

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 8.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1847.

No. 18

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cents, per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

JOB PRINTING.
Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of
FANCY PRINTING.
Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER BLANKS, PAMPHLETS, &c.
Printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms, **AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.**

Beautiful Extract.
Oh if there is one law above the rest
Written in wisdom—if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire
Upon the unsullied temper of a child—
If there is any thing that keeps the mind
Open to angel visits, and repels
The ministry of ill—'tis HUMAN LOVE!
God has made nothing worthy of contempt;
The smallest pebble in the well of truth
Has its peculiar meanings, and will stand
When man's best monuments wear fast away.
The law of Heaven is LOVE—and though its name
Has been usurped by Passion, and profaned
To its unholy uses through all time,
Still the eternal principle is pure;
And in these deep affections that we feel
Omnipotent within us, can we see
The lavish measure in which love is given?
And in the yearning tenderness of a child,
For every bird that sings above its head,
And every creature feeding on the hills,
And every tree and flower and running brook,
We see how every thing was made to love,
And how they err who, in a world like this,
Find any thing to hate but human pride.

A Name in the Sand.
BY MISS H. F. GOULD.
Alone I walked the Ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand,
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name the year the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look I fondly cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.
And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on Earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have tried—the sandy shore
Of time; and been to be no more;
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.
And yet with him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part hath wrought—
Of all this thinking soul hath thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

Slander.
The man who condescends to dip his tongue
Into the black and bitter pool of slander
And will so prostitute the soul which his maker gave
him, as to make or propagate the tales of malice,
deserves to be linked for life with a cross-eyed,
cross-grained, cross-tempered, lath-figured,
big-footed, raw-boned, snub-nosed, red-haired,
big-fisted virago; and the woman who is guilty of the same offence,
deserves—to be married to a decayed dose of human Ipecac.

Mechanics.
They are the palace builders of the world: not a stick is hewn, not a stone shaped, in all the lordly dwellings of the rich, that does not owe its beauty and fitness to the mechanic's skill; the towering spires that raise their giddy heights among the clouds, depend upon the mechanic's art for their strength and symmetry. Not an edifice for devotion, or business, or comfort, but bears the impress of their handiwork. How exalted is their calling. How sublime is their vocation! Who dares to sneer at such a fraternity of honorable men—who dares to cast odium upon such a patriotic race? Their path is one of true glory, and it is their own fault if it does not lead them to the highest post of honor and renown.

From the Boston Chronotype
PARSON ANDERSON AND HIS SON,
Or Preaching against Practice.

It was a clear, frosty Thanksgiving day.—The clock upon a certain village church tolled for the hour of eleven, as the Rev. Jacob Anderson glanced in a pocket mirror to assure himself that his person and face were in a prayerful trim—slowly elevated his portly figure from behind the crimson velvet hangings of a high and somewhat antique pulpit—took one solemn and deliberate view of the thinly scattered congregation—drew up his long sharp features to a still greater length—raised his eyes imploringly to Heaven—spread out his thin, soft, white hands, as if to embrace in the arms of his paternal love the few representatives of his numerous fold—and in a deep and thrilling tone, uttered the words, *Let us pray.*

With a simultaneous movement, the congregation arose and bent their heads reverently to unite with their pastor in that prayer which immediately precedes the sermon; a prayer in which it was supposed he would exert the utmost power of his eloquence in his fervent pleading with the Almighty.
Parson Anderson commented: his deep bass voice resounded through his almost vacant church like the subdued tones of distant thunder. In long accustomed and well measured terms, he described the high and holy object of their adoration—expressed the most unbounded gratitude for the privilege of again offering up their hearts' sincere devotions—implored the Divine blessing of Christians throughout the world, but especially upon his own flock—invoked wisdom and strength for the rulers of our beloved and high-enlightened land—desired that the gospel news of salvation might be spread among the slaves of this free and noble country—and most earnestly besought the Lord to visit with mercy and retributive justice the haunts of poverty, degradation and vice, with which our cities abound.

Here the Reverend gentleman paused from pure necessity; his voice in the excitement of the hour had forgotten its solemn and legitimate bass, and, ascending step by step—as if, during the prayer, the Almighty ear had receded farther and farther from the mouth of the pleader—he had at length terminated a beautifully rounded sentence in a sharp shrill scream—Here, as we remarked, he paused, inhaled one long full breath, and with a cambic of spottless purity removed the perspiration from his wrinkled brow. And he proceeded:

We bless thy name, O Lord, that amid the numerous bounties of thy Providence, we are not forgotten; upon this day, especially, open our hearts to feel for the sufferings of the poor, the sick and the forsaken; incline us to seek them in their own houses, to relieve their distress, to console the mourner, to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to smile upon the objects of thy compassion, O Lord, and to share equally with them the luxuries which this day affords.

At this period of the service, a bonnet in the front pew was slightly elevated, and a pair of black eyes peeped cautiously round to the words emphatically pronounced. These eyes belonged to the Parson's honored lady, who was noted far and wide for the peculiar and far-reaching shrewdness with which she contrived to eke the two ends of her husband's moderate salary.

As usual on Thanksgiving day, only a simple and ordinary dinner had been prepared, the fires extinguished, and the good lady with her son and daughter had followed the devout preacher to the church at an early hour.—While inhaling spiritual food so abundantly, she nevertheless reserved a thought for the more worldly luxuries with which she had reason to know their wealthy parishioners were supplied, and of which experience had taught her to anticipate an ample share: it was therefore a very natural thing that a pleasant, though somewhat sanctified smile, should creep over her round dimpled face, as she met a few glances quickly thrown from surrounding eyes—assurances that she was not doomed to disappointment.

Among this bowed and worshipful congregation, one alone—a young man of 20, the only son of the Rev. Jacob Anderson—stood proudly erect, his arms gracefully folded across his

broad chest, his glossy black hair, slightly curling brushed carefully back from his noble brow and his large eyes full of sparkling brilliancy, bent carelessly on his father's face. His falling collar was knotted with a band of dark silk, his frock coat fitted his elegant figure with an easy grace, and his boots were of that degree of polish that indicated self-respect rather than extreme anxiety for the world's opinion.

Laurens Anderson had been for years a wayward and ungodly son of his rigidly pious father, and the narrow compass of whose study would have borne witness to many acts of discipline, both temporal and spiritual, designed to guide his unsteady feet into the narrow and well beaten track of orthodoxy. But as yet all these efforts had proved unsuccessful, and Laurens had reached the age and stature of manhood, almost purely a child of nature.

Thoughtful, sagacious, independent of creeds, careless whom he pleased or displeased—but noble, generous and affectionate—he loved to trace out what he considered to be the numerous inconsistencies between his father's creed and life—his professions in public and his domestic short-comings. It was a fruitful source of agony to the Reverend gentleman to be thus commented on to his face; but neither brute force nor persuasive eloquence had accomplished an iota in checking this leading characteristic of his son, and reprehensible as it might have been in the latter, it was nevertheless frequently effective of good results.

At the close of the long and eloquent petition, a peculiar expression curled the features of the young man, and he sat down with a promptitude that indicated some new and sudden resolve.

At length the congregation dispersed to their various homes, and soon the tables of Parson Anderson began to groan beneath the rich presents poured in from every quarter. The Divine was in his study, Mrs. Anderson busy with the kitchen maid, her daughter entertaining a guest in the parlor, and it fell to the lot of Laurens to receive and arrange these gifts. Without any hesitation he threw open the door of a large cupboard, tumbled its contents into the smallest possible space, and with a sharp knife quickly severed each article brought, as near the centre as possible, placing one half in the cupboard and the other at the disposal of his mother when the proper time should arrive.

No sooner had these presents ceased to flow in, than Laurens filled an immense basket to overflowing, with his reserved halves, and set forth on his benevolent errand. Many a lone and sorrowful heart, many a deserted and degraded outcast, was that day cheered by a morsel from his basket, as with unwearied patience he plunged into the dark alleys, nooks and corners, where lived those sons and daughters of poverty. Blessings, sincere and soul-begotten blessings, were profusely showered upon his head, and his dark lustrous eyes beamed with inward joy, as he turned his steps homeward, where the annual dinner was waiting his return.

Mrs. Anderson said the parson, as with solemn dignity he raised the cover, *'what is this? Half a turkey!* Is it possible that my prayer and sermon to-day have been less acceptable than formerly, and that half the usual gifts is retained? Explain it, Mrs. Anderson, if you can.'

'It is equally a mystery to me,' replied the disappointed and somewhat angry lady. *'Being quite busy, I deplored Laurens to receive the gifts and thank our friends. He went out immediately after sending me word that all had arrived; you may judge of my surprise to find every thing in halves!'*

'Every thing! echoed the Divine, hastily rising from his seat and catching off the various covers and napkins.

A quiet and intelligent smile sat upon the features of the son; and when the disconcerted father had resumed his arm chair at the foot of the table, Laurens slowly clasped his hands, slightly raised his handsome face, and with a subdued emphasis repeated the words of the morning prayer: *'Incline us to seek them in their homes—to feed the hungry—and to equally share with them the luxuries which this day affords.'*

'I do not often pray as you understand it,' continued the reprobate son, *'but I sometimes assist in procuring answers to the prayers I hear. You, sir, believe in the prayers of the*

mouth—it may be in the heart;—I believe in that only which is followed by immediate and corresponding action. You have prayed for the hungry—I have fed them.'

The parson felt the justice of the act, and smothering his vexation beneath a look of extreme gravity, replied:

'The poor minister is one to whom it is commanded to give.'

'But the seryant of the Lord ceases to merit such gifts when his table is laden with silver and china,' pursued the incorrigible son, bestowing a deliberate glance upon the well appointed dinner set. *'Say no more, I beseech of you, sir; you will continue to pray, and so often as it lies within my power, your prayers shall be suitably answered. A slice of that turkey, sir, if you please; my walk has given me a sharp appetite.'*

With a fierce scowl the father seized the carving knife, while the scheming Mrs. Anderson bit her lips and bent her eyes upon her son, with a look which plainly said, *'What was the use of giving away those nice things?'*

But the domestic clouds at last disappeared beneath the cheering influences of a dinner of Thanksgiving, and the conversation turned upon a select party, which they were to receive that evening, and which for the first time was permitted to displace the accustomed meeting for prayer and exhortation.

Shortly after dinner the rooms were properly lighted, the evening refreshments in order, fresh fuel heaped upon the glowing coals, and Mrs. Anderson's smiling face was every where visible, while the parson occupied his arm chair in stately dignity, secretly enjoying the scene far more than he thought proper to allow. Laurens had not been seen since his hasty departure from the dinner table—but his absence excited no surprise.

The scene was becoming more brilliant—From respect to their minister, boisterous mirth was restrained—but there was a refined and subtle gaiety among the elegant and wealthy parishioners, who alone composed the party, that rendered it sufficiently attractive to all.

'Where is your son?' enquired a lady of the parson. 'I hope you will not deprive us of his society the whole evening.'

'I cannot answer for him, madam,' replied the spiritual guide—'his waywardness will break my heart.'

At this moment the clergyman's daughter entered and whispered something in his ear, which caused an angry flush to overspread his sharp, pale features, and without delay he hastened from the room.

Arriving at the kitchen, he was surprised, and for a moment dismayed, to find that Laurens had returned with somewhat more than a dozen persons, who, moving in the humbler walks of life, had been considered unworthy of invitations to the ministerial party.

'My friends, my dear friends, sir,' exclaimed the young man without giving his father an opportunity of speaking; 'let me introduce them—'and quickly presenting each by name, they proved to be without exception, members of that society which he was wont so fondly to term his flock. 'I have been gathering the lambs, the long neglected lambs, of your fold, sir,' continued the son, 'and I have brought them here, that for once they may feast upon the good things of this life and be merry.'

The parson was desperate—the lady was beside herself. To admit these persons among their aristocratic guests was not to be thought of, and yet the character of a 'good shepherd' must be sustained.

'My son,' gravely commenced the latter, drawing him one side, 'it will never do to introduce these people among our visitors—they would consider it a personal insult. Still, as I recognize them as my hearers, I have no wish to treat them rudely. Give them a supper in the kitchen, and dismiss them, I pray you—I command you,' he added with a flashing eye, as he read the refusal on Laurens' ingenious countenance.

'No entreaties, no commands will be of any avail to alter my plan,' replied the son firmly. 'Come my friends,' he added, suddenly and smilingly appearing before them, 'we will now enter the parlor. Do not be disconcerted—depend upon me to make you friends.'

Presently Laurens Anderson entered the

brilliantly lighted rooms with a blooming girl on each arm—one the daughter of a washer-woman, who officiated in the families of most of the persons present—the other a young milliner's apprentice, delicate and beautiful as the silks and flowers which she daily wove into such exquisite forms. With elegant and easy condescension, Laurens presented his friends to his father's guests, and despite the freezing coldness, the distant and dignified bows, the smothered sneers, the half-uttered ridicule, he continued to introduce his little party, and in half an hour they were merrily engaged in games which attracted the attention of all present.

Deeply mortified at so unwarrantable a proceeding, the parson had seized an opportunity to withdraw to his study a few moments, to gain that tranquility of mind which had twice that day been disturbed. Instantly taking advantage of his absence, Laurens gathered his friends into a back parlor, closed the folding doors, led his sister to the piano, and with a few who consented to join them, were soon whirling the mazes of a merry dance.

Gradually the voices in the front parlor were more subdued, till silence reigned supreme; little by little the folding doors unclosed, with anxious sympathizing faces peeping through the aperture; then suddenly they flew open, and in rushed a multitude to join the revellers, leaving those only who were prohibited from dancing by church membership.

'Ah, this is real enjoyment!' exclaimed Laurens, as after exhorting his sister to play with spirit and without fear of consequences, he seized the hand of the milliner and led off the dance.

The unwonted noise at last fell upon the ear of Parson Anderson, and completely overthrew all his attempts at equanimity of spirit. Starting suddenly from his easy chair, he descended the stairs with hasty and ministerial steps, and passing unceremoniously the group of wonder-struck spectators, presented his solemn phiz among the wild dancers. With an imperious gesture, he commanded his daughter to cease playing, and in an instant all stood silent and awe-struck before him. Laurens—the brave, but unchristian Laurens—alone confronted the rage of the pious parson.

'Only a little harmless sport, sir,' said he, as carelessly as if no angry eye rested upon him. *'The Bible, you know, gives us time for dancing as well as praying. Come, sir, be so good as to join us—it will cheer you. Go on, Mary, go on, he added, with a meaning glance of his black eye, and if father chooses to join us, we will make room for him: I dare say he can find a partner among the elderly ladies. Go on, Mary; and in the twinkling of an eye the parsonage again shook beneath the tread of merry feet.'*

Parson Anderson twice essayed to speak, but his voice was drowned in the wild bursts of merriment, and turning away, he said, in a melancholy tone of voice, to those around him, *'That boy will surely bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.'*

A Wheeling Article.

Going to dinner the other day, we saw a little codger about two years old, sitting in a wheel barrow and trying to wheel himself. It struck us that many people in this world are often caught in the same act, and we shall always think hereafter, when we see a business man trusting everything to his clerks, and continually seeking his own amusement; always absent from his counting house, and yet expecting to get along; he's sitting in a wheel barrow and trying to wheel himself.

When you see a professional man better acquainted with every thing else than his profession, always starting some now scheme and never attending to his calling, his wardrobe and credit will soon designate him as sitting in a wheel barrow and trying to wheel himself.

When we see a farmer with an over abundance of "hired help," trusting every thing to their management; his fences down, implements out of repair, and land suffering for want of proper tilling; too proud or too lazy to take off coat and go to work, he's sitting in a wheel barrow and trying to wheel himself.

When we see a man busily engaged in circulating scandal concerning his neighbor, we infer that he is pretty deep in the mud himself, and is sitting in a wheel barrow and trying to wheel himself out.