

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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Jeffersonian Republican.

POETRY.

Woman's Heart.

Say, what is woman's heart? A thing
Where all the deepest feelings spring—
A harp whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch of harmony—
A world whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the colored dreams of thought—
A bark still that will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

What is its love? A careless stream—
A changeless star—an endless dream—
A smiling flower that will not die—
"A beauty and a mystery."
Its storms are light as April showers;
Its joys as bright as April flowers;
In hopes as sweet as summer air,
And dark as winter its despair.

What are its hopes? Rainbows that throw
A radiant light where'er they go,
Smiling when Heaven is overcast,
Yet melting into storms at last.
Bright cheats that come with syren words,
Beguiling it like summer's birds,
That stay while Nature round them blooms,
But flee away when winter comes.

What is its hate? A passing frown—
A single weed 'mid blossoms sown,
That cannot flourish there for long—
A harsh note in an angel's song—
A summer cloud, that all the while,
Is lighted by a sunbeam's smile;
A passion that scarce hath a part
Amidst the gems of woman's heart.

And what is its despair? A deep
Fever that leaves no tears to weep—
A woe that works with silent power,
As ranker worms destroy a flower—
A viper that shows not it wakes,
Until the heart it preys on breaks—
A mist that robs the star of light,
And wraps it up in darkest night.

Then what is woman's heart? A thing
Where all the deepest feelings spring—
A harp whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch of harmony—
A world where fairy scenes are fraught
With all the colored dreams of thought—
A bark that still will blindly move
Upon the treacherous sea of love.

All is Fair in Politics.

The Boston Post does up its principle in rhyme as follows:

To cheat and lie, and to deceive
In politics, is fair;
And, for your party, 'tis no sin
Unto a lie to swear.

To Gentlemen.

It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appealed to—on each trifling theme!
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
To swear is neither brave, polite nor wise;
You would not swear upon a bed of death;
Reflect, your Maker now may stop your breath.

Reasons for thick Ankles.

"Harry, I cannot think," says Dick,
"What makes my ankles grow so thick?"
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry!"

Fattening of Hogs.

See that the hogs you may have up fattening
are well attended to. Regularity in feeding,
watering, salting, &c., are quite as necessary
as food itself, and has the effect not only to
shorten the period of feeding, but to save food.

Public thanksgiving in Indiana, 24th inst.

[From the Washingtonian.] The Pot of Boiled Milk.

Some time ago after a juvenile temperance procession had been dismissed, I called a chubby cheeked, flaxen haired little boy to me. Why do you walk with the other boys and wear that badge my little fellow? said I. Why, because I am a temperance boy, said he, quickly, and his bright eyes glistened with joy as he recounted to me, in his artless manner, the pleasure he had felt on that day. But, said I, you have not yet told me what temperance means. Why replied he, it means that we must not drink whiskey. Before he could reply to my questions, a fine looking lad, about 14 years of age, called to him: "Come, Charley, let us go home now, you know mother is waiting for us." "Yes, Jimmy, directly, when I speak with this gentleman awhile, I'll go." James drew near, and after learning the point at issue, said his brother Charley was too young to tell the reason why he ought to love the temperance society, but, said he, if you will just come with me to that bench under that big oak, I will tell you why we do love it.

Agreed, my fine little fellow, said I. Having seated ourselves in the cool shade, I took Charley on my knee, and James related as follows:

"Many persons have asked me what such little boys as we are, could possibly know about temperance. I have not always had time, as I now have, to tell the reason, and mother will forgive us for delaying, as this is a holiday. When I was a smaller boy than I now am, my father would frequently come home very drunk, and whenever he did come home in that state, we were always sure to get a kick or a cuff from him. So we began to fear his coming so much that we would hide ourselves behind mother's chair whenever he came in. One day father came home so drunk that he could scarcely stand without some support. He stood in the doorway gazing at us as we sat around the little fire, eagerly waiting until the milk should be ready for us. As soon as we saw father, we knew that we should have no milk, for he had not eat anything that day, and we knew that he would have something to eat if it was in the house. He looked at us for some time, as if to find out something to swear at. "Sarah, why hav'nt you got supper ready, you lazy wench, you. Come stir out of that chair, or I'll teach you better, you good for nothing hussey you!" Mother trembling rose from the chair, while the big tears rolled down her pale cheeks. We began to cry too; this only made matters worse. Why don't you move faster you lazy wench, you're too lazy too move, said he. My poor mother's tears flowed afresh at this brutal remark. She looked at my father imploringly, for a moment, when she said, John, you know we have nothing to eat but a little boiled milk, which Mr. B. was good enough to send for the children. Milk! milk! hey! why that's what I've been thinking about! Come, stir about, let's have the milk, said he. He staggered to a seat at the table, the chair on which he attempted to sit was an old broken one, and he fell with it, and lay for some time perfectly helpless. After three or four vain attempts to rise, he called to my mother. Here, Sally, why don't you help me, you see I'm sick and weak, come help. My mother obeyed, and placed him in a stronger chair. Now Sal, said he, let's have the soup. My poor mother looked first at father and then at us, as we sat cowering in the chimney-corner, the big tears rolling down her cheeks. Why, John, said she, there's not enough for the children, they eat nothing to-day yet.

Children, hey! children! what business have they to eat, bring it along, or I'll break every bone in your body, and seizing a part of the broken chair he threw it at mother. Fortunately it missed her, but glancing from the wall it struck little Charley on the arm with such force as to bruise it very much. The poor little fellow screamed with pain. Oh, mother, said he, papa hurt me so much. Hush your squalling there, you noisy brat, said he, (hiccupping) or I'll teach you manners!!! Poor Charley was quiet in an instant.

Is that boiled milk coming, say, said father. Poor mother, trembling and weeping, set out little pot before him. As she turned away from the table she looked at us again, saying, poor children, they will starve, and I know not where to get a mouthful of food for them, and she wept bitterly.

Starve, hey! cried my father, well let them starve—they're only trouble any how! God forgive you, John, for your unkindness, was all that my mother said.

Hearing my mother's last words, he looked at her for an instant so fiercely, that I thought I should have sunk through the floor. He rose from his seat and made a step towards her.—God forgive who? me? There take that—and he struck her a violent blow on the side of her head. She uttered a faint scream and fell to the floor, bleeding and senseless. Seeing what he had done, and fearing he had killed her, father instantly left the house. Charley and I now screamed as loud as we could. We knelt down by my mother's side and called to her, mother, mother, but she heeded us not. Mother,

said Charley, get up, I won't cry any more about my arm, indeed I won't, mamma. We won't cry for the milk either, will we Jimmy? Come mother, but my poor mother heard us not. Our kind neighbor, Miss Sarah Anne Stuart, passing by at the time, heard our cries and stepped in to see the cause. My God, said she, James, what's the matter with your mother? I told her as well as I could the whole affair. Run, said she, for Dr. Richardson.—Tell him to come directly. The Doctor came immediately and soon restored mother to consciousness. You would have wept had you seen little Charley when she opened her eyes. He kissed her again and again, and said he wouldn't cry about his arm, and father shan't hit you any more, &c.

Miss Stuart wept, and the good Doctor applied his handkerchief to his eyes more than once. Hearing little Charley speak of his arm, he next applied a bandage to it, glad he did not receive the blow in the head as it would have killed him. Oh! mother, I'm so hungry, whispered Charley. Miss Stuart overheard it and took leave for a few moments, returning with a basket full of provisions. God bless you for your kindness, Miss S., sobbed my mother, while tears flowed freely down her cheeks. The Doctor soon entered with another basket, well packed by Mrs. Richardson.

Miss S. and the Doctor took their leave, promising to call in the morning. Charley and I sat on the bed with mother. We talked for a long time till Charley fell asleep; but mother woke him again, and we both said the Lord's Prayer, after which Charley clasping his little hands, repeated the prayer mother had taught him, in a distinct voice:—

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take—Amen!
The tears came to my mother's eyes as she gazed on her little boy. Mother, said Charley, did you not say we should pray for those who do not love us? Yes, my child, I did. Well, then, mother, we must pray for papa, for he does not love us, or else he would not have hit you and me. Mother, you pray for him. The request of Charley was granted, she raised her eyes to heaven, and in a feeble though fervent voice, she poured forth her soul in prayer:

Father of mercies, bless my poor boys, cherish and protect them; take them, Holy Father, into thy keeping—'tis from thee alone our help must come. And oh, God bless my once kind husband. Turn him from the error of his ways, and teach him once more to walk in the path of duty. Father of mercies! hear a mother's prayer, restore him to me as he once was, pure, kind and gentle. O grant, Lord, that we may know him again as a father and husband, for the Saviour's sake, Amen.

Amen! responded a hoarse voice.
My mother started, for my father stood before us. Charley hid his head in the bed-clothes, and I trembling with fear, strove to get as far away from him as possible.

My father spoke first. Sarah, said he, in a gentle tone, were you praying for me? No answer. I overheard it all, Sarah, you were praying for a wretch who a few hours ago would have murdered you in cold blood. Can you forgive me, Sarah, oh speak, can you forgive such a wretch as I have been. O God, what a dreadful curse have I escaped. Say you forgive me; and man's enemy shall never enter my mouth.

Forgive you! O yes! may God forgive you as freely as I do! He clasped her to his bosom. Tears of joy now flowed, when before all had been bitterness. The morning came, my mother seemed quite well. We breakfasted from Miss Stuart's and the Doctor's provisions, both of whom called to see us. The joyful news was soon communicated to them. Come, John, said the Doctor to my father, you must confirm your good resolution by signing the TEMPERANCE PLEDGE, and then I have plenty of work for you. He signed the pledge and went to work immediately. When he came to dinner, he called Charley and myself to him. He was about to set Charley on his knee, when the little fellow cried out, take care of my arm papa, it is sore. Why, what is the matter, Charley? Why, papa, don't you know yesterday when you was a bad man, you hit me with a stick, but you're a good papa now and won't hit me again, will you, papa? The tear stood in his eye as he looked at Charley. No, my son, never; may God forgive my cruelty.

Now, sir, said James, I've told you nearly all. My father is a good man; we have plenty to eat and wear, and go to school. Charley jumped off my knee, taking James by the hand, took off his cap with the other, and gave a hurrah for the Washingtonians.

HIBERNICUS—ANCHOR.

Laconic.

The following laconic epistle from an anxious mother, who knew her son was out, and the answer of that son are unique in their way.
Dear Son—Come home; a rolling stone gathers no moss.
To which he replied:
Dear Mamma—Come to Texas; a setting hen never gets fat.

Maffit's Farewell Discourse.

The following are the closing paragraphs of a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Maffit, one of the chaplains to Congress, delivered on the eve of adjournment. It is a very fair specimen of that peculiar style of the pulpit oratory of Mr. Maffit.
"Honorable Gentlemen! Your district homes await you! There bloom the perennial honey-suckles of love and affectionate friendship, scenting all the air of your distant dwellings with fragrance.—Hundreds of bright eyes look out for your coming. Love whispers, "come away—come home!"

Alas! alas!—all who came here at the opening of the session, cannot return again to their homes! Southard, and Dixon, and Hastings, and Williams, and Lawrence, and Dimock, cannot return to their homes, and the loved greetings of affectionate friendship! Ah, no! the clouds of the vale press too heavily upon their bosoms—they cannot go home now!—You need not wait for them! You need not call their names on your roll: they are absent, and will not hear you. You need not shout to them that the session is closing! Alas! for that dull, cold ear death! You need not wave your hand to them, as the signal of return! They are "beyond that bourne from whence no traveller returns!"

Go without them to your fair homes, away where sun rise first tips the Eastern Mountains—amidst the cloud-capt White Hills of everlasting granite, or the Green Mountains, whose verdure has named a State—by the silvery lakes, or the old sounding board of ocean, the rock-bound New England shore—by the slumberous savannas of the flower-scented South, or the prairies of the West—by the mighty wave of the Mississippi, and its hundred tributaries, flowing into the golden bowl of the West Indies, the Gulf of Mexico. Go all to your homes! your sweet homes!

Thither I cannot follow you with exhortations of religion—nor need I: nor would I assume to be a moral or sectarian dictator to such a congregated mass of mind, of worth, of genius, and experience—yet, in the Spirit of the Religion I profess, I may implore on you those blessings, of Christian dispositions, renewed hearts and moral graces, that shall make your whole lives a ray of sunshine flushing down from the central orb of Intellect—Purity—Love and Truth!

May a blessed, dying Saviour, embalm you in the rich streams which he freely poured out for dying sinners!

Light spring the flowers of life beneath your footsteps! Green be the bowers of your innocent pleasures!—soft the last pillow, on which you will lie down to meet resurrection morning!

To that mighty Congress, gathered from all nations, tongues and languages under Heaven, the great assembly of "the first born in Heaven," I would take your cognizances, and bind you over to appear!

There let me meet you all: and may no shade of ministerial unfaithfulness there dim my brow; and may no pallor of duty neglected, and opportunity lost, fall upon yours! Amen!"

Extraordinary event, if true.

The London Courier has copied the following story from the Etoile, a Paris paper, of a man being restored to life after having been frozen in an avalanche for one hundred and sixty-six years! The editors call upon Major Longbow, Munchausen, and Ferdinand Mendez Panto, to hide their diminished heads:
"Dr. James Hotham, of Morpeth, Northumberland, returning from Switzerland, is stated to have reported that a most extraordinary event had lately passed at the foot of Mount St. Gothard, a league from Aizoli, in the valley of Levantina. At the bottom of a kind of cavern, the body of a man, about thirty years of age, was perceived under a heap of ice proceeding from an avalanche.

As the body seemed to be fresh as if it had been stifled only half an hour before, Dr. Hotham caused it to be taken out, and, having had the clothes pulled off, ordered it to be plunged in cold water. It was then so frozen that it was covered with a crust of ice. It was then placed in lukewarm water. Afterwards it was put in a warm bed, and treated as usual in cases of suffocation, by which means animation was restored.

What was the astonishment of everybody when the individual, having recovered the use of his faculties, declared that he was Roger Dodsworth, a son of the antiquary of the same name, born in 1629, who, returning from Italy in 1660, a year after the death of his father was buried under an avalanche.

"Dr. Hotham, according to the same account, is stated to have added, that Dr. Dodsworth feels a great stiffness in all his joints, but by degrees they will become as flexible as before the accident. If Mr. Dodsworth fully recovers, and should pass through Lyons to return to his country, after one hundred and sixty-six years absence, it may be predicted that he will attract, in the highest degree, the public curiosity."

[BY REQUEST.] Universalism.

I love that name. I know it is not popular, and I know that not a few pharisaical souls look with abhorrence upon one who bears the name, and that in their minds it is sufficient to render one an out-cast from all decent and pious (!) society; but still I love the name. The question has sometimes been asked me, why we did not adopt some other name, this was so unpopular, that the mere name prevented us having any influence over a great many people which otherwise would be converted to our faith. Now I doubt not to some extent this is true. Neither do I doubt that many believe the faith, who have not sufficient moral courage to take upon them the name. And I am not sure that any other name which designated the faith would not be equally obnoxious to the same class. Be this as it may, our faith which distinguishes us from the whole orthodox community, teaches the final redemption and holiness of every child of the Adam race. Now we have no wish to disguise this fact, we are willing the whole world should know the ground we stand on. We want them to know it. For it is a faith we glory in, and one that we rejoice to promulgate. The prophets preached it—the Saviour preached it—the apostles testified of it—"Restitution of all things," and we praise the Lord of Hosts that we are permitted to possess this faith, and bear some humble part in communicating it to our fellow creatures.

What other name would so fully set forth our doctrine as Universalism? And why is it not the most proper of any we could adopt? We believe that the power, mercy and goodness of God is universal, we believe He is the Universal Father of all,—we believe Christ to be a universal Saviour,—and we believe in universal redemption from sin and sorrow. Why then should not the believer in this faith call himself a Universalist?—Let those who worship at the altar of popularity, and who love the world and the things of the world more than the truth God has revealed to man, that in Christ all the nations, families and kindreds of the earth shall be blessed, take upon themselves such a name as a pharisaical priesthood has pronounced popular, but permit me to bear the name of UNIVERSALIST, and if I can live as UNIVERSALISM requires, I will aspire to nothing higher in this world. If I can come up to this, peace will crown my days, and I can lie down in death, praising God for his goodness. And if I might be deemed worthy, when I shall have gone home, I would ask for no other inscription on my tombstone than UNIVERSALIST.—Better Covenant!

Corn Cobs.

We have frequently told you not to let these go to waste, and we repeat it here that there is as much nutrition in a bushel of cobs as there is in two fifths of a bushel of shelled corn. This is not guess work, but the result of actual common sense trials, so conducted as to reduce the thing to a certainty. Why then, we ask, should they not be husbanded, as among the available feeding resources of a farmer? Why should not every farmer rather provide himself with a crusher, and thus enable himself to use them in the most profitable way. Those, however, who have no crusher, may have them broken in the hominy mortar. Thus managed, if soaked in boiling water, steamed, or boiled, they will be brought to a condition easy of digestion by cattle, and if fed in this way to milk cows, will be far more valuable, measure for measure, than the best hay, no matter what the kind may be.

Cattle of all kinds should be sheltered if possible, of a night, and receive generous allowances of fodder of some kind, as neither the pastures nor woods afford, at this period, a sufficient quantity of food to prevent the cattle from falling off in flesh, a thing which should be obviated, as it is highly important to commence the winter with them in good condition and vigorous health. Cattle thrive best in cold weather in good dry warm lodgings, where they may bid defiance at least to the rain and snow. We don't say that a close stable is indispensable to their health and comfort, but do affirm that a good shed, facing the south, with a tight roof, defended from the north and west, tends greatly to promote not only their comfort and health, but enable them to live upon less food. See to their being salled twice a week.

New and Useful Invention.

Among the interesting improvements exhibited at the Fair of the American Institute, in N York, is a telegraph for conveying information from the chambers of hotels to the office or bar. Its construction and operation are extremely simple. Its action is always certain and accurate. By means of this invention the occupant of any room in a hotel in which this system is used, can convey information of his wants to the person in the office in as short a time as he could ring a common bell, and can keep the barkeeper constantly informed whether he is in or out. The inventor is Samuel Frew, Esq. of Allegheny county, Pa.

"I'll just drop in as I come down," says the rain to the chimney top.
"You'll find a warm reception if you do," says the chimney.

SHORT.—A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia.
"Your majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly."

"That is none of my business."
"But he speaks very ill of you."
"That is none of your business."