

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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## AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

### On the Death of an Infant.

Almighty God! 'tis right 'tis just,  
That earthly frames should turn to dust;  
But, oh forgive the wishful tear,  
That would detain a spirit here.  
Go, gentle babe, to realms of bliss,  
The chastening rod we humbly kiss;  
The Saviour calls my much loved one,  
And let his holy will be done.  
Thy earthly form now icy cold,  
Was framed in beauty's fairest mould;  
But now, prepared by love divine,  
A fairer, brighter form is thine.  
Thy earthly parent loved thee well—  
So much, that language fails to tell;  
But ah! our love is weak and poor,  
Thy Heavenly Parent loves thee more.  
Here, thou wast tenderly caress'd,  
Upon a fond, maternal breast;  
But angel nurses, forms of love,  
Shall now caress my babe above.  
Fain would paternal love have taught,  
Thy little opening world of thought;  
But we the pleasing task resign,  
To Heavenly schools, and books divine.  
'Twas all our thoughts and wishes still,  
To guard our darling here from ill;  
But that great God, who called thee home,  
Has sav'd us from greater ills to come.  
Then let us hush the rising sigh,  
And bid affection's tear be dry;  
Our child still lives, her sorrow's o'er,  
Where we shall meet to part no more.  
There shall thy sweet maternal kiss,  
Increase her joy—enhance her bliss,  
There thro' redeeming love and grace,  
Thy parent shall his child embrace.

## SPRING.

A bursting into greenness,  
A waking us from sleep,  
A twitter and a warble  
That makes the pulses leap;  
A sense of renovation,  
Of freshness and of health,  
A casting off of sordid fear,  
A carelessness of wealth  
A watching as in childhood,  
For the flowers that one by one  
Open their golden petals  
To woo the fift sun.  
A gush, a flash, a gurgle,  
A wish to shout and sing,  
As filled with hope and gladness,  
We shall have vernal Spring.

COAXING THE BEAR.—'My love,' said Mrs. Poodle to her husband, 'oblige me with a five dollar note to-day, to purchase a new dress.'

'Shan't do any such thing, Kate—you called me a bear, yesterday.'  
'Oh, love, that was nothing, I meant that you were fond of hugging.'  
'You little—, I have no five, but here's a ten.'

A young man in Mount Holly, a few evenings ago, having been crossed in love, walked down to New Long Bridge, gave one lingering look at the stream beneath him, and then went home. His body was found in bed next morning.

The cradle is woman's ballot box.—*Exchange.*

Yes and some of them deposit in it two ballots at once. Now isn't that illegal—Say?

The Turks have a very simple method of making pantaloons. They fasten two coffee bags to a vest, and the thing is done. The bags answer for legs, and the vest for the waistbands.

An urchin being sent for a cent's worth of Macaboy snuff, forgot the name of the article, and asked the man for a cent's worth of make-a-boy snuff.

ONE RASCAL LESS.—Carlyle says, 'Make yourself a good man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world.'

## THE OVERTASKED.

Or, Toil and its Victims.

'Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour? What tho' we wade in wealth or soar in fame? Earth's highest station ends in 'Here he lies!' And 'dust to dust' concludes the noblest song.'

If, on looking over the bills of mortality, the real causes of disease and death could be ascertained, how many victims of toil, mental or physical, would be discovered. The multitude seem to regard the human machine, so to speak, as calculated for perpetual motion, and as above and beyond the wear and tear, the chances and changes to which the contrivances of man are liable. And yet not a day goes by in which this absurd theory is not exploded, in which some one, aye in which thousands are not summoned to their last account, thus proving that the connexion between the body and the soul has ceased, that the mortal has done its work, and that the life of man is narrowed within a span.

But a few months have elapsed by since we entered upon a new year. And yet how very brief a period it seems to those who are able to look back and fix their eyes even upon the commencement of the present century! The intervening space seems within the limits of a single glance. Nevertheless, during that period thousands and tens of thousands of the sons and daughters of Adam have passed from the face of the globe, and there are but few, comparatively speaking, who commenced with the new century, who still linger on in their earthly pilgrimage. The philosophy of life, so frequently glanced at the theme of so many great minds and keen observers, is disregarded, misunderstood, or too hastily considered. The masses are too busy, too much occupied, even to watch over themselves. They rush on wildly, recklessly, improvidently, and often hasten their approach to the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The great majority overtakes themselves, mentally as well as physically. They toil, and strain, and strive, and find at last, that the vital powers are exhausted, that the mental stamina is gone, that the constitution is broken, and that it is too late to recuperate. This is the case constantly and with myriads. It is especially so in great commercial cities, and in a country like ours, with so many hopes, competitions, anxieties and aspirations. It is an ordinary spectacle to behold individuals who are bowed with care and bent with age, still toiling on as anxiously as ever, and thus exhausting instead of hoarding, their impaired and feeble faculties. They cannot, they will not see the ordinary limits of life, and each imagines that his is an exception to the general rule, that he will prove particularly fortunate, that the laws of life and death may not be applied to him, that his mind and his body are superior to those of ordinary men, and hence he will not be influenced by the same liabilities. And thus he goes on from day to day, indulging in this delusion, until at last, either the physical or mental machine gives way, and he sinks, never to rise again. But the lesson thus inculcated, and the example so constantly presented, only arrest the attention for the moment. The multitude hurries on, eager, anxious and impatient, forgetful that they are upon the same path, and are liable to the same vicissitudes. A common sense view of the subject would induce the belief, that at a certain period of life, knowing the reverses to which all are liable, more than ordinary care would be exercised, in watching, strengthening and protecting the physical as well as the mental man; that all unnecessary exposures would be avoided, and all exhausting strains would be carefully guarded against. But such is not the case. For some reason or other, which it is difficult to understand, the powers are almost constantly overtasked, and with consequences every way deplorable. Those who have mingled much in public life, seem never disposed to retire. And so with the active spirits of the commercial and monetary world. They become used to the excitements of the day, and hence unwilling, even when health and comfort require, to seek a proper degree of repose. They forget that the mind requires quite as much care as the body, and although ethereal, it is delicate, and the least shock or irregularity may disturb its harmony of motion, and snap its elastic springs.—Ever and anon, too, they are admonished, directly or indirectly, by disease, by death or by change of fortune, but all in vain. They still toil on, restless and impatient, eager and grasping. There are, it is true, many who are compelled by the force of necessity, to labor constantly and incessantly. They cannot do otherwise, even if so disposed. A pause to them, is indeed a period of enjoyment and delight. They seize upon it eagerly, and feel refreshed and strengthened through its influence. But there are others again, who will not pause when they could and should, who task their powers beyond their strength, and who thus, if we may so speak, tempt the mysterious ways of Providence. They do not appreciate the blessing of health, they are not grateful for the advantages of fortune, and they are thus unworthy recipients of the benefactions of the "Giver of all that is good." How many are there at this moment, who have passed beyond an advanced condition of life, and have accumulated an abundant independence, but who, nevertheless go daily into the high-ways and by ways of a thronged metropolis, be-

come excited with this speculation or that, and not only agitate themselves unnecessarily, but risk and encounter exposures, which the more careful and the more thoughtful, and even the younger, scrupulous avoid. They have enough, but they have become morbidly anxious for a large fortune, and in grasping at the golden bubble, they overtask their energies, and peril even life itself. Ever and anon they determine to pursue a more cautious course, and to withdraw from the anxieties and vexations of the out-door world. But year after goes by, impairing their faculties, bowing their forms, and still they are found at the money mart, at the stock-board, or in some other exciting arena, as if some new lease of being had been extended, and forgetful that they compare but as one of a thousand of those who started together in the race of fortune. The others have all been called away, and their turn is surely at hand.—Why then postpone the hour of reflection, the season of thought, and the period of repose? A little longer, and all will be over with them. Why not devote that little to a review of the past and a contemplation of the future? Why seek to shorten the brief period that remains, and by unnecessary efforts, overtask their powers and discover, when too late, that they are indeed old, feeble, mortal and tottering. In brief, why not, while mind and health and vigor remain, indulge in acts of justice, generosity, kindness and good will, and thus not only sweeten and soften the closing hours of this life, but brighten with hope, faith and expectation, the morning of that which is to come!

## From the Spiritualist.

### AN ENORMOUS STORY.

New Developments in Ghostology—Spirits Talking Abundantly and Baking Slogacks.

HARTFORD, Trumbull Co., Ohio. }  
January 8, 1855. }  
S. W. Smith, Esq.—Dear Sir—the facts given in the enclosed affidavit of John Richardson are of public notoriety here, and can no doubt be sustained by any amount of evidence. You are at liberty to make any use of the affidavits you choose.  
Respectfully  
Wm. J. BRIGHT.

The State of Ohio, Trumbull County, ss.—Before me, Wm. J. Bright, a Justice of the Peace in and for the county aforesaid, personally came John Richardson, who being duly sworn, deposes as follows:—I am a resident of Panyumtany township, Mercer county, Pa.; live four miles east of the centre of Hartford, Ohio; have lived where I now reside some nine months.—About five weeks ago my attention was attracted by a very sharp and loud whistle, seemingly in a small closet in one corner of my house. This was followed by loud and distinct raps, as loud as a person could conveniently rap with the knuckles. The closet door is secured or fastened by a wood button that turns over the edge of the door. This button would frequently turn, and the door open without any visible agency. This was followed by a loud and distinct (apparently) human voice, which could be heard perhaps fifty rods.

After repeating a very loud and shrill scream several times, the voice fell to a lower key, and in a tone about as loud as ordinary conversation, commenced speaking in a plain and distinct manner, assuring the family that we would not be burned, and requesting us to have no fear of any injury, as we were in no danger. Those manifestations being altogether unaccountable to myself and family, we searched the entire house, to find, if possible, the cause of this new and startling phenomenon, but found no one in or about the premises but the family. Again we were startled by a repetition of the screams which were repeated perhaps a dozen times, when the voice proceeded to inform us that the conversation came from the spirit of two brothers, calling themselves Henry and George Force, and claimed to have been murdered some eleven years since, and then gave us what they represented as a history of the tragedy, and insisted that we should call on some of the neighbors to hear the disclosure.—John Ranney, Henry Moore, and some dozen others, were then called in, to whom the history was detailed at length. We could readily discover a difference in the voice professing to come from the two spirits.

About the third day after these manifestations commenced, my wife brought a ham of meat into the house, and laid it on the table, and stepped to the other side of the room, when it was carried by some invisible agency from four to six feet from the table, and thrown upon the floor. At another time a bucket of water was without human hands, taken from the table, carried some six feet, and poured on the floor. This was followed by a large dining table turning round from its position at the side of the room, and carried forward to the stove, a distance of more than six feet. This was done while there was no person near it. The same table has since that time been made to dance about while the family were eating around it.—At one time dishes, knives and forks, were thrown from the table to the opposite side of the room, breaking the dishes to pieces. On another occasion the voice requested Mrs. Richardson to remove the dishes from the table, which was done immediately, when the table commenced rocking

violently back and forward, and continued the motion so that the dishes could not be washed upon it, but were placed in a vessel and set upon the floor, from which a number of them flew from the tub to the chamber floor, overhead, and were thus broken to pieces. What crockery remained we attempted to secure by placing it in a cupboard, and shut the doors, which were violently thrown open, and the dishes flew like lightning, one after another, against the opposite side, and broke to pieces. At another time a drawer in the table was, while there was no person near, drawn out, and a plate that had been placed there carried across the room and broken against the opposite wall. And this kind of demonstration has continued until nearly all the crockery about the house has been broken and destroyed.

At different times the drawers of a stand sitting in a bed-room, have been taken out, and at one time carefully placed on a bed. A large stove boiler has been, while on the stove filled with water, tipped up, and caused to stand on one end, and the water was turned out upon the floor, and at this time taken off from the stove, and carried some six feet, and set down upon the floor, and this while untouched by any person. A tea-kettle has often been taken from the stove in the same manner, and thrown upon the floor. At one time a spider, containing some coffee for the purpose of browning, was taken from the stove, carried near the chamber floor, and then thrown upon the floor. And frequently, while Mrs. Richardson has been baking buckwheat cakes on the stove, the griddle has, in the same unaccountable manner, been taken from the stove and thrown across the house; and often cakes have been taken from the griddle while baking and disappeared entirely.

At one time the voice, speaking to my wife, said it (the spirit) could bake cakes for George, a boy eating at the table.—Mrs. Richardson stepped away from the stove, when the batter (already prepared for baking cakes) was by some unseen agency taken from a crock sitting near the stove, and placed upon the griddle, and turned at the proper time, and when done, taken from the griddle, and placed upon the boys plate, at the table. The voice then proposed to bake a cake for Jane, my daughter, who was then at work about the house. The cake was accordingly baked in the same manner as before stated, and carried across the room, and placed in the girl's hand.

During all these occurrences, the talking from the two voices and others has continued, and still continues daily, together with such manifestations as I have detailed, with many others not named.—The conversation, as well as the other demonstrations, have been witnessed almost daily by myself and family, as well as by scores of persons who have visited my house to witness these strange phenomena.

I will only add, that the spirit (the voice) gave as a reason for breaking crockery and destroying property, that it is done to convince the world of the existence of spirit presence.

JOHN RICHARDSON.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 8th day of January, 1855.  
Wm. J. BRIGHT, Justice of the Peace.

Eliza Jane Richardson, being duly sworn, says: I am the wife of John Richardson, who made the above affidavit. I have witnessed all the manifestations given by my husband in his affidavit, and many others, such as singing by the voices, and writing without human agency.

ELIZA JANE RICHARDSON.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 8th day of January, 1855.  
Wm. J. BRIGHT, Justice of the Peace.

James H. Moore, being duly sworn, says: I have witnessed many of the occurrences given by John Richardson in his affidavit, such as conversing with the voices, seeing the table move about, &c.

JAMES H. MOORE.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 8th day of January, 1855.  
Wm. J. BRIGHT, Justice of the Peace.

It stated in an English paper that 'Alexander the Great died at the early age of 32. Hannibal gained the battle of Cannae at about the same age. Scipio fought at Zama when not much over 30. Julius Caesar had conquered Gaul when he was 45. Germanicus was poisoned in his 34th year. At the battle of Plasey, Clive's age was not so far advanced as that. Napoleon gained his mighty victory at Austerlitz, when he had scarcely completed his 35th year; and at the time Wellington finished his campaign in the plains of Waterloo, he was only 49 years old.'

We have heard of a child 'taking after his father,' but not exactly in the way recorded by a cotemporary journal:—'We once knew an eccentric old man in the "Nutmeg State," in its northern part, who went by the familiar title of "Uncle Aaron." The old man had raised a large family of boys, the largest of whom—a wild roystering blade—was named after himself. In speaking of his family the old man said, with a very long face. "Among all my boys, I never had but one who took after his father, and that was my Aaron; he took after me—with a

## CIVILITY.

The Social and the Business Man.

"A kindly air—a gentlemanly bow,  
And all the forms of sweet civility."

It is an easy thing to be civil, and although in the language of the old proverb, "fine words butter no parsnips," they frequently, nay, almost invariably, have a kindly effect, and influence the mind as well as the heart. Nevertheless, there are certain persons who go through the world, as if determined never to utter a civil phrase, never to do a civil turn.—They are naturally rough, harsh, peevish, and dissatisfied, and even when appealed to in matters of business, they will indulge in such a spirit and assume such an air, as to make the intercourse cold, formal, and repulsive. A sad mistake in every point of view. All of us are more or less dependent upon civility. It softens and sweetens the intercourse between man and man,—it breaks down barriers and impediments that would otherwise exist, it appeals to the higher and more refined qualities of nature, and it bespeaks not only intelligence and polish, but clearness of head and goodness of heart. A man of the world, one who has travelled, or enjoyed the advantages of a thorough education, and especially a gentleman, is rarely uncivil. To be so, is to be rude, discourteous, and insulting. Nothing indeed is more agreeable, nothing more fascinating, and nothing better calculated to secure an easy path in life or society, whether in the social or the business world, than an unwavering civility. It touches many a heart, it impresses many a mind, it removes many an obstacle, and while it is calculated to gratify the thousands, it can offend none.

The man of finished manners and elegant taste, of cultivated mind and gentlemanly instincts, is civil, not to the millionaire, the banker, and the merchant, but to the mechanic and day-laborer and even the beggar who knocks at the door. He respects himself, and hence he respects the feelings of others. He looks for kindness and good-will at the hands of his fellow-creatures, and he manifests these qualities himself. He may have his errors and infirmities, his prejudices and his passions, his follies and his excitements. But, at all times and occasions, his language and his manners are civil, or if having unwittingly committed an offence against propriety, he is the first to apologize, and make the *emende honorable*. A notable illustration of this fact occurred a short time since. Two gentlemen, intimate friends, who had engaged in an argument, gradually warmed, and became excited, and in the heat of moment both forgot the lessons and practices of propriety by which their conduct is generally governed. A harsh phrase was uttered by one, and replied to with equal severity by the other, until for a brief time, they seemed like enemies rather than friends, and were about to proceed to blows. But both apparently recovered themselves at the same instant immediately took back everything unkind that had been uttered, apologized to each other and to all that were present, in a generous and gentlemanly strain, and thus all was well again. The system of civility in which they were educated, and to which, for years, they have been accustomed, was found to be far more potent than any temporary ebullition of passion, and thus its manifestation at a critical moment, was every way commendable and gratifying. The habit of incivility, if it had been indulged and become fixed with either of the individuals alluded to would no doubt have led to the most unpleasant consequences. It is bad enough to meet with a rough and fractious spirit in the every day affairs of life; but to have such a direct antagonist in an argument, and upon an excitable subject, is every way painful to one whose feelings are many and generous, and whose temper is kindly and courteous. A few days since, a Western merchant visited Philadelphia, for the purpose of securing a stock of very valuable goods. He had traveled a long distance, had suffered considerably from illness and was rather rough in his appearance but not so in his language or manner. He stepped into one of our leading houses, and saw one of the principals, to whom he addressed a few common place questions connected with business affairs generally. It so happened that the other was engaged with another customer, and was, to all appearances, somewhat out of temper. Certain it is, that his replies were abrupt, indelicate and uncivil; so much so, that the Western merchant, who knew and appreciated his position, felt annoyed and wounded, and promptly withdrew. He immediately crossed over the street to another house in the same line, and before he left, made purchases to the extent of twenty thousand dollars. The fact was afterwards discovered by the uncivil dealer, that he had offended one of the most influential customers to Philadelphia. But we need not multiply illustrations. They will be found hourly in almost every walk of life. The inexperienced and inflated and the pampered are, too often, among the uncivil. It frequently occurs that a worthless adventurer is elevated by some extraordinary turn of fortune, into a post of profit and power, when intoxicated by his new position, he forgets all his antecedents, and violates all the proprieties and courtesies of life. He thus renders himself at once an object of contempt and derision, and although he may play the despot and the boor for a short time, he is

certain sooner or later, to be toppled from his unsuited elevation, and to sink if possible, lower than ever. Civility is not only one of the virtues, but it is one of the essentials of social and civilized life. It cannot be cultivated too sedulously.—We should, as much as possible, endeavor to engrain its spirit upon the young, and thus render it a feature and an embellishment of character. The effect cannot but be salutary. If this quality be cultivated to adorn and dignify age, what a grace and a polish will it impart to the ingenuousness of youth. It at once softens and refines, elevates and beautifies. Often, too, opens the road to prosperity, and leads the way to conquest and power.—With the sterner sex it has a magic and a charm, and with the gentler it is almost irresistible.

Thomas Faine.

In a recent article on the celebration of Tom Paine's birth-day, we alluded to Grant Thorburn as a living witness of his dissolute and disgusting habits. The last New York Observer contains a letter from Mr. Thorburn, written on his 83d birthday, Feb. 18th, and dated at Winsted, Conn., where he expects to pass his remaining days. This letter is devoted chiefly to the reminiscences of Tom Paine. We take the following extracts, which we hope will be read at the next and every subsequent anniversary of the infidel debauchee.

As there is but a step between me and death I owe it to generations yet to come, to tell what I saw and heard of Thomas Paine. Perhaps there lives not a man on earth, who traced him from his cradle to his grave, except myself. Carver and I were fellow laborers in the same shop—Paine and Carver were born in the same town in England. Paine and I boarded with Carver. I often heard Carver, his wife, and Paine, as we four sat by the fire on a winter night, rehearse the items of his life. I think he was the worst member of the body politic I ever met in all my journey through life. He married a respectable lady, who died eleven months thereafter, in consequence of brutal treatment. He then married a daughter of the Collector of the Port of Lewis; after three years she obtained a divorce for like treatment.

In 1779, while he held an office in the Custom House, (given him by his father-in-law,) he was detected in taking bribes from the smugglers, and fled to America. He was made Secretary to the private Committee of Congress, and took an oath of office to keep their secrets. He broke this oath by divulging the project a secret mission to the Court of France by Silas Deane.

He was dismissed with disgrace. (See the Journal of Congress in 1777 or 1778.) This treachery was the cause of much trouble in Congress, and in the Court of Louis XVI.

We next find him in Paris, helping Robespierre in his labors of love to establish the freedom of the press, and the right of speech, by means of the guillotine. He quarrelled with Robie, and was chalked for guillotine. God, willing to make the wrath of Paine to praise, Him sent an angel who delivered him out of prison. (For particulars of this miracle, see the life of Thorburn, 101st page.)

In 1801, when King Thomas the First ascended the throne of his kingdom, he instantly despatched a national frigate to convey to our shores the venerated Tom Paine. He arrived early in the year of 1802. I spoke with him at the City Hotel, Bowery, a few hours after his arrival. He found letters urging him on to Washington, (then four days' journey.) He started next morning. At Georgetown a messenger was sent forward to announce his approach; a feast was got ready, and all those of like thinking were invited.—Paine entered late, his shirt unwashed, his head unshorn, and reeling like a drunken man. A look of consternation shone forth from every face; mirth ceased; one by one they went out, leaving Paine alone on his chair fast asleep. Next day he received letters and instructions to return to New York.

When Aaron Burr returned from Europe, whither he had fled after his duel with Hamilton, he kept his office in Nassau street near my seed store. From him I received the account above stated.

Paine, on his return, was unable to find lodgings. Carver took him in for old acquaintance sake. He died at Greenwich of delirium tremens in 1809.—*Cin. Gazette.*

QUITE PROVIDENTIAL.—A pious African at Louisville, (Ky.) stumbled while walking one very dark night, and was pitched head foremost down a cellar, which afforded him an open entrance.—Bringing to his feet, he exclaimed, "Springs de Lord dat I lit on my head!—If this bigger had scraped his shins so hard, I spec he broke his leg!"

A young man and a female once upon a time stopped at a country tavern. Their awkward appearance excited the attention of one of the family, who commenced conversation with the female, by inquiring how far she traveled that day? "Travelled!" exclaimed the stranger, somewhat indignantly, 'we didn't travel! we ridd!