We know Mr. Clay, and have known him personally for nearly twenty years, publicly much longer; and though some rabid partisans may say that what we say is "a Whig lie," as they are in the habit of pronouncing all unpalatable truths which appear in Whig papers, yet we do say that the stories set afloat in regard to Mr. Clay, such at least as we have heard, touching his private character, are sheer fabrications, concocted in the malevolent hearts of those who hate him because his brightness is a constant reproach to their blackness, and because, if he is elected President, they know they must sink away into those dens of obscurity and corruption from which, like ravening wolves, they emerged to prey upon the sheep fold. They have fattened upon "the spoils," but their appetites grow upon what they feed on: the more they get the more they desire, and the longer they feed at the public crib, the more unwilling are they to be driven away. They are leeches upon the body politic, and if not driven away, will suck its very life blood. If Mr. Clay is elected, they know what fate awaits them; if he is defeated, they will continue to gorge their bloated bodies at the expense of the people—the very dupes they have made.

From the Daily Forum.

Our future Prospects—What we have suffered—What the People of Pennsylvania and of the Union require—Henry Clay and General Markle.

Pennsylvania is undoubtedly a Whig State. The elections last Fall and Spring, and the recent unmistakable demonstrations of public opinion, have convinced every unprejudiced man, that this assertion is well-founded; and the elections next Fall will most assuredly result in the total overthrow of the corrupt clique that has for years administered our State Government in a manner which would best promote the selfish ends of a few, regardless of the welfare of the many. Intriguers may prosper for a time but the day of retribution will surely arrive; and so far as Pennsylvania is concerned that day is not far distant. We have seen the most debased and dishonest men in the community, elevated to offices of trust and profit; and our rulers, desirous of promoting their own advancement, have neglected to ask, (in the words of Jefferson) of an applicant for a responsible station—"is he honest—is he capable?"—but the question has been—"is he true to the interests of the party—is he a friend to the Administration?" We have seen political mendicants daily accumulating wealth, from stations, for the discharge of the duties of which, small salaries were allowed, and the people have been led to inquire from what source they derived their fortunes, and whether the public Treasury was not robbed? Inquiry has led to investigation, and the hard working farmers, mechanics and manufacturers of the State, have ascertained that they have been PLUNDERED; that the taxes which they have been called upon to pay, as they supposed, for the liquidation of the public debt, have been placed at the disposal of dishonest office-holders, and that in consequence thereof, their credit and the credit of the State have been made to suffer.

From the General Government we have been taught to expect nothing. The Administration has refused to award to the States the proceeds of the sales of the Public Lands, which belong to them; and the same motives by which the party in power in Pennsylvania has been actuated, are observable in the acts of that party throughout the Union. Our currency has been destroyed—business was for a time almost entirely suspended, and we were compelled to undergo hardships, deprivations and sufferings with which it is the prayer of every honest citizen, we may never again be visited. The only measure of relief that has been adopted is the Whig Tariff of 1842, and since it has been in full operation we have, as individuals and as a nation, experienced benefits and blessings of which it is the wish of all we may never be deprived. The People will support its advocates, and reject its enemies.

So far as our own State is concerned, it should be the object of all to place in power honest and capable men in whom confidence can be reposed. For Governor we want a man free from corruption—a man whose past life gives assurance that in his future course he will be governed by motives the most patriotic and noble—a man in whom there is no guile—in short, a practical man, who is acquainted with the wants of the people, and who possesses the firmness to administer the Government in such a manner as will promote the welfare, happiness and prosperity of the whole. Such a man is Gen. JOSEPH MARKLE, the Whig candidate for Governor of this State.

HENRY CLAY, for President of the United States, and JOSEPH MARKLE, for Governor of Pennsylvania, are the men placed before the people of this State by the Whig party. They are both entitled to their support. They have both served their country in different capacities, and by their patriotism and public services have won the admiration and esteem of their fellow citizens. They are both disinterested and indefatigable advocates of those measures which have received the sanction of the people, and in trials and difficulties, which would have caused the hearts of men less persevering, to despair, they have never faltered. During the last war with Great Britain, while HENRY CLAY, in Congress, was ably and eloquently defending Madison and our country from internal enemies, Gen. MARKLE was fighting the battles of his native land, and warding off the blows aimed at it by a foreign and powerful force. When Mr. Madison said: "The army is doing its part, and the navy its part in defence of the nation, but Henry Clay is doing more than both!" James K. Polk was seeking refuge in a place distant from his home, to avoid being called upon to take up arms against our common enemy. Gen. Markle was at that time expending his money in support of the gallant band that marched with him to our frontiers, to shield from harm the defenceless women and children who dwelt in our western territories. Where then was Mr. Muhlenberg?—Ay—where was he? HENRY CLAY and Gen. MARKLE are honest and capable, and are, above all others, the men who should receive the suffrages of a free people. The former is the champion of the protective system, the defender of our liberties, and the Preserver of the Union. The latter is a brave and efficient officer, an honest man, and a respected citizen, whose qualifications no one who knows him, will doubt.

Of his character, talents and popularity, we may learn something of his most intimate neighbors and friends. A few days since, we published a few resolutions adopted at a meeting held by his own neighbors; and we will now close this article by quoting the following extract from a letter written by John Forsythe, a respectable citizen of Allegheny county, who, together with General Markle served his country in the battle-field, during the war of 1812:

"From the commencement of the war, our defeats were almost always caused by the unskillfulness or cowardice of our officers, and I believe many others besides myself felt as much concerned about the mismanagement of our officers, as they did about fighting. I believed my officers were brave and fearless, but I confess I put more confidence in the military skill and management of Gen. Markle at the time, than I did in any other officer of the detachment.—When we made a charge on the Indian town I bore to the left and took my post by the side of Gen. Markle in front of the town. He was cool and collected, with every appearance of the soldier about him. After destroying two or three towns a few miles farther down the river, we returned and encamped for the night at the first town. On the following morning at 5 o'clock, the Indians made a furious attack on our line and that on our right. Markle's company fought gallantly and suffered severely, having sixteen men killed and wounded, including Lieut. Waltz among the slain. Nothing daunted, however, although the commander endeavored to persuade them not to engage in the charge—that there were enough of others, who had not been in the action, they could not be kept back, but charged on the Indians with their brave captain at their head. I ate the last morsel of my provisions on the morning of the battle. We had then to return one hundred miles through the wilderness, and were twelve days in accomplishing our return. In the meantime, we had subsisted principally upon sprucewood tea. Some of the men picured a few grains of corn, left by our horses on our outward march.

For some years after my return from the army, I got almost out of the acquaintance of Gen. Markle. But for the last twenty years I have found him as much of a gentleman as a soldier—a man of strict business habits, a good, sound politician, and, better than all others, one of the noblest works of God—AN HONEST MAN."

CAN IT BE SO?—Mr. Vandevere, of Shrewsbury township, N. J. raised, it is said, on two acres, the almost incredible quantity of two hundred and six bushels of oats! This is something uncommon.