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

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POETRY.

The old familiar strain.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, L. L. D.

Sing me that old familiar strain
Which touched my heart in boyhood's years,
Before its chords were jarred by pain,
Before its hopes were dimmed by tears,
Time has fled fast since first I heard
Its music from those lips of thine;
But well remembered is each word:
So sing once more, oh, Mary mine,
The old familiar strain.

Thine eyes have their soft radiance kept,
That won my heart in life's young spring,
And o'er thy beauty time hath swept
Gentle, with light and charmed wing.
Unaltered is thy graceful form,
The trusting heart is the same,
Keeping those true affections warm
As when, before I dreamt of fame,
You sang me that old strain.

You, sing!—as in those golden hours
When life, and love, and hope were young—
When fancy strewed our path with flowers,
Oh! sing the strain that then you sung!
Your voice may have a sadder tone
Than made sweet music in that time,
Ere grief or trials we had known,
When first you sang, in youthful prime,
The old familiar strain.

Me thinks that on thy placid brow—
So lightly touched by burrowing years,
Since first we plighted love's fond vow—
Thought's graver shadow now appears;
But yet if in thy very mirth
Remembrance of our Dead will come,
Strong ties yet bind thee to the earth—
So breath once more within our home
The old familiar strain.

PHAZMA, of the New Orleans Picayune, gives in a recent number of that paper the following exquisite sonnet:

MOTHER.

Of all the words in language there's no other
Equal in gentle influence to Mother!
It is the first name that we learn to love—
It is the first star shining from above;
It is a light that has a softer ray
Than aught we find in evening or in day!
Mother!—It back to childhood brings the man,
And forth to womanhood it leads the maiden,
Mother!—'Tis with the name all things began
That are with love and sympathy full laden.
O! 'tis the dearest thing in Nature's plan,
That all life's cares may not affection smother,
While lives within the yearning heart of man
Melting remembrance of a gentle Mother!

Duelling.

We read in Swedish History, that Adolphus, King of Sweden, determining to suppress these false notions of honor, issued a severe edict against the practice. Two gentlemen, however, generals in his service, on a quarrel, agreed to solicit the King's permission to decide their difference by the laws of honor. The King consented, and said, he would be present at the combat. He was attended by a body of guards and the public executioner, and before they proceeded to the onset, he told these gentlemen, that they must fight till one of them died. Then turning to the executioner, he added, do you immediately strike off the head of the survivor.

This had the intended effect; the difference between the two officers was adjusted, and no more challenges were heard of in the army of Gustavus Adolphus.

Temperance.

"Mr. Snubbs, you say you are a temperance man, and yet you chew tobacco."
"Hum—yes mum—but mum, I don't squeeze, my gizzard out with stays, nor stick my back up with bags of meal, Mrs. Slob, I don't."
Exeunt Mrs. Slob, in a huff.

"First class in grammar," said the country pedagogue, "come out and recite. Bobby! what is steam?"
"Boiling water, sir!"
"That's right; compare it."
"Positive boil, comparative boiler! superlative burst!"

"Very good; you'll learn to parse soon; you may take your seat."
Here.—One who can face his wife on a washing day.

If any one can read the following remarks by the Hon. Mr. Marshall of Kentucky, without any stirring of the better feelings of his heart, he must be made of impenetrable stuff indeed; or his sensibilities must have been blunted by long habits of vice, until that which makes the man, the *divina particula*, is smothered under the rubbish of his once noble but now fallen and ruined nature. What a definition does he give of man! And who that is man can read it without reverencing himself; not his "frail perishing clay" which allies him to the lower creation, and which tends earthward, but his mind and his heart, his intellectual and his moral constitution, which links him with the higher intelligences, and relates him to God. We commend the whole speech; and what a pity that we have not the whole, as it fell burning from the lips of the eloquent speaker.

With one exception, the reading of the address gave us unqualified pleasure. The remarkable coincidence between the state of his own mind on the 7th of January last, and the movement that was going on at Lexington, can only be explained by a simple recognition of an all-directing and an all-wise Providence. Yet this Mr. Marshall does not do; at least not fully and clearly. He does indeed speak of "a secret influence that pervades the world of mind," and this may be construed to mean Providence, but it is a vague and half-heathenish way of speaking. It would seem that our educated men, in speaking of the invisible world, are too apt to make their allusions in language sanctioned by the classics of heathen Greece and Rome. This ought not so to be. The orators of antiquity were not ashamed of their mythology—they gloried in it. Should the orators of Christendom, then, be ashamed of their theology, the simple and sublime, and only true system, which fully discloses that most high God, "that doeth his will in the army of Heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth?"

Indeed, Mr. Marshall does speak clearly enough, where he treats of the efficacy of the pledge, when offered and advocated by the reformed inebriate. He ascribes the wonderful power of this instrumentality to its true source. We hope Mr. Marshall will go on. He cannot put in requisition his gifted mind, to a better and more benevolent purpose. In the death grapple which he foresees he should stand among the foremost. He is every way qualified for such a service. Let him hold on, and he shall earn laurels which shall be green when those of Caesar and of Napoleon shall have faded; a name that shall be ranked high among the excellent and the worthy of mankind.

The American Temperance Union.

The Union celebrated its fifth anniversary in the Broadway Tabernacle, on Wednesday evening, the 4th inst. In the absence of the President, JOHN H. COCKE, Esq., of Va., the Chair was taken by Hon. THEODORE FREELING-HUYSEN, and the meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Cox.

The Tabernacle was crowded in every part at an early hour, by one of the most respectable assemblies we have ever seen within its walls. The music by the choir of the church was exceedingly happy, and added essentially to the spirit of the meeting.

The Secretary, Rev. JOHN MARSH, read an abstract of the annual report, communicating the most cheering information in reference to the glorious progress of the cause during the past year. The number of pledges obtained throughout the country is estimated at half a million. Of these 30,000 have been made in Kentucky; 60,000 in Ohio; in the whole West, 200,000; and it is supposed that of these every seventh man is a reformed drunkard, and every fifth man a reformed tippler. In Maine 50,000 pledges have been given, and 5,000 of these are reckoned reformed men. In Boston, 20,000, of which 13,000 are reformed. In N. Y. city 16,000 Washingtonians are numbered; in central and western New York 50,000, in Philadelphia 20,000, in Pittsburgh 10,000. The Report went on to take a survey of the various auxiliaries, among which was mentioned the Congressional Temperance Society, embracing eighty members of Congress; it spoke also of several large distilleries that had been stopped; and of the vast amount of temperance information which had been diffused over the land through 120,000 "Journals," 550,000 "Advocates," and 40,000 Almanacs, which had been printed during the year. The President then introduced to the assembly,

HON. MR. MARSHALL, M. C., FROM KENTUCKY, who was received with great enthusiasm. After the cheering had subsided, Mr. Marshall

said he had prepared himself in some measure, for the emotions which he must experience under the circumstances with which he should find himself surrounded; but he could not help feeling that the fact of his being here in the month of May of this year, in the city of New York, in an assembly like this, to speak on the subject of Temperance, must be regarded as one of the phenomena attending this most remarkable moral revolution. The Secretary had given us a sketch of what had been accomplished in this cause, and these facts are sufficient to satisfy any man that this reform ought to stand as an epoch in the history of man; as one of those great revolutions which sweep over the world, overwhelming barbarism, and bringing in civilization with all its attendant blessings. He had often asked himself if there is not something passing strange in the movements with which we are surrounded. We have just heard of 30,000 pledges given in Kentucky, and he would venture to say from an intimate acquaintance with that people, that never in the history of that State had such a movement of mind been made in a single year. Never was any thing like it known in the moral, political or religious world. He referred to the cities of Louisville and Maysville, and knowing well the habits of those places as to the consumption of Alcohol, he said it was a remarkable fact that a traveler can now scarcely find a glass of the *critter*, so few are the dram-shops.

Mr. M. said that he was not fond of the marvellous, nor was it a defect of his mind to be credulous; indeed his temptation had always been towards skepticism—but there were some facts in this movement connected with his own history, which had filled him with astonishment, and he did not think it out of place to refer to them. He said that four months ago, in all the land, there was not a man who knew less or cared less than he did about the Temperance cause. He had never been in a temperance meeting in his life; (he said it with shame and contrition,) and if he picked up a temperance paper, he threw it away, regarding the subject as unworthy the attention of a gentleman of his vast ambition! On the seventh of January last at night, having had no correspondence whatever with any body at home on the subject, he signed the pledge. Somebody wrote to Lexington, Ky., about it, and some one to the newspapers, and soon he found himself posted from Boston to New Orleans among the honorable fraternity of reformed drunkards. But the next mail brought back to him the intelligence that at Lexington, at the very time when he was signing the pledge at Washington, there was a wonderful movement there also; a Society was formed, the President and Vice President of which but a few months before when he was starting for Washington, he had left in a most comfortable inebriety. They had been celebrating his departure, in such a style that he could only with great difficulty commence the journey, leaving them in a state of incapacity for any moral or physical exertion. He had a brother in an adjoining county, (who, by the way when he was at Washington, a few days ago, wished me to draw a line between himself and me whenever I had occasion to speak of him, as he did not think he was ever quite as bad as I) and that brother signed the pledge on the seventh of January, and had since been lecturing very learnedly in the region around him on the subject of temperance.

Observing these simultaneous movements in distant places and different minds, without any concert or correspondence or conspiracy whatever, does it not lead us to inquire by what agency is it effected? We are compelled to ask whence comes it, and I was going to say 'I know not,' but this may be indulging a feeling of skepticism too far for the place and the assembly. May it not be that there is an analogy between the atmosphere that surrounds the body and the moral atmosphere that surrounds the soul; so that as changes are produced in the body by the movements in the natural air, there may be some secret influence that thus pervades the world of mind, and causes these phenomena which appear to us so inexplicable? May not He, who formed the human mind, have united all minds by some mystic tie, and may not this cord of sympathy, from time to time, be swept by the master hand, and corresponding tones be given forth from the whole human race. This may be mere fancy, but if there were ever facts calculated to encourage such a supposition, they are furnished by this remarkable simultaneous movement.

And the agency too, how simple, and how inadequate to the result; to the eye of science, how disproportionate to the end proposed: A temperance pledge! a simple declaration to drink no more! and the pledge offered and advocated not by philosophers, but by those just plucked from the lowest ranks of society, outcasts, without character, or learning, or wealth, or eloquence, save the most efficient of all, the eloquence of truth! these are the instruments which that power which has set this cause in motion, has employed in its achievement.—That it will go on I do not doubt; its final triumph could not astonish us more than has its past success. He knew the difficulties it must still encounter; not the opposition of truth, or reason or argument, but pecuniary interest and appetite and worse than all, established, inveterate fashion; and the death grapple with these enemies is yet to come.

He had tried to imagine what could be said in favor of intemperance; and to prepare for meeting the arguments on that side, he had taken counsel of Cicero, who always supposed himself, in preparing a cause for trial, in the place of his adversary, and having first presented the arguments against himself in the strongest possible light, proceeded to demolish them. Thus placing himself, he had tried to frame an argument in favor of intemperance, and the most plausible plea he could invent, for the life and soul of him, was this.

"The appetite for Alcohol is implanted in man by nature. Alcohol exists in nature, and the ingenuity of man elicits it to gratify this natural appetite. Why was this arrangement made, if it was not designed that the appetite should be gratified with the Alcohol. Nature does nothing in vain. There is evidence of adaptation in every department of the Universe." Here the speaker drew striking illustrations from "the wisdom displayed in the construction of the solar system; adjusting the distance of the earth from the sun, and the size of the earth to the nature of the plants and animals that are on its surface, and then asked why did that wisdom form this appetite and furnish the source for its gratification?"

In reply to this argument he might deny the fundamental assumption that the appetite is natural; he did not believe it; but admitting that it is, human reason has demonstrated that the gratification of it is injurious to man, under all circumstances; and alcohol was never furnished by nature as food for man. Nature has provided food to support his existence and sustain his spirits; and Mr. M. had often contrasted that substance which nature has provided for the nourishment of man in the season of helpless infancy, with this invention. If there are two things, of all others the most exactly unlike, they are milk and alcohol; and in the Universe, where, where could be found two objects more unlike than the mother's breast and the worm of the still; the fountain of human life and the accursed source of human wretchedness?

But admit that the appetite is natural, what does it prove? Is nature unjust to man and unkind to him than to the lower orders of the animal creation? In them the appetite is wanting. Brutes have no appetite for alcohol. You can't teach them to love it. Man is the only animal in the broad universe that will get drunk more than once. The experiment has been tried (and here Mr. M. related an anecdote of a monkey, which two wags made drunk, and the next time they attempted to force him to drink he fought himself away from them and fled to the top of the house) and if the brute naturally refuses alcohol, is not nature unkind to man in endowing him with an appetite for it? But if she has given him this appetite she has also given him what no other animal has, the reason to detect and the power to avoid the consequences. She has armed him with a weapon sufficient to protect him from the evil, and is it not a proof of the high estimate put upon the human mind by its Author, that he clothes it with power to overcome temptation, and holds the possessor responsible, as a moral and intellectual being, for the use of his gifts?—Blame not then God or nature for the evils of intemperance. Drunkenness is man's own work. It is peculiar to him; no where else in creation can you find an animal that falls under its power.

A drunkard is the hardest thing in the world for a philosopher to classify. You can't tell to what genus he belongs—he ain't a man—you can't make a man of him, any way—he has not the form, or feature, or feeling of a man—I speak after ample opportunity of feeling—he has neither the face or the form of a man; he no longer holds up his face as a man, he can't walk like a man; intemperance has fuddled his brain, bleared his eyes, deafened his ears, swelled his body, dwindled his legs, and thus destroyed his title to be classed among men.—But these are the least of its evils. We might forgive intemperance if it did no more than mar our beauty, dilapidate our fortunes, waste our health, and destroy our lives. Man must die, and if death were the mere dissolution of this body of ours, it would not be a matter of any great moment if the period were precipitated for a few months or years. But what is man? What does he mean when he speaks of himself? Is it this frail perishing clay? No; no. It is the *divina particula*, breathed into this clay by Deity himself, and given to man only of all that live on earth—it is the reason and the heart—the reason that enables him to examine and prove—the heart that loves; that makes capable of parental affection and all those finer sensibilities that adorn human nature and distinguish it in the creation of God. This is the principle that makes man; this it is that is eternal. And hence we see the nature of that evil which works the ruin of this immortal princi-

ple. Alcohol is the only poison that annihilates the man. Give him arsenic, and although his physical constitution cannot resist its effects, yet while life lingers he is still a man—he loves his wife, his children, his country; and when he dies, he dies game, game, game.—But this poison achieves what no other can; it destroys human nature; it turns the heart of man against weakness and helplessness, and makes him hate those who hang upon him for support. You may make a man a robber or a murderer, steep him in vice and misery, but when he comes to his own heart-stone he is a man, and loves his wife and little ones, who cling around him in his ruin. There is a principle in man—call it the *chivalry of mankind*,—that makes the weakness of woman her strength and defence; nothing destroys that principle in man but alcohol; nothing else raises the arm of man against her who trusts him for protection and love; nothing else destroys that fine and universal ligament that pervades the whole animal race—the parental tie—disease and poverty and crime and death may press a wretch to the earth, and his infant child will cling to him the more fondly the deeper he sinks. Nothing but intemperance destroys this tie, and obliterates every trace of the great original from which he was formed.

Mr. M. then offered some suggestions respecting the means by which the cause of temperance should be advanced—deprecating its connection with politics or seeking any aid from Legislation. It is too high for law, too pure for political association.

He then made an eloquent appeal to the young, the gay and the chivalric to unite in this cause, declaring that he himself was never gay in his life than since he had joined the Temperance Society. He would appeal to the lovers of pleasure, to Epicurus himself, and commend this as the source and fountain of the purest pleasure. He drew a vivid picture of the sensations of a man waking after a night's debauch, unfitted to enjoy the glories of nature or any of the thousand sources of delight with which the world is filled; and following up this thought with great beauty he closed by exclaiming,

"O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her vot'ry yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that genial ray of morning glows,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all that dread magnificence of heaven,
O! how canst thou these renounce, and hope to be forgiven."

Throughout his remarks, (of which the above is a meagre outline,) Mr. Marshall was constantly cheered, and at the close the applause was deafening. It was announced that he would address other meetings in the course of the week; and the assembly broke up.

A Short Sermon on long ones.

TEXT, "BE SHORT."

My friends, I have forty reasons against long sermons—but for the sake of brevity I shall omit all but two.

1st. Long sermons seldom effect the object of preaching. The design of the preacher is to convince, instruct, and persuade.

Now, to convince, it is not necessary to dig a channel to the understanding as long as the Erie Canal; and, generally, two good reasons, clearly presented, and powerfully urged, will produce more convictions than twenty. To instruct, neither a whole system of theology, nor a world of illustration, nor vocabulary of words, are necessary. Such surfeiting the mind rejects. To impress it is not necessary to thunder long and loud—the oak is riven by a single stroke of lightning; and to persuade—the man who cannot be moved in half an hour, will not be teased into submission in an hour and a half. So that all beyond a sermon is lost, and worse than lost; the lover of truth leaves the house of God with a weary body, a jaded mind, and a heavy heart, not because the preaching was not evangelical, or was inappropriate, but because of its insupportable length.

2. Long sermons drive not a few from the house of God. How often is the excuse made, "I would attend church, but—but—who can endure an endless sermon!"

Such an apology may indeed arise from an aversion of the heart to truth; but let the cause be removed, and this excuse at least will die.

Two remarks. 1. We see the reason why some ministers are so unsuccessful in their preaching. Were they to condense their thoughts, and urge them home briefly, vividly, and fervently, with the blessing of God, glorious results would follow.

2. Let not ministers complain that hearers sleep, nor of inattention, when they take the very way to produce it.—Luth. Observer.

ANOTHER CURE FOR BURNS.—Beat the white of an egg to a froth, mixed with a tea-spoonful of Sweet Oil—apply it several times with a feather—the pain is relieved at once, and the skin heals immediately.—[Bangor Whig.