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

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From the German of Muchler.

The Forget Me Not.

Silent o'er the fountain gleaming,
In the silvery moonlight hour,
Bright and beautiful in its seeming,
Waves a friendly fragile flower.
Never let it be mistaken;
Blue—as heaven's own blessed eye,
By no envious cloud o'erthrown
When it laughs through all the sky.
Flower of heaven's divinest hue!
Symbol of affection true!
Whisper to the poor heart broken!
Consolation—heaven spoken!
Loved one—like the star of morning
Are thine eyes—so mild and fair—
Innocence with light adorning
Their pure radiance everywhere!
Maiden mind! attend my lay:
Be this flow'et ne'er forgot—
Whispering through the far away,
"Oh forget—forget me not!"
Duty stern may bid us sever,
Tears bedew our parted lot;
Yet these flowers shall murmur ever,
"Ah, forget—forget me not!"
List beloved! what it sayeth;
List each blossom's whispered sound!
As it's lowly head it layeth
On the dew besprinkled ground,
Methink! each dew-drop is a tear,
That brims its dark blue eyes;
Remember—when you wander near—
"Forget me not," it sighs!

Household Orders.

Nancy, go and comb your hair,
Daisy, stop your laughing there!
Kate make haste and wash the dishes,
And Susan, mend your father's breeches!
Sam, run and feed the hogs!
Jim, go out and bring some logs!
I'll whip you Jo, you ugly snake,
If you don't stop a kick'n Jake!
Brother Sam is fond of greens,
But Jim prefers salt pork and beans;
Jake goes in for cakes and pies,
And George for roasted turkey thighs;
But apple dumplings give to me,
Oh! apple dumplings! Jubilee!

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

BY R. J. CULVERWELL, M. D.
ON THE PASSIONS.—The most powerful emotions are anger and despair. Scarcely a day passes but we hear of the fatal consequences of giving way to both. The intermediate feelings, the gradatory progress from simple irascibility of temper to ungovernable fury, and from mental depression to the depths of imaginative misery, that we see exhibited around us, swell out the list of human grievances that beset our travels through life. It is not to be expected that man can so tamely view aggressions, or so firmly withstand misfortunes, as to pass onward, unseathed by one or the other; but there is a certain amount of philosophy, necessary to meet misfortunes, which, if we do not possess, we ought to endeavor to acquire, else, like the reed, we should be shaken by every wind.
"But as the power of choosing is denied to half mankind,"
It is the duty of all to fit their temper to their circumstances, and not suffer trifles to annoy them—to vex or depress them. The mind can be cultivated to withstand the shocks of the disasters common to the world, and also to resignation for those which cannot be averted.
"Serenity and mastery of yourself, prepare for what may come and leave the rest to Heaven."
The leading passion in human nature is irritability of temper; it is the source of nearly all our own discomfort, and that of those around us, and yet how easy it is, with a rational mind, to con-

quer and subdue it. If it led to any good result it might prove a healthy ebullition, but as it merely excites the brain, and to no good purpose, and seldom gains the end which reasoning might not accomplish, it is a waste of bitterness and even time, at the cost oftentimes of serious personal disturbance. Women have been thrown into hysterics, that have led to epilepsy and death, by indulgence in angry disputations; and men have sacrificed friendships, broken the peace of homes, and scattered desolation among their dependents and followers:—

"For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend;
Or in the war of words, your lastly hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to the grave."
And such is Life. It has been thought next to—nay, it has been believed to be—an absolute impossibility to govern the temper; that as everything in these days depends upon organization, if we are organized to be murderers, the crime must follow, and he only is virtuous who is happily abundantly possessed of the moral faculties. The young "LIMB," the SCOLD, the TERMAGANT, the violent and hasty man exclaims, "I can't help it," and on viewing the destruction that may have been effected, cries out, "I don't care." This is a most fallacious notion. Phenologists, at the same time that they admit that organization influences our conduct, know full well and insist upon it, that our conduct, or rather education, influences our organization, and that organization may be cultivated; that "bumps," as they are styled, can be encouraged and depressed, and their contents called into action or subdued; and therefore, if phenology mean any thing, it means that viciousness and virtue depend entirely upon cultivation, and that such folly ought to be helped and ought to be cared for. "Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." But it is even possible to alter habits of a later growth; and as, in the regulation of health, man must "chalk out" his own conduct to secure it; so in the control of his wayward feelings, he must bestow a little attention in the study how to do it. So much for the morbid excitement of passionate phreny.

Even in a selfish point of view, irascibility of temper ought at all times to be checked. The flushed forehead, the blanched lips, the swelling throat, the fierceness of the eye, and the towering voice displayed in an ordinary fit of anger, are pretty sufficient indications of the tumult within and the spirit without. There are few of us so irritable that we cannot repress these ebullitions of temper IF WE LIKE, at least to a very considerable extent; and, as it is confessedly very difficult to stay the torrent when in full flow, it behooves us to determine, in those seasons when reason is sufficiently cool to counsel correctly, to place that salutary restraint upon our propensities to passion and acerbities of temper, WHICH NEVER DO ANY GOOD TO OTHERS and are sure to prove injurious to ourselves.

A calm, serene, and cheerful mind MAY BE SECURED BY CULTIVATION: even persons of a naturally fretful, peevish, irascible temperament will be astonished to find how comparatively easy it is to control and regulate their humors, if they will but resolutely determine to bring them under domination.
It is not my province here to dilate upon, nor to fathom the operations of the mind upon the body, arising from
"Anxious study, discontent and care,
Love without hope,
And fear and jealousy;"

but it is imperative I should not pass over the antagonist to the one I have chiefly considered, and that is DESPAIR. Despair is but the nurtured offspring of gloom and depression: it is a growing thorn in the heart of man—it makes him "sink in lethargy before his time."

Melancholy or mental nervousness, as it may be called, is generally the handmaid to the sick couch; not always so, but more particularly upon the complaints these pages are consumed in depicting. Here the faint-hearted man, unlike his angry brother, weeps in his regret, rather than gloats in his revenge; neither more nor less does he demand our sympathy. The two conditions are the saddest of suffering humanity. Like anger, it occasionally attains its climax, and it then may be called "human weakness"—may "folly." A man may feel his sorrows like a man, but, to antedate the quotation, he should also bear them like a man. In these fits of extremes the senses may be held to be at fault, and mayhap they may be, but in all errors there must be wrong somewhere; the question is, can not the feelings of depression—the abandonment to grief—the absolute despair, which often ends in self-annihilation—be corrected? can not it be checked? can it not be removed? My belief is, it can. It is not merely to be achieved, I admit, by resolution; for the resolution unsustained by removal of the cause doubles upon itself and becomes as naught; but where the cause is known to be irremediable, the next wisest part to play, is to put up with it, for depending will not remove it. We must remember the fable of Hercules and the waggoner. The

god rebuked the lout for his tears, and bid him whip his team, and put his own shoulder to the wheel. He did so, and soon got out of the rut. Richelieu exclaimed to a hopeless adventurer, "Despair should not be found in a young man's vocabulary." Whatever dilemma we may be in, our first effort should be directed to its removal. The more we fret, the further we are off. In nearly all nervous affections there is a strong tendency to depression of spirits; it is part of the malady, it may be as much the occasion of it as the consequence; and in the attempt to cure the disease, likewise, must our efforts be carried to the cause as well as to the symptoms. A morbid dullness is even soothing to some minds; and so easily are impressions caught up, that set but the train in motion, and the thought is established. The melancholy man knows no comfort but in dolling out his griefs; he ponders over his imaginative distresses and delights in his woes. Night affords no respite to his sufferings; for sleep—

"Like the world, his 'rest' only pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes.
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsmiled with a tear."

Quarrels.

Dissension like small streams, at first begun,
Scarce seen, they rise and gather as they run.—Garth.
The little eddies of the wind that set the dust in commotion, are precursors of a thunder storm in hot weather, and of a strong wind always; so Quarrels often precede a thundering time where two high-tempered persons are concerned, and, as the Hoosiers say, a right smart sprinkle of wind, in minds of calmer temperament. What renders the matter more disastrous, they uniformly occur between those who are on terms of intimacy, perhaps lovers, and not unfrequently, the married pair. To the disgrace of human nature, they are generally based on trifles not worthy of a passing notice.

In the second chapter of the Apocryphal Book of Tobit, is a case to the point. Anna the wife of Tobit, during his absence, obtained a kid.—When he came home, instead of kindly inquiring how she came by it, he threw out some unceremonious hints concerning its acquisition, which drew from her the retort, that he was no better than he should be. The two eddies of anger met, and quite a storm ensued. As is usual in Quarrels, the old man first committed a wrong, the old woman put another wrong to it—and two wrongs never made a right. If the wife had remained cool and met the fire of the husband's anger with kindness and affection, he would have flashed in the pan, and no explosion would have occurred.

To preserve the current of connubial felicity placid and serene, great caution is necessary.—A harsh word, a sour look, a trifling neglect, an unkind hint, an unjust suspicion; often raise a tornado, that makes the whole house shake, and often repeated will shake the strongest love. But one should get angry at a time—both is two too many.

Among neighbors, mere trifling differences sometimes amount to tedious and expensive lawsuits. The intrusion of a pig, the killing of a chicken, the picking of a little fruit, often engender a lasting hate. The dispositions of such people are like Loco-foco matches, they are liable to take fire from their own friction.

Much may be done to remedy these evils, if all would resolve, and put the resolve into execution, to curb their tempers, bear and forbear, soar above trifles; be kind, courteous, and act the human—not the brute. The most efficient remedy, above all others, to cure the evil, is, to live in the full and constant enjoyment of religion. A profession, merely, only makes the matter worse, for human nature and religion are both disgraced. Cold and lukewarm professors, who happen to differ, are the bitterest quarrellers to be found, especially if they belong to the same church. Hypocrites are still worse, for they cover themselves with a cloven infallibility, that is as dangerous of approach, as spirit gas with a lighted candle, or gunpowder with a fire-brand. Pure, active, and every-day religion, transforms our nature more and more, and gives us an increasing power over the infirmities flesh is heir to. To profess religion, and not adorn that profession by living up to it, is a dangerous experiment.

ONE MISSING.—The Rev. F. Coyle, in a lecture on memory, delivered at Adelaide, (reported in the South Australian Register) instanced stage drivers, whose memory of the orders and directions given them is remarkable. He once rode outside with the owner and driver of a stage from Troy to the land of the Knickerbocker; the driver could not have had less than fifty parcels and messages to deliver by the way; but he was at a loss—he knew he had forgotten one parcel, but "ding him if he could remember what it was."—At length the stage arrived at his own door, when his children came running out with a "welcome home, Pa; but, oh, where did you leave Ma?" "May I be teetotally scorched, (said he,) if I hadn't forgot Sall." That was the missing parcel.

Gambling in Four Scenes.

BY REV. HENRY W. BEECHER.

SCENE FIRST.—A genteel coffee-house, whose human screen conceals a line of grenadier bottles, and hides respectable blushes from impudent eyes. There is a quiet little room opening out of the bar, and there sit four jovial youths. The cards are out, the wines are in. The fourth is a reluctant hand; he does not love the drink, nor approve the game. He anticipates and fears the result of both. Why is he here? He is a whole souled fellow, and is afraid to seem ashamed of any fashionable gaiety. He will sip his wine upon the opportunity of a friend newly come to town, and is too polite to spoil that friend's pleasure by a part in the game. They sit, shuffle, deal; the night wears on; the liquor-fiend has made it safely dumb. The night is getting cold; its dark air grows fresher; the east is gray; the gaming, drinking, and hilarious laughter are over, and the youths wending homeward.—What says conscience? No matter what it says; they will not hear, and we will not.—Whatever was said, it was very shortly answered thus: "This has not been gambling; all were gentlemen; there was no cheating, simply a convivial evening; no stakes except the bills incident to the entertainment. If any blames a little exhilaration on a special occasion, he is a superstitious old croaker; let him croak." Such a garnished game is made the text to justify the whole round of gambling.—Let us look at

SCENE SECOND.—In a room so silent that there is no sound except the shrill cock crowing the morning, where the forgotten candle burns dimly over the long lengthened wick, sit four men. Carved marble could not have been more motionless, save their hands. Pale, watchful, though weary—their eyes pierce the cards, or furtively read each other's faces. Hours have passed over them thus. At length they rise without words; some, with a satisfaction which only makes their faces brightly haggard, scrape off the piles of money; others dark, sullen, fierce, move slowly away from their lost money. The darkest and fiercest of the four is that young man who first sat down to make out a game. What says he to his conscience now? "I have a right to gamble, I have to be damned, too, if I choose; whose business is it?"

SCENE THIRD.—Years have passed on. He has seen youth ruined, at first, with expostulation; then only with silent regret, then consenting to take part of the spoils, he himself has decoyed, duped, and stripped them without mercy. Go with me into that dilapidated house, not far from the landing at New Orleans. Look into that dirty room. Around the broken table, sitting upon boxes, keys, or rickety chairs, see a filthy crew dealing cards soiled with tobacco, grease and liquor. One has a pirate's face, burnished and burned with brandy, a look of grizzly, matted hair, half covering his villain eyes, which glare out like a wild beast's from a thicket. Close by him wheezes a white-faced dropsical wretch; vermin-covered and stenchful. A second-rate Spaniard, and a burly negro, the jolliest of the four—complete the group. They have spectators—drunken sailors, and ogling, thieving, drunken women, who should have died long ago, when all that was womanly died. Here hour draws on hour, sometimes with brutal laughter, sometimes with threat, and oath, and uproar. The last few stolen dollars lost, and temper too, each charges each with cheating, and high words ensue, and blows, and the whole gang burst out of the door, beating, biting, scratching, rolling over in the dirt and dust. The worst, the fiercest, most drunken of the four, is our friend who began by making up the game.

SCENE FOURTH.—Upon this bright day, stands with me, if you would be sick of humanity, and look over that multitude of men, kindly gathering to see a murderer hung! At last a guarded cart drags on a thrice guarded wretch. At the gallows-ladder his courage fails. His coward feet refuse to ascend; dragged up, he is supported by bustling officers; his brain reels, his eyes swim, while the meek minister utters a final prayer. The noose is fixed, the signal is given; a shudder runs through the crowd as he swings free. After a moment his convulsed limbs stretch down and hang heavily and still; and he who began to gamble to make up a game, and ended by stabbing an enraged victim whom he had fleeced, has here played his last game—himself the stake.—American Photographic Journal.

GOOD PAY FOR A REPUBLICAN PRESIDENT.—The French Constitution fixes the salary of President of the Republic at 600,000 francs per annum or about \$1,000 per month. It being impossible to propose an increase of salary in the face of that distinct provision, a law has been passed allowing him an additional sum of \$10,000 per month for "expenses of representation," or for balls, entertainments, &c., &c. By this arrangement the President is made to touch the pretty little sum of \$660 per day.

Why is the letter K like meal? Because you cannot make cake without it.

Devil's Worshipers.

Mr. Layard, in his recently published work on the Antiquities of Nineveh, gives a very interesting account of a strange people, who have been little known to the rest of the world, but who have inhabited Mesopotamia and the neighboring countries time out of mind. These are the Yezidis, or Worshipers of the Devil.—We extract the following account from the last number of the London Quarterly Review:

The third expedition of Mr. Layard led him among a still more remarkable people, perhaps in their origin not only much older than the Nestorian form of Christianity, but even than Christianity itself. He is admitted into their rites, almost into the inmost sanctuary of that singular race, who bear the ill omened name of Devil Worshipers. He is the first European, we believe, who has received almost unreserved communication as to the nature of their tenets, though probably from the ignorance of the Yezidis themselves, he has by no means solved the problem either of the date or the primal source of their curious doctrines.

How extraordinary the vitality even of the wildest and strangest forms of religious belief! Here are tribes proscribed for centuries, almost, perhaps, for thousands of years, under the name most odious to all other religious creeds—hated and persecuted by the Christians, as, if not guilty of an older and more wicked belief, at least infected by the most detested heresy, Manicheism—trampled upon, hunted down, driven from place to place by the Musselmans, as being those idolaters, the people without a bank, towards whom the Koran itself justifies or commands implacable enmity. Against the Yezidis, even in the present day, the Musselmans most religiously fulfill the precepts of their Scripture—making razias among them, massacring the males, and carrying off the women, especially the female children, into their harems. That fanatic persecution, which accidental circumstances suddenly and fatally kindled against the Chaldean Christians, has been the wretched lot, time out of mind, of the Yezidis. Towards the Christians the Koran contained more merciful texts—towards the Devil Worshipers, none.

Yet here are they subsisting in the nineteenth century—flourishing tribes, industrious tribes, cleanly beyond most Asiatics—not found in one district alone, but scattered over a wide circuit (some have lately taken refuge from Mohammedan persecution under the Russian government in Georgia) celebrating publicly their religious rites—with their sacred orders—and with the unviolated tombs of their sheiks, their groves, and their temples. The manners of these tribes are full of the frank, courteous, hospitable freedom of Asiatics—they are resolute soldiers in self-defence—and at least, not more given, in their best days, to marauding habits than their neighbors, and only goaded to them by the most cruel and unprovoked persecution. Their morals, as far as transcripts in Mr. Layard's trustworthy account, are much above those of the tribes around them—they are grateful for kindness, and by no means, at least as far Mr. Layard experienced, and we may add some earlier travelers jealously uncommunicative with Franks.

It is this strange and awful reverence for the Evil Principle which is the peculiar tenet in the creed, and has given its odious name to this ancient and singular people. With them and old Lear alone the "Prince of Darkness is a gentleman." They will not endure the profane use of any word which sounds like Sheitan, or Satan; and they have the same aversion—some slight touch of which might perhaps not be unbecoming in the followers of a more true and holy faith—to the Arabic words *accuse* and *accused* Satan, in their theory, (which approaches that of Origen) is the chief of the angelic host now suffering punishment for rebellion against the Divine will—but to be hereafter admitted to pardon and restored to his high estate. He is called Melek Taous, King Peacock; or Melek of Kout, the Mighty Angel.—The peacock, according to one account, is the symbol, as well as the appellative of this ineffable being—no unfitting emblem of pride.—They reverence the Old Testament almost with Jewish zeal (a tenet absolutely inconsistent with Manicheism); they receive, but with less reverence, the Gospel and the Koran. Their notion of our Saviour is the Mohammedan, except that he was an angel, not a prophet.

By telegraph from New York, we learn that "Whiskey is quiet." Glad to hear it. It kicks up considerable of a noise hereaway, occasionally.—[Chicago Journal.]

MORAL BOOTS.—An advertisement in one of the morning papers says: "Wanted—a female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character." We suppose boots of a good moral character are such as have whole soles.

A young gentleman lately bathing in the Missouri river, on observing some ladies approaching, drowned himself from motives of extreme delicacy. Foolish young man!