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## EULOGIUM UPON JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, Ex-President of the United States.

Delivered March 6th 1848, in St. John's Lutheran Church, in the Borough of Easton.

By A. E. BROWN, Esq.

Fellow-Citizens:—The death of the humblest individual leaves a chasm in the society of which he formerly constituted a part; the bereaved social circle fix their tearful eyes upon the place he once occupied; the mourners follow him to the grave; and from the full heart gushes forth a tribute, however lowly, to the virtues of him who "can return no more." The man whose sphere of usefulness has been extended beyond the limits of his own private circle, whose mind has stamped its impress upon his village or upon his district—through whose influence institutions of religion and learning have been established, or through whose enterprise honest labor has received employment and reward, has others to mingle with the band of mourning relatives who surround his bier. The student pale with study, the laborer brown with toil unite in paying a tribute to his worth. The monuments he erected are pointed out to the stranger, and his history is preserved in the traditions of his neighborhood as an example for the young, and as a source of honest pride for his cotemporaries. Such is the meed which a grateful public pay to departed worth, even when it has been displayed in private life, or in a sphere of usefulness circumscribed in its action.

But anon the tolling of the bell from every capitol throughout our wide spread land, and the muffled tread of a nation of mourners, tell that one still more mighty has departed. As that deep toned bell strikes upon the ear, a nation pauses in its onward march; the heart of a nation bows itself in majestic sorrow; and, uttered in subdued accents, one name is upon every tongue. Circumscribed by no local boundaries, limited by no ties of kindred or political association, is the burst of reverential sorrow—the testimonial of the services and virtues of the departed.

It is upon such an occasion, and with such feelings, that we have assembled to pay our last humble tribute to the memory of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, late member of Congress, and ex-President of these U. States. Why is it that that name falls with a mournful interest upon the ears of those who knew not the deceased in the days of his glory and his fame? Why is it that every one in this assembly feels as though he had sustained a personal bereavement? Why is it that as one man we lament that that eye is dimmed, although we may never have met its glance? Why is it that we mourn that those lips are mute, although to us they may never have addressed a salutation? It is because that name is inscribed in imperishable characters upon the monument of our country's greatness; because for half a century that voice, now mute, has fallen upon a nation's ear; because that pure spirit, now sped to more blissful regions, has so mingled itself with every thing that is pure and good in the institutions of our beloved country, that he has spoken to our heart of hearts, kindling the fires of virtue, patriotism and liberty; and in that spirit have we assembled to pay our tribute to the memory of the mighty dead.

The Poet, the Orator, the Diplomatist, the Statesman, the Patriot, the Christian has departed. But though the harp is unstrung, the heart still vibrates with its well remembered tones; though the lip is mute, the American mind is the faithful chronicler of its treasured sayings; although the cold hand no longer wields the wonder working pen, at home and abroad it has recorded its own history in never fading characters; though the Patriot, form is no longer seen upon the ramparts of his country, he aided ere his departure, in making them strong enough to resist the shock of a world in arms; and, in that State, where in his boyhood a few feeble colonists hoped for civil and religious freedom, where the first musket pealed, and the first bayonets flashed in the assertion of liberty and the rights of man, his grave will be safe, watched by millions of admiring and lamenting freemen. Although the christian no longer cheers

by his bright example upon earth, his spirit calls to us from the skies to follow his footsteps and partake his rest.

The subject of this discourse was born at Braintree, in the State of Massachusetts, on the 11th day of July 1767. He drew his first breath in a place and at a period auspicious to the destinies of mankind. Feeble as the wail of that infant, were, at that time, the complaints of the colonist against the grievances which they endured; inefficient as the arm of that infant, appeared their means of resistance against the gigantic power that overshadowed them. And yet that infant lived to hear the voice of those once feeble colonists swell to the cry of triumph for freemen, achieved by their own right arms; to see those colonists united under a free constitution—he lived to stand as an equal delivering the behests of millions of freemen in the presence of that monarch whose subject he was born—he lived to see State after State added to the glorious old thirteen, to see territories extended to the illimitable West, until the sun, which rises from the Atlantic wave ceases not to shine upon our free and happy possessions, till he quenches his rays in the bosom of the wide Pacific. But it was not as an uninterested spectator that Adams witnessed those wonderful changes which were passing around him. Still as this mighty march of a mighty nation held on its way, this boy of the revolution with steady step and untiring limb accompanied its progress, until with his powers expanding with his country's growth, he became prepared to be the historian of her deeds, the advocate of her principles, and the defender of her liberties. For him there dawned no boyhood of inglorious ease. Men were discussing public wrongs when he was in his cradle—they were arming for public rights by the time he could comprehend what action meant. Liberty, independence, and the right of armed resistance to regal oppression were as household words in the mansion of that stern patriot from whom he derived his existence. He saw the march of the armed yeomanry of the land as they sped their way to Lexington and Bunker Hill. And then came the parting from that beloved parent who took his way to the first Congress, to urge on with indomitable energy and resistless eloquence the mighty work then in progress, and to brave the dungeon and the gibbet in behalf of the down trodden multitudes not yet venturing to call themselves a nation. In view of such rough schooling for his childhood, and such a glorious fulfilment of hopes in his maturer years, who can wonder that Adams held it as a principle upon which he confidently acted, that no cause is desperate that can appeal to the God of righteousness for its justice and its truth.

At 11 years of age he accompanied his father to the court of Versailles whither he had been despatched upon public business, and at the age of 14 he was taken to the Court of Russia by Francis Dane, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States, as his private Secretary.—For him there appears to have been no frolic hours of boyhood. After spending several years in Europe, diligently pursuing his studies, and acquiring a knowledge of languages, he rejoined his father at Paris and was present at the signing of the treaty of Peace. From Paris he returned to his native country and commenced the study of the Law in the office of Theophilus Parsons. After his admission to the bar he remained in the practice of Law for about four years. During this period he published several papers upon matters of government which attracted great attention both at home and abroad.

In 1794 he was appointed minister of the United States to the Netherlands, by Washington. Near the close of Gen. Washington's term of office, 1797, Adams was appointed by him Minister to the Court of Portugal, but his destination was changed before reaching Lisbon, and he was appointed Minister to the Court of Berlin. Whilst there he successfully negotiated an important treaty, between the United States and Prussia.

In 1798, he was appointed commissioner, with full powers to negotiate a treaty of amity and commerce with Sweden.

In 1803, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Russia, by Madison.

In 1813, he in conjunction with Messrs. Gallatin and Bayard, was nominated Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary to negotiate a Treaty of Peace with Great Britain.—That mission having proved unsuccessful, he was again nominated at the head of another mission in 1814, for the same purpose, which was entirely successful.

In 1815, he was appointed by Mr. Madison, Minister to the Court of St. James, and remained there, till the accession of Mr. Monroe to the Presidential chair, when he was re-called for the purpose of assuming the highly honorable and responsible post of Secretary of State, under the new administration.

It is not to be expected that we can give any detailed account of the services of Mr. Adams, as Minister abroad. The history of the diplomacy of the country, for that period was his history. The archives of foreign courts, teem with his labors. Keen, vigilant and active, jealous of the honor of his country, and fully

alive to her interests, well versed in most of the languages of modern Europe, skilled in the forms of Diplomacy, possessed of the pen of a ready writer, and the fluency of the eloquent speaker, asking nothing but what was right, and submitting to nothing that was wrong; his whole career in that department was one of unparalleled success. Compact after compact, and treaty after treaty were made and ratified, until our youthful republic was bound to the nations of Continental Europe by ties of amity, which have never been sundered. In one respect, Mr. Adams set an example, especially worthy of imitation. Feeling that the representative of a Republic should for the sake of consistency, be simple in his habits, he disregarded the insignia of office, he entered into no rivalry of gorgeous dresses or costly equipages, he was willing to be measured by mind alone, and there no man found him wanting.

Such was the impression which this honest, but learned and powerful representative of our Republic made abroad, that his name is still held in the highest reverence. Yes, and when the news of his decease is born across the waters, we will not be left alone lamenting that a bright star has been withdrawn from our galaxy, for aged Europe will respond to the wail of young America.

In 1802, Adams was elected to the Senate of the State of Massachusetts. About 1802, he filled the chair of Professor of rhetoric, at Harvard University, with distinguished success.—The severe labors of the serious business, in which he was habitually engaged, never destroyed his taste for more elegant accomplishments in fact those germs of fancy, which the stern education of his boyhood only repressed without blighting, shot forth into flowers, in his maturer days, and strewn the old man's rugged path with garlands of wit eloquence and Poesy.

In 1803, he was chosen by the Legislature of Massachusetts to represent that Commonwealth in the Senate of the United States. In 1809, finding that he differed from his constituents upon an important political question, and advocating the doctrine of the right of instruction, he voluntarily resigned his seat in that body.

In 1817 he was appointed Secretary of State, by Mr. Monroe, which position he continued to occupy, for the 8 years of his administration. During this period, the difficulties of the United States with Spain were satisfactorily adjusted: The accession of the Floridas obtained, and above all the Independence of the Republics of South America were recognized by this country. In all these transactions, Mr. Adams bore a distinguished and conspicuous part. Man struggling for his rights, ever found in him a ready sympathy, and an efficient friend.

In 1825, he was elected to the highest office in the gift of the American people, the most dignified station upon earth, the Presidency of these United States. For four years he discharged the duties of that office with untiring zeal and matchless ability. During his administration, science and useful arts were encouraged and fostered. Internal improvements, commerce and navigation became friends and allies, and moved harmoniously, side by side, industry was secure of its reward, while peace abroad, and prosperity at home, crowned the full measure of a Nation's blessings.

In 1829, having failed of a re-election, he retired for two years to private life, and was allowed a brief cessation from his public labors. Of the opinions and events of the election in 1828, it becomes us not to speak upon this occasion. In other days, impartial history will discuss them. The two principal actors in those exciting scenes has each his narrow house assigned him, where questions of earthly precedence will never again disturb the repose of the occupants: the warrior and the sage, have both yielded to a power that neither valor nor wisdom could resist: the deeds of the lion hearted hero are the willing theme of every tongue, and the hoarse waves of faction, still their voices as they roll towards the grave of the old man eloquent.

In 1831, he took his seat in the Congress of the United States as a Representative from the State of Massachusetts, and continued to hold that position by the free choice of the electors of his district, until the day of his death. To a man of ordinary intellect or limited acquisitions, the transition from the Presidential chair to the floor of Congress, would have been both trying and dangerous. In the city of Washington, for four years he had wielded the power and patronage of the entire Republic: over the action of Congress, he had exercised a controlling influence as a co-ordinate branch of the Government, and now the robes of office laid aside, he entered that body as an equal, claiming no more room and no more influence, than his energy, his learning and his eloquence could conquer for him, on that floor.

But it was soon discovered that the trappings of office had only partially concealed instead of constituting a part of his gigantic proportions, and that like some noble statue, the finish, the beauty, and the power of the work was revealed, as the drapery was removed: What ever difference of opinion may have existed as to his administration of the Executive office, all unite

in admitting that his Congressional career was one of unparalleled brilliancy. Free, fearless and independent, he cast his vote with no party, further than the convictions of his own judgment told him that they were right. Startling his friends sometimes by the boldness of his views, the results generally proved that what appeared at first sight to be rash, and paradoxical, was but in fact the result of penetrating sagacity.

Familiar with every treaty that had been entered into since the foundation of our government and having a personal knowledge of every event of importance for the last sixty years, he served as a complete diplomatic and historical chart in the labors of Congress, and gave information to his colleagues upon those subjects that was always relied upon and never proved erroneous. He was in fact the venerable embodiment of American history: within whose capacious memory was stored the treasures of our former years, whose hand was busily recording the glories of the present days: the link that bound the present to the past: the stern oracle who warned a nation not to rob the future of its bright and glorious prospects by a departure from the paths of rectitude and virtue. Although the advanced age of Mr. Adams might have entitled him to exemption from the ordinary and laborious duties of his situation, although the house would have been willing to treat him as a precious relic, only to be brought forth on great occasions, his honest zeal and masculine intellect spurned at such indulgences. There was no labor from which he asked to be excused, and the drudgery of the committee room was discharged with as much cheerfulness and zeal as though he were laboring for a triumph before the eyes of an admiring nation.—No point too minute to receive attention, no claim too humble to be weighed in the scale of even handed justice. Ever at his post, the observer of all, he seemed like an ancient hermit, amidst the busy scenes around him: and yet that eye and ear ever on the alert for duty suffered nothing to escape them.

A faithful representative of his immediate constituents, he became also the representative of every man and set of men throughout the country who felt themselves aggrieved by wrongs which the National Legislature could redress. Never upon that floor appeared a more uncompromising advocate of principle. With him it was an axiom that by sacrificing a principle we do a great wrong to ourselves and to posterity. Hence when the right of petition was assailed, he, at once, became its undaunted and willing advocate. Standing sometimes almost alone, the friends who loved him praying him to desist, his own voice drowned by clamors which breaking through all rules of order, assailed his ears in reproaches and menaces: from day to day, and from session to session, there stood that brave old man battling for an invaluable principle. He well knew, though others seemed to have forgotten it, that the right of the people to be heard by petition in the councils of the nation was one of the sacred attributes of a free form of government, and that those who denied that right in whatever form it was asserted, assailed the sacred citadel of civil liberty. Though friends shrunk from his support he felt that the cause was just and that he must prevail; yea, though the solid earth could crumble around him, he felt that his foot was planted on a rock, where the champion of the free expression of the popular will could stand secure. Though threatened with dissolution of the Union he still contended, with unabated vigor, for the right of representing grievances without which our government either united or separated would cease to discharge its proper functions. Yes, destroy the right of petition, and you virtually say that an election to office is an absolute transfer of power, and not merely (as it actually is) a trust confided for the benefit of the people and to be exercised under their direction. At length, however, the auspicious morning dawned and the right of the people was vindicated: the doors of Congress were opened to the complaints of those who had sent its members thither: and a fatal encroachment upon free government was arrested. Thus will it ever be with the man of sound judgment and firm fixedness of purpose: error may for a time cast a faint and soon vanishing halo around the head of the enthusiast or the demagogue, but truth and justice, in the end, encircle with wreaths of never dying flowers and brows of their fearless and unwearied advocate.

As a parliamentary debater Mr. Adams had no superior, perhaps no equal upon the floor of Congress. With a style clear, logical and terse, modelled after the best schools of the ancient orators: Master of all the graces of rhetoric—with a mind stored with the literature and learning of all ages, with a memory capacious, ready, retentive, an eye of Eagle glance and a voice of wondrous power, and capable of modulation to the most exquisite harmony, art and nature seem to have combined for the production of a perfect orator. Who that for the first time saw that calm old man wrapt in his own pursuits at his solitary desk could have dreamed of the thrilling power and passion with which he could electrify the house upon a great occasion: it was as though the fiery blood of Achilles was for a time coursing in mad career thro' the veins of the venerable Nestor. And fearful was the fate of those who assailed that old man with taunt and ridicule and denunciation in his latter days, they thought that they were sporting with a snow wreath that would melt at their breath, but found that they stirred a volcano before whose fires their own grew pale. Let those who fled from the reply of that indignant and aggrieved patriot tell how deep he could drive the icy sword of sarcasm.

But it was not alone upon great occasions, when admiring crowds thronged the hall to hear him, that he was distinguished upon that floor; there was the apposite historical fact, the knowledge of men and dates bearing upon private claims, the ready application of Constitutional principles, the wisdom in the forms and substance of Legislation, the personal weight and influence in reconciling

differences, the careful vigilance over public and private rights, these made up the sum of that old man's daily contributions to the service of his country.

And anon from that solitary desk, like a sun beam on a winters day.

Daffodils  
That come before the swallow dunes, and take  
The winds of March with beauty;

would steal forth some gem of poesy showing that that frail tenement was inhabited by a happy, loving, and joyous spirit.

And thus from day to day and from year to year passed on this good and great man's placid life; with powers always fully employed and never overtasked: with conscientious industry, each week-day had its appropriate duties, and each sabbath found him in the temple of his God. Neither too old nor too wise to learn, he caught with eager ears the truths of Gods holy word from the lips of the humblest of his ministers. Free to the teachings of his pious parents, his whole life was an inculcation of the practice of morality and religion. Free from all excesses of youth, he carried a vigorous and unimpaired intellect to an extreme old age, and when summoned hence yielded a pure and unstained spirit to the mercies of his God.

On the 21st day of February last the angel of death entered the hall of the House of Representatives, and brushed with his sable wing the heart of the old man eloquent. He was found at his post of duty, and when the members started to his feet, the patriarch of the house was feebly struggling in the arms of that fearful messenger. One glance at that pallid face and drooping form, told that for him time was ended and eternity about to begin. Then was the voice of party hushed in the presence of that dread leveller of all distinctions, and tears from every eye, and sighs from every breast, told how, that pure spirit, now about to depart had endeared itself to all who came within its influence.

This was no fall of a gallant partisan over whom a generous enemy drops a soldier's tear, it was a father dying in the midst of a weeping family.—Yes death had met the heavy laden labourer in the busy highways of life, and he had uncomplainingly laid down his burden, albeit it was precious with all the gems of earth, and calmly prepared himself for a rest that was to be eternal. "This is the end of earth," he feebly said to his surrounding friends. He lingered till the 23d, and then the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, and the spirit departed. All that remained on earth, of the Orator, Statesman and Sage, was a lifeless corpse, pale and voiceless, as the marble statues that surrounded him. He died in the Capitol of his country. The monuments of her growing greatness were around him: the mourners about his dying bed, were the Representatives of a free and mighty nation. Yes, Representatives able and eloquent, statesmen from Independent States, which had not a name or a boundary, when he commenced his labours, where the axe of the woodman had not let in the sunlight upon the leaf incumbered soil. He left to his family, the inheritance of an honorable and stainless name, to his countrymen, a bright example of the value of industry, fidelity and truth, and to his country, the results of the labors of a long and laborious life, devoted to her service.

"And he said unto her. Is it well with thee, is it well with thy husband, is it well with thy child? And she answered, it is well." Yes, it is well that death should come to our relief, ere the cares of earth too much subdue the enfeebled body, it is well that the lyre should be unstrung, ere the trembling hand of the aged minstrel, make discord amongst its strings. It is well that we should put off the flesh, ere the immortal spirit suffers by its decay.

The builder of monuments, of Physical art, need that the pilgrims steps should be turned toward his work or it is unknown and unappreciated. The whirlwind strikes them, or the rush of the waters bears them down, and they are gone forever. But the Orator and the statesman, have for their monuments the intellectual powers of the living age, their words are stored in millions of memories, and the National mind is the book, where their deathless sayings are recorded.

Thus it is that great names so interweave themselves with Science, Eloquence, Philosophy and Government, that they have a deathless existence, whilst the subjects endure. Thus is it that the successful patriot is so recorded upon the monuments of his country's greatness, that his name will be remembered till that nation is scattered abroad.

And thus in future days when the measure of our Republic's greatness is full, when a hardy and enterprising population shall have left no solitary places between the Atlantic and Pacific, when our roll of fame shall be filled with the names of the mighty dead: the eye of the student will still turn with delight to the story of that boy of the Revolution, who stood beside the cradle of his country, who for the first sixty years of her existence, was part and parcel of his history, who died in her capitol, with the glorious flag of our Union, waving above his head, with an entire Congress for his friends, and a Mighty Nation for his mourners.

## The Term "Lady."

It is strange how things become changed with time, and it is also strange how different terms are often employed from what they were when they first originated. Take, for instance the word "Lady." In an old work, of the date of 1762, is the following account of that word:

"As I have studied more what appertains to the ladies than to the gentlemen, I will satisfy you how it came to pass that women of fortune were called ladies, even before their husbands had any title, to convey that mark of distinction to them. It was generally the fashion for a lady of affluence, once a week or oftener, to distribute a certain quantity of bread to her poor neighbors with her own hand, and she was called by them, *leff day*, (i. e. the bread giver.) These two words were in time corrupted, and the meaning of the term is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it."

According to this, the word might be put down among the obsolete, for the ladies are very different things in these days.