

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## You and I.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Who would scorn his humble fellow  
For the coat he wears?  
For the poverty he suffers?  
For his daily cares?  
Who would pass him in the footway  
With averted eye?  
Would you, brother? No—you would not.  
If you would—not I.

Who, when vice and crime repentant,  
With a grief sincere  
Asked for pardon, would refuse it—  
More than heaven severe?  
Who to erring woman's sorrow  
Would with taunts reply?  
Would you, brother? No—you would not.  
If you would—not I.

Who would say that all who differ  
From his sect must be  
Wicked sinners, heaven-rejected,  
Sunk in error's sea,  
And consign them to perdition  
With a holy sigh?  
Would you, brother? No—you would not.  
If you would—not I.

Would you say that six days' cheating,  
In the shop or mart,  
Might be rubbed by Sunday praying  
From the tainted heart,  
If the Sunday face were solemn,  
And the credit high?  
Would you, brother? No—you would not.  
If you would—not I.

Who would say that Vice is Virtue  
In a hall of State?  
Or that rogues are not dishonest  
If they dine off plate?  
Who would say success and Merit  
Ne'er part company?  
Would you, brother? No—you would not.  
If you would—not I.

Who would give a cause his efforts  
When the cause is strong,  
But desert it on its failure,  
Whether right or wrong?  
Ever siding with the upmost,  
Letting downmost lie?  
Would you, brother? No—you would not.  
If you would—not I.

Who would lend his arm to strengthen  
Warfare with the right?  
Who would give his pen to blacken  
Freedom's page of light?  
Who would lend his tongue to utter  
Praise of tyranny?  
Would you, brother? No—you would not.  
If you would—not I.

## Church Incident.

A few years since there dwelt in the goodly city of New Brunswick, N. J., a certain Betsy Baker, a very devout, but at the same time very nervous, hysterical, fidgety old maid. Now Betsy was a constant attendant of the Rev. Dr. Horne's Church, and during the morning prayer, and in fact, at all periods of the sermon, she was in the habit of breaking out into ejaculations, such as "Glory to God!" "Come, Lord Jesus!" "Amen! &c. &c." and this, too, in the shrillest voice imaginable, very much to the annoyance of the audience, and the discomfort of the good Dominie, whose voice, by the by, was very similar in its tone.

It happened one Sabbath morning that Betsy was more than usually devout and ejaculatory; so noisy, in truth, that the minister could stand it no longer, and he ordered some one "take the woman out of church."

Two young bucks immediately proceeded to carry out the Dominie's wishes; one taking Betsy by the heels and the other by the shoulders. She made a great lament, and struggled violently, and as they brought her down the broad aisle, she screamed out at the top of her voice, "Oh, Lord! I am treated worse than our Savior. He rode through the streets of Jerusalem upon one ass, but I ride upon two!"

The Church was not in a very proper mood for devotion, and we believe service was dispensed with for the forenoon. As for the young bucks they did not show themselves again at Church.

The population of Albany is 50,771, against 33,662 in 1840.

## A Sketch from Life.

"You are a good-for-nothing lazy rascal," said an exasperated farmer to his son, Obadiah Davis. "You ain't worth the salt of your meat to me.—You have neither watered the horse, nor fed the pigs. There's Sal, scolding down stairs, because there's no wood cut for the oven; and you have left the bars of the lane down, and the cow has gone into neighbor Humphrey's field. Get out, you idle, lazy, good-for-nothing loon—out of my sight."

Mr. Davis six feet high. Obadiah was not more than five feet three. The last adjectives, with their terminating noun, were rendered much more emphatic by the hearty cuffs with which each one was accompanied, and the last explanatory push, which came from a hand brawny with fifty years labor, formed a hint not to be mistaken, that the negligent youth's company was no longer wanted.

Obadiah was a lubberly-looking fellow, about seventeen. He bore the beating with a good grace, the necessity of which frequent experience had inculcated; and, without saying a word to his irritated parent, he went down the lane—a neglect of the bars of which had formed one of the counts in the declaration against him—and sat down on a stone, in a little grove of trees by the side of a brook, whose waters swept rapidly over their sandy bed, and fill the air with freshness and music. He ruminated awhile, with under lip out in a pouting way, which, with him as well as others, was a sign of some internal agitation.

"Yes," he exclaimed—for why should not farmers' boys address the groves and invoke the rural spirits, as well as Tell or Brutes!—"Yes," says Obadiah, drawing the sleeve of his coat across his mouth, with more of a view of comfort than grace; "yes, I'll be darned if I stand that 'ere any more. I ain't to be beat like a dog all my life, and I think I may as well give dad the slip now as any other time. I'll tell him on't. If he's a mind to give me a trifle, so much the better; if he ain't, he may let it alone."

It was about two days after the preceding events that Mr. Davis was surprised by the appearance of his son, apparently equipped for a journey. He stared at him a moment, partly silent from displeasure, and partly from surprise.

"Well, father," said Obadiah, with some hesitation, "I'm come to bid you good bye."

"To bid me good bye, you fool! Why, where are you going?"

"I am going to seek my fortune in the world, father. I know I am of no use to you. I think I can do almost as well anywhere else. I can't do much worse, at all events. So I am going down to York, or somewhere thereabouts, to get along by myself."

Mr. Davis remonstrated with the young adventurer, but found him firm in the purpose which he had, it seemed, been a considerable time in adopting; and, after much useless persuasion, with a voice softened by the thought of their approaching separation, he asked him what course he intended to pursue.

"I am going to study law."

"And how are you to be supported while you are following your studies?"

"I guess I'll teach school," answered Obadiah, with the gravity of a saint.

The old man, in spite of his sorrow, could not refrain from laughing at the thought of his young unsuccessful agriculturist retailing wisdom and knowledge to the rising generation, or pursuing the subtle shadows of justice through the mazy labyrinths of law. He looked at him with increased wonder. There he was, with his brown coat and linsey-woolsey trousers, his hair combed straight over his forehead, and standing in the most awkward of attitudes. But Obadiah, it appears, had made up his mind, and was not inclined to return to his old employment on any terms. He, therefore, bade his father good bye, and also his sister Sally and the cook. A short walk over the farm afforded him an opportunity of performing the same tender duty toward the horse, the pig and the old cow. All things being at length settled to his satisfaction, he started on his way. The poultry were gathered on the roost, and the old dog Cæsar came after him, wagging his tail affectionately, and entreating eloquently, but in vain, to accompany his master on his novel expedition. Many sensitive folks would have yielded a few soft regrets to the quiet and really beautiful spot he was leaving, perhaps forever. But Obadiah never dreamed of regretting what he was doing of his own accord. He cast, therefore, only a slight retrospective glance upon the scene of his boyish pains and pleasures; and, having surveyed it a moment, with one eye shut, commenced his journey, whistling Yankee Doodle.

The disadvantages under which he labored were immense. Without education, and totally destitute of experience in the fashionable or literary world; friendless, and almost penniless, he was to make his way among those who had enjoyed proper instruction and high friends from their birth—who had been ushered into public life with the honors of college, and who could scarcely regard the quiet, plain and retiring country boy, except with smiles and derision.

His advantages, however, were not disregarded by himself. He knew the strength of a mind which had grown up in the solitude and quiet of nature's abodes, unweakened by the dissipations of fashion, and untrammelled by the fetters of a bad system of education. He knew that he had great difficulties to struggle against, and that he must depend upon himself solely to supply all the deficiencies

of nature and art, by his own unwearied application.

In a splendid drawing-room of a well known city, a young gentleman was entertaining some young ladies. They were all in rich and fashionable apparel. The girls were lovely; and they, as well as the graceful youth, whose handsomely turned periods excited so much pleasure, and whose attic wit produced such frequent bursts of merriment, seemed whirling away the hours delightfully, in all the charming familiarity of high life. A ringing was heard at the door, and the servant announced Mr. Obadiah Davis, who accordingly walked in, with his hat on, and, with considerable embarrassment, proceeded to business. The politeness ever attendant upon real gentility, prompted the company to restrain their disposition toward mirth, while Mr. Davis presented his letter of introduction, and the gentleman was perusing the same.—But when, after having finished and folded up the letter, Mr. Chatterton introduced Mr. Davis to the ladies as a gentleman from the country, whose intention it was to pursue the profession of the law, the lurking smiles curled their rosy lips in spite of themselves; and Mr. Chatterton himself, while he performed the necessary duties which the etiquette of the day required, added to the good humor of his fair and merry companions by a wink, which did not pass altogether unobserved.

Mr. Chatterton complied with his request, which upon the recommendation of a friend, Mr. Davis had made, to be allowed to file his certificate in the office where the young gentleman, under the instruction of his father, was also studying law.

Time passed on. Charles Chatterton, in the full possession of an ample fortune, and surrounded by the blandishments of life, found a thousand things to charm him from his office. He was young, gay and witty. His society was courted by all his acquaintance of his own sex, and among the fair and fascinating of the other, a heart like his was sure to find joys too delicious to be yielded for the drudgery of a lawyer's office, or the remote hope of future fame. He loved music, and its notes welcomed and detained him wherever he went. Dancing was his delight; and there was snowy hands which he knew he might have for the asking, and bright eyes to flash upon him when he did ask; and how could he turn from wicker chairs like these, for the dusky volumes of antiquated law! He was an enthusiastic admirer of nature, and she wooed him in a thousand ways from his tedious task. Her breath was fragrant upon the air, and her voice came to him in winning tones in every breeze.—It was impossible for him to turn a deaf ear to her enchantments; therefore he walked, sailed, and rode; sometimes he wandered forth in the morning, to witness the rising sun; and again, in the summer night, the moon would lure him out from the unhealthy lamp, to roam with loved ones beneath her rays.

Now, during all this time, little Obadiah was as busy as a bee. He had taken a school, which occupied part of his time, and the income enabled him to defray his expenses. Nothing called him from his duty. The moon shed her silvery radiance in vain; and he had seen the sun rise so often that it had lost its novelty. His feelings were not awakened by wandering affections, nor was his clear and calculating brain disturbed by the intrusive visions of fancy. Nature, art, beauty and fashion went on with their various revolutions and adventures, without affecting him—his time was devoted to study, and he knew no other pleasure.

Ten years passed away, and brought with it, as usual, many unexpected changes. Charles Chatterton, the lovely, the elegant, the mould of fashion and the glass of form, had been left in poverty by the failure of his father. Bred up in the luxuries of life, and unprepared to meet its ruder scenes, he was inadequate to support himself. His fine but effeminate spirit broke down, and he lives in poverty, neglected by his friends, and awaiting a miserable death.

Obadiah, on the contrary, has succeeded beyond expectation. His skill and knowledge have acquired for him a high reputation, and he is rapidly amassing a fortune, which he will doubtless know how to keep as well as to obtain. His manners, too, have become polished during his commerce with the world, and the rough and awkward country lad is now one of the richest and most celebrated lawyers of one of the first States in the Union. His influence is visible upon a large portion of society, and he has refused many offers to send him to Congress. What a pity it is that the fine and delicate enjoyments of our nature are so often inconsistent with worldly success, and that wealth and fame must be sought by so many sacrifices of feeling and affection.

## Important and Valuable Discovery.

Among the valuable discoveries of late years, none is entitled to more notice, and should be more generally adopted, than that made by the late Dr. J. H. Johnson, of New-Orleans. By chemical combinations, the inventor has found a method whereby cordage, sheeting, and, in short, all vegetable fibre, can be rendered completely fire-proof. The magnitude of this discovery is startling, that we almost at once pronounce it impossible, and nothing short of actual experience could convince us of its reality; but we understand from very respectable authority that the test has been made; and, if true, its general adoption as one of the great means of saving life and property to an incalculable amount must follow. So general is the operation of this agent, combined, it is said, of well-known chemical properties, that it is hardly possible to calculate the uses to which it may be applied.—Wash. Union.

## Life in Indiana.

A correspondent of the Tribune relates the following as having occurred at "Ruth," in Indiana. "Mr. Robinson sold his wife and other personal property to a Mr. Tyler, for \$30, (this was night before last,) but her brother, a Mr. Hamilton, dissenting from the trade, interfered, and tried to take his sister home with him. This rendered Mr. Tyler, the purchaser, highly indignant, and he very coolly shot said H. through the heart. Mr. Tyler and his bought wife slept in the house—in the room where her dead brother lay in his blood—and the next day he escaped. All the parties were intoxicated. The coroner said that the neighbors who called in to see the dead body drank about twelve gallons of liquor—to assuage their grief."

## A World of Love at Home.

The earth hath treasures fair and bright,  
Deep buried in her caves,  
And ocean hideth many a gem,  
With his blue curling waves;  
Yet not within her bosom dark,  
Or 'neath the dashing foam,  
Lives there a treasure equalling  
A world of love at home!

True sterling happiness and joy  
Are not with gold allied;  
Nor can it yield a pleasure like  
A merry fireside.  
I envy not the man who dwells  
In stately hall or dome,  
If 'mid his splendor he hath not  
A world of love at home.

The friends whom time hath proved sincere,  
'Tis they alone can bring,  
A sure relief to hearts that droop  
'Neath sorrow's heavy wing.  
Though care and trouble may be mine,  
As down life's path I roam,  
I'll head them not while still I have  
A world of love at home.

## Suicide.

There are more suicides in the United States, in proportion to the population, than in any country in the civilized world. We say "civilized," because there are countries where suicide, far from being considered a crime, is held to be a meritorious act, and a religious duty. In Japan it is very common. Children are taught a contempt of death, and show their courage by killing themselves on slight occasions. If a Japanese is crossed in any way, he draws his dagger and lets out his entrails before the man who has offended him. Suicides, chiefly of a religious character, have been common in some parts of India. There was once, and perhaps still is, a sect of suicides, one of whose articles or covenants was not to die a natural death. In India there are five modes of self-destruction which are held to be lawful and meritorious, and which entitle the suicide to relative degrees of future felicity. The first mode is by starvation—a severe, painful and protracted death, and is particularly meritorious, as it combines suicide with fasting. The second mode is ingeniously torturing. The voluntary martyr is first covered with a thick coating of cow-dung—the cow being a sacred animal. This is allowed to dry, and is then set on fire, when it slowly consumes the victim, who, with his mind steadily fixed on his future reward, suffers from a heroism worthy a purer faith. The third mode is to be buried in the snow—which, however, it may seem to the inhabitants of the tropics, must be a comparatively easy death. The fourth mode is to drown oneself at the mouth of the Ganges, or to be eaten up by the alligators which swarm there in abundance to pick up the dead bodies of the devout Hindoos as they are washed down the sacred river. In India all rivers are sacred; but the Ganges is peculiarly so, and the most sacred portion of it is the point where it enters the sea. The next is its junction with the Jumna—and the fifth mode of suicide is for the devotee to cut his throat at this junction.

Besides these, there are the slow suicides of the fanatics, who expose themselves for years in unnatural positions and torturing situations, and so shorten their lives—the suttees, in which the widows and favorites of the great burn themselves on the funeral pile—and the self-sacrifice of those who throw themselves beneath the far-famed ear of Juggernaut. But these, there is reason to believe, are few and far between. The ancient Scythians, and other northern nations of Europe and Asia, thought any death preferable to a quiet and natural one. The Wallahs of the Scandinavians was not a saloon for the exhibition of angelic model artists, but the heaven of those who had died violent deaths; and those who missed of the happiness of being killed in battle atoned for their hard fortune by taking their own lives.

In Greece and Rome, suicide, under certain circumstances was deemed heroic and praiseworthy. It was thought not only justifiable, but meritorious, for a man to kill himself rather than fall into the hands of his enemies in battle, or to avoid any great calamity, or to serve his country. The woman who killed herself to save her chastity, or even to avenge the violation, as in the case of Lucretia, was almost deified. In those respects the feeling of the world has not altered. It is formed on classic rather than Christian models. We still admire self-destruction, when it is virtuous, or patriotic, or in any way heroic. Still, suicide has been so opposed to the healthy common sense of mankind, that severe punishments have, in various countries been decreed against it. In Thebes, one of the most ancient of known cities, the suicide was denied funeral honors—perhaps the right of being embalmed and made a mummy of, to be opened by Mr. Gliddon or adorn the shelf of a museum. In Athens, the suicide's hand was cut off and buried separately from his body—it being supposed, probably, that such a mutilation would deprive him of the use of the missing member in the future state. The English law is very severe against suicides. The body of the self-murdered is buried where four roads meet, and a stake driven through it by the sheriff, and his property confiscated to the crown. As a verdict of insanity saves all this, most Englishmen who kill themselves are found to be insane. Perhaps the most effectual law ever made against suicide was that mentioned by Plutarch. A suicidal mania had sprung up among the young

women of a certain city, which threatened to depopulate the place. A law was passed that the dead body of every suicide should be dragged naked through the streets. The dread of this exposure overcame the epidemic.

We mentioned in the beginning of this article, that there were more suicides in the United States, in proportion to the population, than in any civilized country. The next is England, then Prussia, France, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Russia.—At the same time, there is probably a larger proportion of suicides in Paris than in any Christian city. But Paris is not France, and a large portion of the entire population of the country is a gay or stupid, and in any case tolerably contented peasantry. Suicide comes from discontent, disappointment and despair. It is caused by wounded approbation, or acquisitiveness—that is, from disappointed ambition, or love, or the pursuit of fortune; and there are more disappointed people in this country than any other, in proportion to the population, simply because the great mass of our people are struggling for wealth, and power, and position, and fame. In the same way there are more insane people here than in any other country, because there is more excitement of the intellect and passions. The European peasant, who lives on in stupid contentment, as his fathers lived before him, has nothing to go crazy about or kill himself for.—Noah's Times.

## Life in North Carolina.

Rev. William S. Balch of New York, has been down in North Carolina, preaching, and has written home to the *Christian Messenger* some notes of his travels. The following is the account of his first day's wheeling through the heart of the state, after leaving the railroad at Goldsborough:

"After breakfast I started in an open buggy for Kinston; I saw by the map that it lay in the line to this place. No body at Goldsborough nor the conductor or superintendent of the railroad who was along, could tell me the distance or the way to get there. So I had to start at a hazard, with a "boy," which means here a slave, and a small miserable looking horse. Goldsborough has a little court-house, and a dozen or two dwellings and slave-huts scattered among the pine-trees in the wildest imaginable confusion. A little way out I saw a small dingy building, the "boy" said was a school-house. We passed on, and such a road and such a country, and such houses, and such people, and such a day! Oh! heavens! I did not expect to see all this in the "sunny and chivalrous South." These scattered plantations, with a few wretched log huts dropped down in the edge of the woods, all open, and dirty, and comfortless cabins! Ireland! why Irish mud-hovels are palaces of comfort compared with many of them, for they are dry and warm. Their thick walls and thatched roofs, protect the starved inmates from the chill night and drenching rains.—These do neither. But these are negroes! No not all of them; for I saw some whites in as wretched a plight as ever I saw in Ireland or Italy—one family a few miles out of Goldsborough, which for destitution surpassed anything I ever beheld or dreamed of in my life. The "boy" stopped to water his horse. For an excuse I stepped to the door to borrow a cup for some drink. Two flaxen-haired boys, about the door, one, it might be five, the other three, with what were shirts once, hanging on their shoulders, and stringing in rags down to their hips, constituted all their clothing, and the day was chill and wet. Inside was an infant, eight or nine months old, dressed as the others, and lying on the floor. On the bench of a loom, standing near the fire, was sitting the tall figure, or rather the shadow of a woman. She left her loom, and took down the only tea cup, and handed it to me. I regarded her pale, cadaverous visage, as she lifted her sunken eyes to me for an instant, with a shudder of horror, as when one sees unexpectedly a human skeleton stand up before him; and I shrunk from her with similar feelings. I could not speak. I took the cup from her attenuated fingers, and went to the well—a hole dug in the ground, six or eight feet deep, with no stick or stone to curb it, except above the ground. As I returned it, I noticed a young woman sitting in the corner of the fire-place, close to the fire, as if shaking with the ague. Such a picture of destitution and misery I did not see in Kerry, Clare, or Galway. The nearest approach to it I saw in Tivoli, near Rome.

I have not time to describe other scenes, but pass on through holes of shallow mud, from one to ten rods long, ford small streams, meeting once in a long distance, some pale, sickly, ragged, wretched looking man, and now and then a negro, some on the backs of small poor horses, which are harnessed into old carts, botched up of round pine sticks, on which are single barrels of pieth. In some cases I met similar carts with a single ox harnessed in—not cows as are seen in Germany. In a few cases I saw men on horseback; but met but two carriages, and the stage with one passenger in it, in all day, and a journey of thirty-four miles.

An eccentric parson in the Old Dominion who is known by the somewhat unique name of Servant Jones, once dined with a Mr. Owl. Mr. Owl placed before his guest the mortal remains of a fowl whose bones formed the debris of a former repast. The parson was called upon to ask a blessing, which he did in the following manner:

"Lord of love,  
Look down from above,  
And bless the Owl,  
That ate the fowl,  
And left the bones,  
For Servant Jones."