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

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The Poetry of the Poor.
BY R. NICOLL.

We are lowly—very lowly
Misfortune is our crime;
We have been trodden under foot
From all recorded time.
A yoke upon our necks is laid,
A burden to endure;
To suffer is our legacy—
The portion of the poor!

We are lowly—very lowly—
And scorned from day to day—
Yet we have something of our own
Power cannot take away.
By tyrants we are toiled to death—
By cold and hunger killed;
But peace is in our hearts—it speaks
Of duties all fulfilled!

We are lowly—very lowly—
Nor house nor home have we—
But there's a heritage for us
While we have eyes to see.
They cannot hide the lovely stars—
Words in creation's book—
Although they hold their fields and lands
Corrupted by our look!

We are lowly—very lowly,
And yet the fairest flowers
That by the wayside raise their eyes—
Thank God, they still are ours;
Ours is the streamlet's mellow voice,
And ours the common dew,
We still dare gaze on hill and plain,
And field and meadow too!

We are lowly—very lowly,
But when the cheerful spring
Comes forth with flowers upon her feet,
To hear the throbbing sing.
Although we dare not seek the shade
Where haunt the forest deer,
The waving leaves we still can see,
The humming birds can hear.

We are lowly—very lowly;
Our hedge-row paths are gone,
Where woodbines laid their fairy hands
The hawthorn's nest upon.
Yet slender mercies still are felt,
And heaven doth endure,
And hears the prayers that upwards rise
From the afflicted poor!

BY REQUEST.
From the New York Observer.

The Blighted Lily.
BY PROFESSOR ALDEN OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

"What ails this lily?" said Mr. Parkman, as he stopped by a lily whose white petals were withering before they had fairly opened. He was walking in his garden with his daughter Louisa.

"Well, Sir," said the gardener testing a moment from his labor, "it has had a great run of ill luck. In the first place the bulb got a wound from the spade when it was transplanted: and then it wasn't set out as soon after it was taken up as it should have been: the late frost, too, that we had in the latter part of May nipped it a little; so that taking all together, it has had rather a hard time of it, and it is no wonder that it don't make a fine bloom. It is badly blighted, sure enough; but there is many a fair thing in this world that is badly blighted.—There is a land, Sir, where there is no blight nor frost."

"Yes, James," replied Mr. Parkman, "and we must see to it that we have an interest there."

"I hope," said James, solemnly, "the Saviour has gone to prepare mansions for us both

there. But don't you think, Sir, there will be flowers in heaven?"

Mr. Parkman smiled, and made no immediate reply. James continued: "There will be music there, and why shouldn't there be flowers there?"

"I am not prepared to say that there will not be flowers in heaven."

"I always love to think there will be flowers there, and flowers which will never fade."

"You could be happy there, even if that should not be the case, could you not?"

"I can be happy in any place in which God sees fit to place me—in any place where his presence is not wanting: but as flowers are among the finest things which he has made, and as the blessed Saviour was a great lover of flowers when he was on the earth, I think, (if the Lord should see fit,) it would be all the better if they were to bloom in heaven."

"What authority have you for saying that the Saviour was a lover of flowers?"

"Because it is expressly said so in the good book; and if it wasn't, we might know that he was a great friend to flowers, because he was so gentle and lovely himself."

"I don't recollect any passage of Scripture which expressly affirms that the Saviour was peculiarly fond of flowers."

"Doesn't he say, sir, 'consider the lilies of the field how they grow, they toil not neither do they spin, yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore if God so clothe the field,' &c. You see, Sir, that he ascribes the clothing of the flower with beauty to God, and not to nature, as the heathen among us do."

Thinking that he had stood idle long enough, he prepared to resume his work saying as he did so, "Well, whatever may be the case with my old friends here," pointing to the lilies and roses and other flowers, "I hope that dear olive plant of yours will be there."

"That must depend," said Mr. Parkman solemnly, "in one sense, at least, upon herself."

When they had passed on so far as to be out of James' hearing, Louisa said to her father, "do you believe there will be flowers in heaven?"

"It is a point, my daughter, in respect to which I have neither belief or unbelief. The Bible is silent respecting it."

"But James seems to be certain about it, and he is a great reader of the Bible you know."

"In James' case, you have an example of the effect of desire, in causing belief without sufficient evidence. We believe what we strongly desire to be true, on very slight evidence.—James is such a lover of flowers, his life, as it were, is so bound up in them, that he can hardly form a conception of a happy place where they shall be wanting. Hence, he strongly desires that they may be found in paradise, and hence believes that they will be found there, on very slight evidence; or rather on none at all."

"I didn't see as the passage which he quoted, proved that the Saviour was a peculiar admirer of flowers."

"True," said her father, "the words were spoken by Him to illustrate a point very different from the one we were considering, yet I have no doubt but that the Saviour as a perfect man, must have had a keen sensibility to the beauties of nature, and hence must have been an admirer of flowers. James is there without doubt right in his premises, but I do not see that his conclusion follows. It may be, and doubtless was a fact that the Saviour loved these beautiful specimens of his Father's handy work, but I do not think that it follows from this fact that there will be flowers in the better land."

"I think the idea of unblighted and fadeless flowers is a beautiful one."

"It is so; but it is a poetical rather than a spiritual idea. All moral perfection will be found in heaven; every thing necessary to the complete perfection and the highest happiness of the soul will be found there. The great question is 'are we prepared for a residence there?'"

This suggestion awakened thoughts in Louisa's mind which were not altogether pleasant. She was not a Christian: she intended to become one, but was not ready yet. She was interested in the subject of religion, and loved to hear persons converse upon it, and to converse

upon it herself, provided its truths were not thereby brought home too closely to her own heart. At such times, she was always inclined to change the conversation, if it could be done with propriety. It was in part owing to this that she made the following remark, "Father as I was looking at the lily, a little while ago, I was led to think of Ellen Rodgers."

"When did you see her last?"

"Yesterday."

"How did you find her?"

"She was much weaker than she was last Monday. Then she walked from the bed to her window, and now they have to carry her. She told me she had walked across her pleasant chamber for the last time."

"We had better ride over and see her this morning. Should you like to go?"

"Yes, Sir."

The carriage was soon ready, and a short drive brought them to the door of a small, neat house, around which everything bespoke economy and comfort.

They entered, and ascended to the chamber where they found the invalid sitting, supported by pillows, at the window which commanded a view of a beautiful meadow, and a small lake whose surface shone brightly under the beams of the morning sun. She had seen sixteen summers, and it was plain that she was never to see the close of that which had clothed in so much beauty the scene spread out before her. In health she had been regarded as beautiful, but consumption had given a clearness to her complexion, a bloom to her cheek and a brilliancy to her eye which increased her beauty, and told, at the same time, that it was beauty 'brightening for the tomb.'

"Good morning, Ellen," said Mr. Parkman, as he entered the chamber, "you are enjoying the beauty of the morning."

"Yes, Sir," said she with a sweet, yet languid smile, "I enjoy every thing."

"You do not suffer much pain then?"

"Scarcely any. They nurse me so tenderly that I should hardly know I was sick but for my failing strength."

"Your strength sensibly declines?"

"Yes, I cannot last long." Seeing her mother's eyes filled with tears, she said, "mother, father would like to know that Mr. Parkman is here." Her mother retired for a moment.

"Do you ever feel that it is hard to be called away so young from the beautiful world, and your dear friends?"

Not a shade passed over her transparent countenance as she said, "I cannot say that I do. My life has been a very pleasant one, through the mercy of my Heavenly Father; and if he sees fit to remove me hence, what have I say? I have committed my all to him. I feel sad when I think of the loneliness and grief of my parents when I am gone, but God can comfort them and will."

Mr. Parkman did not think it best to exhaust her strength by continuing the conversation longer. At her request he offered a prayer, and having directed her attention to certain divine promises, withdrew with his daughter.

The ride home was a silent one. The scene which had been witnessed was left to make its own impression.

The Armistice is to be terminated, and the War renewed vigorously, by the decision of the Cabinet at Washington, which was together nearly all of Monday. A special messenger, probably Col. Eaton, who brought the Monterey despatches, has been sent back with orders to this effect. The armistice was doubtless conceded by Gen. T. under the impression that the two governments were on the eve of pacification. Lt. Armistead, however, left New Orleans on the 1st with despatches communicating the failure of one offer of negotiation, and he has probably already reached the army.—The Union supposes that the fresh orders to terminate the armistice and go ahead, will reach the army in 16 days.

"The Mexicans have been driven from one of their strongholds," says the Union, "and one of the keys of Mexico is now in our hands."—Gen. Taylor's official despatches do our troops great honor.

A pear tree at New Haven, 200 years old, has blossomed within a few days past.

Ceremonies at a Jewish Wedding.

A Jewish marriage is an imposing spectacle. Formerly most of their marriages took place in the synagogue, but latterly they have been more frequently solemnized in their houses. At the hour appointed, the bride and bridegroom are severally conducted, the bridegroom by male friends, and the bride by friends of her own sex, to the place appointed for the celebration of the ceremony. The company assembled to witness the ceremony, is usually very large.— Sometimes there are as many friends as from two to three hundred. There must be ten men, otherwise the marriage would not be valid.— When the company have all assembled, and the priest or reader who officiates on the occasion, is ready, the bride and bridegroom are led from another room into the place where the ceremony is performed, under a velvet canopy, which is supported by four poles; the bride being supported on the arms of two women, and the bridegroom on the arms of two men. These are always the parents of the parties about to be married, provided the parents be alive and able to be present. If not, then the task is confined to the nearest relations. The bride, on being conducted to the place where the marriage is to be solemnized, is invariably veiled, in token of the assumed modesty of her character. When they reach the spot, the bride is placed opposite the bridegroom, and the priest—not the rabbi, as some persons erroneously suppose—having taken a glass of wine in his hand, says a brief prayer, of which the following are the leading passages:

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe! who hath prohibited unto us the betrothed, but hath allowed unto us those that are named by the means of canopy and wedding ring. Blessed art thou, O Lord! Sanctifier of his people Israel by the means of the canopy and wedlock. Blessed art thou, O Lord, our Lord; King of the universe! who has created joy and gladness; bridegroom and bride; delight and song, pleasure and sympathy.— Speedily, O Lord our God, let there be heard in the cities of Judah and in the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of joy and the voice of gladness; the voice of merriment of the bridegrooms from out their canopies, and youths for their musical feasts. Blessed art thou, O Lord! the rejoicer of the bridegroom with the bride."

After this prayer is said by the priest, the bridegroom and bride severally drink of the wine laid before them; and the bridegroom goes round the bride three times, and the bride round the bridegroom twice. The bridegroom then takes the ring and puts it on the bride's finger, and addresses her thus:—"Behold thou art betrothed unto me with this ring, according to the rites of Moses and Israel."

The marriage contract, which is an indispensable thing in all the Jewish marriages, is next read, in which the bridegroom binds himself to take the bride as his lawful wife, according to the law of Moses and Israel, and that he will maintain, honor, and cherish her. It is farther distinctly specified that he shall keep her in decent clothing. The sum he is to settle on her in the event of his dying first is also specified. The priest then drinks another glass of wine, and after a short prayer, the bride and bridegroom partake of the wine. The empty glass is then laid upon the ground, and the bridegroom stamping upon it, breaks it into pieces. The lesson meant to be taught the newly-married parties by the breaking of the glass beneath the bridegroom's feet, is that they must also, sooner or later, fall beneath the power of death, and that they ought, consequently, so to keep the world under their feet as that, when they come to die, they may have no ground for fear.

This part of the ceremony being over, all present shout with one voice in Hebrew,— "May it turn out happily," and the whole affair is then ended. The scene is altogether very imposing, and the effect is very considerably heightened by the personal attractions and handsome dresses of the Jewesses, and the touching Hebrew melody played during the greater part of the ceremony by a band specially engaged for the purpose. When the ceremony is concluded, the evening is spent in rejoicing and festivity.

Before concluding my account of the ceremonies observed at a Jewish marriage, it is

right to remark, that even the nuptials of the poorer persons of the Hebrew community are solemnized on a scale of great splendor. Indeed, it would be difficult for a mere spectator to say whether the parties were poor or rich from the appearance of the assemblage before him; for rich persons often attend the weddings of their poorer brethren, and invariably make a point of presenting the bride and bridegroom with some handsome gifts, either in the shape of money or plate, according to the circumstances of the parties. The presents so received always cover the expenses; in many instances they considerably exceed them. But besides this, there is a benevolent Jewish Society, established for the express purpose of giving small marriage portions to poor Jewish girls. The amount given varies from three hundred to four hundred and fifty dollars.

As intimately connected with the marriages of the Jews, I ought here to remark that nothing can exceed the anxiety of married Jewesses to become the mothers of children. A barren woman is looked upon with feelings bordering on contempt; and every motherless married Jewess is so well aware of this, that her life may, in a modified sense, be said to be a burden to her. To such an extent, indeed, is the feeling carried among the body, that a husband whose wife has been seven years married to him, without having any children, may put her away by divorce. The circumstance, however, of a Jewess being divorced by her husband on this account, is one of exceedingly rare occurrence.

Important Discovery.

Mr. Beetz, the correspondent of the Academy of Berlin, who has lately returned from a journey in Switzerland and Italy, has recently been an eye witness to a brilliant discovery, which has been demonstrated in his presence. Professor Schoenbein, of Bale, has discovered that by subjecting cotton to a certain process, which is still a secret, he can transform it into a different substance, which differs apparently but slightly, but which possesses highly inflammable and explosive properties. Any firearm can be charged with this cotton powder quite as well as with common gunpowder, and will propel a ball as from a common gun; to obtain the same effect, only half as much of the vegetable powder is necessary. "I fired," writes Mr. Beetz, "at the distance of forty-eight paces, with an ordinary musket, loaded with one gramme eight decigrammes of the vegetable powder; the ball, which was one of the largest size, passed through three planks, each an inch in thickness, and was divided into three pieces by meeting a wall. It was proposed to blow up an old building; a hole had been dug under it, capable of holding a kilogramme of gunpowder; one hundred and twenty grammes of the cotton powder were placed in it; the building, which three pounds of gunpowder could hardly have shaken, was made a complete wreck."

The following are said to be the principal advantages of the cotton-powder: 1st, it leaves in the fire-arms no residuum; 2d, it takes fire suddenly and uniformly; 3d, it burns up entirely, and consequently makes little or no smoke; 4th, its transportation is attended with much less danger than gunpowder, as a violent shock is necessary to make it explode; 5th, it is more bulky but not so heavy as powder; 6th, after having been moistened it can be dried, and is as good as before. Trials have been making and are now in progress to test its properties, and to ascertain whether it may not take the place of gunpowder. Professor Rotger, of Frankfort, lately announced to the society of Naturforschenden, that he had succeeded in preparing some cotton-powder possessing the same properties as that prepared by M. Schoenbein.

"What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a school exhibition. "The chief use of bread," answered the urchin interrogated, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the enquirer, "the chief use of bread is to spread butter and molasses on it."

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—A justice of the peace in Montreal lately committed a Vermont lawyer to prison for words spoken in debate, he having called the said justice "Old High Cockalorum" in open court.