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Let it Come.

BY WALTER WILWOOD.

Let it come, and be not fearful
What another day may bring,
For the heart that's always cheerful
Feels not half of sorrow's sting
Grief's dark reign is always sterner
When he finds an easy prey,
Than when he meets some smiling mourner,
Ill disposed to brook his way.

Let it come, nor idly murmur
At the many ills of life,
As its trials thicken, firmer
Gird your armor for the strife.
In the tide of time before you,
Good and ill, for all are held,
But the good will not pursue you,
Till by earnest force compelled.

Let it come, and be not fearful
What the flight of time may bring—
Visions bright and spectres fearful,
Are behind his shading wing,
And to all as past he flieeth,
Their allotted part he bears,
But his burden lightest lieth
On the heart that ne'er despairs.

Let it come, not be offended
Should your sky be overcast,
And its light again be blended
With the shadows of the past.
Still with hopes of brighter morrow
Cheer your fainting spirits some,
And ere'though it bring you sorrow,
Stand erect and let it come.

A Word to the Ladies.

BY LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

You cannot know, my gentle sisters, the intense feelings of interest, solicitude, hope, and fear, with which my schooled heart swells, as I look upon your fair glad faces, and hear your merry laughter. Very pleasant they are to me; for I love joy and beauty, and long for the land in which they bloom forever. In this world they are not immortal, and yet they are almost always blighted in their early bloom. It need not be so. The gladness of the heart may endure to old age, and the face may retain its beauty, always. Joy and beauty are the sunshine of the soul. So long then as the heaven is clear above us, we may be beautiful and serenely happy.

I am not going to tire you with a moral lecture. I assume, dear girls, that you are all pure, and gentle, and that you understand your duty, and accountability to God. But there is one subject of vital importance, involving your whole human happiness and respectability, on which it is the fashion to keep you in utter ignorance. Men have said and written "Foster the romance of woman's heart. Do not suffer the broad light of reality to dissipate the shining mists that clothe her morning landscape. Cherish the idolatry of her loving nature, and let her dream of heaven, and defy the object of her pure young heart's idolatry." This doctrine is well suited to Mohammedan countries, where women are kept in little earthly Edens, pampered, flattered, and caressed. Surrounded by beauty; dreaming life away in elegant ease, amid the refinements of luxury. Believing that they are created merely to love, and be admired by their lord, to whom they apply the words of the inspired Psalmist, "For he is thy Lord God, and worship thou him."

But for women who are required to answer the end of their creation, as a help for man; to walk beside him, in the rough ways of life, to share all his toils, his sorrows, and his reverses; by their own efforts to sustain herself and him, when sickness, or other bodily or mental evil, incapacitates him; and if he die, to provide for her fatherless children, by the labor of her own hands: for such I say, away with dreams of romance, let them see clearly, the country through which they are to travel, and choose the path which to them shall seem most inviting; knowing that even in it are thorns, serpents, and rough places; that in it they must encounter storms, and darkness and desert tracts; and knowing also that they are not to find in any of its bowers, or pleasant spots, their supreme happiness, but that walking steadily in its sunshine and its darkness, they will at length arrive at the Paradise of God.

Love—mutual love—hallowed by wedlock, is the dearest, sweetest angel, that is given, to aid in bearing life's burden of sorrow and toil, but human love is not the business of our life, or the end of our own existence. We have higher, sterner duties, than to love and please a man. If we had not, very many of us, would live wholly in vain.

It is of these sterner things of life that I would speak to you; for they are too often hid from your eyes, until you come into actual contact with them; and then in your surprise, terror and suffering, you shriek out, accuse man of cruel treachery, and almost blaspheme God; when if you had entered upon life, understandingly, you would have been prepared for the evil, and perhaps have rejoiced, that it was lighter than you had anticipated. Remember girls—when you think of marriage, that in becoming wives, you surrender your identity, give up your very name, and become one flesh, with your husband. That you make yourselves subject, for God has said, "He shall rule over thee." That you give yourself to suffering, exceeding all other agony that human nature can endure. That you give yourself the solicitude and cares, that never slumber night or day. These are the portion of the happiest woman who fills her appointed station of wife and mother. But all these may be alleviated, rendered endurable, even sweet, by the kind attentions and sympathies of a beloved husband. By the consciousness of rectitude, and a proud reliance on the honor, and respectability of our lord. We are happy in our children, because he loves them; we are proud of them, because they are like him; we love them because they are bleedings of his being with our own. And we are happy, not in ourselves; a married woman cannot be happy in herself; but in our husband and children.

These things, dear girls, are solemnly true.—You have only to open your eyes, to see them as they are. The fireside of your parents, of all your married relatives and friends, is eloquent of these truths, and yet how many young maidens perceive them not; but marry in the confident expectation of unalloyed felicity. They find bitterness in the first taste of the cup, humiliation succeeds; cares, and agonies follow; they are disappointed, indignant, aggrieved, they approach their husband with having deceived them, of having wrested them from all joy, and subjected them to confinement and suffering; they rail enviously at the comparative freedom and exemption of his lot; they vex him with unjust accusations, and unreasonable repining; and finally the pair become estranged, miserable, hateful, and hating one another. And all this because the girl did not know what a wife's real portion is. I do not pity the husbands of these canker worm wives, because they lay the foundation of the misery, for themselves, and their wretched wives.

I appeal to you girls—all who have lovers—do they not pretend to admire you, as beautiful, (which is perhaps equivocal) to worship you as a model of perfect excellence, (which no living woman is) to adore you as the loveliest of your sex, (doubtful) and to declare that your society, your love, is necessary to his happiness, (which is probably true.) Does he not talk to you, of the perfect felicity of wedded love, and declare that if you give your destiny into his keeping it shall be the study of his life to make you happy, (that is if you can be content with the overflowing of the cup, which you must fill for him.)

With such wooings, men old enough to know what life is, allure simple children of from fifteen to seventeen, to assume a station for which they are all unfitted; a burden which they have not strength to bear; responsibilities, of the nature of which they are in utter ignorance. And yet they expect the poor silly dupe, of their flattery, to become at once a wise, sober, experienced and submissive wife; a dignified housekeeper and rational companion. These she cannot become without the maturing of time, and the lessons of experience. He becomes impatient, and finds fault; she is grieved and indignant, and so begins a life of strife and recrimination, to end in utter misery.

Now I am not going to say anything against God's ordinance of matrimony, but I intend to show you how to make it honorable and happy.

I have said that in a state of servitude, self-denial, and heavy endurance—and it is so, inevitably so. Understanding this, you will not rush to the hymenial altar as to the gate of heaven, with any flattering pop, who may solicit your company. It is hard for a sensible woman to be in subjection to a fool. It is hard to be forced, in spite of your earnest remonstrances, to go with a spendthrift down the road to ruin, to utter destitution, with your helpless children, to share the fearful fate.—It is hard to remain agonizing at home, while your pleasure seeking husband is spending his time with dissolute companions; but if such become your lot, you will be required to endure patiently and cheerfully. To put bond upon your outraged spirit, to impose silence upon your tortured heart.

To kiss the hand that smites you—aye, the foot that is placed upon your neck. To smile when your soul is in anguish, and speak loving words while the iron of oppression is rusting into your soul. It is noble in man to resist tyranny, it is beautiful in woman to endure; it is dastardly in man to submit to a vile oppression, it is monstrous wickedness in woman, to rebel. All your happiness, your comfort, your enjoyment, in life, rests therefore upon the character of your husband. Here is the point at which I have been seeking to arrive. You are now free to choose or to refuse. This is the only freedom which woman can ever call her own. Use it wisely, I implore you—of your own good. Cast from you the illusions of fancy, the nonsensical prattle of 'first love,' and woman's destiny. Look seriously upon life, and consider yourselves workers in the great designs of Providence. If you are solicited to marry a man, whom in your heart you cannot honor, on whose faith you cannot perfectly rely, to whose judgment you cannot pay implicit deference, for the sake of whose society you cannot resign all

others, for the boon of whose love you are not willing to endure all agony—say No! Heed no entreaties, listen to no advice; sooner be cast into a den of lions than become his wife. If having deemed a man such an one as you can delight to honor, you discover any thing revolting in his character, send him at once from your presence.

A Story with a Moral.

THE LEGACY.

"I never in my life knew any people so lucky as George Andrews and his wife," observed Mrs. Henderson one evening to her husband, in a tone which bordered strongly on complaint.

"What has happened to them now, Sophia?" inquired he, suspending his pen, and looking up with a stronger sense of interest in his wife's feelings, however, than in his neighbors' fortunes.

"Have you not heard, Philip, that a cousin of his had died in India, and left him six or seven thousand pounds? Only think of receiving such a legacy from a person one has never seen, and scarcely ever heard of!"

"I am glad to hear it," replied Mr. Henderson. "One may congratulate him on his accession of wealth without fear of giving rise to painful regrets. Six thousand pounds would not console one for the loss of a very dear friend."

"Six thousand pounds would be very pleasant to inherit, Philip, replied the lady in a tone which seemed to imply that it would console her for a great deal. "I wish somebody would leave as much for you: how happy it would make us!"

"I am not sure of that: such an addition to our income might possibly make us neither happier nor richer than we are at present."

"Not richer! Why Philip, you are joking. Would not three hundred a year—and if properly managed, it would produce that—make us a great deal richer? What an advantage it would be?"

"What do you need, Sophia, that you do not at present possess, that you are so extremely desirous of a larger income?"

"Oh, a dozen things at least; we would put Edward to a first-rate school, and have a capital governess for the others. What a pleasure that would be! I should be no more tired to teaching, as I am now, but should be as independent of the nursery as Mrs. Andrews; and then, perhaps, you would indulge me with a week in London; and I am dying to near an opera! I am sure you could afford that for once in a way."

"I hope we shall manage to put Edward to a good school, my dear," said her husband rather gravely; "though as to the tuition of the girls, I think you must still be contented to act the part of a mother towards them. And permit me to say, that I trust your desire of going to London is as visionary as your expectation of a legacy. Your happiness does not depend on either event, I should imagine; certainly not nearly so much as on the cultivation of a cheerful and contented spirit, such as you have hitherto exhibited."

No more was said on this subject, and Mr. Henderson trusted that, as the first excitement of this intelligence subsided, his wife's inclination to discontent would die away, and that she would gradually resume the use of her reason and her habits of active usefulness.

The inheritor of this unexpected legacy, meantime, did not view the affair in the bright colors that dazzled Mrs. Henderson. On the contrary, he had many and serious thoughts on the subject. He was at the first moment, it is true, much pleased with this sudden accession of property, but when he came to consider the matter, he experienced a great revulsion of feeling; and he began to doubt whether he was so lucky a man as his acquaintance universally denominated him. It was, after all, so small a sum—only six thousand pounds—it would hardly add to his income or increase his credit. Why had it not been ten thousand? He would, he thought, have been quite satisfied with that; that would have been a handsome legacy, a something worth talking about, a gift to be grateful for. Perhaps, had it been ten thousand, he might have risen a step in the world, and from senior clerk of the extensive firm to which he belonged he might have been admitted as a partner; a change which he ardently desired. Why could not his coffin have made the legacy larger? How provoking that, either from want of interest in his welfare, or from any other cause, he had stopped short of a sum which would certainly have procured him, as he imagined, perfect happiness.

The gloom which over-appeared his brow was not unmarked by his affectionate wife; and supposing that he was over-wearied with his work, and standing in need of relaxation, she one day proposed that he should beg a short holiday from the office, and spend it with them at the sea-side.

"I cannot afford any such extravagant pleasures," was his reply, somewhat impatiently, to her suggestion.

"I thought this legacy you have received would have enabled you?" replied she rather timidly—then paused.

"Legacy!" repeated he, "I am sick of the legacy. After all the congratulations with which I am pestered, as if I had inherited half the Indies, to be the owner of only six thousand pounds—it is too bad!"

"Nay, dear George, I cannot agree with you: six thousand pounds is a large sum for us, and will make a most comfortable addition to our income. I am sure I feel grateful for it."

"Grateful!—pooh! If Edward Davis wished me to be grateful, he should have left me something worth naming. Upon my word, I was ashamed to own this legacy, which has made so much noise, was only six thousand pounds, when the eldest Walker asked me about it today. How contemptible it must appear to him

who makes more than that clear profit every year!"

"But these things are all by comparison, George; and a sum which would be nothing to your employers may be very important to you. You would not, I am sure, like to lose this six thousand again, although you speak of it now so slightly?"

He did not answer, and she, after waiting a moment, ventured to continue:—"You are tempted to take this gloomy view of matters, George, because you feel more than usually harassed with business. I am certain that is the only reason. Pray, for once, take my advice, and try if the change of scene and little holiday I propose would not give you renewed strength and vigor for your work." She spoke in the gentlest and most persuasive accents, but they were lost on a mind which listened only to the whispers of a newly awakened avarice.

Mr. Andrews, after pacing the room for some minutes, seated himself again by his wife and tried to make her understand the ambitious projects he had formed, and the great promotion he believed he had so narrowly missed.—But she was too clear-sighted and well-principled to encourage visionary projects, which tended only to disquiet his mind, and prevent his enjoying the blessings which were lawfully his. To this plan of laying by the whole of this addition to their income she did not of course object, if it was to enable her husband at some future time to retire from business; but his wish to become proprietor of the concern to which he belonged made her sigh, as she thought of the increased responsibility he desired for himself; and she dreaded lest the sudden passion for accumulation which had now seized him, might lead him farther to the road of covetousness than he at all anticipated. But his project was fixed, and he resolved at all events to become proprietor of ten thousand pounds, a preliminary step, as he imagined, to his great advancement; and seeing that she must submit, she wisely submitted with a good grace, and resigned her hopes of change of air for herself and children without a murmur.

Mr. Andrews and Mr. Henderson were clerks in the same concern; but the former, both in station and income was considerably the senior, and Mrs. Henderson had long been accustomed to eye with something approaching to envy the superior comforts and even elegancies which Mrs. Andrews enjoyed. Not that theirs was anything approaching to ostentation in their manner of living; and in truth most of the indulgences which Mrs. Henderson commented on or coveted were purchased from the comfortable portion which Mrs. Andrews had inherited of her father. It was this which enabled them to send their eldest son to a superior school, and it was from this fund that the excellent governess was paid, who shared with the mother the task of educating a numerous and increasing family. That people possessed of so much should inherit more, seemed an unnecessary addition, and almost an unfair division of worldly goods, to the jealous apprehension of Mrs. Henderson. But had she known the truth, her envy must have subsided into pity. From the possession of that fatal legacy was the wife forced to date a melancholy and most distressing alteration in her husband; his whole nature seemed changed, and every honorable, generous, and even affectionate feeling, appeared smothered in a passion for gain. Quickly to accumulate the desired capital, was his thought by day, his dream by night; and to accelerate this object, he tried in every possible way to curtail all expenses not strictly unavoidable. Gradually, but surely, Mrs. Andrews found herself deprived of numerous trifles which her delicate health seemed to require: their household was diminished, subscriptions to charities withdrawn, their pleasant and commodious house exchanged for a cheaper abode in a less healthy situation; and when it appeared that it was of too contracted dimensions to receive them all, she was told that she must therefore give up the governess.

By degrees the whole expenses of the household were reduced to the sum which was in truth her own and her husband was not to be prevailed on to extend its limits or allow her to touch his salary. Had honor, honesty, or prudence dictated this proceeding, Mrs. Andrews would have submitted without remonstrance; her zeal in economy would even have exceeded his; but to feel herself and her children deprived of those advantages to which they have been accustomed from birth, only to gratify a fatally-increasing disease of her husband's mind, was bitter. But bitter far was the loss of his affection and confidence—the painful coldness which had insensibly grown up between them. It was after a few years of such a system that a new prospect was suddenly opened, in an offer of partnership from another, and a rival house. The prospect was alluring in every respect, the concern was supposed to be peculiarly flourishing, and the terms in which it was made were as flattering as they were advantageous. Eagerly was the proposal grasped by Mr. Andrews, it being superior to his hopes, and much beyond his expectations, and the important step was taken which raised him from servitude to a master's peace.

The vacancy this change occasioned was offered to Mr. Henderson, and by him thankfully and gratefully accepted; but his wife, though now raised to the situation which she had long coveted, found it by no means replete with all the advantages she had been accustomed to ascribe to it, and she sighed as she reflected how little probable it was that any legacy would ever bestow on them the happiness which she believed Mrs. Andrews to enjoy.

Satisfied with his own advanced position, her husband paid little regard to her murmurs, for he was now enabled to procure for his chil-

dren such additional advantages in education as he considered useful or desirable; and he pursued his daily avocations with increased attention and satisfaction, in spite of the restlessness of his wife, whom he vainly tried to inspire with a like contented spirit, by reminding her of the superior advantages they now enjoyed to those with which they commenced life. A single glance into Mrs. Andrews' mind would have rendered his arguments a work of supererogation, and done more to convert his wife to his way of thinking than half a year's lecturing.

Being a woman of quick perception of character and great penetration, poor Mrs. Andrews could not, from the first, avoid feeling some degree of mistrust for her husband's partners. Lavish in their own expenditure, indeed indulging in an unbounded profusion, they yet took every possible method of flattering and strengthening the very opposite foibles of George Andrews; praising his prudence, envying his strength of mind, and protesting that, if circumstances allowed it, they would certainly imitate his foresight. These congratulations he received with a triumphant smile, which seemed to speak at once his own self-approval, and his contempt for his weak minded companions.

Unwilling as she was to judge any one harshly, the wife could not think favorably of those who thus fostered a weakness, or rather a vice, so completely at variance with his best interests and the happiness of all connected with him. She feared the flatterers, though unable to divine their motive, and being now more than ever deprived of her husband's society, she occupied herself solely in directing her household, and giving her children the best education in her power. She imagined that her husband must long ago have realized the sum of ten thousand pounds, which he had asserted would be the extent of his ambition; yet she saw no symptom of relaxation in his avaricious habits, no improvement to herself in her own situation. All was grasping, grinding economy, rendered more bitter by the contrast which her husband's companions exhibited.

But a startling and complete termination was at length put to their trials and sorrows, for it suddenly became known that the two senior partners in the business had fled, taking with them every pound on which they could lay their grasp and leaving the whole concern in a state of complete ruin. Debt to an enormous amount appeared due on every side, and it was evident that the business had long been on the verge of bankruptcy, which had been only kept off for a brief interval by the capital Andrews had brought them. Of course, though clear of their guilt, he was involved in their ruin, and at one blow the labors of the last six years were destroyed, and the money on which he had set his heart, swept away forever. The legacy, the source alike of pleasure and of pain, was now become as if it had never been; and the vain desires and ardent hopes which had been founded on it had proved vanity of vanities. But it was a happy blow for him: he awoke as from a dream, and with the demolition of his ambitious projects there came other and better plans and feelings. After giving up every farthing he possessed to the creditors, he looked around for employment to provide bread for his family; nor did he seek in vain. A situation was once more offered him in Mr. Walker's house, and here he began the world again as at the first.

"Well," said Mr. Henderson to his wife, "I agree with you in thinking Andrews a very fortunate man. It is true that he has lost the legacy, but he has gained a lesson which he will probably never forget. And when I see him now so quietly pursuing his business, and his wife with a contented, or rather a happy look, I must class him among the most fortunate men of my acquaintance."—*Chambers' Journal.*

Young Lady put up at Lottery.

—A young girl, warranted to be well educated, well-born and virtuous, and with a dowry of 200,000 francs (\$40,000) has been offered as the principal prize in a recent lottery at Paris. The Prospectus announces that the money, payable on her marriage to the fortunate drawer, is deposited and registered at a certain public office where its certification is open to those interested. Responsible persons give warranty, for as much as can be reasonably warrantable in a young lady's beauty, et cetera; and, when all the tickets are sold, she will be introduced to subscribers, at a ball given previous to the drawing.

What seems stranger, still, at a first glance, is that ladies and married men are invited, equally with bachelors, to take tickets in this remarkable lottery. The consistency of this is explained by the frequent examples of prizes drawn by those who have no use for them, and who part with them at a sacrifice; and another lottery is instanced, where a service of plate, worth 75000 francs is the principal prize. The drawer of such a luxury, which none but a prince could use, would, of course, part with it for its mere value in silver, and in like manner, and unmarriedable drawer of a young lady with a dowry, would forego the fair shape with which the dowry came—taking only the money, and paying her a stipulated indemnity for non-performance of the connubial portion of the price for the ticket. It is provided also, by the programme, that the young lady can refuse the match by relinquishing the whole of the dowry, if her repugnance to the drawer should be insuperable.

What is the price of a ticket for this prize, of combined money and innocence, the French paper does not state; but probably, any foreign banking-house would secure one for an American who should desire it.—*Home Journal.*

There never was known a decent abolitionist who would sleep with a negro in his bed.