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

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An April Picture.

BY CLARA MORTON.

The April rain falls gently,
Like tears from a maiden's eyes,
And the floating clouds glide lightly,
Over the azure skies;
And the soft, South wind is breathing
New hope to the budding vine,
As it reaches out its tendrils
More trustfully to twine.
Oh! I love the gentle April rain,
Which rests like stars where the dew has lain.
In the East, a rainbow spreads
In promise of watchful love—
A bright and beautiful banner
That fairies might have worn,
With rays of gold and of purple—
With the emerald's flashing light—
With the purr and stainless sapphire,
The ruby glowing bright.
But we know the hand that placed it there;
And a type of love is the rainbow fair.
From the grass so lowly waving
The violet lifts its head;
And the pale and meek young crocus
Peeps from its winter bed,
And over the latticed trellis
The "virgin bower" doth creep,
White down amidst the moss and leaves
The hare-bell lies asleep.
The robin chirps from the trembling spray;
And the brown wren sings his sweetest lay.
Oh! I love the gentle April,
With her soft and balmy sighs,
Though her smiles are oft-times fearful,
There's hope in her earnest tears,
And sweet indeed is the lesson
The grieving may learn away,
Forever the weeping April
Is followed by joyous May.
She weaveth flowers for her sister's tomb,
And in song and sunshine forgets her gloom.

From the New York Tribune.

March.

Dawn of the Spring! cloud-girded March,
Thy footsteps mark the earth again,
And softer winds and brighter skies
Walk in the shadows of thy train.
The rivers of their ice unbound,
Go glancing swift to the sea,
And meadow brooks, and mountain springs,
Loud laughing lift their hands in glee.
No longer on the broad-armed plow,
The spangling frost and snow-caps lie;
And round the oak the ivy twines
Its soft green fingers joyously.
Birds in the air, fish in the streams,
And children on the sword of play—
Warm showers and gleams of opening skies,
Mark the rude Winter passed away.
Sweet month of promise—from thy grave
What fairer months their smiles shall bring;
April in tears—and blushing May,
The crown and glory of the Spring.
Under their breath the trees shall leaf,
The rose-bush bud—and violets,
And all sweet flowers, embalm the turf
When the soft wind the young grass frels.

C. D. STUART.

To drive away Rats.

Mr. Charles Pierce, of Milton, says the Boston Cultivator, pounded up potash and strewed it around their holes, and rubbed some on the sides of the boards and under parts where they came through. The next night he heard squealing among them, which he supposed was from the caustic nature of the potash that got among their hair or on their bare feet. They disappeared, and he has not been troubled with them since that time, which was nearly a year ago.

EPITAPHS in a Scottish country churchyard:

Who lies here?
I, Johnny Dow—
Hoo, Johnny, is that you?
Aye, but a'm deed now.
In the churchyard of Stronngrou—
Here lies the body of Edward Hyde,
We laid him here because he died;
We had rather
It had been his father;
If it had been his sister,
Few would have missed her;
But since 'tis honest Ned,
No more shall be said.

WHAT TO EAT, DRINK AND AVOID; A Guide to Health and Long Life.

BY R. J. CULVERWELL, M. D.

Snuffing and smoking.—Medically speaking, they are both abominably unwholesome. They are delightful relaxations. Personally speaking (for I have been a snuffer and a smoker), I can bear witness to the great comfort and satisfaction I have derived from them. A cigar, during an evening stroll, is highly agreeable and companionable, but it is habit only which renders it necessary. It is pleasant, I admit (and ladies do likewise), to catch the whiff of a fine Havana on a frosty night, or an out-door walk. Nor do I object entering a bachelor's crib, where only real tobacco-smoking is going on—but a five minutes' stay therein is enough. To those whom smoking causes to spit, it is productive of great depression and considerable nervous irritability; to those who say they swallow their saliva, it is equally pernicious; to those who are insensible to secretion, it acts locally, and its influence is conveyed by the nervous extremities to the brain. It would appear ill-natured and cynical to forbid a solitary cigar, but as in this page I have only to do with its salutaryness, I cannot speak in its favor. "I have never suffered from it," may say some one. Well and good; I do not forbid you taking one, but it surely cannot be wholesome for those who do. Besides, what is agreeable to it is very difficult to believe can be hurtful. Nevertheless it may be so; and smoking, in the majority of instances I am convinced is so. What is the property of tobacco?—sedative, stupefying, creative of vomiting, and if swallowed in the form of infusion, poisonous.

Let any man ask himself, after spitting and puffing, if he feels better for it; the reply generally is, "Oh, it is so soothing—it gives rise to such agreeable thoughts—it carries the mind back to the past—it makes a man comfortable even in his troubles. How happy every one appears with a cigar or a pipe in his mouth, from the lord to the basket-woman." A great deal of this may be true, but, on the other hand, the great smoker is generally shaky and nervous, and, like the drinker, never happy but when engaged in his favorite propensity. Of what use is he then to anybody, or even to himself? None. The little smoker, the occasional smoke-breather, before he gets through his first, or give him credit for two or three, is left with a dry mouth and a nasty taste—a desire to drink; and although some will deny that smoking provokes drinking, except coffee or water, few can dispense with grog, ale, or wine. Other people it muddles, makes them swimmy, and very disagreeable to talk to. Many men smoke twenty or thirty cigars or pipes in a day, and a young town buck thinks it derogatory to his buckhood unless he can whiff away two or three. To say nothing of the nuisance of smoking, the habit, captivating and socializing as it may be held to be, is decidedly bad—very bad for delicate persons.—As to chewing, it is an expensive habit. It is so beastly a one, that there is little fear of an invalid resorting to it. It is equally pernicious, nay, more so than smoking. Snuffing is sometimes used medicinally, and with great success. Light stimulative snuffs are useful in the affections of the head and eyes, and as a gentle refresher I have no objection to it; but real snuffing, where a man consumes half an ounce daily, and soils half a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs in the twenty-four hours—for those sort of snuffers awake purposely at night to take a pinch—is, I contend, very enervating, very depressing, except at the immediate moment, and extremely hurtful even to digestion; for, despite all the precaution, the snuff or its juice (bah!) will get down the gullet. Half a dozen pinches after dinner are allowable. Young men should particularly avoid becoming snuffers; a very short indulgence makes them look ten years older. These habits are very easy to acquire, and very difficult to leave off; but it is not, as some people say, dangerous to abandon them at the eleventh hour of your life. Mayhap such may not be necessary, but I have known people give up smoking and snuffing, which they had indulged in for years, at a moment's notice, and those people have been my patients, and they have soon found reason to thank me for the advice.

There is a joke I have heard of a great snuffer and smoker, who for some purpose or another got married, and, of course, out of deference to his wife, gave up both his favorite indulgences. He pined away, fretted, and went about like a shadow, soliciting and receiving the commiseration of his friends. A while afterwards he was met by the narrator (who is supposed to be the retailer of the Joe Miller) in high glee, with his box in his hand and his cigar in his mouth. "Heyday! how is this?" exclaims his friend. "Oh! my lady smokes."—"But the box?"—"Oh! she snuffs." When ladies do these things I throw up my denunciation of the practice. The story is in defence of the habit; it being intended to show that some people, having accustomed themselves to bad propensities, can relinquish them only at the cost of tranquillity of mind, agreeableness of manner, and the sacrifice of health. The best hint I can give to a snuffer, to set the practice aside, is, to wear only a white handkerchief; that, beside looking up his snuff-box with a bold determination not to accept or take a pinch from anybody else, will cure him in a day. In a week he will forget he ever took snuff.

Late hours.—To give a reason for every assertion in this little volume would render half a dozen keys necessary, which it is not my intention to do. I must therefore rely upon the common-sense nature of my assertions, and leave the reader, who, perceiving I state that late hours are unwholesome (to be understood idiomatically) naturally in his own mind says, "Why, what signifies when we sleep, so long as we get it?"—to solve the enigma by his experience. I assert the fact—late hours are unwholesome. "I thought so once, but now I know it."

**The body, by the toils
Of wakeful day exhausted and unstrung,
Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath."**

All nature sleeps at night, and why should not man? The great globe, and winds, and waves, move on, 'tis true, and the heart of man beats, and he himself respires, but these things are necessary to keep up the general order. The darkness of night is a simple proof that rest and sleep should be encouraged at that time. Of its necessity man is well aware; he could not, if he would, do without it. As it is, society could not well exist as it does, did it not encroach upon the hours set aside for repose; but as it was, our forefathers were wiser, and, rising with the lark, retired with the sun. A truce to this philosophizing. Invalids have little to do with balls, and routes, and evening parties, and persons who value their health will not turn night into day. Ten or eleven o'clock at night should never find delicate persons unprepared to go to bed. It is proverbial, because certified by actual knowledge, that the rest obtained in the early part of the night is more refreshing than that gotten in the morning. Rest is as essential as exercise. The vital energies become exhausted after their due performance, and require repose to regain their strength for the ensuing day. This is a physiological truth; and if that rest be denied, it becomes an infringement on a law of nature, and that is sure to bring down speedy vengeance. What are the feelings after being up all night! How doubly heavy is the sleep the next night! which, if not taken, the exhaustion becomes an illness. Evils are of two kinds—too much is as bad as too little, and he who retires early should rise early.

It becomes a disease where sleepiness prevails at a time when we ought to be getting up, instead of when going to bed; but one of the best remedies is to retire early, other things being attended to, and nature will do the rest.

Sleeping apartments ought always to be capacious, dry, and well-ventilated. The bed should not be too soft, and the bed-clothes should be as light as may be consistent with necessary warmth. The inordinate quantity of bed-covering sometimes used has a most relaxing tendency, by promoting excessive perspiration, and by rendering the body over-susceptible to external injurious impressions. Many persons are prone to the pernicious habit of closing the bed-curtains wholly around them, or else burying their heads under the clothes, and thus

"Cubined, cribbed confined,"
they continue to breathe, during the greater portion of the night, the enclosed atmosphere vitiated by their own respiration; this is certainly a most unwholesome custom. If the head be well night-capped, no curtains are at all necessary.

The excellence of early rising, and its inspiring influence on both body and mind, have been themes for the poet's song and the sage's sermon. Early rising promotes cheerfulness of temper, opens up new capacities of enjoyment and channels of delight to which the sluggard must be insensible:—

**"The balmy breath of morn, the bracing air,
The twittering songster's carol in the sky,
The blooming pleasures that await without,
To bless the wildly devious morning's walk."**

It increases the sum of human existence, by stealing from indolence hours that would else be utterly wasted, and, better still, unquestionably conduces to longevity. All long-livers have been early risers, and—to descend from the poetry of the affair to mere matter of fact—it is remarked by the actuaries of life assurance companies (an exceedingly shrewd people in all that concerns matters of mortality) that early rising almost invariably leads to length of days. Now, as the habit of retiring to bed at late hours will hardly admit of early rising, therefore the necessity of refraining from the one in order to secure the advantages of the other. From six to eight hours' sleep are generally held to be sufficient, and no doubt on the average are so. Our sleep is regulated much by the season. In winter people lie longer, on account they say, of its being too dark to get up before eight or nine. There is some plausibility in the reason, but the system in cold and dark weather is more prone to sleep than in light and sunny times. Invalids need generally

plenty of bed rest, but then they should procure it by going early to bed. Persons addicted to late hours plead the parties they form members of as one excuse, and others insist that the evening or night are the only times they have for relaxation. This is all very reasonable for such so constituted, but, notwithstanding, late hours are unwholesome. Moon and star-gazing are bad for delicate persons. There is more health and strength to be found in the practice of seeing the sun rise, than in looking at it in any other part of the day. In fact, I know of no feeling equalling in delight that of basking or strolling about, unshaded by housetops or any other earthly canopy than the blue sky, in the first hours of the morning sun.

Dead open and shut; or the way they play in Arkansas.

BY TOM HARRINGTON.

There are few, who traveled much on the Mississippi at an early day, but have heard with dread the name of General William Montgomery; and none but knew of the landing called "Montgomery's Point," which for its location and peculiar advantages was hard to be excelled. Montgomery, himself, was a shrewd, quick-witted, low-bred fellow, who, in roguish exploits, was seldom if ever equaled. He was the terror of the South, to all who knew him, and as a sportsman, gambler, &c., was as notorious as the celebrated Capt Kidd for piracy. The General was said to have many redeeming qualities in his gaming transactions, which might be classed as follows:

First; If he found a man naked, he clothed him; if he was hungry, he fed him.

Second; If he was thirsty and poor, he gave him to drink, and advised him to leave for some more salubrious clime.

And last, though not least, if he was thirsty, and rich, he made him drink and then robbed him.

His notorious life was the occasion of all gamblers yielding to his nefarious designs, who chanced to fall in with him; and whatever the General said must of course be right, as none dared to gainsay him. It was about the time when his notoriety was at its height, that a French gentleman, accompanied by a huge Yankee servant, arrived at the "Point," on their way to the head waters of the Arkansas river, and as there was no other hotel in the place, put up with the General. Application being made to him for conveyance, he advised them to defer their journey some few days, as he thought the prospect of high water was in their favor. This proposition was by no means a welcome one to Jonathan, who had heard more than once of the desperate character of their host; and he declared he would rather walk, and make a pack-horse of himself, than remain.

The Frenchman assured him, likewise, that his business was very urgent, that he must go on foot even, if there was no other conveyance.—The General was not pleased with the determined obstinacy of the two, but could not well hit upon a plan whereby to detain them, with their own consent, so he finally agreed to take them through on horseback, as far as Fort Smith. The horses were accordingly equipped, and the General, with his negro servant, the Frenchman, and the Yankee, at length set out making quite a respectable looking caravan for the Arkansas wilderness.

Ere they mounted, however, the General began running his "soft-sawder" on the Yankee, about the many advantages he possessed over multitudes of the southern people, which were no other, than that, being sufficient in strength to answer as his own packhorse, though he might have bushels of wooden nutmegs and horn gun-flints, to pack throughout the State, he could always accommodate himself.

The Yankee felt somewhat chagrined at the General's insinuation, for fear that the Frenchman might consider him a man of that character. After their leaving, the General still caused Jonathan no small uneasiness, by his continued attacks upon his nativity, &c. The Frenchman soon discovered the annoyance the General was giving the Yankee, and remarked that he was too hard, in accusing his honest friend of having to do with anything of so base a character. At this the General laughed, and told him his accusations were no ways erroneous.

The Yankee ground his teeth and remarked: "It's t'arnal well for you, that I aint at hum, for if I was I'd give it to ye, darn quick, tew."

turning to Cuffy—who was showing his ivory, and placing the above-named sum in his hand. This was immediately covered by the Frenchman, while the Yankee dismounted, and prepared to settle the matter by unloading his saddle-bags.

For some moments all gathered around in breathless silence, when the Yankee, to his great astonishment drew forth the above-named articles.

"Well, you see I have won," continued the General, while Cuffy roared, and capered about with delight, showing the whole breadth of his whites—his eye opening to an extraordinary magnitude, and his nose flattened like a viper—crying—

"You didn't catch de General dis ar' time, gosh a-mighty! wid dem ar' horn gun-flints."

"What have you to do with it, you t'arnal black nigger you!" cried Jonathan, turning to him with a furious look.

"Why, you see I is de General's aid-de-camp, in holding de stake, in dis ar' special game," at the same time he handed them over to his master, with a chuckling laugh.

The losing party saw the deception of the trick, and appeared doubly anxious to facilitate their journey. The General was none the less merry for having won their money, and occasionally laughed over it, saying he had merely made his expenses; whereas he had thought to have made some several thousand dollars.

The Frenchman sighed, and said he thought it "von varie expensive countree."

The General, however, assures him that he shall have a chance to win back his money, so soon as he should feel disposed, by any other game he or his down-east friend should think proper to select. Monsieur said he only knew one, which was the French game of *Vingt-un*, or *twenty-one*.

The General replied that was one of his strongest games, and that so soon as they could make themselves comfortably situated as to their lodgings they would have a friendly touch of it.

Arriving at a hotel where they intended to pass the night, the Frenchman and his companion having determined not to proceed any farther with the General, made their intentions known to him,—stating, as a reason, that the friend whom they sought was on a tour to the South, and that on the first opportunity they should embark on a boat for Natchez.

The General said he thought they would have a very pleasant trip, and that he would dispatch his servant home with his horses, and accompany them. This was certainly anything but agreeable, but as there was no help for it, our traveling friends thought proper to assent.

The water at this time being low, it was proposed by the General that a small flat-boat should be procured, which would be very advantageous, as he and the Frenchman could play at their favorite game of twenty-one, while the down-easter and the landlord, whom the General persuaded to go along, should manage the boat.

This, accordingly, being acceded to, the boat was soon on its passage to the mouth of the river. Scarcely had they left the shore ere the General, eager for the game, gave the General a hint, and they were soon in full blast, the Frenchman taking the deal, the General betting high, and losing. Night setting in, they concluded to lay to, and dispense with the game until morning.

The next day, while lying at the shore, they resumed their play, the General still losing the most important bets. At last he proposed to change the deal. Monsieur assured him he could only play his game one way, and that was to deal. Again they played on for a time, when the General, appearing to get out of patience, insisted the game should be changed, as he was over a thousand dollars the loser.—Monsieur said that he thought it an unfair request, as he had frequently said he knew no other game.

The General still pressed his suit, and said he was willing to leave it to their host whether or no it was not right that he should give him a chance to win back his money. The host being a staunch friend of the General, of course decided in his favor.

By this time all was ready for their morning departure, and Monsieur, thinking he might come out second best, was anxious to leave; but the General declared that his game must be played without any further delay.

"My game" replied the general, is "dead open and shut."

"Vot you say General? Me no understand you, sare. Is it von dead open and shut with von card I eh?"

"Open and shut with every thing else but cards," said the General, with a coarse laugh. "I will give you an axample." He then placed himself in an attitude to explain his game, which was done, by placing his hands behind him, and requiring the Frenchman to say whether they were open or shut.

Monsieur hardly knowing what to make of it, said "open."

"How much will you bet?" asked the Gen.

"Suppose me bette you von leste hundred dollars."

"Done!" said the General, at the same time