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

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The Tariff of 1842.

OPINIONS OF THE CANDIDATES.

HENRY CLAY. Without intending to express any opinion upon every item of the Tariff, I would say that I think the provisions, in the main wise and proper.—Sept. 13, 1843. Letter to a Committee of Georgia Whigs.

JAMES K. POLK. I am opposed to the Tariff Act of the late Congress. I am in favor of repealing that act, and restoring the Compromise Tariff of March 2, 1832.—May 15, 1843. Reply to citizens of Tennessee.

Let it be Remembered,

That James K. Polk is opposed to the excellent Tariff Act of 1842, and to all Protection of American Industry. Also, that George M. Dallas, introduced a Bill into the Senate of the United States to re-charter the U. S. Bank, and voted to pass it by two-thirds, after Gen. Jackson had vetoed it.

The Difference.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE.	NOW ON THIS.
CLAY and FRELINGHUYSEN.	POLK and DALLAS.
PROTECTION to American Industry.	Free Trade to benefit the SLAVEHOLDER, and put the FREE LABORER on a level with Slaves!!!
No assumption of \$20,000,000 of TEXAS DEBTS, and NO WAR with MEXICO!	TEXAS DEBTS and TEXAS VAGABONDS, and War with Mexico, or DISUNION!!!!!!!

Circumstantial Evidence.

I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember, in one where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated that the deceased had been killed by a shot (a gunshot) in the head, and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into Court, and as the blood was gradually softened a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun, which proved to be half of a ball, the other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.—Lord Eldon's Note Book.

Fascination and Fear.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce tells the following anecdote:—I once in a forest watched for a few moments a striped squirrel crawling slowly towards the open jaws of a hideous rattle snake, which lay stretched across the road, in the path my horse was travelling. A second thought induced me to cease idle gazing, and at once dismounting, I cut a long pole, drove the reptile from the path, and took the squirrel in my hand without it attempting to escape; but it died in a few minutes, although not within ten feet of the serpent.

Well supplied.

A hawk's nest, recently found on a large pine tree, nearly 100 feet from the ground, on the farm of Liberty Partridge, in Westminster, Mass. contained one black snake 13 1/2 feet in length, two large adders, two green snakes, one striped racer snake, five striped snakes, six chickens, five sparrows, one striped squirrel, two mice, one toad, one frog, two young hawks nearly half grown!

At Hartford, Connecticut, the experiment of covering the body with sliced onions, and removing them often till the fever subsides, has been tried with great effect in cases of scarlet fever.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

The Hickorys.

There once was a hickory old and tough,
And the pride of the forest was he,
His limbs were strong, and his hide was rough,
And his mien was noble and bold enough,
As all agree.

He stood in his wayward, stubborn pride,
As firm as a Dutchman's pate,
And the storms and the lightning he defied,
And, (if the old fellow was not belied)
He was really great.

But when, like others, he'd had his day,
And his leaves were sere and brown,
And the moss had covered his trunk with gray,
And his limbs grew weak, and began to decay,
They cut him down:

And many a year he laid,
Neglected and lone to rot,
While his dolorous friends some fears betray'd,
That they'd lost forever their favorite shade,
And mourned their lot.

But the blackest clouds that enveloped our heads,
On this terrene ball below,
May break and develop the rosiest beds;
So fortune has only to sever the threads,
And in *ue go*.

A friend of old hickory hung his head,
And he whistled a dirge-like air,
As he 'waddled' around his grass grown bed,
And many a hopeless tear he shed,
While strolling there.

He was scanning his way with careful eyes,
(For he walked at a gloomy hour.)
When he suddenly stopp'd with a stern surprise,
As if poke-berry juice had fell from the skies,
In a bloody shower.

For down at his feet where the tree had been,
Or where the old stump then stood,
There shot up a sucker, as fresh and green,
(Although rather puny) as ever was seen,
And he sung out, "good."

And he caper'd and danced, and bawled as loud,
As a hippopotamus calf,
And his friends around him began to crowd,
With their heads as high—and they felt as proud
As a young Giraffe.

He called for a body—and "now" says he,
"A drop of the joyful" we'll take,
And we'll throw away care, and be jolly and free,
And we'll christen this sucker, 'young hickory,'
For the old one's sake.

"And 'by the eternal,' tho' now but a twig,
We can soon *suear* it into a tree,
And each one, (if not an incredulous Whig.)
Will exclaim, 'why la! it is almost as big.'
Already as *old Hickory*!"

But chill November came on at last,
And their reverie suddenly broke,
For its leaves dropp'd down at the first rough blast,
Like sailor's wet shirts around a mast,
But not a word they spoke,
No! they stood with a wild and idiot stare,
For they found that the *sprout* which had promis'd
so fair,
And which they had tended with so much care,
Was a puny stalk of POLK!!

PRINCETON, December, 1844. DIDYMUS.

Wonderful Walking.

An Indian of the Penobscot tribe, by the name of Lolah, started from Bangor, Maine, on Thursday morning week, at sunrise—walked to Ellsworth, 26 miles—from Ellsworth to Bucksport, 18 miles—and from Bucksport to Bangor, 18 miles more—making sixty-two miles in all, and arrived at his starting place sunset.

A Retort.

We learn from the Cecil Whig that when Mr. Collins was addressing the Whigs at Elkton, a drunken fellow accosted him thus:—"Collins, you are a demagogue." The speaker pretended not to hear him. "Collins—I say Collins, you are a demagogue." This was too much, and Collins stopped and looked the person in the face for a moment, and said mildly:—"If you had straw wrapped around you, you would be a *demijohn*." The fellow staggered off.

Twenty-seven Days without Food.

A family residing in Baltimore possessed a favorite cat, about half grown, which was a pet with their little boy. On the 25th of July the cat, after having been playing with the child, was not to be found; several unsuccessful searches were made, but without effect, until the 24th of August, when some one of the family had occasion to go to an unfrequented closet in the cellar, and found the cat there, still alive. It had been in this prison twenty-seven days, where the child had shut it up, without food or drink. It was reduced to skin and bones.

From the Daily Forum.

Henry Clay's views of Religious Duty.

On one or two occasions we have spoken of the immorality and blasphemy of the leaders of the locofoco party. Not only have they alluded, in language which ought not to be tolerated in an enlightened country, to the religious opinions and strict moral conduct of THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN; but they maliciously circulate among the people the most outrageous falsehoods relative to Mr. Clay's character, as a citizen and statesman. All this is done for the purpose of diverting attention from the enormities of locofocoism, as well as from the immorality and blasphemy of those who have associated infidelity with the political doctrines advocated by the supporters of Polk and Dallas. On Monday we published two letters, written by Mr. Bascom, a clergyman, who has long resided in the vicinity of Ashland, and who has for many years been intimately acquainted with HENRY CLAY. "There is not a locofoco in this country, however reckless, who will venture to question the truth of Mr. Bascom's statements relative to the honesty, integrity, unexceptionable moral deportment and benevolence of the "Statesman of the West," and yet the miserable, contemptible, irreligious hirelings who conduct the loco press, without attempting to impeach the testimony of Mr. Clay's friends, and without adducing any reliable evidence to sustain them, still continue daily to retail the most vile calumnies that demons in human form are capable of inventing.

Who, we ask, have they placed before the people as the opponent of the man whose fair fame they would destroy, if in their power?—Ay, who is he?—what is his character? We have at hand a case in point—a transaction in which both Mr. Clay and Mr. Polk took part, and we will give the circumstances in order that our citizens may be able to decide which of these two gentlemen manifested the truest sense of moral obligation:

In 1832, while the cholera was raging with alarming fatality—attacking and desolating whole towns and cities, and baffling the skill of man, Mr. CLAY introduced a resolution in the Senate of the United States for the appointment of a committee to wait upon the President and to "request that he recommend a day to be designated by him of public humiliation, prayer, &c." The following were the proceedings in the Senate:

"June 28, 1832. The following resolution offered by Mr. CLAY was taken up for consideration:—"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives, That a joint committee of both Houses wait on the President and request that he recommend a day of public humiliation, prayer, and fasting to be observed by the people of the United States with religious solemnity, and with fervent supplications to Almighty God that he will be graciously pleased to continue his blessings upon our country and that he will avert from it the Asiatic scourge which has reached our borders; or if, in the dispensation of his providence, we are not to be exempted from the calamity, that through his bountiful mercy its severity may be mitigated and its duration shortened."

MR. TAZEWELL asked for the yeas and nays. MR. CLAY rose and observed that he had only one word to express. The resolution had not been submitted without consultation with the members of the Senate whose opinion was entitled to more respect than his own. It was indeed first suggested to him by a reverend member of the clergy, and, after deliberate consideration, he (Mr. Clay) thought the occasion fit for the recommendation of the religious ceremony which the resolution contemplated. It was the practice of all Christian nations, in seasons of general and great calamity, to implore Divine mercy. Of all the pestilential scourges which had afflicted our race, the Asiatic cholera, in some of its characteristics, was the most remarkable.

Should the resolution be adopted (said Mr. CLAY) the act of the President, in conformity to its request, will be merely recommendatory. Voluntary as to all, it will be obligatory upon none. There seems to be a peculiar propriety, on the ground of uniformity, in the proposed measure. Already, in different parts of the Union, the clergy of several denominations have, it is believed, had their attention turned to the subject. Different days of prayer and humiliation will be probably recommended. It is desirable that the whole nation, on the same day, shall present its united prayers and supplications to the Throne of Mercy. And there can be but little doubt that, although there will be nothing coercive in the recommendation of the President, there will be general acquiescence in it. The measure will be grateful to all pious and to all moral men, whether members of religious communities or not. In times of national or individual distress, all who suffer feel an irresistible impulse to appeal to that Being who is alone able to afford adequate relief.

I should have hesitated to present this resolution (said Mr. CLAY) if it had been unacted upon by precedent. But during the late war a resolution was adopted by Congress, at the in-

stance of a member of the House of Representatives from Virginia, and President Madison issued his recommendation accordingly.

A single word, Mr. President, as to myself. I am a member of no religious sect. I am not a professor of religion. I regret that I am not. I wish that I was, and trust that I shall be.—But I have and always have had, a profound respect for Christianity, the religion of my fathers, and for its rites, its usages, and its observances. Among these, that which is proposed in the resolution before you has always commanded the respect of the good and devout. And I hope it will obtain the concurrence of the Senate.

MR. FRELINGHUYSEN said he inferred from the call of the yeas and nays that this resolution would be opposed, and he therefore desired again to refer the Senate to the precedent of 1814. The resolution at that time was introduced by the state of war into which the country had been plunged with Great Britain, and was offered by Mr. Clopton, of Virginia. The preamble, which he read, laid it down as the duty of Congress to adopt measures of this character in times of "calamity and war." The proposition had passed the Senate without any opposition. If in time of war it was the duty of the people to ask the special protection of God, and to supplicate the interposition of his mercy, how much more incumbent was it in reference to a scourge which had in its progress swept many millions of human beings into eternity, which went abroad on the earth as the agent and minister of God to do his errand, and to come and go at his bidding, and over which human power had no influence. No occasion could be so fit and appropriate for humiliation as this. He hoped that no constitutional objection would be interposed to check this resolution, which was nothing more than a recommendation. It was our duty devoutly, and in the conviction of our entire dependence on God, to ask for the interference of his mercy; and he hoped that the present resolution would pass, as did the resolution of 1814.

The resolution was adopted: Yeas 30, nays 13. On this resolution being taken up in the House of Representatives, a few days after, viz. on the 5th of July, Mr. POLK voted virtually to reject it by voting to lay it on the table.—That motion having failed, by a vote of yeas 45, noes 91, the consideration of the resolution was resumed on the 9th of July, when Mr. POLK again voted to lay it on the table. This motion again failed, when, on motion, the resolution was referred to a select committee. [See Journal House of Reps. of Cong. of 1832, pages 1094, 1110.]

Here we find HENRY CLAY and THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN standing side by side before the assembled wisdom of a great nation, and supporting a resolution, requesting the President to recommend a day of public humiliation and prayer—a day on which the people of this Union might raise one voice of supplication that the Almighty Ruler of the Universe would avert from them the threatened dangers—a day on which this entire nation might approach the throne of Heaven, and implore that God from whom all its previous blessings had been received, to continue his merciful dispensations, and a day on which in a spirit of humiliation we all might join in asking the Saviour of the world, to pardon all past transgressions, and in future control the actions of those who hold the reins of our government. Where then was Mr. Polk? What was his conduct?—what was his language? Read the above extract. A repetition is unnecessary, and we cannot dwell without mortification and shame upon a scene in which a man who professes to be a moral and respectable "Democratic" citizen acted so disgraceful a part! Read it, ye slanderers of HENRY CLAY, and blush that while you are attempting to defame one of your own most moral fellow-citizens, you are supporting a man, who, on no occasion, has manifested any regard for the religion taught in the Scriptures! Read it, voters of Pennsylvania, and of the Union, and entertaining as you do, an abiding love for the morality of your children, candidly decide which of these two men are entitled to your support, and which of the two political parties is governed by principles best calculated to promote the honor and welfare of your country.

From the N. Y. Tribune

Joe Smith the Mormon Prophet.

BY A SUCKER.

Joe Smith is dead and gone. He was one of the most remarkable men of the age. The time for writing his history has not arrived.—Men who have known him long and well, differ in their estimate of his character; the future historian alone can reconcile the contradictory statements of his friends and enemies, and place him in his true position. The personal manners of every man make him friends or enemies, regardless of his principles or conduct. This remark is clearly illustrated in the case of Smith. He was a man of rough exterior and coarse manners; thousands who approached him were so completely disgusted at once by his manners, that they refused to look at the good he claimed to have done. But notwithstanding this he was a remarkable man, and

has left the impress of his genius upon the age in which he lived; he has carved out for himself a title to a page in the history of his country, and his name will be remembered, for good or for evil, when the names of half the ephemeral Statesmen of the age will be forgotten.

Born in the very humblest walks of life, reared to poverty and obscurity, without education, without intelligence, accustomed for years to rude and severe labor, rough even to the hour of his death in his deportment, coarse, vulgar, low, he has succeeded in establishing a Religious Creed, which has been proclaimed throughout America and Europe, in the Barbary States of Africa, along the Banks of the Nile, amid the ruins of ancient Jerusalem, and in the Courts of the modern capital of the Russian Empire. The Creed which he has established, and which in the last few years has made rapid progress throughout the civilized world, will continue to flourish and millions of converts will stake their eternal destiny upon its truth.

He has founded a city upon one of the most beautiful spots in the whole Western world, where he has gathered together more than twenty thousand inhabitants from every part of the earth, of every nation, tongue and kindred; he has planted one of the most magnificent architectural specimens of the age, and reared to the height of forty feet a Temple which, when completed, will be at once the most beautiful, the most costly, and the most noble building in America. Its walls are of solid stone four feet in thickness, supported by thirty lofty pillars, whose huge size and strength will endure as long as time will last. That building is a monument which will never decay, and the name of its founder will never be forgotten. Who can gainsay that Smith was a remarkable man? He ruled by the force of his genius. Like Bonaparte, he could control and command his fellow men. The secret of his power is unknown, but the fact that he lived in the full enjoyment of unbounded influence up to the hour of his death is indisputable. For the last few years he had acquired property rapidly, and whenever he travelled he used an expensive equipage. He was a pretended prophet of God, and a taxer-keeper! He labored for the souls of men gratuitously; he supplied their temporal necessities for dollars and cents.

In his personal appearance, I have said Joe was rough; he was a remarkably stout and athletic man; he loved to wrestle, and gloried in his ability to "floor" the strongest man in his community. In his deportment, he was either gay or angry, sometimes indulging in hearty but coarse jokes, and sometimes imprecating curses upon those who had displeased him. He was an arbitrary man, and loved power. He claimed for his Municipal Court such unbounded power as no Court ever yet exercised, and under shelter of such claim he committed acts alike destructive of law and order. He was also ambitious and vain, and it was this last trait that involved him in all his difficulties, and finally consummated his ruin. If he had not been intent on the exercise of his power, and determined to gratify his vanity as well as to glut his revenge, he would in all probability have been alive at this hour. But his vanity prompted him to disregard the threats of his enemies, and to persevere in the execution of his own plans, when he ought to have conciliated and yielded. It was his great fault to persevere in all his plans, even when prudence and circumstances demanded a different course. He has been accused of many crimes; of adultery, forgery, counterfeiting and of an attempt to murder Governor Boggs of Missouri. That he availed himself of the power which he wielded to gratify his sensual appetite I have no doubt; he was a man of strong passions, and his education had not taught him to control or suppress his desires; but that he ever engaged in the other acts wherewith he stood charged, I seriously doubt. The men who would have sworn it—the men who murdered him—would not have stooped at the commission of a less crime, to gratify their revenge. They had resolved on his destruction, but they feared to encounter him, when he had the ability to defend himself. He was a man of genuine courage, and would have fought to the last moment of life. He was pursued by a band of three hundred infuriated demons, and cruelly shot down like a wild beast, while confined in a small room where he could not escape. It was a glorious exit for him. Whatever there was of evil in his heart will be forgotten in the recollection of his death. He will be eulogized by his disciples, and worshipped as a god. Time and distance will embellish his life with new and rare virtues, and more than earthly power; his doctrines will flourish, his influence will extend to ages yet unborn, and future generations will celebrate his birth and death by public festivals, public prayers, and unlimited devotion. H. M. Lewistown, Illinois, July 10, 1844.

Thanksgiving.

Gov. Letcher, of Kentucky, has issued a proclamation, appointing Thursday, the 26th day of September, inst., to be observed by the people of that State as a day of prayer, praise, and thanksgiving.