

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## "The Blind leading the Blind."

On President Polk's visiting New York it was announced that no party character should mark his reception. At the Institution for the Blind, however, one pupil was trotted out with an "Address to the President," of twelve stanzas, of which the Eve, Post, ("Loco") "remembers only the two following":

The name of Andrew Jackson

Will ne'er forgotten be,

The loved, the lost, thy kindred star

That rose on Tennessee.

Hark! one united burst of joy

By heart and tongue is woke,

One chorus rends the list'ning air—

Hurrah! for James K. Polk!!

The Springfield Gazette supplies one of the missing stanzas, thus:

Hurrah for that most brilliant stroke,

Great Santa Anna's "PASS,"

Which filled our enemies with joy,

And proved Jim Polk an—uncommonly smart man!

## Elopement Extraordinary.

Last week, Mr. John Ward, jun., of Halifax, eloped from his father's residence with a buxom young widow, the housekeeper, to whom he was married immediately after at the Parish Church. The gay Lothario is in his 61st year, and the blooming bride about half his age. On the news being communicated to his venerable parent, he said—"It's all right; but if I'd been a year or two younger, he shouldn't have had her; I'd been before him."—*English paper.*

## A Quick Reply.

A lady whose fondness for wine had given her a flushed face and a carbuncled nose, was one day looking in the glass, and wondering at her rubricundity of countenance, exclaimed, "Where in the name of fortune could I have got such a nose?" "Out of the decanter, my lady," said a sister-visitor who stood by.

## Breach of Promise.

It may be a satisfaction to all parties to know that hereafter in Pennsylvania, in cases of this kind, the evidence of a promise and acceptance must be positive, and not inferential, the Supreme Court having lately decided in a case in which the circumstances were most aggravated, and which ought to have justified such an inference, if any thing could. Ladies will, therefore, see the necessity of bringing their lovers up to the point, and make them pop the question directly, otherwise it will not amount to much. They also must be prepared to say "Yes," in an open, loud voice, as we question much whether fainting away, the old manner of acceptance, is now sufficient.—*Balt. Sun.*

## American Consulates.

The following are said to be the actual fees of the most lucrative consulates in the gift of the President: Liverpool, \$9,965; Havre, \$3,061; Rio de Janeiro, \$5,332; Havana, \$3,781; Oahu, \$3,300; Hull, \$2,525; Glasgow, \$2,105. At London, there is an U. S. Consul General, (Col. Aspinwall) at a salary of \$2,000, who has filled the station since the year 1816, and resides, for economy's sake, at a cottage about twenty miles from London, having his office in the city. Mr. Miller a book seller in Henrietta street, Covent Garden, is the real Consul, as far as business is concerned. Like the first of Ministers abroad, or Secretary of Legation, these Consulships usually "cost more than they come to."

An editor "away down East," who had just returned from Court, where he was several days on a jury, says it is very hard work for him to refrain from cheating somebody—he is so full of law.

The electric current, travels, as near as can be estimated, at the rate of 288,000 miles per second.

## Old Federalism and Modern Democracy.

A FEW LINKS OF SAUSAGES FOR SAWYER.

Extracts from the speech of the Hon. E. D. Calver, of New York, delivered in the U. S. House of Representatives, February, 1847.

But, Mr. Chairman, I rose mainly to have a little friendly discourse with some of these modern Democrats about Old Federalism. This is the ghost they shake at us, when all other arguments fail them, when they felt the issues were against them, that the President stood forth a convicted usurper, have sought as a last resort to charge us with the sin of Old Federalism, the Anti-War Party. Among others, sir, ringing these charges, stood forth the gentleman from Alabama (Mr. Payne) with his usual quantum of democratic thunder and tempest, branding us as Old Federalists—slapping Massachusetts in the face for her imputed heresies; also the gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. Stanton) the semi-official organ of the Executive, followed in nearly the same wake. The gentleman from Indiana (Mr. Kennedy) reiterated the charge with great boldness, pronouncing us the Old Federal party elongated. And then, to show himself more courageous than all who preceded him, the gentleman from the south-west district of Ohio (Mr. Sawyer) comes down upon us with his sledge hammer, talking about "tories," "same old federal party," "same old coons," &c. &c.

Sir, I shall pay my respects to that gentleman and canvass his Democracy and his vote before I am done. Then again, Mr. Chairman, the learned gentleman from the Chillicothe district (Mr. Thurman) you will recollect, at the last session attempted the entire demolition of the Whig party by his old federal epithets.—He fancied he had annihilated his three colleagues (Giddings, Delano and Tilden) for their anti-Mexican avowals; not by overturning their positions, gainsaying their arguments, but by large quotations from old federal papers, and federal pulpits. It was thought certainly that a speech, and such arguments would avail, that it would redeem Ohio, save New York, and blow up the Whig party. It was the big Buncombe speech, calculated for circulation, was sent largely into Ohio, liberally subscribed for by Democratic colleagues, and sent into the river counties of New York. But strange to tell, Ohio heeded not the democratic moanings, she sends eleven Whigs and a half, in place of eight to the next Congress, and even the Chillicothe district is to be represented by a Federal Whig, and the river counties of New York, God be praised, will present in the thirtieth Congress an almost unbroken Whig phalanx. So we should say to the Chillicothe gentleman, a few more such, if you please.

But, Mr. Chairman, one instance connected with these extracts, was both amusing and instructive. They are nearly every one of them from the Old Federal papers of two States, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts; from which we were left to infer, that the gentleman from the Chillicothe district had been cloistered with two Old Federalists, now lately Mr. Polk's Cabinet, Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Bancroft. These gentlemen from their early predilections had probably provided themselves with copious files of Federal papers. But, sir, it is to be regretted that Mr. Buchanan omitted (by mistake I hope) to furnish the gentleman with one more extract, that is from a certain Federal Oration, delivered in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, soon after the war, by one James Buchanan; in which the war, James Madison and the democratic party are very roughly handled. But I will allude to this quotation when I come to canvass democracy by States. I should mention also, in passing, that among others my democratic colleague from the Delaware district, New York, (Mr. Gordon) has joined in this cry, charging that as in 1812, so there is now a party fighting against the country.

Here, then, we are confronted by a great and powerful party, united by no ligament but the cohesive power of plunder; no common sentiment, but the threadbare name of Democracy—a party conducting its entire operations on a system of demagoguism, appealing to old issues, old names, drawing the eye off from the true points, branding their adversaries as old Federalists, and pluming themselves on their democracy. Challenge one of them to stand up and defend his sub-treasury, 'Oh, you are an old Federalist.' Call on him to vindicate his tariff, 'Oh, you are an old Blue Light.' Press him to stand up and defend the usurpations of his President, 'Oh, you are the old anti-war party.' Your father wore the black cockade, 'WE are the disciples of Jefferson, the true democracy?' 'YOU the old Federalists—old Federalists.'

These are the charges rung by these croakers of democracy, till their chattering has shamed the magpie, and thrown the blush upon the parrot. It is amusing, Mr. Chairman, to see with what accuracy the tune has been pitched for these democratic musicians—old federal, 'old federalism,' 'Blue Light,' 'federal party,' 'federal press,' 'federal leaders.'

And then 'the democracy,' 'democratic party,' 'democratic measures,' 'democratic administration.'

And then 'the democracy,' 'democratic party,' 'democratic measures,' 'democratic administration.'

These are the notes now being played from the highest keyed bugle in Washington, down, down, to the lowest pumpkin vine, that toots in an Ohio cornfield.

Yes, Mr. Chairman, such are the very potent weapons with which we are assailed and Mr. Polk justified.

In speaking of 'Old Federalism,' I wish to be understood as casting no reproach on those who were Federalists.

In those days there were honest differences of opinion; honorable men upon both sides.

In 1801, Jefferson said: 'We are all federalists.'

In November, 1816, General Jackson wrote to Mr. Monroe, advising the appointment of Old Federalists to office, and thus to destroy the Monster Party. For this advice, Gen. Jackson was denounced by the Albany Argus in 1824, and abused by Mr. Ritchie. The issues and marks that then distinguished parties have long since been obliterated. The Federalists and the democrats of those days have since more or less commingled with all parties; and no man, but an arrant demagogue, or one defuding a bad cause, seeking to cast dust in the air and of hiding the true issue of the day, will attempt to drag up these exploded distinctions, and brand his antagonist with these obsolete epithets. But so it is, sir, gentlemen prefer this mode of warfare, and I will meet them with their own weapons. I said just now I meant to adopt the Silver rule. If Old Federalism were a sin; who is most contaminated in it? If having Old Federalists in one's party taint it with political leprosy, where is the purity of modern Democracy? You are infected from your head to your toes. Answer me a few questions on this score. What rewards and honors have you not heaped upon their heads? What a premium have you paid?

Sir, begin down East; look into the State of Maine, and there you find Ruel Williams, an Old Federalist, now transformed into a modern Democratic Senator; elevated to the head of the party—his sins all forgiven. Switzer over the State of New Hampshire, the 'Switzer of the Modern Democracy' (and so it is, for, like Swiss troops, they work for those that pay best) and whom do you find there? Harry Hubbard, an 'Old Blue-Light Federalist,' in whose garments yet remains the 'smell of the Hartford Convention,' now a democratic Governor, Senator, Subtreasurer. Close by his side stands Levi Woodbury, 'blue' as indigo, in former days; now Senator, Secretary of the Treasury, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, all by Democratic appointments. Where, tell me, where have you buried the sins of these 'Old Blue Lights' of New Hampshire? With what magic wand have you changed their Federalism into Modern Democracy? Look to Connecticut. Who was Ralph I. Ingersoll, now Mr. Polk's Minister to Russia? An old Federalist. So were Isaac Toucey and Thomas T. Whittelsey; now the one is the Democratic Governor; the other the Democratic Nominee for the same Office.—Take the next State, Vermont. What sprouts of 'Ancient Federalism' do you find there, vegetating in modern Democracy. Ex-Governor Martin Chittenden, the man who refused to order out the militia when the country was invaded; the enemy of the war; the reviler of Jefferson; but he lived and died a modern 'Democrat,' while his competitor, James Galusha, who headed his regiment, and took the field, and became Governor, was an Ancient Democrat; and died a staunch Whig. I commend these facts to the gentleman from Michigan, (Mr. Chipman) who lamented his fortune at being 'born in the Federal State of Vermont,' and his lamentations are fully reciprocated by the people of that State. I pass to Massachusetts, the old mother of States, and the nursery of Statesmen. To whose special charge is Modern Democracy committed in that State? Why, sir, to one George Bancroft, an 'Anti-War Federalist' of 1812, now rewarded for his Federalism, first by a place in Mr. Polk's Cabinet—next by an embassy to England. Nor was Old Federalism his only passport to favor: his modern 'Abolition' avowals may have contributed to the same end. My friend from Ohio (Mr. Giddings) is denounced, by modern Democrats on this floor, as an 'incendiary,' 'a fanatic,' 'a madman'; but sir, where can you find more of what Democracy calls 'fanaticism,' in any sentiment uttered here, than is contained in an address of Geo. Bancroft, in 1834, to the electors of his Congressional district? Speaking of the effects of Slavery, as conflicting with free labor, he says:

"We would not interfere with the domestic regulations of New Orleans or Algiers, but we demand the INSTANT abolition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia," and should assist free labor to recover its rights, in the capital of the country."

There, sir, is 'instant abolition for you—A pretty dangerous medicine, truly, as defined

in democratic dictionaries, but very harmless and palatable when taken from a democratic teapoon. Next, sir, I pass into my own State, and I come to rebuke my colleague (Mr. Gordon) for treading upon the toes of his political friends—for his assaults upon 'Old Federalists.' He had better beware, else he'll see ghosts and hob-goblins at his bed side. Does my Colleague know old Edward P. Livingston, late Lieutenant Governor of the State and Senator from this district? Does he know John A. Prentiss, long the Federal editor of the 'Cooperstown Federalist,' but late a Democratic member of Congress? Does he know Henry Vaul and John P. Cushman of Troy, John Fine of St. Lawrence, Harmanus Bleeker of Albany, and Wm. C. Bryant of New York, all prominent Federalists, but now or late high Democratic office-holders? Does he know Aaron Vanderpoel, who lived in the same valley of the Hudson with himself, whose lungs when inflated with 'Old Federalism' had the powers of a compound blowpipe; but now he can roar modern 'Democracy' up and down that valley with a bellowing that would throw any horned animal of the Devonshire breed into back ground?—Such, Mr. Chairman, is 'old Federalism' transformed into New York Patent Democracy. I wish I could stop with my own State, but I must ferry over to New Jersey, and there I run against a Wall of Old Federalism. This is exhibited in the person of Garret D. Wall, late United States Senator, the impersonation of modern Democracy—one who boasted, at a period not remote, that 'he sailed under the flag of Federalism, so long as that flag continued to float.' Close by his side sits Peter D. Vroom, late Democratic Governor; and recently the candidate for United States Senator. These Old Federalists now glitter as stars of the first magnitude in the Democratic constellation.—But I leave the New Jersey twins with the Siamese from New Hampshire, and pass over to Dutch Democracy of Pennsylvania. Here I must tread lightly, because of some one who sits near me. What, sir, was ex-Senator Wilkins, late Secretary of War, Senator and Minister to Russia? An Old Federalist. Richard Rush is another sprig—late Smithsonian agent under Mr. Van Buren. Who, sir, is the renowned modern Democrat that admitted he should 'have been a Tory had he lived in the days of the Revolution?' All that saved him was, he was not born in season. I am too modest a man to call his name here, fearing that I should ruffle the feelings of a gentleman now in my eye (Mr. C. J. Ingersoll) [Great laughter.] But this is not all of old Federalism. The premier of Mr. Polk, James Buchanan, Secretary of State, was saturated with Old Federalism. So late as 1828, it is alleged, he boasted of his Federal blood, insisting that if he 'had a drop of Democratic blood in his veins, he would tap them and let it out.'—Now, sir, he claims to be the Boanergies of his self-styled 'Democratic Administration.' To show you his old Federal instincts, and anti-war bearings, I must refer you to the extract I have before me from an oration at Lancaster, shortly after the war. Had I time I would read at length. But suffice it to say, he here denounces the war, reviles Madison for plunging us into it, reproaches him for his imbecility, and for his flight from the Capital when invaded, and slurs the Democratic party for their measures.

There, Mr. Chairman, is 'Old Federalism' simmered down. That was the sentiment cherished towards James Madison, the war, the then Democratic party. Virginians may see the estimate in which their President was held by the present Secretary of State.

I leave him and his friends to digest old reminiscences, and pass over to little Delaware.—There I find Louis McLane, late her brightest Democratic star, but once obscured behind the cloud of 'Old Federalism.' Gen. Jackson made him his officer of finance. Mr. Polk sent him as envoy extraordinary to the court of St. James, and, Old Federalist as he was, he did for us what Mr. Polk could not have done alone—saved us from a war with Great Britain.

Coming to the State of Maryland I find Grayson, Carroll, and Thomas of the Federal school, changed into prominent Democratic nominees and Governors. Higher up than all these I find there is one Roger B. Taney, once a high toned Federalist, said to have known something of the great Baltimore mob and the Hanson faction, but more recently a Democrat!—General Jackson's Attorney General, then his Secretary of State, and now Chief Justice of the United States. Sir, I make this allusion to Judge Taney in no unkind feeling. I have respect for his integrity, past and present, his talents and his consistency. But I am trying Democracy by its own rules—curing it by its own prescriptions.—I beg pardon: I had almost forgotten the State of Michigan. She boasts of a modern Democrat, who is said to be cherishing high inspirations. But right sorry am I to learn that the disc of his morning sun was partially obscured by 'Old Federalism.' I have the authority from Niles' Register, volume 17, page 18. There, sir, I find it stated expressly that—

"His father was a very ardent Federalist, even for those days, (1800) that he" (the pres-

ent Gov. Cass) "was the preceptor of a grammar school in Wilmington, and always appeared with the 'black cockade in his hat.'"

I commend these choice relics to the two gentlemen from Ohio (Messrs. Sawyer and Thurman)—they will serve for a second edition of their 'anti-Federal' speeches, when their favorite is nominated for the Presidency.

Now, Mr. Chairman, time would fail me to go through Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, and complete my researches after Old Federalists, now in the Democratic ranks. As to the new States, Mississippi, Alabama, Illinois, Florida and Texas, now so clamorous for modern Democracy, it is sufficient to say that amid the strife and conflicts of 1812 they had not cracked the egg shell of their Democracy. Their political pin-feathers have come out long since that time, otherwise they would have furnished their federal quota in the modern flock.

I call on gentlemen over the way to tell me if Old Federalism was such a stain, such a curse upon the men affected by it; how stands your party? Why did Gen. Jackson take one-third of his cabinet from Federal ranks? Why did Martin Van Buren do the same? Why did Mr. Polk, the quintessence of modern Democracy, place an old and unrepenting Federalist, and another one-third in his cabinet? Could he not find material for his cabinet without drawing from those old ranks, thus offering a premium for Federal pollution? It would seem that a man must have been an Old Federalist to qualify him to represent Mr. Polk at the court of St. James. He has chosen none other, having sent two Federalists in succession, Mr. McLane and Mr. Bancroft. How do you account for all this Federal predilection? Do I hear some spunky Democrat whispering, 'they have repented, they have changed?' I deny it. Give me the evidence of their repentance. Not a mother's son of them has ever repented. Tell me when and where James Buchanan, George Bancroft, Aaron Vanderpoel, or Levi Woodbury, have backed one iota from their positions? Where is the evidence that they think not of James Madison, or of the war, of ancient Democracy now, as they did in 1812? If, in your chaste vocabulary, it is political leprosy to have Old Federalists in the party, or even to have been one, then I charge you with being more diseased than Naaman, the leper; and instead of washing as he did, seven times in the Jordan, you ought to dip seventy times seven in Goose creek, near this Capitol—and right sure am I, if you did, no animal would drink the water below and live. (A laugh.) I beg pardon, I meant pollution.

Mr. Chairman, these remarks may seem unbecomingly—they would be so, were I not talking to Democrats in their own dialect. With such Indian antagonists I must use the tomahawk. They must be cured by their own medicine.

Then, sir, if I have shown you who were and who are Old Federalists, and what party now hugs them to its bosom, I will leave this subject for the consideration of my friends over the way, and pass on.

## Value of Foreign Coin.

The following list of gold and silver coins, comprising what are a legal tender, under the laws of Congress, is from Thompson's Bank Note Reporter:

Sovereigns,	\$1 83
Half "	2 41
Napoleons (20 francs)	3 83
Double " (40 francs)	7 66
Doubletons,	15 00
Shares, if good weight, in proportion	
Spanish Dollar,	1 00
Mexican "	1 00
Five Franc pieces,	93
Also, Bolivar and Peruvian Dollars if good weight,	1 00

Sub-Treasurers and Post-masters must take these coins when offered, except in case of light weight.

## Ancient Geography

The following extract is translated from a Persian work, entitled Jamat-i-tawarikh, by Rashid-ad-did, (A. D. 1314)—"Ireland (Irland) is an island in the midst of the ocean. From the excellence of its soil, poisonous reptiles and rats are not produced upon it. The people are long lived, red haired, tall, strong and brave. There is a fountain of water there into which, if a piece of wood is thrown, in the course of one week its surface becomes stone. The largest island is called England (Engleterra). In it is a mountain which has numerous mines of gold, silver, copper, lead and iron. Fruit-trees are abundant. Amongst the wonders of that land is a tree which produces birds. It is thus: at the time of blossom a sort of bag appears upon the tree; within this the bird is attached by its beak. When the fruit is ripe, the bird makes a hole with its beak and comes out. They keep it two years, by which time it grows to the size of a goose or duck. It is the common meat of the people of that country. In both these islands there are sheep, from the wool of which they make cyprus and scarlet cloths. The king of both these islands is called Scotland."