

# Jeffersonian Republican.

Richard Nugent, Editor.]

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

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## JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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## POETRY.

### THE GRIEF OF SHERIDAN, ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

She has gone from this bosom, who gave  
To us throbbings the gladness of life;  
They have borne to the cold, cold grave,  
My joy and my comfort—my wife.  
Her smile was the May-morning clear,  
Her look was the blue sky above,  
Her mind was the flow'ry parturise;  
—And her bosom the temple of love.  
Her voice was the music that flows  
From the shell of the echo of joy;  
And her eyes like the fair star that throbs  
Benignity over the sky.  
But May-morning's veiled in a shroud  
It hath departed on me sweetly it's last;  
My blue sky the vapours becloud,  
And my temple's laid waste by the blast.  
They have borne my whole world to the tomb,  
Of all earth from me nothing appears,  
But solitude, sorrow and gloom,  
And the last of man's, solaces—tears.  
Tis the latest solace I crave;  
'Tis a tribute I owe to my love;  
Till I sleep by her side in the grave—  
I would weep till I join her above.

## SELECT TALES.

### AN ESCAPE.

During 'The Reign of Terror.'—From the Temple Prison.  
Fly for your life.

One moment lost may prove your utter ruin;  
Involving all that you hold dear on earth!  
Oh do not thus delay—the prison gates  
Are open to you—should they close again,  
Alas, what hand may snatch you from your doom

Never did any prince bid fairer to have a glorious and peaceful reign than Louis the XVI. of France. In the midst of a profound peace, the arts and sciences flourished and the country prospered. As the patron of science and the arts, Louis deserved a better fate than awaited him, for he was then standing upon the vortex of a volcano, which eventually burst upon the astonished world, and scattered its fires through all Europe. Even at the moment when the unfortunate heir of feudal pomp and power, was promising himself a long and illustrious reign, the flames of a tremendous revolution were breaking like a torrent tumbling from the summit of the Alps or Andes. The dark and dreadful spirit of infidelity was tramping the Gospel beneath its unhalloved feet, and the ties of consanguinity were fast fading from the human heart. Like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, the awful truth flashed upon the minds of men, that they were in the midst of one of the most terrific and bloody as well as one of the most brilliant revolutions that ever disgraced the annals of any nation. Amid the wrecks and ruins of that French volcano, a thousand thrones tottered and tumbled, a thousand crowns perished, though they perpetuated the ambition that blasted them. Scarce had the mad, though magnificent drama, commenced, ere Louis the XVI. perished on the scaffold, and his blood made an offering to the demon of frenzy and savage ferocity. Yet no sooner had he gone down to a dark and dreadful grave than the awful axe fell upon the fair neck of his queen; the beautiful, the accomplished, though dissipated Maria Antoinette. The reeking instrument, which had drunk the blood of the royal pair, was not yet satiated. The knell of vengeance had sounded, and the greedy guillotine was to feed and fatten on the agonies of the whole Bourbon family. Never was any nation cursed with a set of more terrible tyrants than those who wielded the reeking sceptre of France, triumphing in the downfall of all that was great, or good, or glorious, and dooming to death all who opposed their savage career. Their march was in blood; and a thousand mothers mingled their cries and mourned over the tombs of their murdered sons. The hands of the terrific Robespierre were red with the gore of slaughtered princes, and the dungeons of France were filled with victims for the awful axe, which had already drunk the blood of thousands.

A little antecedent to that period, when Robespierre seized the reins of government, the story commences which I am about to relate. Victor Rosaline de Bondville was one of the gayest, most

noble as well as one of the wisest and richest young men in all Paris. Yet it seemed that his heart had never been caught in the snare of Cupid, though many of the most splendid women of France had obliquely acknowledged him the idol of their hearts.

It was late one evening that de Bondville was returning from the theatre, that he heard the cry of distress proceeding from the entrance to a small street, and recognised it to be the voice of a female. Ever chivalric with a proud devotion to the fair sex, he hastened to the spot, and found a man in the act of forcing a lady into a cabriolet.

'Villain,' cried de Bondville, 'release the lady instantly, or this dagger shall avenge her insult, in the blood of a coward.' And he held the weapon glittering in the light of the full moon.

'I do not recognize your right to interfere,' retorted the coachman, 'the lady by contract is now the property of the Count de S—, and I'm ordered—'

'Another word, sir,' said de Bondville, 'and I free the world of a villain.'

The ruffian sprung aside from the descending dagger, and escaped the blow, at the same instant releasing the lady from his grasp. No sooner was she at liberty than she sprung into the arms of de Bondville, and called upon him, in the name of chivalry, for protection from a fate infinitely worse than death. De Bondville bore her from the scene and enquired the place of her abode.

'My name,' said the lady, 'is Rosalie Montraville, I have formerly resided with my guardian, but he is a villain of the darkest die. May I enquire your name?' said Rosalie, in a suppressed and trembling voice as she cast her head aside.

'My name,' returned the young man is 'Victor Rosaline de Bondville.'

The lady started, as that name fell upon her ear, for she recognized it in a moment. Bondville asked the reason, but she waived the subject, and the next moment brought them to the marble steps of a large building in the Rue St. Honore. Bondville hesitated; and she politely invited him in. Through a large, long entry, she led him into a splendid hall, and from thence into an elegantly furnished apartment, occupied at the moment by an elderly lady, the brother of Robespierre and St. Just, his particular friend. After an introduction a la Francois, de Bondville was seated and the conversation resumed by Robespierre, St. Just, and the lady.

'It is natural for the human heart to love power, said the younger Robespierre, 'and he who does not seize the sceptre when it falls in his way, is a recreant to his nature.'

'But he who usurps a power not his own,' said the lady, 'is an enemy to his—'

'Hold!' said St. Just, 'such sentiments may cost even your life.'

'I cannot but dread the most fearful consequences to France,' returned the lady, with a bitterness that went to the heart of the two excited listeners: 'But fear of vengeance from man shall never deter me from speaking my sentiments in regard to my country. The guillotine may rob me of a few years of existence, but it can never obliterate from my heart my utter detestation of an usurper and tyrant. France, but a little while ago was prosperous and happy, and had not the infernal spirit of scepticism imbued in the hearts of such men as—'

'Ourselves!' bitterly ejaculated Robespierre and St. Just, at the same moment.

'If it so please you,' retorted the lady, as her fair daughter Emily de Bourg, entered the room gaily, and was introduced to de Bondville.

'You may live madam, to repent this language,' said Robespierre, 'when—'

'When you have usurped the power, and prostituted the liberties of France,' interrupted Emily de Bourg, with a gay and fascinating air of hauteur. 'Your secret machinations have been divulged, for there are spies upon you as well as upon society.'

'Are you, too, Mademoiselle de Bourg, opposed to the benefactors of your country, and to the salvation of France,' retorted St. Just with a philosophical composure.

'To the tyrants and the eternal ruin of France you should have said,' returned Mademoiselle calmly. 'I can never expect anything good out of Nazareth.'

'Neither do you expect to atone for your treason,' said St. Just coolly.

'We are friends to our country, and enemies to all tyrants,' said the elder lady.

'Beware of your folly,' said Robespierre, 'who had hitherto been absorbed in thought. At this moment the door opened, and a messenger enquired for Robespierre, and St. Just, whose presence was immediately required on business of importance.

'Beware, gentlemen, exclaimed both ladies at once 'that vengeance does not overtake the enemies of France first, and put an end to the fears of all good citizens.'

Ere the last words were uttered St. Just and Robespierre had retired from the room, and were

bitterly imprecating the treason of Madame de Bourg.

'By the eternal God,' exclaimed Robespierre, 'they shall repent their insolence, and that beautiful girl shall be the victim of her folly.'

Dantan, Marat and Robespierre, had sent for the younger Robespierre and St. Just, to consult in secret conclave upon the manner in which they should rid the world of the innocent, the injured, and unfortunate Louis XVI.

In their hall, hung with black, we shall leave the blood thirsty tribunal, and return to the parlour of Madame de Bourg. Mademoiselle Rosalie and de Bondville were now alone, and he was pressing her to give him a history of her life, and the sufferings she had spoken of having received in the house of the elder Robespierre. After some hesitation and a thousand blushes she consented.

'I am the daughter of Monsieur Jean Montraville, who died in my eleventh year, and left me with the remnant of his fortunes to the care of his distant relation, Robespierre, who promised to be a father to me. Scarce had I reached my sixteenth year, ere he attempted to betray me into the hands of his infamous brother, who just left us. It was while standing at my toilet, that he made the first attempt, but I snatched the dagger from his bosom, and threatened him and myself with death if he did not instantly desist. The coward skulked from the room, and troubled me no more. But the elder villain made the second attempt, from which, thank Heaven and you, I was this night saved. The ruffian from whose hands you snatched me, yielded to a bribe, and told me that Robespierre had ordered me to be conveyed to the Chateau of the Chavalier St. Clair, into whose hands I was to be delivered. I had not money enough to bribe him to let me go, for he was to receive a thousand francs, and was to bring a certificate that I was delivered. Robespierre informed me that my father on his death bed had desired that he should marry me to some worthy man with, or without my consent, and that I was to be conveyed to the residence of Victor Rosaline de Bondville, who had consented to be my husband. Hence the reason why I started when you communicated your name this evening.

And hid her face in her handkerchief.

De Bondville felt the arrows of love in his heart, for in suffering himself to take an interest in her welfare, he suddenly felt an indescribable partiality. To espouse an unhappy woman's cause is at once to love her, especially if she be young and beautiful, as was Rosalie Montraville.

'And in what relation do you stand to the lady of the House?' enquired de Bondville, gazing intently in her dark, large melting eyes, and on her beautiful form.

'Madame de Bourg is my aunt on the female side,' returned Rosalie blushing, 'she has resided in Paris but a few years. Her former place of residence was Lyons. She is a lady of strong mind, and has taken great interest in the welfare of her country, since principles as well as men have so changed. Emily, her beautiful daughter, is not less a woman of spirit than her noble mother. But I fear that in those times of terror, that their indiscretion will lead them into danger, for I have heard that the fiend hearted Robespierre has long had his eye upon them. His disapprobation is a certain passport to the scaffold; a mock trial alone is required. Witness the fate but a few days past, of the unhappy Louis the XVI. whose only fault was that his forbearing and peaceable disposition would not suffer him to dip his hands in the blood of his enemies. Had he exhibited a determined spirit, he had not perished. It is whispered that his beautiful queen, Maria Antoinette, will share the same fate, and add another to the catalogue of human victims.

'A terrible era is approaching,' returned Bondville, 'and I fear many will be victims at the bloody shrine of Robespierre's idolatry; the shrine of mad ambition.'

Blondville rose, and after soliciting the liberty of calling again, left the apartment. Happy were his dreams on that night for he imagined himself bowing before the beautiful Rosalie, and gazing in her dark eyes. Blondville was enraptured with her beauty, and resolved to use every means in his power to win her heart, and make her his own. The next morning he arose early; it was the 15th October, 1793. The revolutionary bell was tolling, as a signal that another being was about to expire beneath the fatal axe. Blondville walked down the street towards the vicinity of the prison, where the unfortunate queen of France was confined. Thousands were hurrying to the spot, and he learned that Maria Antoinette had been condemned by the revolutionary convention on frivolous and improbable pretences. In a few minutes the gates opened, and the queen was conducted to a cart by the executioner. She was habited in black, and her pale features, though composed, showed how much she had suffered. With her hands tied behind her, she was placed in the cart amid the loud cries and imprecations of

the multitude who had gathered to see her die. Blondville burst into tears as he gazed upon the moving mass of life, and ejaculated to himself— 'How transitory is human grandeur! How frail the applause of the populace! But yesterday she was the idol of the nation and the admiration of Europe! To-day insulted and abused she goes to the scaffold to die the death of a felon. But yesterday, the mob followed her splendid equipage, in which she sat in royal robes, and shouted 'long live the queen; to-day in humble weeds with her hands tied, she goes in a cart to the place of death. Oh now precarious is the fate and the fame of man!'

Blondville thus mused as he followed the procession to the place of exhibition, and he gazed off the bloody guillotine with awe and terror. Pity overcame him, when he saw the yet lovely queen taken from the cart and conveyed to the scaffold. Thousands were gazing on the bloody spectacle, ready to see the first gore, that should gush from the severed trunk. Maria Antoinette, gazed round upon the vast multitude, and a faint smile illumined her pale face, as she took the handkerchief from her neck of snow, and adjusted her drapery. She then tenderly embraced one whom she had loved in happier days, and advanced to the fatal block. She knelt down on the same spot where but a short time before the fate of the celebrated French General Custine had been sealed, and offered up a prayer. This being done, she prepared for the fatal act: and gently stretching her slender form at full length, she laid her fair and slender neck on the block. The executioner raised the dreadful axe, and at the sound her white bosom heaved with convulsive emotion. The very heart of the executioner, for a moment failed him; and thousands stood in silence and breathless expectation. But the next moment the axe fell with a dreadful rushing sound, the red gore gushed several feet from the headman, and the beautiful head of the French queen dropped into the bucket. The executioner seized it by the long hair, and held it with its calm, pale features for the mob to gaze on. Blondville could gaze no longer, and turned from the scene with a sickening sensation. The wild shout of the mob was ringing in the air long after he had fled from the soul sickening scene. Thus died the beautiful, the accomplished, and dissipated Maria Antoinette, at one time the idol of the army, and the fascination of Paris.

(To be concluded in our next.)

From the New York Mirror.

## THE SULTAN AND HIS VIZIER.

An eastern sultan, who was far from being a tyrant in his general way, got one day very much out of temper. All the courtiers kept a low ebb as soon as they saw the countenance of the Brother of the Sun; but one careless attendant came near him abruptly and committed some slight offence. His highness broke out in a torrent of rage, and ordered the offender to receive the bastinado forthwith, and then to be impaled in front of the great gate of the palace.

'Lord of the Faithful!' said his honest vizier, 'let the fulfilment of thy commands be delayed, while I tell thee a story.' The sultan gave a mite, surely sign of assent, whereupon the vizier began to relate the following tale, for which, he it remarked, he drew on his invention, not on memory:

'A wealthy and benevolent mussulman had a slave whom he wished to make happy, so he gave him his freedom, and presented him moreover, with a good ship, loaded with costly merchandise. The boatman now free from his fetters, set sail joyfully, for his native country; but suddenly a storm arose and flung him on an uninhabited island. His vessel went to pieces and he was left to bemoan his sad fate on the desert beach. At first he saw no traces of human abode, but, as he left the shore and journeyed further on, he saw the walls and towers of a large city in the distance. Joyfully he bent his steps toward it, and hardly had he reached the gates, when he was met and welcomed with shouts of joy. Countless multitudes of the inhabitants surrounded him, bowed their faces to the dust, and cried, as with one voice, 'long live our sultan.' The poor shipwrecked freedman besought them not to make sport of his misery; but he was assured by the rejoicing multitude, that these honors were paid him in sober earnest. Spite of his struggles, he was lifted by force into a splendid chariot, and conducted to a palace glittering with gold and jewels. Here he was dressed by officious attendants in royal robes, while a crowd of grave dignified-looking old men, who declared themselves to be the great officers of state, did him homage as their sovereign, and vowed eternal fidelity. So, whether he liked it or not, rule he must. He was little used, as your highness may imagine, to managing the affairs of a great people, and would have cut but a sorry figure had it not been for a wise and aged vizier, who always gave him prudent counsels to aid his inexperience.

'Tell me, vizier, so the monarch not long afterwards addressed his sage adviser, 'tell me how is it that I, poor friendless stranger, have been made a great king, and let me know when this mummery is to end?'

'Mighty sultan,' said the vizier, 'all the inhabitants of the island, whom thou takest to be men are only spirits. The king shuddered under his royal robes, but said nothing, and the vizier proceeded. 'We are, however, always under the government of a mortal, who is sent us from time to time, by the great Lord of all, to rule over us. As soon as he lands

among us, he is pointed out as our fi, and we are told at the same time how is to wear the crown. This, however, told our sultan until the appointed time when he is to lay down his dignity, that time comes, he is suddenly dethroned, dressed in a coarse and unsightly garment, and carried away to a barren desert island.'

'The sultan trembled once more from head to foot, and asked if his predecessors had been told, like him, what a sad fate awaited them.'

'They were all told of it,' said the wise vizier, 'but they made no good use of their knowledge. They enjoyed the pleasure of the moment without thinking of the future. So the time for their dethronement came upon them before they had made the slightest preparation for rendering their future life in the desert island an agreeable one.'

'Why, can that be done?' asked the astonished sultan.

'Surely it can,' was the reply. 'No one hinders thee from now, at this very moment beginning to plant a colony on the barren island, which is to be thy future habitation. If thou doest this, its barrenness will be changed to beauty, thou will be joyfully received when thou goes to dwell upon it, and never regret the splendour thou hast left behind thee. But hasten, hasten, if such is thy intention! Feeble man is master of the present moment only, the coming one belongs to destiny.'

The prudent sultan did not, like his predecessors, turn a deaf ear to the warning voice of his good vizier; without loss of time he sent a large number of his best and most valuable subjects to the desert island, and commanded them to prepare a pleasant retreat for him against his coming. Therefore, when he was dethroned, and forced, as others had been, to visit the abode of barrenness, he found it fertile and pleasant to look upon, and full of blooming flowers and sweet fragrance; and there he lived forever in cheerfulness and peace, for he knew that this was his final resting place, and that he had no further change or accident to fear. And here my tale endeth, said the vizier, and was silent.

'And what is the meaning of all this,' said the caliph impatiently, 'what is the hidden meaning of thy long winded story? It contains, I suppose, some useful moral reflection; if it does, it is so carefully concealed that I cannot find it.'

'Know then,' said the vizier, 'the rich and benevolent man is God; the slave to whom he gave freedom, a newly born mortal; the island on which he lands, which he at first thought uninhabited, the world; his advisers, wisdom; the time of his government, his life; and the barren island to which he is banished, the other world. The colonists he is permitted to send into it, are the good works that he performs in this life, and the careless rulers are those who get drunk with the pleasures of this life, without thinking on that which is to come. And now, commander of the faithful, suffer me likewise to point out the application of my story. During the period of thy government, thou hast sent many colonists before thee to make green the face of the desert island which is the appointed resting-place, but all the labor they have performed will be in vain, if thou shouldst take the life of a true and faithful servant for a trifling matter. Forgive him even as thou hopest in God that he will one day forgive thee.'

This bold remonstrance induced the caliph to lay aside his anger, and pardon his innocent servant.

'Well, B—,' said a member of the Bar, to one of the school—'I have been trying to wade through your tragedy, but I couldn't get on.'

'I dare say not, was the answer. You found yourself beyond your depth.'

'This is a miserable day,' said another of the wrangling tribe, to a professional friend, on one of the late raw and blustery mornings: 'true December weather. It provokes one to suicide. I have a great mind to blow my brains out.'

'Well—try it; you will be a glorious shot if you hit 'em,' was the quick reply.

Patriotic sentiment.—If the individual on whom important responsibilities are devolved, can see, as the fruits of his public action, one acre rendered more productive, one section brought nearer to the common centre, one new product offered in the common market, or one additional institution of learning opened to the children of the commonwealth, he may truly rejoice that he has not labored in vain.—Gov. Seward.

The pious African.—An African, many years ago, before instruction was extended to that unfortunate race, as it now is, in New England, undertook to preach to his sable brethren on faith and works. After haranguing a long time, he concluded as follows: 'My dear brothers—Faith without de work, be jess likee beef 'take widout de gravee. If we no tab work wid de fait, we mus' all be chuck down to de bottomless pit, an' dere roas' and broil to all 'ternity. Which may be de happy portion ob us all.'