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BY REQUEST.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

MISS SARAH J. CLARKE. (Grace Greenwood.)

It pleases us this morning to lay aside all established rules of precedence, and for once to satisfy public curiosity, and our "own wild will," by a *con amore* description of the fair lady whose name heads our paragraph. We know, without your hints, dear ladies, that she is not as old as the distinguished Mrs. —; neither has she been so long before the world of letters as the well known author of "—," and other poems; but that matters little—some lives are not counted by years, and some authors are rewarded in the first of their arduous career, by the notice and approval of the dear public, usually so chary in the bestowal of its rewards. Of the last assertion Fanny Forester and Grace Greenwood are living proofs.

It is now about four years since poems appeared in the New Mirror, then just re-established by Willis and Morris, attracting much attention under the signature of Miss Sara J. Clarke. Shortly after, during the absence of Mr. Willis in Europe, the readers of his journal were surprised by, and interested in a series of letters from the West, purporting to be written by a "slip of a girl" who delighted in all manly exercise, and all womanly sentiment—who could fearlessly scour the country on horseback, and then returning, per a description of the ride, full of poetical and original thought. Moreover, it began to be hinted that the lady was young, beautiful, and still unmarried, (how did Madame Rumor for once happen to stumble upon the truth?); then commenced wondering all the readers masculine of that journal, and guessing all the feminines, as to the real name of this newly discovered literary star—Grace Greenwood!

But, unfortunately, nothing could be learned. These queries have but recently been put at rest by the open avowal of Miss Sara J. Clarke, that she, at the suggestion of a household friend, assumed the name under which she has contributed to some of our most popular periodicals and has become so widely known and admired.

The birth-place of Miss Clarke is a small village in Onondaga County, New York; her school days were passed at Rochester, and while there, at the age of fourteen, her poems first appeared, and were praised in the various papers of that city. She has subsequently resided in New Brighton, a village in the western part of Pennsylvania—and the past winter came to Philadelphia, at the request of Mr. Godey, to take charge of his just established Lady's Paper. In the literary world she has been warmly and generously received, and the public have long since established her as a favorite.

In our present purpose we are not at liberty to enter fully upon the distinguishing traits of the spirited prose writings of Miss Clarke; we are speaking of the poetess, and can only hint at our predilection for her racy letters filled as they are with wit, sentiment, and criticism.—Her poetry is scarcely as well known as her prose sketches—but young as she is, it exhibits a strength, tenderness, and oftentimes a finish, that would do honor to more mature thought and experience. Strength and boldness, both in thought and expression, are perhaps its distinguishing characteristics; she is fearless of the world and its criticism, and independence, with a hearty honesty, is stamped on every thought and word. This extends through, or rather springs from, her individual nature, to which she gives full voice in what she has written; you have but to see and converse with her to know that this proud, fearless spirit, is no affectation. It looks through her clear, deep eyes; it speaks in every act, and compels you for once to do homage to sincerity. In manner Miss Clarke is, as one would suppose, somewhat abrupt, frank, and in a measure unrestrained by conventionalisms; but how shall we describe the *physique* which lodges this untamable spirit!

We chanced, yesterday, to enter the studio of Mr. Cushman, who was busily engaged on

a delicate miniature of the very lady in question, who sat all unconscious that we also meditated the same employment. In the still quiet of that shaded room, there was, perhaps, not the usual animation lighting up her features. To see Grace Greenwood, she must be engaged in pleasant conversation, for then her dark eyes flash, a deep flush suffuses her clear brunette complexion, the small crimson mouth quivers with emotion, and your beau ideal is before you. Her forehead is broad, and fully developed; her hair, usually "put up in some wild way," is dark and lustrous; her form, rather above than below the usual height, gives scarcely an idea of the muscular strength which can curb a fiery steed with strong mastery. She has the English accomplishment of fine horsemanship, and we hope that many of our ladies will follow her example, seeking health and pleasure in what she describes with so much spirit:

A Morning Ride.

When troubled in spirit, when weary of life,
When I faint 'neath its burdens, and shrink from
its strife,—
When its fruits turned to ashes are mocking my
taste,

And its fairest scene seems but a desolate waste;
Then come ye not near me my sad heart to cheer
With friendship's soft accents, of sympathy's tear,
No counsel I ask, and no pity I need,
But bring me, oh, bring me, my gallant young steed!
With his high arched neck and his nostril spread
wide,

His eye full of fire, and his step full of pride!
As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong rein,
The strength of my spirit returneth again!
The bonds are all broken which fettered my mind,
And my cares borne away on the wings of the wind!
My pride lift its head, for a season bowed down,
And the queen of my nature now puts on her crown.
Now we're off! like the winds, to the plains whence
they came,

And the rapture of motion is thrilling my frame.
On, on speeds my courser, scarce printing the sod,
Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod.
On, on, like a deer, between the hounds' early bay
Awakes the wild echoes, away and away!
Still faster, still farther he leaps at my cheer,
'Till the rush of the startled air whirrs in my ear!
Now 'long a clear rivulet lieth my track,
See his glancing hoof tossing the white pebbles
back;

Now a glen dark as midnight—what matter—we'll
down,
Though shadows are round us, and rocks o'er us
frown,—

The thick branches shake, as we're hurrying
through,
And deck us with spangles of silvery dew!
What a wild thought of triumph, that this girlish
hand,
Such a steed in the might of his strength may com-
mand!

What a glorious creature! Ah, glance at him now,
As I check him awhile on this green hillock's
brow;
How he tosses his mane, with a shrill, joyous neigh,
And paws the firm earth in his proud, stately play!
Hurray, off again, dashing on, as in ire,
'Till the long flinty pathway is flashing with fire!
Ho, a ditch—shall we pause? No, the bold leap
we dare,
Like a swift winged arrow we rush through the
air.

Oh! not all the pleasure that poets may praise,
Not the "wondering waltz in the ball-room's blaze,
Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,—
Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,—
Nor the sail high heaving waters o'er,—
Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore,
Can the wild and fearless joy exceed,
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed.

The subjoined poem excels not less in tender-
ness, than the first in spirit.

The Last Gift.

I leave thee, love—in vain hast thou
The God of life implored;
My clinging soul is torn from thine,
My faithful, my adored.
My last gift—I have on it breathed
In blessing and in prayer;
So lay it close, close to thy heart,
This little lock of hair!

I know thou wilt think tenderly
And lovingly on me,
Thou wilt forget my waywardness
When I am gone from thee;
Thou wilt remember all my love,
Which made thee think me fair—
Thou wilt with many tears begem
This little lock of hair!

And yet at last, thy grief's wild storm
Will sigh itself to rest;
And thou may'st choose another love,
And clasp her to thy breast;
But when she hides her glowing face
In tearful gladness there,
Oh, do not let her hand displace
This little lock of hair!

The dark, rich hue thou oft has praised,
The ringlet still shall hold,—
Still as the sunlight on it falls,
Give out quick gleams of gold;
Though years roll by, no trace of change
Its glossy rings shall wear—
It never will grow gray, beloved,
This little lock of hair!

Ah, dearest, see how pale and cold
Has grown this hand of mine!
No longer now it glows and thrills
Within the clasp of thine.
I go!—soon where my dying head
Is pillowed with fond care,
No trace of me shall linger, save
This little lock of hair!

I see thee not! I faintly feel
The fast tears thou dost weep;
Kiss down my quivering eyelids love,
Thus, thus, and I will sleep.
I go where angels beckon me,
I go their heaven to share—
Yet with a longing envy leave
This little lock of hair.

Instances of Presentiment.

I have heard of several cases of people hurrying home from a presentiment of fire; and Mr. M. Calderwood was once, when absent from home, seized with such an anxiety about his family, that, without being able in any way to account for it, he felt himself impelled to fly to them and remove them from the house they were inhabiting; one wing of which fell down immediately afterwards. No notion of such a misfortune had ever before occurred to him nor was there any reason whatever to expect it; the accident originating from some defect in the foundation. A circumstance exactly similar to this, is related by Stilling of Professor Bohm, teacher of mathematics at Marburg; who, being one evening in company, was suddenly seized with a conviction that he ought to go home. As, however, he was very comfortably taking tea, and had nothing to do at home, he resisted the admonition; but it returned with such force, that at length he was obliged to yield. On reaching his house, he found everything as he had left it; but he now felt himself urged to remove his bed from the corner in which it stood to another; but, as it had always stood there, he resisted this impulsion also. However, the resistance was vain; absurd as it seemed, he felt he must do it; so he summoned the maid, and with her aid, drew the bed to the other side of the room; after which he felt quite at ease and returned to spend the rest of the evening with his friends. At ten o'clock the party broke up, and he retired home, and went to bed and to sleep. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a loud crash, and on looking out, he saw that a large beam had fallen, bringing part of the ceiling with it, and was lying exactly on the spot his bed had occupied.

One of the most remarkable cases of presentiment I know, is that which occurred not very long since on board of her majesty's ship, when lying off Portsmouth. The officers being one day at the mess table, a young Lieutenant P. suddenly laid down his knife and fork, pushed away his plate, and turned exceedingly pale. He then rose from the table, covering his face with his hands, and retired from the room.—The president of the mess, supposing him to be ill, sent one of the young men to enquire what was the matter. At first Mr. P. was unwilling to speak; but, on being pressed, he confessed that he had been seized by a sudden and irresistible impression that a brother he had then in India was dead.—

"He died," said he, "on the 12th of August at six o'clock; I am perfectly certain of it." No arguments could overthrow this conviction, which in due course of post was verified to the letter. The young man had died at Cawnpore, at the precise period mentioned.—*Mr. Crowe's Night Side of Nature.*

Singular Circumstance.

At Wyalusing, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, many years ago, a thrifty young apple tree was inoculated with buds of the Golden Pippin—three branches, changing the whole head. When the tree began to bear, it was found that one of the branches ripened its fruit in July, and the others in October,—all Golden Pippins. Many persons applied for grafts of the early branch, but the owner discouraged them; supposing that the cause of this singular variation existed in some defect of the stock in that branch, and that grafts taken from it would possess no property different from the original Golden Pippin. However a son, having less faith in the stability of natural law, tried the experiment privately, and on the third year brought in seven early Golden Pippins from the new graft. We now suppose that in this new way a new variety of early fruit is added to our stock as much superior to other early apples as the fall Golden Pippin surpasses them. Scions of this singular variety have been sent to Tharps' Nursery, Binghamton, New-York, where inquirers may obtain them. C. F. WELLES, Wyalusing, Penn.

A Singular Story.

A correspondent of the National Era says he translated the following article from the Magazine Universel, published in Paris. As the scene of the story is placed in Washington, it would not be very difficult to ascertain whether it be fact or fiction:—

I am about to recount a story, which, like many others of the same kind, Mr. Thomason, a missionary, has lately told in a public meeting held on the subject of slavery.

A young physician, of much merit and knowledge, made a journey from his native town in one of the Northern states, to a town in Mississippi. This young man, whose name was Wallis, took lodgings in a furnished house.—The mistress of it, a young woman about twenty years old, inspired in him the most ardent love. Although the color of the young woman was not the purest white, the doctor, having no prejudice against the colored race, offered her his hand, which was accepted. The marriage took place almost secretly, and the happy couple went soon afterwards to establish themselves in Washington in the district of Columbia.

They had not been there long, where they lived peaceably and retired, when one morning an individual, who had all the manners and appearance of a gentleman, presented himself at Dr. Wallis's, under pretence of business. The conversation proceeded, when the stranger addressed the following indiscreet question to the doctor:—

"Did you not bring a woman with you from the South, sir?"

"No, sir; I do not understand you."

"How!" rejoined the stranger; "did not your wife come with you from Mississippi?"

"I believe she was born in that country," said the doctor.

"Well, your wife, as you call her, is my slave; and unless you pay me immediately nine hundred dollars for her purchase, I will to-morrow advertise her, as a runaway slave. In fact, she is worth a thousand dollars at least; but, as you have married her, I will abate something."

"Your slave!" exclaimed the astonished doctor, "that is impossible."

"Whether you believe me or not," cried the other, "you must give her up or pay the money. If, in twenty-four hours, the money is not sent to my hotel, I promise you, my dear sir, that you will see the name of Mrs. Wallis in the newspapers, as that of a fugitive slave."

As soon as the man was gone, the doctor went to his wife, whose good qualities, virtues, and graces, rendered her so dear to him.

"My dear angel," said he, "when we were married were you a slave?"

"Yes, I was," she confessed, at the same time shedding abundant tears.

"Why did you not tell me before the ceremony was performed?"

"I did not dare do it. Could I have expected you would have allied yourself to a slave!"

"Well, now I know it, I will give the nine hundred dollars required, for I love you too much to consent to a separation."

During this short dialogue, Mrs. Wallis was laboring under the most lively agitation. She asked her husband to describe the appearance of the claimant, which he did as exactly as possible; then he asked her whether the description answered to that of her ancient master.

"Yes," said she, casting down her eyes; "he is more than my master; he is my father."

THE OIL OF BIRCH is said to be used in Russia for tanning leather; particularly for the skins of sheep, goats, calves, &c. Dr. Holmes, of the Maine Farmer, states that the peculiar aromatic smell of this oil, which is very pleasant, has the effect to keep out moths and other insects. He suggests that as there are plenty of birches of various kinds in Maine and other portions of the northern section of the country, the manufacture of this oil might be made a profitable business.

A Sportsman's Story.

"As I was once hunting on the bank of the Saranic," said John Hawkins, a sportsman famous for shooting, both with a long rifle and long bow; "I saw a fine buck on the other side of the river, and blazed away at him. Just as I drew the trigger a big salmon jumped up in the middle of the stream, right between me and the deer. Fish and buck both dropped. Quick as thought I stripped, jumped in, secured the salmon and made for the deer. After passing through him I found the ball had bored into a bee tree, and the honey was running out in a stream as big as a gun barrel. I looked round for something to plug up the hole with, but there was nothing at hand but a rabbit. So I caught him up and tried to jamb his tail into the hole, but he struggled so hard, that he made me mad, and I flung him away so hard, that I knocked over three brace of partridges and a woodcock with him."

"I have very little respect for the ties of this world," as the chap said when the rope was put around his neck.

Letter by John Q. Adams in 1777.

We find the following letter in Mr. Everett's Eulogy upon John Q. Adams. It was written in the 10th year of his age:

BRAINTREE, June 2, 1777.

DEAR SIR,—I love to receive letters very well; much better than I love to write them. I make but a poor figure at composition. My head is much too fickle. My thoughts are running after birds' eggs, play and trifles, till I get vexed with myself. Mamma has a troublesome task to keep me studying. I own I am ashamed of myself. I have but just entered the third volume of Rollin's History, but designed to have got half through it by this time. I am determined this week to be more diligent. Mr. Thaxter is absent at court. I have set myself a stint this week to read the third volume half out. If I can but keep my resolution, I may again at the end of the week give a better account of myself. I wish, sir, you would give me in writing some instructions with regard to the use of time, and advise me how to proportion my studies and play, and I will keep them by me and endeavor to follow them.

With the present determination of growing better,

I am, dear sir, your son,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

P. S. Sir,—If you will be so good as to favor me with a blank book I will transcribe the most remarkable passages I meet with in my reading, which will serve to fix them upon my mind.

Mr. Everett also mentions the following striking circumstance:

"In November, 1846, while walking with a friend in Boston, Mr. Adams felt a paralytic shock. He at once said it was the shock of death. In his journal he made the entry:—'From this day I date my decease. I consider myself, for every useful purpose to myself and to my fellow-citizens, as dead.' His journal, which he had kept for more than fifty years, stopped on that day. Four months afterwards he resumed it under the head of 'Posthumous Memoirs,' and he continued to serve his country another year. The evening previous to the final shock he received in the Hall of Representatives, he had read to him Bishop Wilberforce's Sermon on Time. That was the last night he passed under his own roof."

We learn from an authentic source, that the authorities of Cuba are very much afraid that we shall annex that Island to the United States. 'Speaking of guns,' we may as well mention a saying of that noted Washington wag, Matthew St. Clair Clarke. Mr. Pakenham, the British Minister, one day said to him—'Why, I expect you will next annex England.'

'Hush, hush!' said Clarke, 'if you put it into our people's heads, I'll be hanged if they don't do it.'

Bursts of Eloquence.

The following bursts of eloquence was delivered before a court of justice in Pennsylvania:

"Your honor sits upon the adorable seat of justice, like the Asiatic rock of Gibraltar; while the eternal streams of justice, like the cadaverous clouds of the valley, flow meandering at your feet."

This reminds us of the commencement of a speech of a lawyer in New-Jersey—"Your honors do not sit there like marble statues to be wafled about by every idle breeze."

A Western orator commenced his harangue with—"The important crisis which were about to have arisen, have arroyen."

Another. "The Court will please to observe that the gentleman from the East has given them a very learned speech. He has roamed with Old Romulus; socked with old Socrates; ripped with old Euripides, and canted with old Cantharides—but what, your honor, what does he know about the laws of Wisconsin?"

A young lawyer in one of our courts commenced his defence as follows:

"May it please your honor, the deluge has passed over the face of the earth. The ark has rested upon the mountain, and the Rainbow of Justice shines as beautifully upon my colored client as it does upon any one in this court, including the jury."

The Society of Friends.

The editor of the New York Star says, in traveling with a Quaker minister from Connecticut recently, who had been visiting the various people of that denomination scattered about the earth, the latter gave him the following information:—

"He found a meeting in Iceland composed of about 15 regular Quakers. Among the Pyrenees, he found a society also. They did not, of course, dress like our Quakers of New York, as the fashion in the country is entirely different. But their garb was quite plain: they wore no ornaments of any description; they used no oaths, were opposed to war, and in all respects followed the order of Quakerism, although they had never heard of the Society of Friends George Fox, William Penn, or Elias Hicks."