

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and 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 proprietors, will be charged 25 1/2 cents, per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
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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 despatch, on reasonable terms, AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

Of the Day that is Dawning.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

If the promise of the present
Be not a hollow cheat,
If true-hearted men and women
Prove faithful and discreet,
If none falter who are hoping
And contending for the right,
Then a time is surely coming,
As a day beams from the night—

When the landless shall have foothold,
In fee upon the soil,
And for his wife and little ones,
Rend to his willing toil:

When the wanderer, no longer,
In sorrow forced to roam,
Shall see around him spring and bloom,
The blessed things of home:

When the poor and widowed mother
Shall recompense obtain,
For her days and nights of toiling,
From the sordid man of gain:

When the brawny limbs of Labor,
And the hard and horny hand,
For their strivings, for their doings,
Meet honor shall command:

When suffering hearts that struggle
In silence and endure,
Shall receive, unsought, the earnest
Ministrations of the pure:

When the master with his bondmen
For a price shall divide the soil,
And the slave, at last enfranchised,
Shall go singing to his toil:

When the bloody head of the soldier
Shall lose its olden charm,
And the sickle-hand be honored mere
Than the sword and the red right arm.

When tolerance and truthfulness
Shall not be under ban,
And the fiercest foe and deadliest,
Man knows, shall not be Man.

Be firm and be united,
Ye who war against the wrong!
Though neglected, though deserted,
In your purpose still be strong!

To the faith and hope that move ye
In the things ye dare and do,
Though the world rise up against ye,
Be resolute—be true.

Dreadful Distress in Switzerland.

A physician, writing from Schull, in the Canton of the Grisons, on the 28th February says: "The parish of Schull is one vast charnel-house. A frightful mortality reigns here.—Each day from forty to forty-five dead bodies are interred. There is scarce a humble dwelling in the Canton, into which fever, dysentery or death have not entered. Graves cannot be prepared in sufficient numbers, and the bodies are so hastily interred, that the dogs, scraping off the dirt, draw them out, and fatten on their flesh. The feebleness of the inhabitants prevents them from digging deeper. The master of a public school, who had a year since a hundred and forty scholars, now has not one. Half are dead, the rest incapable of raising themselves. The master, to support his family, is working on the roads."—*Jour. Com.*

The Cause of Winds.

A St. Louis tavern keeper, according to the Reveille, used to favor his customers with a novel theory on this subject. He said, "It is one thing sure and sartin—a fact established by Ben. Franklin—that the yearth turned round on its own axle-trees once in twenty-four hours, and the little hills buzzin' round, made what was called 'fannin' zephyrs.' He was then asked what made hurricanes. He replied: "I guess the Alleghanies are gwine round then."

Practical Jokes and Bad Liquor.

It is a well known fact that oftentimes both those jokes which are called "practical," and that liquor which is termed "bad," have been productive of exceedingly evil consequences—but whether the liquor or the joke has done the most mischief we are not called upon just now to determine. We propose to make mention of an affair where bad liquor and a practical joke were productive of the very best consequences imaginable.

Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was still in its infancy, an eccentric creature, named Brown, was one of the Circuit Judges. He was a man of considerable ability, of inflexible integrity, and much beloved and respected by the legal profession, but he had one common fault. His social qualities would lead him in spite of his judgment into frequent excesses.—In travelling the Circuit, it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening the Court, to get "comfortably corned" by means of appliances common on such occasions. If he couldn't succeed while operating on his own hook, the members of the bar would generally turn in and help him.

It was in the spring of the year; taking his wife—a model of a woman in her way—in the old-fashioned, but strong "carry-all," that he journeyed some forty miles, and reached a village where Court was to be opened next day. It was along in the evening of Sunday that he arrived at the place and took up quarters with a relation of his "better half," by whom the presence of an official dignitary was considered a singular honor. After supper Judge Brown strolled over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many old friends called to the place like himself, on important professional business, and who were properly glad to meet him.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, "it's quite a long time since we have enjoyed a glass together—let us take a drink all around. Of course, Sterritt (addressing the landlord) you have better liquor, than you had the last time we were here—the stuff you had then was not fit to give a dog."

Sterritt who had charge of the house, pretended that every thing was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in a country tavern. It will quite answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the region of midnight the Judge wended his very dubious way towards his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some younger barristers, fond of a "practical," and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt to the Judge's coat pocket.

It was eight o'clock on Monday morning that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablation and absterion, partaking of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected to feel after that frolic of last night."

"Ah, Judge," said she, reproachfully, "you are getting too old—you ought to leave off that business."

"Ah, Polly! what's the use of talking!" It was at the precise instant of time, that the judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding according to his usual custom to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened to thrust his hand into his pocket, and lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He jerked them out. With an expression of horror almost indescribable, he exclaimed:

"My God! Polly!"
"What on earth's the matter, Judge?"
"Just look at these spoons!"
"Dear me, where d'ye get them!"
"Get them? Don't you see the initials on them"—extending them towards her—"I stole them!"

"Stole them, Judge?"
"Yes, stole them."
"My dear husband, it can't be possible! from whom?"

"From Sterritt, over there, his name is on them."

"Good Heavens! how could it happen?"
"I know very well, Polly—I was drunk when I came home, wasn't I?"

"Why Judge you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers?"

"But was I very drunk?"
"Yes, you was."
"Was I remarkably drunk when I got home, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty times as stupid."

"I thought so," said the judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency. "I knew it would come to that at last. I have always thought that something bad would happen to me—that I should do something very wrong—kill somebody in a moment of passion, perhaps—but I never imagined that I could be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny."

"But there may be some mistake, Judge."

"No mistake, Polly, I know very well how it all came about. That fellow, Sterritt, keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always did—liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of a mean thing. I have always said it was mean enough to make a man steal, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact"—and the poor old man burst into tears.

"Don't be a child," said his wife, wiping away his tears, "go like a man over to Sterritt, tell him it was a little bit of a frolic—pass it off as a joke—go and open Court, and nobody will ever think of it again."

A little of the soothing system operated upon the Judge, as such things usually do; his extreme mortification was finally subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went with a tolerable face. Of course he had little difficulty in settling with him—for aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had been played. The Judge took his seat in Court, but it was observed that he was sad and melancholy, and that his mind frequently wandered from the business before him. There was a lack of that sense and intelligence that usually characterised his proceedings.

Several days passed away, and the business of the Court was drawing towards a close, when one morning a rough looking sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the Clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the question:

"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty—but drunk," answered the prisoner.

"What's that plea?" exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the Clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man's regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, hey! and all he pleads"—

"He pleads guilty, but drunk."

The Judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty, but drunk! that is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, you are certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"D'ye get none no where else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole his money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the Judge, "do me the favor to enter a nolle prosequi in that man's case. That liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do anything dirty. I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole all of Sterritt's spoons—release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff I adjourn the Court."

"Come here, you mischievous little rascal you!"

"Won't you lick me, father?"

"No!"

"Will you swear you won't?"

"Yes!"

"Then I won't come, Father; for Patson Atwood says, 'he that swears will lie.'"

TO CLERKS—A question in the double role of two—Suppose a feller, who has nothing, marries a gal what has nothing; is her things his'n, or is his her'n; or is his his'n and hers her'n.

From the N. Y. Morning Telegraph.

The Harpers' Publishing House.

We find in a late number of a foreign journal, some remarks upon the operations of the Harpers in this city. We remember to have seen some time ago something of a similar character in an American newspaper; but there are points in the article we allude to, which strike us as being very attractive, at least to those who are at all interested in the diffusion of knowledge, and the means by which it is accomplished.

The Harpers are looked upon as uncommonly shrewd men of business, and their remarkable success is certainly sufficient proof of the fact.—They are kind hearted, benevolent, and active citizens, and have a large number of friends. One of the house has been honored with the highest municipal office in the gift of the people of this city; and it is admitted on all hands that he discharged its duties with eminent ability.

Authors sometimes complain of the Harpers for the closeness of their bargain-making; but, on the whole, they display more liberality to literary men, than any publishers in the U. S. It is said that three authors only, have received fifty thousand dollars from the House.

It is often asked, who directs or influences the publication of their works. Two gentlemen connected with the press in this city, have enjoyed very liberal salaries for performing the duty of readers, but it is now understood that another, of the name of Saunders, a son of one of the most distinguished London publishers, has charge at present of the department alluded to,—and is said to possess "great abilities, experience, and erudition." This last advantage is an important one—since a reader may be able to write a good Magazine article, or a good Newspaper essay, without having sufficient scholarship and knowledge of books, of science, or the arts, to fit him for so responsible a task as that of directing the reading tastes of a country like ours. We are glad to learn, therefore, that Mr. Saunders is so well qualified for the important position he occupies.

Among the greatest foreign publishing houses in Europe, is said to be that of Brockham, at Leipzig, which employs three hundred and twenty-five hands and issues one hundred and ten thousand sheets of twenty-four pages, daily.

The Chambers, of Edinburgh,—from whose admirable works we so often quote,—employ five hundred hands. They, however, possess a remarkable characteristic. They are accomplished writers and sound thinkers, and publish no other books than they prepare themselves. The periodical known as the "Journal," has a weekly circulation of nearly one hundred thousand.

Clowe's great printing office in Duke-street, London, employs twenty-five steam presses, and three hundred hands.

The Methodist Book Concern in this city, runs twelve double cylinder presses, and employs three hundred hands.

The Harpers are believed to use nineteen double medium, and three Napier presses, all moved by steam. They give employment to four hundred persons, of whom about one hundred are females. It is believed that sixteen hundred persons, exclusive of any authors, derive their support from the establishment! Seventy reams of paper a day, are but an ordinary supply. The Pictorial Bible alone required about six thousand reams of paper of fine quality. At least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash are annually paid to the paper warehouses; and, indeed, all the transactions of the House are based on a cash capital.

We form a very correct idea, sometimes, of the greatness of an establishment, by looking at its details. Statistical writers well understand this fact.

Let us apply this principle to the Harpers.—Fifty-two barrels of flour are annually used for preparing paste; or, in other words, one barrel per week. Forty-two barrels of glue are also consumed during the same period. Eighteen tons of paper shavings are annually sold to the paper manufacturers. If an industrious chiffonier were allowed the run of the binderies and printing offices in Cliff street, he would very soon become a rich man! During the year, the establishment used seven hundred and thirty packages of gold leaf, and fourteen thousand four hundred sheep are annually put to death to furnish leather for the binderies. Seven hundred and fifty pieces of muslin are also used, and 60 tons of pasteboard. Eight hundred pounds of metal are made into type for their use, every week. Five hundred thousand pounds of stereotype, worth seven to eight cents a pound, are stowed away in their cellars, and there are about seventy thousand pounds of type in the composing room.

Two hundred thousand dollars per annum are paid to clerks and employees; and the volumes issued in a year are about two millions and a half in number. Indeed we do not doubt this statement for a moment. Lucretia, the last new novel of Bulwer, published on Friday last, by the Harpers, was so much in demand, that twenty-

five thousand copies were sold in two days.

It is also calculated that the stock in trade of the Company, in addition to their buildings, is worth one million and a half of dollars. Of course much of this stock, if forced off suddenly, would depreciate in value; but the books published by the House are generally of a standard character, and are a property in themselves.

Heat without Fuel.

A Hungarian chemist has discovered the method of producing heat without fuel. He places in contact two iron plates and a copper cylinder, highly polished, turning on an axis at the end of a lever, with a balance weight at the other end, to keep the plates in contact, when by means of a very simple apparatus and trifling exertion, a glowing red heat may be produced in five minutes, and maintained with ease.

A Genuine Hypo.

"How are you, Trepid? How do you feel to-day, Trepid?"

"A great deal worse than I was, thank'ee. Most dead, I am obliged to you; I'm always worse than I was, and I don't think I was ever any better. I'm very sure, any how, that I'm not going to be any better; and, for the future, you may always know I'm worse without asking any questions; for the questions make me worse, if nothing else does."

"Why, Trepid, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, I tell you, in particular; but a great deal is the matter in general; and that's the danger, because we don't know what it is. That's what kills people; when they can't tell what it is; that's what is killing me. My great grandfather died of it, and so will I. The doctors don't know; they can't tell; they say I'm well enough, when I'm bad enough; and so there's no help. I'm going off some of these days, right after my great grandfather, dying of nothing in particular, but of everything in general. That's what finishes our folks."

Life.

We all cling to life. There is not one so tardily wretched but still deems his life too valuable to part withal. The insane suicide who snuffs the spark from the flickering, ill-conditioned lamp of his existence, would shudder to yield himself to die in the cool soberness of reflection. We can all do desperate deeds in desperate moments;—but it does not follow that such impulses should be deemed, either for good or for evil, the fair index of the inward spirit to action. Many a good man has been compelled to lead a bad life, and although he never turns, like a hare hard pressed, he may never have the opportunity. Virtue is not so virtuous as it frequently appears to be;—neither is vice so vicious.

A writer in the Pledge and Standard recommends the Extract of Coffee to keepers of public houses as a suitable substitute for intoxicating liquors. We make the following extract:

"By keeping a bottle of Extract, a cup of coffee can be furnished as conveniently and as quickly as a glass of grog. A quart of Essence which can be had for fifty cents, will make one hundred and fifty cups of coffee, which at a six-pence each would amount to nine dollars and thirty-seven and a half cents, a larger profit we would suppose than is made on ardent spirits;—and if introduced we have no doubt it would soon become a common drink, and be greatly useful in banishing hated and hateful alcohol."

"I shall be forever indebted to you if you will make me a suit of clothes by Saturday night."
"Heaven forbid!" replied the tailor.

A preacher said: "Many come to bring their clothes to church rather than themselves."

"You have drunk deeply of the cup of sorrow," said a parson endeavoring to comfort an old lady.

"Oh, no sir," returned she, "I always prefer cinnamon cordial."

Why is love like a potato? Because it's got eyes, but cannot see.

The Welsh have a saying, that if a woman were as quick with her feet as with her tongue, she would catch lightning enough to kindle fire in the morning.

"Will thou have me, Susy?" said a young man to a modest girl.

"No, William, but you may have me if you will!"