

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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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 proprietors, will be charged 37 1/2 cts. per year, extra.
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All letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid.

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, and 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.

From the N. O. Picayune.

DEAR PIC:—I can't stand it any longer. My injured feelings have become so warmed up that they must have vent, or the consequences may be disastrous. Will you allow the columns of your paper to be their safety-valve?

Yours, &c. MR. CAUDLE.

My Wife.

There was a time—there was a time,
Some eighteen months ago,
When waxing was our honey-moon,
She didn't use me so!
'Twas Robert, then, and 'Caudle, dear,'
Or 'dear,' without the knob,
But now, I don't know how it is,
She always calls me 'Bob!'
She used to sing a little song
About two turtle doves
That were exceedingly correct
And proper in their loves;
She doesn't sing that old song now
But startles all the row
By telling them eternally—
'The linnets wed the cow.'

When I came home of winter nights,
Extremely 'high' or 'higher,'
I always found my coffee hot,
And slippers by the fire.
But, now I find a hotter dish
Than coffee, and instead
Of taking slippers on the foot,
I take them on the head!
I fear she holds the ribbons, for
I sometimes feel the bit
Drawn tightly, with a curb, until
There's no resisting it,
I often think I will rebel;
But 'tis no use to try,
There is something so imperative
In Mrs. Caudle's eye.

Heigho! there has a fearful change
Come o'er that wooing dream:
These wedded joys all come on foot—
I think they go by steam.
If we progress as we have done
For some few years, in half
A century they'll take their flight
By Morse's telegraph. MR. CAUDLE.

An extravagant young gentleman having a pair of beautiful gray horses, asked a friend who happened to be of a serious cast what he thought of them. 'Why, I confess,' replied the other, 'they look extremely beautiful; but I am fearful that your grays will soon be converted into duns.'

'Pete, how does your father hamper his sheep, to prevent them jumping over his fences?'

'Oh, that's easy enough; he just cuts a hole through one hind leg, and sticks the other thro' it, and then puts one of the fore legs through that for a pin.'

A young man idle, an old man needy.

From Arthur's Magazine.

FRANK MANLY.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part, there all the honor lies."—Pope

"FRANK, do not be discouraged," said Squire Rockwell to his young friend, Frank Manly, whose desponding tone, as they stood conversing on the levee, had induced the kind old man to make inquiries about his circumstances and his prospects, which he found to be indeed anything but flattering.

"I am discouraged, Mr. Rockwell," answered Frank; "who would not be discouraged, situated as I am? Time and money have I expended in preparing myself for my profession;—night after night have I bent over dusty tomes; and what has it availed me? I have been deceiving myself, Mr. Rockwell. I might have known that I could not succeed; for had I not been blind, wilfully blind, I must have seen that the professions were overstocked. Had I learned a trade, I would, at least, have been able to support my poor old mother in respectability, but now I am only a burden to her."

"But, my young friend," said Mr. Rockwell, "you will gain nothing by indulging such desponding thoughts. You have a strong frame and stout limbs, and, while God is pleased to continue to you these blessings, you need not shrink from any difficulty. If your professional prospects are truly as you represent them, I would advise you to apply yourself to something else. To regret the loss of time or money will not remedy present evils; such regrets are useless, childish. You may have been unfortunate in not having learned some mechanical art; but do not let that depress you. If you are willing to employ yourself, you need not fear but that you will find plenty to do. It is better to be an honest laborer, than a sneaking, pettifogging lawyer. Do not be offended at me, Frank; I may speak bluntly, but I mean kindly."

"But it is hard, Mr. Rockwell," said Frank, after having spent years in preparing myself for a profession, to give up all—lose the money I have expended and the precious time I have consumed."

"It perhaps does seem hard," said Mr. Rockwell, "but it is better that than to go on consuming more of that time which is so precious, and spending more money with so precarious a means of support. And it does not follow that you must forever abandon your profession, and the hope of rising in it; a more favorable opening may offer at a future period."

"And I must descend, too, from the position I have hitherto occupied in society, and bear with a supercilious nod—a cold recognition—from those with whom I have moved on an equality."

"Yes; the heartless and frivolous—the devotees of fashion—will perhaps cut your acquaintance, but, depend upon it, the really worthy and sensible will admire you for your manly independence, and respect you more."

"But what can I do?"
"You can do many things. But your own judgment will best direct you in choosing an employment. If you do not relish labor, you might soon get a clerkship, and that will not compromise your position in society."

"No, no—not that."

"Well, then, at the factories—"

"Ah, the factories!"
"Yes, Frank; you can get such employment there as will not be overly heavy, and yet be lucrative. You must conquer your pride, my young friend, and resolve to do what your judgment approves, and, my word for it, you will do right."

"Well, I will think of what you have said."
"Do so, my friend; I will see you again shortly—in the mean time adieu."

"Ellen, Jane, Maria—do come to the window! It can't be possible—and yet, it must—it is himself."

"Who, Alice?"

"Frank Manly."

"Well, there's nothing strange in that, is there?"

"Yes, but there is."

"Where is he?"

"There."

"Why I see no one but Mr. Herbert—except it be your cart-man."

"That's it."

"What?"

"Your cart-man is Frank Manly."

"Impossible!"

Mr. Rockwell, in whose house this conversation occurred, rose quickly and approached the window. It was true; there was Frank Manly, not exactly in the capacity of a cart-man, as the young lady had expressed it, but superintending the loading of a quantity of metal, occasionally laying a hand to himself, and directing the operations of the workmen. A short smock of blue check was drawn over his person and confined round the waist with a hempen cord, otherwise he was dressed in his usual style. Mr. Rockwell regarded him for a moment with a smile of approbation; then turning round to one of the young ladies he said, "And why did you say impossible?"

"Because I would not have believed that Frank would so degrade himself."

"I can see nothing degrading, Miss Templeton," said Mr. Rockwell, gravely, "nothing degrading in the simple fact of wearing a cart-man's frock, and following an honest calling."

"But what does it all mean, Mr. Rockwell?" said Miss Templeton.

"It means," said Mr. Rockwell, "that Frank Manly has too proud a spirit to consent to be a drone in society. He found that he could not support himself by his profession, and he determined, like a noble fellow as he is, with his own hands to earn a livelihood, rather than eat bread of dependence."

Mr. Rockwell then related the conversation he had had with Mr. Manly, and the advice he had given. As he concluded, Frank turned, and observing his friends, bowed in recognition. Squire Rockwell and his daughter Alice returned his salutation with a cordial smile, but the three young ladies deigned not to notice him, and turned away with a contemptuous laugh. Mr. Rockwell noticed the action and said:

"My dear young ladies I am sorry to see you display the spirit which you have. You have imbibed altogether a false notion of gentility. I will not argue with you, but tell you that the time will come when the most imperious beauty in the city may be proud to win a smile from Frank Manly."

Mr. Rockwell said no more, but soon after retired, leaving the young ladies to discuss the subject by themselves.

Frank Manly was a young man of good abilities, fine address, and a handsome person. His father, an extensive wholesale dealer, died when Frank was about fifteen years of age, leaving his affairs in a very embarrassed state, and after many tedious delays in the settlement of the estate, the widow finally found herself with only a small annuity, barely sufficient, with rigid economy, to support herself and son. For herself she did not repine, but for that son's sake, and on his account alone, she was grieved. The darling wish of her heart was, to see him rank high in the world's esteem, and to take his place among those gifted minds which have adorned our country's annals—for, with a mother's fond partiality, she imagined him possessed of all the highest qualifications of human nature. She sacrificed her comforts—and even necessities, to obtain the means to give him an education. And Frank was not unmindful of his mother's sacrifices; he applied himself diligently, and mastered his studies with surprising ease. At the age of twenty, he graduated, and commenced the study of the law, with an eminent barrister, with whom he continued two years, when he passed his examination with credit and was admitted to practice. Frank looked forward, now to a career of honor and usefulness, and his sanguine temperament pictured in the dim future only scenes of triumph. But it was not long before he began to find the reality was not so charming as he had fancied it. His attendance at his office was unremitting, but, alas! there came no clients. Men cared not to trust the young practitioner, when there were older and more experienced advocates to be had. I need not go on to describe the unvarying monotony of the twelve-month that followed his admission to the bar. It was but a repetition of the experience of thousands of young men of our country, who have foolishly cast themselves away upon a profession, and drag on a miserable existence, vibrating between hopes and fears; wearing the weary days along with murmurings and re-

pinings. But Frank was different in one thing from this class; he was not one who would always go on repining, and hoping, and fearing, for he had a strong spirit and no common intellect. He had brooded gloomily over his situation without coming to any definite conclusion, until the conversation with Squire Rockwell, which is recorded in the opening of our story. That conversation had made a deep impression upon him, and when he was left alone he retired to his office, and sat down to consider the matter seriously. The result of his reflections was, that he determined to take the advice of his friend. He knew he would have to forfeit the society of the fashionable in which he had moved; that he would have to bear the cold sneers of many, who, until now, had sought his companionship; but he had formed his resolution, and these considerations could not deter him. His mother, too, when he informed her of his resolution, tried to persuade him to renounce the idea; but when he clearly explained to her the hopelessness of waiting longer for practice, and the misery of such a life of anxiety, she was a woman of too much good sense not to see that he was right, and she offered no further impediment,—though it seemed to her the death-blow to all her sanguine hopes on his account.

The same day Frank made an engagement with an extensive iron manufacturer, and entered at once upon his duties.

The insulting laugh and cutting manner of the young ladies at Mr. Rockwell's dwelling had not escaped the observation of Frank Manly. A bitter smile was upon his countenance as he cast one hasty look behind, before turning into another street. Frank loved Maria Templeton, and he had had every reason to believe that she regarded him with favor. The blow was doubly severe, inflicted by her hands.

"I could not have thought," he murmured, "that she would be the first to thrust me downward. Have I been deceived in her character? I know not. I had pictured to myself Maria Templeton as a being all heart! She pretended not to see me. Ah, well! How different was Alice Rockwell!"

This was but the beginning of trials, but the blow fell perhaps the heavier and was more severely felt, because of the hand that inflicted it. Such slights were of daily occurrence. But Frank had an indomitable spirit; trials, and difficulties, and disappointments could not arrest the purposes which, after due deliberation, he had formed in his soul. The coldness and neglect of his former companions only nerved him more firmly to the accomplishment of his duties.

Several months thus passed. He had once sought to see Miss Templeton, but had been repulsed, and then, convinced of her fickleness and selfishness, he only sought to banish her image from his heart. There was one circumstance which, probably, assisted much in promoting this object. He visited frequently at Squire Rockwell's, where a kind welcome always awaited him, and in the society of the old man's daughter, he passed many delightful evenings. Alice was almost the only young lady of his former acquaintance who received him with the same cordiality as formerly. Insensibly she began to usurp that place in his affections which Miss Templeton had formerly filled.

A year had now elapsed since Frank Manly entered upon his new occupation. His diligence and integrity had won for him the good opinion of his employer, and his salary, at the end of six months, had been doubled. He could now support himself in comfort, and still lay by a portion of his earnings for his mother's use. If he ever regretted the change he was forced to make in his habits, he had at least the satisfaction of having a good conscience.

"I have a proposition to make to you," said Mr. Rockwell, as one day he met Frank; "will you call at my house this evening?"

Frank promised to do so; and accordingly waited upon him at an early hour.

"You may remember," said Mr. Rockwell, after the usual compliments had been passed, "that when I advised you to apply yourself to some other employment, I told you that it was not necessary that you should forever abandon your profession."

"I remember, and I did cherish a hope that it might be so; but latterly I have banished the idea from my mind, and learned to be content with my lot. It was vain to indulge such a hope."

"Not so. And I imagine the time has arrived when you may return and take up your true position. I have a suit pending which involves half of my fortune. I intend to put it into your hands."

Frank would fain have persuaded his kind friend to alter his resolution, doubting his ability to conduct so important a case; but Mr. Rockwell insisting, it was finally arranged that he should undertake it.

The suit was one which had excited much speculation, as the interests involved were considerable. Eminent counsel was employed by the opposing party, and all things seemed to indicate that the case would be decided against Mr. Rockwell.

The day of trial at length arrived. Frank had prepared himself thoroughly, and did not despair of success, though he failed not to notice the air, half contemptuous, with which the counsel on the opposite side regarded him when he appeared for his client.

We need not describe the minutiae of the trial, which lasted two days—suffice it to say that a verdict was rendered in favor of his client, Mr. Rockwell. It was a triumph indeed!—

Congratulations were showered upon him—Those who had before looked upon him as beneath their notice, were now eager to make his acquaintance, and cultivate his friendship. He once more opened an office, and business poured in upon him. He was a made man, to use a common but expressive phrase. He was again courted by the circles in which he had formerly moved, and Maria Templeton to would fain have attached him to herself again, and she put in play all her arts to that effect, but in vain. The charm had been broken, and other attractions rendered all her arts harmless.

A notice which appeared in the Gazette a few months subsequent may explain the nature of those attractions. It ran somewhat after this fashion:
MARRIED.—On the — inst., FRANK MANLY, Esq., to Miss ALICE ROCKWELL, daughter of the Hon Thomas Rockwell, all of this city.

'So was Franklin.'

'O you're a prentice!' said a little boy, the other day tauntingly to his companion. The addressed turned proudly around and while the fire of injured pride and the look of pity were strangely blended in his countenance, coolly answered!—'so was Franklin!'

This dignified reply struck me forcibly, and I turned to mark the disputants more closely. The former, I perceived by his dress, was of a higher class of society than his humble yet more dignified companion. The latter was a sprightly, active lad, scarce twelve years old, and coarsely but cleanly attired. But young as he was, there was visible in his countenance much of genius, manly dignity, and determinate resolution—while that of the former showed only fostered pride, and the imagined superiority of riches.

'That little fellow, thought we, gazing at our young hero displays already much of the man—though his calling be an humble one; and though poverty extends to him her dreary, cheerless reality—still he looks on the brightest side of the scene, and already rises in anticipation from poverty, woe and wretchedness! Once 'so was Franklin,' and the world may one day witness in our little 'prentice' as great a philosopher as they have already seen in his noble pattern! And we passed on, buried in meditation.

PERFECTLY HAPPY.—The Marengo (Ala.) Patriot speaks of a negress in the town of Demopolis, who is afflicted with a galloping consumption, and yet so coolly does she bear it that she has had made her shroud and winding sheet, and is about having a cap made, preparatory to her burial, which she says will take place before long. She wants to be buried as comfortable as possible. She also says—"Nobody needn't pity me; I'm gwine to heaven, dat's sartin."

Peaches were never in greater abundance in Philadelphia than the present season.