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## AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

### The Dying Robber.

"The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow; and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."—Heb. iv. 12.

During the awful visitation of the Cholera, a clergyman, after a day spent in ministering, the support and comfort of the Gospel to many a sick and dying soul, had retired early to his bed, hoping to enjoy for a few hours the repose which he so much needed. He lay still for some time, but could not sleep, the scenes he had witnessed that day, the countenances of the dying, some racked with agonizing pain, and some in the lived death like torpor of the collapsed state, still seemed before him and a nervous feverishness from this excitement banished sleep from his eye-lids. Oh, thought, that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end." (Deut. xxxii. 29.) Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound of the Gospel,—(Psalm lxxxix. 15, "they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance; and when they pass through the valley of the shadow of death, they will fear no evil: for thou wilt be with them; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort them;" (Psalm xxxiii. 4) and he shuddered at the fearful contrast which that day presented to him, in the case of too many.—The clock struck twelve, and he had just fallen into a slumber, when a knock at the hall door aroused him; he heard it open, and in a few minutes his servant entered the room. "Sir there is a man below who says he must speak with you." "Ask him his name and business." He says, sir, he must speak to yourself.—Mr. T. rose, dressed himself in haste, and went into the hall. The man stood close to the door. Mr. T. held the light to his face, which he seemed rather anxious to hide. He had a frightful countenance.—What do you want with me, said the clergyman. I want you to come to a dying man, who wishes to speak to you. "What is his complaint?" "Cholera," Mr. T. hesitated, and at length said, "I cannot go with you, you do not even tell me your name, nor the place to which you would lead me; I should fear to trust my life in your hands." "You need not fear," said the stranger; "what end would it serve to take your life; come with me, take no money with you, and on my honor you are safe." Mr. T. gave another glance at the man, and the word honor, connected with the appearance of such a being made him smile. "Sit down," said he, I will go with you. He went again to his chamber committed himself to the care of his heavenly Father, prayed for his blessing on the intended visit to the dying man, and felt so strengthened and assured by his communion with Heaven, that he seemed to have lost all fear of accompanying his ferocious looking guide.

He followed the man through many streets of the large and populous city; at length they came to a street long and narrow, with houses bespeaking wretchedness and well known as a quarter of the town remarkable for the vice as well as poverty of its inhabitants. Mr. T. followed his guide into a long and dirty entry, which ended in a square; he there stopped, and took out of his pocket a knife, with which he began to scrape away some earth from the ground. "I can go no farther with you," said the clergyman; but considering he was already as much in the power of the man as he could be in any possible situation, his courage revived, and he watched with intense interest the movements of his strange companion. After some time he opened a small trap-door, which led to a vault of considerable depth. "Fear not," said the man, as he let himself down by a rope fastened at the inside. Mr. T. felt at this moment the awful horror of his situation, he could have fled, but he knew the man would soon overtake him, and in the dark he could scarcely find his way back. He therefore determined to proceed; and committing himself again to the protection of the Almighty, he watched at the edge of the pit until he saw a light glimmer within it, and the man placed a ladder firmly, which he ascended a few steps, and entreated the clergyman to descend, assuring him again of his safety. He did descend into this pit of darkness, which reminded him of the descent of the prophet into the den of lions; for at the bottom, stretched upon the ground, he beheld a number of men; savage and ferocious as beasts of prey, who raising their haggard countenances, stared wildly upon him. The man then led the clergyman to the farthest end, where, in a corner, stretched upon straw,

lay a man dying of cholera—He was a picture of human nature brought to the last extremity of wretchedness, cramped in every limb, his eyes sunk and hollow, and his skin exhibiting the black hue attendant on this awful malady when there is scarcely a hope of recovery. Mr. T. had been used to patients in this dreadful malady, but here was one in such a state as he had never before witnessed. "Did you wish to see me?" he asked the dying man. "I did," he replied, in a clear and distinct tone. Why do you wish to see me? "Because said the man, some short time ago I wandered into your church, and heard you read what I want you to read to me again, I want to hear it again before I die. Oh, it has never left my mind—night and day it sounded in my ear. I thought I could hide myself from God; but the darkness hideth not from him: he has found me out; he has laid his hand heavily upon me; and soon shall I appear before him, covered over with my crimes. And did not I hear you say, Sir, that God would slay the wicked—that he would say Depart from me ye bloody men. O God, I sinned against thee; thou art just there can be no hope for a wretch like me.—Every nerve in his body seemed convulsed with agony; and he fixed his eyes eagerly on the clergyman, waiting anxiously to hear again that portion of the scripture which had first convinced him of his sin. Tell me some verse that will bring it to my memory, said the clergyman. "Oh! it told me," said the dying man, that God knew my down-sitting and mine up-rising—that he understood my thoughts; that he compassed my path, and my lying down and was acquainted with all my ways; there was not a word on my tongue but God knew it altogether. That if I could climb into heaven, he was there, if I went down into hell, he was there also." The clergyman then knew it was the 139th Psalm that had carried conviction of sin into this poor sinner's heart; and he prayed that this might be the work of the Holy Spirit; and taking out his Bible read it.

"Oh! that is it, that is it," said the dying man, in a low voice; thank God I have heard it again. The clergyman then said, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin." "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim. i. 15) "To save sinners," said he, but oh not such a sinner as I have been. Yes such a sinner, said the clergyman.—Hear what comfortable words are here: "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins." (1 John ii. 1, 2.) Hear what God says: "Come now and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isaiah i. 18.)—"How, how?" said the man eagerly. "What must I do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved." (Heb. vii. 35.) Your past sins shall not condemn you. "Christ is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him." (Acts xvi. 31.) The man stretched out his hands with upraised eyes imploring mercy—"God be merciful to a poor sinner," he faintly uttered, and at that moment his soul departed.

The clergyman looked around him; the light of the glorious Gospel can illumine even this dungeon of darkness and horror thought he; on him who lay in darkness and the shadow of death, has this light now shined. The rest of the men had kept at a distance, from the idea that some thing mysterious must pass between a dying soul and his spiritual instructor, which others were not to hear, "Corrupted as their minds are, from the simplicity that is in Christ." (2 Cor. ii. 3.) But he determined not to depart without a word of exhortation to them; and coming forward in the midst of them, he spoke to them of the awful state in which they were sunk; invited them also to come to Jesus, and obtain from him a full and free pardon for all their past offenses. You know not, my fellow-sinners, said he, how soon each of you may be summoned, like that poor man before the awful bar of God! Cholera is sweeping the city from one end to the other. There is contagion in that corpse. I know not but this may be the last time I may have an opportunity of declaring the Gospel to poor perishing sinners. I am a dying man addressing dying men. But oh! let the love of Christ, who poured out his blood upon the cross to save lost sinners, speak to you, and urge you to quit this pit of destruction—a faint type of that hell to which sin must lead you. Return to habits of honest industry. Nothing but idleness and crime could have brought you into this place." It is true," said the man who led him there, it was crime brought us here—we are a gang of robbers; our lives, Sir, are in your hands, but as a minister of religion I depend on you not betraying us." We could not now get employment—no one would trust us. Trust in the Lord, said the clergyman; "hear his words; Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands that which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." (Eph. iv. 28.) Farewell—we may never meet again in this world; but a time will come when we shall meet—and oh on that awful day may I find that this message of mercy has been

blessed to all your souls." "The man conducted the clergyman until he was past the dark narrow street, and could find his way easily to his home; where he returned with sensations of astonishment at the strange and almost romantic scene he had witnessed—it almost appeared to him like a dream; but blessing God for sending him as his messenger to declare the Gospel to that poor sinner, to bind up his broken heart, and proclaim liberty to this wretched bond-slave of Satan.

What an important testimony does this afford to the efficacy of God's word, when applied to the heart by the Holy Spirit. The word of God was in this case "quick and powerful; it was sharper than any two-edged sword; it pierced even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; and was a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart;" (Heb. iv. 12;) like what was said of the Samaritan woman, it "told this robber all that ever he did." This is no fictitious narrative; it is truth, however romantic it may seem; and ah! how does it speak in awful languages to those who would keep the Scriptures from the people. Had this robber wandered into a Popish chapel, would the idolatrous worship there practiced have benefited his soul? If he had sent for a priest, would the oil of extreme unction, applied to his body, have brought relief to his wounded spirit, smarting under a sense of accumulated and unpardoned guilt? Oh, no! it might have given a false peace, like a stupefying draught administered by an unskillful hand to a patient in a deadly malady; but the peace of God can only be enjoyed by those who, relying on the merits of a crucified Saviour alone, know that their sins are pardoned through his most precious blood.—(Romans iii. 24.)

Reader, if you have not already obtained this pardon, and felt its peace, you need it as much as this poor robber. O seek it "while it is called to-day." (Heb. iii. 13.) "Him that cometh unto me," said the blessed Jesus, "I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 27.)—London Friendly Visitor.

### Letters from the South.

The N. Y. Times is publishing a series of "Letters from the South," which are in the main interesting. The following is an extract from New Orleans, which throws light upon the history of society in that city. It is a Parisian feature, which we had not aware had been engrained upon our soil. N. Orleans was, originally, a French settlement, and this idea has a French origin.

"There is one among the multitudinous classification of society in New Orleans, however, which the world knows very little of, yet which is a very peculiar and characteristic result of the prejudices, vices, and customs of the various elements of color, class, and nation, which have been brought together.

I refer to a class composed of the illegitimate offspring of white men and colored women, (mulattoes or quadroons), who, from habits of early life, the advantages of education, and the use of wealth, are too much superior to negroes in general, to associate with them, and are not allowed by law, or the popular prejudice to marry white people. The girls of this class are frequently sent to Paris to be educated, and are very accomplished.—They are generally very pretty, and often extremely beautiful. I think that the two most beautiful women I ever saw were of this class. They are invariably finely formed, and have a graceful and elegant carriage; they have usually inherited or acquired the taste and skill in the choice and arrangement of dress and ornaments of a French woman.—Their beauty and attractiveness being their fortune, they cultivate and cherish with diligence every charm or accomplishment they are, or can be made possessed of.

Of course men are attracted by them, associate with them, love them, and not being able to marry them legally, and with the usual forms and securities for constancy, make such arrangements with them "as can be argued upon." When a man makes a declaration of love to one of these ladies, she will admit or deny, as the case may be, her happiness in receiving it; but supposing she is disposed to be favorable, she will usually refer the applicant to her mother; the mother inquires into the circumstances of the suitor, ascertains whether he is able to support a family, and if satisfied with him in these and other respects, requires from him security, that shall be good in law, that he will support her daughter in a style suitable to the habits she has been bred to, and that if he should ever leave her, he will give her a certain sum for her future support, and a certain additional sum for each of the children she shall have. The wealth which is thus to be secured

to her, will, of course, vary, as in society with higher pretensions to morality, with the value of the lady in the market; that is, with her attractiveness, and the number and value of other suitors she may have or may reasonably expect. Of course, I do not mean that love has nothing at all to do with it, but the French custom obtains, and love is sedulously repressed and held firmly in hand until the road of competency is seen to be clear.—Everything being satisfactorily arranged, a tenement in a certain quarter of the town, is usually hired, and the couple move into it and go to house-keeping; living as if they were married. The woman is not of course, to be wholly deprived of the society of others—her former acquaintances are continued, sister, and friend. Of course, too, her husband, (he calls him so,) will be likely to continue also, more or less in, and form a part of this kind of society. There are parties and balls—*bals masque*—and all the movements and customs of other fashionable society, which they can enjoy in it if they wish. The women of this sort are universally represented to be exceedingly affectionate in disposition, and constant beyond reproach.

To have this relation with a woman is termed to *placet* with her. During all the time a man sustains it, he will commonly be moving also in reputable society on the other side of the town; but improbably eventually he marries, and has a family established elsewhere. Before doing this, he may separate from his *placet*, (so she is termed,) if so, he pays her according to agreement, and as much more, perhaps, as his sense of the cruelty of the proceeding may lead him to, and she has the word before her again in the position of a widow. Many men continue for a long time, I am told, to support both establishments, particularly if the marriage is one of convenience. But, many others form so strong attachments that the relation is never discontinued, but becomes, that of marriage, except that it is not legalized. These men leave their estate at death to their children, to whom they have previously given every advantage of education that they could command. What becomes of the boys I am not informed.—The girls, of course, mainly continue in the same society, and are fated to a life similar to their mothers.

I have described this custom as it was described to me; I need hardly say in only its best aspects. The crime and heart-breaking sorrow that must frequently result from it, must be evident to every reflective reader. One reason which leads it to be adopted by many, perhaps most unmarried men who come to New Orleans to carry on business, is that it is a much cheaper mode of living than is offered them at all comfortable hotels or boarding houses. As no young man ordinarily dare think of marrying until he has made a fortune to support the extravagant style of housekeeping and gratify the expensive tastes of young ladies as society is now educating them in all our cities; many men without capital are obliged to make up their minds, to remain on salaries, and never to marry. Such a one undertook to *placet* than to live in any other way that he could be expected to in New Orleans. His current expenses were very light; he hired at a low rent, two apartments in the older part of the town; his concubine, (for this appears to be a proper translation of the French term,) did not require a servant, except occasionally; she did the marketing, and performed all the house-keeping necessary; she took care of her clothes, and in every way was economical and saving in her habits; (it being her interest, if her affections for him were not sufficient, to make him as much comfort and as little expense as possible, that he might be the more strongly attached to her, and have the less occasion to leave her.) He concluded by assuring me that whatever might be said against it, it certainly was better than the way in which most young men lived who are depending on salaries in New York. A recent conversation I have had on the subject with an eminent physician of New York leads me to doubt if he was not right. I will add that the streets of New Orleans at night contrasted most favorably, as to shameless and unrestrained prostitution, with those of New York. I have alluded to this view of the subject merely to call the attention of thinking men and women to the connection which it indicates to exist between the expensive standard of the comforts of life—what indeed are commonly considered and spoken of as the necessities of house-keeping life—every custom with us now holds before every young man and woman, with vice, crime, poverty, and misery. Of the general subject it is my business to speak, on account of its connection with the peculiar institution of the South, from the laws of which proceeds the anomalous social position of the class referred to.

A young gentleman, of New England education, gave me the following account of his acquaintance with the quadroon society. On first coming to New Orleans he was drawn into the social circles usually frequented by New England people, and some time after was introduced by a friend to a quadroon family, in which there were three pretty and accomplished young women. He knew no ladies in private life whose musical tastes had been better cultivated, or who could sing or play equal to them. They were intelli-

gent and well informed; they were interested in the literature of the day, and their conversation was characterized by good sense, discrimination and refined taste. He never saw any indication of a want of character or delicacy of feeling in them. He was much attracted by them, and for some time visited them very frequently. He then discontinued his intimacy and called on them only at long intervals, till at length one of the girls asked him why he did not come as often as he had formerly done. He frankly replied that he had found their society so fascinating to him, that he had thought it best to restrict himself in the enjoyment of it, lest it should become necessary to his general plans of life, and the feelings of his friends, he could not permit himself to hope to be united to one of them, according to the usual custom with their class. The young woman appeared pained, but not at all offended, and acknowledged the propriety and good sense of his resolution. I afterwards was introduced to two of the young women of the family in a public place, and had a moments conversation with them, without at all suspecting, until I was afterwards informed, that they were not respectable white ladies. I shall have occasion to speak further of the condition of the free people of color in Louisiana, as they constitute a larger proportion of the population than in any other State, and their social position is peculiar.

### Progress of Methodism.

Wesleyan Methodism is one of the grandest developments of Christianity during the last century.—Rev. Dr. CANDLISH, Edinburgh.

The secular newspapers have had a piece going its rounds, stating, "the Methodists have been in existence in this country eighty-four years, and have built nearly a church for each week." At first it appeared to be a large number—one for every week; but, by examining the abstract of the seventh census I found, instead of there being but nearly one, there have been nearly three for each week of the eighty-four years that proceeded the taking of the last census.—Methodism was introduced in this country in 1766, and as eighty-four years have but four thousand three hundred and sixty-eight weeks, and the Methodist churches reported in the last census are twelve thousand four hundred and sixty-seven, consequently there have been erected nearly three for each week; and by the same report these churches are capable of seating four millions two hundred and nine thousand three hundred and thirty-three persons, and were finished at a cost of fourteen millions six hundred and thirty-six thousand six hundred and seventy-one dollars. So much for churches, and their cost.

Now, as regards the membership, let us see whether, in the conversion of sinners, their zeal will bear Dr. Candlish out or whether the membership has kept pace with the building of churches.

From 1776, when Methodism was first introduced, to 1850, we will divide into three parts, of twenty-eight years each, being almost a generation. This will bring us for the first division to the year 1794; and by referring to the Minutes for that year, we find there were sixty-seven thousand six hundred and forty-three members; and at the end of the next twenty-eight years, which brings us to 1822, we find two hundred and eighty-one thousand one hundred and forty-six members; and in 1850 we had one million two hundred and seventy-five thousand four hundred and thirty-three members,—making a total, by adding the three periods together of one million six hundred and twenty-four thousand two hundred and twenty-two members. But it may be alleged that many who were Methodists in 1794 and 1822 are yet alive, and by this mode of enumerating they are counted twice; but the deaths for the eighty-four years will far exceed in number those who may yet live of the first two periods; for, under the most favorable bills of mortality, twenty-five thousands die annually out of one million; and for the last eight years, I think our number has been on an average one million; and this number multiplied by eight gives the deaths of Methodists, for the last eight years alone, two hundred thousand, being more than half of the first two periods united. We think then, we are below the number of converts, since Methodism was first introduced, by stating the whole number at one and three-quarter millions—being more than one convert for every half hour—the half-hours in eighty-four years being less than one and a half million.

From the above facts we can form some estimate whether "Wesleyan Methodism has been one of the grandest developments of Christianity during the last century." But this is not all; that mighty lever, the printing-press, has been issued to such an extent by the Methodists, that "the wilderness and solitary places have been made glad" by their weekly visits, or by the sweet songs of prayer and praise. And could the number of books, tracts, Magazines, and *Advocates*, issued from the Methodist printing-press in the North, East, South, and West, be enumerated for the last sixty-one years, since the Rev. John Dickens first established the Book Concern in Philadelphia in 1789, to 1850, we hazard little in saying that they would count one for every minute—there being less than thirty-two millions of minutes in sixty-one years.

Now, from the above facts, taken from the last census and the Minutes of our Church, it appears that the Methodists in this country have more churches, more members, and are increasing faster than any other denomination. And it is time that these facts were duly known by the public, as well as the members of our own Church; for, until recently, it was supposed the Roman Catholics were most numerous in the United States; and you, Dr. Bond, in connexion with the Book Committee of New-York, have helped to create this erroneous opinion by inserting in the Methodist Almanac, for 1850, that the Catholics have a membership of one million one hundred and fifty-three thousand and three hundred members; and Mr. Mitchell, in his School Atlas for 1853, puts them down at one million nine hundred and eighty thousand. Now, why is it that these numbers are published to the world when they are so far from the truth, and calculated to mislead the public mind?

"The assistant marshalls, in making their reports, were required to give an account of all the churches, halls, and chapels, if statedly used as places of public worship, belonging to all religious denominations."

By the returns thus made, under oath, the Catholics have eleven hundred and twelve churches, and these churches are only capable of seating six hundred and twenty thousand and nine hundred and fifty persons; and if their churches are to be rated by the same rule that governs the Methodists—about two fifths of the number that can be seated to be the actual membership—then, instead of their having near two millions, they dwindle down to less than a quarter of a million. This view of the Catholics will, I know, surprise politicians & political wire-workers, who have been courting their favour, believing they were as numerous as they have represented themselves to be; and who ought to be counted by millions from the great immigration to this country; and would be, were it not for the Methodists, and our private and public schools, and general information diffused through the land by the printing-presses of the United States; and well Bishop Huges knows it, hence his desperate effort to get a portion of the school fund for the exclusive benefit of Catholic children. W. S. Chambersburg, Pa.

### A Queer Story.

We are indebted to a gentleman of good standing, residing in Forks township for the following statement of a singular case that has caused some excitement in Bushkill township. It should have been published last week, but came too late for insertion:

On Wednesday evening, the 28th of September, Miss Elizabeth Linn, daughter of Philip Linn, of Bushkill township, left the house of David Knecht, where she had been topping corn during the day; and stopped on her way at the house of Simon Knecht, to receive her pay for work she had done for him and then started for her home. She did not get home that night however, and the next morning the whole neighborhood turned out to search for her. At a late hour in the afternoon she was found in the woods, lying in a senseless condition, quite stupid and speechless. She was taken home and has remained speechless to this time, although her consciousness has returned. When asked whether she could write, she nodded in the affirmative. A slate was given her and she wrote the following lines:—"When I started from Simon Knecht's for home, I got in the woods above the Apple Mill, where I was whirled three times round, then I fell. How long I laid there I don't know. Then I got up and started for home, but I got on the wrong road and where I traveled the Lord only knows."

Our informant says: "On the 3d of October I was there myself—she was in the same condition—appeared sensible, but could not speak."—*Easton Argus*.

It is no more use for a young man to try to get along among the girls without money, than to attempt to beat a locomotive with a saw horse. Colico is emphatically a cash institution.

Mathew Lansberg used to say, "If you wish to have a shoe made of durable materials, you should make the upper leather of the mouth of a hard drinker, for that never lets in water."

### Invaluable Remedies.

For sea sickness, stay at home.  
For drunkenness, drink cold water.  
For health, rise early.  
For accidents, keep out of danger.  
To keep out of jail, pay your debts.  
To be happy, be honest.  
To please all, mind your business.  
To make money, advertise.  
To do right, take a new paper.  
To have a good conscience, pay the printer.