EASTON GAZETTE.

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REPORTED FOR THE PHILADELPHIA FORUM.

SPEECH OF REVERDY JOHNSON, Esq

DELIVERED AT SMITH'S ISLAND ON THE 4TH JULY.

The health of Mr. Johnson, of Baltimore, having been proposed and drunk, that gentlemen rose and returned thanks for the honor done him as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I want words to express the deep sensibility I feel at the kindness of your reception. I came with no hope, and I am here indulging no hope of being enabled by anything I can say to impart information to you on the political topics of the day, or to add to the patriotic enthusiasm by which you are animated. The history of our country during the last fourteen years, has been marked by too many acts of misgovernment, leaving in their progress nothing but the desolation they have occasioned, not to have made such an impression on the public mind, as to have been fully understood and fully appreciated. I speak, gentlemen, in no language of exaggeration but in the soberness of truth when I say to you that the history of the world may be consulted in vain for acts of more flagrant usurpation, of deeds of more daring outrage, of councils of more consummate ignorance than those under which it has been our fate during the period alluded to, to live and to suffer. (Applause.) I was one, gentlemen although I am almost ashamed to own it, who, carried away by the enthusiasm of the hour, lent my feeble aid to the election of that military Chieftain, whose whole public life had to that period shed a glory on the nation.

But I honestly then that all the promises of such a life would be fulfilled—that wise, patriotic, national measures of public policy would be secured to the country. Gentlemen, I had no idea then what was to be our fate. I had supposed what all only could have supposed and all had a right to suppose, that he would go into the Presidential chair the presiding genius of the nation—having no motive but the public good, having no interest but the public welfare—discharging the duties of the station with a national aim, and for the national glory, and not as the mere head of a party, trampling upon the rights of those who dared to think him wrong, and administering the government solely with a view to the power and emolument of those whose base and degrading motto it was, 'to the victors belong the spoils.' (Cheers) I believe that the story of man's folly, since the days of man's civilization gives no instance in which popular delusion has been carried to a greater extent—personal idolatry, evinced in a more astonishing and debasing degree than in the instance of the eminent man to whom I refer. No matter what he did; no matter what institution, however sacred and approved by all the experience of the past he assailed; no matter how startling the doctrines which he inculcated, all were acquiesced in and adopted by his followers. His word was the law, his will became the public will, and against his power it appeared to be but an idle waste of time energy and patriotism to combat. (Great cheering.) But the days, gentlemen, of delusion I believe are gone, the American people are at last awakened to their own interest and to the danger of mere personal idolatry; they have determined on taking into their own hands their own affairs and maintaining their own rights, and, as we shall act in this our day and generation, it will be decided whether the election of General Jackson to the Presidency will hereafter be considered as having planted the seeds of our ruin, or having been a blessing by the warning which it has afforded to us against the danger of idolizing any one man, and leaving the destinies of the nation to be guided by his will, our Constitution and laws to be just what he may allow them to be (Cheers) It would ill suit the occasion, gentlemen, to recur in detail to the many acts of misgovernment in which he was the chief actor.

It is sufficient for my purpose, and all that the time will warrant, to come down to modern days when we have had different men to deal with, although they have vainly sought to tread in the footsteps of such a predecessor. (Loud cheers.) I shall not speak of the *Accident*—he deserves not the name of President, for he is not worth speaking of: (laughter and applause,) he is entitled to escape from all animadversion by the ridiculous littleness of his political stature—(Laughter,) and, it would ill-suit the day which we are here to commemorate—the day sacred to patriot spirits—the day when no coward blood was suffered to run in the veins of American freemen—(Cheers)—the day in which no *traitor's* blood was suffered to run without the Traitor's doom, to talk of John Tyler!—(Roars of laughter) If there be any thing in humanity more contemptible, more excessively diminutive, (Shouts of laughter) more morally degrading, more utterly corrupt, than the man whose name I do not like to speak twice, and must spare my tongue its pollution, (Applause and laughter,) you have it in him; and, apologizing to you, gentlemen, for saying any thing of one so mean on such a day as this, I leave 'the Accident" in all his *littleness*. (A cry of 'good' accompanied by much laughter) But we have now a different man to cope with; we have not the 'follower in the footsteps" to fight and conquer, for his own friends have dealt with him taken him out of our hands, and been themselves his executioners. We have now a man who many of you, gentlemen, until recently, probably, never heard of—James K. Polk—I believe it is, for we are not altogether informed whether it is *K.* or *R* (Laughter.) James K. Polk of Tennessee, and your own statesman, Geo. M. Dallas—the latter indebted, as we learn, from the Mississippi press, more especially than to any other cause, for his nomination to the Vice Presidency of these United States because the harmonious Democratic Convention were resolved upon passing a splendid compliment on the state of Mississippi; and that they did it by taking him because he was the uncle of Mississippi's idolized son Robert J. Walker's wife.—(Bursts of laughter.) And I dare say, gentlemen (and I speak it with all becoming respect for the State of matchless public faith,) it was as high a compliment as she merited. We have then James K. Polk and George M. Dallas in the field as our competitors. Now the first thing that suggested itself to any man of intelligence and observation, is that that will not make a fair fight. (Laughter.) The odds are too largely in our favour, they are against all arithmetic. Henry Clay (here three hearty and deafening cheers were given) & Theodore Frelinghuysen, [cheers] against Polk and Dallas! Only think of that. [Bursts of laughter.] Heaven's what a chance! for the Whigs and the Country. Why, gentlemen, if these competitor's of ours should discover that discretion is the better part of valor,' they will run before the day of battle comes. James K. Polk and Geo. M. Dallas!—Why, what have they ever done? Mr. Dallas used to be a Bank man! [a voice, 'to the backbone.'] Yes! and with all the head he had too. He presented a memorial for the re-charter of the Bank, carried it through, not, as he said, as the reluctant, but as the willing instrument of Pennsylvania instruction—voted again for it, and against the veto of the old Hero of the Hermitage; [laughter] and said just before the veto came, the old man, though of iron will, *dared* not refuse his assent to it. Now, I do not know that he goes so far as to say a Bank is unconstitutional but he has gone far enough to let us know that he can go any distance backward that may be required. Now, the Bank is a monster which, to be seen, is to be hated.—Now, the destinies of the land are in imminent peril even if you talk within the walls of Congress of chartering a Bank! Now, he tells them if, at any future day, events should render that course necessary, he will unsay all that he has heretofore said of such an institution. With G. M. Dallas now, the Constitution, is not what it used to be—the policy which he and the nation then approved, suits us no more—a national currency ever attended with national blessings, we are, as far as depends upon him to ever to lose

What has James K. Polk done? One would have supposed that such a great & gallant party, who boast of their original leader that he knew no fear, would at least have selected some man who had something about him by which he would be enabled to fasten himself on the nation's heart. They have taken James K. Polk, late speaker of the House of Representatives, the willing instrument of mere party power, trampling upon the rights of the minority—rendering a ready obedience to the mere behests of party discipline and who carried his extravagant degradation to such a length as to induce a member from Virginia, whose name has since become more famous than it was then, though then famous enough, to tell him on the floor of Congress after having whispered in his ear elsewhere, that such was his hatred of tyranny that he had denounced him the mere petty tool of a tyrant; & had denounced him for the purpose of insulting him—a denunciation and an insult which he took with all Christian forbearance. What a leader for southern chivalry to be proud of! What a leader for the gallant Pickens 'born with a heart (as he tells us and sure he knows) insensible to fear' to fight under! Then what has he done?

I profess not to be entirely ignorant of the political events of the last fifteen years; and I profess since the nomination to have gone through the memorials of the day for the purpose of ascertaining what single act this man has done to recommend him in the opinion of any one of ordinary intelligence, for the Presidency of the U. States; but I have searched in vain. And that, indeed, I might have been sure of in advance.—For until that Babal body of a Convention which met at Baltimore on the 27th of May last, for the purpose of making a nomination—and in a moment of desperation when they were just about breaking up in utter confusion and riot—fell upon Polk, no individual in the country dreamed of him as fit for such a statesman. Why, gentlemen, the whole American people of all parties, himself included, were astounded when his nomination was proclaimed.—Thousands and hundreds of thousands at first believed it a hoax. Thousands and hundreds of thousands had never heard of the man. All that we can discover of him now is, that he is against every thing.

We know he is not for any single measure of national policy that is desirable—We know he is not for a Tariff for protection, we know he denounces it as both unconstitutional and inexpedient, and we know that he denounces the particular Tariff whose blessings the nation now feels,—he denounces it as a bill of abominations in all its features, and which he holds in utter abhorrance. Elevate him, then, to the Presidency—and away goes the tariff of 1842

Now, are you for that, my fellow citizens? (Loud cries of 'No, 'No,' from every quarter.) That the Constitution of the United States comming from men as pure, as wise, as patriotic as the world has ever seen, should not have contained within itself a power by which the industry of our people could not be protected against foreign industry—by which the labor of our own citizens could be aided in a competition with foreign labors and pauper foreign labor assisted by foreign legislation—is to pronounce a libel on the departed spirits of '89—(Great cheering) At that time, as we all know, gentlemen, there was no State Constitution which did not invest its own Legislature, with the power of laying duties to any extent, and for any purpose which the public welfare might demand And they are supposed to have surrendered this whole power—to have given up an attribute of sovereignty absolutely indispensable to national independence and national prosperity, without having invested the government of the nation to which they surrendered it with the same power. Had it been so, and James K Polk says it was so, we should have presented the singular spectacle in the days of enlightened freedom, of a nation of freemen meeting with the aid of all the intelligence that man is capable of, and in a spirit of perfect patriotism, for the purpose of adopting a government calculated to carry them on from one stage of happiness to another, until they arrived at the greatest possible state of political and individual felicity, and omitting to incorporate into it a power possessed by all other Governments that ever existed—a power possessed by every one, because absolutely necessary to its independence.

Gentlemen, to maintain such a doctrine, is to slander the memory of the departed, to slander the first Congress that assembled under the constitution, to slander each Congress that succeeded them; to slander every President, down I was about to say, to John Tyler; but I omit him, for I don't think he ever can be slandered. (Roars of laughter.) It would be a libel on the great body that propounded the constitution to maintain they were so defective in wisdom as to leave such a power unprovided for, and an equally foul libel upon the intelligence of the people by whom it was adopted.—Gentlemen, who is to be our champion in the coming conflict? He bears a name as familiar to us as our household words—a name identified with the name and honor, and glory of the nation—a name that will go down to all after times; to be regarded with veneration and love increasing as the years roll on, whilst his calumniators, if remembered at all, will be remembered only to be loathed and despised. (Great and enthusiastic cheering)

From the time, gentlemen, that he came on the stage of public life, now a period of nearly forty years, up to the day at which we are, at all times and upon all occasions the history of his country will be found to be his history. Her trials will be seen to have been his trials; her disasters, his disasters; her happiness his happiness; her glory, his glory. With no motive but the public good; with no aspiration but for the public welfare; with constant invocations to Heaven, but for its choicest blessing upon his country and her people—his life has been spent in her service. And yet we have seen him, and see him still, by the miscreants of present day—the Amos Kendall's of the Democracy—mentioned only to be calumniated, and calumniated with a fiendish malignity with which no other man was ever persecuted.

Whether we have observed him at a period at which the National honor was involved, animating his countrymen to its vindication by appeals to their patriotism in the Halls of Legislation—whether we have seen him when the battle was waging, urging his fellow citizens to acts of patriotic endurance and deeds of noble daring by the spirit-stirring tones of his eloquence—whether we have seen him as Minister abroad, sent to negotiate an honorable peace, watching with never sleeping vigilance over her fame—or whether we have seen him again in the Halls of Legislation, warring against tyrany, loudly denouncing Executive usurpation speaking aloud and sparing not the utter degradation of legislative subserviency—or, finally, we have witnessed him warning the people against the meditated treason of the unfortunate man now at the head of the Nation, he has always been one and the same—an American at heart an American in conduct,—all his hopes for his country, all his energies tasked to the utmost for her advantage, her safety and honor. (Long, reiterated and deafning cheers.)

And who is *Theodore Frelinghuysen*? It was said, my fellow-citizens, by a distinguished son of your own State as soon as the nomination was proclaimed within the walls of the church in which the Convention sat in May last, that the nomination had one attribute about it which perhaps, could not have been attributed to any other man—his character was so spotless, his life had been so pure, his spirit was so perfect that not even Amos Kendall could slander him. (Laughter and applause) The statement was hailed as the strongest eulogy that could be pronounced, and the prediction which it contained, it was thought by the members generally, would be fulfilled to the letter. I did not partake of that opinion my fellow-citizens. I thought I knew the wretch better. I thought, and the result has proved that I was right; that the very fact that Frelinghuysen was pure and spotless; his life, in everything that can adorn the man, as perfect as is allowed to human frailty—a life illustrated by a firm, full and practicable belief in the religion of Heaven—would all, in themselves, afford an irresistible inducement to such a miscreant as Kendall to fasten upon it with delight. I was sure that to do so would be to him a species of mental luxury—that to breathe upon such a character as that would be, to him unspeakable felicity—to cast his poisonous breath against one whom he knew had lived always in an atmosphere where high moral & religious duties are alone known and observed would be, to him, a triumph; for, he would know that he need only touch him to inflict upon him intense pain And I have not been mistaken, gentlemen. He edits a paper called 'The Expositer,' and hardly a number issues in which we have not the morality of Mr. Frelinghuysen assailed and ridiculed—his religion made a constant theme of ribald jests—the very part which, from Sabbath to Sabbath his faith and his duty lead him to take in places dedicated to God's worship, held up to the American people as an objection and a stigma upon the man and the Convention by whom he was nominated.

But my fellow-citizens, however the poisonous breath of such a mass of moral putrifaction as Amos Kendall may effect for a time the peace and happiness of Theodore Freinghuysen, the day is at hand when the people of the U. States will sanction, by a voice almost approaching to unanimity, the choice of the Convention, while his inhuman libeller will be sunk still lower in that depth of infamy which he has so long been labouring to fathom (Cheers.) No one of us could have been so listless a spectator of the events which are preceding that battle which we are now called upon to engage in, as not to perceive that we are to fight against falsehood—reiterated from hour to hour. The whole scheme of warfare from one end of the union to the other is an organized system of lies and libels, such as a civilized community never before witnessed One of their plans is to talk about the changes in our ranks—of the men who have left us and joined their standard. Now gentlemen to speak in a phrase a little technical—*prima facie*—the fact must be untrue. There have been no changes. No honest man, with any brains in his head, ever turns from Whigism to Locofocoism—to Jacksonism—to Van Burenism—to Tylerism, or to Polkism. (Roars of laughter) And the moment, therefore, you hear of any such changes, you may be certain either that the man should be taken charge of by his friends, as a fit subject for a lunatic asylum or that he was always a locofoco at heart (Laughter.) Gentlemen to give you an instance of this kind of lying.—I stopped at New Castle the other day, & went to see as every good Whig does, your distinguished friend John M. Clayton.—(Enthusiastic cheers.) He said to me, 'Johnson, I thought Maryland and Delaware would have been neutral ground in this lying mode of warfare of our opponents, but I find it is not so. Why, sir, will you believe it?—in your 'Elkton Democrat,' published in Cecil county, in your State, it was published the other day, in large capitals, that JOHN M. CLAYTON had seen the error of his ways,—(laughter)—and turned Locofoco Polko Democrat.' (Increased laughter.) I thought gentlemen, at first he was quizzing me, but he assured me it was no joke, but a fact. It speaks volumes as to all the alleged changes that fill the columns of their papers. In truth, gentlemen this mode of decepion is reduced to a system; and all that you have to do is to tell the man—(always telling him, of course, in polite terms,)—who says to you that this or that man has changed, that it is not true, or if true, then he was not worth the keeping and the acquiring.

Well, fellow-citizens, have you any fears for the result? (An universal shout of 'No.' 'No.') I can speak for Maryland In 1840 we had upwards of 4000, but this time we will have 5000. (Cheers.) I dare say you have heard that our October election, our Gubernatorial candidate will be beat. Don't credit a word of it Put him down for 4000, & of that number put Baltimore down for 600. The tariff gentlemen—that is the thing, coming home, as it does, to us all—the Tariff has made, and continues to make sad work with our adversaries, When we talk to our mechanics, artizans and others, all of them intelligent and most of them educated, of the policy of the tariff, when we tell them that if it should be repealed their occupations are gone—their bread taken from them—themselves, then wives and their children reduced to beggary—that moment they see what is to be the result of the battle—that it is a struggle on one side, in which American freemen and all their dearest interests are involved, and foreign pauper subjects on the other; that moment the conflict is over—the battle is won! (Tremendous cheering)

Gentlemen—I have but a word more to say in conclusion and it is the only opportunity, perhaps, that will be afforded me of saying a single word to you as to the consequences of the contest in which we are engaged. As victory shall be ours, or perch upon the opposite standard, so in my conscience do I believe, is our country to be happy or miserable. I speak it gentlemen in no spirit of groundless apprehension—I speak it from no motive of personal interest other than the interest which I, as an American freeman, share with you in the concerns of our common country, when I say that the topics in controversy—the subjects in dispute—the principles involved, are, as we may conquer or be conquered, to result in the lasting happiness or the lasting injury of the American people.

We all know gentlemen, that the prosperity of the United States, from the adoption of the constitution up to the period of Gen. Jackson's elevation to the Presidency, and for one or two years afterwards was unexampled in the history of the world, except during the period of the war, was not altogether without its blessings, for it gave us an opportunity of measuring strength with the then haughty mistress of the ocean—to show her that her descendants were a match and more than a match for her, even on her favorite element—enthusiastic applause)—ours was one continued period of happiness. Now, there is no disputing facts; there is no getting rid of results. If the public suffer, there is no making them believe they are prosperous. There is no disputing the fact that from the day when General Jackson let himself loose from the guidance of his better judgment and took into his councils those only who followed his behests, down to the period at which we are, with a single exception of one month only, when the lamented Harrison was President, ours has been one continued scene of suffering; suffering of the worst kind; suffering in degredation, moral and social; the nation suffering the falling off the national attachment to our national institutions; suffering in the elevation of dishonest men to the offices of the Government; suffering every where—suffering in every form. And, gentlemen, was it by accident; Is it not to attributed to a cause we can all understand? Is it not because the long supposed policy of the Government was abandoned, & a law corrupting sense of public duties, substituted for the high and elevated sense which distinguished other times.

Gentlemen, let us go back to former days go to the days of Washington, (cheers) when every man felt proud to tread upon American soil; and proud upon every soil he might tread; when every man felt secure that all his rights, private and political, were not to be endangered by misrule; when there was a watchful guardian over him which would see the powers of the Government carried out to their legitimate extent, that it would be so administered as to confer all the blessings it was designed to confer, and avoid all the evils which it was intended to avoid

Bring us back to the days of Jefferson of Madison of Monroe and though last not least bring us back to the good old days of John Q. Adams & Henry Clay, (great and enthusiastic cheers)—a man deriving his blood from a patriot sire, breathing no breath but a patriot's breath living for his country; and now almost literally dying in the service of that country doing all that he can raising his voice from time to time against the corrupting tendency of the Government and always upon the side of freedom. (Cheers.) Bring us back to the days in which each American citizen had a right to petition Congress for any thing he esteemed an injury. (Cheers) Save us from the opposite results; Jackson, tyranny & misrule. Oh! how terribly we all have felt it; and no city within the boundaries of the country has felt more than this good city of yours Save us from the little (I do not mean it in the same sense I applied it to that much littler man)—save us from the little petty schemes and expedients of that illustrious follower in the footsteps; Martin Van Buren. (Laughter and applause.)

Gentlemen, I do not ask you to spare us from the thing that is now at Washington—(laughter.)—John Tyler; he is about to expire and with no hope of a resurrection in this world—(laughter and applause)—and if he prays for his real and true happiness (unless there be virtue in a death bed repentance) it will be that he may have no resurrection in the next. (Roars of laughter.)

Give us Henry Clay and Theodore Frelinghuysen, and how the land will smile and rejoice—how free and how much happier will each man feel. In the general delight, I have no doubt, gentlemen, that the honest portions of the Democracy, and there are multitudes of them, will gladly partake. Once let them realize all the benefits which the Constitution when well administered, can confer, and they are Whigs for life. Then all will believe, the Union is safe. That great and only tie which constitutes us a Nation, all will see is not to be broken, but indure forever. The ravings and treasonable plottings of the evil spirits of the land will then cease to shock or alarm the National ear. They will stand rebuked in the presence of Patriotic Freemen, headed by Henry Clay. The silent influence of his name and character will then save them once more from the halter, as his active influence has before done.

Gentlemen, I will conclude, therefore, with giving you this sentiment:

The day we celebrate and its crowning result—the Union of the States.—If the men who made the first memorable, had to decide his fate who shall seek to destroy the latter, it would be the felon's doom.—(Loud and enthusiastic cheers.)

AND YET ANOTHER—The work in Tennessee goes on bravely. The last Knoxville Register says, 'Mr. Baugh, a Locofoco Representative of the county of Hawkins in '39 has declared his determination, in a public speech, to support Henry Clay for the Presidency? Mr. Baugh was a warm supporter of Van Buren in 1840, but he can't vote for Polk and Dallas!

Wm. H. Holstein, of Montgomery county, Pa., an influential 'democrat,' has renounced Polk and Dallas, and has enrolled his name as a member of the Upper Marion Clay Club.

M. M. Noah, who some time ago enlisted under the Loco Foco flag, says the late nominations at Baltimore 'will give Mr. Clay many Democratic votes while it will beyond a doubt keep many old men of that party from the polls in November next.'

DESERTIONS.—A Loco Foco meeting was held at Savannah, Georgia, on the 7th, Col. G. Robertson in the chair, at which was resolved that 'we disapprove of the action of the late Baltimore Convention in nominating Mr. Polk for President, and that we as Democrats repudiate said nomination.'

WILSON SHINN'S LETTER.—Mr Shinn, one of the State Senators of the State of Virginia, has addressed a letter to a friend in which he speaks indignantly of the course pursued by the Baltimore Convention which nominated Mr Polk at the sacrifice of Mr. Van Buren, the choice of the party. His letter thus begins:

'You ask me in your note of the 10th inst. 'how I like the proceedings of the Democratic National Convention?' I will tell you with a great deal of frankness.—I did not like them at all. Neither do I think that the democracy of the country will be satisfied to be governed by the dictation of such political jugglers as that convention was composed of—particularly those from this State, who I believe to a man were sent there as Van Buren men and to represent the Van Buren interest of the State And how did they do it? Let their own disgrace, and the odium brought on the Democratic party by their infidelity, answer the question. Instead of the Delegation from Virginia voting for Van Buren, as they were elected to do, not one of them voted for him; notwithstanding the Virginia delegation voted against him, he got a majority over all others of 26 votes on the first ballot. Had Virginia voted for him as she should have done, he would then have received on the first ballot a majority of 43 votes thus clearly indicating that he was the choice of the Democratic party in the United States—He was emphatically the choice of the Democratic party—his popularity was the means of driving Mr. Calhoun (who was a prominent aspirant for the office) from the track. His claims to the office threw those of Calhoun, Johnson, Buchanan, Gen. Cass, Old Ironsides—and even anti-Texas Benton in the shade, notwithstanding their acknowledged abilities and personal popularity, as well as their long, able and arduous defence of the Democratic principles. And who do they recommend for this office over such names as I have mentioned? James K Polk of Tennessee!—a man who whatever his gentlemanly deportment may be, (and I understand that it is at par) is scarcely known out of his bailiwick. He is an entire stranger, not only personally, but politically, to the whole Democracy; and I doubt much if not a stranger to himself. He certainly must be since his recommendation for this office. So far as the next Presidential election is concerned, the convention might as well have recommended no person, as a 'Forlon Hope.' That convention met as distractionists, as men determined at the sacrifice of the Democracy, to throw fire brands into, and divide the Republican party into as many political fragments as itself was composed of. They played the child's play, and (after deserting their constituents) neither being able to get his own choice under the rules adopted by themselves, took him who was not the choice of any.

Mr. Shinn continues at some length his strictures upon the conduct of the

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