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

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Elijah's Interview.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

On Horeb's rock the prophet stood—

The Lord before him passed,

A hurricane, in angry mood,

Swept by him strong and fast.

The forest fell before its force,

The rocks were shivered in its course,

God was not in the blast.

'Twas but the whirlwind of his breath

Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

It ceased. The air grew mute—a cloud

Came, muffling up the sun;

Whes through the mountains, deep and loud,

An earthquake thunder'd on,

The lightened eagle sprang in air—

The wolf ran howling from his lair,

God was not in the storm.

'Twas but the rolling of his car—

The trampling of his steeds from far.

'Twas still again; and nature stood

And calmed her ruffled frame;

When, swift from heaven, a fiery flood

To earth devouring came.

Down to the depth the ocean fled—

The sickening sun looked wan and dead—

Yet God filled not the flame.

'Twas but the terror of His eye,

That lightened through the troubled sky.

At last a voice, all still and small,

Rose sweetly on the ear

Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all

In heaven and earth might hear.

It spoke of peace—it spoke of love—

It spoke as angels speak above—

And God himself was there.

But O! it was a father's voice,

That bade the trembling world rejoice.

Mr. Editor:—As you were so obliging as to publish the article selected, "On things that cost nothing," will you be so kind as to present your readers this week with "Old Humphrey out of his depth." It is a capital thing. I think it will do no one any hurt to study that article. If we would only be as honest as Old Humphrey, we would all of us have to make as humble confessions as he has done. But the most of people, instead of advancing each day in wisdom, have never taken the first lesson; that is, they have never learned that they are ignorant. Consequently, they will never confess mistakes. They seem to think it is disgraceful to do that; whereas it is not at all so.—Some one has said very truly, that it is honorable to confess a mistake, for it is only another way of saying that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday. A. B.

Old Humphrey Out of his Depth.

In my time I have been a bold swimmer, striking out fearlessly in the pond, brook, or river, as the case might be. I have plunged headlong from the high bank, bottomed the deepest part of the water, remaining long beneath the surface, and re-appearing far from the point where I took my leap. I have played coast of the pranks that good swimmers delight in; and once on a summer's day—not unwillingly would I part with the grateful remembrance of the achievement—I fished up from the bottom of the troubled waters a drowning fellow-creature, and was thus made a means in the hands of God of saving human life.

You may think, perhaps, and I fear with too much reason, that I am speaking proudly. Oh, the pride and folly of an old man's heart! Every year, every day, and I had almost said every hour, do I increasingly feel how much the good opinion of my friends is owing to their own kind-heartedness, and to their ignorance of

my manifold infirmities;—but to my subject.—Once, before I could swim, I got out of my depth, and had not timely assistance been at hand, the observations I am now making had never been written down. It was in the deep water that I got out of my depth in the case to which I have alluded, but often and often since then have I got out of my depth in very different situations.

There is much diffidence necessary in the thought, word, and deed of a man when thinking, speaking, or acting under circumstances that are new to him. He who has never been at sea should be a little chary of his nautical terms; and the man who is not accustomed to the whip, had better not attempt to drive four in hand in a crowded street.

Now, though these observations are very reasonable, and of a kind calculated to impress the reader of them in favour of the wisdom of the writer; yet, with shame I confess that I am not entitled to unconditional confidence. In other words, it by no means follows that, because I can lay down an excellent rule for another, I always rigidly observe it myself.

Though usually on my guard against the assumption of knowing that of which I am ignorant, and always being desirous to keep my standing in a creditable manner, yet it has occasionally happened that I have ventured out of my depth in troubled waters, and been taken off my legs. It may be that you may laugh if I give you an illustration, but that will not hinder me from continuing my remarks.

Some time ago, in conversation with a stranger, I made some remarks on the currency, one of the many subjects on which I am profoundly ignorant. The stranger appeared to assent to my observation, and led me onwards very amicably, gradually growing deeper and deeper in his remarks, till my situation became very critical. Willingly would I have drawn back, but this he would by no means allow; on he pushed me, whether I would or not, till he got me quite out of my depth, and then gave me as complete a ducking as ever I had in my life. The man understood the subject thoroughly; he was altogether master of it, and showed me no mercy. When, at last, I succeeded in getting out of his clutches—and this I could not do very easily—I made up my mind either to obtain a little more knowledge on the subject, or never again to converse on the currency.—Have you ever met with any thing like this in your own experience? If you have, hardly need I say, Keep within your depth! my friends, keep within your depth!

On another occasion—and I rather think that I have somewhere adverted to the circumstance before—when in company with one who looked like a farmer, I rated my own powers of conversation rather too high and his somewhat too low, so much so, that it was with great unwillingness I entered into conversation with one to whom I thought I could impart so much, and from whom I expected to derive so little. True it is, that the farmer-like man began with pigs and poultry, turnips and the price of grain, but he did not end there. On he went, talking me with him, talking of the produce of the land, of population, of mining operations, of human labor, of machinery, of the resources of the country, of exports and imports, of political economy and government, till I was not only out of my depth, but absolutely over head and ears in trouble. Why, the man was one of our great capitalists, and was on his way to a great convention, with his papers in his pocket. I could have hid my face in my hat. If I was proud when we began to talk, I was humble enough when we left off. What he thought of me I know not, but I well know that I thought myself to be a great simpleton. A little humility is better than a great deal of pride.

There are, however, graver subjects than these, on which I sometimes foolishly ponder—subjects that are too deep for me to comprehend. Only an hour ago I was thinking of sin and of sorrow, and wondered that both should so much abound in a world created and peopled by one who is infinitely wise, and good, and holy. The murdering Cains, the betraying Judases, the hard-hearted Pharaohs, the haughty Belshazzars, the deceitful Delilahs, came before me, with all the evil inclinations of my own sinful heart. There came, too, the afflicted Jobs, the bereaved Rachels, the mourning

Jeremiahs, the deaf and dumb, the blind and lame, with all the bodily pains and mental agonies of those who consume the night with their groaning, and water their couch with their tears. I thought. I pondered in vain. I was out of my depth, and could not comprehend the mystery that engaged my reflections. The subject was too deep for me; it absolutely overwhelmed me. "Be thankful for thy mercies," said I, giving up the point, "and leave the miseries of mankind to Him whose 'way is in the sea,' whose 'path is in the great waters,' and whose 'footsteps are not known.' Fear Him, love Him, obey Him, and glorify Him; and what thou knowest not now, happily, thou mayest know hereafter."

Often and often do I get out of my depth, when reflecting on the evils that abound. I allude not here to sin, nor to the sorrow that springs obviously from sin, but to such evils as the plague, the famine, the wild tornado, the devastating torrent, the devouring flood, and the exterminating volcano. The crooked-billed eagle tearing the lamb, the lion rending the antelope, and the scaly monsters of the deep preying on their kind, are mysteries that I cannot unravel. You tell me that man's transgression has occasioned them, and that the Most High overrules them for good. I hear you, but you make the matter no plainer. Mysteries they are, and mysteries they are meant to be; intended, no doubt, among other designs of Him who does all things well, to baffle the wisdom and to humble the pride of his creatures. I am out of my depth when I think of these things, and am glad to exclaim, "Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"* And hence also I learned a lesson of humble adoration: "For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen."†

I have, at times, lost myself in thinking of the almighty Creator and Preserver of mankind, and have been reproved by the solemn inquiry: "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?"‡ I have been, too, sadly out of my depth in thinking, on the unnumbered orbs of heaven, and on God's intelligent creatures, as well as on the myriads of animals, the myriads and myriads of the finny and the feathered race, and the myriads and myriads and myriads of the insect world; living, eating, acting, enjoying, and suffering; all made by one almighty Being, infinite and incomprehensible! How wise it is to keep within our depth! Oh that I could be more simple-minded on such subjects! Oh that I could with truth say, "Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty; neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me!"§

I might allude to many other subjects, but there is one on which I love to find myself out of my depth—the boundless love, and mercy and goodness of God. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."¶ If, like me, you are given to speculate on things that you cannot comprehend, here is a subject that will suit us both, for it is altogether unfathomable. Here may we be bewildered without injury, nay, get out of our depth and lose ourselves with advantage. May this subject, then, be more frequently in your minds, and increasingly occupy the heart, the intellect and affections of Old Humphrey!

* Rom. xi. 33. † Rom. xi. 36. ‡ Job xi. 7.

§ Ps. cxxxi. 1. ¶ John iii. 16.

Millerism Outside.

A new sect of fanatics has appeared in Cincinnati. There are about sixty of them, more than half the number being females, and they are followers, says the Commercial of that city, of a big burly, half-Indian, half-Negro, formerly a Mormon, who has proclaimed himself Jesus Christ! He showed his disciples, one day last week! the scars of wounds in his hands and limbs, received on the cross! He does miracles with a golden rod, and professes that he was the cause of the destruction of Natchez by a whirlwind. He has already organized several apartments to his kingdom; a new Peter, Paul, &c. The members of the new religion are solemnly enjoined to secrecy, and hold meetings nightly.

From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

The Newly Discovered Planet.

Most of the daily papers have recently announced a new member of the Solar System; but few seem to be aware of the really wonderful nature of this discovery. It has long been conjectured that there might exist other planets yet unseen, perhaps beyond the present known bounds of the solar system; but no one till recently was able to assign any very good reason for such belief. M. Le Verrier, a French mathematician, lately demonstrated the existence of such a body, from the motions of the planet Uranus. Uranus was first discovered to be a planet in 1781; but it had been repeatedly observed before by several astronomers, and mistaken for a fixed star. Nineteen observations of this description are on record, one of them dating as far back as 1690. Twenty-five years ago, M. Bouvard of Paris, attempted to construct new tables for this planet; but he found it impossible to unite all the observations in one elliptic orbit; and in order to reconcile the modern observations, he rejected the ancient ones entirely. But even then the planet's motion could not be correctly represented; for in ten years these tables were found to be in error half a minute, and since then the errors have increased to two minutes of space. Astronomers have been much puzzled by these discrepancies. Some conjectured that at this immense distance of 1800 millions of miles from the sun, the Newtonian law of gravitation might not be strictly true; while others ascribed the effect to the attraction of some undiscovered planet. M. Le Verrier has settled the question. In a paper read before the French Academy of Sciences on the 31st of August last, he demonstrated that all the observations of Uranus since 1690 could be perfectly represented by supposing the existence of another planet at a great distance beyond Uranus; and he proceeded to assign its precise magnitude and position. Its distance from the sun was 3500 millions of miles; it made one revolution in 217 years; and its weight was 38 times that of our earth. He assigned its present position near the star Delta Capricorni; its brightness about one-third that of Uranus, which would make it a star of the eighth magnitude; and he concluded that a good telescope must show it with an appreciable disc. He then wrote to Dr. Galle of Berlin to look for it in the place he had indicated. Galle found it the first night. It was a star of the eighth magnitude; had an appreciable disc, and was near the spot which Le Verrier had computed. This discovery was made on the 23d of September; the planet was observed at London on the 30th, and has since been seen at several places in this country. There is no doubt that Le Verrier's orbit is a near approximation to the truth. The planet's place in the heavens, its distance, and its magnitude had been correctly computed; and all from studying the motions of another body distant from it at the nearest, about 1800 millions of miles. The annals of science, may be searched in vain for a discovery equally wonderful. When Laplace computed the figure of the earth from an analysis of the motion of the Moon, it seemed almost the work of omniscience; but Laplace only arrived by a new method, at a result known before. Le Verrier, by studying the motions of a distant and obscure planet, demonstrated the existence of a body before unknown; told where it was; what orbit it was pursuing; and how many pounds it weighed. The astronomer had but to point his telescope, and this distant body, so long buried in the depths of space, and which had caused him such perplexity, was caught at once. The discovery confirms the accuracy of the Newtonian law of gravitation, and explains all the anomalies in the motions of Uranus.

New York University, Nov. 2.

E. LOOMIS.

Give Him the Bag.

A female Michiganian was sent to Massachusetts a few weeks ago by her parents to be educated at a boarding school near Boston.—Awkward, perverse, illiterate and very green, she was at once the aversion and butt of the other girls. It happened that a frequenter of the boarding school was a good looking Boston dentist of some pretensions, who wished to get him a rich wife from among the pupils. A ware of his mercenary motives, and determined to punish him, the young ladies led him to believe

that their new classmate from Michigan was an heiress. This was enough for the handsome dentist. He immediately laid siege to the heart of the "Wolverine," and confiding in her ignorance of etiquette, made her a present, among other things, of some money to buy her a bag with, meaning something of the reticule order. Highly delighted with the liberality of the "hoss with the store clothes on" (as she at first called him) the girl confided the fact to three or four of her new companions. Coffee bags had become quite fashionable for skirts, and her companions requested her to procure one, "to make her dress stick out," as he was pretty smart himself, and doubtless desired "his girl" to appear so. A few evenings afterwards the dentist escorted the Wolverine to an evening party, in which there was a fair representation from the boarding school. Every thing went on smoothly with him, until his partner threw off her cloak and bonnet, and entered the room where the company were assembled. Here his attention was attracted by the half suppressed giggling of the school girls, and the wonder expressed in the eyes of the others. Glancing inquisitively at his companion, who felt proud as Lucifer, he was mortified and enraged to see her ague marked complexion set off in horrible contrast with a profusion of green ribbon bow knots on her head, while her dress stuck out like the famous Spouting Horn at Nahant. Mad as a March hare, he soon left her with an expression of disgust, and passed the remainder of the evening at a whist table in another suit of rooms.

The Michigan girl, who was clear grit, was mad enough to tear the eyes out of her "true hearted lover," but she was by her confidants persuaded not to do anything violent. Their advice was that she should return his presents, and give "him the sack" or dismissal. "Return him the presents, and give him the sack too!" said she. "Dod rot him, I'll do it, 'twa the hull crowd." She went out, and a few moments went into the room, where her companions were gathered around the card tables expecting a scene. A wonderful change had taken place in her dress, and she now was as straight up and down as a loon's leg. Advancing to the astonished dentist with a queer looking bundle under her arm, she threw down a pencil, chain and locket, on the table, exclaiming contemptuously, "There's your presents, Mr. —, and there," continued the indignant Wolverine, unfolding the mysterious bundle before the astonished company, and throwing it over the head of the petrified dentist, "there's your old coffee bag! I won't war it another minute."

Every body was convulsed with laughter at this new method of "giving the sack," except the unfortunate dentist. He sloped immediately and he has not been seen in the village since.—Boston Star.

Keep Moving.

Don't stand there, young man, with your fingers in your mouth, moping over your bad luck, but hold up your head like a man, kick dull care to the winds, and show that you are not made for a prop to hold up the buildings. What if your last copper has burnt a hole through your pocket and you know not where your next meal is coming from, remember you cannot recommend yourself to the notice of those who need your labor by wearing a downcast look and biting your finger nails. Kick up a dust and you may be something yet. If you are disposed to work you cannot long remain idle.—Be not too particular. If you can't get high wages take the best offer you can get, and don't stand around the streets like a very loafer, a single moment longer. If nobody will hire you shove off into the country, work for your board and go to school through the winter, and when spring comes may be you will be prepared to cut a figure in the world. By all means keep moving.—[Maine Enquirer.

Dr. Liber has said that women were born to be married, and men were born to marry them.—Query—What were old maids and bachelors born for.

A man named John Henry, recently died in the poor house of Trenton township, N. J., who once owned one-third of the acres upon which Trenton now stands.