

Jeffersonian Republican.

Richard Nugent, Editor]

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

[and Publisher.

VOL. I

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1840.

No. 2.

JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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 proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cts. per year, extra.
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POETRY.

From the Gilt for 1839—Philadelphia.

THE FAREWELL.

Addressed to a new-found Friend,

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

We met as strangers, lady, not as strangers do we part,
Long will thy memory remain enshrined within my heart;
How would thy those unshaken tears beneath mine eyelids swell,
As standing on the pebbly shore, I breathe my sad farewell.

We met as strangers, but that breast must be as winter cold,
Which asks reviving years before love's blossoms can unfold;
A look, a word, a simple tone, oft wakes the spart's strings,
And calls forth all the melody from sympathy that springs.

The chambers of my imagery an added treasure show,
Thy graceful form is pictured there, thy calm and cloudless brow;
Tread't by affection's shafted hand, illumed by memory's light,
Fadless those thins will still be found, when years have sped their flight.

Oh, dark indeed would be this world, did we not sometimes find,
That best of all earth's fairy gifts—a gentle, kindred mind;
And though we only meet to part, yet pleasant thoughts remain,
To cheer our onward path, when time has strew'd that path with pain.

Farewell, sweet friend—I speak the word with vain but fond regret—
It may be long ere we shall meet again as we have met;
But at the quiet evening hour, O! let my memory seem
The half-traced image of a past and not unpleasing dream,
Brooklyn, L.I.

SCENIC TALES.

AN ESCAPE

During 'The Reign of Terror.' From the Temple Prison.

"What is to become of thee, oh my country?" exclaimed Blondville, one day, throwing himself upon a sofa, and giving vent to his feelings. "Twelve, fifteen and twenty executions in a day in Paris; what is to become of France. Robespierre is the most bloody tyrant in the universe."

Blondville started from his seat, and gazed around to see if any listening ear overheard his words. Finding all silent, he again exclaimed:—"Nero and Caligula could not surpass him in their thirst for blood."

At this moment a knocking at the door of his parlor roused him to a sense of the danger he braved in speaking thus harshly of Robespierre, and of being overheard. The door opened, and a servant handed him a letter, which he knew came from the fair Rosalie, for the superscription was in her hand writing. With a smiling countenance he dwelt upon every line; and after reading it twice exclaimed:

"Yes, beautiful creature, fairest of Heaven's wrens, I will with pleasure obey your commands; if it is to cross unknown seas, climb mountains, and explore the trackless desert. I will soon be with you and gaze once more on the idol and angel of my heart."

That night Madame and Mademoiselle de Bourg were sitting with Rosalie in their little parlour conversing on the awful affairs of France.

"It appears to me," said Madame de Bourg, "that that villain, Robespierre, is determined to exterminate every noble, wealthy and learned person in the realm."

"He appears to riot in the blood of the Royal family," said the beautiful Emily.

"Be more cautious and speak not so loud," exclaimed Rosalie, "some one may be listening."

"There is an ear that never sleeps," said a voice without, in hollow and husky tones.

The ladies screamed, and the next moment the door opened, and a frightful object entered; his face covered with blood. Rosalie had nearly fainted, ere Blondville could snatch the mask from his face and discover himself.

"Though I am so gay," said Blondville, "I have but a little while ago witnessed one of the most terrific scenes that ever appalled humanity. Hearing that Robespierre had condemned Brissot and twenty-one others of the Convention, I went to the prison, and from thence to the guillotine. You remember, Rosalie, the fine looking man we were admiring the other day in the street! Well, that was Vallee. He stabbed himself immediately after hearing his sentence, and such a countenance, Oh! God, I never can forget it!"

"Did you see the poor creature beheaded," asked Rosalie, with a deep sigh.

"I did," returned Blondville, "and oh! how poor Brissot hated to die."

"Why do you pity him," asked Madame de Bourg, "but yesterday he, and the twenty-one who perished with him, were the confederates of Robespierre, and gave their sanction to the inhuman decrees which have sent so many worthy men to perish beneath the accursed guillotine. They were all equally guilty in the sight of Heaven."

"It is natural to the human heart to pity the fallen and distressed. Oh! could you but have seen how reluctantly they went to the block—how they hung back upon life, loath to let it go, you would have pitied them, indeed you would."

"Indeed, I would not," spiritedly exclaimed Madame de Bourg, "for they had no pity on the noble hearts they sent there to perish. Pity them indeed—no, no."

Madame and Mademoiselle de Bourg now put on their hats, and went out upon a visit, leaving Blondville in the situation he desired, alone with Rosalie. Swiftly and sweetly passed the winged hours, while upon his knee he poured out his soul and made known his sentiments. Ere the month ended, Rosalie had joined her fate to that of Blondville, and a great deal of rejoicing was the consequence.

"Am I not the happiest of men!" asked Blondville, one day, as he held his blooming and beautiful wife in his arms.

"And am I not the happiest of women!" exclaimed Rosalie, "for I have everything I desire, and a bright future before me, unobscured by a cloud."

Scarcely had the words dropped from her lips, ere a thundering knock was heard at the door, and three ruffians rushed in.

"I presume," said one of them, in language superior to his station, "that the accomplished, though unfortunate Victor Rosalie de Blondville stands before me?"

"I am that fated wretch," cried the unhappy Blondville, anticipating their errand, and catching in his arms the form of the fainting Rosalie. "But a moment ago I was the happiest of men, but now I am a victim to the guillotine. Take this purse of gold and let me fly," and he offered them a large purse glittering with the precious metal.

"We dare not take it," exclaimed one of them, "for our own heads would pay the forfeit of your escape. Cheer up and hope for the best. Bring him along, comrades."

Blondville laid the fainting form of Rosalie on the sofa, and gazing upon her pale features, burst into tears at the thought of the agony she was to suffer in future.

"Come along, sir, come along, we cannot wait," said the roughest ruffian, and hurried the alarmed Blondville from his insensible wife, ere he had time to bid her adieu. What a transition he mentally exclaimed, from the most ecstatic bliss to the deepest misery; and from the arms of an adored wife and happy home, to the dark and dreary confines of a dungeon. A cold chill paralyzed Blondville's heart, as he gazed up at the iron-grated windows and massive walls of the dungeon, from whence perhaps he was never to retrace his steps, but as a victim to the guillotine. Scarcely had he reached the steps of the temple prison ere a wild scream from behind arrested his attention. It proceeded from the unhappy Rosalie, crying: "Give me back my husband—murderers give me back my husband." With hair dishevelled, and with the wild air of grief, she approached, but ere she could reach the massive iron door swung to on its hinges, and hid the unhappy husband from her view. In vain she plead with the hard hearted jailor; in vain she prayed him to admit her to her husband; his heart was inexorable, and a friend bore her back, in a state little below frenzy, to her once happy, now miserable home. She there threw herself on a sofa, and gave vent to a flood of tears, which relieved her overburdened heart. There is a limit to the weakness of woman, after which a reaction takes place, bringing with it stern resolve and heroic fortitude. It was thus with the delicate, the beautiful Rosalie, who in ordinary circumstances would start at a shadow, but who was now prepared to do a deed at which a hero might stand appalled.

"Yes!" cried she, with a distracted air, "I will do the bloody deed and save my husband. Robespierre shall die—this dagger shall free the world from a heartless tyrant and rescue France from a vortex of ruin."

She walked the floor in deep contemplation for a moment, and again exclaimed:

"Should I fall in the noble, though hazardous attempt to save my husband, this same dagger shall reach my own heart, and deprive the tyrant from intruding his hands in my blood. Oh! should this arm be so fortunate as to reach his bosom, France will hail me as her benefactor, and erect monuments and mausoleums to my memory, to inform posterity that the arm which done the deed

was a woman's. Heaven cannot but smile upon an act so glorious. This night the tyrant dies."

The rich and rosy smile of enthusiasm overspread her countenance; and for a moment she appeared happy. Suddenly her mind was perplexed, and a shadow crossed her features.

"What if my husband should perish on the scaffold, ere opportunity should bring me to the bedside of the slumbering tyrant," she ejaculated, at the same time pressing her brow, and walking the floor rapidly. "Well, be it so, if Heaven will not have it otherwise; but one thing is certain, that ere tomorrow's sun shall glitter on the spires of Paris, this dagger shall either reach the heart of the ruffian Robespierre, or reek with my own heart's blood. And now I have resolved, I shall live in hopes that my husband shall not perish."

Rosalie now wended her way to the residence of her aunt, Madame de Bourg, to communicate to her her resolve, and to solicit her assistance. It is necessary to mention that Madame de Bourg, as well as Rosalie, had, for a long time, been familiar in the house of Robespierre. She communicated her intention to her aunt, and also to her cousin, who had often exhibited a heroic devotion to her country, but to her utter astonishment, the face of Emily de Bourg changed color and her whole manner appeared irresolute. Emily, however, evaded it with pretended sickness, and Rosalie forgot the circumstance, so much was she engrossed with the hope of Robespierre's death and her husband's release.

Poor Blondville, in his solitary dungeon was thinking of the agony which he supposed his wife to be suffering, little dreaming that her delicate little hand would ever attempt to strike a dagger home to the heart of the terrible tyrant, whose hands held the reins of empire and the destinies of France. He little knew what heroic deeds woman is capable of, when the life of her husband is in danger. Night was approaching, and he dreaded the dawning of the next day's sun, as many noble lives were doomed on the morrow to the guillotine and his might be one. Every hour the large bell struck, he considered as one nearer to the grave, and gave himself up to the most terrifying reflections on death. For several mornings he had heard the adjoining cells emptied of their victims, and their farewell prayers and agonizing cries, as they were conducted from the gloomy prison to the guillotine, as it was the custom to mark all the cells whose inmates were the next morning to be devoted to death. This was an awful sight to Blondville, for he had a foreboding of something, though he could not tell what. In vain he endeavored to sleep, for the image of the writhing victim beneath the bloody axe was before his eyes, and when he did doze, he was aroused with the imaginary knell of his own doomed hour of death. Who can imagine his feelings: every hour expecting to be called forth to the scaffold, from a dark and dreary dungeon, the very air of which is sickening to the soul. For hours through the night, he would lie and listen to the groans of prisoners in the adjoining cells; some wishing they had never been born, and others execrating the name of Robespierre. He could hear them bewailing the fate of fathers, and brothers, and of friends, in the very agony of their souls, and often the tears started from his eyes at their piteous exclamations.

The city clocks had tolled the hour of twelve. The streets were deserted, and all was silent as the bosoms Robespierre had sent to their dark and bloody graves. Rosalie left her lodgings, and paced the street in moody silence; quickening her step the nearer she approached the dwelling of the tyrant. She knew the room in which Robespierre slept when she was under his care, and was acquainted with a back window through which she could gain admittance. The bolt of the window she easily threw aside with the point of a knife and sprang into the building in which the tyrant slumbered. With a step light as the movement of a shadow, she determined to ascend the stairway which led to the great hall of reception. She passed into it, and took from under her cloak a dark lantern, by the light of which she examined the apartment. Every thing wore an awful splendor; the hall was hung in black, and in the middle of the floor stood a centre table, covered with rich black drapery, on which was a human skull. Rosalie paused for a moment, to contemplate the scene where Robespierre gave audience, and voted to the guillotine all those who had incurred his displeasure.

From the hall to the sleeping apartment of Robespierre was but a few steps, and Rosalie opened the door softly to listen. To her there was a mysterious air of dread and gloom in the apartment where the murderer of so many slept, and for a moment her heart fluttered. But the remembrance of her incarcerated husband, and the fate that awaited him, nerved his arm, and banished from her heart the terror of the tyrant, and she boldly entered. Upon a splendid couch before her, reposed the demon Robespierre, the Nero of France.—There, in pomp and pride, slumbered the unfeeling man whose hands were reeking with the gore of royalty. There he slumbered in voluptuous ease, while hundreds of mothers mourned with bleeding hearts over the bloody remains of their murdered sons. She stood for some moments contemplating the dreadful being, at whose nod the noblest had perished. She advanced with the glittering dagger in her hand, and gazed in his face. A calmness overspread his countenance, and the features were as untroubled as the waters of an embosomed lake. She could scarcely believe that innocent looking being could be Robespierre, stained with a thousand crimes. But she could not be mistaken, for she had known him long before he grasped the reins of empire, to tyrannize over France. She had known him long ere he had stained the guillotine with guiltless blood.

A slight noise startled Rosalie. In a moment she closed the lantern, and raised the dagger to strike the oppressor of her husband and the cause of all her woe. In the same instant that the blow was aimed at his breast she felt her arm arrested by an unseen hand, and the dagger snatched from her grasp. It was the work of an instant of time.

"Oh, God! I am lost!" mentally exclaimed Rosalie, and in breathless suspense rushed to the door, in passing through which something fell, and lodged in the folds of her cloak. No noise ensued, no alarm was given and no footsteps pursued her. After she gained the street, she again breathed freely, and almost believed that it was imagination which had caused her to drop the dagger. But yet she felt the human hand forcibly arrest her arm, felt the impress of the fingers in her soft flesh, and felt the dagger wrested from her hand. Her attention was now directed to the object which had fallen in her cloak as she passed through the door. It was a folded paper in which by the faint light of her lamp she could discover writing.

"Who knows," exclaimed Rosalie, "but Providence has thrown this in my way for some good; I will hasten home and examine its contents. Oh! if Heaven will but grant this to be the means of my husband's escape, I will forever hereafter devote myself to religion."

With this hope in her heart, (and the wretched cherish the most forlorn hopes) she swiftly paced the silent streets. Arriving at her dwelling, she proceeded to read the contents of the paper, and found it to be the order of Robespierre for the release of some woman's son (name not mentioned,) to whom he referred only through herself. It was couched in the following language:

"The keeper of the temple prison will release the son of the bearer of this, as he has been unjustly accused. I have taken pity upon him. By order of Robespierre."

"And does Robespierre ever feel pity," exclaimed Rosalie, as she drew her pen and ink from her escarotire. "Did his heart ever melt with the Heaven inspired emotion of pity?"

She took her pen and having smoothly obliterated with a knife the word son she inserted in its place the word husband. She then shouted for joy.

"One more attempt," she exclaimed, "and if I fail, my husband must fall a victim to the axe and to the vengeance of Robespierre. But he shall not be unavenged. I have a second dagger which shall either reach his heart, or free my own from sorrow."

As she uttered the last word a thundering knock was heard at the door, and she started in terror.

"My hour is come," she exclaimed, "for I hear the ruffians of Robespierre at the door. Oh God if I could but have saved my husband I could die with composure, and even joy: happy that I had rescued him from the fangs of a tiger whose heart is hard as the walls that confine my poor Blondville."

Secretly the paper in her bosom, she tremblingly proceeded to open the door, where, to her surprise, she found her cousin Emily waiting with the same dagger in her hand which had been snatched from the grasp of Rosalie in the chamber of Robespierre. Rosalie stood amazed and felt the flame of anger rising in her heart at the thought that Emily had been the means of defeating the liberation of her husband. Emily perceiving her emotion, spoke:

"Dearest cousin, be not angry till I have told you all. I was present when you uttered your determination of stabbing Robespierre in his sleep, and fearing, lest in your precipitation, you might slay his brother, for I cannot but confess that I have a great regard for him, I bribed an old and trusty friend, who is in the service of Robespierre, to defeat your designs, for I believed that the act, whether crowned with success or not, would only end in the ruin of you and your husband both. Your mind was wrought up to frenzy, and you was little calculated to do a deed which requires the utmost coolness conjoined with unflinching determination."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed Rosalie, gazing with a maniac stare at Emily, "then you will be the murderer of my husband—your hands will reek with his heart's blood, as it gushes from beneath the guillotine. The dagger you have turned from the heart of the relentless Robespierre, will be buried to the hilt in his!" Then shouting at the top of her voice, she again exclaimed:

"Think you I fear death, when by the sacrifice of my own life I can rescue my husband from an ignominious death? Think you I have no courage for a noble deed? Did I not stand like Brutus over the guardian of my youth, and the enemy of my country, ready to wash out his crimes in his blood. But Brutus had no wife to perish by the tyrant. Oh, no, no, no. You, my Kinswoman, from whom I expected assistance and succour, have doomed me to widowhood, and my poor husband, who now pines in his dungeon, to death. Oh, God! was it reserved for you to lift the axe which must not only fall on my husband's neck, but must cleave my heart in twain. If he dies, I am eternally undone. But hear me Heaven, I will not cease to attempt his liberation, till he perishes on the scaffold; till my heart breaks with anguish, and my brain runs wild with madness and despair."

With a hysteric laugh, she threw herself upon a sofa. A thousand ringlets fell over her white neck and bosom, and a Praxiteles or Michael Angelo, would have considered her beautiful, even in her despair. On that same sofa she had sat with her husband but a short time before, and commented on their happiness. How transitory is human bliss! How sweet and vanishing!

But where now was Blondville, the gay and beloved Blondville, the idol of his heroic wife's bosom, the cherished of the army in which he was an officer, and a pattern for every noble youth in Paris! Where was he who so lately reclined in the lap of wealth, and basked in the smiles of beauty! His wealth confiscated, stripped of every honor, and dragged from the arms of the woman who loved him to idolatry, he pines in a damp, dark dungeon, every hour expecting to hear the knell of his own doom, and to be led out to the guillotine at ready drunk with human blood. Like many a youth the pride of Paris, he expected to perish—Already had he escaped his doom by passing from

his own cell, the door of which had received the death mark into another.

The gray dawn was just purpling the Heavens, as Rosalie, with an assumed joy and quick step, ascended the marble steps of the prison, and handed to the keeper the paper which purported to be an order from Robespierre for the release of her husband. She trembled as he alternately scrutinized the paper and her. But so well did she dissemble, and so well did he know the signature of Robespierre, that he bade her pass, and gave her the number of the cell in which Blondville was confined. Her blood run cold as she surveyed the gloomy vault, the iron doors and stone floor which had been so often wet with the tears of miserable victims. But no time was to be lost, and she flew to the arms of her husband. He was in a deep sleep, and in the moment of awaking, imagined that his hour was come; and that she who had come to liberate him, was his executioner. Scarcely could he believe his senses when he beheld the beautiful Rosalie bending over him, and urging him to escape for his life.

"There is but one condition," said the unhappy Blondville, "upon which I can live, and sooner than agree to that I will suffer death, yea, a thousand deaths on the rack."

"What mean you," asked his lovely and affectionate wife, attempting to raise him from his flinty bed.

"Your dishonor alone can snatch me from the guillotine. Robespierre was here in my cell yesterday, taunting me with the hope of life, and made the hellish, insulting proposal of your dishonor—My blood boiled with vengeance, and my brain reeled with a sickening frenzy, I longed for a dagger—"

"Nay, nay, understand me," said Rosalie, interrupting him, "you are now at liberty—fly, for there is but a moment to be lost. By a false order I have procured your release, and the doors are open to you. Rise and fly ere it is too late. At another time I will explain."

"But," said Blondville, hesitating, "should I fail I shall involve you in my ruin."

"Fear not for me, my dearest husband, but fly while life is yours. It matters not," said the devoted woman, "if my life should pay the penalty for the preservation of yours."

She seized him by the arm and literally dragged him from his cell. With enquiring eyes the keeper surveyed him as he passed from the prison—The open air and the sight of Heaven, seemed to infuse into him the love of life, and with rapid steps he pursued his way to the house of a friend, who readily agreed to furnish him a horse. After disguising himself, he pressed his heroic wife to his bosom, in one long embrace, then tore himself from her arms and fled. Scarcely had the sound of the horse's hoofs died away, ere the alarm was given that a prisoner had escaped, and a hundred men were in pursuit. But soon had he escaped from the city, and as night closed in, found himself in the depths of the forest of Fontainebleau, thirty-five miles from Paris. In the midst of a storm, his noble steed bore him onward, over streams and fallen trees, till he had far outstripped his pursuers. Fatigued and hungry, he knew not where to obtain food for himself or his horse, till a glimmering light on the confines of the forest, attracted his eye. Thither he rode, and obtained lodgings for the night. Scarcely had he departed in the morning, ere his pursuers were scouring every road in the forest, and at one time a *gen d'arme* was within a few yards, and enquired if he had seen the prisoner. He escaped by telling the *gen d'arme* that he was an officer, on his way to the army, commanded by the celebrated general Pichegru. Under this general he did serve by assuming another name until some time in the year 1794, when he determined to visit Paris in disguise, in search of his wife. It was late on one beautiful afternoon, when he arrived in the city.—So altered was he by hardship, that even his friends did not know him. The prince Louis XVII, who had long been confined in the Temple prison, had just died; his aunt, the beautiful and accomplished princess Elizabeth having perished beneath the revolutionary axe. Scarcely had he arrived in the city ere he saw hundreds and thousands running towards the palace of the Tuilleries, with the cry of "down with the tyrant." Blondville hastened to the spot, and learned that Tallien, Barras, Bourdon, Legendre, de Therville and other members of the convention, fearful of their own fate, had impeached Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, Henriot, La Valette, and others. They were arrested, and conducted to the prison of the Luxembourg; but the administrator of police, being a creature of Robespierre, refused to admit them, and a body of Jacobins led them triumphantly back to the Hotel de Ville. Robespierre pretended to form a new convention, and to impeach the other members, but he found that the mob had forsaken him, and finding his career drawing to a close, drew a pistol and shot himself in the mouth. The ball tore away part of his jaw, but did not kill him. He was shot himself dead on the spot, and the younger Robespierre leaped from a window, and broke an arm and leg. Couthon attempted to stab himself, but at length they were all taken and dragged, after condemnation, to the Place de Louis XV.—where so many had perished. Amid the insults of the populace, the trembling Robespierre was dragged to the guillotine, and stained with his own blood the instrument of his vengeance. Though they had doomed so many, not one displayed the fortitude of the hundreds they had doomed, save St. Just. He alone died like a hero. Blondville, though sick at the sight of blood, shouted with joy, when he beheld the bleeding head of the tyrant Robespierre. "The Reign of Terror" is over, he cried, and wended his way to the dwelling of Madame de Bourg: to his surprise she and her daughter were both in prison, and under sentence of death, but they were soon liberated. For a long time he sought in vain for Rosalie, but at length found her in a convent; and joyful was the meeting. Upon the accession of Louis the XVIII, Blondville's estate was restored, and they have since lived in the possession of every thing that could render them happy and contented.