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

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The Courtin'.
Zekle crept up unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru' the window,
An' there sot Hudly all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hinder.
Agin' the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole Queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.
The wanut logs shot sparkles out,
To-ward the postiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.
The very room, coz she was in,
Looked warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked as rosy agin
Ez th' apples she was peelin'.
She heered a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
A rasping on the scraper,
All ways to once her feelings flew,
Like sparks in burnt up paper.
He kin' o' lithered on the mat,
Some doubtle on the skelie;
His heart kept goin' pity pay,
But hern went pity Zekle.

Answering a Fool according to his Folly.

The American Messenger for August has the following: During the month of November, 1843, a clergyman and an atheist were in one of the night trains between Albany and Utica. The night being cold, the passengers gathered as closely as possible around the stove. The atheist was very loquacious, and was soon engaged in a controversy with the minister. In answer to an inquiry of the reverend gentleman as to what would be man's condition after death, the atheist replied: "Man is like a pig; when he dies, that is the end of him." As the minister was about to reply, a red-faced Irish woman at the end of the car sprang up, the natural red of her face glowing more intensely with passion, and the light of the lamp falling directly upon it, and addressing the clergyman in a voice peculiarly startling and humorous from its impassioned tone and the richness of its language, exclaimed: "Arrah, now, will you let the baste alone! Has he not said he's a pig! And the more you will pull his tail the louder he'll squeal!" The effect upon all was electric; the clergyman apologized for his forgetfulness in attempting to make any reply to such an assertion, and the atheist was mute the remainder of the journey.

An old clergyman, preaching before some of the American army at Corpus Christi, made use of these remarks: "Ten thousand dollars is a large sum to most of us; yet what would it profit!—You cannot carry it out of the world. Then what would you do with it, or you, or you or you?" pointing with an oratorical flourish at each repetition, to different individuals before him. At length an old stager, well known to the Corpus Christi army, Judge H—ys, could contain himself no longer. When the finger pointed at him, and in the momentary pause succeeding the searching question, the judge broke the silence by answering in a loud shrill tone, "Lay it out in mules!" "Shall I attempt," says the narrator, "to portray the effect?" The audience was convulsed. The holy man maintained himself with becoming gravity and self-possession for a moment, and made a feeble attempt to proceed, but soon gave up in despair.

A Dandy Robbed.

The lodgings of a dandy were lately robbed of a pair of stays, a smelling bottle, two pair of artificial eye-brows, and a white surtout, in a pocket of which there were three love-letters, written to himself, in his own hand-writing.

Why is a puppy-dog like a lover! Because it bays and wows.

How Tom Hines won the Wager; or, the Presentiment.

From the Easton Sentinel.
BY TRIM.
"Well, I may never! if here ain't Tom Hines," said Henry Jones, grasping Tom's hand in a warm and cordial manner, as he uttered this sententious greeting.
"Tom was an old acquaintance of Harry's—perhaps their intimacy originated in early childhood, when they, together, did homage to the sovereignty of the village pedagogue, by 'trembling when he frowned and laughing when he smiled.' But at least the greeting, after the absence of Tom of three years or more, was hearty and sincere—free from the stiff restraints of etiquette and the colder formalities of later friendships—and was calculated to lead one to the supposition that Tom and Harry had been rocked in the same cradle; brought up under the same roof and linked together by the closest ties of consanguinity.

"What brings you home?" continued Harry, after Tom had ordered his trunks &c. to be taken from the coach by which he had just arrived, and both were seated in the side-room of the Hotel. "What brings you home, without first announcing to me that you intended to visit us, so that I might have prepared a suitable reception for you? From all that I could glean from your letters to me, whilst at Pensacola, I supposed you were going to marry some young and handsome creole and settle down for a life-time in the swamps of Florida. This informal and unexpected visit, although it affords me a great deal of pleasure, I look upon as an inexcusable peccadillo, inasmuch as you have heretofore made me the confidant of all your projects and movements. It at least needs an explanation why you took us by surprise."

"Well," said Tom, "I can give you that in a few words. I made up my mind to visit H— but a few days after I had written to you—at which time I did not think of so doing—and I did not think it worth while to write again to announce my intention, when I would arrive, in all probability as soon as the letter by which I should inform you. So you see it is not as inexcusable a fault as you would make it out; but only quite a natural circumstance when explained. But you must excuse me Henry for this evening as I have promised a friend to call and see a person in town the first thing I attempted to do, and will visit you at your home early in the morning and have a social chat with you as long as you like. The engagement I have made to my friend is pressing and demands my earliest attention, and I have yet to prepare my dress."

"No, no," said Harry, as Tom rose to depart, "I can't let you off so easy as that—my claims are the oldest and first. A thought has just struck me that we must have some sport to-night."

"Yes, but indeed Henry you must excuse me to-night. I appreciate your claims to my first leisure moments, after my absence, but I have made a sacred promise to attend to the business in hand, the very first on my arrival, and I dare not yield to the charms your old sport-hunting possesses until this duty is performed."

"Well, you will at least listen to my proposition and then if you don't accede, why all I have to say is, that you must have left your taste for fun in Florida."

"Proceed then and I will listen."

"Well, there is to be a party, composed of young men and women—old acquaintances of ours—out at S—'s to-night, to which I have been invited. Now, my proposition is that you go there with me. There will be some of the old kind of sport there—dancing to the old-fashioned music of the fiddle with maids that 'blush at the praise of their own loveliness;' and that's rare sport, I take it—and although I had not intended to go, still, as you are here, and so unexpected, I wish to spend the evening in fun and frolic."

"I cannot say that I have left my taste for such sport behind me, and indeed would like to participate with you in the enjoyment of it; but my promise to an esteemed friend cannot be violated for my own personal gratification."

"But how will your friend know that you did not fulfil your promise, on the instant of your arrival?"

"It will be known that I am here this evening; that I was at this party you propose to go to; and that is all that is necessary for my friend to discover my faithfulness."

"Pshaw! Hines, one would have supposed that your long sojourn among those 'nigger drivers' would have worn the wire edge off your conscience, but I find it is as sensitive as ever—but your last objection can easily be satisfied. No one but myself knows that you are in town and I am sure that no one would suspect you of being the same Tom Hines that left us but three years ago—you are so altered—and all that is necessary is for you to change your name to Don Pedro Bazanella, or to some other outlandish one, to be taken for a real out-and-out Spaniard."

"But you recognized me very readily, and others may do the same."

"I should not have, but for the aid of that peculiar old ring which you have worn on your finger ever since I have known you. I noticed it on your getting out of the coach and was sure it could be none other than yourself."

Tom smiled at the mention of the ring, and carelessly asked, who the females were who were expected to be at the party. Jones mentioned a long list and remarked, after he had concluded, that he was anxious, if he went at all, to make the party as joyous as possible, for the sake of one young lady, Miss C., who had not gone much into company for several years, and to whom he had taken something of a fancy.

At the mention of this name a cloud passed over the face of Hines—a light cloud—such as we see the sun smile through sometimes, when all around is clear—faint as the shadows reflected by those airy structures of the imagination, when the bright Star of Hope shines upon them—and an apparent change had taken place in his mind. He sat as if apart from everything around him, absorbed in deep meditation.

"What ails you Tom?" his friend at length spoke, "You are so thoughtful and abstracted, that I fear my request has been urged too earnestly—if so, forgive me, and attribute it to my zeal to please you first, without a proper idea of the nature of your business—I excuse you from complying."

"It was not that Harry," said Tom, reviving, "for I have just made up my mind to accompany you, but I had a strange presentiment to occupy my mind at the mention of those old familiar names."

"A presentiment! poh! Tom, you do not still retain your old opinion on that subject? You recollect you had a presentiment that you were going to make a fortune in the South."

"And I have," said Tom in a modest manner.

"What? how? made a fortune, and never mentioned a word to me? By-my-eyes, you are getting very negligent of your old friend. But you are joking?"

"No, I am not—I have just finished a little speculation, on some land I had purchased, which will yield me a fair income, if properly invested. But I will tell you more of this some other time—we must now prepare for the party which I am now anxious to visit as a Spaniard gentleman—at your suggestion. I guess you had better just call me Don Carlos Milliades to make the assumption appear natural."

"Well, Don Carlos Milliades it shall be, and I am glad that you will go; but what was the presentiment that made you so thoughtful, I begin to believe in them a little?"

"I can't tell you now; you will laugh at it as you were disposed to do a few minutes ago."

"No, I will not—I promise you."

"Well then, I take you at your word—I had a presentiment that I am to be married this evening, to some one of the ladies mentioned by you."

Harry could not restrain himself at the mention of this singular presentiment, and laughed heartily.

"Did I not say you would laugh at my notion, as you used to call it. 'And yet,' said Tom, feigning to be serious, 'I have as much confidence in that presentiment as I have in the promises of the Gospel.'"

Jones laughed still more heartily at the seriousness with which Tom expressed his faith, and said that he considered Tom's belief in so strange a presentiment as absurd as the doctrines of the Koran. "For," said he, "notwithstanding we sometimes hear of spontaneous matches of this kind, still, in general, it is the result of years of courtship—and I cannot believe that any of the ladies to be present at this party will be eager to join herself with an unknown Spaniard."

"And yet I believe that my presentiment will be verified."

"What, that you will be married this night to one of the ladies you may meet at the party?"

"Yes—so I believe."

"And so I can't believe," said Jones "and although it is a fool's argument, I am willing to bet you a cool hundred, that your invisible informant has deceived you this time at least."

"Say, a basket of Champaign and it's a bet."

"As you like it," said Jones, "but you yield a point, by diminishing the amount of the bet—your confidence has fallen some twenty per cent."

"Not a jot—I only wish to save you from an unnecessary extravagance, as the bet I offer will as well sustain our respective positions as the one you propose. And now I think we had better prepare to set off for S—'s as it is already dusk and in all probability the party has already gathered there."

"The two young men now separated, after agreeing upon the necessary arrangements, and in half an hour afterward were on their way to the house at which the party had already gathered. As they drove along, Jones grew more credulous on the subject of presentiments, as Tom related several strange occurrences of that nature to him, and although he still held an adverse opinion, he did not reject the idea entirely that, "such things might be" and in order to prove it, and thus satisfy his own mind upon the subject, he made Tom promise not to disclose his real name to the party until he was satisfied that he had lost the wager. This was apparently "a clincher," as it deprived Hines of the advantage that former acquaintance might have given him.

They at length arrived at S's. The party had just finished a cotillion and were making sets for another when Jones and his friend entered the room. Tom had a general introduction to all present—and all eyes were turned upon him. The ladies especially admired the young Spaniard, although "bearded like the pard"—a huge pair of whiskers covering his throat and chin, and an "extensive mustache" decorating his upper lip—and much was whispered between them of his good looks, &c. After the commotion, consequent upon the arrival of Mr. Jones and his *ami distingue* had subsided, the dancing was resumed "And all went merry as a marriage bell."

There was one lady in the room, who appeared to be particularly "taken" with the Spaniard, as she gazed upon him even when all the rest had apparently forgotten him in the "round of pleasure." This was Miss C—, of whom Jones had spoken to Tom. She appeared "wrapped in herself," when all around was life and gaiety. Her eyes followed the Spaniard at his least move, and all her thoughts seemed to be centered upon him. Hines noticed this and called Jones to him.

"Friend," said he, with a solemn and serious air, "my invisible informant, as you were pleased to denominate my presentiment, leads me to believe, that the lady to whom you say you have taken considerable of a fancy of late, is the one who I am to wife this night."

"That's unfortunate," said Jones aside. By this time he was possessed of an inordinate faith in the presentiment—yet he was unwilling to confess it—and his fears were aroused that he might lose Miss C—, as well as the basket of Champaigne. Now I might as well tell it here, that Jones had been paying his devoirs to this lady without much success for some time previous, and his vanity, perhaps more than his affection, was engaged in the court, as many more before him had failed to gain her affections, which was prophesied of him also. He therefore heard, with a degree of mortification, that Hines had picked out this lady from among the rest that were present, as the one whom he was to marry, in accordance with what he now considered almost a divine prescript. But when he considered the repeated failures of others—young men of respectability and wealth—his spirits revived and he ventured to say, with a degree of complacency: "Hines, you might as well pay the champaigne, that lady is not to be won in the way you propose."

"Faint heart never won fair lady, you know Harry, and if you will but give me a special introduction to her, I will be willing to pay the bet, if I do not succeed."

Jones complied, and in a few minutes Don Carlos Milliades, was seated beside Miss C—, and had her engaged in a conversation. His friend joined in the "next set" and persevered in the "figures" with a heavy heart, until an event occurred that put a stop to the dancing—Miss C— had fainted in the arms of the Spaniard. This occurrence was more readily explained to Jones than to the rest of the party present, and he augured well from it. His first impression—and it was very plausible—was, that Hines' proposition was so unnatural that it caused a faint to overcome the lady. This was pleasing to him, notwithstanding his warm attachment to Tom: for the heart is never willing to share its objects of love with another, however friendly disposed it may be. The fainting lady had been conveyed to a bed, which Hines immediately called for and had partially recovered when Jones met him.

He could hardly conceal his joy at Tom's unsuccessful attempt, as he thought, when they met. "Well," said he, "did I not tell you that you would not succeed in that quarter? Your wild proposition has almost frightened her to death."

"You are wide of the mark," said Tom, "for I have her consent already."

This was a thunder-stroke to Jones. He could not comprehend how a stranger—a Spaniard too at that—could win the love of Miss C—, who had rejected the suit of many genteel young men, whose reputation she had been well acquainted with, upon a first interview.

"The mischief you have!" he exclaimed, more from chagrin than surprise. "There's something mysterious in that."

"A presentiment, that's all," coolly replied Tom.

I need not say that the union of Thomas Hines and Miss C— was celebrated that night, but will explain to the reader what may otherwise appear an unnatural and strained.

Miss C— had engaged herself to Hines before his departure for the South. The ring to which Jones referred, as the cause of his immediately recognizing Tom, was given to Hines by her as a testimonial of the engagement, and upon the presentation of which to her, the terms of the engagement were to be

immediately ratified. The pressing business, of which he spoke to Jones, as having promised a friend to perform, was in accordance with another peculiar stipulation in their engagement—that he should visit her first of all upon his arrival, as a testimony of abiding love.

The wager, of course, was not demanded of Jones, and indeed was not accepted upon presentation, as a just debt, inasmuch as the presentiment was but a *previously formed sentiment* carried into effect. Jones' explanation of his failure with Miss C—, was, that he knew of Tom's engagement, and merely paid attentions to her out of respect for his friend, which was reasonable enough to those who new of the intimacy that existed between the two gentlemen. I have no doubt, however, but that he will be surprised, if he should ever read this exposition of the affair, and may possibly give the lie to it; but you may rely upon what I say as being true, and laugh at him for his pains.

Influence of the Moon upon the Weather.

There is no more extensively known and universally believed superstition, than that the changes of the moon have some effect upon the weather. The classic student finds traces of this belief in very early times; and years and observation seem rather to have confirmed than to have shaken men's faith. Virgil, in his beautiful songs for the husbandmen, written before Christ was upon earth, thus gives the signs of the new moon:—

If when the moon renews her refulgent beam,
Through the dark air her horns obscurely beam,
Along the waked earth, and stormy moon,
In torrens wastes the congregated rain:
But if unerring sign the orb of night,
Clear wheel through heaven her forth increasing light,
Rain nor rude blast shall vex that hallowed day,
And thus the month shall glide serene away.

Another Latin writer, even earlier than Virgil, says that "if the new moon have its upper horn darkened, the last half of the month will be rainy. But if the lower horn be darkened, the first half of the month will be rainy; while if the middle be darkened, the middle of the month will be rainy."

In our day the popular maxim seems to be that we may look for a change of weather at every change of the moon. It appears that there must be something to distinguish this from most other signs, or like them it would have its day and be forgotten. It becomes one, before he rejects it as altogether unworthy his notice, to account for its having taken such strong hold upon men's faith. We hear men every few days uttering their grave predictions concerning the weather; and, if you question their signs, they solemnly assure us that many years' observation goes further with them, than all our scientific scepticism.

And there have been individuals, who, during the greater part of their lives, have compared the changes of the moon and weather. Toaldo, of Padua, made these observations for forty-five years. Every change of the weather occurring within three days, either before or after a change of the moon, he attributed to that change; and that is about the time generally claimed. He gives us as the result of these tedious calculations, that out of every seven new moons, six were attended with the change of weather; out of every six full moons five were attended with change; and out of every three quarter moons, two were attended with change.

Others have made similar observations, and have arrived at similar conclusions. Do we discover any principle here? Or how shall these remarkable coincidences be accounted for? Let us see. From the time of new moon till the time of new moon again, is just about one month. During that time it goes through its four changes. This makes its changes occur at about a week's interval. Now, allowing three days after each change to be influenced by that change, and it will leave but one day in the week independent!

Need we wonder, then, that out of seven new moons six were attended with rain? A much greater wonder to me is, that sixty-nine out of seventy were not thus attended.

In reading the faithful observations of these patient men, I am sometimes reminded of the anecdotes travellers tell of the North American Indians. Sometimes they suffer severely from drought; and after having tried sacrifice and self-torture in vain, they resort to one expedient which they say has never failed to be followed by immediate rain. Spurn not to be taught by a son of the forest. The ceremony is simple; any one can try it at his will; and my word for it, it will rain the minute he is through: One of the chiefs gets upon some high hill, or upon the roof of a hut, and commencing shaking his fists at the clouds, shooting his arrows to the sky, and defying the storm, god to afflict them longer. When he gets tired another takes his place, and so they keep it up, day after day, week after week, and month after month; and what is most mysterious—perfectly inscrutable—is, it always brings the rain! The clouds have to yield. The storm-god gives over the battle.

Should we see such a performance going on in one of our towns, we should pronounce it ridiculous. But I am at a loss to know how much less ridiculous to consider it, when I see a person step up to a corner on a rainy day, take down the almanac, and very sagely remark, "Ah! I see what made it rain to-day. 'The moon changed three days ago,' or else 'will change in three days,' as the case may be; and that, too, when one minute's thought would teach them, that not one hour of their lives is removed by four days from some one of the moon's changes.—Wright's Paper.