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From the Louisville Journal.

The Spring of Life is Past.

The spring of life is past,
With all its hopes and fears,
And the Autumn time is coming,
With its weight of weary years;
Our joyousness is fading,
Our hearts are dimmed with care,
And youth's fresh dreams of gladness,
All perish darkly there.

While bliss was blooming near us,
In the heart's first burst of spring,
While many hopes could cheer us,
Life seemed a glorious thing;
Like a foam upon the river,
When the breeze goes rippling o'er,
These hopes have fled forever,
To come to us no more.

'Tis sad, yet sweet, to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood loved so well;
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And we feel again our boyhood's wish,
To roam, like angel's there.

There are many dreams of gladness,
The cling around the past,
And from that tomb of feeling,
Old thoughts come thronging fast;
The forms we loved so dearly,
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens,
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly,
For such a world as this;
Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming,
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming,
O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine,
In the spring time of the year,
Like the changeful gleams of April,
They followed every tear;
They have passed, like hope, away,
All their loveliness has fled,
Oh! many a heart is mourning,
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer,
They have fallen from the stem,
Yet, oh, it is a lovely death,
To fade from earth like them.
And yet, the thought is saddening,
To muse on such as they,
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away;
That the fair ones whom we love,
Like the tendrils of a vine,
Grow closely to each loving heart,
Then perish on their shrine.

And we can but think of these,
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us,
And the flowers are blossoming.
For we know that winter's coming,
With his cold and stormy sky,
And the glorious beauty round us,
Is budding but to DIE!

HORRIBLE DREAM.—We once heard a very laughable joke which a hen pecked husband got upon his Mrs. Caudle. He had borne her railing for many a long year, till one morning while she was blustering away about the wood, short potatoes, flour, &c. he remarked very pathetically:

"Jerush, I had a dream last night, a very queer one, and it gives me some uneasiness. I dreamed that I was taken sick and died."

"Well if it was no more than that," said Jerush, "I wish it had been more than a dream."
"But that is not all," said the husband.—"I went to hell and when I got there inquired of one of the imps for the old devil himself, and was shown into presence. The old fellow recognized me at once, and said he, 'have you come here to stay?' I told him I had. 'Well I can't have you here,' said he 'for if you stay, when Jerush dies she'll come, and then hell will be in an uproar all the time!'"

Soon after the completion of the narrative of the dream, there came a shower of culinary utensils about the poor fellow's head, which obliged him to seek quarters elsewhere; till his Jezebel's wrath had subsided.

The Half Century—A Retrospect.

The following article, which we copy from the New York Tribune, is of exceeding interest at the present time, when we are just entering upon a new half century. The changes, mutations, and progress of the last half century may serve us to surmise, to some extent what the next shall undergo.

Fifty years ago, George Washington had just gone to his grave amid the tears and blessings of the people he had been foremost in rescuing, first from tyranny, then from anarchy; and our country, having just escaped the imminent peril of a war with France, after securing by the Federal Constitution the power of protecting and promoting her own industry, was beginning to realize the blessings of Independence and Freedom. Thomas Jefferson had just been designated for next President by a majority of the American people, but had not yet been actually elected, there being an equal number of votes for him and his associate (Barr) on the Republican ticket, as it was then called, requiring an election by the House, which took place in February following. The population of our country was over 3,300,000, or considerably less than one-fourth the present number. The Union then consisted of Sixteen States—Vermont, Tennessee and Kentucky having been added to the original Thirteen. Ohio had begun to be settled at Marietta, Cincinnati, Warren, and perhaps one or two other points, but had not yet population enough for a State. There were small settlements at Detroit, and perhaps at one or two other points west of Ohio; but Louisiana was a Spanish province, including St. Louis as well as New Orleans, and the Mississippi a Spanish river, through which our people then settling in the valley of the Ohio were denied egress for their products. Florida was of course all Spanish, and what are now Alabama and Mississippi partly Spanish and wholly a wilderness. Our own State had scarcely a white inhabitant west of the sources of the Mohawk and Susquehanna; Buffalo and Rochester were forests traversed only by savages. The Erie canal had hardly been dreamed of by the wildest castle-builder, and the western limit of this State (which a few months more will bring within 24 hours of us) was practically farther off than Paris or Galena now is. This city had a population of 60,000 (less than an eighth its present number) mainly living below Chambers st., while Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Jersey City, and its other suburbs, did not contain a fiftieth part as many inhabitants as now. Philadelphia was a sixth larger than New York; now one-fifth smaller, with a far greater disparity of suburban population. Boston had 25,000 inhabitants, Baltimore 26,500, Washington City (with the Federal Government had just been removed,) had 3,200. A few daring spirits were just beginning to migrate from the older portions of New England to Western New York ("Holland Purchase") and North-Eastern Ohio—an enterprise quite as arduous and perilous as emigration hence to California and Oregon now is.

In Europe, Napoleon had just reached the topmost round of the ladder by overthrowing the Directory and causing himself to be proclaimed First Consul, though he was not crowned Emperor till 1804. He had returned from his abortive invasion of Egypt in 1799, but the battle of Marengo, which made Italy a French province for twelve years thereafter, was not fought till June, 1800.—The Austrian monarch was still known as "Emperor of Germany." Poland, after a melancholy, fitful struggle of twenty-five years against internal anarchy and the conspiracy of Kings for her destruction, had just ceased to exist. Alexander had not yet ascended the throne of Russia, his father Paul I. not being assassinated till March, 1801.—Prussia had preserved peace since the defeat of the Allied invasion of France in 1792, her councils inclining for or against Revolutionary France as fortune smiled or frowned, and so remained until 1806, when she engaged Napoleon single-handed, and was utterly subdued in a single brief campaign commencing with the double route of Jena and Auerberg, and closing with the French armies victorious on her eastern frontier. This completed the virtual conquest of all Germany by Napoleon, Austria having been fully crushed by him in the battle of Austerlitz, December 2, 1805.

Fifty years ago, George III. was in the midst of his reign over the British Empire, with Pitt and Fox, the leaders of the Tory and Whig parties at the height of their life-long struggle. They both died suddenly six years afterward. Trafalgar was yet unfought, but Nelson was already idolized for his victories of Cape St. Vincent, Aboukir, &c. His attack on Copenhagen was not made till April, 1801.

All this Continent, south and west as well as north of the one million square miles belonging to the United States, (since increased to 3,280,000,) was claimed by various European powers as their respective colonial possessions—all north of us (as now) except

a vaguely defined and inhospitable portion of the Northwest Coast, belonging to Great Britain, while all south and west of us was ruled by Spain and Portugal, except a small portion of the eastern coast of South America lying between the mouths of Orinoco and the Amazon, which was shared by England, France and Holland, and known as British, French and Dutch Guiana. This small portion is still European; with most of the islands known as West Indies, but no Spanish or Portuguese flag now waves over any portion of the Continent. Portuguese America, peaceably separated from the mother country, now constitutes the Empire of Brazil, and is governed by a branch of the Portuguese royal house of Braganza; while the vast region formerly constituting Spanish America is now divided as follows: Louisiana, Florida, Texas, New-Mexico and Upper California have been acquired by the United States; while the residue of Mexico, Central America, Venezuela, New-Grenada, Quito, Peru, Chili, Buenos Ayres and their appendages, have become independent, and are striving, generally with indifferent success, to maintain Republican institutions, though with a constant tendency, created by ignorance, indolence and superstition, to degenerate into military despotisms. Such Buenos Ayres appears now to be, while Venezuela and Mexico have been frequently distracted by the arts and arms of military chieftains. Central America has been torn to pieces by the general causes above recited, and now lies prostrate and powerless. Mexico exhibits unequivocal symptoms of decrepitude and approaching dissolution. Upper Peru has become a separate Republic, now known as Bolivia. The Spanish Presidency of Quito is now the Republic of Ecuador. Paragua and Uruga have separated from Buenos Ayres, and each is now independent, the latter known as "the Oriental Republic," though its people are more commonly known as "Monte Videans," from their capital. The extreme southern portion of the Continent, known to Europeans as "Patagonia," with a great portion of the interior of South America, and the north part of North America, remain as they were in 1800, in the undisturbed, unquestioned possession of the savage tribes who had thinly peopled them from time immemorial, and whose barbarous occupations of war and the chase forbid the hope of their self-improvement. The improperly termed West Indian Isles remain in good part as in 1800, save that Hayti, then in revolt against France has achieved her independence of both France and Spain, while slavery has been abolished throughout the islands ruled by Great Britain. The continental possessions of Great Britain have improved considerably in population and wealth; Upper Canada of late quite rapidly. Northward of latitude 50 deg. the severity of the climate on this side and the remoteness from civilized and peopled countries on the other, have prevented any considerable settlement. Successive attempts to discover a Northwest passage around this Continent from Europe to the North Pacific have led to no practical result.

Great Britain, already bereft of her most valuable colonies by the American Revolution, has built up two new Empires within the present century—the first by successive conquests and annexations in Hindoostan, where her possessions now cover a territory as large as Europe south of the Rhine and the Danube, and peopled by hardly less than one hundred millions of human beings. From the Indus on the west to the Irawadi on the east, from the ocean on the south to the Himalayas on the north, almost the entire continent is now under British rule. In Australia, a still vaster and more prosperous, though far less populous, British Empire, is now rapidly forming, from what were in 1800 immense wildernesses, scantily inhabited by the lowest grade of savage beings, and infected along the coasts by a few cargoes of expatriated rascality. The growth of British Australia is now proceeding with a rapidity scarcely paralleled, and apparently with entire solidity and health.

The culmination, decline and overthrow of Napoleon's colossal power belongs to the first quarter of the present century. In 1800 First Consul; in 1804 "Emperor of the French"; in 1811 master of nearly all Continental Europe except Russia, with Italy, Germany, Austria, Spain at his feet, and even Russia, Turkey, and the United States virtually his allies, and only England stubbornly resisting his strides to universal dominion. 1814 saw him defeated and exiled; 1815 a discredited prisoner for life, and 1821 witnessed his "death on a lone barren Isle," almost equidistant from the eastern and western hemispheres. On his complete discomfiture, Europe reverted very nearly into the condition which it exhibited prior to the outbreak of the French Revolution, France being restored to monarchy and reduced to her modern limits; Germany reconstituted a despotic anarchy; Italy surrendered to Austria and absolutism; Poland left a wreck and a divided ruin; Turkey still further crippled and hastening to decay; while only Russia manifested external growth combined with eternal vigor.

Since Napoleon's death, Spain, Poland, Italy and Germany have by turns been the theatre of revolutionary commotions looking to republican freedom, but these ebullitions have all been quenched in blood, and monarchy, more or less absolute in form, but generally despotic in substance, is now the common law of the most enlightened quarter of the earth save in France and Switzerland. France is now nominally a Republic, but, practically, ruled the twin aristocrats of musketry and money, to-day enjoys far less real freedom than the smaller kingdoms, Sardinia, Sweden and Denmark. Switzerland still retains her ancient liberties, though convulsed by faction within, and menaced by banded despotisms without. So all on the Continent seems fixed as Royalty would have it, but it is only seeming. France is a volcano ready for eruption; her millions will never acquiesce in the arbitrary and unlawful robbery from nearly half their number of the right of suffrage; her aristocratic predominance is undermined by intestine feuds, which will yet divorce the sword, the money-chest and the mitre from their present alliance, and restore the rule of the masses; and the day which sees a democratic ascendancy restored in Paris will arouse the republicans of Germany, Italy, Hungary and perhaps of Poland, to make vehement struggle for the liberties of mankind. Despotism has now the bayonets and the arsenals on its sides as of yore; but in popular intelligence, in comprehension of the rights of man the necessary iniquities of kingscraft, the world has made vast progress since 1800. Catholic emancipation in Ireland, and Parliamentary Reform in Great Britain, are two of its peaceful trophies. Such are the political aspects on which opens the latter half of the Nineteenth Century.

Anecdote of a Dog.

A friend who has been spending the winter in Halifax, N. S., tells the following anecdote of a dog, which is about the best story of canine sagacity that we have ever heard.

Tige is a splendid Newfoundland, and possesses good sense as well as good looks.—He is in the habit of going with a penny in his mouth, to the same butcher's shop and purchasing his own breakfast, like a gentlemanly dog as he is. But it so happened upon one cold morning during the past winter, the shop was closed, and the necessity seemed to be imposed upon Tige either to wait for the butcher's return or look for his breakfast elsewhere. Hunger probably constrained him to take the latter alternative, and off he started for another butcher's shop, near his favorite resort. Arriving there, he deposited his money upon the block, and smacked his chops for breakfast, as usual; but the butcher, instead of meeting the demand as a gentleman ought, brushed the coin into the till, and drove the dog out of the shop. Such disgraceful proceedings on the part of a man, very naturally ruffled the temper of the brute; but as there was no other alternative, he was obliged to submit.

The next morning, however, when his master furnished him with the coin for the purchase of breakfast, as usual, the dog, instead of going to the shop where he had been accustomed to trade, went immediately to the shop from whence he was so unceremoniously ejected the day before, laid his penny upon the block, and with a growl, as much as to say, "you don't play any more tricks upon travellers," placed his paw on the penny. The butcher, not liking to risk, under such a demonstration, the perpetration of another fraud, immediately rendered him the *quid pro quo*, in the shape of a slice of meat, and was about to appropriate the penny, as he had done the day previous, to his own coffers; but the dog, quicker than he was, made away with the meat at one swallow, and seizing the penny again in his mouth, made off to the shop of his more honest acquaintance, and by the purchase of a double breakfast, made up for his previous fast.

"Lizzie," said a little curly-headed boy of some five years, 'isn't Sam Slade a buster?'"

"Why, Charley?"

"Because the grammar says, positive buss, comparative buster; and I did see him gin you such a positive buss." Lizzie swooned.

An "Indignant Southerner," speaking of Maine, says that one-half of the farms are so barren, that you might mow them with a razor, and rake them with a fine tooth comb, and yet not get enough to fodder a grasshopper for a month.

"I wish October was only here," remarked a married gentleman of our acquaintance to his betterhalf, a few days since, as he drew forth his baubanna to remove the perspiration that stood in large beads upon his brow.

"Why make such a wish, dear—your days, you know would be that much shortened," was the moralizing reply of the wife.

"Yes, that's very true, dear," said the husband; "but then my nights, you are aware, would be lengthened in proportion."

The wife resumed her sewing.—*St. Mary's Beacon.*

My Love.

BY W. H. RUDDIMAN.
I love the gentle, budding Spring,
Oh, dearly well!
When earth and air their tribute bring,
Our joys to swell:
When azure skies with warblings ring,
And earthward bright reflections fling,
Of hope to tell.

Sweet Summer's blooming opening, too,
I love to hail:
Its balmy, kissing breath to woo—
Each spicy gale;
And happily life's way pursue:
On flowery waves, all capped with dew,
My bark to sail.

Calm Autumn's peaceful, sad return,
I love to see;
Though from each falling leaf, I learn
My destiny,
And for an endless summer yearn,
As to each drooping flower I turn,
So anxiously.

And e'en cold Winter's bitter reign,
I almost love:
For joys oft follow in its train:
And as they move,
They whisper, "Spring will come again,
And banish every chill and pain
From Nature's grove!"

So thus I love them every one;
They all possess
Some pleasures, specially their own,
Our lives to bless:
For in the many seasons flown,
How very much, has each one known
Of happiness.

Touching Narrative.

But I desire to narrate to you a circumstance which happened in the family of a friend and correspondent of mine in the city of Boston, some ten years ago, the history of which will commend itself to the heart of every father and mother who has any sympathy with, or affection for, their children. I was convinced of this when I opened the letter from L. H. B., which announced it, and in the detail of the event which was subsequently furnished me.

A few weeks before he wrote, he had buried his eldest son, a fine, manly little fellow, of some eight or ten years of age, who had never, he said, known a day's illness until that which finally removed him hence to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances, which were peculiarly painful to his parents. A younger brother, a delicate, sickly child from his birth, the next in age to him, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, every precaution had been adopted that prudence suggested to guard the other members of the family against it. But of this one, the father's eldest, he said he had little fear, so rugged was he, and so generally healthy. Still, however, he kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and docks near his school, which it was his custom sometimes to visit; for he was but a boy, and 'boys will be boys,' and we ought more frequently to think it is their nature to be. Of all natural things, a reproach almost to childish frankness and innocence, save me from a 'boy man!' But to the story:—

One evening this unhappy father came home wearied with a long day's labor and vexed at some little disappointment, which had soured his naturally kind disposition, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the smallest annoyance.—While he was sitting by the fire in this unhappy mood of mind, his wife entered the apartment and said:

"Henry has just come in, and he is a perfect fright; he is covered with dock mud, and he is as wet as a drowned rat. 'Where is he?' asked the father, sternly.

"He is shivering over the kitchen fire. He was afraid to come here, when the girl told him you had come home."

"Tell Jane to tell him to come here instantly," was the brief reply to this information.

Presently the boy entered, half perished with fright and cold. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly with his disobedience, spoke of the punishment which awaited him in the morning, as the penalty of his offence, and in a harsh voice concluded with—

"Now sir, go to your bed!"

"But, father," said the little fellow, "I want to tell you—"

"Not a word, sir; go to bed!"

"I only wanted to say, father that—"

of the Interpreter,' as recorded by Bunyan.

After tea, the evening paper was taken up; but there was no news and nothing of interest for that father in the journal of that evening. He sat for some time in an apparently painful reverie, and then rose and repaired to his bed chamber.—As he passed the bedroom where the little boy slept, he thought he would look in upon him before retiring to rest. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek, and rested upon it; but he was sleeping calmly and sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his son; he left also his 'sense of duty,' yet in the night, talking the matter over with the lad's mother, he resolved and promised, instead of punishing as he threatened, to make amends to the boy's aggrieved spirit in the morning, for the manner in which he repelled all explanation of his offence.

But that morning never came to the poor child in health. He awoke the next morning with a raging fever in his brain, and wild with delirium. In forty-eight hours he was in his shroud. He knew neither his father nor his mother when they were called to his bedside, nor at any moment afterwards. Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony did that unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son. Once, indeed, he thought he saw a smile of recognition light up his dying eye, and he leaned eagerly forward for he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, and have been answered; but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the old unmeaning glare, and the wild toss of the fevered limbs, which lasted until death came to his relief.

Two days after the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the deceased boy, bringing the low stools on which it was to stand in the entry hall.

"I was with Henry," said the lad, when he got into the water. We were playing down on Long Wharf, Henry, Charles Mumford, and I, and the tide was very low; and there was a beam ran out from the wharf, and Charles got on it to get a fish line and hook that hung over where the water was deep, and the first thing we saw he had slipped off, and was struggling in the water! Henry threw off his cap and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and, after a great deal of hard work, got Charles out; and they waded up threw the mud to where the wharf was not so wet and slippery, and then I helped them to climb up the side. Charles told Henry not to say anything about it, for if he did his father would never let him go near the water again.—Henry was very sorry; and all the way going home he kept saying—

"What will father say when he sees me to-night? I wish we had not gone so near the wharf!"

"Dear, brave boy!" exclaimed the bereaved father, "and this was the explanation which I refused to hear?" And hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks.

Yes, that stern father now learned, and for the first time, that what he had treated with unwonted severity as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature, which forgetful of self, had hazarded life for another. It was but the quick prompting of that manly spirit which he himself had always endeavored to graft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as he was, had always manifested itself on more than one occasion.

Let me close this story in the very words of the father, and let the lesson sink deep in the hearts of every parent who shall peruse this sketch.

"Every thing that I now see, that ever belonged to him, reminds me of my lost boy. Yesterday I found some pencil sketches which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother. To-day, in rumaging an old closet, I came across his boots, still covered with dock mud as when he last wore them.—(You may think it strange, but that which is usually so unsightly an object is now 'most precious to me.) And every morning and evening I pass the ground where my son's voice rang the merriest among his playmates.

"All these things speak to me vividly of his life; but I cannot—though I have often tried—I cannot recall any other expression of my dear boy's face than that mournful one with which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. Then my heart bleeds afresh!"

Oh, how careful should we all be in our daily conduct towards those little beings sent us by a kind Providence, that we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of a many future bitter tear! How cautious that, neither by inconsiderate or cruel word or look, we unjustly grieve their generous feeling to action against its motive led in a moment of excitement, we be led to the venial errors of the heart, the punishment due only to wilful crime!

Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion nor physical or mental pain, but of a loving yet grieved, or outraged nature.