

# JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 13. STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1853. No 14.

## 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.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The Charge for one and three insertions the same.—A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.  
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

## 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, Journals, Legal and other Blanks, Pamphlets, &c. printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms.

## AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

## THE MOUNTAIN PREACHER-BOY.

BY A TRAVELING NATURALIST.

PART FIRST.—THE DEBUT.

A Presbytery of the Church had assembled in one of the valleys of the Cumberland Range. It was a season of spiritual drought, and the churches had suffered from famine. The numbers of the ecclesiastical body then collected in their semi-annual convocation, were mostly weather-beaten veterans, men who had braved the earlier difficulties of the denomination to which they were attached, when about twenty years before it had seceded from the parent stock, to erect a banner in Zion with a new device. They were in all about twenty persons, of whom a little more than half were preachers, the rest ruling elders of congregations, who were there to represent the local interests of the church sessions.

This meeting was at a solemn crisis, for the church was troubled, and the way before her was shrouded in darkness. The love of many had waxed cold. Defections had occurred; some who were once masters in Israel had withdrawn, carrying off weighty influence, and leaving perplexities behind.

Others were threatening to dissolve the church, unless radical changes were made in doctrines and polity. Alarming coldness prevailed in regard to candidates for the ministry, none having offered for several sessions, and those already in charge giving but little evidence of a disposition to advance, or an ability to labor in the work which they had professed to love.—Presbytery, however, was unusually full, nearly every church session being represented, and not one of the ordained ministers absent. The deliberations were opened, as usual, with prayer by the moderator, an aged servant of God, and it was observed by those skilled in such things, that there was great liberty given him when he entreated "that the God of the harvest in infinite mercy, would send more laborers into His harvest."

The usual formalities being ended, the opening sermon was preached by the same person. His subject comprehended the character and importance of a call to the Gospel ministry, and was treated with much earnestness. The morning hour being ended, the body adjourned to early candle-lighting. A considerable crowd had assembled upon this novel occasion, and it was under their hospitable roofs that the members found welcome reception. Few, indeed, of the mountain cabins in the vicinity but what received one or more upon that occasion, glad to be permitted to talk of the Saviour, to those who rarely had such opportunities of hearing the Gospel. Night brought them all back again to the house of gathering. It was a singularly wild and startling scene to one who has not mixed in the different phases of frontier life. The building in which the meeting was held was a plain log-cabin, the dwelling of one of the elders, and only selected on account of its being the largest in the vicinity.—There were the beds and the furniture of the whole family, no unprolific one at that, stowed around a room but twenty feet square.

Upon those beds, and upon seats made by laying split puncheons upon cross logs, was seated the company of men, women and children, ministers, delegates, and all, each glad to endure a process of compression for a few hours, in the expectation of an intellectual reward.

It had been beforehand arranged that this night's meeting should be devoted to candidates for the ministry.

A call was therefore made to all who had felt impressions to preach, to come forward and converse with Presbytery on

the subject. Every one must undergo this peculiar ordeal, who inclines to enter the ministry, and there are no traditions in the church more entertaining than those which tell how the ministers who are now burning and shining lights, made their first awkward and unpromising exhibit before Presbytery.

The call being made by the presiding officer, three persons arose to their feet.—Of the first and second, it will be unnecessary here to speak. The third had stood partly concealed in a dark corner of the room, while the others were relating the particulars which induced the Presbytery to accept them as probationers; but now he stepped forward and faced the moderator. His appearance excited a universal start of surprise even among that unsophisticated audience, accustomed to great peculiarities of dress and rudeness of manner. Let the reader imagine a person dressed in what is styled *copperas cloth*—that is, a cloth home-spun, home-woven, home-cut and home-sewed, dyed in that bilious hue which is formed by copperas, alum and walnut bark, and made into coat, vest and breeches.

To this add brogans of home-tanned red leather, tied with a leather thong, covering immense feet, made (both feet and brogans) for climbing hills, and you have the portrait of a *mountain boy*.—Able at full run to scale a bluff, to live upon the proceeds of his rifle for support and to whip any low-land fellow in the State. Such was the person who left his dark corner and came into the full blaze of the pine-knot fire. He was weeping bitterly, and having no handkerchief, the primitive arrangement for such cases provided was necessarily adopted. He stood silent for a moment, every beholder awaiting with intense curiosity the announcement of his business; then clearing his throat commenced—"I've come to Presbytery," but a new flood of tears impeded his efforts to speak. The moderator kindly remarked, "And what did you come to Presbytery for, my good friend? Take your own time and tell us all about it; don't be alarmed; be seated; nobody will hurt you; come now, tell us what you come to Presbytery for!" The stranger was emboldened by this to commence again, even the third and fourth time, but could never proceed further than "I've come to Presbytery," and the storm of his soul prevailed.

Here one of the members suggested that he had better retire with some one and communicate his wishes privately, for as yet no persons imagined his true errand, but rather supposed that he was laboring under some spiritual difficulty, which he would needs have settled by the meeting. But to this hint he resolutely demurred, replying, "that he'd get his voice 'dreckly, please God; and so he did, and he rose up, straightening his gaunt, awkward form, and then such words as passed his lips, had never before rung through that assembly.

"I shall not attempt, nor could I do it, for want of a report, to quote his own language; but the oldest minister present declared, years afterward, that they *scorched and burnt wherever they fell*. A sketch of his subject will be sufficient here. It seems that he had lived all his days in ignorance and sin, without an hour's schooling, without any training, either for this world or the next, without any knowledge of the affairs of humanity, having sprung up like one of the cedars on his own mountains, and with as little cultivation. Thus he had passed more than twenty years, laboring in an humble way for support, and at times pursuing the pleasures and profits of the chase.

A few months back, he had accidentally fallen in with a traveling preacher, who had lost his way among the mountains, and, by several miles travel, had set him in the track.

The minister, interested at the oddity of his appearance and his intense ignorance of everything religious, devoted the hour to a sketch of this world's condition buried in sin, his own perilous state, and the value of his immortal soul, and concluded by kneeling with him, at the root of a tree, and pleading with God for his spiritual regeneration. They parted, and met no more, but the influence of that meeting parted not. The spirit which dictated the man's effort, abode henceforward in the temple of his heart. A voice began to whisper in his ears, "Repent, repent, why will ye die?" A load, a weight of mountains, pressed upon his soul.—Sleep forsook his eyelids. His axe rested by the pile; his rifle hung, dust-covered, on the wall.

The simple-hearted neighbors, ignorant as himself, pronounced him deranged; the younger portion called it love; a few, not

slandrous, but suspicious, thought, in a private way, it might be *liquor*. The man himself sought religious meetings, but they were few and distant, and he heard no echo to the voice within him, and he still returned hungry and dissatisfied.

The people of a certain town will soon forget the apparition of that awkward and ill-dressed man who visited their churches, to plant himself in front of the pulpit, and to listen to the exercises with all that attention which the criminal upon the gallows bestows upon the distant horseman, who, perhaps, brings him the expected reprieve. It was in the midst of a camp-meeting fervor that he at last found peace, and there his frantic ejaculation, "I've got it, I've got it," was like the world-wide *Eureka* of the Syracuse, when his grand discovery first electrified his own breast.

Then he came home to tell his neighbors what the Lord had done for his soul. Forsaking all other duties, he wandered from cabin to cabin, and wherever he found a hearer, he called upon him to forsake his sins. His ardor increased every day.

Soon his rude but forcible illustrations began to tell upon the hearts of those simple mountaineers, as the words of a second John Baptist, crying out, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight."

And yet he seemed to have no idea that he was called to preach. Such thought as that of entering the ministry did not enter his breast. Although his heart overflowed with the one subject, and he declared his determination to speak that subject to others, so long as he lived, yet it was only as friend counsels friend that he expected to do it, no more. How could he become a preacher? He couldn't read a hymn or a text; he hadn't means to buy decent clothing or pay for a session's schooling. But he was guided right, for he fell in with a gentleman who was botanizing among his native hills, and had the good fortune to spend a Sabbath in his company. This man, a profound observer of human nature, and a friend of his species, was struck with the peculiarities of the case, and, although no professor in a religious way, yet he felt convinced that the hand of might was here. He, therefore, advised him to apply to some religious association, before which he could lay open his heart, and be understood.

The results of this counsel we have seen in his coming to Presbytery, and presenting himself a stranger to all, in the manner before described. This history, much elaborated, he gave out with a volubility that took away the breath.

The pine-fire blazed low; the dipped and shapeless candles simmered themselves into torments, unobserved by the hearers, while all sat spell-bound at the recital.—With uncouth gestures, words barbarous as the African's, alternately crying and laughing as he wandered from his first agony to his final triumph, and shouting until his voice rang back from the hillside, the Mountain Boy enchaineth each heart, until its very pulsations might be heard. There was not a dry eye in the assembly. The gray-haired moderator sobbed aloud. The more excitable joined, from time to time, in his shouts, as the words of victory rung in their ears; and when, after a sentence of great length, he declared that "glory was begun in his heart," and that "God alone had done this work within him," not one who was experienced in such announcements but declared his conviction that it was even so,—the hand of God was there.

A brief consultation ensued, and then, by general consent, George Willets was duly received as a candidate for the holy ministry. The next event in his history will carry us more than ten years forward.

## PART SECOND.—THE ACTOR.

There are no places of general convocation which I so much frequent as camp-meetings. It is true, there is a great deal about them that I cannot admire—a great deal of oddity in dress, and speech, and manners, that provokes mirth—a great deal of some other things that excites anger—but take it all in all, for practical exhibit of religion, for unbounded hospitality to strangers, for unfeigned and fervent spirituality, give me a country camp-meeting against the world. And of all the world give me Bethel Camp-Ground as the best. Its noble spring is larger, freer and cooler than any other, as it bulges out from the sparkling sands clear over the top of the old sycamore-gum, and seeks a far-distant level below. Its oaks are larger, and sounder, and shadier, as they stand stiffly by the doorways of the tents, and guard the very entrance of the stand.

There is a sound of welcome murmured out by their fiddle-shaped foliage, when the annual August gathering occurs, and their old cast-away last year's leaves, which have disgusted, their very nostrils so long, are all swept and burnt, and they can behold the green grass coating their

own old roots once more. Its very fences are stronger, its tents are tastier, and oh, far better than all that, its patrons are the very cream of Christians, and the quintessence of hospitality. Commend me to Bethel Camp-Ground always as a place for enjoyment, physical and spiritual.

It was not many years ago, that I was traversing the hills in that vicinity, in search of some rare specimens of *crinoids*, that could only be found thereabouts. My wallethung heavily by my side, for the *crinoides* abound all through that range, and my steps were perceptibly shortening, as I toiled up the hill which separated me from my boarding-house, when I was overtaken by a horseman, who, as soon as he approached abreast of me, dismounted, without a question, and asked me to *ride and tie* with him. The proposition was so bluntly made, as to leave out all possibility of refusal, and I at once acceded to his request. On we jogged together, and before I knew what I was about, I found myself giving him a somewhat tedious report of my day's labor, even to the preciseness of specifying the peculiar species gathered.

He heard me patiently through—I laugh at myself now when I think of it—and then, with the most singular earnestness, if I thought such labor redounded to the glory of God! Although taken all aback, as the sailors say by the oddity of the association, yet I was not ill-read in the arguments of Buckland, Silliman, and Paley, and I replied that divines of the greatest eminence consider the study of nature as the study of the first revelation of God. He was struck with the remark, hacketed as it was, and labored to draw me further out, but feeling some diffidence upon this branch of my profession, I declined further debate and changed the handle of the conversation into his hand. He took it, and it was then all about Jesus Christ and His religion, and how much that religion, is needed in the world, and how well every kind of talent fits in the spiritual temple not made with hands, and a great deal more to the same purpose. Arriving in sight of my boarding-house, he asked me in a most humble and winning tone if I would join him in a wayside prayer; and as I could not, for the life of me refuse, we knelt together, and he prayed for "the learned and interesting stranger," that he might be led to the foot of the Cross, in an early day, and find, with a vision sharpened by faith, that the revelation of grace far exceeds "the revelation of nature" in its displays of the wisdom, power and love of God. We parted, then neither having inquired the name or residence of the other.

A few days afterwards the Bethel camp-meeting commenced, and I did not fail to be there. I arrived just before sundown Saturday evening, and before any religious excitement had commenced. The meeting opened as usual on Friday by a sermon at night. On the next day the custom requires a morning sermon, and another at candlelight; while upon the Sabbath not less than three are expected by the crowded audiences that cover the camp-ground on that day.

The scene, as I approached it, was highly interesting, and my note-books are crammed page after page with memoranda that fairly sparkle with such leaders as—*vivid—rare—contrast of colors—clear heavens—solemnity, &c., &c.*, but it has been better described in the series styled, "Needless from my Needle-book," in M'Makin's Courier, than I could do it, so I desist. As I rode up, I was met at the gate of the camp-ground by a crowd, black and white, who asked the privilege to entertain me and my horse with as much earnestness as hack-drivers on a steamboat wharf. Resigning myself to one with whom I had some previous acquaintance, I took a lounge with him around the enclosure, and then it was time for supper. This bounteous meal is of the flesh-pots of Egypt, being mainly composed of *hog-meat*, (pardon the title, we see no vulgarity in it here,) in all shapes of cookery, mutton, beef, and hecatombs of cold chickens. The sermon was preached by a third-rate man, all the heavy calibre being reserved for next day. The same choice was made for the 8 o'clock sermon the next morning. (There is a cant phrase used in dividing our camp-meeting preachers, viz, 8 o'clocks and 11 o'clocks, the latter being the intellectual Sampsons of the occasion.) Long before the latter hour I had seated myself at a

convenient point to see and hear, to see the audience, and hear the preacher.

The blowing of the horn called every one, young and old, to the stand, and by their eagerness it was plain that something was expected beyond the ordinary; and I congratulated myself upon having secured so favorable a location, to gain full advantage of it. I should have observed that this location was directly under the pulpit leaning in fact against it, and I was, of course, debarred from seeing the countenance of the speaker.—There is some little awkwardness, too connected with that particular seat, for if the minister chance to prove a *pulpit-thumper*, as many do, you might be suddenly aroused by the fall of a pitcher of water, or the big Bible upon your cranium, as I have more than once beheld it.

The opening services, which are usually short at camp-meetings, were soon passed over, for it is plain that this class of preachers look upon them as lightly as Napoleon estimated the *Tirailleur* service, and they hasten up the artillery.

The text was announced in a voice that I immediately recognized as that of my travelling friend of a few days previous. I rejoiced at the omen. His subject of discourse was embraced in the single word "Consider," and led off by the odd remark, that if we would read the Bible diligently we could find it there, so he he thought it unnecessary to point out chapter and verse! It is immaterial for me to follow him through his divisions and exhibitions of the subject. My purpose is simply to show what the *Mountain Preacher Boy*, (for it was he) had done with himself in ten years, during which he had been devoted to the calling of a minister. His first half year had been spent in a school, and although his educational progress had hardly been such as his friends anticipated, yet by preaching nights and Sundays and exhorting all the time, he had got up a revival of religion in the school which swept like wildfire, and brought in scores to the fold of the church.

At the next Presbytery he came up to beg leave to occupy a circuit, and despite of his limited acquirements,—for as yet he could barely read a text or write a copy,—that body had regard to the peculiarities of his case, and licensed him. That constituted the true commencement of his career; from this hour he was a man in the Master's work. It has been often remarked among Methodist denomination, that the circuit is the true college of the young preacher. It proved so in the case of George Willets. His idiosyncrasy was to tell a thing as soon as he learned it; and while he could preach at night the Scripture that he had studied through the day, he made an unbounded improvement. His memory proved retentive, his idealism was highly vivid; perseverance attended him as a shadow, and unlimited love for the souls of the world kept him up and kept him going. There was never a better combination of all the essentials of a traveling preacher than appeared in George Willets.

Yet, he could never learn grammar nor arithmetic, nor any study of a metaphysical tendency. Geography he acquired by preaching missionary sermons, natural philosophy by discourses upon the evidence of God's wisdom on earth, and history by his desire to see the ancient displays of persecuting and redeeming power. Year after year passed. He could not spell, he could not compose a connected sentence, he could not parse, he could only study, and preach what he studied.

In sheer desperation, the Presbytery concluded at last to ordain him, and did so, although by a breach of the Church's rule as to literary qualifications. It happened that the occasion on which I first met him, was his first sermon since his ordination, and that for the first time in his life he was to officiate in the administration of the Lord's Supper.

The whole tenor of his discourse was to show sinners where they stand and where they might stand. There was much eloquence, remarkable originality even to coarseness, for I recollect that one of his comparisons introduced *fighting-chickens* and their owner; powerful appeals to the human heart, which he had read as a master; but best of all, a vein of tenderness so pure, so gentle, that hundreds of us were lost in tears. The peroration was tremendous. How such a voice could come from mortal lungs I am not physiologist enough to explain, but it raised us to our feet like a trumpet, swayed us to and fro, to follow as I suppose, the directions of his hand, and at the closing appeal "for mourners to come forward and be prayed for," such a rush was made that I could not have withdrawn from my position with less than Amalek's strength and was compelled to endure such compression as I never before experienced.

At the hour of communion-service I heard him depicure the scene "on that dark, that doleful night,"

"When power of earth and hell arrayed Against the Son of God's delight," and truly I had never before seen the face

of the Man of sorrows, nor, heard him speak. Will the reader forgive the personal allusion, when I say, that cynic as I may be, or may have been, that effort brought my inmost soul to declare that "almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." At night, that *mountain voice* again spoke upon us, and ere I left the next morning, a large accession in the way of new converts was joyfully announced to the congregation.

Since that period I have often sat under the ministry of George Willets, and never but to admire the inexhaustible fertility of a soil that lay fallow for so many years. Maturity of intellect is upon him. The vagaries of his youthful exercise in the pulpit have been conquered, but the eloquence, the originality, the *gentle vein* of Christian love he retains.

## Liquoring at New-Orleans.

N. P. Willis, in one of the sketches of travel he is now publishing in the Home Journal, describes as follows the magnitude and splendor of the New-Orleans 'Temples of Drink,' and the habits of their patrons:

"The Hotel St. Louis, (the principal one after the burning down of the St. Charles,) is an immense structure on the scale of the Astor House of New-York, built around a lofty rotunda, that was once, I believe, the City Exchange. The towering dome of this imposing architectural centre, reaches to the roof, and is surrounded with corridors and a gallery; and the hotel, (an excellent and highly luxurious one,) seems quite secondary to it in its magnificent use as a 'bar-room.' It is paved with marble, a marble counter extends around one-half of its circular area, and so vast is the interior that the half moon of busy barkeepers, seen from the opposite gallery, as they stand and manipulate behind their twinkling wilderness of decanters, looking like a julep-aroma, performed by dwarfs, the murmur of the gliding ice and the aroma of fragrant mint, betraying their occupation, but their features quite undistinguishable in the distance.

New-Orleans is studded all over with these temples of drink—none quite as architecturally imposing as the St. Louis dome, but all sumptuously splendid and costly. The walls are hung with costly paintings, and all that damask and velvet can do for comfort, and gliding and mahogany for splendor, is lavishly done.—Of the amount of frequentation of these resorts, some idea may be formed by what a friend mentioned to me as the history of one of them, which he had chanced to learn in the way of his profession. This one ("The Gem") cleared its rent of \$3,000, paid for its decorations and furniture, and made a net profit besides of \$20,000, in the first year of its operation. The average receipts of any of the fashionable drinking saloons may be set down at \$200 a day. A gentleman's expenses, for the inevitable drinks with friends and acquaintances, average from \$200 to \$300 per diem.

A sumptuous lunch of turtle soup, etc., is furnished gratis, at noon, to attract customers; a man getting more than the worth of his money, of course, who lunches and drinks for sixpence, but, the proprietor, finding his profit in the few who eat, in comparison with the many who drink, at that hour, and in the policy of anything which will add to the repute of the place, and draw a crowd. The rivalry of these drinking places make a yearly increase of magnificence in their luxuries and appointments, which seem to promise that the Arts shall be tributary and the city be largely indebted to them for its splendor."

## Infernal Machines.

General Pierce, the President elect, a few days since, received a suspicious-looking box, per Cheney's Express, from the West. Supposing, from his exalted position, that some wicked Whig, or "fanatical Abolitionist" might be plotting his destruction, he very naturally regarded it as an infernal machine, intending to land him in glory before his time. Not feeling any great partiality for such apotheosis, he ordered this new Pandora's box to be stowed away in the barn, "unsight unseen," and strictly forbade any one to go near. Thus it remained some days, until one Sunday, when nobody was at home save Mr. W., the General's boarding-master, who, being exercised thereto by a courageous and laudable curiosity, determined to solve the "infernal mystery." Accordingly seizing a long-handled axe and placing himself at a rational distance, he hurled the iron weapon with full fury into the box. After waiting with breathless expectation for the "machine" to explode, Mr. W. approached it and discovered (*horriculi dictu!*) two brace of remarkably fat ducks and a haunch of venison, sent to the President elect by an admiring Catholic friend in Cincinnati, with a note accompanying, desiring to be remembered in the division of the spoils! We need only add that the only thing "infernal" about the "machine" was an inodorous smell—for which the admirer of the new President was in no way responsible.

[Authority for this story is the Concord Democrat.]