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

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Past Memories.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

How thrills, once more, the lengthening chain,

Of memory at the thought of these!

Old hopes which long in dust have lain,

Old dreams come thronging back again,

And boyhood lives in me;

I feel its glow upon my cheek,

Its fullness of the heart is mine,

As when I learned to hear thee speak,

Or raised my doubtful eyes to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,

I feel thine arm within my own,

And timidly again arise.

The fringed lids of hazel eyes,

With soft, brown tresses overblown,

And memories of sweet summer eves,

Of moonlit wave and willow way,

Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,

Of smiles and tears more sweet than they.

Ere this thy quiet eye hath smiled,

My picture of thy youth to see,

When half a woman half a child,

Thy very artlessness beguiled,

And folly's self seemed wise in me;

I too can smile, when o'er that hour,

The lights of memory backward stream,

Yet feel the while that manhood's power

Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on and left their trace

Of graver care and deeper thought,

And unto me the calm cold face

Of manhood, and to thee the grace

Of woman's pensive beauty brought.

On life's rough blast, for blame and praise,

The schoolboy's name has widely flown;

Thine, in the green and quiet ways

Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet, in thought and deed,

Our still diverging paths incline;

Thine, the Geneva's sternest creed;

While answers to my spirit's need

The Yorkshire peasant's simple line;

For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,

And holy day and solemn psalm;

For me, the silent reverence, where

My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me

An impress time has not worn out,

And something of myself in thee,

And shadow from the past, I see

Lingering e'en thy way about;

Not lightly can the heart unlearn

That lesson of its better hours.

Nor yet has Time's dull footstep worn

To common dust that path of flowers.

More Curiosities.

The following are said to be a part of the curiosities exhibited in the New Museum.

A tooth from the mouth of the Mississippi.

A part of the tail of a striped pig.

A brick from the house that Jack built.

A spoke from the wheel of fortune.

The pencil with which Britannia ruled the waves.

A portion of the yeast used in raising the wind.

A dime from the moon when she gave change for the last quarter.

A portion of the sugar used in the sling with which David slew Goliath.

A sheaf from the shock of an earthquake.

The saucer belonging to the cup of sorrow.

The handle of Jonah's gourd.

The ear of the wrong sow, very much pulled.

A piece of the equinoctial line.

The kink in the tail of a whole hog.

Smart Weed.

Smart weed made into tea, is said to be a good remedy for cholera. When cut and dried in full bloom, it is said to be an excellent preventative for bots in horses, and an excellent physic like

about one pound per week should be given.

The Green-Corn Ceremonies of the Cherokees.

Our main object in the present paper is to record a complete account of the ceremonies which were once practiced by the Cherokee Indians, in connexion with their principal agricultural pursuit of raising maize or Indian corn. For the great majority of our facts we are indebted to Mr. Preston Skerritt, of Tennessee. While this is the case, however, we beg our reader to understand that we shall speak of the tribe in question as it existed in the times of old, when its members were the sole proprietors of the southern Alleghanies. Let us, then, banish from our minds the unhappy relations which brood over the Cherokees at the present time, and, by the aid of our fancy, mingle with the nation as it existed when in its pristine glory.

The snows of winter have melted from the mountain peaks, the rains are over and gone, the frosts are out of the ground, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. The beautiful valley to which we have journeyed is entirely surrounded with mountains, about five miles square, watered by a charming stream, and inhabited by two thousand aborigines, who are divided into seven clans, and located in seven villages. The ruling men of the tribe have signified to their people that the period for planting corn has arrived, and that they must gather themselves together for the purpose of submitting to the annual ceremonies of purification. For doing this they have a double object; they would, in the first place, expunge from their bodies every vestige of all the colds and diseases with which they may have been afflicted during the past winter; and, in the second place, they would propitiate the Great Spirit, so as to secure his blessing upon the crops which they are about to deposit in the ground. The moon being now at its full, and a fitting location having been selected, the chiefs and magicians congregate together, and the preliminary measures are thus arranged.—

A magic circle must be made to keep out all evil spirits and enemies, and the medicine men then proceed to walk in single file, and with measured steps, completely around the spot which they would render sacred, and which is generally half a mile in diameter, marking their route by plucking a single leaf from every tree or bush which they may happen to pass, all these leaves being carefully deposited in a pouch carried for the purpose. In the mean time, the brotherhood of chiefs have not been unemployed, for while the most aged individual of all has been making a collection of roots, the remainder have built a rude dam, and thereby formed a pond or pool of water on the creek which invariably waters the sacred enclosure. The entire population of the valley are now summoned to the outskirts of the sacred enclosure, and a general invitation extended to all to approach and join the chiefs and magicians in the rite they are about to perform; it being understood, however, that no man, under penalty of death, shall venture to participate who has left a single wrong unrevenged or committed any unmanly deed, and no woman who has given birth to a child since the preceding full moon. In the centre of the sacred ground, and in the vicinity of the pool, a large fire is now made, around which the multitude are congregated. The night is clear, and the moon and stars are flooding the earth with light. An earthen pot is now placed upon the fire, the roots gathered by the old chief, numbering seven varieties, are placed therein, also the leaves plucked by the magicians, when the pot is filled with water by seven virgins, who are prompted to this honor by the appointment of the senior chief. After the contents of the pot have been thoroughly boiled, and a most bitter but medicinal beverage been made, all the persons present are called upon to take seven sips of the bitter liquid, and then directed to bathe no less than seven times in the neighboring pool, the waters of which have been rendered sacred by the incantations of the priests. All these things being done, the multitude assemble around the fire once more, and, to the music of a strange wild singing, they dance until the break of day, and then disperse to their several homes. The friendship of the Great Spirit has now been secured, and therefore, as opportunity offers, the Indians proceed to loosen their ground, as best they may, and then plant their corn. This labor is performed chiefly by the women, and the planted fields are considered as under their especial charge. Though planted in the greatest disorder, they keep their cornfields entirely free of weeds, and the soil immediately around the corn in a loose condition. At every full moon, they are commonly apprehensive that some calamity may befall their crop, and, by way of keeping the Great Spirit on their side, the women have a custom of disrobing themselves, at the dead hour of night, and of walking entirely around the field of corn.

And now that the sunshine and showers of summer are performing their ministry of good in bringing the corn to its wonted perfection, it may be well to make the reader acquainted with the following facts:—As the Indians purify themselves and perform all their religious rites only when the moon is at its full, so do

they refrain from plucking a single ear of corn until they have partaken of their annual harvest or green-corn feast. This feast occurs on that night of the full moon nearest to the period when the corn becomes ripe; and, by a time-honored law of the nation, no man, woman, or child is ever permitted, under penalty of death, to pluck a single roasting ear. So rigidly enforced is this law, that many Cherokees are known to have lost their lives for disobeying it, while many families have suffered the pangs of hunger for many days, even while their fields were filled with corn, merely because the harvest moon had not yet arrived, and they had not partaken of their annual feast. If a full moon should occur only one week after the corn has become suitable to pluck, the Indians will not touch a single ear until the next moon, even if it should then be so hard as to require pounding before being suitable for food. During the ripening period, the cornfields are watched with most jealous care, and the first stock that throws out its silken plume is designated by a distinguishing mark. In assigning reasons for this peculiar care, the Indians allege that until the harvest feast has taken place, the corn is exclusively the property of the Great Spirit, and that they are only its appointed guardians; and they also maintain that, when the corn is plucked before the appointed moon has arrived, the field which has been trespassed upon, is sure to be prostrated by a storm, or be afflicted by the rot; and therefore it is that they are always greatly alarmed when they discover that a cornfield has been touched, as they say, by the Evil one.

But the harvest moon is now near at hand, and the chiefs and medicine men have summoned the people of the several villages to prepare themselves for the autumnal festival.—Another spot of ground is selected, and the same sanctifying ceremony is performed that was performed in the previous spring. The most expert hunter in each village has been commissioned to obtain game, and while he is engaged in the hunt, the people of his village are securing the blessing of the Great Spirit by drinking, with many mystic ceremonies, the liquid made from seven of the most bitter roots to be found among the mountains. Of all the game which may be obtained by the hunters, not a single animal is to be served up at the feast whose bones have been broken or mutilated; nor shall a rejected animal be brought within the magic circle, but shall be given to those of the tribe who, by some misdeed have rendered themselves unworthy to partake of the feast.—The hunters are always compelled to return from the chase at the sunset hour, and long before they come in sight of their village, they invariably give a shrill whistle, as a signal of good luck, whereupon the villagers make ready to receive him with a wild song of welcome and rejoicing.

The fall of night has once more settled upon the earth, the moon is in its glory, the watch-fire has been lighted within the magic circle, and the inhabitants of the valley are again assembled together in one great multitude. From all the cornfields in the valley, the magicians have collected the marked ears of corn, and deposited them in the kettles with the various kinds of game which may have been slaughtered, from the bear, the deer, and the turkey to the possum, the squirrel and the quail. The entire night is devoted to eating, and the feast comes not to an end until all the food has been dispatched, when, in answer to an appropriate signal from the medicine men, the bones which have been stripped of their flesh, are collected together and pounded to a kind of powder, and scattered through the air. The seven days following this feast, are devoted to dancing and carousing, and at the termination of this period the inhabitants of the valley retire to their various villages, and proceed to gather in their crops of the sweet maize or Indian corn.

CURIOSITIES OF THE EARTH.—At the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, whenever it is dug, whenever the workmen arrive at the distance of sixty-three feet, they come to bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit, before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction, the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills this new-made well, which continues full, and is affected neither by rains nor droughts. But that which is most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved street, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosaic. Under this is found a soft oozy earth made up of vegetables, and at twenty-six feet deep, large trees entire, such as walnut trees with the walnuts still sticking on the stems, and their leaves, and branches of trees as before, and thus alternately chalk and valuable earth to depth of the sixty-three feet.

A WRETCH.—Considerable excitement has been created among the Philadelphians, at the supposed murder of a woman by her husband, John Fredeley, a German—by strangulation. The details are not worth recounting, as they show a degree of depravity which are less likely to be imitated, the less familiar they are made to the public mind.

Change of Fortune.

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACTS.

Some sixty-five or seventy years ago, a vessel from Boston arrived at one of the wharves in London. Among the hands on board, was one by the name of Tudor, a steady, respectable, and well looking young man, who acted in the capacity of both cooper and sailor. Very early one morning and before any hand than Tudor had come upon deck, a young, beautiful and tolerably well dressed female came tripping down the street to the vessel, and inquired of Tudor, for the Captain. She was told that he had not yet rose, but she insisted upon seeing him without delay, and with Tudor's permission, proceeded to his berth, and arousing him addressed him with,

"Good morning, Captain, I have called to see if you will marry me."

"Marry you?" replied the astonished captain, believing her to be of a suspicious character, "leave my vessel instantly, if you know what is for your interest."

She next went to the mate's berth and asked him if he would marry her, and receiving an answer similar to the captain's, she went upon deck, where Tudor was engaged in some business, and put the same question to him.

"With all my heart," answered Tudor, in a half serious and half jocular manner.

"Then," said she, "come along with me."

Tudor left his work and followed her, with motives which he afterwards declared he could never satisfactorily account for even to himself. By the time they had reached the principal streets of the city many of the shops had been opened. The lady entered a barber's, followed by Tudor, beckoned him to be seated, and ordered the knight of the razor to take off his beard and hair, both of which operations he unquestionably greatly stood in need of. She footed the bill, and they left the shop, but soon entered a hat store. She requested that the best lot of beavers in the store might be placed upon the counter, and then told Tudor to select such a one as suited him. He soon did this, the price was paid by the lady! Tudor threw aside his old Tarpaulin, and left the store with his companion, in a beaver that would not have disgraced his Majesty the King himself. The next visit was to the shoe store, where Tudor was not long in selecting a pair of boots, nor the lady in paying for them.

Tudor by this time was puzzled to divine the object the lady had in view, and it must be acknowledged he was apprehensive all was not right. But fully aware that he had committed no crime to make him dread the face of any mortal, wishing to see the end of the farce which he considered then fairly commenced, he was determined to press forward, prepared for the worst, trusting every thing to his guide and companion. He solicited from the lady an explanation of her designs, but she told him to be silent and ask no questions, and immediately led the way into a clothing store, with Tudor at her side. Here Tudor was told to select the best suit of clothes in the store that fitted him, with corresponding articles of clothing; and the sailor in his doublet, tar-bedaubed pantalons and checkered shirt, was in a few minutes metamorphosed into as fine a gentleman, as far as appearance was concerned, as had walked the streets of that great metropolis for many a day. The bill at this place, as well as at the others, was paid by the lady.

Tudor's amazement was now complete. He neither knew what to say or think. Who the lady was, what her intentions were, he could not even surmise. He again asked for an explanation insisted upon one; but the only answer he received was,

"Follow me and be not alarmed—all will be explained hereafter to your entire satisfaction."

One thing Tudor was obliged to acknowledge—the lady, thus far, had done by him as well as he could have wished; he therefore resolved to ask no more questions, and to comply with all her requests and demands. Presently she conducted him into a magistrate's office, and politely requested the minister of the law to unite her and companion in the bands of matrimony. This was something of a damper to Tudor, but nevertheless he silently yielded, the ceremony was soon commenced, and in a few seconds the couple were pronounced man and wife.

Without uttering a word, or even exchanging a kiss, Tudor and his wife now left the magistrate, but not however, until she had given him a guinea for his services. The couple passed through the streets in silence—Tudor hardly knowing what he was doing, or what he had done, certainly ignorant of where he was going or what awaited him; and the thoughts that occupied his wife's mind, the reader will soon be able to judge for himself. Turning the corner of the street, Tudor beheld a few rods distant from him, a splendid dwelling, towards which the wife seemed to direct her steps as well as his own, and into the front door of which they soon entered. The room into which Tudor was ushered by his wife, was fur-

nished in a style of the greatest magnificence—She sat him in a chair, telling him to make himself contented for a minute or two, and then passed into another room.

The first one here to address her, was her uncle who, on seeing her enter the room, jumped in astonishment from his chair, and calling her by name, demanded how she had escaped from her room, and where she had been. Her only answer was,

"You fiend in human shape, I allow you just one hour to remove your effects from this house. The actual possession of my property you long deprived me of and vainly thought you had made arrangements by which you could have deprived me of it through life! but I have frustrated you in your wicked designs—I am now mistress of my own house, for I was this moment married, and my husband is now in the front room."

I must now leave the newly married couple for a short time, for the purpose of reverting to the previous history of Mrs. Tudor. She was the only child of a wealthy gentleman, whom I shall designate as Mr. A., not recollecting his actual name and for the same reason, I shall give his daughter the name of Eliza. He had spared neither time nor expense in the education of his daughter, she being the only object of his care and regard, his wife having died when she was quite young, and before his death, which took place when she was 14 or 15 years of age, he had the satisfaction of witnessing her one of the most accomplished and beautiful young ladies of London.

A short time previous to his death, an arrangement was entered into between Mr. A. and a brother of his, by which his brother was to have possession of his dwelling house, his servants, horses, carriages, and such other property as had not been deposited in banks for the benefit of his daughter, to the time of her marriage, when the possession of them was to be given up to her husband. It was the condition of the agreement that in the case Eliza died without marrying, the property was to go to her uncle and his family.

Immediately after the death of Mr. A., his brother removed into his dwelling; Eliza boarded in his family; and everything went on very agreeably for some months, when Eliza discovered in her uncle and his family, the manifestations that she should never marry—the reason for which from what has already been said, must be obvious to every reader. Unluckily for Eliza, she did not discover the diabolical plot in season to frustrate it in its bud. It was nothing less than this: to shut her up in one of the centre rooms in the third story of the house; to prevent her leaving it by keeping the doors and windows thoroughly bolted, and refuse her associates, by telling them, when they called, that she was either at school or was at some of the shops on business, or had taken a ride in the country for her health, and to see some of her relations, or by telling them something else equally destitute of truth.

Eliza generally received her meals through a small door, in the evening, from the hands of her unfeeling aunt, to whom her cries for liberation from the lonely and dismal prison house, were no more effectual than they would have been had they been directed to the idle winds.

Three years was the unfortunate girl thus shut out from all communication with the world, when one morning her scanty breakfast was carried to her by an old female servant of her father. Eliza once more discovering the face of her old friend and servant, Juan, burst into tears, and attempted several times to speak, but was unable to. Juan well understood the meaning of these incoherent sobbings, and said, herself unable to speak from emotion, "Hush, hush, Eliza, mistress, speak not; I understand all. Your tyrant aunt was taken suddenly ill last night, and the doctor says it is doubtful whether she long survives. I will see you again at noon and at evening. Some of your old servants have long been planning means for your escape, and are now in hopes of effecting it," and without waiting for Eliza's thanks and blessings, tripped down stairs.

Eliza although unable for some time to partake of her simple repast, did so at last with a better relish than she had ever known before. Her old servants were still about the house and were bent upon her rescue! Most welcome, soul-inspiring intelligence!

"What!" said she to herself, "is it possible that I am to be delivered from this vile place of confinement? Is it possible that there lives one who seeks my liberation and happiness? Is it possible that all connected with the establishment—my own establishment do not possess hearts of adamant? God speed thee, Juan, and thy associates, in thy work of love and mercy!"

It is unnecessary to detail all the minutia of the scheme for Eliza's escape, and the several interviews held between her and Juan for the three days she supplied Eliza with her meals. Suffice it to say, that on the evening of the fourth day after the above interview, Eliza was furnished with an instrument to unbar her window, and was promised