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

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Jeffersonian Republican.

The Winter Flower.

BY MISS MARGARET COXE.

Author of "Wonders of the Deep," "Infant Brother," "The Young Lady's Companion, &c."

In many parts of our Union a custom prevails of ornamenting the Episcopal churches with evergreens at Christmas, which usage has been derived immediately from our English ancestors; some of whom trace the origin of it to the Jewish church in which similar customs, at the command of God to Moses, were originally established in the Feast of the Tabernacles, and were perpetuated after the restoration of the Hebrews from their long captivity, at the command of Artaxerxes, under Nehemiah, Neh. viii. 14—18.

There is a beautiful village church now standing in New Jersey, whose charter still remains the signature of good Queen Anne, in which the usage now referred to has obtained from time immemorial. On each return of the hallowed season set apart by the Episcopal church for the celebration of the nativity of the Lord of Glory, there were those to be found, whose office has been poetically described by one of the watchmen on the walls of this particular tower of the city of Zion.

"The thickly woven boughs they wreath
Through every hollowed pane,
A soft reviving odour breathe
Of summer's gentle reign,
And rich the ray of mild green light
Which, like an emerald glow,
Comes struggling through the latticed height
Upon the crowd below."

The hand of improvement has, in modern day, been laid on that beloved edifice, and its interior no longer exhibits the rustic simplicity which formerly characterised it,—both internally and externally. Nevertheless, it is still deeply endeared to the hearts of those who, having been dedicated to God at its altar in infancy, and having continued to worship through advancing years within its courts, find their earliest, purest, and holiest associations connected with it, so that among the host of God's temples throughout the land, none other can be found, which in their eyes appears so much to be the "gate of Heaven."

Many years since, a portion of the youthful members of this rural congregation were engaged, during the few days preceding Christmas, in adorning the windows and the snowy walls of the church with wreaths, composed of beautiful evergreens brought from the neighboring woods.—Another group was busily occupied in clothing, with a verdant covering, certain alphabetical devices, designed to form the same inscription, which the prophet Zechariah prophetically intimates, is in the glorious days of the millennium, to be seen on every part of the temple of God, "Holiness unto the Lord."

Years of sorrow, and "tide of time," have rolled away since the period of which I speak; the venerable shepherd of that little flock, who watched with gentle and pleasant emotions, the labors of his young parishioners, now sleeps by the side of the church he loved in life, and many, very many of the lambs of his fold, whose hearts and hands were at that time closely intent in adorning the courts of God's earthly dwelling place, have, we trust, through "the grave and gate of death, passed to a joyful resurrection," and to a happy and eternal resting place in the heavenly temple of God.

Among the evergreens employed in ornamenting this village church, was the Chimaphila Umbellata, or Pipsissewa, whose glossy leaves of dark green formed a beautiful addition to the wreaths of running and ground pine, of which the festoons were chiefly composed.

On one occasion, many years subsequent, while engaged in a botanical excursion with some endeared young friends, in a far distant woodland scene of the west, some of the party discovered a number of specimens of the Chi-

* The Rev. Wm. Crosswell, of Auburn, late of Christ Church, Boston.

maphila at a period when, from their being in bloom they exhibit the greatest beauty. We had long and fruitlessly searched for flowers, and from that circumstance, the sight of these lovely blossoms afforded, as was natural, unwonted pleasure. Their waxen petals, and delicately formed and coloured stamens, commanded universal admiration, for their intrinsic loveliness, and for the beautiful contrast presented by them to the glossy rice green of the leaves.

The sight of this simple flower had awakened in my own breast, peculiarly tender emotions. It came blended with the hallowed associations clustered round the days already alluded to, and the forms of the loved and departed seemed to hover around, alike indisposing and unfitting the mind for conversation on ordinary topics. However hard and reluctant to bestow the meed of sympathy, the heart of man may become in riper years, when exposed to unfavorable influences, yet it is nevertheless true, that children, unless it be those whose natures have been chilled by some blighting power, are ready to waken into sympathy with the hearts of those whom they love.

Accordingly, when I simply mentioned to my young companions, when, and by whom, I had formerly seen the Chimaphila twined into wreaths and why these circumstances had endeared the plant to me, they at once entered into my feelings, and evinced a chastened tone of sentiment, and even moved in a more considerate and gentle manner than usual. Previously, they had tripped along joyously and full of life; now their steps partook insensible of the measured and reverential air, which almost all beings of earthly mould find stealing over them when they enter a grave-yard, and feel

"The visible quiet of that holy ground
And breathe its soothing air."

We walked along in silence for some time, each occupied with her own thoughts, when feeling involuntarily self-rebuked for blighting the cheerfulness of the group around me without having improved the lesson to some useful purpose, I said,

"Let us sit down, my dear children, on this grassy slope and rest ourselves after our walk, and perhaps I can draw some moral from this simple flower, whose sight has recalled so vividly scenes of by-gone days, and

"Fetched them,
From out the shadows where they lie,
Into the first warmth of their original sunshine."

"The garlands I have spoken of were employed as emblems of thankfulness and perished. Many of those whose hearts and hands were busily occupied on the occasion referred to, have, like the festoons which they were wreathing, passed away from human sight. Some of their precious remains are now reposing peacefully in the beautiful churchyard which surrounds the temple of their infancy;—a once cherished one has found her last narrow home in the graveyard of the extreme South, whose balmy clime she sought, but in vain to gratify the anxious wishes of those she loved; while many of the remainder are still scattered in the pilgrim journey through the vale of Baca. But my children, those departed ones 'died in faith,' and their happy spirits are now rejoicing in their Father's house, having been admitted into some of the many mansions which our blessed Lord informed his disciples he was going to prepare for his faithful people.

"The Scriptures compare the church, which God has been for ages, and still is gathering out of all people and nations, to a fair and beautiful temple, rising silently but surely in the world. The verdant festoons added greatly to the beauty of the edifice which I have described; so my young friends, each of us that overcometh shall we are assured, be 'made a pillar in the temple of our God.' When called on to resign beloved Christian friends, we should then, in faith and hope, follow them into God's heavenly temple, and behold them, released from the burden of sin and sorrow which once oppressed them, and sometimes, it may be, obscured their loveliness, and shining with beautiful lustre in proportion to the degrees of holiness to which they severally attained on earth, for in the resurrection of the dead one star is to differ from another star in glory."

The shades of evening having begun to steal over the landscape, we resumed our walk, but from that day forth, whenever winter returned, the Chimaphila was sought, even amidst frost and snow, with more than wonted interest, and thenceforth became a cherished flower to all the party.

Encourage Home Industry.

Our friends of the 'Old North State' go for encouraging domestic manufactures, as we perceive by an advertisement which announces to the ladies the arrival of superior "hickory tooth brushes" twelve inches long, warranted tough and well seasoned" which by a nice calculation, it will just take four months to rub away. The man advertises *stuff* to match the brushes, always on hand.—Ex. paper.

[BY REQUEST]

The Forest.

See! how the tall trees wave
Their towering limbs on high,
Borne by the breeze of eve
They seem to touch the sky.

Within a far and deep recess
A little stream glides gently by,
And farther yet's a dark abyss,
Unseen, unsought, by human eye.

The birds with sweetest melody
Flying from tree to tree,
Teaching their little charge to try
Their limbs, and active be.

While underneath the brush is seen
The poisonous reptile, coiling lie,
Watching, his head the twigs between,
Something that chances to pass by.

Now he comes from his hiding place,
Disturbed by some noise overhead,
But soon again he is at ease
And moves on to another bed.

The sun now sits behind the hills,
The birds go to their nests,
And now are heard the dreadful howls
Of the ferocious wild beasts.

The wolves are running through the wood,
In search of something to destroy
That they may make, of it, their food,
And thus, their hunger satisfy.

O'er many a rock they bound,
On many a flower they tread,
Until their prey they have found,
And upon his flesh they feed.

The wood is very beautiful
When on a summer's day,
The flowers in their bloom are full
And every thing is bright with joy.

"Do not view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by."

Marriages in Persia.

Marriages in Persia, are contracted by the parents, and the betrothal takes place at a very early age. The bridegroom is consequently spared the wooing and winning, since this is all done for him by parental kindness. The courtship is performed by proxy; so also is the marriage ceremony. I was curious to learn how the contract was entered into since the groom is never permitted to see his bride until three days after marriage. She is reported to him by some female negotiator to be "more blooming than the rose, more odoriferous than the violet, better formed than Hebe," at which description "his heart becomes a coal, and his liver is dried up." He then contracts with her parents for the dowry which he is to bestow on his wife. The contract being settled, a moulah signs it, and the ceremony soon after takes place, each party being within hearing at the time, but not visible. The service is short and simple. "I, N., the authorized proxy for you, M., do take L., to be his perpetual wife, for such dowry as you have agreed upon." The other replies, "I, M., the authorized proxy for you, L., do take her for his perpetual wife upon condition of the dowry agreed upon by both parties." Some prayers are then read by the moulah, and he inquires of each of the invisible persons whether they agree to the contract. They answer in the affirmative, and he then declares them to be man and wife. When the ceremony is at an end, the veil is thrown over the bride which is brought for her by the groom, she is furnished with some aromatic seeds, which she must eat on arrival at the house of her husband, in order to have a sweet breath in his presence; a little camphor of rose water is given her. The bride sets out on horseback for her new residence, accompanied by all her relations, who carry with them presents of sweetmeats. She then beginning her poetic invocation:

"Holy prophet, grant, I pray,
On this happy nuptial day,
That my husband and his mother,
Cousin, sister, uncle, brother,
Sanction, without stint or measure,
Every thing that gives me pleasure."

The feasting then begins, and continues for three days. With some great men it continues thirty or forty days, but with the poorest persons never less than three days. The grade of society is much known by the time of keeping up the festival. Some extravagant and reckless persons have even spent their all on this festive occasion. The occasional disappointment in this blindfold bargain reminds one of Rachel and Leah.—No Persian would marry a woman who had been subjected to the gaze of other men. I know an instance of a klan that offered as much as a thousand toman to her father, to be allowed to see his bride elect, which was refused. It is deemed abridgement pollution. But under this veiled mystification, mistakes has sometimes occurred of marrying the wrong woman.—Three years in Persia.

A young lady at school, engaged in the study of grammar, was asked if "kiss" was a common or proper noun. After some hesitation she replied, "It is both common and proper."

Truth arrayed in Merry Guise. —
We copy the following seasonable article from a late number of the Savannah Republican:

BOYS AND GIRLS.

Where are they? What has become of the juvenile race that used to make the welkin ring with the frolicsome laughter, the free unrestrained sports, the merry, innocent pastimes of happy boyhood and girlhood? What has become of that beautiful race of fair haired, rosy cheeked, healthy, wholesome boys, and the warm radiant sunshine of girlish faces, with step as elastic and graceful as that of a wood nymph, with a laugh sweeter than the music of singing birds, with all their naturalness, their unaffected ease, and the beautiful confidence which is the proper heritage of early youth?

Byron might well have sung in his day—

"Sweet is the laugh of girls."

It was well then and now in the "green lanes" of merry England, on the sunny plain of France, along the vine clad hills of Germany and elsewhere, these "celestial voices" may be heard, but not in matter of fact America. No; they are not here. During the Revolution it was not thus. When children had to choose a play-ground that was secure from shells and round shot, it was not thus. Alas for us! there is no babyhood, manhood, womanhood, and death.—These are the epochs which divide a life that—

"—hovers like star
Twixt night and morn,
Upon the horizon's verge."

Our American boys are not well known boys; they are *humanculi*, as Carlyle would say—miniature men, dressed up *en bottles*, with long tailed coats, or smart frock coats, gloves and canes, and too often brave in cigar smoke. Their hair, it is long and manly, their carriage most particular erect, and to stumble against a curb stone and roll in a little *clean dirt* would be a calamity. Their faces are grave and thoughtful with the throes of nascent manhood; their address profoundly calculating, and reflecting the wisdom of the incipient man of the world, as if they knew sorrow, and had taken deep, very deep glances into that wonderful storehouse of mysteries, which the day of judgment alone will clear up—the human heart.

The girls! How many of them are allowed to give forth the impulses of their generous, sensitive natures! They too often do not kiss their manly brothers, much less are they caressed by them.—They are little women, deep in the mysteries of the toilet, redolent of cosmetics, perhaps versed in hemstitching and working lace, their very dolls have had bustles, and they, poor things, with forms cast in a mould of God's own workmanship, whose every curve and every development is beauty and loveliness, must wear bustles too. Hardly do they darn their brother's stockings, or hem his handkerchiefs, or delight in the handy-work of making linens.—When half grown, they are serious sober women.—They dance, and sing, and smile, and simper methodically. They walk on stilts, they dance with evident constraint, and by-and-by we expect that they will not dance at all. We expect soon to see the little beings with eyes fixed alone on their neighbors' deficiencies. Ah! how wrong to check the buoyancy, the exhilaration, the joyous outbreak of these young creatures, whether it be in romping, or running or dancing, and whether the dancing be to the music of their own voices, of the piano, of the violin, or the harp, or the tabret, or of a German band, if providentially they might pick one up for love or money.

This is a demure, hypocritical, humbugging age.

The Late Congress.

On Friday, the last day of the late session of Congress, one of the members of the House handed an album to Mr. John Quincy Adams, from a lady, with a request that he would favor her with his autograph signature, with an additional line or two of his writing. The head of the page on which he was requested to place his name was embellished with an engraved vignette, representing a man weeping by the side of a grave-stone. Mr. A. took his pen, amid the noise and confusion of the House, wrote beneath the picture the following:

IMPROMPTU.

Afflicted mourner! streams thy tear
Because thy country's gallant band,
Columbia's chieftains gathered here,
No more shall rule thy native land!
Cease to lament their hapless doom;
Engrave their deeds upon that stone,
Inscribe their glory on the tomb,
And leave them with it all alone!

Ready for Anything.

A tremendous large Irishman, recently "come over," advertises for almost any kind of a situation in one of the northern papers. He says that he is willing to handle hogheads of sugar, tend upon an elephant in a menagerie, engage in hauling up anchors without the help of a windlass, and would have no particular objection to go round exhibiting himself as a Kentucky giant.

SELECTED FOR THE REPUBLICAN—BY A LADY.

Family Economy.

There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It is as much impossible to get a ship across the Atlantic with half a dozen butts started, or as many bolt holes in her hull, as to conduct the concerns of a family without economy. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for family; if there is a continual leakage in the kitchen or in the parlor, it runs away, he knows not how; and that demon, waste, cries more, like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provides, has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it—not the least article, however unimportant in itself, for it establishes a precedent; nor under any pretence, for it opens the door of ruin to stalk in, and he seldom leaves an opportunity unimproved. A man gets a wife to look after affairs; to assist him in his journey through life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition carry her no further than his welfare and happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and her theatre of exploits is in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune, as he possibly can do in the counting room or workshop. It is not so much the money earned that makes a man wealthy, as it is what is saved from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a deposit of the fruits of his labor with his best friend; and if that friend be not true to him, what has he to hope? If he dare not place confidence in the companion of his bosom, where is he to place it? A wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent of many she loves, and she is bound to act for their good, and not for her own gratification. Her husband's good is the end to which she should aim—his approbation is her reward. Self gratification in dress, indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance; the second fastens a doctor's bill to a butcher's account; and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.

ABSTRACT OF APPROPRIATIONS made at the last session of Congress for the half calendar year ending June 30, 1843—and the fiscal year ending June 30, 1844—that is, for eighteen months.

Civil and diplomatic, 6 months, ending June 30, 1843,	\$1,896,068 00
Civil and diplomatic, year, ending June 30, 1844,	3,691,952 00
Military establishments,	4,733,130 00
Fortifications,	808,500 00
Naval establishment,	9,136,784 00
Indian Department,	2,104,205 00
Pensions, invalid, revolutionary, and widows',	1,117,490 00
Pensions, naval,	46,000 00
To give effect to the treaty with Great Britain,	532,726 00
Improvement of the navigation of the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, and Arkansas rivers,	150,000 00
Construction of harbors on Lake Michigan,	80,000 00
Payments to Georgia Militia,	19,400 00
To establish telegraphs,	30,000 00
For survey of harbor of Memphis, Tenn.,	3,000 00
Private claims, amount not ascertained, but which may be estimated at about	50,000 00
Various public objects, such as extra pay to officers of the Exploring Expedition, pay of Michigan militia called out to maintain neutrality on the Canadian frontier and others which are directed to be settled, the amount not known, but, when ascertained, to be paid at the Treasury, estimated at,	100,000 00
	\$24,499,255 00

[In arriving at these sums, fractions of dollars were not taken into the additions.]

The appropriations for the Post Office Department, which are paid exclusively out of the revenues of that Department, and therefore are no charge on the Treasury, amount to \$4,545,000.—Nat. Intel.

A stump orator in the West uses the following appropriate language. "If I am elected to this office, I will represent my constituents as the sea represents the earth, or unrivets human society, cleanse all its parts and screw them together again. I will correct all abuses, purge out all corruption, and go through the enemies of our party like a rat through a new cheese. My chief recommendations are, that at the public dinner given to me, I ate more than any two men at the table—at the election I put in three votes for the party—I've just bought a new suit of clothes that will do to wear to Congress, and have got the handsomest sister in old Kentucky."