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Youth and Age.

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thoughts as mine!
And each has had its dream of joy,
His own unequalled pure romance;
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth,
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passions, more unearthly truth,
Than any tale before or since.
Yes! he could tell of tender lays
At midnight penned in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days—
And maids more fair than modern maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek,
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear,
Our modern lips to give or speak,
Of passions too untimely crossed—
Of passions slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossom but to fade.

Of beaming eyes and dresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And forms that have all passed away,
And left them what we see them now!
And is it thus—is human love
So very light and frail a thing?
And must youth's brightest visions move
Forever on Time's restless wing!

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?
Then what are earth's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus?
If all we value most on earth
Ere long must fade away from us!

The Scolding Wife.

"Ti she! 'tis she! the scolding she!
With tongue so long and loud and free;
Without a stop—without a bound,
It runs like the devil the whole year round.
It plagues the earth, it shocks the skies,
And like a brazen beldam lies.
I'm sure 'tis she! I'm sure 'tis she!
I am as I would never be,
With the blues above, and the blues below,
And clamor wheresoe'er I go.
If I seek escape in slumber deep,
What matter?
What matter! she scolds me up from sleep.

I love—oh! how I love to run
From this fierce, foaming, raving one,
When her mad capers scare the moon,
As she bellows aloft her tempest tune,
And yells as yelleth a fiend below,
And gives with every word a blow.
I never approached this terrible bore.
But I envied a bachelor more and more,
And backward I flew from her thump or kick.
Like a dog that dreadeth his master's stick:
And a master she was and is to me,
For I am wed to this scolding she!

The day was sad, and black the morn,
In the noisy hour when she was born;
The winds they whistled, the thunders rolled,
But confessed a beat from the baby scold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As came from the throat of that yelping child.
Since then I have led, in brawl and strife,
Some dismal winters, a husband's life;
With brats to rock when I want to range,
But never have dreamed or hoped for change;
And death, whenever it comes to me,
Will come from the tongue of this scolding she!

[Home Journal.]

Mr. Calhoun on the War.

SYNOPSIS OF HIS RECENT SPEECH.

The galleries, lobbies, halls and avenues to the Senate chamber were filled at an early hour this morning to hear Mr. Calhoun's speech.—The current of public opinion here, unstable as it really is, is the very best criterion of the merits and standing of a public man, and I would much prefer to follow the crowd, always visible on these occasions, than to take the opinion of those who are esteemed the best critics.—The throng always bespeaks a good entertainment, and its discernment is as delicate and sensitive as the palate of an epicure. Paradoxical as this may appear, it is none the less true.

Mr. Calhoun took the floor on motion of Mr. Sevier, at twenty minutes before one o'clock. Unlike Mr. Webster and other distinguished men, he never dresses for one of these efforts, and as all the world knows, no one is generally more indifferent to the accessories of the toilet. He appeared therefore in his ordinary habiliments, with little to attract the attention of a stranger, other than that brilliant restless eye and the lines of reflection, which mark his physiognomy, with the traces of thought and intellect.

He began:—In offering Senators these resolutions, I have been governed by the reasons which induced me to oppose the war in the outset. In alluding to it I do not intend to allude to the reasons that governed me then, farther than is necessary for my purpose.

I opposed the war because it was unnecessary, and might have been avoided, and because the President had no authority to order the troops on territory occupied by Mexico—because the preamble to the act of May 1846, was false—because it would lead to great and serious evil, and endanger free institutions. I acquiesced in the war, after its recognition, because I could not arrest it, and limited my support accordingly. I suggested a defensive line at the last session, and I now offer these resolutions for the same purpose. I have no personal or political considerations to influence me—neither to weaken the administration nor to strengthen the opposition—I shall therefore speak independently, as one who has no favor to ask from the government or the people.

Mr. Calhoun went on to say, when he suggested a defensive line at the last session, we stood in a better position to obtain indemnity, than we ever had before or will again. We may receive indemnity from unoccupied territory, but none from occupied territory. He offered the line because he believed it was the only mode of ending the war and saving blood and treasure, and any other policy would be likely to expose us to the evils, which these Resolutions are intended to guard against. The President took another course—he was for prosecuting the war vigorously to conquer peace and security and indemnity for our claims and expenses.

The campaign has terminated—it has been as successful as could have been expected.—Victory has followed after victory and yet what has been accomplished? Have we conquered peace—have we got a treaty or indemnity?—No. Not a single object has been effected, and our difficulties are greater now than they were before. What has caused this discomfiture? Is it not our army. What then? The plan of the campaign was erroneous. We aimed at indemnity in the wrong way—through a treaty, and Mexico by refusing the treaty, put it out of our power. We have nothing but the military glory for our loss of blood and treasure—perhaps 40 millions or more of money, and six, eight or ten thousand men. All this for nothing at all!

A defensive line, it has been said, would have been as expensive as the campaign. The views presented by the President and his Secretary were all wrong. He then proceeded to show that the geographical condition of the country would have afforded a large protection in itself and instanced how Texas had been enabled to maintain her position, without either extraordinary cost or a standing army. The *Intercast*, said he, on the money sunk in this war would have supported his line, and the gallant men who have lost their lives, would have been sufficient to have held it.

We are now at the beginning of another campaign and the same measures are proposed. What ought to be done? Shall we go on with it? I cannot support the recommendation of the President. The cost of the war will be greater—70,000 troops in the whole, and sixty millions at least of dollars for the experiment. What is the condition of the money market?—The famine in Europe gave us a large market last year for our produce. If specie flowed out below it flowed in above. Now, the drain is against us both ways, and specie must be re-mitted abroad to meet our liabilities. Can this go on? What is the price of the public stocks and Treasury Notes?—far below par, and so long as they continue so, they must go into the Sub-Treasury, and coin must come out and soon you will be drained to the bottom.

A great financial crisis and perhaps a suspension of specie payments by the banks are threatened. The difficulty of the war is in the state of the finances; you can't get money, if

you do get men. He had been informed through a reliable source, and one well qualified to know, that if a loan of forty millions was required, it could not be obtained on better terms than 90 per cent, if as good. The further you go, the greater the embarrassment. What are we to gain?—a treaty from Mexico to give us indemnity in land equal to all the expenses.—The war must end in the defeat of its professed objects. He insisted that the more successfully it was prosecuted, the objects avowed would be defeated and the effects disavowed would be accomplished.

How are you to get an honorable peace? It takes one only to make war, but two to make peace. If authority is overturned, how can a treaty be made? You are defeated by your success, for where would be the nationality of Mexico, which you profess you are not willing to destroy? It would be a mere mass of individuals without a government.

The President proposes to put down all the military chiefs in Mexico, and then we are to put up a Republican government under the auspices and encouragement of our army, and this is the government we are to treat with.—How was a free and independent government to grow up under the conqueror—a despotism or monarchy might, but nothing else. He had supposed Republican governments were the spontaneous growth of the people, but it now appears, that our army can manufacture them to order. How can you make a free government in Mexico. She has been aiming at it for twenty years—the condition of her people do not admit it. The wealth and intelligence are concentrated in the priesthood, and they are unfavorable to such institutions. It could not stand if erected; it would fall to-morrow. He would rather prop the existing government. He protested against building up any government—the party in power would fall, and we should be compelled again and again to re-instate them.

But the President says, if he fails to establish a government to make a treaty, then we must hold on to the occupation of the country, and take the full measure of indemnity into our own hands. Is this not an acknowledgment that we must make a conquest of the whole country, unless the factious government can be created? This is clear. If a vigorous prosecution of the war should fail to make a treaty, every argument against falling back, as it is called, would have double the force. After spending sixty millions, the contractors and that large body of interested persons who had lived upon the war, would be adverse to return—the cry would be, go on until the whole country be absorbed.

The President talks of taking indemnity into his own hands. Why not take it now? We have a better chance before the expenditure of sixty millions more. What are you to get?—Only Mexican population, which will require you to keep a standing army of 30,000 men to collect taxes, and then you will not collect enough to pay the expenses of collection. It will have to come out of the pockets of the people of the United States.

We are now come to the solemn question proposed by the resolutions. The line of policy recommended by the President will lead to the blotting out of the nationality of Mexico—of assuming ten millions of people differing with us in race, and everything else. We must take it as provinces or take it into the Union. Shall we do either? No. It would be inconsistent with the avowed object of the war—every message has disavowed that purpose, and declared that the only object was indemnity, and yet, as events are moving, what we have disavowed will probably be accomplished. It would be a deep impeachment of the sincerity and intelligence of this government to adopt such a policy. We have heard of the glory acquired in this war—he acknowledged it so far as the army was concerned—they had fought gallantly on every field, and commanded the thanks of the nation; but he feared all the glory would be confined to the army. Our reputation had suffered abroad—what we have gained in glory we have suffered in our civil and political character, and much as he valued the army, he preferred the other.

We have never yet incorporated any but the Caucasian race into our government; if we take Mexico, it would be the first instance—far more than half her population is of the Indian and mixed breeds. The mixture of these races by old Spain had injured the attempt to combine them, and yet it is proposed to bring them in and place them on an equality with the people *U. States*. There is no instance of any colored race, though they constitute a majority of the human family, among which free government was successful. Are we then to mingle with these mongrels, and to share a common destiny? He protested against it.

He considered that it would be a reflection on the Senate to argue that the incorporation of Mexico would be hostile to the genius of our institutions—he who knew the constitution need not be told it. We would be conquered by Mexico, for the vast amount of patronage would absorb the whole power of the States. It would transfer the power from the Legisla-

ture to the Executive, and you would put in his possession the power of conquering you—it would drive us into anarchy.

He then went on to show that England, from her hereditary monarchy, could stand more patronage than other governments—and yet she was suffering—and to recall how Rome had failed to maintain her provinces. Shall we commit these errors, with such experience before us. So much for holding Mexico as a province.

Now for incorporating Mexico into the Union. At present you have no need of armies, to keep your territories in subjection. With Mexico, it will be different, for you must hold her as a province under the name of a territory. How long before she will become reconciled to our institutions and to ourselves. Ireland has been held for 700 years, though of the same race with her oppressors, and still she resists. The Mexicans will never be reconciled to you, for they belong to a race the most unforgiving, and one that will hold out under the least prospect. But ought we to incorporate them any how. Ought we to bring in these Mexican races on an equality? We suppose all people capable of free government, and we hear every day of extending its blessings over this Continent, especially over Mexico—it is a great mistake. None but a people in a high state of intellectual improvement are capable of free government. Few have formed a constitution that has endured—ours was the result of a combination of circumstances, and few nations have preserved free government, for it is harder to keep than to make.

He then proceeded to show the anxious solicitude that was entertained for the preservation of our liberties in the early days of the Republic—now it was hardly ever suggested. He did not believe the love of liberty had deteriorated—nay, he thought it stronger, if possible, but he feared a day of retribution would come, and when it did, there would be a serious responsibility somewhere. The question is, what are we to do? It did not become him to propose measures, as he had opposed the war from the first, but he would not hesitate to declare his opinion.

There is not the smallest chance of disentangling ourselves from this war; but by taking a defensive line and indemnity into our own hands. If time had been allowed when the first bill was passed he intended to have suggested a remedy. He would have given Gen. Taylor all necessary supplies and he would have had a solemn report from the proper committee, recommending a provisional army and giving time to the Mexican people to avow or disavow the war, and he would have seized upon the contiguous territory, where the good land was, and have held it. But we are always acting under some emergency, and deliberation is not permitted.

He could not now name a line, but we must withdraw from the central parts of Mexico and cover the country so as to obtain sufficient indemnity—not to hold it permanently, but until such time as Mexico would treat. It is the only way the country can disentangle itself from the war—it is now tied to a dead corpse. He looked to his own country and its liberties and not to Mexico. If we pursued masterly inactivity and remained quiet, we would do more for public liberty than all the victories had done or could do. This was not the first war he had opposed. When Jackson demanded reprisals against France, he rose alone to denounce it. To him it was a proud satisfaction, that standing on the Democratic side of the chamber he had raised his voice against it.

Let me say to the administration, if you go on with a vigorous prosecution of the war, you will sign your death-warrant. What party has been opposed to a public debt? The Democratic or Republican. This very campaign will involve you in a cost nearly equal to that of the revolution. What party has been opposed to the increase of Executive patronage? What party is opposed to the paper system?—What party is in favor of free trade? You are now building up a system that must stop its progress.

It is magnanimous and honorable to acknowledge an error when it is discovered, and it would be an act of patriotism, for the administration to take the course it would have done, had they the experience they now possess.

He would say to his friends on the other side, (Whigs) that the country demanded some territory. He understood very well, how the vote on the act of May, 1846, had occurred—that vote the Whigs had given to relieve Taylor, and not for the war. He knew that it was reluctantly given, and under solemn protest. The people in his opinion, now, were against any conclusion of this war that did not bring territory. A defensive line must be taken at this session, or we must go on and take Mexico entire—this is the last and only chance. If he could be sustained, he would raise a committee to consult on the best line, taking advantage of the presence of several military officers, who could impart valuable information.

We may not get peace immediately—we may be at great expense, but we will accomplish the great object of disentangling us from

the war.
This is but a skeleton of the speech, and is prepared from my rough notes. It made a deep impression on both sides of the chamber and seemingly, not a very agreeable one in the administration benches. After its delivery Mr. Calhoun rallied in a pleasant way, some of the Whig Senators, and advised them to support his project, for they would elect their President in any event.

A Horrible Story.

We copy the following tale of horror from Capt. Donovan's adventures in Mexico:

On the evening of May the 19th two American officers belonging to some of the volunteer corps, attended the cathedral in Puebla, where certain services were held appertaining to the nuns at the convent of San Francis, situated in the western part of the city. The cathedral was filled as usual, with a large crowd of the faithful. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, when they were dispersing two officers lingered in the church gazing at the expensive ornaments. As they were about retiring, a nun who remained behind the rest of the sisterhood, made a sign to the officer who was slowly following his comrade, that she desired to speak to him. Returning to the nun a dialogue ensued, in substance as follows:

"You are an American?"
"I am, madam, and but recently from the land of the Yankees!"
"I presume, sir, you're a man of honor and discretion?"

"Those qualities, added to courage, make up the composition of an American soldier."

"Are you willing to tender me an important service?"

"You have but to command me."

"I will not conceal from you that the service I ask from your hands, requires not only discretion, but extraordinary intrepidity. Knowing this, are you still willing to assist me?"

"Yes I am determined."

"Very well, when you hear the convent bell strike twelve to-night, be at the side gate: I shall be there to open it, and on your knocking 3 times, you shall learn what it is that I require of you. Will you be faithful to the rendezvous?"

"I shall be faithful if I live."

"Well, I will depend on you, adieu."

They parted, and the officer returned to his companion; as they pursued their way to the American quarters he related to him all that had transpired, and asked if he should fulfill the appointment. The other advised him to do so, by all means, and for fear of accident, offered to accompany him to the gate at the appointed hour. Supposing the affair to end in one of those adventures so common in Mexico, and taking it for granted that she had been struck with his personal appearance, the officer with his companion repaired to the gate according to agreement, and upon giving the concerted signal, the entrance was opened by the nun. The chosen officer entered, without the least apprehension of fear, and was saluted by the nun.

"You are truly a man of courage and honor, entitled to my warmest gratitude."

After conducting him to her cell, where a lamp was burning, she politely invited him to sit down and producing two bottles requested him to take a glass of wine with her—a request which a man and a soldier is not apt to treat with indifference. Filling him a glass out of one bottle, she took a little herself out of the other, and after he had finished his, she told him to go to the opposite side of the bed from herself. The officer still innocent obeyed, when the nun addressed him:

"Well, we are alone—is my door bolted—lock!"

And at the same instant, to his utter horror and amazement, she discovered to him the dead body of a Monk, whose clothes were stiff matted with blood; while she continued:

"The favor I require is, that you take this body on your shoulders and convey it beyond the gate of the first court. They instantly, or your life shall be in peril, for if you attempt to escape I will shoot you through the head."

"I know," added she, "that my own life will be the forfeit, for after despatching you, I have a poniard for myself—the same with which I stabbed that miserable Monk."

Seeking no other means of escape the officer took up the body, and accompanied by the nun who carried a dark lantern, proceeded to the gate by which he had entered, and on issuing from it, threw his horrible burden on the feet of his comrade, who was waiting to enjoy a laugh at what they both imagined would terminate in a pious love intrigue.

After recounting to his friend the almost incredible adventure in which he had been engaged, they both resolved to communicate the circumstances to Gen. Worth in person; but they had proceeded only a short distance from the convent when the officer who had brought out the dead body began to complain of the most violent and excruciating pains. He soon fell upon the pavement and expired. He had drunk poison!