STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1852.

VOL. 12.

who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1-2 cents, per year, extra.

No papers ditcontinued until all arretrages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

If Advertisements not exceeding one square (six-less) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar. teen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion The Charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

Cheer Up.

Never go gloomily, man with a mind, Hope is a better companion than fear, Providence ever benignant and kind, Gives with a smile what you take with a tear;

All will be right, Look to the light,-Morning is ever the daughter of night, All that is black will be all that is bright, Cheerily, cheerily then! cheer up.!

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,

Many a sorrow a blessing most true, Helping the heart to be happy and wise, With lore ever precious and joys ever now. Stand in the van!

Strive like a man! This is the bravest and eleverest plan, Trusting in God while you do what you can, Cheerily, cherily then! cheer up!

From the Reveries of a Buchelor. Ashes: Signifying Desolation.

After all, thought I, ashes follow blaze, inevitably as Death follows Life. Misery trends on the heels of Joy; Anguish rides swift after

dog; and I patted him fondly once mere, but now only by the light of the dying embers.

It is very little pleasure one takes in fondling brute favorites; but it is a pleasuer that when it passes, leaves no void. It is only a little alleviating redundance in your solstary heart-life, which if lost, another can be supplied. The same of the

ing its humors with mere love of chase, or dog-not repressing year after, its earnest yearings after something better, and more spiritual-has fairly linked itself by bonds strong as life, to another heart-is the casting

up I make well be seem at and alonder

And my facy, as it had painted doubt under the smoke, and cheer under warmth of the biaze, so now it began under the faint light of the smouldering embers, to picture Than the delicious breath marriage sends forth. heart. heart-desolation.

- What kind congratulatory letters, hosts of them, coming from old and half-forgotten friends, now that your happiness is a year, or two years old !

" Beautiful." -Aye, to be sure beautiful!

- Pho, the dawdler! how little he knows of heart-treasure, who speaks of wealth to a man who loves his wife, as a wife should only be loved! "Young."

Young indeed; guileless as infancy; charming as the morning.

Ah, these letters bear a sting; they bring to mind, with new, and newer freshness, if it be possible, the value of that, which you tremble lest you lose.

How anxiously you watch that step-if it lose not its buoyancy; How you study the color on that cheek, if it grow not fainter; How you tremble at the lustre in those eyes, if it be not the lustre of Death; How you totter under the weight of that muslin sleeve-a phantom weight! How you fear to do it, and yet press forward, to note if that breathing be and falling with the throbbing temples, and quickened, as you ascend the home-heights, to look off on sunset lighting the plain.

Is your sleep, quiet sleep, after that she has whispered to you her fears, and in the same breath-soft as a sigh, sharp as an ar-

row-bid you bear it bravely? Perhaps—the embers were now glowing fresher, a little kindling, before the ashes-

she triumphs over disease. But, Poverty, the world's almoner, has

come to you with ready, spare hand.

Alone, with your dog living on bones, and you, on hope-kindling each morning, dving slowly each night-this could be borne. Philosophy would bring home its stores to the loneman. Money is not in his hand, but Knowledge is in his brain! and from that brain he draws out faster, as he draws slower ken him! Clasp him -clasp him harderfrom his pocket. He remembers: and on remembrance he can live for days, and weeks. Lay him down, gently or not, it is the same; The garret, if a garret covers him, is rich in he is stiff; he is stark and cold. fancies. The rain if it pelts, pelts only him used to min-peltings. And his dog crouches embers will get into a blaze again.

crowns himself with glorious memories of Cervantes, though he begs; if he nights it under the stars, he dreams heaven-sent dreams of the prisoned, and homeless Gallileo.

He hums old sonnets, and snatches of poor Johnson's plays. He chants Dryden's odes, and dwells on Otway's rhyme. He reasons with Bolingbroke or Diogenes, as the humor takes him; and laughs at the world; for the world, thank Heaven, has left him alone!

Keep your money, old misers, and your palaces, old princes-the world is mine!

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny-You cannot rob me of free nature's grace, You cannot shut the windows of the sky; You cannot bar my constant feet to trace The woods and lawns, by living streams,

Let health, my nerves and finer fibres brace, And I, their toys, to the great children, leave; Of Fancy, Reason, Virtue, naught can me

But-if not alone ?

If she is clinging to you for support, for consolation, for home, for life-she, reared in luzury perhaps, is faint for bread!

Then, the iron enters the soul; then the nights darken under any sky light. Then the days grow long, even in the solstice of

She may not complain; what then ?

Will your heart grow strong, if the strength of her love can dam up the fountains of tears, and the tied tongue not tell of bereavement? poor treasure of food you have stolen for her, of hers elastic. with begging, foodless children?

vorite child, is pining.

"Come to me again, Carlo," said I, to my lips once more; but it cannot. Thinner and bear exposure. thinner they grow; plaintive and more plain-

loved child; home, you go, to fondle while yet time is left-but this time you are too late. But if your heart, not solitary-not quiet- She is gone. She cannot hear you; she can- you! are failing. not thank you for the violets you put within her stiff, white hand.

> And then-the grassy mound-the cold shadow of head-stone!

tling at the window-panes, and whistles dis-Is it then only a little heart-redundancy mally. I wipe a tear, and in the internal of cut off, which the next bright sunset will fill my Reverie, thank God, that I am no such

But gaiety, snail-footed, creeps back to the household. All is bright again;-

-the violet bed's not sweeter

Her lip is rich and full; her cheek delicate as a flower. Her frailty doubles your love. And the little one she clasps—frail too—too frail; the boy you had set your hopes and heart on. You have watched him growing, ever prettier, ever winning more and more upon your soul. The love you bore to him when he first lisped names-your name and hers-has doubled in strength now that he asks innocently to be taught of this, or that, and promises you by that quick curiosity that flashes in his eye, a mind full of intelligence.

And some hair-breadth escape by sea, or flood, that he perhaps may have had-which unstrung your soul to such tears, as you pray God may be spared you again-has endeared the little fellow to your heart, a thousand for riches-whose is the inheritance !

And, now with his pale sister in the grave, all that love has come away from the mound,

where worms feast, and centers on the boy. How you watch the storms lest they harm night, and lay your hand lightly upon the half parted, and listen-your ear close to

them-if the breathing be regular and sweet! But the day comes—the night rather when you can catch no breathing.

Aye, put your hair away-compose your-

you self-listen again. No, there is nothing!

Put your hand now to his brow-damp indeed-but not with healthful night-sleep: it is not your hand, no, do not deceive yourself -it is your loved boy's forehead that is so cold; and your loved boy will never speak to gain. No tears now; poor man! You canyou again-he is dead!

Oh, the tears-the tears; what blessed things are tears! Never fear now to let them fall on his forehead, or his lip, lest you awayou cannot burt, you cannot waken him!- fear to waken her!

But courage is elastic; is is our pride. recovers itself easier, thought I, than these you motion to the door; you dare not speak.

not in dread, but in companionship. His But courage, and patience, and faith, and ful as a cat,

crust he divides with him, and laughs. He hope have their limit. Blessed be the man who escapes such trial as will determine limit!

To a lone man it comes not near; for how can trial take hold where there is nothing by which to try?

A funeral? You reason with philosophy. A grave-yard? You read Hervey and muse upon the wall. A friend dies? You sigh, you pat your dog-it is over. Losses? You retrench-you light your pipe-it is forgotten. Calumny! You laugh-you sleep.

But with that childless wife clinging to you in love and sorrow-what then?

Can you take down Senaca now, and coolly blow the dust from the leaf-tops? Can you crimp your lip with Voltaire? Can you smoke idly, your feet dangling with the ivies, your thoughts all waving fancies upon a churchyard wall-a wall that borders the grave of

Can you amuse yourself by turning stinging Martial into rhyme ? Can you pat your dog, and seeing him wakeful and kind, say, "it is enough ?" Can you sneer at calumny, and sit by your fire dozing ?

Blessed, thought I again, is the man who escapes such trial as will measure the limit of patience and the limit of courage!

But the trial comes; colder and colder were growing the embers.

That wife, over whom your love broods, is fading. Not beauty fading; that, now that your heart is wraped in her being, would be

She sees with quick eye your dawning ap- may have air. It will not be too cold. Will it solace you to find her parting the prehension, and she tries to make that step

But this ill, strong hands, and Heaven's centered your affections. They are not now there was no sign of life. My dog was asleep. know what I cat. The landscape was his lips-it was not kindled by joy but help, will put down. Wealth again; Flow- as when you were a loan man, wide spread The clock in my tenant's chamber had struck every where bare, and devoid of foliage by faith—as he clasped his hands togethers again; Patrimonial acres again; Bright- and superficial. They have caught from doness again. But your little Bessy, your fa- mestic attachment a finer tone and touch .-They cannot shoot out tendrils into bar- ted a prayer of thanks, that such desolation Would to God! you say in agony, that ren world-soil and suck up thence strengthwealth could bring fullness again into that ening nutriment. They have grown under the blanched cheek, or round those little thin forcing-glass of home-roof, they will not now

You do not now look men in the face as if a heart-bond was linking you-as if a com-"Dear Bessy"-and your tones tremble; munity that monopolizes your feeling. When you feel that she is on the edge of the grave. the heart lay wide open, before it had grown Can you pluck her back? Can endearments upon, and closed around particular objects, stay her! Business is heavy, away from the it could take strength and cheer, from a hundred connections that now seem colder than

And now those particular objects-alas for

What anxiety pursues you! How you struggle to fancy-there is no danger; how she struggules to persuade you-there is no

How it grates now on your ear-the toil The wind, growing with the night, is rat- and turmoil of the city! It was music when when you were alone; it was pleasant even, when from the din you were elaborating comforts for the cherished objects; when you had such sweet escape as evening drew on.

Now it maddens you to see the world careless while you are steeped in care. They hustle you in the street; they smile at you across the table; they bow carelessly over the way; they do not know what canker is at your

The undertaker comes with his bill for the dead body's funeral. He knows your grief; he is respectful. You bless him in your soul; You wish the laughing street-goers were all

Your eye follows the physician as he leaves your house; is he wise! you ask yourself; is fail-is he never forgetful?

And now the hand that touches yours, is it no thinner-no whiter than yesterday? Sunny days come when she revives; color comes back; she breathes freer; she picks flowers; choly days of my foreign travel. Of enshe meets you with a smile; hope lives again. closures, walls, hedges, or of regular di-But the next day of storm she is fallen .-

You hurry away from business before your time. What matter for clients-who is to reap the rewards! What matter for famewhose eye will it brighten? What matter

looking over a little picture-book bethumbed astonishment. Sometimes I had no ocby the dear boy she has lost. She hides it in casion to get off the coach, for from my her chair; she has pity on you.

sun shines, and flowers open out of the doors; dwellings we passed. Those who have him! How often you steal to his bed late at she leans on your arm, and strolls into the garden where the first birds are singing .-Listen to them with her; what memories are brow, where the curls cluster thick, rising in bird-songs! You need not shudder at her give. To such, if they are not devoid of tears-they are tears of Thanksgiving. Press human feeling, I could wish no greater watch, for minutes together, the little lips the hand that lies light upon your arm, and you, too, thank God, while yet you may!

You are early at home-mid-afternoon. Your step is not light; it is heavy, terrible.

They have sent for you. She is lying down; her, eyes half closed; her breathing long and interrupted.

hand in hers; yours trembles; hers does not. the Irish. But the wretchedness of the Her lips move; it is your name. "Be strong," she says, "God will help

She presses harder your hand: "Adieu!" A long breath-another; you are alone anot find them!

clothes, and the undertaker is screwing down boil the potatoes in, a tin cup to drink on condition you was to be miserable for the lid, slipping round on tip-toe. Does he

It coat cuff. You look him straight in the eye;

The man has done his work well for all .- of their living, day after day, and year It is a nice coffin-a very nice coffin! Pass after year, excepting that on Christmas your hand over it-how smooth! Some sprigs of mignionette are lying care-

lessly in a little gilt-edged saucer. She loved It is a good staunch table; you are a house-

keeper-a man of family! features; is this all that is left of her? And in the smoke and darkness, and actually were driven from all their positions, and

--- Another day. The coffin is gone out. The stupid mourners have wept-what idle

home now. Go into your parlor that your prim house-

keeper has made comfortable with clean hearth and blaze of sticks. Sit down in your chair; there is another

velvet-cushioned one, over against yours-empty, You press your fingers on your eye-balls, as anxiety "The pig pays the rent," is Kossuth afterwards visited the graves f you would press out something that hurt the expression you hear constantly re- of the fallen heroes, when a scene of great the brain; but you cannot. Your head leans peated. If you hurt a pig they say, "Let excitement and powerful interest took upon your hand; your eyes rest upon the the poor thing alone, it pays the rint for place. No doubt many of your readers flashing blaze.

Ashes always come after blaze. Go now into the room where she was sick -softly, lest the prim housekeeper come af-

They have put new dimity upon her chair; they have hung new curtains over the bed .--They have removed from the stands its phials, of his earthly sorrows. and silver bell; they have put a little vase of The distance from Marlow to Killar- of his dearest friends, and of thousands flowers in their place; the perfume will not ney is about forty miles, yet the whole whose fearless hearts but a few short hours offend the sick sense now. They have open- distance I did not find a village, nay not before beat in unison with his own in the ed the window, that the room so long closed

---Oh, God! Thou who dost temper the wind to the shorn lamb-be kind!

I dashed a tear or two from my eyes; how they came there I know not. I half ejaculahad not yet come nigh me; and a prayer of

hope-that it might never come. In a half-hour more, I was sleeping soundly. My reverie was ended.

> From the Louisville Journal. A Pedastal,

ERECTED IN HONOR OF HENRY CLAY, To be read, commencing at either the base or apex.

> Oh, glorious Clay, Who can repay Contending ever, Battling for right, Despising faction, Thee! noble Harry of the West,

Shrined in each patriotic breast, We proudly hail, and oft exulting claim Kentucky's favored son, sated with fame,
When dangers lower the only hope of all
In peace, the object of envenomed gall,
Sublimely standing 'mid each party storm
Unmoved, immoveable we've mark'd thy form
Now curbing factions as they wrangle wrongly Now curbing factions as they wrangle wrongly, Uniting now our federal ties more strongly, Like some bold beacon chiff 'mid storms grown gray Stemming the angry flood, we view thee, Henry Cla Elkton, Todd co., Ky. JOHN HOPLEY.

Picture of Distress in Ireland. Mr. W. H. Levan has been visiting Europe and contributing letters to the

Berks and Schuylkill Journal. A late number of that paper contains a picture That ride, from Marlow to the lakes

of Killarney, was one of the most melan-

visions of the fields, I could discover noth-She cannot talk even; she presses your hand. ing worthy of the name, and of pretty gardens, fruit trees, or even flower beds I found none. Instead of cheerful farm houses, I saw fallen buts and ruined cottages. As often as we stopped I survey-You find her propped with pillows; she is ed the interior houses, which excited my elevated seat I could perceive through -Another day of rival, when the spring the ho'es of the roofs the interior of the never been in Ireland may think I am coloring the picture which I am about to punishment than to force them to travel through the counties of Kerry, Cork, Tipperary, &c. But they tell me I visited the worst part of Ireland. Thank God if it is so, for I little thought so much wretchedness could or did exist in this bright She hears you; her eye opens; you put your hospitable, generous, witty people than great mass of the population is utterly beyond description. I have been into cabins dug out of the bog, with no walls, without .- And this is literally the whole your choice?

day they contrive to get a little piece of meat and a bit of bread.

You will be curious to know whether I Aye, of family! keep down outcry, or the could hardly credit my own senses, until that one of their most victorious battles nurse will be in. Look over at the pinched I went into the cabins, and felt my way was fought at Kapolna. The Austrians where is your heart now? No, don't thrust put my hand on the turf sides. Here relinquished their attacks, retiring in good your nails into your hands, nor mangle your they all lie down, parents and children, order certainly on their retreat to Pesth, brothers and sisters, on the straw at night but leaving the Hungarians unequivocaltears! She, with your crushed heart, has same room. It may perhaps sound strange Many a noble and heroic eye closed for-Will you have pleasant evenings at your man feeds his pig quite as well as his chil- dead were buried with all the pomp and for it frees him from his greatest load of non spoke the soldier's requiem-

> all the poor Irishman's cares. some lord, who perhaps squanders his ble face and figure, when excited by some thousands in London yearly, is the worst great thought and splendid imagining .-

was all peat and moor, and even a rising German :ground afforded an extensive prospect

ged children! or twelve pounds-about sixty dollars- spirit of a gallant nation seeks to defend as the income upon which a laborer's fam- Thine own precious gift of freedom. family support life. But if we calculate siderably lessened.

peals for alms :- "Good luck your hon- with their unhallowed footsteps. My or, something for a poor man to-day, and Father! my Father !-mightier than all he prudent ! is he the best ! Did he never of the "worst part of Ireland." We sub- may the Lord carry you home safe," or the myriads of earth—the Infinite Ruler poor blind woman to keep herself and of Thy glory shine from these lowly se-

> to what we had witnessed that day. It reminded me of my reception at Bou- people, I ascribe all honor and praise." logne, where a babel of voices and the pressure of the multitude give you an idea that you are about being plundered, or carried off nolens volens at the mercy of the most stalwart among them. Here

Which Would You Choose? of varnish in your house. A coffin is there; fork, the whole furniture consisting of of sand was consuming, by this slow meth- ples indisputably happy in each other, 9. they have clothed the body in decent grave some straw to lie down upon, a pot to od, until there was not a grain of it left, out of, and a wicker-basket to take up ever after; or supposing that you might the potatoes after they are boiled, which be happy forever after, on condition you to-day?" "Well, I 'spose he's failing; I inscription upon the plate, rubbing it with his is set down in the middle of the floor, would be miserable until the whole mass heern him tell mother yesterday, to go and parents and children squat down on of sand were thus annihilated, at the rate round to the shops and get trusted all she the ground, and cat their food with their of one sand in a thousand years - could-and do it right off too-for he'd He takes up his hat and glides out stealth- fingers, sometimes with salt, but oftener which of these two cases would you make got everything ready to make a but un

From the N. Y. Home Journal.

Kossuth's Prayer on the Graves of those who had fallen at Kapolna.

Those readers who have with some inhave seen many living so !- Yes, hun- terest pursued the glorious struggle of dreds-hundreds? age thousands? I the Hungarians, will doubtless remember huddled together, literally naked, with ly masters of the field of battle. It was oftentimes the ass or the horse, in the an advantage dearly purchased, however. but it is not the less true, that the Irish- ever on the fatal plains of Kapolna. The dren. It is admitted into his cabin in ceremony of military mourning; the flag which it lives. It has its corner, as the of Hungary was lowered over their graves, children have theirs. On the pig rest as if to take a last farewell of its gallant the best hopes of every poor Irish peasant, champions, whilst the thunder of the can-

us," or if you praise one, "yes, it is a use-ful beast, it is our rint,"—That source of suth; and we may justly picture to ourselves the sublime, almost spiritual, ex-The high rent which he has to pay to pression which no doubt pervaded his no-He stood by the last resting-place of many even a single, I will not say regular, but aspirations after national liberty and glo-

even a tolerable human habitation. We ry. Kossuth raised his face to heaven, stopped to dine, but the sight of the house and uncovered his head, an action in (?) took away my appetite. Although I which he was imitated by all present; a Your trials and your loves together have The embers were dark; I stirred them; am not over fastidious, I always like to smile of unearthly beauty played round of any kind ;-the color of the land was er, and, with a bearing that can never be the most melancholy in the world, name- forgotten, uttered the prayer, of which ly, brown, and dirty red or black. It the following is a translation from the

"Exalted Ruler of the Universe, God still nothing was to be seen but a greater of the warriors of Arpad, look down from extent of peat and moor, yet more barren, Thy starry throne upon Thine unworthy rocks, bleak mountains, and ruined cab- servant, from whose lips the prayer of ins. When I asked what had become of millions ascends to heaven, extolling the the inmates of those ruined cabins, the infinite power of Thine omnipotence .answer would invariably be, "starved or My God, Thy bright sun shines above gone to America." It made me melan- me whilst beneath my knees rest the choly to travel through this country. But bones of my fallen brothers. Thy stainhow much more melancholy must it be, less azure over-canopies us; but beneathto live there dependant on a hard master, the earth is red with the sacred blood of and, moreover the father of a row of rag- the children of our fathers. Let the fructifying beams of thy glorious lumina-Now if you take the wages of an Irish ry shine upon their graves, that the crimlaborer to be as at present, sixpeness day, son hue may be replaced with flowers, and suppose his wife carns in addition and the last resting-place of the brave fourpence daily-and upon this pittance still crowned with the emblems of liberty. they and their family can exist-we have God of my fathers and of my race, hear for the year three hundred working days, my supplications: let Thy blessing rest a total product of three thousand pence, upon our warriors, by whose armes the

." Help them to break the iron fetters the days-many numbered-of care and with which blind despotism would bind anxiety, on which no work is to be had : a great people. As a freeman I prosif we take these into account, the income trate myself before Thee on these fresh of the poor Irishman, whose labor is his graves of my slaughtered brethern. Aconly means of support, must be still con- cept the bloody offering which has been presented to Thee, and let it propitiate The coach was continually surrrounded Thy favor to our land. My God, suffer by beggars. Sometimes they would fol- not a race of slaves to dwell by these low for miles, with the most piteous ap- graves, nor pollute this consecrated soil "for the love of God, something for a of heaven, earth and ocean-let a reflex ten children from starving." Such were pulchres upon the face of my people .a few of the petitions that were made to Consecrate this spot by Thy grace, that us for charity. The German gentleman the ashes of my brothers who have fallen had been to Italy, but he told me there in this sacred cause may rest undisturbwas no wretchedness there, in comparison ed in hallowed repose. Forsake us not in the hour of need, great God of battles!-We arrived at Killarney at ten o'clock Bless our efforts to promote that liberty at night, where we were surrounded by of which Thine own spirit is the essence; a crowd of people awaiting our arrival .- for to Thee, in the name of the whole

Cold Comfort. One of the papers in Portugal, gives some statistics which could only be objaunting cars from different hotels await tained under one of those governments of the coach to convey you to any one you the spy-and-secret police system. They remay have fixed upon. I was recommen- port the state of matrimony in that counded to the "Royal Victoria Hotel," "ded- try. "There are in Portugal 872,634 maricated to the Queen by her most gracious ried couples, of which the present con-Majesty's special permission," at the foot dition is very nearly as follows: - women of the lakes, " patronized by the Nobili- who have lefttheir husbands for their lovty and Gentry of the United Kingdom," ers, 1275. Husbands wholeft their wives and I can assure you I was fully compe- for other women, 2,361. Couples who have tent to do justice to an excellent supper, agreed to live separately, 33,120. Couafter travelling from six in the morning ples who live in open warfare, under the world of ours. I never met with a more until ten at night without baving caten a same roof, 132,063 Couples who cordialy hate each other, but dissemble their aversion, under the apperance of love, 162,320. Couples who live in a state of Supposing the body of the earth were tranquil indifference 510,132. Couples but the peat mud in which they have been a great mass or ball of the finest sand, thought by their acquaintances to be hapexcavated ; with the roof of turf and and that a single grain or particle of this py, but who are not, themselves, convinstraw, and water standing in puddles on sand should be annihilated every thousand ced or their own felicity,1.102. Couples the out side, without chimney, window, years. Supposing then that your choice to that are happy as compared with those -Again home early. There is a smell door, floor, bed, chair, table, knife or behappy all the while this prodigious mass that are confessed unhappy, 131. Cou-Total, 872,634."

Boy, what is your father doing