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Take the Papers.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Why don't you take the papers?

They're the life of my delight;

Except about election time,

And then I read for spite.

Subscribe, you cannot lose a cent—

Why should you be afraid?

For cash thus paid is money lent

On interest, four fold paid.

Go then and take the papers,

And pay to-day nor pay delay,

And my word it is inferred,

You'll live till you are gray.

An old newspaper friend of mine,

While dying from a cough,

Desired to hear the latest news,

While he was dying off.

I took a paper, and I read

Of some new pills in force;

He bought a box—and is he dead?

No—hearty as a horse.

I knew a printer's debtor once,

Racked with a scorching fever,

Who swore to pay her debt next day,

If her distress would leave her.

Next morning she was at her work,

Divested of her pain,

But did forget to pay her debt,

Till taken down again.

"Here, Jessie, take these silver wheels,

And pay the printer now!"

She slept and slept, and then awoke,

With health upon her brow.

I knew two men, as much alike,

As e'er you saw two stumps;

And no phrenologist could find

A difference in their bumps.

One takes the papers, and his life

Is happier than a king's;

His children all can read and write

And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and

While strolling through the wood,

A tree fell down and broke his crown,

And killed him, "very good."

Had he been reading of the news,

At home, like neighbor Jim,

I'll bet a cent that accident

Would not have happened him.

Why don't you take the papers?

Nor from the printers sneak,

Because you borrow of his toy

A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers,

And pays his bills when due,

Can live in peace with God and man,

And with the printer too.

SHARP.—Mr. Jenkins dining at a very

hospitable, but a piece of bacon very near

him was so very small that the lady of

the house remarked to him:

"Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the

How I Came to be Married.

It may be funny, but I've done it.—I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—oyster stew, brandy cock-tails, cigar boxes, boot jacks, absconding shirt buttons, whist and dominoes. Shadows present—hoop-skirts, bandboxes, ribbons, gaiters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, kites, willow chairs, bibs, pap, sugar tents, paregoric, hive-syrup, castor oil, Godfrey's cordial, soothing syrup, rubarbar, senna, salts, squills and doctor bills. Shadows future—more nine pound babies, more hive syrup, &c. I'll just tell you how I got caught. I was always the darndest, most tea custard bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty gal approach me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one. 'Twasn't because I didn't like the critters, for if I was behind a fence looking through a knot-hole I couldn't look at one long enough. Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I stayed away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house whistling Old Dan Tucker, dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtains, and wishing the thundering party would break up so I could get to my room. I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, I concluded to shin up the door post. Just said that done—and soon found myself snug in bed. 'Now,' says I, 'let her rip! Dance till your wind gives out!'—And cuddling under quilts, Morpheus grabbed me. I was dreaming of soft shell crabs and stewed tripe, and was having a good time, when somebody knocked at the door and waked me up.—'Rap again,' I laid low. 'Rap, rap, rap.' Then I heard a whispering and I knew there was a whole raft of girls outside. 'Rap, rap!' Then Lib sings out, 'Jack, are you in there?' 'Yes says I.—Then came a roar of laughter. 'Let us in,' says she. 'I won't say I, 'can't you let a fellow alone?' 'Are you in bed,' says she. 'I am,' says I. Then came another laugh. By thunder, I began to get riled. 'Get out you petticoated scarecrows,' I cried, 'can't you get a beau without hauling a fellow out of bed, I won't go home with you—I won't—so you may clear out.' And throwing a toot at the door I felt better. But presently, oh! mortal buttons, I heard a still smaller voice, very much like sister Lib's and it said: 'Jack you'll have to get up for all the girls' things are in there.' Oh, Lord, what a pickle. Think of me in bed all covered with shawls, muffs, bonnets and cloaks, and twenty girls outside the door waiting to get in. If I had stopped to think I should have panicked on the spot. As it was, I rolled out among the bonnet-wire and ribbons in a hurry. 'Smash!' went the millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark—for there was a crack in the door, and the girls would peep—and the way I fumbled about was death on straw hats. The critical moment came, I opened the door, and found myself right among the women. 'Oh, my Leghorn!' cries one, 'my dear darling velvet velvet,' cries another, and they pitched in—they pulled me this way and that, boxed my ears, and one bright-eyed little piece—Sal—her name was—put her arms right round my neck and kissed me smack on the lips. Human nature couldn't stand that, and I give her as good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got a taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Cesar to Fourth of July. 'Jack,' said she, 'we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?' 'Yes,' said I, 'I will.' I did do it, and had another smack at the gate too. After that we took a kind of turtle-doving after each other, both of us sighing like a barrel of new cider when we were away from each other.

Boys and Girls.

We agree with *Life Illustrated*, when it says, boys must have trades and professions. That is right. Every body should understand that he is to learn well to do some kind of business: that he is to earn his living, and make himself useful in the world. That he has a rich father, is no reason why he should live in idleness. Train the boy to a useful occupation.

Yes, if you would have him happy and honored, if you would make him of the least consequence in the world, if you would save him from vice, misery and ruin train him to industry. No one should live in the world without sharing its common burdens and common joys—the responsibilities of reciprocal service and sympathy.

Boys are bred to business. Why are not girls? Are their minds in less danger of running to waste? less fertile, so that the evil which enemies scatter in unoccupied soil, will not take root and yield a harvest of tares?

No; as the world is girls can not be perfectly pure without occupation. The unemployed mind is not happy. Every girl should be taught some branch of industry, should become skillful in some kind of work, either mental or physical, by which she can support herself honorably. No healthy grown girl should be satisfied to remain a tax on her father.—Are her parents' means small? by the teaching and practice of some art, she can earn her money, and add much to the comfort and charms of home. She will be proud to do this, if she has been trained to feel so. She owes it to her own soul, as means of its elevation and growth. Have the parents any means? Still, she could not merely exist, of no more account than a china toy or a bit of gilding. She can share the mother's duties, becoming her right hand, and the light of the father's eyes. At the same time, she should be thoroughly versed in certain branches of either Art or Science, that in case of reverses, so common now-a-days, she can gain an honest, independent livelihood.

All girls should be thoroughly taught all necessary details of housekeeping—else, they shame their mother's and they will bring misery on their own families. The needle, broom, and duster are not the sole implements of industry adapted to woman. The pen she has taken. By the pencil she has surpassed her brother. The marble beneath her fingers, gives birth to beauty so exquisite as to draw tears from the eyes of stern men.

Let her go on. She can with perfect propriety, as she becomes conscious of inclination and capacity, become physician, merchant, lecturer—anything good for which God has endowed her. But some steady occupation she should have.

Train girls to definite and useful employment, if you would render them good and happy. Familiarize them, early, with the idea that they are to become skillful in some art or profession—that they are to be adepts in some useful work. Thus they will be help-meets for their brothers, and the blessing of humanity.

A Bacon Presentation.

The Washington correspondent of the Richmond Whig says: "A Virginia gentleman of the name of Welch, from Shenandoah county, presented Old Buck the other day with a ham that knocked the fat of Wise's jaw completely into the fire. The hog from which the ham was taken weighed nearly 1000 pounds; the ham itself weighed 70 lbs.—The presentation was accomplished under the auspices of Hon. John Letcher, and the present was received by Old Buck with graceful and benign suavity. Mr. Welch also brought with him a lot of small, horned elephants, supposed, by imagined butchers, to be beavers."

The house of Representatives, at Washington, has passed a resolution fixing the first Monday of June as the time for the final adjournment of the present session of Congress.

From the Boston Courier, April 5.

Theodore Parker on the Revival. The Music Hall was greatly crowded yesterday morning, in consequence of the announcement that the Rev. Theodore Parker would preach upon the Revival. After the usual exercises of singing and prayer, the text was read as follows:

But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd. Matthew, chap. 9, verse 36.

Mr. Parker said he should endeavor to give some thoughts on a false and a true revival of religion; but the object was a great one, and as he could not dispose of it in a single sermon, he should preach on this occasion mainly of the false, reserving the discussion of the true for next Sunday. If a person would go into an apothecary's shop he would find an endless number of vials and jars and boxes, labeled with strange names, but all containing medicine, for making sick men sound. He would also find many kind of surgical instruments, for the healing of wounds, and riding men of the ills to which their flesh is heir. But if he should say to the unwholesome looking young man, prematurely bald and spectacled, but still wearing a benevolent face, who is in attendance, "I will have some of the best of your medicine—enough to do my business," he would be answered, "We have all kinds of medicine; you must discriminate and select that which fits your case, for most of these medicines would kill a well man; you must consider what kind you need, and then use it with the greatest discretion."

It is with ministers' stuff as with doctors' stuff. Men are told that they must have religion or they will perish everlasting, and they seize any of the ever-labeled "religion" which may be within their reach. Oatmeal and strychnine are both medicines; and there is no less difference in the various things called religion. There is the bread of life and the poison of death.

If we go back into the history of the past, we find that all sorts of things have been held sacred as religion. Abraham would have sacrificed his son to his religion. Stephen was stoned to death because he gathered firewood on the seventh day, in the name of religion. Joshua slew the Canaanites, men, women and children, in the most barbarous manner, because his religion commanded it. 18-31 years ago last Thursday a band of Roman soldiers surrounded a man whom they had nailed to the cross, not because he was a murderer, or a kidnapper, or a deceitful politician, or a hypocritical priest who thought one thing in his study and said another in his pulpit, but because he had taught a religion of love, by which a man could be saved without the blood of bulls; because he was esteemed a blasphemer of the priests, who did not believe in a religion of love and charity, but "passed by on the other side"—perhaps because they were in a hurry to attend a prayer meeting at Jerusalem.—Christ was crucified as an act of religion and the high priest who directed it, lifted up his robes, on the phylacteries of which were inscribed the whole of the 13th chapter of Deuteronomy, and shouted Glory to God!

Just now there is a revival of religion. The newspapers are full of it. There are crowds of men and women at the meetings, and they cannot get enough of preaching. The poorer the article, the more they want of it. Wonderful conversions are told of. The innermost secrets of the heart are displayed to the eyes of the gossiper and to the pen of the reporter. The whole thing has been skillfully got up, and with the greatest pains. It is well known that ecclesiastical institutions in England and America decay. The number of church members in America is about three million and a quarter. There are thirteen negro slaves to sixteen church members. The slaves increase and the church members do not. The number of births increase rapidly.—The number of baptisms falls off. The belief in ecclesiastical authority is fading. Men begin to think that God is not so ugly and devilish as ministers paint him.—They are applying their common sense to religion, as well as to their business affairs. This state of things the ministers seek to change. They cannot manufacture ecclesiastical doctrines to suit the people, for the day when the best talent sought the pulpit has passed. Now there are a hundred men in every congregation who are superior in talent and learning to their pastor, and can beat him in argument or reasoning. So the ministers try to scare his men into belief of his doctrine and membership of his Church.

Attempts at revivals are no new thing. Two Winters ago the Unitarians tried and got nothing—only a few sprats and minnows, which ran out through the net before they could be hauled into the fishing-boat. It was not an attempt to make bricks without straw, but with nothing else. As well might we expect to procure fire by friction of ice-blocks as to expect a revival among the Unitarians.—Nothing came of their attempt, and their vanity in the beginning of the Winter turned into vexation of spirit in the Spring. There was another last year, but that was unsuccessful.

Now the case is different. The great commercial crisis turned men out of business. Men set themselves to look after the poor, then to prevent the expected in-

crea- of crime by the increase of charity.

Other men would take the opportunity to make church members. So they set the revival machine in motion. That is all well known as McCormick's reaper, and needs not to be described. It requires only a spark in one place to set fire to the whole country. If a regiment runs, the whole army will run. The meetings are gathered in the same way as cattle-shows and masters are. It is advertised in the newspapers the Rev. Great Talk will preach on such a day, and placards are posted in the streets. It is a business operation, and reminds me of the placards of the clothing dealers in North street, the Park street church having become the Oak Hall of revivals. Men with full pockets were not to be scared by talk about hell, but the paucity in State street, which ruined the warehouses, fills the meeting houses. If the cholera or yellow fever, or smallpox, should break out, the revivals would be greater than now.

Some good will doubtless be done by this movement. There are wicked men who are only roused by fear, and some of them will be converted. Dread of hell is stronger than fear of the gallows. Some will desert their evil ways and their crimes, and that is a good work. But it is only the men who do the small vices are converted. The doers of heavy wickedness are never converted until they are too old for anything hypocritical. Mr. Polk and Henry Clay understood that trick perfectly.

And, on the contrary, much evil will be done. Learned and cultivated men will turn with disgust from the hideous form of Deity presented to them, and will have no faith in God or immortality.—The actual atheist is to day cunninger than ever, and will entrench himself in the church. There is no fortress against the ecclesiastical artillery, like the pew. There is much in the revival that is encouraging, but in the conduct of it there is very much which is profoundly melancholy. The idea of God and the religion which is inculcated, if it should convert everybody, including the Administration of the Democratic party, the Supreme Court, and Congress, would not add one ounce of humanity to the converts, but would weaken and deaden the piety and morality of the people.

A Wonderful Escape.

By E. D. VINCENT.

It was in the year 1745, that the story about to be related occurred. During this and the preceding year the colony of New Hampshire had suffered intensely from Indian atrocity and outrage, with the enormous wrongs and evils perpetrated upon the defenceless pioneer, are without parallel in the annals of our country's history, and furnish us with striking examples of true heroism. Indeed, we cannot but admire the skill and bravery displayed by the early settlers, in the defence and protection of their lives and property, while perusing the pages of our early history.

While a boy I have sat and listened, with pleasure and astonishment, to the oft repeated recitation of an adventure, in a forest, situated between Gilmanston and Winnipisogee Lake, as it fell from the lips of one of the adventurers, named Cack Marsh, a hardy pioneer, and one of the first settlers of this colony.

It was at the close of a sultry day in the latter part of August, when Marsh, together with his old and faithful servant Joe, wandered forth in quest of deer and other valuable game. They travelled on chatting merrily, little thinking of the serious difficulties in which they were involved, and the trying scenes through which they were to pass, before they again entered the threshold of their happy and cheerful home.

With joyous anticipation they pursued their journey, and were soon lost in the forest, in which they expected to find, and pursue the object of their search.

It was late in the evening when they arrived at a rippling brook, which was rapidly wending its way toward the noble Merrimack. Here they stopped to quench their thirst, partake of a repast, and then camp for the night. Everything passed off quietly, and they were soon wrapped in profound slumber; and little did they think when they wrapped themselves up in their blankets, and laid down to seek repose, that that night would form the most eventful period in their existence.

At midnight they were awakened by the fierce growling and barking of their faithful and ever constant dog, Tiger.—Old Joe was the first to discover the cause and he at once communicated his worst fears to his master. In the distance could be seen by the moon's pale light, the glittering tomahawk in the hands of the hated and dreadful foe.—But little time was taken to determine the manner in which they should proceed.

To return home was impossible; and for both to pursue the same direction would without doubt, end in the capture and massacre of both; hence they chose to separate, each pursuing a different course.

Marsh, calling Tiger to his assistance, bounded fleetly to a portion of the wood which was thickly covered with underbrush, there to find a safe hiding-place. After a hurried search he himself in a luxurious growth of dense laurels, and

base Tiger he close to him.

Here he prepared his rifle for speedy action, and then sat in profound silence, anxiously listening for the approach of his pursuers.

Three Indians had followed after him, although at a considerable distance behind. When they came to that portion of the wood which was so thickly overgrown with underwood, they separated, in order that their search might be more successful. Their pace was slow and stealthy, but plainly audible to the listening ear of our hero, who was tremblingly awaiting the issue. The most athletic savage was passing within twenty yards of where Marsh was concealed, and would have gone on, doubtless expecting to find him further toward the interior of the forest; but, there are times in men's lives when they act as it would seem blindly, without thinking of the consequences in which the act will involve them. Such was the case with our hero; and when he saw the foe placed entirely at his mercy, he levelled and discharged his rifle. The ball pierced the heart of the Indian, and with an agonizing and thrilling shriek, he fell to the ground. The report of the rifle soon brought his comrades to the scene of action.

Marsh, no longer trusting to his retreat, emerged and prepared for the combat. Adjusting his hunting knife, and raising his rifle ready to deal a deadly blow, he stood motionless, and as yet unprecipitated. Tiger, seeing the situation of his master, commenced a low mournful howling, which at once revealed his master's position to the savages. One of their tomahawks came whizzing through the air but left Marsh unhurt. Tiger sprang upon the one who began the attack, and Marsh, leaving the dog to deal with him, began a vigorous assault upon the other. The tomahawk of the latter was well directed, and would undoubtedly have prostrated Marsh had it not been for a dexterous movement of his rifle, which brought the weapon harmless to his feet; and grasping and summoning all his strength, with his usual expertness, he threw the weapon with such force as to bring his enemy senseless to the ground, the instrument destroying an eye, and fracturing the lower part of the frontal bone. The wound was indeed a mortal one; and Marsh now considered himself out of danger. During this time Tiger had been fiercely engaged with the one that first threw the tomahawk, who, being unarmed, found the faithful dog a severe and almost equal antagonist. They were now rolling upon the ground in the midst of a desperate struggle; Marsh considering this a favorable opportunity, at once seized the tomahawk with which he had been so successful before, and with one "fell swoop," severed the head from the body.

Leaving the other weltering in his blood and undergoing the agonies of death, he sat down nearly exhausted, to wait the dawn of day. Notwithstanding the exciting trial through which he had just passed, although fearing the approach of more of his deadly foes, yet so overcome was he by the powerful efforts he had made, that he unconsciously fell asleep.

It was 8 o'clock, A. M., of the succeeding day, when he was aroused from his slumber by the barking of his faithful dog. Placing his rifle upon his shoulder, he commenced his journey homeward; and, as he passed the first Indian he was thrilled with horror at the sad spectacle before him; and not until then did he fully realize the awfulness of the deed of the preceding night. The corpse showed by the horrible appearance of the face, the deep agony he had undergone before the body had yielded to the mastery of nature's antagonistic law. He took a hurried glance and then passed on. Sad and melancholy were his musings while pursuing his rapid journey homeward.

Emerging from the thick wood, he heard a low moaning a short distance beyond to his right; he paused, still it continued.

"Who can it be?" he muttered. "It may be a snare to entrap and capture me! but then he heard a word hurriedly spoken, which sounded familiar; turning, he bent his footsteps toward the spot from which the sound proceeded, and there he found his endeared servant, Joe, apparently more frightened than hurt.

"Vy! Massa Marsh! I expected you was dead long 'go! How do ginger you get away from them taral red skins, hey?" he asked rising, for he was not seriously hurt but unable to walk without aid.

Marsh told his manner of escape, and then supporting Joe, they went on toward home.

"Joe, how did you manage to get off so easily?" enquired Marsh, when they were out of danger.

"Vy, you see, I jes run'd and left him behind, but one of the farnal villains hit me here, (putting his hand upon his shoulder,) with a tomahawk, but didn't hurt me much. I hollered out kilt, and fell, but he didn't believe me, for he flung a big stone and hit me on the knee. He took out his scalping knife, and I guess he meant to scalp me, but thought my woolly one no good, so he left me I s'pose, for dead; but Old Joe's good for any ten on 'em yet!" he exclaimed with a shrug of the shoulders, and a defiant laugh.

"Old Joe trick 'em better dan day trick him; but I guess he won't go in dat ar woods a dectin' any more, wedder Massa Marsh do or not!"

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