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NAPOLEON AND DUROC.

FROM GEN. MILLER'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

Napoleon was very fond of walking in the streets of Paris *incognito*, in search of adventures. On these occasions he generally wore a round hat and a long blue coat, in which his appearance was not altogether prepossessing. In consequence of this, he was occasionally received with a coolness and indifference to which, in *propria persona*, he was unaccustomed.—One morning shortly before Christmas, he arose as early as seven, and accompanied by Duroc, Grand Marshal of the Palace, (who wore the same sort of disguise as Napoleon,) left the Tuilleries just as day was breaking. After a walk through the Palace Vendue, thence to the Rue de Napoleon—where he much admired the splendid mansions which had been recently erected there; chatting familiarly with Duroc, he observed:

"It seems that the Parisians in this quarter are very lazy, to keep their shops shut at this time of day?"

Discouraged thus they arrived at the Chinese bath rooms, which had been recently painted and embellished. As they were criticising the exterior, the *café* which belonged to the establishment opened.

"Suppose we enter and breakfast here," said Napoleon to Duroc; "what do you say?" "I have not your walk given you an appetite?" "Sire, it is too early; it is only eight o'clock."

"Hail! hail! your watch is always too slow! As for me, I am quite hungry."

And without waiting for an answer Napoleon entered the *café*, took his seat at the table and called for a waiter, and requested some mutton chops and a bottle of chamberlain wine; and having breakfasted heartily, and taken a cup of coffee, which he protested was better than he was supplied with at the Tuilleries, he called the waiter and demanded the bill, saying to Duroc—"Pay and let us return now; then rising and going to the door, he began to whistle an Italian recitative, endeavoring to appear at ease. The Grand Marshal rose at the same time; but after fruitlessly searching his pockets, found that having dressed in haste, he had forgotten his purse, and he well knew that Napoleon never carried any money about him. Nevertheless the waiter came and presented the bill to the Grand Marshal, who stood mute with surprise at not being able to discharge it, although the amount was only twelve francs. Napoleon not knowing what detained Duroc and not accustomed to be kept waiting, re-entered, saying impatiently—

"Come, make haste, it is late."

The Grand Marshal was comprehending the unpleasant situation in which he was placed, and thinking the best way to get out of it was to avow frankly his inability to discharge the debt, approached the mistress of the *café*, (who was silent and indifferent at the counter,) and said politely and confusedly—

"Madame, my friend and myself left home this morning a little precipitately, we quite forgot to bring our purses—but I give you my word that in an hour I will send you the amount of your bill."

"It may be so, sir," coldly replied the lady; "but I know neither of you, and we are every day taken in in this manner.—Do you think that—"

"Madame," interrupted the Grand Marshal, reddening with rage at this answer, "we are men of honor, we are officers of the guard!"

"Oh, yes! fine excuses, truly! officers of the guard indeed!"

At these words, men of honor and officers of the Guard, when Napoleon had overheard, he turned round, in a voice of which had caused heroes to tremble, demanded—

"What is all this about?"

But at a sign from Duroc, he remained impatiently where he was. The waiter now stepped forward and volunteered to be answerable for the debt, with which assurance the mistress of the *café* was satisfied. Duroc regarded the young man with surprise, and drawing from his pocket a watch encircled with brilliants, said to him:

"My friend you have acted nobly; keep this watch till I return to recompense you."

"Sir," said the waiter, "I have no wish to take it; I feel convinced that you are men of honor."

"Good, my friend," said the Grand Marshal, "you shall never repeat your confidence in us." He then rejoined the Emperor.

Duroc recounted the particulars of the adventure to Napoleon, who laughed heartily, and was pleased with the generosity of the poor waiter, who had become security for them without knowing who they were. On their way to the palace, they came to the Passage des Panoramas, which was then one of the most elegant

passages or covered ways in Paris. There a shop attracted the attention of Napoleon. It contained a fine collection of porcelain vases. Two superb ones were exposed to view, and appearing to the Emperor very tasteful, he entered the shop and demanded the price. The mistress of the shop, with a sneer on her countenance, coolly asked if he wished to purchase them.

"Why, madame, I should not have asked the price, unless I had thought of purchasing them," said Napoleon, irritated by the imputation of the woman.

"Four thousand francs (£160), not a farthing less, monsieur."

"Four thousand francs that is horribly dear, madame; much too dear for me!"

And, touching his hat, he was about to leave the shop, when the *merchante*, with her hands in her pockets, added sarcastically:

"They cost me five thousand, but it is better to sell at cost in these times than to starve. There are fine doings now-a-days! I always war! all the world complains! Business is at a stand still now, and the shopkeepers are ruined; but we do not pay less taxes."

During this address, Napoleon's countenance became highly expressive—his eyes flashed, his cheeks were flushed with rage; at length he interrupted her by saying:

"Madame, have you a husband? Where is he? Can't I see him?"

"Eh! la! la! do not be angry, monsieur! I have a husband, thank heaven, but he has gone to seek for money. But what can you want with him when I am here?"

"Enough, madame, enough! I wished to tell your husband that—perhaps I should send for these vases—"

He then left the shop, disgusted with the *merchante*, whose coolness and politeness had so much exasperated him.

"Faith!" said he, when he had rejoined Duroc, "I have had a sound lecture from a foolish woman, who seems to attend more to politics than her business! Oh! I will have her husband's head shaved; it is his fault!"

The Emperor and the Grand Marshal now returned to the Tuilleries, having both met with adventures, the one with a shop-keeper, and the other with a waiter.

About six weeks after these occurrences Napoleon said one evening to Duroc: "I have nothing to do now, suppose we go and see how the shops look. By-the-by, how did you settle the affair at the Chinese Baths?"

"Indeed, sire, I am glad you have mentioned the subject, for I had quite forgotten all about it."

"This was wrong, Duroc, very wrong! I may be allowed to forget such trifles; but you—"

"Sire, I will immediately make the *amende honorable*."

"Yes, do; and let it be done in a way that will please me; you understand. At the same time let the female politician be ordered to send her husband *here*, with the two vases which I looked at when I paid her a visit. I am somewhat in her debt. Ah! ah! 'tis my turn now, and we shall see!"

Duroc having given precise directions to one of the imperial footmen, despatched him to the Chinese Baths, when he thus addressed the mistress of the *café*:

"Madame, did not two gentlemen breakfast here about six weeks since without settling their bill?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied the lady, very much troubled, seeing that the inquirer wore the livery of the palace.

"Well, Madame, those gentlemen were the Emperor and the grand Marshal of the palace! Can I see the waiter who became security for them?"

"Yes, certainly, sir."

The mistress rang the bell and felt uneasy; she thought of nothing less than going to the palace and imploring the forgiveness of the Emperor. When the waiter appeared, the footman gave him a roll of fifty Napoleons, and said to him:

"In addition to this, the Grand Marshal has charged me to say, that if you have any favor to ask for yourself or friends he will be most happy to grant it. The name of the waiter was Dorgan; he hastened to accept the kind offer of the Grand Marshal, who instantly made him one of the imperial footmen. He soon gained the confidence of the Empress Josephine, and became her special attendant. After her divorce he accompanied her to Malmaison, and singular destiny of men at this time—eventually entered the service of Wellington in 1814.

After his visit to the *café*, the imperial footman reached the Passage des Panoramas, when he entered the shop of the voluble *merchante*.

"Sir," said he, addressing the waiter, "you are requested to go to the palace this instant, with two vases which the Emperor inquired the price of about six weeks since in your shop. His imperial majesty is now waiting for you."

"Heaven! he cried, 'I shall be shot.'—Then addressing his wife, who was terribly frightened and unable to speak, he said—

"I have no doubt but that you, madame, have been talking to the Emperor, speaking ill of the Government as you always do; and this to the Emperor himself! When will you learn to cease your cursed babbling? Ah, mon dieu!—I am a lost man, I shall be shot!"

Here fright nearly overpowered the poor man, who seemed shocked that his

wife should have taken the Emperor for a police spy. However, he mustered all his courage and arrived with the vases at the Tuilleries, where he was immediately ushered into the presence of Napoleon, who thus addressed him:

"So, sir, I have found you at last—I am glad to see you here!"

Then taking from his desk eight bank notes for a thousand francs each, he presented them to the dealer who was trembling with fear, and with great difficulty advanced to receive them. And now with that peculiar sarcastic brevity with which he invariably spoke when he wished to reproach, he added:

"I went the other day to your shop.—I bargained for two vases; your wife asked four thousand francs, telling me they cost her five thousand. Well, although that was a falsehood, I now give you eight thousand; take them.—There are four for yourself. But tell your wife that if she does not attend to her domestic affairs instead of politics, *noobless!* I will send her where she will be taken care of, and you too, to teach you both to be more silent. Go, sir;—that is all I have to say to you! *Bon Soir!*"

Earthquakes—Bute Sagacity.

To man, nature affords no symptom of the approach of an earthquake, even of the most destructive description, in time to put him on his guard, and enable him beforehand to consult the means of safety. It is true that where there are active volcanoes, and they sulch for a season, or come to smoke as usual, a convulsion in the vicinity may be predicted with tolerable certainty. But the day and hour of its occurrence is a profound secret; and the event is often warded off by the craters resuming their activity.—Down to almost the latest moment prior to the dread event, which will slay its thousands, convert their houses into sepulchres, and demolish the marts of commerce, the hall of justice, and the temples of religion, both heaven and earth appear as on days destined to pass peacefully or gladsomely away.

It was on Old Saint's day, which broke with a serene sky and a fine easterly breeze in the early morning, when the churches were thronged with congregations, that Lisbon was smitten to the dust. On the afternoon of a similar festival, beneath a calm and cloudless sky, Caracae perished, while the moon hung her brilliant lamp over the ruined city at eventide, and the night of the torrid zone set in with peculiar loveliness. If long calms, oppressive heats, and prevalent fogs have been the observed antecedents of many catastrophes, it is certain that the events are merely coincident, and not physically connected, since such states of the atmosphere often occur without being followed by terrible phenomena, while earthquakes have as frequently transpired during the gales of wind, under the brightest skies, and when heavy rains have been pouring down.

As the solemn crisis approaches, human intelligence seems inferior to brute sagacity. Men buy and sell, eat and drink, marry and give in marriage, on the eve of a change which will nullify contracts, and terminate the engagements of life to the busiest plotters for the future; while many of the lower renounce their customary habits, and display unmistakable apprehension of some alarming though unknown incident being at hand. Rats, mice, moles, snakes and lizards abandon the holes and cavities in the ground in which they dwell, and run about with evident trepidation. Some of the higher species also, especially goats, hogs, cats and dogs, with horses and cattle in a lesser degree, seem to scent the coming earthquake, and exhibit remarkable restlessness.

Various interesting facts have been noted in relation to the demeanor of animals prior to a great convulsion. It was towards noon, beneath a clear and almost cloudless sky, with the sea-breeze freshly blowing, that the cities of Conception and Talcahuano, on the coast of South America, were desolated in the year 1835.—At ten o'clock, two hours before the ruin, the inhabitants remarked with surprise, as altogether unusual, large flocks of sea-fowl passing from the coast towards the interior; and the dogs at Talcahuano abandoned the town before the shock which leveled its buildings was felt. Not an animal it is believed was in the place when the destruction came. In 1805, previous to an earthquake experienced at Naples, which took place at night, but was most severely felt in the provinces, the oxen and cows began to bellow; the sheep and goats bleated strangely; the dogs howled terribly; and the horses fastened in their stalls leaped up, endeavoring to break the halters which attached them to the mangers. Rabbits and moles were seen to leave their burrows; birds rose, as if scared, from the places on which they had alighted; and reptiles left in clear day light their subterraneous retreats.—Some faithful dogs a few minutes before the first shock, awoke their sleeping masters by barking, and pulling them, as if anxious to warn them of impending danger; and several persons were thus enabled to save themselves.—On the recent occasion, all the dogs in the neighborhood of Vallo howled before the people were sensible their danger. To account for these circumstances, it is conjectured that prior to actual disturbance, noxious gases and other exhalations are emitted from the interior of the

earth through crannies and pores of the surface, invisible to the eye, which distress and alarm animals gifted with acute organs of smell. This seems to be the true explanation, for it is undoubted that gases of various descriptions are thus set free, both while earthquakes are in progress and antecedently. In 1827, when the valley of Rio Magdalena was shaken, large quantities of carbonic acid gas escaped from some crevices, which killed a considerable number of burrowing animals as well as reptiles. It has likewise been frequently observed that the surface of the sea, or a river, has exhibited the appearance of ebullition, owing probably to the disengagement of gas air from the bottom. In a report from the Syndic or Salandró, one of the communes which suffered severely from the recent scourge, it is stated that nearly a month, about two miles from the town, a gas was observed to issue from a water course, which ceased altogether about a week after the first shock of the earthquake.—*Leisure Hour.*

The Vote in Kansas.

The freemen of Kansas have spoken in thunder-tones against the Lecompton Constitution. The returns of each day only serve to swell the tide of condemnation which has swept over that scheme of despotic infamy. But one or two counties have failed to cast an overwhelming majority against it, and there is scarcely a township in its favor. This election was ordered by the Lecomptonites themselves, and they therefore cannot question its "legality." The votes polled against it are sufficiently sanctioned by their own provisions to be a fair index of popular will, even according to their over-nice technical method of ascertaining it. They had clothed Lecompton in purple and fine linen, and arrayed it in all the tempting respectability that the land ordinance, immediate admission into the Union, and CALHOUN'S certificate could give it. But all would not avail.—The people knew it to be an abomination, conceived in fraud and brought forth in tyranny, and they slaughtered it without mercy.

This vote, therefore, shows beyond doubt, not only that the Lecompton Constitution is not now the choice of the people of Kansas, but that it was not their choice last winter, when the effort was persistently made for weeks to drag them into the Union under it. There can in future be no doubt or evil on this point. It is clear as the noon-day sun. Every Lecomptonite is thereby convicted of having endeavored to enforce a Government upon a protesting people against their will—of establishing a Constitution contrary to the views and wishes of those who were to be governed by it—of violating the fundamental doctrine which requires the consent of the governed as the cornerstone of all political institutions. Between despotism and republicanism there is no wider channel than between the rule of the minority, which the Lecomptonites have sought to establish in Kansas, and the honest rule of the majority. Those who demand an endorsement of the Administration Kansas policy by the whole Democracy, wish to commit them, therefore, against the right of local self-government, against Popular Sovereignty, against the rule of the people. They demand that the Democracy of the nation shall, in violation of the traditional policy, their platform, and the sentiments of the people, array themselves against the principle upon which alone free institutions can rest. No party occupying such a position can preserve the public confidence or long hold political power in a republican country. Either the people must lose all confidence in their own system of government, and be willing to subvert it by substituting tyranny for freedom, and the will of the few for the will of the many, or they must crush out and subdue any party which teaches the despotic doctrines of Lecomptonism, and seeks to delude and sustain an avowed party of monarchists at once, for an insidious organization against free government is not more dangerous than an open and avowed one. All the past glories of the Democratic party cannot save it from annihilation if it does not cast from its neck the mill-stone of Lecomptonism.—Let the honest members of the party, North and South, take a fair view of the prospect before them, and be wise in time. Let those who erred by endorsing Lecompton, and who have heretofore shielded themselves by claiming that it was not legally shown that that Constitution did not represent the will of the people of Kansas, remember that the late election affords new and incontrovertible testimony on that subject, which cannot be disregarded. The Democracy of the North have been wrong heretofore on political questions, and when they discovered their errors, they yielded gracefully and recanted their heresies. The Democracy of the South are clearly wrong now, and if they wish to act justly, and to save their party from annihilation, they must abjure Lecomptonism; and now evidence of the hostility entertained towards it by the people of Kansas gives them a fair pretext for placing themselves in a proper position before the American people, and regaining the ground they have lost by the endorsement of a gigantic fraud and wrong.

The English Bill, which was substituted for Lecompton "pure and simple," is an expedient which only aggravates the

injustice originally contemplated. It provides that, because the people of Kansas would not submit to the outrage of having a Constitution imposed upon them against their will, they must be punished for their contumacy by being kept out of the Union. Because they would not tamely acquiesce in the infliction of one wrong, another is to be meted out to them. The highway robbers of Mexico make it a rule that if a traveler peaceably submits to the plunder of his pockets, he is in other respects treated as a gentleman, but if he resists the robbery he is murdered.—The English Bill Kansas policy is based upon a principle equally just and humane. It is worse than idle—it is wicked, foolish, and unjust—to persist in a course founded on such an idea. When the people of Kansas peaceably and honestly form another Constitution, have it ratified at the polls, and ask admission into the Union under it, woe to the men who by a blind adherence to the English finality, may endeavor, after attempting to drag Kansas into the Union as a slave State, with a Constitution obnoxious to her people, to add to the measure of their injustice by voting against her admission as a free State, under a Constitution ratified and approved by her people! They will be doubly concerned by their outraged constituencies, and fall from the high stations they have disgraced, "like Lucifer, never to rise again"—*The Press.*

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on the Atlantic Telegraph.

There was a celebration on Monday, at Fish-kill, New York, of the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph. Henry Ward Beecher was present, and he made the following address:

I have been brought up, fellow citizens, in such habits of obedience, that I never think of disputing a command that has been given me. Therefore, although I am a stranger among you, and it seems to me should have been preceded by your own citizens to night—therefore I obey the injunction, and speak first, and probably shall speak the briefest and the worst; therefore if I tire you, remember that I am the soup, and the solid courses come soon. I am glad to meet such an assembly. It is good once in a while for all sorts of people—people of all sorts, all kinds, prejudices, party connections, religious feeling, from all neighborhoods—to come together and to feel a common magnetism. On the Sabbath day we gather together in groups, according to the elective affinities of our religious feelings. At various times we come together to our public meetings—now and then it happens in every year that there are some such that bring all men together, and that no difference of creed and none of party; and to night we are gathered together—I cannot say in common with thousands of men, for I know not whether or not anywhere else there is such a celebration—but in our own plain residences we have come together, forgetting everything but this, that we are men and common citizens.

In other lands it may be proper for joy to be expressed merely by squib, and muskets and cannons; but in a country where public education has so long prevailed, where newspapers belong to every man that can read—and for a native of the country not to be able to read is considered a disgrace—in such a country it needs be that something else besides mere animal excitement must grace the celebration. There must be speaking, there must be thinking, that shall satisfy the understanding and touch the heart also; and, therefore, you have most appropriately come together, and it is not an ill omen that you have assembled in this sacred enclosure—it is fit that religion should deck our celebration to night.

We are gathered to express our joy at the apparent consummation of one of those enterprises peculiar to the century in which we live. Do you reflect that there are men living among you to night that lived, and were not very young, before there was a steamboat on our waters? There are men here that lived before they ruffled the water with their wheels, and since their day and within more easy remembrance railroads have been invented. I remember when the first one of these was laid very distinctly. It is within our remembrance that the telegraph was invented, and by an honored citizen in this vicinity—all this coming far within the remembrance of our young men.—But now this is not so much an invention as an application. We have tried the air—we have learned that by stretching wire from pole to pole we can guide the land. We have come to the sea coast and said, Who shall guide us across this great deep? Who shall bridge it? And there, it was thought, would be an end to our enterprise. But no; enterprise said, if we cannot balloon the deep, nor bridge it, we can telegraph it, and so they determined to do it; and what Yankees determine to do, generally is done. Scarcely does a plant break from the ground sooner than this enterprise showed—first root, then trunk, then blossom and fruit. It is one of the most marvellous things that this has been done with so few mistakes. Last summer the ships went out and put their legs down; this summer they went out and put down the soles of their feet. They then went back to take another start; now it is done, and the two continents are connected by this cord. I cannot of course—I shall not trespass much upon the themes that are kindred

to this fact; I shall leave them to those who are to do all the profitable and interesting speaking to night; I shall leave this thoroughfare untrod—I do not propose myself to go over the wire.

I cannot help thinking that while they will make some allusion to the progress of the human mind, there is a poetical that I will disclose. I have thought all the way down to night, how strange it will seem to have that cord lying in the bottom of the sea, perfectly undisturbed by the howling of storms and the thunder of navies—far down beyond the anchor's reach—to see that highway, and know that there will be earthquakes that will shake the world, but the cord will be undisturbed. Markets will come up, and fortunes will be made, and down in the bottom of the sea the silent wire will carry the news to us. Fortunes will go down, and the silent road will bear the message; and thus, without voice to speak, it will communicate thunders and noise and earthquakes. But all these things will go through the sea quicker than thought they will come, and then flash out on the outside again with fresh excitement. To me the functions of that wire seem sublime.

Fellow citizens, mark the advantages which are to be derived from the connection of the two continents by this wire. To me the pre-eminent advantage seems to be this—it is bringing nations nearer together. We sugar the best results from this. It is the separation of nations, as of individuals, that works mischief.—The silent man is usually a man full of prejudices—full of misconceptions; bringing men together, we not only rub down the rough corners, but we also take down the wrong impressions. Men that wear satanic garments and cloven hoofs, are, after all, found to be very little different from other people. Bringing people together is the way to disperse worlds of unkind feeling. The more intercourse nations have with each other, the greater is the tendency to stir the world into habits of good-will. Bringing the nations of the earth, thus as they are, together, will contribute to hasten the day of universal brotherhood.

But mark one thing: while this wire will in the first instance work towards monopoly, in the second and main instance it will work towards diffusion and the common weal; for though merchants and politicians will in the first instance be the users, yet in the main the people will be the ones that will reap the benefits. If it were possible for knowledge to be confined to a few—if it were possible for monopolists to lock up the ends of this wire, it might be disastrous to the people and to governments; but now it has a tendency to make knowledge co-extensive with the globe, for what is known in London in the morning will be known here before the evening. What is spoken at 12 in London will be known to us at 8, according to our time, and the enterprises of all the commercial centres and political capitals of the world will be known to us in less than an hour's time; and when revolution shall move the old kingdoms, when these throes begin to be felt, in one hour we shall feel the same apprehensions and torments. It is no longer in her own bosom that France can keep her secrets.—It is no longer in the old British isles that their knowledge can be confined; it is flashed over the world. The globe will have but one ear, and that ear will be every where.

Now, this instantaneousness of knowledge, this diffusion of knowledge so that all men are brought together,—this is for the benefit of the common people, this is what gives them power to enlarge the minds that God gave them, and by which they will be greater than ever dynasties will be. I dare scarcely any longer think of what shall be. I remember the derision with which Whitney's plan of a railroad to the Mississippi was hailed. I remember when it was disputed whether a steamer could cross the ocean or not.—

All these marvels, when they first were proposed, to us seem incredible; but one by one they have been executed, and now I am prepared to believe almost anything; if a man proposed to communicate with the moon, I should no longer think he was moon struck. (Here some boys began to imitate the crowing of a cock, when Mr. Beecher facetiously said.) I am not prepared for that, for I did not know that it was so near morning.

Fellow citizens, before I give way to those whom you may desire to hear—your own townsmen and friends—let me say one other thing; I do not say it because of my profession, but because I think of it. The facility of our intercourse is not to be over-estimated, but we must not under-estimate the power of our nation. You may put a cable in every sea port; you may build your warehouses where they stand five stories or fifteen, and you may fill them with the costliest merchandise; you may increase your science and skill to any extent, yet you are not more powerful, for power is not in the material texture, but power remains in the man, in the individual, the family, the village, the State, the nation; these are the reservoirs of power, and while we are enlarging the sphere of action let us see that at home we spread our common schools, multiply our newspapers, make books more plenty than the leaves, so that each man will be an actor; and when all men are over the globe are actors, when from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same there is no barrier to free inter-