

THE JEFFERSONIAN

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.
Answer to the Miscellaneous Enigmas of last week.—Female Gossips.

WRITTEN FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN.
Geographical Enigma.
I am composed of 20 letters.
My 12, 6, 16, 8, 13, is a county in Penna.
My 20, 8, 12, 19, 13, is a town in France.
My 15, 4, 16, 1, 3, is a county in Miss.
My 4, 15, 10, 5, 7, 9, is a river in S. A.
My 11, 2, 16, 5, is a county in Kentucky.
My 1, 20, 3, 17, 14, is a river in N. C.
My 14, 15, 10, 15, is a county in Iowa.
My 10, 15, 12, 16, is an island in Polynesia.
My 13, 11, 5, 17, is a town in Barbary.
My 8, 2, 16, 11, is a county in Va.
My 2, 5, 10, 18, 7, is a town in N. Y.
My 15, 20, 7, 11, 3, are islands east of Malaysia.
My 1, 7, 12, 20, 8, is a town in Mass.
My 14, 20, 18, 6, 1, is a town in Austria.
My 10, 5, 17, 20, 8, 15, is a county in Ala.
My 11, 14, 7, 15, 6, 14, 8, is a town in Italy.
My whole is the name of a newspaper published a few years ago, in the eastern part of Pennsylvania.—Answer next week.
Stroudsburg, Penn. J. F. D.

From the Spirit of the Valley.
Those we love must Die.
Those we love are passing from us,
Passing like the summer flowers;
Soon our dearest heart-companions
Death shall gather to his bowers.
Vainly shall we list for voices,
Made by absence doubly dear,
And remorse will sternly question—
"Didst thou cherish them when here?"
O! in sorrow—in dejection—
In all trials, let us prove
By the purest, tenderest duties,
How undying is our love.
Thus life's parting pang a solace
In sweet retrospect, shall know—
And the grieved and wounded spirit
Rise unburthened from its woe.
Scranton, 1855. D*****.

The way to be Brave.
Speak kindly to that poor old man,
Pick up his fallen cane,
And place it gently in his hand,
That he may walk again.
His bundle, too, replace with care
Beneath his trembling arm;
Brave all the taunts that you may hear,
To give his life a charm.
A braver deed than soldiers boast
Will be your triumph then,
A braver deed than annals tell
Of some distinguished men:
Yes; leave the thoughtless sneering crowd,
Dare to be good and kind,
Then let them laugh, as laugh they may—
Pass on; but never mind.
Pass on, but think once more of him,
The wreck that you have seen,
How once a happy boy like you
He sported on the green;
A cloudless sky above his head,
The future bright and fair,
And friends all watching o'er his couch,
To breathe affection's prayer.
But ah, the change! He wanders now
Forsaken, lone and sad—
Thrice blessed is the task of those
Who strive to make him glad.
Speak kindly to that poor old man,
Pick up his fallen cane,
For that will ease his burdened heart,
And make him smile again.

Memory.
SAY in the introduction to his celebrated work on economy, tells us that he studied all the books he could find on the subject which he intended to write—and then took time to forget what he had read, before beginning to write. Do we thoroughly comprehend what the memory retains in the gross? Are facts generalized, digested, assimilated, and made part and parcel of our mind, till they are in great measure, forgotten? Is not a good memory a mental dyspepsia, that retains intellectual food undigested, and disgusts the listener or reader by bringing it forth in the gross, just as it was swallowed? Who has not been bored a thousand times by a friend with a fine memory? Such a friend always remembers to forget that he has retained the same learning or the

same story to his impatient listener a hundred times before.
Probably everybody has enough of memory. No one forgets what interests him. The dull boys who cannot remember a line of a book, are the very boys who never forget a name, or a face, or a foot-path! It is want of interest and attention, not want of memory, that makes them dull. The twenty-four books of Homer were easily retained in men's memories, before writing was invented. Men have now learned to forget, and consider such a power of memory almost incredible.
How unfortunate we should be to recollect everything we saw or read! Some men are thus unfortunate, and are the poorest thinkers and most intolerable bores in the world. We sometimes think that excess of memory is the only defect of memory. That excess occasions intellectual indigestion or dyspepsia.
Some men acquire and retain twenty languages. Such men have never been distinguished for great power or comprehension of intellect. All the other mental faculties are sacrificed to mere memory. Great minds rarely retain the *ipsisima verba* of the books which they read.
We have often heard that Mr. Clay never forget a name or face. To him, as a public man, such things were important, interested his attention, and impressed his memory. He had little use for poetry, and could scarcely repeat correctly a line of it. Gaert lawyers recollect principles only, and can define those principles only in language of their own. Accurate lawyers recollect cases, and can repeat definitions by the hour in the exact words of the books. We knew a distinguished jurist, whose advice to his students was, "to take care to comprehend what you read, but never trouble yourself about remembering it." To all readers this is admirable advice. There is very little that we read worth remembering; yet anything we read, see or hear, may suggest useful reflection, and thus add to our volume of intellect.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

Peter Mulrooney.
Of all the men I ever had occasion to employ, Peter Mulrooney was the most knowing. He was intensely Irish, and must have kissed the blarneystone every morning early from his youth upwards. Ireland—if you believed him—was the Eden of the world; and yet, somehow or other, after Peter got settled here, he did not seem to have any fervent desire to go back to his Paradise.
His first introduction of himself to my notice was characteristic of the man.—He came towards me with a quick, shambling gait, and, touching his hat lightly, said:
"The top o' the mornin' to yer honor! Would ye like to hire a handy boy?"
Peter was at least 40.
"What can you do?" Oh, begorra, there's nothin' comes amiss to me, any way.
"Do you know any thing about farming?"
"Och, murther! What 'ud I be good for, if I didn't? Sure there wasn't a more illigant hand in Ould Ireland than me—self."
"Have you ever had anything to do with horses?"
"Bedad sir, ye jist guessed it. Divil a nater hand wid the horse ye'll find in all the county Galway than Peter Mulrooney, an' that's no lie."
"And cows?"
"Is it the bastes ye mane? Sure yer honor's in luck the day! Faix, I'd like to see the man 'ud bate me wid the cray-thurs."
"But we farm differently here, Mulrooney, from what they do in the old country."
"Sure that's thrue, any how. It's the dirty, black naygurs, the haythens, that's be doin' the bad work I see. Augh! sorra a thing they're good for, the manning cannibals!"
"And so you think you could better it, do you?"
"Bedad, sir, it 'ud be a poor chate of a spalpeen I am, if I couldn't. Wasn't I head man to wan Sprows for more than two years? Och! but he was the illigant farmer! Bad cess to the day I left him."
"If you regret it so much, why did you do so?"
"Ayeh! you may well ax. 'Twas my own doin' sure. 'Tis a bit of a shindy I had, and bruk Terry Lanahan's head wid my shillelah. Oh! wirral wirral! who'd a thought it was so saft?"
"You didn't kill him?" said I, starting back in horror.
"Is it murdered him, ye mane? Begorra, he'd be a poor thing to mind a cracked skull, any way. Sure, sir, it was nothing to spake of."
"Then why did you come away?"
"It's a dirty, mane constable that 'ud be comin' after me; an' sure, what could I do but bate him for the trouble he was takin'! Mighty onasy I left him, any way; an' that's no lie."
"Well, Peter, suppose I try you for a month. Of course I do not expect you to have a perfect knowledge of our ways at first. You must let me see what you can do."
"Good luck to your honor. It's the rael gentleman ye are. What'll I be doin' first?"
Peter was set to perform various light services upon the place, for, entertaining certain misgivings as to Mr. Mulrooney's actual capacity, I determined to employ

him as a sort of odd man until such time as I could test more fully the amount of farming skill he really possessed. The result was, that I soon found Peter knew actually nothing beyond the simple use of the shovel. With that instrument he was truly dexterous. Horses he could neither feed, clean nor manage. In ploughing he was positively so awkward that, instead of guiding firmly the handles of the plow, he pushed them forward with all his strength, trotting along all the time by the side of the furrow; and, instead of cutting his furrow slices straight and of an even depth, he ran them in and out in the crookedest way imaginable, while the depth of plowing undulated from two to eight inches.
These experiments convince me of Peter's incapacity, so, from thenceforth, I kept him employed at ditching, or in the garden, or in performing light offices for the household.
One day, having occasion to get to town, I called him to me.
"Peter," said I, "I think my carriage runs heavily. It wants greasing. Can you do it?"
"Sure, sir," said he, "what 'ud I be good for if I couldn't? Is it grase a carriage? Faith, that's any enough any way."
"Easy as it is, Peter, I am half afraid to trust you to do it. You make so many blunders. Perhaps, after all, I had better go with you and see it done."
"Oh, wirral, wirral! did I ever hear the like o' that? What 'ud you be goin' for? Sure I know."
"Ah, but Peter, recollect what you said about the ploughing."
"Begorra!" said Peter, nothing abashed, "it's all the fault of the ploughs in this country any how. Them's the contrairrest things that iver broke a poor divils back; an' that's no lie."
"And the horses too, Peter, that you knew so much about."
"It's Ameriky bastes they are," said Peter, "would yer honor understand Irish, at first, if ye wint across in the Ould country?"
I shook my head.
"Sure, thin, that's the way it was," said Peter, triumphantly. "If a rael gentleman, like yer honor, could not understand Irish, is it a brute baste that has the larning to know it before I tache him!"
"Well, well; but about the carriage."
"Bedad ye needn't trouble yourself about it at all. There's mighty little differ in the carriages, I see, all the world over."
"Be careful, then, Peter; and grease it well, do you hear?"
"Faix, I'll do that same thing. I'll be plazing yer honor this time, any way."
An hour passed, and I waited impatiently for the carriage. Once or twice I saw Peter pass the window with the slush basket in his hand, and I began to wonder what took him to the kitchen so often. At length I hailed him, to know if the vehicle was not almost ready.
"Ayeh!" said Peter, "would ye have me spoil a purty piece of work? It's little them naygurs know about grasing anything, the haythens!"
"But you are so long, Peter, I had better come and see about it myself."
"Faix! an' there's no need. Yer honor shall have it fornicst the dure in no time."
"Well, make haste, then, for I am in a hurry."
It might have been fifteen minutes after this that Peter knocked at the door.
"Will I put the horse in sir?"
"Certainly, if you can. Is the carriage ready?"
"Och, sure but it's a beauty? Would your honor come and look at it?"
"Draw it out, I will be there directly."
Peter went off, and was in the act of finging open the doors of the carriage house as I approached.
"There, sir," said he, pointing to the carriage in evident admiration. "Did yer honor iver see the like o' that?"
"Why what on earth have you done to it?"
"Grased it, sure, illigantly! Bedad, but it takes the shine, anyhow!"
I never felt so angry in all my life; and yet, the whole affair, combined with Peter's conscious importance as if he prided himself in having done a good thing, was so ludicrous that I soon became undetermined whether to laugh or storm.
There stood my new carriage greased all over with slush, or what is commonly called in the country soap fat; not only the leather curtains, but the top, the body the running gears, and even the shafts and swingletree, literally one shining mass of unsavory grease. And there stood Peter, with his hat cocked knowingly on one side of his head, his arms akimbo, and his eyes traveling from mine to his work, with a look of the most intense satisfaction. The axes were left untouched.
Peter Mulrooney never greased a carriage for me after that day.

Thrilling Adventure with a Lion.
"A Night Among the Lions" is the title of a record of sporting adventure in South Africa, from which we make the following exciting extract:
Whilst breakfast was preparing, I proceeded to take a saunter down to the pool, not without some faint hopes of a bath, though I feared our horses, to say nothing of the other animals who had visited it during the night, might have maddened too much for that. However, I resolved

to try, and throwing my Minie rifle into the hollow of my arm, and cocking my wide awake over my eyes, lounged down a path among the bushes, now well beaten by the feet of men and horses. The latter I found up to their bellies in the pool, enjoying themselves as completely as the flies would let them; but as the water looked uncommonly turbid, I thought I would skirt along a little to the left and look for a clearer spot; and so, climbing a short steep, covered with long grass and underwood, I pushed aside some branches which intervened between me and a small clear space of short turf, and—to my very intense astonishment, though I must say not at that moment to my dismay, I was so used to the sight of them—found myself within a few yards of one of the finest male lions I ever saw, and who was engaged with a look of grave patriarchal interest in watching the movements of the horses below—doubtless selecting one for his breakfast. Have you not seen Landseer's etching of the lion in the old Tower Menagerie? In exactly the same attitude, still and unmoving, like a noble statue, stood this neighbor of mine, and for a few seconds, I remained really lost in admiration of the grand beauty of the "tableau" he presented.
It was however, necessary to decide on some line of action immediately. I could not help hitting him if I chose to fire, but if I did not kill him outright with one shot, he was so close to me that I could hardly hope to escape without an ugly brush. I concluded to retreat, but the sharp crackle of a dried twig effected what the more subdued noise of my previous movements had not done, and with a short startled growl, the beast swung himself round, and in a second was staring at me with a look which said, "Hullo! who are you?" as plainly as looks could speak. Instinctively I threw my rifle forward, cocking it at the same moment, and some seconds of perfect immovableness on each side ensued, during which I was trying to make out whether he would charge or not. The study of physiognomy is doubtless pleasant enough on the whole; but when your subject is a big male lion, and the question depending on the study, whether you shall be summarily "smashed" or let alone, why, I confess it becomes (as Sammy Weller says) too exciting to be pleasant.
How I studied every feature, trying to detect a change of some sort which might give me a clue. It came at last, he gradually lowered his head, and by the "wraggling" motion of his hind-quarters, which I could just spy over his shoulder, I saw he was gathering his hind legs under him—a sure indication. The next moment he dashed at me with a hoarse snarl, which sounded as though a giant had drawn the bow suddenly across the strings of a stupendous bass fiddle. I fired as he rushed in, aiming as well as I could at the middle of his forehead. As I did so, I was swept down with the force of an express train, and for a few seconds lost all consciousness.
The first thing I was sensible of, as soon as I began to get my senses together was the clear, strong voice of N—, calling to me in the most placid though earnest manner:
"Lie perfectly still, Walter; it's your only chance."
How my heart leaped at the voice! Help was at hand, but the very words that announced it at the same time pointed out my extreme danger; it needed only the most moderate exercise of my returning faculties, to understand why.
I was lying on my face among the long grass at the top of the little steep I have mentioned, I could see nothing, but I could feel the lion close to me. I could hear his deep, short, angry breath, like the rough purrs of an enormous cat—could detect a smacking noise, which I after found arose from his licking at a stream of blood which flowed down the side of his nose, from a deep score on his forehead given him by my ball—nay, I could feel his huge tail, as he rolled it angrily across from side to side, rest for a moment on my back now and then.
The bitter anguish of those few years of moments—well, you can guess all that. Presently I heard the crack of a rifle on my left, a sharp whistle close to my head, and a "thud" on my right, as the shot told among the fur, succeeded by another short, sharp snarl louder than the first—another crack, a sensation like a red-hot wire across my neck (being at the bottom of the slope they could but just sight the lion over my head; and N—had fired a quarter of an inch too low,) another furious snarl, and then a roar—within a yard of my ear. I never heard such a sound out of anything, living or dead; then three or four more shots close together, and a bustle at my side which sounded like my neighbor settling down among the grass and bushes.
"Now roll! roll for your life!" shouted N—'s clear voice again. I was saved the trouble—the dying brute, in his convulsions, giving me a kick with his hind legs, which sent me flying down the steep out of the reach of all further danger.

"Well, Sambo, what's yer up to now—days?"
"Oh, I see a carp'nter and jiner."
"He! I guess yer is! What department do yer perform, Sambo?"
"What department? I does de circular."
"What's dat?"
"Why, I turns de grindstone."

An Indian Execution.
The Clinton County (Mich.) Express publishes the following, and vouches for its authenticity. It is certainly a curious history:
In different parts of central Michigan there are two tribes of Indians, the Ottawas and Chippewas. They are friendly to each other, and during the hunting season, frequently encamp near each other. In the Fall of 1853, a party of one tribe built their cabins on the banks of Maple river, and a party of the other tribe, about eighty in number, encamped in what is now the town of Dallas. It is unnecessary to speak of their life in these camps—suffice it to say that the days were spent in hunting, and the nights in drinking "fire-water" and carousing. In one of the revels at the camp on Maple river, an Indian, maddened by liquor, killed his squaw, and to conceal the deed threw her body upon the fire.
Recovering from the stupor of the revel, he saw the signs of his guilt before him, and fearing the wrath of his tribe, he fled towards the other encampment.
His absence was noticed—the charred remains of the poor squaw were found, and the cry for blood was raised. The avengers were soon upon his track—they pursued him to the encampment of their neighbors—he was found, apprehended, and in solemn council doomed to the death which, in the stern old Indian code, I reserved for those only who shed the blood of their kin. It was a slow, torturing, cruel death. A hatchet was put in the victim's hands, he was led to a large log that was hollow, and made to assist in fixing it for his coffin. This was done by cutting into it some distance on the top, in two places about the length of a man apart; then slapping off, and digging the hollow until larger, so as to admit his body. This done, he was taken back and tied fast to a tree. Then they smoked and drank of the "fire water," and when evening came, they kindled large fires around him, at some distance off, but so that they would shine full upon him. And now commenced the orgies—they drank to intoxication—they danced and sang in their wild Indian manner, chanting the dirge of the recreant brave. The arrow was fitted to the bow string, and ever and anon with its shrill twang it sent a missile into the quivering flesh of the homicide; and to lighten his misery they cut off his ears and nose.
Alternately drinking, dancing, beating their rude drums and shooting their arrows into the victim, the night passed.
The next day was spent in sleeping and eating, the victim, meanwhile still bound to the tree. What his reflections were of course cannot tell, but he bore his punishment as a warrior should.
When night was closed around it brot his executioners to their work again.—The scene of their first night was re-enacted, and so it was the next night, and the next, and the next, and so on for a week. Seven long and weary days did he stand there tortured with the most cruel torture, before his proud head drooped upon his breast, and his spirit left its clayey tenement for the hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit. And when it did they took the body, wrapped it in a new clean blanket, and placed it in the long coffin he had helped to hollow.
They put his hunting-knife by his side that he might have something to defend himself on the way, his whiskey bottle that he might cheer his spirits with a draught now and then, his tobacco and pipe, that he might smoke. Then they put on the cover, drove down stakes each side of the log, and filled up between them with logs and brush. The murdered squaw was avenged. The camp was broken up, and the old stillness and quiet once more reigned over the forest spot where was commemorated this signal act of retributive justice.
Our informant has visited the spot often since then; the log is still there with its cover on; and beneath may still be seen the skeleton of the victim.
Let no Che-mo-ke-mam call this a deed of barbarity. It was an act of simple justice: there was a double murder it is true; but the paleface who sold the fire-water that crazed the poor victim and caused him to shed the blood of his squaw has them to answer for in the day of final reckoning.

An Impracticable Juror.
I've got a rather good story to tell you, says a correspondent of the 'Spirit of the Times,' about a jury trial, which happened not a hundred miles from Baltimore City Court House.
The Court was trying a 'hoss' case.—A gentleman borrowed a horse from a friend, and rode the horse about ten miles, when the 'critter' died. The owner wished seventy dollars for the horse, but his friend thought it rather high to pay seven dollars per mile for riding horseback in January. A dispute arose, and the case went to court. The evidence was to the effect that there was no way to get out of paying for the 'hoss'.
So the case went to the jury; the Judge remarking that it was for them to state the amount of money due the plaintiff.—They went out, and for forty-eight mortal hours argued as to what the horse was worth. Eleven of them however, had soon come to the conclusion that the damages ought to be about \$25, as one of the witnesses had remarked that the 'critter' wasn't bigger nor a whelp, and, 'he

thought, 'he could ha' tied him up in a handkerchief!'
The twelfth juror, (who, by the way, was a new hand at juries, and a religious man,) loudly contended, however, that the owner of the horse ought to have \$70, which was what he demanded. This so enraged the balance of the jurors that they swore to be revenged as soon as they were discharged. In fact, they threatened, that if he, juror No. 12, did not make up his mind, that 'woolly hoss' was worth only \$25, they would, whenever occasion offered, knock him on the head.— Still the old skin-flint hung out for \$70.
At length the balance of the jury found it was no use to try to change the old man's mind. There he sat, listening to their oaths and arguments. This was too bad, and a 'ruse' was resolved upon as the only chance of escape from their horrible, 'hungry' confinement. One of them a kind of rough-and-tumble fellow, waxing warm, walked up to No. 12, and remarked:
"This won't do! This place is a sort of heaven to you, you old sinner, while to us it's a perfect hell!"
"Oh! never mind swearing, friend," replied No. 12, "let's argue the case."
"Let's argue, indeed, you old cuss!— You've got the whole of us nearly starved, and, yet you want to argue!"
"No swearing in the jury-room, if you please. Why not deliberate?"
"Deliberate! Well, that's good, decidedly so! Will you ever give in? Say 'yes' or 'no,' for your life's in danger!"
"No!" responded No. 12.
"Well, then, I'll pitch you out of the window, you contrary, stubborn infernal old fool!"
Saying which he actually took hold of No. 12 and moved him toward the window, when the latter becoming dreadfully frightened, cried out:
"Baillif! baillif!"
That officer hearing the uproar, immediately rushed to the door and opened it. But all was quiet in an instant. No. 12 was scared so bad he could not utter a word. In answer to the inquiry as to what was the matter, our pugilistic juror stepped up to the baillif, (with whom he was well acquainted,) and said, with a knowing wink:
"Look here, George, we can't agree, and I want you to do me a favor. I want you to go up to my old woman's; tell her to send me down beds and bedding for eleven; also a charcoal furnace and a butcher knife! Tell her I may not be home for THREE MONTHS!"
"Very well," said George, "the things shall be here in one hour."
"Off went the baillif, cloak went the lock, and up spoke No. 12:
"In heaven's name, what do you mean?"
"I'll tell you what I mean. We have made up our minds not to stay another night without something in the flesh line to eat. Sooner than starve to death, we have resolved to do as other juries sometimes have done: we'll eat one of our companions! Of course the meanest man will come first, and—"
"But isn't the horse worth \$60?"
"And when he's gone we'll take the next meanest—"
"The horse is worth, at least, \$50."
"And so on, until—"
"Isn't the horse worth \$40, or \$30, or \$25?"
"Yes, we'd agreed yesterday, or the day before, that he's worth \$25; but sooner than say on my oath that a horse which could be tied up in a handkerchief, was worth more than \$25, I'd turn cannibal and eat up every jurymen in the room, and then cut up myself!"
No. 12 became serious and gave in.— It was the first time he was ever on a jury, and it will be his last. He, after leaving court, walked very fast for a few squares, muttering to himself a congratulation to heaven for his escape from what he supposed a murderer's den. He is not 'round' after court hours as he 'used to be!'
The joke, which is substantially true, created much laughter.

A Tribute to Women.
Oh! the priceless value of the love of a true woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious! Titles and honors confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moments, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding care, gather thick around, and even gaunt Poverty menaces with his skeleton finger, it gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Time cannot mar its brilliance, distance but strengthens its influence, bolts and bars cannot limit its progress, it follows the prisoner into his dark cell, and sweetens the homely morsel that appeases his hunger; and in the silence of midnight, it plays around his heart, and in his dreams he folds his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hand of a loved one, is soft to the weary limbs of a sick sufferer, and the portion administered by the same hand, loses half of its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her, brings repose to the fevered brain, and her words of kind encouragement, revive the sinking heart.— Her heaven-like influence seems as if designed to cast into forgetfulness man's remembrance of the fall, by building up in his heart another Eden, where perennial flowers forever bloom, and crystal waters gush from inexhaustible fountains.