

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 7.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1846.

No. 25

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietors, will be charged 37 1/2 cts. per year, extra.
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.
All letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental Type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER BLANKS, PAMPHLETS, &c.
Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

From the New York Tribune.

Evening.

BY A. SNODGRASS.

Mild as the smiling infant's sleep,
Sull as the raven's dusky wing,
The shades of Evening o'er me creep,
And round their noiseless curtains fling.
At Day's long hours I murmur not,
Nor sigh to view the dark-browed Night!
Each has its office—each its lot
Of sorrowing care and pure delight.
Among the crowds who woo the Day,
Filling with noise the bustling street,
I bear a spirit free and gay,
And move along on busy feet.
My heart with worldly hearts may beat;
My soul with worldly souls combine;
My eyes the fruits of Labor greet—
My voice with laughing voices join.
Yet may I not, O Nature! e'er,
My duty to my kind forget,
Dry up to Wo the pining tear,
And 'gainst high Truth my bosom set.
The simple worldling is a slave,
Doomed by himself to chains and wo;
Whose life from childhood to the grave,
Is not e'en worth the gambler's throw.
'Tis in the holy sympathies
Of virtuous souls with virtuous deeds,
Where dwell the best of human bliss
And choicest flowers from Life's dull weeds.
And when sinks down the Evening sun,
And rise the golden stars above,
My lingering hours of labor done
I go where purer pleasures more.
Beside the tranquil Evening fire,
And the calm delights of home,
Communing hearts my heart inspire
With hope of blessed days to come.
The thoughts of ancient sages there
From honored books, I treasure well;
And from the Poet's fancies rare,
Build me a bliss-surrounded cell.
But ah! too oft the bitter thought
Of Man's injustice to his kind—
Of woes by traitorous Cunning wrought,
Comes blighting o'er my sorrowing mind.
The Penalty by Wealth condemned—
The patient Virtue suffering wrong;
The Innocence by Guilt in hemmed;
The Honor stained by Slander's tongue.
Too oft will partial judgment strike
At Innocence, and crush or wound;
Too oft is honest Truth alike
With cunning Falsehood scourged and bound.
O his should teach the human heart,
Ere it condemn to pity Wrong,
And rather act the Saviour's part,
Than strike because its arm is strong.
And we may hope Time's blessed light
May yet the human heart illumine,
To set the wavering judgment right,
And ease the fearful pangs of doom.
Thus round our Evening fires may we
As we put off our daily strife,
Feel for the world's sad misery,
And learn the better paths of life.

A gentleman who recently arrived at Mobile from the North, being asked how it happened that he was there three days ahead of the mail, gravely replied that he had "got out of the stage and walked."

The Death of Duroc.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

Napoleon's greatest misfortune, that which wounded him deepest, was the death of his friend Duroc. As he made a last effort to break the enemy's ranks, and rode again to the advanced posts to direct the movements of his army, one of his escort was suddenly struck dead by his side. Turning to Duroc, he said "Duroc, fate is determined to have one of us today." Soon after, as he was riding with his suite in a rapid trot along the road, a cannon ball smote a tree beside him, and glancing struck Gen. Kirgener dead, and tore out the entrails of Duroc. Napoleon was ahead at the time, and his suite, four abreast, behind him.—The cloud of dust their rapid movements raised around them, prevented him from knowing at first who was struck. But when it was told him that Kirgener was killed and Duroc wounded, he dismounted and gazed long and sternly on the battery from which the shot had been fired; then turned to the cottage into which the wounded marshal had been carried.

Duroc was grand marshal of the palace and a bosom friend of the Emperor. Of a noble and generous character, of unshaken integrity and patriotism, and firm as steel in the hour of danger, he was beloved by all who knew him. There was a gentleness about him and purity of feeling the life of a camp could never destroy. Napoleon loved him—for through all the changes of his tumultuous life, he had ever found his affection and truth the same—and it was with an anxious heart and sad countenance he entered the lowly cottage where he lay. His eyes were filled with tears as he asked if there was hope. When told that there was none, he advanced to the bedside without saying a word. The dying marshal seized him by the hand and said, "My whole life has been consecrated to your service, and now my only regret is, that I can no longer be useful to you." "Duroc!" replied Napoleon, with a voice choked with grief, "there is another life—there you will await me, and we shall meet again." "Yes, sir," replied the fainting sufferer, "but thirty years shall first pass away, when you will have triumphed over your enemies, and realized all the hopes of our country. I have endeavored to be an honest man; I have nothing with which to reproach myself." He then added, with faltering voice, "I have a daughter—your Majesty will be a father to her." Napoleon grasped his right hand and sitting down by the bedside, and leaning his head on his left hand, remained with closed eyes a quarter of an hour in profound silence. Duroc first spoke. Seeing how deeply Bonaparte was moved, he exclaimed, "Ah! sire, leave me; this spectacle pains you." The stricken Emperor rose, and leaning on the arms of his equerry and Marshal Soult, he left the apartment, saying, in heart-breaking tones, as he went, "Farewell, then my friend!"

The hot pursuit he had directed a moment before was forgotten—victories, trophies, prisoners and all, sunk into utter worthlessness, and as at the battle of Aspern when Lannes was brought to him mortally wounded, he forgot even his army, and the great interests at stake. He ordered his tent to be pitched near the cottage in which his friend was dying, and entering it, passed the night all alone in inconsolable grief. The Imperial Guard formed their protecting squares, as usual, around him, and the fierce tumult of battle gave way to one of the most touching scenes in history. Twilight was deepening over the field, and the heavy tread of the ranks going to their bivouacs, the low rumbling of artillery wagons in the distance, and all the subdued, yet confused sounds of a mighty host about sinking to repose, rose on the evening air, imparting still greater solemnity to the hour. Napoleon, with his great coat wrapped about him, his elbows on his knees, and his forehead resting on his hands, sat apart from all, buried in the profoundest melancholy. His most intimate friends dare not approach him; and his favorite officers stood in groups at a distance, gazing anxiously on that silent tent. But immense consequences were hanging on the movements of the next morning—a powerful enemy was near, with their array yet unbroken; and they at length ventured to approach and ask for orders. But the broken-hearted chieftain only shook his head, exclaiming, "Every thing to-morrow!"

and still kept his mournful attitude. Oh, how overwhelming was the grief that could so master that stern heart! The magnificent spectacle of the day that had passed, the glorious victory he had won, were remembered no more, and he saw only his dying friend before him. No sobs escaped him; but silent and motionless he sat, his pallid face buried in his hands, and his noble heart wrung with agony. Darkness drew her curtain over the scene, and the stars came out one after another upon the sky, and at length, the moon rose above the hills, bathing in her soft beams the tented host, while the flames from burning villages in the distance shed a lurid light through the gloom, and all was sad, mournful, yet sublime. There was a dark cottage with the sentinels at the door in which Duroc lay dying, and there, too, was the solitary tent of Napoleon, and within, the bowed form of the Emperor. Around it, at a distance, stood the squares of the Old Guard, and nearer by, a silent group of chieftains, and over all lay the moon-light. These brave soldiers, filled with grief to see their beloved chief borne down with such sorrow, stood for a long time silent and tearful. At length, to break the mournful silence and to express the sympathy they might not speak, the bands struck a requiem for the dying marshal. The melancholy strains arose and fell in prolonged echoes over the field, and swept in softened cadences on the ear of the fainting warrior; but still Napoleon moved not. They then changed the measure to a triumphant strain, and the thrilling trumpets breathed forth the most joyful notes, till the heavens rung with melody. Such bursts of music had welcomed Napoleon as he returned flushed with victory, till his eyes kindled in exultation; but now they fell on a dull and listless ear. It ceased, and again the mournful requiem filled all the air. But nothing could arouse him from his agonizing reflections; his friend lay dying, and the heart he loved more than his life, was throbbing its last pulsations.

"What a theme for a painter, and what a eulogy on Napoleon was that scene. That noble heart, which the enmity of the world could not shake—nor the terrors of a battle-field move from its calm repose—nor even the hatred and insults of his, at last, victorious enemies humble—here sunk in the moment of victory before the tide of affection. What military chieftain ever mourned thus on the field of victory, and what soldier ever loved a leader so?"

The editor of the Boston Chronotype has the right idea with regard to a "stitch in time." Hear him:

"Show me the wife that's on the watch
For every little rent or scratch,
And cures it with a timely patch,
Before you know it;
She is a woman fit to match,
A lord or poet."

Nothing British.

A yankee, boasting an inveterate hatred of every thing British, is living in a house in the city, with a colonist family. He takes every opportunity to have a slap at brother Bull, and the colonist does what he can to defend the venerable gentleman.

"You are arguing," said the colonist, "against your ancestors."

"No, I am not."

"Who was your father?"

"A Yankee."

"Who were your forefathers?"

"Yankees."

"Who were Adam and Eve?"

"Yankees, by—thunder!"

"Boss, I want twenty-five cents."

"Twenty-five cents! How soon do you want it, Jake?"

"Next Thursday."

"As soon as that! You can't have it, I have told you often that when you are in want of so large a sum of money you must give me at least four weeks notice."

An Irishman and a Yankee met at a tavern, and there was but one bed for them. On retiring the Yankee said he did not care which side of the bed he took. "Then," said Pat, "you may take the under side."

Why is Santa Anna like a bawling cow?—Because he lost his calf.

BY REQUEST.

Thanksgiving Day was very generally observed in Philadelphia. Most of the places of public worship were opened and were well attended, a large proportion of the stores were closed, and business was, in all its main features, suspended. Seventeen States in all joined in the observance. Hereafter we trust that the President will deem it right to recommend one day in each year for General Thanksgiving throughout the Union. By a pleasing coincidence, Thursday, Nov. 26th, 1789, just 57 years ago, was kept as a day of National Thanksgiving, under a Proclamation issued by Gen. Washington, as will be seen by the following:

By the President of the U. S. of America—A PROCLAMATION.—Whereas, it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, to be grateful for his benefits, and humbly implore his protection and favor; and whereas both Houses of Congress have, by their Joint Committee, requested me to recommend to the United States a day of public Thanksgiving and Prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts, the many and signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity of peaceably establishing a form of Government for their safety and happiness: Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the twenty sixth day of November next, to be devoted by the People of these States, to the service of the great and glorious Being who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, that will be. That we then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for his kind care and protection of the People of this country previous to its becoming a nation, for the signal and manifold providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquility, union and plenty which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish Constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one more lately instituted; for civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge, and in general for all the great and various favors which He has been pleased to confer upon us. And also that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of nations, and beseech Him to pardon our other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and national duties, properly and prudently; to render our national government a blessing to all people, by constantly being a government of wise, just, and constitutional laws, discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations, (especially such as have shown kindness unto us,) and bless them with good government, peace and concord; to promote the knowledge of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science amongst us; and generally to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

Given under my hand, at the city of New York, the 3d day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty nine.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"Dow Jr." on Dandies.

There are few preachers in the land whose sermons are so full of pith, point, pepper, and pungent, as those of "Dow Jr." of the New York Sunday Mercury. See how he dresses down a certain class of lazy, loaferish, cut-wasp dandies who may be found in many of our villages as thick as flies in dog days, or toads after a summer shower:

"Now you that was cut out for a man, but was so villainously spotted in making up, I'll attend to your case. For what end did you break open the world's door, and rush in uncalled, like a man chased by a mad bull. What good do you expect to bestow on your fellow men? Some useful invention, some great discovery or even one solitary remark? No! those that look for any good from you, will be just as badly fooled as the man who caught a skunk and thought it was a kitten, or the woman who made greens out of gunpowder tea.

You know where the neatest, tightest pants, with the strongest straps can be got 'on tick', but you don't know where the next useful lecture will be delivered. You know the color of a vest, but never studied the gorgeous hues of the rainbow, unless it was to wish for a piece to make a cravat, you know how a fool feels in full dress but you don't know how a man feels when he eats the bread earned by the sweat of his brow; you know how a monkey looks, for you see one every day twenty times in your landlady's looking glass, but you don't know how a man feels after doing a good action; you don't go where that sight is to be seen. Oh! wasp wasted, catfish-mouthed baboon-shouldered, clapper-legged goose-eyed, sheep-faced bewiskered drone in the worlds bee-hive!—What are you good for? Nothing but to cheat your tailor, neatly lisp by rote a line from some milk and cider poetaster, sentimentally talk, love to eat oysters and act the fool shamefully. I say does your mother know you're out? I am afraid you have no mother, nor never had.

You are of no more use in this world than a time-piece in a beaver jam, or a mattress in a hog pen. You fill no larger space in the world's eye than the toe nail of a Musquitoe would in a market house, or a stumped tailed dog in all out of doors; you are as little thought of as the fellow who knocked his grandmother's last tooth down her throat, and as for your brains, ten thousand such could be preserved in a drop of brandy, and have as much sea room as a tadpole in Lake Superior—and as for your ideas, you have but one (and that is stamped on your leaden skull an inch deep) that tailors and females were made to be gulled by you, and that you think decent people envy your appearance! Poor useless tobacco worm! You are decidedly a hard case!

Is it Right.

"I hate that man."
"Why do you hate him? Did he ever injure you in character or in person?"
"No, but I don't fancy him."
"Do you know him?"
"No, neither do I want to."

That is just the way of the world. A stranger passes by and we form an opinion of him: if favorable, when an opportunity presents, we speak to him, draw him into conversation, and finally become his friend. If unfavorable, we avoid him. If he asks us a question, we answer by a quick monosyllable, and have no desire to seek his acquaintance. Is this right, just or honest? There are scores of men we dislike, because we are not acquainted with their characters, and by the dislike we have of them, seek no opportunities of an acquaintance. Such a course is ungentlemanly, unchristian, and savage.

It is not the looks nor the general appearance of the person that makes the heart good or bad. The plainest man we know of possesses the heart we ever became acquainted with. The homeliest woman of our acquaintance is the most affectionate, kind and amiable of her sex. At first sight you would turn away from these excellent persons, not dreaming that the outward appearance is not an index of the heart. In future we trust you will be governed more by truth and justice, and not condemn and hate one you do not know, and against whose character a word of reproach was never flung. The heart, and this alone, study—and when it is in the right place, do not for the world make a remark, or manifest a spirit that will pain it to its centre.

Western Intelligence.

A small specimen of the intelligence of the children of Burlington, Iowa.—A lady asked one of her sabbath-school scholars how Felix felt when Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come?—"First rate," replied the child. At another time the question was, God formed man out of the dust of the earth, of what did he make woman? Out of the jaw bone of an ass," was the reply.

A living skeleton is being exhibited in Boston. He had his quarters over an eating house, but was obliged to remove, as the smell of the soup fattened him too much.

Why were the thirteen original States like Adam and Eve? Because they were bound to increase and multiply.