

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## To all Concerned.

We would call the attention of some of our subscribers, and especially certain Post Masters, to the following reasonable, and well settled rules of Law in relation to publishers, to the patrons of newspapers.

## THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the officers to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill, and ordered their papers discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

## Summer.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

The spring's gay promise melted into thee,  
Fair Summer! and thy gentle reign is here;  
The emerald robes are on each leafy tree;  
In the blue sky thy voice is rich and clear,  
And the free brooks have songs to bless thy reign—  
They leap in music midst thy bright domain.

The gales, that wander from the clouded west,  
Are burdened with the breath of countless fields;  
They teem with incense from the green earth's breast

That up to heaven its grateful odor yields;  
Bearing sweet hymns of praise from many a bird,  
By nature's aspect into rapture stir'd.

In such a scene the sun-illumined heart  
Bounds like a prisoner in his narrow cell,  
When through its bars the morning glories datt,  
And forest anthems in his hearing swell—  
And, like the heaving of the voiceful sea,  
His panting bosom labors to be free.

Thus gazing on thy void and sapphire sky,  
O, Summer! in my inmost soul arise  
Euphonic thoughts, to which the woods reply,  
And the bland air with its melodies;—  
Till basking in some vision's glorious ray,  
I long for eagle's plumes to flee away.

I long to cast this cumbrous clay aside,  
And the impure, unholy thoughts that cling  
To the sad bosom, torn with care and pride;  
I would soar upward, on unfettered wing,  
Far through the chambers of the peaceful skies,  
Where the high fount of Summer's brightness lies!

## Evening Hymn for a Good Boy.

How sweet to lay my weary head  
Upon my quiet little bed,  
And feel assured, that all day long  
I have not knowingly done wrong.

How sweet to hear my mother say,  
"You have been very good to-day!"  
How sweet to see my father's joy,  
When he can say, "My dear good boy!"

How sweet it is my thoughts to send  
To many a dear-loved distant friend,  
And think if they my heart could see,  
How very happy they would be!

How sweet to think that He whose love,  
Made all the shining worlds above,  
My pure and happy heart can see,  
And loves a little boy like me!

It is not customary at the present day to say, "here's the devil to pay and no pitch hot," the fashionable phrase being—"there's a certain liability due to the 'old gentleman in black,' and no bounteous matter of an elevated temperature on hand to liquidate the obligation.

Boys should remember that it requires something more than a long tail coat, a long sword, and bragadocia, to make men.

## A Friendly Game of Poker.

BY SOL SMITH.

From the St. Louis Reveille.  
On the evening of our second day out from New-Orleans, I found myself seated at a table, with three of my fellow passengers, playing at the interesting game of "Poker." Card playing was a very common amusement then (1835) and it was not unusual to see half a dozen tables occupied at the same time in the gentleman's cabin of a Mississippi boat. I had sat down at the game for amusement, but on rising at ten o'clock, I found my amusement had cost me about sixty dollars! "This won't do at all," said I, thinking aloud, "I must try it again tomorrow." "Of course you must," replied one of the players, who happened to be an old acquaintance of mine from Montgomery, Alabama, where he had been a jailor for several years, and where he was considered a very respectable citizen. "You must not give it up so," he continued, following me out on the guard—"tomorrow you'll get even." I entered into conversation with my old acquaintance whose name was Hubbard or Hubbard, I don't remember which—we'll call him Hubbard—and he advised me by all means to try another sitting on the morrow. I suggested to him that a slight suspicion had crossed my mind that some of our card party might possibly be black-legs—in other words, gamblers. He answered that the same thought had struck him at one time, but he had come to the conclusion that all had been fair. Before leaving me, my guardian friend informed me that he had become a sporting man—he felt it to be his duty to inform me of it—but he assured me, upon his honor, (I) he would not see me wronged. Of course I believed him, and it was agreed that we should try our luck again.

Next morning, soon as the breakfast things had cleared away, I found Hubbard and a friend of his waiting for me at one of the card tables, and I took my seat with the hope of getting even—a hope which has led many a man into irretrievable ruin. I felt quite confident of winning back my losses over night, and my play-mates gave me every encouragement that I should be successful. At it we went, playing with varying luck for about two hours. At about 11 o'clock Hubbard's friend left us a few minutes to get a drink, and the jailor and myself were left playing single handed. When the third hand left, we were using the "small cards," as they're called—that is sixes and under; but Hubbard immediately proposed we should take the "large cards," (tens and over,) which I agreed to as a matter of course. One thing I here observed—my friend, the jailor dealt the cards without shuffling. This made me resolve to watch him closely. Taking up my cards I was agreeably surprised to find I had an excellent hand. "Now," thinks I to myself, "now is the time, if ever, to get even; if my adversary only happens to have a decent hand I shall do well enough."

[The reader who does not understand the game of 'bluff' or 'poker,' as it is generally called, may as well leave off here.]

I commenced the game by bragging a dollar. My adversary went the dollar, and five better. I went that and ten. He immediately put up the ten, and laid down a twenty, keeping his pocket book out, as much as to say "I am willing to go any thing you choose to bet." After a moment's reflection (all acting!) I said "I go that and fifty." "All right," replied the jailor, "there it is—I go that and a hundred!" I here looked at my cards, again, and affected to have great doubt whether I should go the hundred. Take back your last bet I urged—it is too much for either of us to lose; I begin to think I have been rash—take it back, and let us show our hands for the money already down." "No!" said Hubbard—if you mean sporting, put up the hundred, or back out and give up the money." "Can't do that," I replied; "I don't come from a backing out country—I must have a showing for the money that's down—so there's the hundred—and as my pocket book's out, and my hand's in, there's another C." This new bet seemed to please my friend Hubbard mightily. He answered it without a moment's pause, and went two hundred more! I now requested my opponent to permit me to show my cards to some of the bystanders, who were crowding around the table to see (un—all considering me most undoubtedly "picked up." Hubbard would

not agree that I should show my hand to, or take advice from any one. "Play your own cards," said he, reaching over, and gently compelling me to lay my cards on the table before me. "Then," said I—"you tell me if THREE ACES and two other cards can be beat?" "Oh yes," he replied, smiling with self satisfied air, and using the spit box—"they can be beat, certainly, but not easy." "Not easy," I think myself, replied I—therefore, inasmuch as I believe you are only trying to bluff me off, I go the two hundred." "You do!" "Yes I do, there's the money." "Anything better?" enquired my adversary, insinuatingly, and leaning over to make use of the spit box again—all the time keeping his grey eyes fixed upon my countenance. "Why—yes," I answered "since you've got me excited, I will go something better—I go two hundred better than you." Looking me steadily in the face, he said—"Well, you're a bold fellow, any how, for a novice—it takes all I've got, by hokey, but I go it—and if you'll let me bet on a credit, I should like to go back at you." (Spit-box) Feeling confident of winning, I consented that he might go what he liked, on a credit, provided I should be allowed the same privilege. "Well, then," said Hubbard, a little spitefully—"I go you five hundred better—on a credit." (Spit-box again.) "The devil you do!" exclaimed I—"this looks like gambling; but since we're in for it so deeply, I go you the five hundred and a thousand better on a credit." At this stage of the game the third hand returned, and seeing at a glance how matters stood, requested to look at Hubbard's cards. "No sir!" interposed I—"you must play your own hand!"—at the same time motioning my opponent to lay down his cards as I had laid down mine. The carpet began to suffer about this time—the spit-box was disregarded. The excitement among the passengers was great, and my ears received many a whisper that I was "licked." Hubbard took a long and earnest look into my eyes, and said slowly but confidently, "I GO IT—AND—CALL YOU." "I suppose I'm beat," said I, [hypocrite that I was! I didn't think any thing of the kind,] "but turn over your papers and let us see what you've got."

With one hand he gracefully turned over four Kings and a Jack, and with the other tremblingly "raked down" the pile of bank notes, gold and silver, while a groan burst from the spectators, who all seemed to regret my bad luck. "You are as lucky as a jailor," I remarked as my friend began to smooth down the V's, X's, L's and C's. "By the by," he enquired, again resorting to the spit-box, and looking over patronizingly at me, "I forgot to ask what you had?" "Well," I replied calmly, "I think you might as well see my cards." "Ha! ha!—Oh, I reckon you're beat, my friend," he answered, "but let's see your hand at all events." "Here are the documents, replied I—"there's my hand!" and I turned over my cards, one by one—"there's an ACE—and there's another!" "A pretty good hand, young man," remarked Hubbard—"three Aces! What else? have you?" "What else?" asked every body. "Another ACE!—FOUR ACES!!" I looked over the table and discovered the face of my lately elated FRIEND had lost all color—the tobacco juice was running out of the corner of his mouth—the V's, X's, and C's, were dropped, and amazement and stupefaction were strongly imprinted on his features. A shout went up from the bystanders, and all hands were invited to take champagne at my expense.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that the money bet on credit was never paid—nor was it ever expected to be paid. My friend Hubbard recollected he had urgent business at Vicksburg, and left the boat. It so happened that the stranger who had played with us, also disembarked at the same wharf where they met with a singular accident—being hung a few days afterwards by a mob! Hubbard died game and spat upon the excited populace.

About a month after the adventure above related, I met a gentleman in Cincinnati, whom I instantly recognized as one of my fellow passengers on the "Warren." After enquiring the state of each other's health, he asked me if I had played at the game of poker lately? "Not since the great game you witnessed on board the "Warren," I replied. "Do not play any more," said he, assuming a serious air—"you

are liable to be fleeced; I saw you were in the hands of swindlers," he continued—"and when one of the fellows left the table, I noticed that he laid a pack of cards he had been shuffling, near your adversary's elbow. As an experiment, (passing by at the moment,) I took the top card from the pack and shoved it under the bottom, by which means, you got the four aces intended for his partner, while he got the four kings intended for you; and thus the sporting gentlemen were caught in their own trap!"

MORAL—Poker is decidedly a dangerous game to play at—particularly with strangers; but when you find yourself in possession of four aces, GO IT WITH A PERFECT RUSH!

From the Lowell Courier.

## A Sketch of John Quincy Adams.

John Quincy Adams was born in Braintree, Mass., on Saturday, July 11th, 1769. Towards the close of the year 1777, John Adams, his father, was appointed Joint Commissioner, with Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee, to the Court of Versailles. John Adams sailed from Boston for France in February, 1778, and took with him his son, John Quincy Adams, then in his 9th year. During their stay in France, about 18 months, young Adams was kept in a French school studying the language and the classics. The diplomatic arrangements having been brought to a fortunate close, the father and son returned to America. They arrived in Boston on the 1st of August, 1779. Three months afterwards John Adams was despatched to Europe again by Congress, and he took his son, John Quincy, with him. The frigate they sailed in was commanded by Commodore Tucker. When on the voyage it was pursued by a British man-of-war. All hands were piped for action. It was on this occasion that John Adams, casting aside his diplomatic character, stationed himself with the sailors by the side of a cannon, resolved to fight to the last rather than suffer the ship to be taken. The American vessel escaped, and having sprung a leak, they were forced to put into a port in Spain, and from thence John Adams and his son pursued their journey by land to Paris. From Paris they went to Holland. The younger Adams was placed in a school in Paris, afterwards in Amsterdam, and finally in the University of Leyden.

In July, 1781, Francis Dana, (father to the poet R. H. Dana,) who was Secretary to the Embassy of John Adams, was commissioned as Plenipotentiary to Russia, and he took with him John Quincy Adams, then only 14 years of age, as his private secretary. His letters, thus early, displayed a marked intelligence and power of observation. He remained in Russia till 1782, when he left St. Petersburg and returned alone through Sweden and Denmark to Holland, spending the winter on the route and stopping some time in Stockholm, Copenhagen and Hamburg. In Holland he stopped some months and left with his father for Paris, where he was present at the signing of the treaty of peace in 1783, and from that time till 1785 he was with his father in England, Holland, as well as in France.

While in England he had frequent opportunities of being present in the British Parliament, and of listening to the eloquence of Burke, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and other British orators of that day, whose wonderful talents adorned the British nation. In his 18th year he returned to his native land, and entered Harvard University, and graduated in 1787 with distinguished honor. He then entered the office of Theophilus Parsons, at Newburyport. After completing his profession, he commenced the practice of law in Boston, and remained there four years.

In the summer of 1791 he wrote a series of articles which appeared in the Centinel, under the signature of *Publicola*, containing remarks upon the first part of Paine's Rights of Man. These pieces were reprinted in England. In April, 1793, before Washington had published his proclamation of Neutrality, or it was known he contemplated doing so, Mr. Adams published three articles under the signature of *Marcullus*, taking strong ground that the U. States ought to assume that ground. His motto was, "UNION among ourselves and INDEPENDENCE of all entangling alliances with foreign powers." In the winter of 1793-4 he published another series of papers, vindicating the course of President Washington in reference to the French Minister, Genet.

In 1794 he was appointed by Washington Minister to the Netherlands. This was done without the knowledge of his father. It is said that Mr. Jefferson was one who recommended the appointment. From 1794 to 1801 he was in Europe, in diplomatic missions to Holland, England and Prussia, and concluded an important treaty with the latter power. At the close of his father's administration he returned home, landing in Philadelphia in September, 1801.

In 1802 he was elected from Boston, a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and soon after was elected by the Legislature a U. S. Senator from the 4th of March, 1805. While a Senator of Congress he was appointed professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University. His lectures were published in 2 vols. They were delivered during the recess of Congress. He resigned his seat in the Senate in 1808. In 1809 Madison sent him Minister to Russia. While in Russia he wrote a series of letters, which were published in the Port Folio, entitled "Journal of a Tour through Silesia." They were republished in England, reviewed in the leading journals of the day, and afterwards translated into French and German.

By his instrumentality the Emperor of Russia was induced to mediate for peace between Great Britain and America. President Madison named him at the head of the Commissioners to negotiate the treaty which brought the war of 1812 to a close. This celebrated transaction took place at Ghent in December, 1814. His colleagues were Henry Clay and Albert Gallatin. Mr. Adams was then appointed Minister to England. In 1817 he was called home by President Monroe to be in his Cabinet as Secretary of State. This was the close of Mr. Adams' career as a Foreign Minister. It was perhaps the most brilliant, as it was the most varied portion of his life. No Representative of our Government has at all approached him in the length and variety of services, or the importance of those services to his country.

The Department of State was held by Mr. Adams the whole of Mr. Monroe's Presidential life, eight years. Mr. Adams was one of the four candidates for President in 1824.—There was no choice in the Electoral College. General Jackson had 99 votes, Mr. Adams 84, Wm. Crawford 41, and Henry Clay 37. The election devolved upon the House of Representatives. They were to select from the three highest candidates. Although General Jackson had received more electoral votes than Mr. Adams, yet Mr. Adams had received as large a popular vote as Jackson. Thirteen states were necessary to a choice by the House. The ballots were thrown, and Mr. Adams was elected President of the United States. He received the votes of the six New England States, with New York, Maryland, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri, and Louisiana—thirteen in all.

Mr. Adams was President 4 years. He retired from the White House in 1829 to make room for the hero of New Orleans. For the first time in 36 years, he retired to private life. In 1831, he was elected by nearly a unanimous vote, a member of Congress, by the voters of his native district; which post he has continued to hold and adorn unto this day.

We have thus briefly sketched, from an article in the American Review, a few of the prominent points in the career of this illustrious statesman and patriot. Mr. Adams is the most wonderful man of the age. His career as a statesman, commenced with the Revolution, and has continued with but a short period of repose, until now. What stores of knowledge he must have garnered up in the vast treasure-house of his mind! He has been great from the beginning of his career. Great in the period in which he lived; great in the services he has rendered to his country; great in his youth, his manhood, and his old age; great as an orator and statesman, and great in the purity of his private character. Massachusetts has given birth to a race of great and good men; but to none greater or better than JOHN Q. ADAMS.

"I am taking down the census of a densely populated neighborhood," as the fellow said when he swallowed the skippery cheese.

We object to calling "corn bread" Kentucky confectiory. It is unconstitutional to grant titles of nobility, though the subject be a deserving one.