

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 8.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1848.

No. 35

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cents, per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor. Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers. All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

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Jeffersonian Republican.

From the National Intelligencer.

A Touching Memorial.

Few of our readers but will read with deep and even tender interest the following copy of verses, written by Mr. ADAMS on the day preceding his fatal attack of illness and designed to accompany his autograph signature, which had been requested by a female friend:

Written for Miss C. L. Edwards of Massachusetts, on the day preceding his attack.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,
QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

In days of yore, the poet's pen
From wing of bird was plundered.
Perhaps of goose, but, now and then,
From Jove's own Eagle sundered.
But, now, metallic pens disclose
Alone the poet's numbers;
In iron inspiration glows,
Or with the minstrel slumbers.

Fair Damsel! could my pen impart
In prose or lofty rhyme,
The pure emotions of my heart,
To speed the flight of time;
What metal from the womb of earth
Could worth intrinsic bear
To stamp with corresponding worth
The blessings thou shouldst share!

Ten Years Ago—To My Wife.

BY GEO. W. DEWEY.
Come, draw thy chair beside me, love
The present cares beguile;
What though the Winter croons around,
There's Summer in thy smile!
Let all thy smiles beam on me now,
And o'er the Future throw
The radiance of the joy we shared,
This day, ten years ago!

Ay, lean upon me lovingly,
And with those eyes of thine
Gaze, fondly, down the pictured Past,
As I do now with mine:
And may the golden light, which shone
Upon Hope's rosy glass,
Illuminate all the mirror's disk
Whereon the visions pass.

How like the mirror on the wall—
Obscured by mists awhile,
Reflecting still the image there
When sunshine spreads a smile—
Is now the inward glass we search
For faded scenes of yore,
Which, warming in the light of love,
Will every tint restore.

Entwine thine arms around me, love,
Recalling bygone hours,
The Present, to the Past, shall be
A rosary of flowers:
And as we reckon up the buds—
Some withered ere the bloom—
A tear shall mark the vacant spot
Of one within the tomb.

A cherished one, whose voice rung out
With music of the spheres,
Where now, in anthem melody,
A vocal part she bears.
Ah! vividly the glass restores
That rosy face of glee,
Which, though a semblance of myself,
An image was of thee.

We would not wish her here again,
For now we ever see
A cherub in the child we lost—
A sacred memory:
And, had she lived a thing of earth,
To yield us earthly love,
We now would have no earthly guide
To lead our thoughts above!

Industry, economy and integrity lead to wealth.

From the Delaware Blue Hen's Chicken.

Romance in Real Life—Mrs. Gaines.

As the case of this extraordinary woman has for a long time past excited the interest of the people of this country, we think it will not be uninteresting to give our readers a slight sketch of her early life. Myra Clark, (now Mrs. Gaines,) who is well known to our citizens, having in early life resided here, was born in New-Orleans, her father, Daniel Clark, (well known in the political and commercial history of Louisiana,) being a partner of Col. Davis, of this county. Her father died, and when only a few months old, she was adopted by Colonel Davis, and brought up as his own child. A man by the name of Relph destroyed her father's will, and obtained possession of the whole of the immense property of her father, consisting of nearly the whole of the new part of New-Orleans, (at that time worth five millions of dollars, and now worth much more.) She lived in entire ignorance of her parentage for a long time. The first idea she had of her parentage, was being taunted by a girl at school with the fact that Col. Davis was not her father. Afterwards she discovered it from some papers which she found, while looking for some documents which she was to send to the Colonel at Harrisburg, they at that time living in Pennsylvania. Some time afterwards she visited the Sulphur Springs, Virginia, and while there, on account of her carriage breaking, she became acquainted with a young man named Wm. Whitney, a son of Gen. Whitney, of New-York. Soon afterwards he visited her in Philadelphia, but the Colonel not approving of the match, he was forbid the house. Col. Davis soon after moved to Delamore place near Wilmington, and Miss Clark not being permitted to see her lover she corresponded with him.

To prevent detection, her letters were directed to Miss Mary Ann Williamson, (now the wife of Rev. Cory Chambers, of this city,) daughter of our late Mayor and Postmaster, she carefully keeping the secret, and punctually delivering the letters into the hands of Miss Clark, and sending hers to Mr. Whitney in return. Miss Clark was by this time fully acquainted with her parentage and the immense estate of her father. At last she received a letter from Mr. Whitney, urging her by all she held true and the love she bore him, to elope with him. The plan was laid and the time fixed. Mr. Whitney was to be at New Castle, where she was to join him. None was let into the secret but Miss Williamson. To prevent detection, Miss Clark called all the dogs together about Col. Davis's place that evening, put them in one of the outbuildings, and locked it up. At last the night came, and a terrible one it was too; the wind howled, the rain poured in torrents, and the darkness was only now and then illuminated by fearful flashes of lightning. Undaunted by the raging elements, Miss Clark stepped from her bed room on the balcony, and by means of a pillar of the balcony or a rope, managed to reach the ground in safety, and immediately ran as fast as she could to Wilmington. It was a fearful night for a girl so small, so young and delicate, to venture abroad alone, and unattended. On her way, if possible, the rain became heavier, and the flashes of lightning more vivid.

At last she reached the residence of Mr. Williamson, drenched with rain, and the top of her bonnet beaten in by the storm. Miss Williamson was waiting alone in the passage to receive her; the low knock at the door was given, the key softly turned, the door opened, and Miss Clark, pulling off her little kid slippers, which were wet through, softly ascended the stairs, so as not to alarm the rest of the family. The ladies employed themselves until morning in drying, as well as they were able, Miss Clark's clothes. At the first dawn of morning they stepped out, and a hack being procured, she departed for New-Castle. Miss Williamson gave her all the money she had, \$5—as at the time she left Colonel Davis's she had not a dollar.

At New Castle, Miss Clark met her lover and they started for Baltimore, where they were met by Miss Williamson, who acted as bride-maid on the occasion of their marriage. Immediately after her marriage, Miss Clark, whom we shall now call Mrs. Whitney, set about hunting up facts in relation to her birth

Threats were used, and every obstacle made use of to prevent her. Her first care was to find her mother, and after a long search, she was at last discovered, we believe, in the Island of Jamaica. She almost immediately recognized her daughter, and gave the marriage certificate of her husband, Daniel Clark, from whom she had been separated some time before his death. Proceedings were immediately commenced, but for a short while with a small prospect of success. Threats were not only made against herself and husband, but against any one who should advocate their cause. It was with difficulty a lawyer could be procured to plead her cause; even the very judges on the bench were the feed counsel of the other side, and generally supposed to be under the influence of bribery.

Finally, her husband was thrown in prison, during the prevalence of the fever, and afterwards she was imprisoned with him with a small child at her breast. Whitney soon died; not, however, without strong suspicion of foul play. She afterwards was released, and though a widow, still prosecuted her suit with determined resolution. So glaringly was the partiality of the judges once displayed, that the crowd in court could hardly contain their indignation. Her life was two or three times attempted. Her first acquaintance with Gen. Gaines was when she was fired at, and part of her dress shot away. General Gaines came and offered her his protection, and she soon afterwards married him. Her opponents dared not use the same means with a General in the United States army as they had already done with her first husband, a private individual.

After going through so many courts, we now learn that the suit has been decided in her favor. The value of her property is now nearly twenty millions of dollars. Mrs. Gaines is now about 40 years of age, about five feet high, has a sweet expression of countenance, of rather a French cast. She has at the same time, an indomitable resolution; as every circumstance of her life has shown. She is very charitable and warm hearted, and never forgets old friends. She, even now, remembers with gratitude the services of her early friend, (formerly Miss Williamson) now Mrs. Chambers, and assures her when she comes into possession of her estate, she will remunerate her for her former kindness.

The Best Foot Foremost.

Dr. H—J— was one of the ablest, talented, and eccentric surgeons of the last century. His practice embraced a large circuit and his fame extended to every part of the State of Massachusetts. The Dr. was one morning sitting in his office poring over some medical work fresh from the mother country, via Boston, when a loud rap at the door aroused him. "Come in?" said the Doctor, and an old lady hobbled into the apartment, who seemed the very embodiment of dirt and negligence. "Doctor I've got a desperate sore foot—can't you help it?" "I will try; let me see it." The old crone proceeded to divest her understanding of the apology for a horse with which it was covered, and displayed, to the astonished doctor a foot—and such a foot—"My G—d!" exclaimed the Dr., throwing up both hands in amazement—"what a dirty foot!" "La, doctor! ye needn't be in such a wonderment about it—there's dirtier feet than that in the world—I've warrant—aye, and a dirtier foot than that in your own house, as proud as the young ladies your daughters are—for all that;" and the old hag cackled forth her pleasure at the Dr.'s astonishment.

"Woman! if you can find a dirtier foot than that in my house, I will give you a guinea and cure your foot for nothing."
"Pon honor?"—said the beldame. "Pon honor!" cried the doctor. The old woman stripped off the other stocking, and displaying a foot that begged all description, grinned in the face of the astonished doctor, exclaiming,—"Gi' me the guinea! I know'd it! I wash'd 't other fore I came here!"

A lady reading that a man had been sentenced to six months hard labor for dog stealing, observed to a friend, with a shudder. "Gracious! my love, what would certain ones of our sex have to endure for trapping puppies!"

A Gentle Reproof.

One day as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine large codfish, and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking it was prescribed, the good woman well knew that, whether she boiled it or made it into a chowder her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She also, with some difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation:

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"
"Yes, my dear."
"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet anything that you have spoiled it for my eating. (Taking off the cover) I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."
"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."
"You didn't think any such thing. You knew better—I never liked fried fish—why didn't you boil it?"
"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also."
So saying she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish, a sight of which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish, this," exclaimed he. "Boiled fish, chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a chowder!"
His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him containing an excellent chowder.
"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you—there is your favorite dish."
"Favorite dish, indeed," grumbled the discontented husband. I dare say it is an unpalatable, wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large BULL-FROG, of portentous dimensions, and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprang from his chair not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."
Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right, and that he was wrong; and declared that he should never again have occasion to read him such another lesson; and he was as good as his word.

Leadon Pipes.

A correspondent writes—"There is a paragraph in several of the papers, copied from the 'Christian Citizen,' in which the editor of that journal attributes the cause of a severe illness to the use of water pumped through a leadon pipe. It may be interesting to your City readers to understand the action of leadon pipes on water contained therein. I have therefore extracted the following from Dr. Christison's treatise on poisons—'Rain or soft water cannot be preserved with safety in leadon cisterns owing to the rapid formation of a white hydrated oxide at that line where the metal is exposed to both air and water; the oxide formed is soluble in pure water and highly poisonous.—But a minute trace of any sulphate or chlorate in the water which spring and water usually contain, arrests the corrosion of the lead by converting the oxide of lead into an insoluble salt, and prevents the contamination of the water.' The Schvylkill water is found to contain sufficient of these salts to render the oxide of lead insoluble, and thus our leadon pipes furnish a perfectly safe medium for the conveyance for water.

From the Cincinnati Advertiser.

Kaboulah; or, Jewish License.

Those who buy meat in our city markets may have noticed at certain stalls, pieces of beef with cabalistic marks resembling the Chinese characters on a tea-chest, and doubtless wondered what they meant.

These are Hebrew characters, expressing the word *Kashur*, signifying good, or approved, and are equivalent to the inspection marks or brands, by which we Gentiles buy our flour, pork, &c.

All animals which under the Mosaic Law are allowed to be eaten by the Jews, are prepared for use by a *shochat*, or butcher—one of themselves,—who is set apart by license, for this purpose. The license, which is termed the *Kaboulah*, is given by the Rabbi. A copy of it concludes this article. It is taken from "The Voice of Jacob," a periodical of this people.

The meat before it can go on the table of a conscientious Jew, undergoes three drainings or purifications, by which the blood is discharged from the flesh vessels. One of these is performed by the *shoket* in preparing the animal for the stall—the second is by an officer called the *Pörger*, who cuts out the stagnant blood that may be left, when the meat is divided into the exact size and shape required by the purchaser, and the final draining is performed at home by the application of water and table salt, several hours before use. Among the Jews no meat can be eaten which has been killed more than three days.

I make no apology for these details. Whatever relates to the customs of six thousand individuals, adults and children, residing in our midst, must possess sufficient interest for the reader's notice.

"In the name of God, Amen: I, the underwritten, do testify for the young man, Rabbi Joseph Solomon, son of Rabbi Ephraim Ootlenge, whom the Lord by his Spirit hath moved to draw near to the work, even the work of God, to exercise his hands in killing of fowls; and he inclined to learn his mind before me the rites of killing, till he knew them perfectly, and particularly in the sense of feeling, [the knife] he feels all the defects or flaws of the knife, though ever so small; and also he hath killed before me, many times fowls of various sorts, both great and small, till I give him license to kill both for himself and others, (even though he did it alone by himself,) so that all Israel may lawfully eat of his killing. And, as at this time he is about to take a journey into a far country, I will not refuse to do him justice, but will, under my hand, testify for him according to truth and justice, and will be advocate for him, of his being in the fear of the Lord from his youth to this very time. And, therefore, it shall be lawful for him to kill in every place where he shall go, and lawful for all Israel to eat what he kills only with this condition that he will continue to study the rites of killing, at least four times a year, that he may be certain of them, and may always have the fear of the Lord before his face, and be very cautious as to any doubts that may arise about his killing.

"Casal.—This is the Statute of the Law, in the year of the Creation, 5492, Sampson Eleazer, in the name of the Rex. Doctor, my Lord and Father, our Teacher.

RABBI MEIR BABI."

All for the Best.

Blessed are they that are blind; for they shall see no ghosts.

Blessed are they that are deaf; for they never need to lend money, nor listen to tedious stories.

Blessed are they that are afraid of thunder; for they shall hesitate about getting married—and keep away from political meetings.

Blessed are they that are lean; for here is a chance to grow fat.

Blessed are they that get no office under government; for five hundred and fifty-two reasons—not given on account of the shortness of the days.

Blessed are they that are ignorant; for they are happy in thinking that they know every thing.

Blessed is he that is ugly in form and features; for the girls shan't molest him.

Blessed is she that would get married, but can't; for the consolations of the gospel are hers.

Blessed are the orphan children for they have no mothers to spank them.

The Egyptians believe the world to be resting on the horn of a bull, and when the bull tires on one horn, it pitches the world on the other, and thus causes an earthquake.

The weather is said to be so cold in Franconia, N. H., that the natives labor their faces and run out of doors, when the wind cuts their beard off.