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

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The American Mechanic!

Among all the varieties of men that diversify the human race, there is no more honorable character than the American Mechanic. Free in his heart and unwarped in his prejudices; elevated above the condition of that inferior political grade, in the same calling, in the old world; removed from the seductive allurements to luxurious vice; depending upon his daily exertions for his personal comforts, feeling industry essential for the support of those who live by his energies,—always able to procure without difficulty the shelter of a convenient home, and an abundant supply of good things for the physical man, he charges himself without anxiety with the expenses of a family, and enjoys that measure of happiness, to be had only amidst the duties and employment of a domestic life. Industry and economy enable him to set aside by little, a store for sickness and old age, and gradually to add the advantage of capital to his skill and energies. Unshackled in thought, he forms and utters his opinions at pleasure, sees in himself a guardian of the institutions of his country, and one of the governors of a mighty empire; he knows that the common weal is committed partially to his care, and must be influenced by his virtue and intelligence. He is, in fact, one of nature's noblemen, and if, with such advantages and inducements, he does not improve by reading and reflection, fit himself for his high and dignified duties, if he is not independent in mind and honorable in his feelings, if he is not a virtuous and happy man, the blame rests on himself.

It is the peculiar merit of our institutions that they are all moulded and fashioned by the people: it therefore becomes the duty of the people to prepare themselves for the resulting obligation to fashion them wisely.

We have lived but a single day in the age of nations, yet all the maturity of refinement, which belongs to the old world, is visible in the new, in arts, in power, in population, our equalled progress earth has never seen, out-stripping fancy's wildest dream. It is not enough, however, that we contemplate the solidity and extent of the materials in the fabric of our national greatness; we must build it up and sustain it. It is to this conviction we would bring every American Mechanic; we would have him feel the important influence which he must exercise upon the destinies of his race. We would have him understand that he is liable to be called upon to aid in administering the government, and merit the confidence of his fellow-men in their honorable service. We would not have him limit his range of thought to the mechanical rules of his particular employment, or circumscribe the movements of his mind to narrow channels, but labour to acquaint himself with the whole science of government, and everything connected with the nature and business of men, for without this, he will find himself powerless to resist the intriguing or disloyal politician. The American Mechanic is himself, by birth and from necessity, a politician—he should be a liberal and enlightened politician.

The American Mechanic, from whose labours the wealth and conveniences of society are derived, and in whose society recognizes his pride and defence, if he is an American in feeling and in interest, and if he employs his talents, as he ought to employ it, between his professional duties and the maintenance of his fam-

ily, the improvement of his mind, and the exercise of his political rights, is the highest order of man. In this country, no invidious artificial distinctions exist to deaden his enterprise or chill his energies. In the old world, wealth and greatness sit encompassed by their towers, and enriched with their treasures, and filled with self-complacent satisfaction at the view of their possessions, hardly bestow a thought on the masses of the people around them.—Here all stand on the same level of civil rights—the highest motives to industry are held out to all; all are urged to extension by the noblest, as well as the most selfish feeling of their human natures. Industry and thrift are not derogatory here, but are regarded as merits, and strange as it may sound in a foreign ear, the idler can hardly maintain a position in society. Our people recognise the general truth, that the mind, undirected by prominent influences, will necessarily form for itself occupations out of accidents, and take a bias from the fortuitous impulses of circumstances, and perhaps, imbibing its principles from chance, lose its moral integrity for the want of a fixed employment.

Property can only be accumulated by individual effort. No unequal law perpetuates wealth in families; death will relax the rich man's grasp, and unseen hands divide his acquisitions among his heirs. Our institutions guard individual rights equally with the public safety, and protect the enjoyments of the humble, alike with the possessions of the fortunate. The independent American Mechanic, living under, and himself sustaining these liberal institutions; cursed with "neither poverty or riches," free to think, and free to act; occupies a position in the scale of men which has no parallel in the old world.—*Miners' Journal.*

Don't be Proud.

Don't be proud! We will not say that abject humility is desirable; for a man must have some notion of his own importance, or else every one, finding him ready, will give him a kick. But then don't run into the other extreme, especially if you are poor. Pride has starved more men than famine. Never be too good to do any thing that is honest; saw wood if you can't drive a trade, and break stones on the turnpike if you can't saw wood. There is no greater farce than the cant about respectable pursuits. Many a bad lawyer might have made a good clerk, and we know indifferent merchants who would have grown rich as mechanics. Proud people start in life with more show than they can afford; and so insure for themselves a constant struggle with poverty.—They ruin their fortunes and shipwreck their happiness, to dress as their neighbours, or give parties to people who quiz them for it. Pride is bailiff to bankruptcy. Go to our aims-houses: they are full of your proud people, who have always spent their incomes and are now, in old age, come to beggary. Go to the wretched alleys of our great cities, and look into that rickety old frame, from which the rags stuffed in the broken pane cannot keep out the winter snow; nine chances to ten, you will find there some decayed mechanic, who spent all he could make while he had work, and who now eats the bitter bread of dependence or trusts to a stranger's charity. Take our advice! Seek some honest pursuit where you are sure of a living, and content yourself with a little, if that little is a certainty. Better have a dollar in the pocket than a gold piece at the top of a pole. Be prudent and contented, and you will be out of debt and happy. Then you can walk the streets feeling that no man is your superior.—Old age will find you with a comfortable home, the result of a life's savings; and you can shake hands with death contentedly, satisfied that no pauper hearso will hurry you to your grave.

Neal's Saturday Gazette.

Whole Nigger.

"Oh, mother! I just seed a man with one half his face as black as—"
"As what, Sammy?"
"Black as all creation, mother—wasn't he an object?"
"Lord love you, little dear, you don't say so!—he must be half negry."
"Go to thunder, old woman!—he was a whole nigger—'other half was just as black."
"Take that, you little sarprit! My gracious, how sassy children is!"

From the National Intelligencer.

Honor to whom Honor is Due.

Now that the Presidential contest is over, and the great battle has ended disastrously for the friends of Constitutional Right; and now that the sun of our country's glory has set in gloom and darkness, it is not less our pleasure than our duty to bear testimony in behalf of those who were true to the faith that was in them. It is not enough to say that the Whig party fought hard and fought nobly in the cause of principle and truth—they did more than this. They gave up every thing to their country, and did all that men could do to rescue her from the dangers that beset her; and which, most unfortunately for her peace and prosperity, and the happiness of the people, have at length overwhelmed her. They strained every nerve, and stretched every tendon, in the fight; they toiled by day, and watched by the camp fires at night; and all was freely done for the honor and glory of the Republic, and for the love of him who has proved himself the truest of her sons, and who stands up in defeat, "the noblest Roman of us all." He, their great leader, is beaten, but he is not on that account less dear to his friends—they stood by him in his prosperity, and they cling to him in his adversity. His defeat under any circumstances, and now especially, when it has been effected by the foulest frauds upon the elective franchise, and by votes manufactured for the time and the purpose, only tightens his hold upon their affections, and makes them press him more warmly and closely to their yearning bosoms. He has been slandered and reviled as mortal man never was before, but his character has not suffered from the encounter; it still survives the shock. In all that is ennobling in patriotism, all that is precious in intellect, or enviable in public virtue and private honor, HENRY CLAY towers as high above his enemies as does the highest peak of the Andes above the level of the sea. He has been cast into the fiery furnace of personal invective and abuse, but, like the holy youths spoken of in Scripture, he has come forth unburnt by the flames, and unscorched and unscathed by the conflagration which burned and blazed around him. The vulgar and the reckless may continue to spend their malice upon him, and the demons of party, who have raved at and cursed him in the past, may rejoice over his ill-fortune in the future; but, thank God, they can neither subdue his proud spirit, nor drag him down to their own deep abyss of misery and degradation.

He has been borne down by the power of numbers, it is true, but he fell in glorious warfare, sword in hand, and his armor on, at the head of Freedom's friends, the victim of Freedom's foes, and with him fell the best hopes and the dearest interests of his country. He is overpowered, but he is still as firm and unshaken as the rock on whose head the storms whose sides the waves of the ocean, lashed into fury, have dashed and fretted in vain.

The wiles and stratagems, and the frauds and deceptions of his opponents, have balked those who knew and estimated his worth in their efforts to reward him as they desired; but still they cannot blot out from history the record of his greatness, nor prevent his name from going down to posterity associated, for thirty years past, with all that is memorable in the legislation or glorious in the annals of his country.—They are powerless as to that; for his is one of the few names that was not born to die.—They have deprived him of office; but the Presidential office, high and worthy as it is of man's ambition, could not add a cubit to his stature nor increase the splendor of his fame. His greatness will still overshadow the land, and his character as a statesman, bright as yet as the unconquered eagle of his country, will be appreciated wherever liberty has a home or civilization a resting place, and his virtuous deeds revered by unborn millions to come, when the

"Gilded flies

That, basking in the sunshine of a court, Fatten on its corruption," are forgotten among the things that were.

We here repeat our declaration that the Whigs, as a party, fought nobly under their great leader; and at this moment they are prouder to have shared his defeat than the opposition feel amid all their joyous shouts at the success

of his competitor. But, in paying an humble tribute to our gallant party, we cannot forego the satisfaction it gives to speak of one for whose services all should be grateful—we allude to the Hon. WILLIS GREEN, of Kentucky. He, we have reason to know, made the heaviest sacrifices for the cause, and that too with no feeling of self interest or personal aggrandisement influencing his conduct. His labors were a free offering to his country, and all he did was for the love he bore the cause and his deep devotion to HENRY CLAY. Those only who stood near him and shared his confidence and his counsels can fully appreciate the value and extent of his exertions. He left nothing undone which honorable warfare would justify: nothing which seemed compatible with the high calling of truth; nothing which was worthy of a just cause, or in the least calculated to promote its triumph. And, calamitous as the result has proved, deep as the distress of the Whig party is, and keen and bitter as the melancholy reflections of some may be, no man can reproach him with a want of firmness, or with indifference to or neglect of duty. All his time and all his thoughts were given to the great issue, and never for a moment did his energies flag or his exertions tire. His anxiety was all the while deep and intense, and, as the trial day approached, sleep scarcely ever touched his eye lids. Here, at the seat of Government, entrusted, as chairman of the Whig Congressional Executive Committee, with the supervision of, and to a certain extent controlling, the Whig action throughout the country, he watched the movements of the Whig forces, and bade them on to battle; and when others fell back and fainting by the way side, he stood up more firm and faithful to the work, thinking of nothing, hoping for nothing, and caring for nothing, but the success of HENRY CLAY and the country. Under his direction, and that of the Hon. GARRET DAVIS, the partner of his toil and the sharer of his feelings, thousands of public documents and political tracts vindicating the principles and measures of the Whig party were scattered broadcast over the Union. They were not, however, intended to reach the prejudices or to pander to the low and grovelling instincts of human nature; they were addressed to the calm reflection and sober judgment of the people; they were manly, straightforward appeals to the popular intelligence, and there is no doubt that for the most part they served their purpose; for it cannot be denied that, aside from the foreign influence brought to bear on the elections within the last three months, a decided majority of the country is Whig in principle, in feeling, and action. In view, then, of these facts, and with a full knowledge of his self-sacrificing spirit and disinterestedness, the Whigs of the Union owe a debt of gratitude to this well-trying soldier which it becomes them always to remember. His voice was mingled with theirs in the heat and din of the contest, and the same calamity that has befallen them wrung his generous heart and furrowed his cheeks with tears of bitterness and regret.

And now, Whigs of the Union, your reverses, so far from causing you to give way in despair, should only point out to you the necessity of renewed and redoubled action, and at the proper time, it should only strengthen your hearts and nerve your arms for another effort. You must not give up all hopes of redeeming the country. Four years from now it can be done; and then you must not only wipe out the stigma of your recent defeat, but avenge the wrongs of HENRY CLAY. Remember that the overwhelming defeat of the Roman forces on the field of Cannae was followed soon after by the expulsion of Hannibal, flushed with victory, from the gates of the Imperial City. Ay, remember too, that WASHINGTON'S retreat across the Delaware with a few regiments of half-clad and half-starved soldiers, in one of the darkest hours in our Revolutionary struggle, was signalized soon after by the rout of the enemy's forces at Trenton in the midst of their revelry and rejoicings. Take hope from these facts; and when the days of your mourning shall have passed, and the proper period for action shall have arrived, once more unfurl the Whig standard, and lay not aside your arms until the infidels are driven from the holy land. Till then rest in peace and bide your time.

The following humorous certificate of the virtues of "The Chemical refined Turkish Essence of wild Dandelion," we find in the "Uncle Sam" paper:

Chesterville (Texas) July 1st, 1844.

Dear and highly honored Sir:—It is with feelings of the most profound esteem and veneration that I take up the pen to address you on the subject of my late illness, and the causes of its cure. I was first taken with the consumption—then the gout set in; after that I was attacked by the measles and the seven years' itch. Added to this complication of disorders, I was all drawn up with the rheumatism, besides symptoms of the jaundice. While these disorders were at their height, in a moment of imprudence, I acquired the habit of stealing horses, for which I was tarred and feathered, and subsequently I lost a leg. After having spent all my living upon physicians without relief, I heard of your valuable specific. One bottle cured all my disorders, and having rubbed the empty vial on the stump of my lost leg, it immediately grew out again!

Yours, with great respect,

JOHN SMITH.

I am acquainted with Mr. Smith, and know him to be a gentleman of undoubted veracity.

JOHN BROWN.

A QUEER 'UN.—There is on Tower Hill one of the queerest looking blackies imaginable.—His face is so black that he can't tell when it is morning; his wool curls so tight that it has made him round shouldered; his nose is so flat and greasy, that he has to put tar on his fingers to blow it; his shins are so sharp that he can't go through a corn-field without splitting the stalks, and his heels are so long, that it is impossible for him to go down hill without a couple of stones on them for ballast. He will no doubt die young; mortification in his legs having already commenced, in consequence of their being too crooked for the blood to circulate.

PRECOCIOUS.—A youth in a back country town had arrived at the age of nine years when his father sent him to school for the first time. He stood beside the teacher to repeat the letters of the alphabet.

"What's that?" inquired the master.

"Harrer!" vociferated the urchin.

"No, that's A."

"Well, what's the next?"

"Ox-yoke."

"No, that's B."

"Taint B neither, it's ox-yoke; crotch all hemlock, think I don't know!"

This has gone the rounds, but you may not have seen it:—"Some one was telling us, the other evening, of a remark that he once heard a married man make, whose ribs proved to be 'the better half in the wrong senses of the term; I loved my wife,' he said, 'at first, as much as anybody ever did love a wife. For the first two months, I actually wanted to eat her up, and ever since then I've been sorry I didn't."

Pete, I wants to ax you a Colombrous!

Succeed Nigger!

Well, why is a Quilt, like a Rail Road?—

Does you give it up?

Yes I does.

Cause there's sleepers under it. Yah! Yah!

Wat an ignorent colored individual you is.

Postscript from a boy in Indiana to his father in New Orleans:

"DEAR DADDY.—Corn is dull and brother John is dead likewise. Excuse baste, [in a bad pain] Your Omnipotent. J. J. C.

There are unpleasant things that are not painful; and painful things that are not unpleasant. It is not painful to feel a big spider crawling down your back, but it is rather unpleasant.—

On the other hand, it is not unpleasant to some heirs to receive the painful intelligence that a rich relation has left 'his troublesome world.'

A young Miss having accepted the offer of a youth to gallant her home, afterwards fearing that a joke might be cracked at her expense, if the fact should become public, dismissed him when about half-way, enjoining secrecy.

"Don't be afraid," said he, "of my saying any thing about, for I feel as much ashamed of it as you do."