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

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To all Concerned.

We would call the attention of some of our subscribers, and especially certain Post Masters, to the following reasonable, and well settled rules of Law in relation to publishers, to the patrons of newspapers.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the officers to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill, and ordered their papers discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

Acknowledging a Debt.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

According to the provisions of an act of Assembly in a neighboring state, an insolvent debtor, on giving up his property, is released from all his moneyed obligations so far as the law is concerned. If he should become possessed of a million of dollars, the result of application to business after his failure, he can hold it free from all the demands of his creditors, provided he does not acknowledge his indebtedness in writing, or verbally in the presence of a witness.

It often happens that a man who has a good deal of hope in his mental composition, with intelligence and energy of character, gets beyond his depth and fails. The insolvent law releases him from the burden of debt, and a wiser and more prudent man, he starts again in the world. As soon as he is fairly under way, a certain class of his former creditors approach him, and endeavor to get from him some acknowledgement of his old claim. Too often it happens that the debtor assumes enough of these obligations—which are usually pressed for at once—to swamp him again. But, in general, even the strict honest debtor—that is, he who fully intends paying off all claims against him, if ever able—is very cautious not to acknowledge any thing until he is able to pay it.

There are too many, however, who positively refuse, even after becoming comparatively wealthy, to meet a single obligation contracted previously, even though the debt be to one who greatly needs what is owed to him. A case of this kind occurred with a man who we will designate by the name of Woodfall. He was a fellow of the coolest temper in the world, and had a high regard for justice and honor when they brought dollars into his pocket. He did business rather carelessly, and failed in consequence. One of his creditors, named Jacobs, was a man who had a large family to support. He could not bear the loss of five hundred dollars without great inconvenience. On the day after Woodfall went 'through the mill,' as it was called, Jacobs met him in the road. They both lived in a country village.

'I am sorry from my heart at your misfortune,' the latter said.
'And so am I,' was returned. 'But what can't be cured must be endured. I shall try again.'

'With more success, I hope.'
'Doubtless. And then I will remember you Jacobs. I know you have as much as you can do to get along, and it grieves me to think that, through my failure, you should be brought into more trouble.'

'I know if it is ever in your power, all will be made up to me.'

'Your principal and interest, I shall see the day yet, I hope, when I can look every honest man in the face—when no one can say to me, "Pay me what thou owest."

'That is your spirit, you will see it.'

'I believe so,' was the confident reply. 'So don't let the loss you have met with through me, inconvenience you more than you can help. All will turn out right. Your five hundred dollars may come at a time when they are needed much more than they are at present.'

After this conversation, Jacobs felt more comfortable. He knew that Woodfall was an active, enterprising man, and he believed that he would, in the course of a few years, be in a condition to pay him his five hundred dollars, 'principal and interest.'

Time passed on. Woodfall, who had kept a store previous to his failure, managed to get a new stock of goods, and again commenced business. At the end of the second year, he had done so well that he was able to build a house. But not a word had he said to any one about paying off old scores. At length Jacobs, who, poor man, had been growing poorer instead of richer, thought that it would be no harm to call his debtors attention to the fact of his having promised to remember him. So, one day, he called in and said to him, in the presence of his clerk—

'Mr. Woodfall, if you think you are able to do a little for me—no matter how little—I shall feel greatly obliged. I wouldn't have said one word, only I am dreadfully put to it to get along.'

'Do a little for you? How? I don't exactly understand you,' was Woodfall's reply, with a look of innocent surprise.

'That old account, you know, Mr. Woodfall.'

'Old account? I don't know of any old account, Mr. Jacobs.'

'Oh, yes! Don't you remember the five hundred dollars that you owed me?'

'I do remember that I once owed you that sum; but it was paid long, long ago. No man can come forward in this world and claim a dollar from me.'

Jacobs looked confounded. At first he was strongly tempted to get angry, and speak out a piece of his mind pretty freely; but he restrained this feeling, and merely remarked, in a low tone that reached only his debtor's ear—'From you, I did not expect this.' He then turned off abruptly and left the store.

Poor Jacobs was terribly disappointed at this unexpected issue. He had watched all of Woodfall's operations with an anxious eye, counting every dollar that he made, and seeing in his evident prosperity the surety for his money. But now the fond hope, so long cherished, of recovering his own, faded away, and left his mind in gloom and despondency.

On the next day he met Woodfall on the street, and was about passing him, when that individual paused, and reaching out his hand, said, with the most perfect self-possession, and as if nothing had happened to interfere with their friendly relations—

'Ah, good morning, friend Jacobs. How are you to-day?'

Jacobs yielded his hand reluctantly, and replied, coldly—

'I am well.'

'How are you getting on now?' pursued Woodfall.

'Badly enough,' was briefly returned.

'I am really sorry to hear it. But don't be discouraged; there is nothing like perseverance. It is one of the main-springs of success.'

This made Jacobs angry, and he said, with a good deal of warmth—

'There is little good in perseverance if, at least, you are to lose the hard earnings of four or five years at a single stroke of an insolvent's pen.'

'You allude to me, I suppose?'

'I certainly do.'

'Don't make yourself uneasy, my friend; that matter is safe enough. I will pay you every cent I owe you before long.'

'Didn't you deny being my debtor to the amount of a single cent yesterday?'

'I did; but that was in the presence of a witness. Do you understand? I am not quite ready to pay you yet, and don't intend acknowledging the debt until I am. But make yourself easy about it; your money is safe enough.'

Thus assured, Jacobs felt relieved in mind. His business was bad, not really yielding him a comfortable support for his family; but the promise of Woodfall buoyed him up, and inspired him with new energy. He counted on

his five hundred dollars as certain, for his debtor was making money fast, and would, without doubt, feel perfectly able, in a little while, to make all straight with him.

Six months more rolled by, during which time not a word was said about the old claim, although the debtor and creditor met every few days. There began to be quite a marked contrast in their appearance. Woodfall had a cheerful, contented look, while the whole aspect of Jacobs' face, apparel and all, was dejected and poor.

The business of Jacobs required him to keep a horse and wagon, and to make frequent short journeys into the country. In the Winter time, a roughly constructed sleigh took the place of the wagon. So much reduced did he at length become, that it became a serious question whether he would not be obliged to sell his horse, although he might almost as well sell the tools with which he worked as his horse.

One cold day in January, he hitched old Tom to his sleigh, and started off with some of his wares for a neighboring village. In passing the store of Woodfall, he was hailed by its owner:

'Stop, Jacobs,' cried that individual; 'I am going for a mile or two out of town, and if you have no objection, will keep your company?'

'None in the least,' replied Jacobs, over whose mind instantly spread the pleasing hope of being able to persuade his debtor to remember him even at this late day.

Woodfall got into the sleigh with a bright, cheerful face. They had not ridden far, before he said—

'I believe, Jacobs, it is most time that I was beginning to remember you. How are you getting along?'

'Badly enough. If you don't do something for me, I shall be broken up.'

'Oh, no—not so bad as that?'

'Indeed it is, then. I am hardly able to keep soul and body together.'

'Really, I am sorry to hear you say so. But take courage; times are growing better. It won't be long before I shall have it in my power to make all straight with you.'

'Couldn't you do a little for me now? If it was only a five-dollar bill at a time, it would help me very much.'

'Oh, yes; I can do that for you, easily enough.'

'I thank you from my heart, Mr. Woodfall,' replied the grateful creditor. 'When shall I call on you?'

'Almost any time.'

'To-morrow?'

'Yes, certainly.'

'Very well; I will see you to-morrow.'

Woodfall rode with Jacobs for a couple of miles. The latter promised to call for him in the evening as he returned home.

On the next day, Jacobs went to the store of his debtor with a cheerful spirit. He intended to ask for fifteen or twenty dollars, to enable him to pay off a little debt in order still to retain his horse, which he had seriously contemplated selling with a view to get money to liquidate this very obligation. Woodfall smiled as he entered. Jacobs drew him aside, and asked for the sum he wanted.

'In about a week you shall have it. Call in a week.'

This was said in a tone so low, that the clerk who was in the store could not possibly hear it. Disappointed, but still hoping, the creditor waited another week, and then called again.

'You will do something now, I hope, Mr. Woodfall?' he said.

'I am sorry, but I cannot do any thing to-day,' was replied, in a low voice—so low that it reached no ear but the one for which it was intended.

'When will you let me have a little money? The smallest sum will be of great use to me.'

'Very soon.'

'How soon?'

'Say three or four days.'

Jacobs went away with a troubled spirit. He began to distrust his creditor's intention of paying at all. At the end of the time specified, he called again upon Woodfall, determined, if possible, to get him to make some acknowledgment of the debt before his clerk, and then sue him, and bring up the clerk to prove that an acknowledgment had been made. But Woodfall was too wide awake for him; he took es-

pecial care not to commit himself in the smallest degree.

Foiled in this attempt, he became angry, and said some rather hard things to his creditor, who took it all very kindly. When Jacobs went out, Woodfall went with him, and after they were beyond ear shot of any one, said—

'You needn't try to make me acknowledge that debt; I am too prudent a man to be caught. But I tell you now, as I have often told you before, that you shall be paid every cent.'

'But why don't you show your willingness by doing something for me now? You are able enough.'

'You may think so; but I am the best judge of that.'

'You are building a house.'

'True; but it is all in trade. I don't have to pay out a single dollar in cash.'

'But I'm sure you might spare me a little.'

'And so I will, very soon, if you will only have patience.'

'It is very hard for a man to have patience when he sees himself on the verge of ruin. If I can't get a little money I must sell my horse, and then dear above only knows what I shall do.'

'I am sorry for you, Jacobs, and will do something soon, depend upon it. Keep up a brave heart; you will come out right side up at last.'

'No thanks to you,' muttered the creditor, as he turned on his heel abruptly and strode off.

'See here, Jacobs,' cried Woodfall, after him. Jacobs stopped and looked round.

'When are you going in the direction of Milton again?'

'Day after to-morrow,' replied Jacobs.

'Well, stop for me if you please; I should like to have some talk with you.'

Jacobs promised to do so, but with no cordiality in his manner. On the next day he was called upon by a man to whom he owed fifteen dollars. For this debt he had been dunned over and over again, until he hated even the sight of the individual to whom it was due. Rather sharp words passed between them, and the interview ended by a threat on the part of the creditor to proceed against him on the next day and recover by law. This threat seriously alarmed him. For more than half of the night that succeeded he lay awake, thinking and thinking what in the world he should do to avoid the threatened evil.

On the succeeding morning, he seemed much calmer, and even in a cheerful tone of mind. Soon after breakfast he called over to a neighbor's house, where he had a long conversation with a young man named Parker, who, like him, had lost money by Woodfall, and who did not feel very kindly towards that individual in consequence. He then returned home. Half an hour afterwards, the young man just mentioned came over to his house, and held another long conference with him.

It was, perhaps, about ten o'clock, that Jacobs drove out of his yard in his sleigh, and went off at a brisk trot. Woodfall was ready to improve the opportunity for a ride; he stood in his door, and smiled very graciously as Jacobs came up. There was a large sized barrel on the sleigh. As Woodfall took his seat along side of his creditor, he turned himself partly round, and placing his hand upon the barrel, said—

'What have you here?'

'Some of my wares.'

'You take a good lot of them?'

'Yes; I hope to make the best trip of the season to-day. If I don't do so, it is all over with me, for Cassel is going to put the screws to me.'

'Oh, no.'

'Yes, he is, though. He's mad as a March hare about the trifle I owe him.'

'I'll see him, and persuade him not to do so.'

'I wish you would. Tell him that I am doing my best, and will honestly pay him every dollar if he will only be patient.'

'I certainly will, Jacobs. I will tell him to wait a few months, and, perhaps, by that time I can settle the bill.'

'Couldn't you relieve me by assuming it, even at a longer date? Cassel will be glad to take you and release me.'

'Why, no; I don't exactly wish to do that. However, I can make him wait, and perhaps

before he troubles you again I shall feel able to pay it for you.'

'That will do; any thing to give me time.— But I do wish you would consider me. I dislike to say so much to you about my claim; but indeed, I am in real distress. You do not know how near I am to the wall.'

'As I have often said before, I feel deeply for you, and will as soon as possible, pay you what I owe you, principal and interest.'

'That is five hundred dollars with interest.'

'Yes; I owe you five hundred dollars justly, and—'

'Gee, Tom!' cried Jacobs, in a quick, excited voice, reigning his horse around so suddenly as nearly to upset the sleigh, and then putting whip to old Tom with so free a good will, that the horse dashed off towards the town they had left at full gallop.

'Jacobs, what do you mean?' inquired Woodfall, with a look of surprise and alarm.— 'The man seemed to him suddenly bereft of his senses.'

'All right! I thought this would be the best day's work I had done for five years. Hurrah! A bright idea that of mine, wasn't it Parker?'

A loud laugh sounded from the barrel in the sleigh. The head flew up in the air, and a man stood erect in the barrel.

Woodfall started to his feet in mute astonishment.

'I believe you owe me five hundred dollars, Mr. Woodfall,' said Jacobs, with a broad smile, as he looked around into his debtor's face, while he touched up old Tom with his whip. 'Our mutual friend, Mr. Parker, here, has heard your frank acknowledgment of the claim, and is ready to testify to the fact at any moment.— Ain't you Parker?'

'Oh certainly.'

Woodfall sunk down upon the seat from which he had risen, and Parker climbed out of the barrel, while Jacobs elated beyond measure, urged on his old horse to the very top of his speed.

The confounded debtor remained silent until they had nearly reached his store, when looking up he said—

'Don't for mercy's sake, mention this. I will settle your claim and be done with it, very soon.'

'Humph; you have been talking that way for I don't know how long. No, no, you must come up to the chalk at once.'

'I'll give you a hundred dollars to-day, and a hundred every three months until all is paid off. Won't that do?'

'O yes; but I must have your notes.'

Woodfall thought for a little while, and then said—

'You shall have them.'

'Very well.' 'Mum' is the word.

In half an hour the happy creditor had one hundred dollars in his pocket, and four notes, payable at three, six, nine and twelve months, for one hundred dollars, each duly signed by Augustus Woodfall. These have all been paid, and Jacobs is again on his feet and doing well. He has not since been able to meet Woodfall without an involuntary smile. Although he kept the secret, Parker thought it too good a joke to sleep, the town soon rung with it.

Several other creditors have laid traps for Woodfall, but the old fox is not to be caught a second time.

Successful Evasion of the License Law.

'Hank,' said a legal susionist to one of the 'boys' about town the other day. 'I want to complain of the keeper of the — for selling liquor—do you know anything that will help me?'

'No, s-i-r,' was the reply. 'I don't think there has been anything sold in the house that would bear a 'bead' or properly come under the denomination of intoxicating drinks, since Mr. Steans got his aqueduct a-running.'—*Springfield Post.*

Some body has said that the reason why New England was more prosperous than the Southern states, was that the people of New England preferred keeping sheep to dogs.

A newly invented musket has recently been tried at Potsdam (Prussia) with perfect success. It will carry from 1000 to 1200 paces, and will fire fifteen times in a minute.