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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.

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

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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.

Winter and Age.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.
GREY Winter loveth silence. He is old, and liketh not the sporting of the lambs, Nor the shrill song of birds. It irketh him To hear the forest melodies; though still He giveth license to the ruffian winds, That, with black foreheads and distended cheeks, Mutter hoarse thunders on their wretched path.

He lays his finger on the lip of streams, And they are ice, and stays the merry foot Of the slight runlet, as it leapeth down, Terrace by terrace, from the mountain's head. He silenceth the purling of the brook, That told his tale in gentle Summer's ear, All the day long reproachless, and doth bid Sharp frosts chastise and chain it, till it shrink Abashed away.

He sits with wrinkled face, Like some old grandsire, ill at ease, who shuts The noisy trooping of the children out, And, drawing nearer to the pleasant fire, Doth settle on his head the velvet cap, And bless his stars for quiet, once again. Stern Winter drives the truant fountain back To the dark caverns of the imprisoning earth, And dead'neth, with his drifted snows, the sound Of wheel and foot-tramp.

Thus it is, with man, When the chill winter of his life draws on. The ear doth loathe the sounds that erst it loved, Or, like some moody hermit, bar the door, Though sweetest tones solicit it in vain. The eye grows weary of the tarnished scenes, And old wind-shaken tapestries of time, While all the languid senses antedate The Sabbath of the tomb.

The echoing round Of giddy pleasures, where his heart in youth Disported eagerly—the rushing tread Of the great, gorgeous world, are naught to him, Who, as he journeyeth to a clime unknown, Would to the skirts of holy silence cling, And let all sounds and symphonies of earth Fall like a faded vestment, from the soul.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

The New Year.
HARK! from the bare and ghastly trees
A wailing voice comes sad and low—
The old year in the wood lies dead,
His sepulchre the icy snow!

But morning dawns, and o'er the hills
A golden burst of light is spread—
Look out—for lo! the New Year comes
A halo glittering round his head. B. F. T.

On being Slandered.
Not all they say or do can make
My head, or tooth or finger ache,
Nor mar my shape, nor scar my face,
Nor put one feature out of place:
Nor will ten thousand, thousand lies,
Make me less virtuous, learned or wise;
The most effectual way to balk
Their malice, is—to let them talk.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

Woman's Influence.

BY ELLEN ASHTON

"DEAR Earnest, do lay aside your law papers. I declare I shall not suffer you," continued his wife playfully, "to be devoted to anything but myself."

Her husband looked up from the huge brief, with the wearied look of one almost worn out by incessant mental labor, but a smile instantly came over his face as he met the eye of his sweet wife.

"Then you will break your promise, Belle," he said, "for you know I told you, when we married, that the law would be thereafter my mistress, almost as much as yourself."

"So you did. But you are ruining your health by this close application, and, as I made no contract for that, you must give up these papers for to-night. You toil too hard: I did not think of this when we married, or I would not have been so selfish," she said with a sigh.

"Nay, nay, Belle," replied her husband, pushing back his chair from the table, and affectionately taking the hand of his wife between both of his, "there is no need to reproach yourself. If I work hard it is because I am ambitious. For your sake I am resolved to win a foremost place at the bar, and with it opulence; but instead of repining at the toil that lies before me, I bless God that you have been the means to force it on me. What would I have been but the idle spendthrift I was fast becoming, if I had remained my uncle's heir and married Helen Weston? It was my love for you, which procured my disinheritance, made me what I am!"

"Ah, had I but known it in time—had you only told me that you sacrificed fortune for me—"

"You would have refused me. You have said the same a dozen times before, Belle, and I know you too well to doubt your word. It was for that very reason I did not tell you—Had I informed you that my uncle would cut me off without a shilling if I married you, a mistaken pride would have led you to cancel our engagement. And what would have been the consequence? Neither of us would have been happy; for ours was not the love of children, but of adults, an affection founded on a knowledge of each others character and not on boyish and girlish caprice. When God has thus joined us together, in spirit, let no man put asunder; and we should have been acting criminally had we broken our plighted to gratify the unreasonable and tyrannical whim of my uncle."

"But he was your nearest relative—"

"Granted. But had he been my father, it would have been the same. No one goes further than I do in upholding the rights of parents; and, as a general rule, their commands, even on the subject of marriage, should be implicitly followed. Yet, in this case, there was no possible objection to you except your poverty. Now, as I look at the matter, this was my affair. If I choose to toil hard with you for my wife, instead of living a rich drone as Helen Weston's husband, it was my business and that of no other person whatever. Besides I knew she was not fit for a wife, at least for me; vain, haughty, and ill-tempered, life with her would have been a constant scene of bickering. Nay, do not try to defend her—I know your good-nature would make the best of every one—I will, if it please you, say no more of her; but I thank heaven that you and not Helen is my wife."

"Ah! Earnest, how shall I ever repay you for all you have sacrificed?"

"By saying nothing of it. Why, my dear, I have sacrificed nothing for you. On the contrary, all I have of fame or fortune, I owe to you. When I first won your love I was an idle man of fashion, the heir expectant of thousands a year: I spent my time at the theatre, the billiard rooms or the race-course. Without being actually depraved, I was fast becoming so. It is true I had no taste for low dissipation, but I was idle, and time hanging heavily on my hands. I sought amusement any and every where. Believe me, the path of a rich young man is set thick with temptation. I was already acquiring a passion for play, when chance threw me in the circle where you moved. It was a passing whim, I then thought that led me to pay a visit to your country town, but I now believe it was a direct interference

on the part of Providence, who will not suffer a sparrow to fall without taking account of it. I saw you and loved you. At first my gay companions tried to laugh me out of my passion; but every day showed me more and more of your amiability, modesty and correct principles. You know the rest. I chose wisely in abandoning a fortune that would have made me a sloth, and might have been my ruin."

"But it pains me when I see you toiling thus. You will injure your health by over-application. Let us be contented with less."

"Calm your fears, dearest. My health sustains no injury, and it is only for the past week that my application has been so severe. This mass of papers belongs to a very complicated and important case which I was anxious to master, for it will be the reputation of any one man thoroughly to understand it, and I consider myself fortunate in being retained. It shows that my fame is extending and that I am no longer a drone in society, but an honored and useful citizen. We should all do some good; we owe it to our fellow creatures; and I feel far happier since I have been able, by means of my profession to redress injuries and right the wronged. I know you sometimes think I overwork myself, and that I do it for your sake; but it is not wholly so: I toil now from a sense of duty, and enjoy a supreme pleasure in doing so. I have done enough, however, for to-night—I think I thoroughly comprehend the case—so we will lay aside the papers. But next week I shall expect you to be very proud of me, for I intend to win this, my first great cause, in the teeth of the opinion expressed by our oldest lawyers: and if I do so, it will restore an estate to a widow and her children, who have been defrauded of it by a miserly old man, who does not hesitate to say he has the letter of the will in his favor, and cares nothing for its spirit. But we shall see. If I win this cause, my fortune will be assured, and then you need have no more fears, as I see you now have."

Earnest Ormond has told his own story so well that we have nothing to add to it. Three years had now elapsed since his union with Isabel Rowe, and during that period he had risen to considerable eminence in his profession, surprising his friends by the facility with which the idle man of fashion had been transformed into the studious and business-like lawyer. But there had been a fund of latent energy hidden under the gay exterior of Earnest, and when his uncle disinherited him, he applied himself at once to the study of the law, supporting himself out of a small legacy to which he was entitled in his own right. Early and late he was at his books; and, when the time came for his examination, he was admitted to the bar with the highest honors. His energetic application to his laborious profession soon brought him clients. Gifted with great natural talents, which hitherto had been allowed to rust from disuse, he speedily became distinguished; suits of importance began to find their way to him; and at length, by the advice of one of the oldest and most sagacious members of the bar; who had been applied to but could not undertake it in consequence of other business, he was entrusted with a case, considered well nigh desperate, but one involving an immense amount of property, and enlisted all the best feelings of the heart in his favor. It was this case to which he had alluded in the foregoing conversation with his wife.

"Well, Ormond, do you think you will be able to do anything to-day?" said one of the opposing lawyers rather sneeringly, when he came into court. "You might as well own the weakness of your case and save us the trouble of pleading."

"'Paint heart never won fair lady,'" retorted Earnest, and bowing to the court, he said, "if your honor pleases, I will go on."

He had not spoken for more than half an hour, before the triumphant looks of the opposing party became changed to those of alarm; for, to the astonishment of all, he boldly asserted that the case which they so relied on as a precedent, was itself bad law, and contradicted in a dozen instances in the books. He proceeded to enforce this assertion with such an array of authority, and to enlarge on the absurdity of the precedent with such cogency of reason, that glances of consternation began to be exchanged between the lawyers for the defen-

dant, and notes were hurriedly written and sent for books which were wanted for the purpose of examination. The judge, who had shook his head when Earnest announced his position, now began to be all attention, and seemed profoundly struck by the force of what the pleader said. The news of the impression that Earnest was making soon spread abroad; the lawyers hurried in from their offices and from the other courts, and the space both inside and outside the bar became speedily crowded. The subject was well calculated also for the display of natural eloquence, and Earnest, in inveighing against the hardship of the pretended rule of law, by which a widow and her children were reduced to beggary, in contradiction of the plain meaning of the will, drew tears to many an eye. He sat down amid murmurs of applause.

"Well, gentlemen," said the judge, turning to the opposite side, "what have you to say? I confess I think the case is sifted to the bottom and that we have been all wrong. Unless you can overturn Mr. Ormond's authorities I shall instruct the jury to give a verdict in his favor. He knows more law than all of us put together."

The opposing attorneys attempted to make a defence, but they spoke, all the while, with a consciousness that they were in the wrong.—As the judge said, Earnest had sifted the whole matter to the bottom. The result was a charge from the bench in his favor, and a verdict from the jury who did not leave the box.

So distinguished a triumph exceeded anything which had occurred in the memory of the bar, and at once elevated Ormond to the front rank of his profession. Before he left the court-house, he had been retained as consulting counsel in a dozen cases of importance. From the congratulations of his friends he broke loose as soon as possible and hurried home. His wife was waiting for him in their little parlor, eager to hear the result, yet almost dreading to ask it, for she had not her husband's confidence of success.

"I have won. Give me joy, Belle. Did I not say I would succeed?"

The wife flung herself into his arms, and burst into glad tears of joy.

"Nay, weeping," said Earnest, "but I see they are tears of joy," he continued, as his wife smiled up into his face. And then, as the cheers of the crowd, who had followed him in triumph home, broke on his ears, he added, "see what you have made of me! I shall almost begin to think I am a great man."

"Ah! Earnest—you know I have not made you this."

"But you have dearest. You it was that woke me from my spell of indolence—the necessity of struggling to provide you a home worthy of you, first taught me my own abilities—and without your love to cheer me, in hours of depression caused by hard study, I might have given out long ago. But the goal is now won. Dear Belle, your sex little knows the influence it exerts. It has saved many a man beside me, even though he has not had such an angel of a wife."

Earnest fulfilled the promise he held out in his first great case, and rose to be the leading attorney of his native city, a member of Congress, a senator, a judge, and an ambassador abroad. But he never ceased, whenever the conversation diverged on his early struggles, to turn to his wife with a loving smile, and say that all he had, of fame or fortune, he owed to her influence.

A CLIMAX.—"What are you doing my son?" said a farmer to his boy Billy. "Smoking a sweet fern cigar; I made it." "Throw it away this minute; don't you know that a boy who smokes fern will smoke tobacco, and if he smokes tobacco he will drink rum, and if he drinks rum he will lie, and if he lies he will steal, and if he steals he will murder, and if he murders he will be—acquitted!"—N. Y. Organ.

It is very common in the city for lawyers and others, when leaving their office for a short time, to tack a notice, "back in fifteen minutes—gone to the P. O." or "return at 3 o'clock—gone to the court-house," &c. A certain lawyer in New York a few days ago, got in a muss and some wag tacked a label on his office door—"gone to the Tombs! back in 30 days."

Kicking a Yankee.

Under this caption we sometimes give a story, illustrating the impossibility of kicking a Yankee. The veteran Noah says: That there is no case on record of a Yankee having been kicked, nor, until the history of the last year of the world's duration is written, will such a feat be recorded.

We remember (says the "Veteran") a sharp fellow named Doolittle, a Connecticut "exotic," who was transplanted from Harvard University to one of the Southern States, for the purpose of assuming the editorial control of a violent party paper, where no one had ever labored with advantage for the party, simply because an infinite quantity of pistols, and a multiplicity of bowie knives, prevented the strenuous advocacy of certain principles, and fettered the freedom of speech in an elegant style of efficiency. Doolittle was highly educated—was impetuous—brave; yet, with the characteristic cunning of his tribe, careful of his own interests. He took hold of the paper with the determination to make it serviceable "to the cause," and serviceable he did make it. The opposing candidate was a bad fellow—a duelist, dram drinker, a lover of "poker," and a decided votary of Venus. Doolittle did what no other editor dared to do—he said so. The day on which his article appeared, the candidate entered the editorial chamber.

"You are Doolittle—the editor of this paper?" holding a copy of the sheet in his hand.

"I am."

"You have libelled and insulted me, and—drawing a large knife—"I have come for your ears."

"I beg your pardon," said Doolittle—"I am a stranger to your customs, and perhaps have taken a course which in this part of the country is inexcusable. Such is, I think the fact. Suppose we compromise the matter."

"Very well," said the bluff Southerner; "I'll kick you, and you shall make a full retraction."

"You'll what?" said Doolittle, quietly.

"Kick you."

"You insist upon that little privilege?"

"I am unalterably fixed in my determination."

"So am I," said Doolittle, firing a horse pistol as big as a blunderbuss, and shattering the Southerner's right leg—"not to be kicked." He held his situation six months—was stabbed twice, shot three times, belabored with a bludgeon once, thrown into a pond once, but never kicked. During his six months' experience he killed two of his adversaries. An absolute fact.

The Heaviest Argument.

The excitement caused by the Presidential contest in 1840, is well remembered. Both Whigs and Democrats strained every nerve to elect their candidates; and some of the arguments at that time made use of to sway the minds of voters were of the most substantial kind. In the town of —, in this state, was one of those straight-faced fellows, ever ready for a joke, but whose principles lie at the bottom of his pocket—in heart a Whig, but invariably voted a democratic ticket, which he found nailed upon the head of a barrel of flour accidentally placed upon his front stoop the night previous to election. Contrary to all usage and the expectations of his friends, Joe S—, on the first day of election, walked up to the polls and deliberately deposited his ballot for Gen. Harrison. Here was something unheard of, and great was the consternation thereat in the ranks of the 'democracy.' A deputation soon called upon him to know the meaning of his conduct, and to ascertain the cause of his sudden desertion.

"How could you leave your old friends at this time?" said the interrogator, "you know how certainly we counted on your vote. Did you not find your barrel of flour upon your stoop this morning?"

"Yes, to be sure I did," said Joe, with a knowing wink; "but I found two barrels on my back stoop!"—Morris Jerseyman.

Many strangers are visiting Nauvoo, to purchase the property of the Mormons, who intend to emigrate to Oregon in the spring.

A man was whipping his horse in Louisville, Ky., lately, when the animal fell on him and crushed him to death.