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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

My Early Flame.

Ah! when I was a little boy
I deeply fell in love—
But whether she was ugly, or
The prettiest little dove,
I don't remember, but I know
I loved her to excess—
And it was all because she wore
A beautiful red dress!

The blindest air that ever breathed
Along the month of June
Bore heavenly odors on its wings
In that sweet afternoon—
The clover blossoms looked more red,
The flowers she plucked, alas!
Breathed paradise! and round her spread
A halo on the grass.

I see her now—the red, red bird
That hopped about and sang;
That charmed my eyes and ears, and oh!
That gave my heart a pang.
I looked and loved, and loved and looked,
Impatient to caress
The little angel in her bright
And beautiful red dress.

I know they say that red is Dutch,
And vulgar, and all that;
But it was red that gave my heart
Its sweetest pillow!
That opened first the fount of love
Which since has known excess;
But never yet so sweet a thrill
As throbb'd to that red dress.

I've liked the color ever since—
The loveliest of the seven!
It lends the rose its richest tint,
And crowns the bow of heaven.
I like it in the ruby lip,
And in the maiden's blush,
And in the ruddy streams that from
The ripened vintage gush.

I like it in the evening cloud
That hangs upon the west,
Deep-blushing in the crimson flood
As Phœbus sinks to rest.
I like its tints at early dawn,
And at the evening's close;
I like it everywhere, except
Upon the toper's nose.

My Mother told me not to Go.

Allen was sent to the city when quite a lad. The new scenes and new objects which met his eye, so unlike the quiet unchanging life of his native village, filled him with interest and excitement. He never felt tired of looking and walking about in the time spared from his employment. Among other places of which he had heard much, was the theatre. Some of his associates went, and there was no end to the wonderful stories they told him of what they saw and heard. Allen felt a rising desire to go too. He manfully resisted it, however.
"Come," said one of his companions, "go with us to-night."
"No," answered Allen, "not to-night."
"So you always say, not to-night; come, decide at once to go."
"No, not this time."
"Not to-night," still replied Allen, walking away.
"You shall have a ticket if you'll only come," again urged his companion.
Allen shook his head "No," said he, "no, no, keep it yourself. I cannot take it."
"How obstinate," rejoined the other, "why what can be the reason?"
Allen hesitated for a moment. "My mother told me not to go to the theatre; therefore I cannot go," he at length replied. His companion ceased to urge him longer; he beheld in Allen's face a settled purpose to obey, and he left without saying a word more. That was one of his mother's last injunctions. "My son, do not go to the theatre." Under such circumstances, some lads might have said, "Why, I see no harm in the theatre; why would I not go? I see no reason why I cannot." My mother, I fancy did not know as much as she did; she, away off home cannot tell what is what; besides other young men of my age go. I say more lads might have reasoned thus, and disobeyed and gone. Not so with Allen. His mother bade him not to go—that was sufficient for him. He trusted in her knowledge and confided in her judgment, and he meant to obey her; yes, and what was the better he was not afraid to say so. It was a wise decision; and if every youth away from home had moral courage enough to decide doubtful questions in the same way, there would be many better men for it.
Allen is now an excellent clergyman.

"I Plead for the vital interests of your Children."

A SERMON preached in the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Stroudsburg, by the PASTOR, and published by request.

PROVERBS, 22. 6.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

CONTINUED.

But, all a long the way of this discussion, I fancy I hear behind me the steppings of a cautious orthodox, saying that these things conflict with experience—that the children of religious families do not uniformly, nor perhaps, usually become pious—while not a few of the sons and daughters of ungodly and unbelieving parents are converted. This may be in a measure true, and yet it does not cast suspicion on the soundness of the principles advanced. They are sustained by obvious facts. Where do the majority of those who are members, good and true, of the different branches of Christ's church usually come from? Are they not generally the fruits of christian training in christian families, while conversions from other quarters are exceptions to the general rule? These are facts, and they establish rather than over-turn our position. It should also be considered that we seldom see the results of these opposite influences upon child-hood in a form to be most striking. Child-hood is mostly acted upon by the blended influences of good and evil example and association. It is a painful acknowledgment, but nevertheless true, that the piety of most religious families is shamefully defective, and so is shorn of most of its power. If the parents are orderly and tolerably uniform christians, yet they may lack fervor, or faith, or affection, and so their influence is impaired, if not completely neutralized. If the father is pious—the mother it may be, is given to fashion and worldliness, or in some other respects is careless of the piety which should ever preside in a christian family. If home be a place of sanctity and security, the children most likely are allowed to associate out of doors with wicked companions, and thus the religious influence that should control the children of professedly pious parents is greatly impaired, if not lost. So in regard to the sons and daughters of irreligious parents, they often find a partial antidote for home impiety in out-door associations,—at school—in the work-shop—at church or in good books. We answer this cautious orthodoxy then, that the tendencies of piety or impiety in the parent and at the home circle, are precisely what we have stated them to be; and these causes always produce their proper effects and no others, however much they may be modified by other agencies.

But what are some of the causes of a want of success in realizing the fulfillment of the promise annexed to the duty enjoined in the text "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it"? Doubtless we shall find that all departures from the right way, follow the cause of not having been thoroughly trained up in it. And 1st. That disobedience we see almost every where manifested on the part of children, and permitted, in many instances, even by religious parents, is one cause, and one much to be deprecated, for the family institution is a *Divine Ordinance*, designed to fit and qualify children for the reception of religious truth; and the performance of religious duty; and every thing like success depends upon pre-occupying the soul with right habits, of which none is so intimately connected with favorable religious developments, as the habit of strict obedience to *legitimate authority*. This, none will deny to be a fundamental principle of the religion of the holy scriptures, and is the first object in correct family government.

Every parent, therefore, who fails to establish this unquestioned dominion, does, in the same degree, entail upon his children, a curse of fearful omen. He fosters the inborn enmity of the child's heart to the claims of religion and so radicalizes and strengthens his soul against the claims of God. The child refused to do as he pleases, will most assuredly be long in yielding to the claims of Christ,—very, it may be laid down as an axiom that the spirit which refuses obedience to parental authority, will be the last to render it to God. The disobedience allowed in many families becomes a *fundamental vice*, well worthy of our most careful consideration, when we bear in mind the special form it assumes in its connection with religion. There are many parents whose ordinary administration of family government is judicious, who nevertheless act upon that most mistaken theory, that upon all matters relating to christian faith and practice, their children are to be let alone—free from all control to do as they please. Hence their children are suffered to grow up in opposition to religion if they choose so to do, though they may hear much about it. They go to church when and where they please, or not at all if they please. They frequent the Sabbath school if they choose, and only as often and as long as they may happen to coincide with their own notions. They are absent from family prayer whenever they prefer play or sleep to devotion. They read what books they like or accident supplies on the Sabbath, or any other time. And so of doubtful amusements and company; the parents it may be, give good advice and counsel, until it becomes nauseous, but

then they will not exercise control. There is then, in this state of affairs, a perpetual conflict between the religious sentiments of the parents and the ungodly propensities of the children—under which the temper is soured—the conscience seared—the heart hardened and the very name of the bible and of religion made odious. Now we must think all this wrong—fatally wrong. The parent is bound (in accordance with the teaching of the holy bible) to settle all these questions absolutely and without appeal, and to settle them so early, that the child will no more think of breaking the Sabbath, or neglecting the place of Divine worship, or Sabbath school or family prayer, or of engaging in games of chance, or going to a ball or theatre or a *low rowdy circus*, or of keeping bad company, or of remaining out at unreasonable hours in the evening, than he would of lying or stealing, or cutting a man's throat. Under such an enlightened, scriptural, firm regimen, habit comes to favor piety. The claims of religion are revered, not scoffed at—and the heart may be expected to open kindly to its genial influences. The child thus, "trained up in the way he should go, will not depart from it."

2d. In some families, professedly christian, there is a constant clashing of interests among the members,—constant bickerings and heart-burnings, it may be about the veriest trifles—yet sufficient to keep the mind in a state of constant excitement, extremely unfavorable for the success of religious training. The parents who suffer this state of affairs, at home, need not expect soon to see their children pursuing a virtuous and religious course of conduct, though they themselves may profess much of religion.

3d. Another hindrance, found in some seemingly religious families, is the constant practice of parents finding fault with the society or church to which they in name stand connected. These faults, whether real or imagined, are fully canvassed in the family, children are fully posted in the little difficulties and shape their views and actions accordingly. Now this conduct must have a baneful influence. For how can the children receive good at the place, when the parents have so much at fault? They must, in the very nature of things, grow up ashamed of the sect or congregation, when their parents exhibit so much dissatisfaction; and if they continue to attend upon its ministrations, it will most likely be in such a spirit as will repel instruction and defy conviction; or if they desert its courts for some other form of christianity, and worship, the selection will most probably be dictated by a worldly spirit, which dares to seek the gratification of sense and the vanities of a wicked world in the name of a crucified Redeemer, a spirit chiefly solicitous to escape the rebukes of an earnest ministry and the restraints of a pure christian discipline. It is hard to determine what course could be more effectual in thwarting the influences of a vital christianity than that of the parents and children here described.

Another and the last difficulty (we name in this connection) is, the *unbelief* which marks and characterizes all the efforts of some *professedly christian* parents. They pray for their children it is true—they control them to some extent—inculcate often good lessons—yet they do not expect that their children will early become pious. They pray that light and spiritual influences may be given of God to overcome the evil in the hearts of their children, that very grace which is promised, yet they do not expect that these children will be thus benefited until they have lived some time in sin. This, to say the least of it, is most certainly a strange christianity; verily, not that of the blessed Savior. If christians can pray for other blessings and expect immediate answers, why not for their children? The scriptures evidently encourage parents to ask and expect God's blessings upon their children.

(Conclusion next week.)

Cost of Idolry.

It is stated that the incense alone, which is burnt in the Chinese empire, in the worship of their idols, annually costs \$90,000,000 sterling or about five shillings (a little more than a dollar) for each man woman and child. At first sight, the estimate appeared to us extravagant, but on a moment's reflection, we concluded that it may be near the truth.

All this is expended on a ceremony which neither informs the mind nor educates the heart. Do the people of the United States expend fifty cents a piece for all religious purposes? Does it cost twenty-five cents for each man, woman, and child in the nation, to support a system of religious instructions which places a christian community immeasurably above a Pagan community, in substantial wealth, intelligence, and whatever else renders life pleasant and desirable?

An anecdote is related of the Rev. Dr. Kirk of Boston. Early in life, a lady of fortune, whose attention was awakened towards him by his conspicuous talents, wrote him a note offering him her heart, fortune, and hand. The Rev. Doctor however, with more tenderness than galantry, replied to her that she better give her heart to the Lord, her fortune to the church, and reserve her hand for him who should ask it.

The Happiest Man Out of Jail.

A runaway couple, 'true lovers' of the most fervent Yankee stamp, arrived at a small inn near Boston, and wanted the landlord to send for a minister to 'splice 'em,' and to be quick about it.

The landlord complied, and the 'licensed minister,' came.

'Be you the minister?' asked the bridegroom.

I am replied he.

Oh! you be, eh? What's your name? Stiggins.

Wal, now, Stiggins, said the Yankee, du it up brawn, and your money is ready; and forthwith the reverend gentleman commenced:

You will please to join hands.

The Yankee stood up by his lady-love, and seized her fervently by the hand.

You promise, Mr. A—, said the parson, to take this woman—

Yeas, said the bridegroom.

To be your lawful and wedded wife?

Yeas—Yeas!

That you will love and honor her in all things?

Sart'in Yeas, I tell yer!

That you will cling to her, and her only, as long as both shall live!

Yeas, indeed!—nothin' else! continued the Yankee, in the most delighted and earnest manner.

But here the reverend clergyman halted, much to the surprise of all present, and to the special annoyance and discomfort of the ardent bridegroom.

One moment, my friend, responded the minister, slowly; for it occurred to him that the laws of his State did not permit this performance without the publication of the bans for a certain length of time.

What—what—What in thunder's the matter?

Don't stop here! Put her thru!—What's spilt parson! Anything 'gin out?

Just at this moment, my friend, I have remembered that you cannot be married in Massachusetts, as the law—

Can't! Wot in nature's the reason? I like her—she likes me; what's to hinder?

You have not been published, Sir, I suspect.

That's a fact; ain't a'go'in' to be, nuther; that's the reason why we crossed over into your little Rhody, (the scene was on the border of Rhode Island,) on the sly, you see, parson.

I—really—Sir—said the minister.

R-e-e-ly! wal, never mind; go ahead.

Taint fair—don't you see 'taint! You've married me and haint tetcht her! Now don't stop here! Taint the fair thing; by gracious 'taint, now, and you know it.

I will consult—said the minister hesitatingly.

No you won't—no you don't! You don't consult nothin' nor nobody, until this 'ere business is concluded! And with this he turned the key, and put it (amid the titterings of the witnesses whom the landlord had called in) in his pocket.

Seizing the hand of his trembling bride, he said:

Go on now, straight from where you left off; put us through and no dodging.

It'll be all right, if it ain't right, we'll make it right in the morning, as the saying is.

After reflecting a moment, the parson concluded to run the risk of the informality, so he continued:

You promise, madam to take this man to be your lawful husband?

Yeas, said the Yankee, as the lady bowed.

That you will honor, love and obey him?

Them's 'em, said Jonathan, as the lady bowed again.

And that you will cling to him so long as you both live.

That's the talk! stick to one another allers,—and the lady said, yes again.

Then, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife.

Hoorah! shouted Jonathan, leaping half way to the ceiling with joy.

And what God has joined together, let no man put asunder.

Hoorah! continued Jonathan. What's the price? (the parson seemed to hesitate.) How much? spit it out! Don't be afraid.

You did it like a book. Here's a V.—Never mind the change. Send for a hack landlord. Give us your bill. I've got her! Hail Colambly!

The poor fellow seemed to be entirely unable to control his joy; and ten minutes afterward he was on his way to the railroad depot with his wife, 'the happiest man out of jail,' said the eye-witnesses who described the scene.

Frightening a Rogue.

In the St. Louis Recorder's Court, recently, Alexander McManus was fined \$5, for stealing wood from the steamer Hannibal, and was asked to 'fork up' by his honor.

'C-e-c-can't do it,' muttered he; 'a-a-ain't got th-the p-p-pewter, your honor.'

'Are you a married man?' inquired the Recorder.

'N-n-n-not exactly s-s-s-so far gone y-yet, sir.'

'Well, I will have to send you to the work-house,' said the Recorder.

'T-t-t-ain't nothin' t-t-t-to go th-there,' said Alick, 'I-I-I'm used to it; b-but, when you t-t-t-talked about m-m-marriage, old fellow, you f-f-f-frightened me!'

There is a man in Vermont who feeds his geese on iron filings and gathers them from their wings.

From the Hartford Times, Aug. 18.

Curious Adultery Case.

Those who have been in the habit of reading our reports of the doings of the police Court will feel interested to know more of the story connected with the prosecution for adultery which was reported yesterday. The history of the parties in this case is, to say the least somewhat romantic. Oliver Wolcott of Avon claims to have married in August, 1838, Lucy Ann French, in the town of Harwington. The swain at that time was 37 years of age, and the damsel but 14. (She is but 31 years old now, and has a married daughter! A fast family that.) Mr. Wolcott did not remember who married him, or what the man's name was, and had never seen him before that time nor since. He lived with his wife for several years, and had a family of four children. Last winter Salmon D. Chase of Unionville, a youth 24 years of age, was in the habit of frequently visiting Wolcott's family, for the ostensible purpose of 'courtin' Wolcott's daughter. But his visits continued after his daughter had gone away, and there being considerable intimacy between Wolcott's wife and Case, Wolcott began to smell a rat, or something equally strong, and was somewhat troubled. About this time Case made a proposition to Wolcott to sell him his young wife, and the wife was willing to be sold. Wolcott declined doing anything of that sort, and advised Case to keep away from his house, as he would make trouble in the family! Shortly after Lucy Ann left her husband, went to her father's house in Canton, and, as her father says, about this time Case came there to work for him. About the last of April Case and Mrs. Wolcott started on a pleasure tour, and brought up somewhere in Oswego County, New York. Case went to work for a man there, who, after hearing his story about himself and the woman, advised them to get married which they did. Ere long Wolcott came to the same place, and found Case and Mrs. Wolcott living together as man and wife he went into the room at night where they were sleeping together and 'had some words' with Case, and reconstituted with him on his conduct. A day or two after Wolcott hired out to the same man with whom Case and Lucy Ann were living at that time, and the trio lived together peacefully, excepting Case and Wolcott would have a few 'hard words' together about Lucy Ann. While there Case and Lucy Ann tried to persuade Wolcott to get papers drawn and sign them, giving up his wife to Case. They went to various places together on the cars, Case and Lucy Ann sitting lovingly on the same seat, and Wolcott sitting by himself on a back seat. Occasionally the latter would remonstrate with the former on the impropriety of their conduct. At Albany, Wolcott was minus funds, and Case let him have enough to come on with them. They came to Springfield, and went to the same boarding-house, Case and Lucy Ann rooming together, and Wolcott alone. The next day the trio went to a lawyer and there told their story. Before they left, that lawyer drew up two papers, one in which Wolcott leases for life the services of his wife as a *house-keeper* to Case; in the other he sells all his wife's clothing furniture, &c., to Case; for the consideration of one dollar, and confides to his parental guardianship his two youngest children. These papers were signed and sealed by the three, and duly witnessed by the interesting individual who drew them up. Then they came to this city the three together in the cars, and Case and the woman took a hack and went together to the U. S. Hotel, and as is alleged, took a room together. The next morning Wolcott met Case and Lucy Ann in Assalam st., on their way to the station, and he went out on the cars toward New Britain with them. The pair proceeded to the woman's father's house in Canton and Wolcott came back to this city, and made the complaint against Case (and not his wife) which has been examined before Judge Collier. There was some interesting features about the case, among which the bringing—with other witnesses on the part of the defence, to impeach Wolcott's charter for truth and veracity—Mr. French, who is Lucy Ann's father.

Charity.

Squeamishness, of prudery, is a misfortune, either of nature or a false education, which renders the mind liable to the intrusion of what some philosopher has called 'naughty ideas.'

To be easily shocked shows an intimate acquaintance with what is shocking.—Those who make a business of condemning vice and immorality, and are ready to believe evil of others, judge them out of a consciousness of their own habitual desires; and this may be, and often is, a false judgment.

The man who thinks another will steal, or get drunk, or commit any immorality, because he has the opportunity, judges himself with a terrible judgment, because he judges another out of his own heart.—Humanity and religion demand that we exercise the charity of attributing the best motives rather than the worst; and a charitable judgment, while it is humane to others, is favorable to ourselves.

A Snake in a Hen's Egg.

There are at least some things in heaven and earth that have scarcely been dreamed of in man's philosophy, and are certainly beyond his capacity satisfactorily to account for. We have an instance in point. A hen's egg was shown to us, at Lauray, a few days ago, which has the perfect representation of a snake raised on the shell, in full coil, on the smaller end. No artist could have produced a more exact representation of a serpent.—The forked tongue, the eye, and symmetrical proportions are as fully developed as in a real snake. Unfortunately, the shell of the egg was broken, when it was discovered that the indentation, on the inside, contained what appeared to be a bona fide snake. It was as perfect, in every respect, as the representation referred to on the shell. It was carefully taken out, and put in a glass vial in spirits, and may be seen at the hotel of A. J. McKay, in Lauray. This egg represents to the mind of the philosophic inquirer a curious question for solution. Various opinions are entertained relative to this singular freak of nature. Some suppose that it is a real snake, but are most provokingly puzzled to know how it got into the egg. Others solve the mystery in the same manner that other unnatural developments in the animal kingdom, that are witnessed daily, are solved. The human form, for instance, is frequently disfigured by representations of fruit, vegetables, and even animals—that were desired, dreaded, or greatly feared, so intensely as to make the most vivid impressions upon the mind. The snake had no connection with the vital principle or germ of the egg, but was formed between the membranous covering and shell, and was entirely independent of both. This is a curious question, and we submit the facts, as above stated, for the consideration of those who take an interest in such matters.—*Woolstock (Va. Tenth Legion).*

Discovery and Uses of Brimstone.

It is probable that sulphur or brimstone would never have been known in a natural state, had it not been for the eruptions of Mount Etna and Vesuvius. In 1683 there was a violent eruption from Mount Etna in Sicily, which was attended by an earthquake, whereby 60,000 persons were destroyed. The brimstone which is now sold in the markets of the world is principally derived from veins produced on that memorable occasion. The sulphur is exhaled from the volcanoes at the time of their activity, and fills up vacant spaces in the lava or frothy pumice stone.—When this is quarried or mined, and dug out, it forms the brimstone of commerce. When this brimstone is melted and cast into sticks, it produces the roll sulphur of the shops; and when the brimstone is boiled, and its vapor is allowed to escape into an air-tight chamber, the variety called flower of sulphur is the result.—This is the natural sulphur, and is considered by most chemists as an element in its primitive condition; some, however, with good reason, view it with suspicion, and think it a compound body. Brimstone in its natural state is only found at the foot of volcanoes; but in combination there is scarcely any substance so universally diffused over the world. It is not only found in combination with all kinds of metals on the face of the earth, but it also exists in plants and animals, and is of so much importance to them that they cannot exist without it. The exquisite perfume of wallflowers is a peculiar compound of sulphur. If a silver spoon be left in an egg it soon becomes black; that effect is caused by the sulphur of the egg uniting with the metal. A compound of sulphur is always present in the air we breathe; and, although small in proportion to its other constituents, yet the air is never free from it. It is for this reason that Betty's coppers won't keep bright. Commercially speaking, sulphur or (brimstone) rules the destiny of man both in the arts of peace and in the appliances of war. In fact, brimstone, for the manufacture of gunpowder, for dyeing, bleaching, color-making, and medicinal purposes, is an agent the value of which we could only estimate by its loss. Who, at first sight, could conceive so much good resulted from the eruption of a volcano.

The Dutchman who refused to take a one dollar bill because it might be altered from a ten, prefers stage traveling to railroads.

The former he says, rides him eight hours for a dollar, while the latter only rides him one. 'Dee beeples can't shent me.'

The greatest 'thrashing machine' in Kentucky, is a deputy sheriff, residing at Lexington.

On Monday last, he 'thicked' four flatboatmen and 'a gassy butcher,' in eighteen minutes.

Dr. Lathrop was a man of genuine piety, but much opposed to the noisy zeal that seeketh the praise of men.

A young divine, who was much given to enthusiastic cant, one day said to him, 'Do you suppose you have any real religion?' 'None to speak of,' was the excellent reply.

Note are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.

The Journal of the Academy of Medicine at Turin states, among other things, that tall men live longer than those of shorter stature.