

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 2.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1841.

No 3.

## PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THEODORE SCHUCH.

**TERMS.**—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars 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 proprietor, will be charged 3-4 cts. per year, extra.  
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted for one dollar. Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion, larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.  
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

## JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large elegant plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

## FANCY PRINTING.

**Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER BLANKS, PAMPHLETS, &c.**

Printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms.

## POETRY.

### Old Rosin the Bow.

Time creeps on the wisest and happiest,  
As well as all others you know,  
And his hand, though it touches him kindly,  
Is laid on Old Rosin the Bow.

My fingers grow stiff and unskillful,  
And I must make ready to go;  
God's blessing on all I am leaving—  
I lay down the Viol and Bow.

This world and my cheerful companions,  
I love—but I'm willing to go,  
For a better I trust is in waiting  
Above, for Old Rosin the Bow.

I've ever been cheerful but guileless,  
And I wish all the world would be so;  
For there's nothing like bright happy faces,  
In the eyes of Old Rosin the Bow.

Full many a gay hearted circle  
Have trooped on a light heel and toe,  
Through the good old "cut-throat and contra,"  
Inspired by my Viol and Bow.

And when a string cracked in the middle,  
They just took a breath as you know,  
While Rosin returned the old fiddle,  
And clapp'd some new dust on the Bow.

All the youth love the merry old fellow,  
And his beard's not ungrateful I know;  
For to see them joyous and happy,  
Is bliss to Old Rosin the Bow.

A few whom we love, have departed,  
And oft to the church yard I go,  
And sit on some green, grassy hillock,  
And think on the sleepers below!

Then softly my Viol attuning  
To the notes which are sweetest and low,  
Some strain which is plaintive and simple,  
I touch with trembling Bow.

Then the youth come and gather around me,  
All silent and hushed as I play,  
Their thoughts borne aloft on my strains  
To the home of the lord, far away.

And now 'tis my turn to be going:  
My pulse almost ceases to flow;  
Though poor I can still give the blessing  
To each, of Old Rosin the Bow.

Am'tion and hate are the poisons  
That curdle life's joys as they flow—  
Oh! would every heart were as simple  
As that of Old Rosin the Bow.

Now when I'm laid under the greensward,  
Don't sorrow too deeply for me,  
But think on the morrow that's coming,  
How sweet our re-union shall be!

Then lay me 'neath yonder old chestnut,  
Without any funeral show,  
And but add to the tear of affection,  
"God care for Old Rosin the Bow!"

But do not forget to adorn it,  
(Just over my bosom you know,  
Where so many long years I have born it.)  
With my cheerful old Viol and Bow.

That all who pass by and look on it,  
May say, "after all, I don't know,  
But the truest philosopher living  
Was honest Old Rosin the Bow."  
Columbus, Dec. 25, 1840.

K.

**RUNNING FOR AN OFFICE.**—A fellow was seen running up First-street, when a friend inquired "What are you running for?" "I'm running for an office." "What office?" "Squire Rowley's, dang it, I'm sued!"

**A LADY FARMER.**—The successful competitor for the premiums offered by the Agricultural Society of Kennebec county, (Maine,) was Mrs. Content W. Haines, of Winthrop. Her wheat crop was 29 bushels to the acre. Her corn crop consisted of 132 bushels to the acre.

## From the Ladies Companion. Love and Speculation.

A TALE OF THE DAYS OF DISCOUNTS IN NEW-YORK.

BY EPES SARGENT.

CHAPTER I.

THE scene was the room of a young artist in Broadway—the season midsummer—the time of day eleven o'clock in the forenoon—and the dramatic person, Mr. Frank Buckwood, a nice young man, and Mr. Harry Singleton, who was, to all appearances, the proprietor of the cans of paint, the easel, the brushes, pallets, lay figures and broken casts, which were scattered in picturesque confusion about the apartment. Mr. Buckwood was reclining, after a fashion peculiar to himself, in a luxurious arm-chair, a cigar in his mouth, and one leg stretched upon an adjacent table, while the other rested upon the head of a plaster Shakspeare. Mr. Singleton, who wore a tightly-fitting, and richly-figured dressing gown, in the pockets of which his hands were thrust, was pacing the floor with impatient strides, and with a face, which betrayed anxiety and vexation.

"Be cool, man," said Mr. Buckwood, lazily exhaling a cloud of tobacco-smoke; "take comfort. It will be all the same a hundred years hence."

"Comfort! Don't talk to me, sir, of comfort," replied Mr. Singleton. "I am inconsolable—wretched beyond description."

"Don't walk the room in that way, Harry. It is decidedly vulgar. The true mark of a gentleman is, to appear consumedly indifferent to every thing. Nothing is more plebeian than to be miserable, unless it is to be happy."

"Oh, hang up philosophy. Wait till you are tried as I am."

"And, pray, now that I think of it, what is the matter?"

"Oh! if you but knew. Well, why shouldn't I tell you? Buckwood, don't sneer, and I will impart to you my story. You know Eveline Gray?"

"Certainly; the little dowdy heiress in—what is the name of the street? Her hair is what you might call flame-colored."

"Cut-off! She is a sylph with auburn ringlets. Don't laugh at me. We met at Niagara last autumn. It was before my father's death, which event, as you know, was accelerated by the loss of his fortune, in consequence of his ill-advised endorsements. The art, with which I then dabbled for amusement, is now, alas! my sole means of support. Well; I met Eveline at Niagara. I took her likeness, read with her, gazed on the rapids with her by moonlight, by sunlight, by starlight, by twilight, by no light at all, save what flashed from her own blue eyes—and finally—"

"I understand. Go on," said Buckwood.

"Don't interrupt me," implored his friend. "Finally we were engaged. Parents gave their consent, & the course of true love ran untroubled by a wavelet or a ripple. But fortune suddenly shifted. My father was ruined, and I was ruined with him. But Eveline—Eveline was true! Not so old Six-per-cent, her father. As soon as he heard of my misfortune, he forsook me his house—theatered to kick me down stairs—me, Harry Singleton! I would have dashed my fist in his face, but consideration, like an angel came, in the shape of Eveline, and I bowed and withdrew."

"Well; what is there in all that to make you miserable?" inquired Mr. Buckwood, lighting a new cigar.

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all," returned Harry, in a somewhat doubtful and perplexed tone. "I considered it pleasant—devilish pleasant. But my story isn't quite finished."

"Of course," said Buckwood, "you had a carriage at the lady's door the next evening—chartered a steamboat, and carried her off to Providence, where the knot was tied and no questions asked."

"No. I succumbed to the blow in the fond hope that the storm would blow over, and the sky brighten once more. For months, as you know, I have devoted myself to my art with an exclusive devotion. I have wooed excellence with unremitting assiduity, and I flatter myself, Buckwood, not altogether without success. But you grow impatient. In one word, then, there is a rival in the case—a vulgar, black-looking foreigner, with long hair curling over his collar, a dirty imperial, and whiskers, which the dyer has made black. He calls himself Count Mareschino, and is quite assiduous in his addresses to Eveline. She, poor girl, is evidently disgusted with the fellow, but her father and mother have the faculty to favor his pretensions. The wretch is reputed to be rich, and he talks of his estates on the Rhine with magnificent self-complacency. By the way, he has had the impudence to sit to me for his portrait. Here it is. Did you ever see such a graceless-looking vagabond?"

Here the young artist brought forth a canvass covered with a half-finished portrait, the only remarkable feature of which was an unnatural mass of curly black hair, and submitted it to Mr. Buckwood's inspection. That excellent person, on seeing the picture, appeared to be suddenly roused from the apathy which had hitherto

characterized his demeanor. He turned the canvass admiringly to the light, then struck his forehead thoughtfully with his hand, and, at length, with uncontrollable enthusiasm, exclaimed:

"Beautiful! What a noble-looking fellow! Fie upon you, Harry! It is your jaundiced imagination, which blinds you to the charms of that manly face. What an eye! What whiskers! If Eveline can resist those whiskers, then is she impregnable."

"Pshaw!" replied Singleton, somewhat chagrined; "of course the face is flattered, but, without prejudice, I consider it superfluously hideous. Pah! The lug of a black bear would be ecstasy compared with the contact of that bushy excrement. Hang the fellow! What shall I do, Buckwood? How dispute the claims of this infernal bandit?"

"Invite him to take a sail with you over to Hoboken, one of these pleasant mornings. But no, I fear the fellow isn't worth shooting; and as you seem to be in earnest about this matter, my dear Harry, I will lend you a helping hand. If I can't extricate you from this dilemma myself, I know the man who will do it, if human ingenuity and audacity can prevail. You know Mr. Moses Timberstock, of course?"

"Timberstock! Moses! Never heard of such a person."

"What! Do you not know Moses? Wait here awhile. I will bring him to you, and we will consult upon your case. Not know Moses! Poor ignorant youth! A capital fellow is Moses—the prince of speculators and of humbugs—and the envy and detestation of his Wall Street brethren. Oh, you must see Moses. Cheer up, Harry. This is a lucky thought. Moses shall make a man of you yet; and if he does not astonish your particular friend Count Whiskerandos, he is not the Moses I took him for. Adieu for five minutes."

And so saying, Mr. Frank Buckwood abruptly threw away his cigar, put on his hat, and knocking down a Venus de Medicis in his progress, quitted the apartment.

CHAPTER II.

Singleton was alone; and taking his brush and pallet, he commenced painting. The subject which he had marked out upon his canvass, was a fancy sketch, representing the stolen meeting of two lovers. The lady had her finger raised in the attitude of listening, while the youth had his hand upon the hilt of his sword, as if he heard the foot-falls of hostile intruders. His left arm was round the slender waist of his companion. A noble white charger tied to the bough of a tree, completed the picture, which, in its attitudes, was spirited and graceful, and extremely well colored. The young artist, however, did not seem to regard it with much complacency; and after two or three touches, he threw by his mail-stick, his brush and pallet, and, taking a chair, did what young gentlemen in love are very apt to do—he soliloquized:

"In vain do I try to rally the hopes that have forsaken me. Existence stretches before me one barren level, unillumined by that orb, which would have made its desolation a paradise."

As he uttered these words, a sound of persons approaching was heard, and the next moment Count Mareschino, marshalling Mrs. Gray and Eveline, entered the studio. The nobleman was certainly a very extraordinary person in appearance. His hair was very black and very beautiful—enveloping the principal portion of his face. A quizzing-glass was stuck before his right eye, and kept in its place by the compression of his brow. Around his neck was a black satin kerchief, sprigged with gold; and his vest flamed with all the colors of the rainbow. His pantaloons were of light blue, and he wore a frock coat froged in the most sublime fashion. He carried a stupendous cane, twisted into as many convolutions as the serpent of the Laocoon.

But in what language shall I describe Eveline! Neither the pencil nor the pen could do her charms even imperfect justice.

"This way, ladies," exclaimed the Count, with an apparent affectation of broken English, and a foreign accent—"here is the apartment of our grande artiste. By gar, he is not quite equal to Monsieur Isabey, who painted my likeness at Paris, but he promise very well."

"So, my rival," muttered Singleton, who, in his apathy, did not even turn to see who were his visitors. "I should like to burke him, the black-whiskered rascal!"

"Voila, madame!" said the Count, addressing Mrs. Gray. "What say you to dat portrait, ha?"

"Ah! Count," replied the lady, "it does you no sort of justice. It is a mere caricature—is it not, Eveline?"

"It is, indeed," returned the young lady thus accosted; adding in a lower tone, "a caricature of humanity, but at the same time a flattered likeness of the original."

The Count looked perplexed. "Does she mean that for a sneer," thought he to himself. "What does she say madame?"

"She says it can hardly be called a flattered likeness," said the matron, swallowing the fib; and then turning to the daughter, she rejoined—"Fie, Eveline!"

"Ah, Mademoiselle, is trop gracieux," said the Count, with a grim smile.

In the meantime, Harry had started at the well known sound of Eveline's voice. "Is it not she who spoke?" he exclaimed, in a whisper; "was it not she who spoke?"

Nor was Eveline less curious to discover who the young artist might be, who was manifesting such a cavalier indifference to the presence of his visitors. "It can be no other," said she, timidly approaching, so as to gain a view of his face. "It is he!"

An exclamation of surprize escaped her, but the Count and her mother were too intent upon examining the pictures, to observe her movements. Harry had started forward and taken the proffered hand of Eveline, and pressed it to his lips.

"Do we indeed meet again," she began, "and under circumstances so singular?"

"Eveline! This recognition is indeed kind. Eveline—"

But here the keen ears of Mrs. Gray caught the sound of his voice, and coming forward, in all the dignity of starched muslin and rustling satin, she turned upon poor Harry and said: "Eveline, indeed! What insolence! And she suffers him to hold her hand! So! our old acquaintance, Mr. Singleton! This presumption, sir, is ungentlemanly after what has passed between you and my daughter. And you, Miss Dignity, should be ashamed of yourself, to encourage such attentions from a pauper."

"A pauper, Madame!" exclaimed Eveline, her cheeks flushing, her eyes kindling, and her whole frame dilating with indignation, as if, like Coriolanus, her heart were not big enough for the passion which had entered it—"a pauper! Say no more, lest I forget I am your daughter, and remember only my affection for"—but here a flood of tears came to her relief, and she sank upon Singleton's shoulder,

"Like the weak Pythian when her god has left her."

"Ah! that look—that half-spoken sentence have more than repaid me," whispered Harry, "for the contumely cast upon me, and checked the retort that was quivering upon my lips."

"Oh, I shall burst with rage," exclaimed the anxious mother; "my poor nerves!"

"Madame, s'il vous plait, exposez this mystery," said Mareschino.

"It is the young man I told you of," replied Mrs. Gray—"he who was at one time engaged to Eveline. Mercy upon me! He is kissing her hand again, and see how they are whispering. There is treason going on. It is now time for you, Count, to interfere."

"Never fear for me, madame. I will—rat you call it—pulverize him with one of my terrible frowns, by gar!"

Hereupon the redoubtable Count approached our friend Harry, and striking his colossus-like cane upon the floor, began: "Young man sare!"

"Well, sare, what is it?" said Harry, disengaging the fair arm, which would have detained him, and advancing so close upon the toes of Mareschino, that the latter receded several paces, not without betraying that his corns had been somewhat rudely pressed.

"Sacre-r-re! Permettez-moi," said the Count, who was evidently more at a loss for his French than his English words—"let me tell you, sare, you make too dem free with that demoiselle, who is affianced by her parents, to myself."

"Well, sir, what have you to say against it?"

"Ahem! Sare, I have to say that I sall—I sall—"

"Well, sir, you sall what?"

"Sall not pay you for your dem picture, sare."

"Oh, is that all?" retorted Harry, bethinking himself of one of Joe Miller's pleasantries. "It is no sort of consequence. I can dispose of the portrait elsewhere. Mr. Saint John of the Museum wants a likeness taken of his orang-outang. It will not cost me much trouble to paint in the tail."

"By gar, I shall demand one grand satisfaction, sare," said Mareschino. "Expectez-moi, and tremble! Allons, madame, sall we go?"

"Come along Miss Obstinance—no last words," said the prudent Mrs. Gray, to the fair culprit, who seemed hesitating between disgust for the Count, and love for the young artist.

"Grant me but one word with her," exclaimed Singleton, regaining Eveline's hand. "It shall be spoken loud enough for all of you to hear."

"On that condition, I do not object," replied Mrs. Gray.

The diffident young man drew the fair Eveline towards him, and implanted upon her lips a kiss, that resounded through the apartment.

"Farewell, Eveline!"

"Farewell!"

"Sacre-r-r-re!"

"Impertinence! You shall be locked up in your chamber for this, miss!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A wronged creditor, a neglected wife, a slandered neighbor, and a guilty conscience, are four things which give great pain.

Nearly eighteen hundred thousand pounds of black pepper are consumed in the United States yearly.

**BORROWING.**—My dear," said Mrs. Green, to her husband one morning, "the meal which we borrowed from Mr. Black a few days ago is almost out, and we must bake to-morrow."

"Well," said her husband, "send and borrow half a bushel at Mr. White's; he sent to mill yesterday."

"And when it comes shall we return the peck we borrowed more than a month ago, from widow Grey?"

"No," said the husband, gruffly, "she can send for it when she wants it. John do you go down to Mr. Brown's and ask him to lend me his axe, to chop some wood this forenoon; our's is dull, and I saw him grind his last night. And James, do you go to Mr. Clark's and ask him to lend me a hammer; and, do you hear? you may as well borrow a few nails while you are about it."

A little boy enters and says, "Father sent me to ask if you had done with his hoe, which you borrowed a week ago last Wednesday; he wants to use it."

"Wants his hoe, child! What can he want with it? I have not done with it yet—but if he wants it, I suppose he must have it." Tell him to send it back, though, as soon as he can spare it."

They sat down to breakfast, "Oh mercy!" exclaims Mrs. Green, "there is not a particle of butter in the house. James, run over to Mrs. Notable's; she always has excellent butter in her dairy, and ask her to lend me a plateful."

After a few minutes James returns, Mrs. Notable says she has sent you the butter, but begs you to remember, that she has already lent you nineteen plates full, which are scored on the dairy door."

"Nineteen plates full!" exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Green, holding up both hands, "it is no such thing—I never had half the quantity; and if I had, what a little plateful! I should never think of keeping an account of such a trifling affair; I declare, I have a great mind never to borrow any thing of that mean creature again, as long as I live."

**DISCRETION THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.**—Mr. Smith you have insulted me!

Have I?

Have you! yes you have.

Possible!

Yes—possible! Here's a brace of pistols, sir, choose one, and name your distance.

Humph! well, reckon this one will shoot pretty smart.

Well, sir, name your distance.

O, must I name the distance?

Surely sir.

Well—let me see—humph—yes—

Be quick sir.

The distance must be—let me see.

How much sir?

Well—reckon a mile will do.—Richmond Star.

**LUCKY ESCAPE.**—A young girl, while crossing a railroad somewhere in England, was hit by a snowball in the face, and fell between the rails. Twenty-five laden coal wagons passed over her and did not injure her. We remember a similar incident on the Columbia railroad, near the Pacific. A black man slipped and fell while running before the engine, and the whole train went over him. As soon as the last car passed, he jumped to his feet, and sang out lustily—"Eh! locomoky can't kill dis nigger."—*Georgian.*

**VALUABLE POPULATION.**—The dog population of the United States is estimated at about two millions, and the expense of keeping them at upwards of \$10,000,000.

**EARLY RISING.**—Some people have an idea that early rising is better than late rising, it is a false idea altogether. Early rising presses color into the cheek, to be sure, and elasticity into the step. But what of that? It makes you strong, beautiful, and racy checked, and gives you many years to live. But for all that early rising is decidedly vulgar—mechanical—and only suited to the common people, who have to earn their meals before they eat them. We like to see people lie abed till ten o'clock, at least—especially the women. We admire a woman who sleeps till ten, and then gets up with a pale face and fevered pulse—IT LOOKS SO REAL GENTLE!

**NOTHING TO DO.**—A man is supposed to be tolerably well occupied, when he has a wife on one arm, a baby on the other, carrying a basket and a cane in his hand, a cigar in his mouth, and his hopeful heir holding on to the skirts of his coat.