

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 5.

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## Jeffersonian Republican.

## Clay and Frelinghuysen.

BY J. GREINER.

## AIR—Old Dan Tucker.

The skies are bright, our hearts are light,  
In Baltimore the Whigs unite;  
We'll set our songs to old tunes,  
For there is music in these "Coons!"  
Hurrah! hurrah! the country's risin'  
For HARRY CLAY and FRELINGHUYSEN.

The Loco's hearts are very sore,  
Tho' very scarce in Baltimore;  
For they begin to see with reason  
That this will be a great coon season.  
Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

O! Frelinghuysen's a Jersey Blue  
A noble Whig and honest too,  
And he will make New Jersey feel  
Whigs pay respect to her "Broad Seal."  
Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

Now let the Locos speak in candor,  
His fame when Kendall dare not slander,  
And when we all get in the fight,  
Lord how the Jersey Coons will bite.  
Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

Oh! Many Van's a man of doubt,  
Who wires in and wires out;  
You cannot tell when on the track,  
If he's going on, or coming back.  
Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

The coon now looks around with pride,  
For who is here dare touch his hide;  
And tho' the Locos think to cross him  
They'll find he's only playing possum.  
Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

United heart and hand are we,  
From Northern Lake to Southern sea;  
From East to West the country's risin'  
For HARRY CLAY and FRELINGHUYSEN.  
Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

Several hundred dollars, in gold, were found accidentally, under a heap of coal ashes, in the Reading (Pa.) jail yard, supposed to have been secreted by some convict executed for murder.

5100 children had been born in Havana during the past year! being an increase of 448 on the year 1842! The Diario says:—"What a concert they would make if they were all confined at one time in the Tacon theatre!"

There are now being exhibited in the city of Wheeling, two brothers, ten and twelve years of age, who have neither hands nor feet, but claw-like the claws of an eagle, which they use with as much dexterity as most children their hands.

VERY PROPER.—The Revenue bill of Mississippi taxes lawyers, doctors, old bachelors, and jackasses.

SPELLING LESSON.—"John, come up with your lesson. What does g-l-a-s-s spell?"  
"Well, I know once—but I'm darned if I don't forget now."  
"Patience, what is in your mother's window-sashes?"

"There's so many things, that go-b darn me if I can remember 'em all. Let me see! That's the hoas blanket in one place; brother Job's white hat in another, sister Patience's bonnet in another, and dad's old trousers in the smash that Zeh and I made yesterday."  
"That'll do, Johnny; you may go and play a little while."

A Locofoco writer makes out that Mr. Van Buren is a great ornament to private life. "This perhaps is one of the reasons why the people are disposed to keep him there."

"Death to 'quackery!' as the man said when he knocked a duck over with a club.

From the Home Journal and Citizen Soldier.

## THE MAN OF ASHLAND.\*

BY GEO. LIPPARD, ESQ.

Author of "The Man of Paoli"—"The Man of the Hermitage," &c., &c., &c.

To the venerable ANDREW JACKSON.

With a proud confidence, that his magnanimous heart, will find nothing to censure on the ground of partizan feeling, but much to approve on the more substantial grounds of truth and justice, this sketch of the life and character of his Great Rival, is most respectfully and cordially dedicated, by

THE AUTHOR.

## THE MAN OF ASHLAND.

There is written down in some volume of legendary lore, a superstition at once sublime and beautiful, a strange superstition that would teach us to believe that the great and good of this earth are guided, watched over and beloved from very childhood, by a guardian spirit, a holy angel who first fills the young heart with dreams of ambition and then teaches the untrained footstep the ways of glory and honor, the paths of triumph and fame.

Such a guardian spirit, a mighty being robed in majesty and clad in power have I imagined, looking forth from the mystery of his invisible being, upon this rude and homely scene.

In a small and narrow room with low ceiling and confined walls, some dozen young men whose rustic attire and swarthy features disclosed by the light of the solitary rush-light, mark the hardy backwoodsman of the west, are seated on rough-hewn benches, listening to the stammering words of the orator in their midst.

Gaze well upon that young orator, friend of mine for by my faith, the guardian angel looks upon him with interest and anxiety! Gaze upon him—a tall stripling with a lean and somewhat bony figure, with a face by no means handsome, marked by a prominent nose, a wide mouth, and high cheek bones, while his forehead so bold, so high, so full and towering in outline gives soul to the expression of that large grey eye—gaze well upon him, and observe his coarse attire, the garments of homespun, their ungainly shape and rustic fashion, and as you gaze treasure each trifling detail of his appearance in your memory.

The boy essays to speak. His voice is indistinct, yet there is a depth and volume in its sound. He extends his hand—the gesture is rude and awkward. It is but a rustic audience, and yet the would-be orator colors to the forehead with modest diffidence. The boy proceeds; his words come stammering and slow yet he seems to gain confidence. A few more words, a few more awkward gestures, and the grey eye brightens, the voice rolls bolder and fuller. The boy-orator forgets time, place, poverty and diffidence. His soul warms in him and his hearers rustic as they are, lean over the rough benches, their eyes and ears fixed in breathless interest. They utter no word—they do not even whisper. Still the grey eye brightens, still the boy-orator warms in his theme and now he stands before you, raised to his full height, the ungainliness of his figure forgotten in the grandeur of his look, the coarse homespun of his garments forgotten in the majesty of the soul speaking from his unclouded brow.

And then in deep-toned words he opens to his rustic hearers the rich treasures of his heart, he flings around him the gifts of his prodigal fancy, he awakes them into breathless silence, he urges the involuntary shout of surprise and admiration from their lips, he chains them with his bursts of trembling feeling, he brings the warm throbs to their hearts, the heavy tear to their eyes. He stands confessed the germ of a mighty man, he the poor boy, the homespun-clad backwoodsman, the orphan and the stranger.

The smile on the dewy lips of the virgin when first she yields them to her lover's kiss is sweet, the smile of the widow when the peal of fame sounding honor to her first-born, telling of the difficulty overcome, the triumph won, rings in her ears, is lovely, and lovely is the smile wreathing the lips of God's own angels when the joy of the repenting sinner comes up to heaven, but sweeter than all is the smile of that guardian angel as invisible to mortal eye he looks forth upon the first triumph of the orphan boy in the rough log-cabin in the West. The father of the boy and the mother sleep under the green sod, in a far-away land, and yet the son, the rough-clad orphaned son has discovered the existence of the mighty power within him, has made his footsteps ring on the

iron threshold of the lofty temple consecrated to fame.

The guardian angel gazes from the shadow that enwraps its existence upon another scene. In a wide and lofty hall spanned by a magnificent ceiling, enriched with the triumphs of architecture, with the morning sun shining through colossal windows, a strange throng of men are gathered, sitting in solemn deliberations on the fate and destiny of their land.—From the north and the south, from the green Savannah and the ice-capped mountain, from the ocean-shore of the east, and the rolling prairie of the west, these men have hastened the chosen Representatives of a free and mighty people.

The matter in council is of fearful moment—War or Peace! Here are men whose cry is ever—Peace! through the decks of our vessels are desecrated by the footsteps of British outrage, though our flag is flung dishonored in the dust by British hands, though our borders are startled by the roar of the British Lion, though our national flag is loaded with scorn, our rights trodden to the earth, our liberties violated, the religion of our republican faith blasphemed, all in the name of the British, crying God and St. George to the rescue, still the cry of these men with side-long looks and lowering brows is—Peace, Peace, at every risk and all hazards—Peace!

Others there are with honest hearts and firm hands who dread a war. They rise on that Representative floor and laid in the ashes of a continental war, the town laid in the field desolated, the valley made a waste, nationed by the commerce destroyed, the wide land crowded by the bodies of the dead, the great Heaven forever blackened by the smoke of the fight.

All is doubt, disunion and dismay. Doubt while the armaments of Britain throng the seas, disunion while the red-coat armies are in our very borders, dismay while the first roar of the blood-stained Lion, whose proud throat felt the talons of our Eagle in the year '83, dismay while the first roar of the British Lion thunders in our ears.

Now guardian angel—look well upon your charge!

While all is doubt, disunion and dismay, a Legislator fresh from the ranks of the people, arises in his place, and speaks his word of council. Tall, sinewy and grand in form, his manner displays the man of education, but gaze upon his face! Can you tell the meaning of that full grey eye, can you read the mystery of that towering brow? Speaks the wide mouth with compressed lips of a vacillating or a determined mind, speaks the full voice of an orator whose cry is ever, Peace, or of the patriot whose liturgy of national faith and hope and honor is compressed in the syllable—War!

He speaks for War! Aye with his grey proud form raised to its full height, with his grey eye burning like a living coal, with his forehead all radiant with a mighty mind, he speaks for War! War for our national honor, War for our national wrongs, War in the name of the past, War at every risk and at all hazard—War!

His words ring echoing through the hall.—The traffickers in national honor hang their heads in shame, the doubtful start aside with surprise, exclaiming in wonder—is this the young backwoodsman of the West—the fearful raising their voices with the voice of the orator and the cry rings to the very ceiling—in God's name give us War!

Now Guardian Angel look upon your mighty ward and smile! Look upon the advocate of national honor, standing boldly erect in that Representative Hall, and as you look tell us is this the young backwoodsman of the West, is this the orphan orator of the rustic log-house, is this the stranger whose mother and father sleep under the green sod of Hanover?

There came another day, when doubt possessed the council hall of the nation. A band of brave men were struggling in a far land for freedom, struggling against Turk and Christian combined in one unholy league of wrong, struggling over the green graves of their fathers, under the shadow of mighty temples consecrated by the memories of three thousand years, still fighting and struggling for life and liberty!—These brave men with the blood of their wives and little ones, slain in merciless massacre, yet smoking before their eyes, with the "Alla Hu" of their remorseless butchers yet ringing in their ears, sent to a far land, where Liberty driven from the Old World made her home, and begged the Children of the Revolutionary Patriots to give them some aid, to extend but a hand to their assistance, to recognise them as a free and independent nation.

And they denied them. Yes the American Congress refused the petition of these brave men of the Grecian land.

Then it was that this bold Backwoodsman of the West arose on the floor of that council hall. Then it was that fire came to his eye and words to his tongue, then it was that with his stature inditing in its all commanding height, with his burning brow flushed with solemn indignation, this Man of Ashland spake forth to the council-men of the Nation his fiery message—

"Go home—!" he cried in that voice of thunder—

"Go home, to your own firesides, free-men that ye are, descendants of the heroes of Seventy-six, go home and when your constituents speak to ye of the cause of Greece, tell them with the blush of shame on your brows, that you dared not acknowledge the freedom of this gallant nation! Tell them—oh! be sure and tell them—that ye dared not—that dim vision of scimitars and crescents, of turbans and bowstrings scared you from your duty! Tell them that Greece plead and wept and plead again at the very feet of your Goddess of Liberty, and that that Goddess gave scorn for tears, contempt for prayers! Tell your constituents this, and let it be written down in the history of our land, that in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and twenty-four, in the year of the Lord and Saviour, who came to bring Peace to all the earth, this Grecian land oppressed, downtrodden and slaughtered, sent to the last home of Freedom in the wide earth, asking the countrymen of Washington for aid, and—oh! shame on the burning dishonor—they refused their petition, scorned their prayers, closed eye and ear on their solemn entreaties."

The Man of Ashland prevailed. The word went forth to all the earth that the land of the New World Freedom gave its solemn sanction to the cause of Old World Liberty, and with that word of sanction went forth, the name of the advocate of the cause! Oh it would make your heart warm and throb and throb again, were I to call up before your mental eye, the mighty panorama of that struggle, the shadowy glen where thousands fell beneath the footsteps of the Turk, the mountain pass, where the rocks hurled by the Avengers came thundering on the tyrants' heads, mingling them in one crimson massacre of justice, or the wide battle-plain where from the corpses of ten thousand slain, sped ten thousand immortal souls, laying down at the footstep of God, their charge of Liberty unto Death—oh it would make your heart beat and your eyes fill with tears, were I to tell you how from every shadowy glen, from the height of every mountain pass, from the carnage of the wide battle-field, three mighty names rose shrieking with the war-cry of the Greeks, mingled with their battle-shout and sanctified by their dying voices, husky with the flow of blood—the name of Bozzaris, of Washington and the name of \*\*\*\*\*

Guardian angel follow your mighty charge, through the scenes of the great drama, where the Man of Ashland was the Hero, the world the stage, all mankind spectators.

Now on the Senate floor, preaching war and now on the ocean-wave bringing the olive-branch from the old stronghold of freedom the city of Ghent; now filling the souls of the million, listening to him in hushed awe, with the weird magnetism of his spirit, now communing with his own heart, calling up the past or painting the future in the silent groves of his own sweet Ashland.

Away guardian angel, away to the quiet groves of green Ashland! Standing on a swelling knoll that uncovers its grassy breast to the first kiss of the uprising sun, you behold your mighty ward. Call the children of the Present to look upon him and look well, for the day will come when to have seen the Man of Ashland, will be honor and pride. The picture is grand and effective. The first beams of the uprising sun, fall upon that tall and muscular form revealing its outlines of bone, and sinew, unbent by time, unacquainted by the toil of thirty years, clad in plain garments of American texture, while the hat and staff in one hand, the drooping cloak falling over the shoulder, impart an air of ease mingled with majesty to his commanding presence. The high brow, rising like a tower, where thought keeps his eternal watch, the grey hairs floating wavyly in the morning air, the boldly marked eye-brows, throwing their arch above the large grey eye that has gazed upon all the phases of a grand-life with an unquailing glance, the prominent nose, the high cheek bones, the massive chin, the wide mouth with the lips compressed indicating the Will that never knew what it was to falter or to fear—such is the face of the Man of Ashland as standing on the green knoll, he looks upon the morning sun, while far away, spreads the background of hill and wood and knoll, until at last the blue veil of distance mingles the earth with the sky.

Oh great is the fame of the warrior, full of glory is the broad banner whose folds are flung waving on the winds of conquest, mighty the voice of the nation, yelling defeat to the foe and joy to the victor, but greater than all these, most glorious and most mighty of all victories are the triumphs of the Man of Ashland groves, though these triumphs are not the triumphs of war.

His are the triumphs of Peace. Yes, yes, from ten thousand homes there ever arises to God, the voice of blessing on his name. There comes to his soul, as he thus stands on the knoll of Ashland, gazing at the rising sun, the voice of the toil-wrung mechanic bending over his loom, and that voice blesses his name.—From the dim chambers of the shadowy cavern, where the miner toils on his darkling path, raising by slow degrees to the light of day, the rich stores of old mother earth, comes the voice of

the miner, and it echoes the word of blessing. The farmer in the golden-harvest takes up the sound, and echoes the song. From the noisy rooms of the factory, where the crash of the machinery, no longer is mingled with the groans of the starved operative, there comes floating along from old men and rosy-cheeked children from stout manhood and tender girlhood, a chorus of joy, chaunting merrily blessings on his head, peace to his grave, glory to his ashes, eternal honor to his name.

And why comes this mingled song of blessing from the mechanic and the miner, the factory-man and the factory-child, from the operative of the crowded city and the farmer of the golden plain?

The Man of Ashland first originated them amid scorn and contempt defied, and at last firmly established the AMERICAN SYSTEM, which gives independence to the American working-man, whether he toils in the mine or in the field, in the shop or at the loom, which gives bread to his table, comfort to his fireside, health and happiness to his home.

Guardian angel of the mighty man, Thou to whom his whole career has been a delight, thou to whom the Past and Future are as one, roll aside the awful curtain that stretches along the stage of Fate and give us a glimpse of the things that shall be. Were the guardian spirit it to speak, this might be the burden of his Prophecy.

On that same gentle knoll of the Ashland hills no longer green but withered by autumn viewing the glories of the sunset, streaking, the west with dazzling red and purple and gold, while clouded pillars and sunbeam temples pile their forms of grandeur along the horizon of the dying day, there stands the Man of Ashland, silent and alone at the evening there is the flush of the day-god on his lofty brow, there is the gleam of a tender memory and a dear forgiveness in his clear-grey eye, as he turns to the South, and looking to the hills of Tennessee, his soul remembers the mighty Hero, sheltered beneath the quiet roof of the Hermitage. Yes, yes, his antagonist in the grand Tournament of National fame, his rival in the race of honor, the gallant General of the war so nobly defended by the Man of Ashland now rests beneath the roof of the Hermitage, his arms calmly folded, his warrior-eye turned to Heaven, while his white hairs await the sunshine of God's eternal day, to change their snowy locks to un fading gold. And as the Man of Ashland gives his soul to the memory of the Man of the Hermitage, the tear—oh shame it not with a smile or a scoff—the tear glistens in his eye, and the feeling of the olden time comes throbbing round his heart. The political antagonist, the rival in the race of honor, the bitter opponent for the chair of power, all are forgotten, while before the soul of the Man of the Ashland Hills, arises the mighty panorama of New Orleans, the mist above and the flame below; the banners of the stars still soaring aloft in midst of flame, borne upward by the hand of its warrior champion, the white-haired Man of the Hermitage who at this evening hour, gazes also upon yon red sunset, and whispers as he waits for the master, like Simon of old—

"LORD, NOW LETTEST THOU THY SERVANT DEPART IN PEACE!"

And as the Man of Ashland gives his soul to the memory of the white-haired warrior, (whom God forever bless!) there comes echoing along the twilight air, the sound of horses hoofs, breaking the deep silence of the Indian summer eve, and then the horse and rider heaven in sight, and come panting up the hill. And as the horse all white with foam dashes along the ascent of the knoll, the rider whose attire covered with the dust of travel, tell you he has ridden far and long, draws a packet from his vest and waves it in the air. Another moment he has flung himself from his panting steed, he rushes hastily forward, and in silence delivers the packet to the Man of the Ashland Hills.

Now guardian angel, we summon you for the last time. Look well upon your charge as he breaks the heavy seals of this strange packet. His fingers tremble, his stature dilates and decreases with the throbbings of his chest, his proud eye quails and wanders in its glance.

The packet is broken! And there in manly words the electors of the nation met in solemn council, send their message to the orphan boy of Hanover, the young backwoodsman of the West, the champion of War in the Senate Halls, the advocate of American Industry, the wronged, the calumniated and the triumphant.

And as the sun goes down to his chambers of glory, the guardian angel smiles, and turning from the Man of Ashland as his towering frame swells proudly erect, while his eye gathers new fire in its glance, the guardian spirit of the orphan boy of Hanover, bows low before the altar of American freedom, and on the proud column by its sides, writes the orphanage, the struggles, the wrongs and the triumph of genius in a single name, that shines and brightens even amid the names of Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Wayne and Jackson, the name of

HENRY CLAY.

There are 420 periodicals published in London.