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

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From the Trenton State Gazette.

Rough and Ready Song.

Tune—"Dandy Jim."

Our country calls, once more to arms, To save your workshops and your farms; 'Old Rough and Ready' makes the call, The invitation's to you all.

Let Palo Alto be our cry, And on the breeze Resaca fly, 'Till Buena Vista's deeds repay The conquerer of Monterey.

The Empire State with noble pride, Has placed her Fillmore side by side To run the people's race with Zack, So Cass and Butler clear the track.

Let Palo Alto, etc

A sound more welcome than the rest, Lights up the prairies of the West; 'Tis Ashland's thunder bursts away The well-known voice of HENRY CLAY!

Let Palo Alto, etc.

Now 'in the dark and troubled night,' A star is seen on Bunker's height; To guide the old Whig army home, The tribes of Dan united come.

Let Palo Alto, etc.

Our gallant Scott brings up the rear, His burning soup the Locos fear; Their old reserve can ne'er escape The deadly aim of Taylor's grape.

Let Palo Alto, etc.

Our harbor boys will wheel about, And help to clear the Cass-cave out; 'Chicago's letter' they will read, A snag him in the hour of need.

Let Palo Alto, etc.

The people say Cass has been dull Since he surrendered under Hall, And with that sword he broke in two, A Mexican, Brave Pillow slew.

Let Palo Alto, etc.

When starving Ireland cried for food, Cass like his native granite stood; He dreamed the day was far remote, Ere he would want the Irish vote.

Let Palo Alto, etc.

Cass rides a Footz by Donkeys led, Polk has a Pillow for his head; And should his Buckeye Bashaw fail He has a Cushion for his tail.

Let Palo Alto, etc.

The sovereign people will it so, Old Zack must to the white House go; For that high station he was made, He never wore the black cockade.

Let Palo Alto, etc.

A Congress on Horseback.

"Irenus," of the New York Observer, writing from White Plains, mentions that the Provincial Congress of the State of New York, adjourned in the city to meet there two days before the Declaration of Independence. The members performed the journey from New York to White Plains on horseback; the President, Van Cortlandt, riding in front of the procession. On the journey, an express rider from Gen. Washington overtook the body, with business that required immediate action whereupon the President called the Convention to order, and held a session on horseback, several resolutions being duly passed, and the business done in an orderly manner. Perhaps our Congress might be mounted with advantage to the country.

A Gone Case.

A beautiful pair recently appeared before a Justice of the Peace in Illinois, to be married. "Do you take this man to be your lawful husband?" said the Justice. The lady lifted up her blushing countenance, and with very touching accents replied:—"Well I do."

The Five Points.

From a series of sketches of New York, published in the Tribune, we take the following:

Turning eastwardly from the tombs into a street that would strike even the practiced eyes and hardened olfactories of a veteran New Yorker as particularly foul and loathsome, a few steps bring us to the great central ulcer of wretchedness—the very rotting skeleton of Civilization, whence emanates in inexhaustible pestilence that spreads its poisonous influence through every vein and artery of the whole social system, and supplies every heart-throb of metropolitan life with a pulse of despair. No matter how hopeful a soul you may bring with you into these horrible precincts, it will be many hours after you have left them before your mind can regain its temper. The memory of the horrors that here breed and gender will haunt you like a fiend, forbidding hope for a human nature that may become thus degraded.

Meré words may convey but a faint idea of the Five Points; but what can be thus accomplished has been so well done already by Dickens and Willis that we hesitate to attempt going over the same ground. But no description of New York, no matter how discursive or superficial, could pass over this, one of its most prominent and revolting features. As in most other cases, the architectural aspect of the place is a striking indication of its character and purposes. The Five Points lies in the bottom of the Delta valley formed by the divergence of Centre and Catham streets, and receives its name from the five corners or points where Anthony street, coming from the west; and Orange from the north, intersect and are cut through by Cross-st, running from the Tombs eastwardly to Mott street. The buildings in all that neighborhood are nearly all of wood, and are so old and rotten that they seem ready to tumble together into a vast rubbish heap. Many of them are furnished with steps from which half the stairs are missing, and each provided with a decayed cellar door, broken from the hinges, and ready to precipitate any one who ventures to tread upon it into the cellar below. Nearly every house and cellar is a grottery below and trothel above. In the doors and at the windows may be seen at any hour of the afternoon or evening, scores of sluttishly dressed women, in whose faces drunkenness and debauchery have destroyed every vestige of all we expect in the countenance of woman, and even almost every trace of human expression. They are of all colors, white, yellow, brown, and ebony back; and from house to house, from cellar to cellar, and across the narrow street, flows a continuous stream of obscenity and blasphemy, which makes the very soul shudder. Here and there, digging in the foul gutters, or basking in filthy nakedness upon the cellar doors, may be seen groups of children, from the merest infancy up to the verge of premature puberty—some seeming pretty, some deformed and idiotic, and others horribly ulcerated from head to foot with that hereditary leprosy which debauchery and licentiousness entail as their curse upon their innocent offspring. Oh God! that helpless and unconscious infancy should thus come into this sorrowful world with its innocent veins filled with corruption instead of blood, and its tender body given over to the cancerous culture of incurable disease even from its mother's womb! And this is not once in a great way, but constantly recurring—scores, aye, hundreds and hundreds of them crowded into the space of a single neighborhood—born, living, and dying, stink and vermin, never seeing nor hearing from the cradle to the grave aught of pure or innocent save the sky so far beyond their reach, and the wind that gets astray in these frightful realms, and sighs as it flees away. Is it any wonder that we have so many cases of "juvenile depravity" reported in the newspapers?

But let us enter one of these dark abodes. We have taken the precaution of getting ourselves accompanied by an officer and the blue-eyed inmates of the "crib," both male and female, received us with some show of reluctant civility. It is in the afternoon, and many of the inhabitants and frequenters are absent. The reception room is furnished with wooden benches, and one corner is garnished with a bar, behind which, barricaded with broken lipped bottles and sixpenny tumblers, stands the blasted mist, ess of the house, ready to administer drugged brandy at any price, from three cents to a dollar a glass, according to the stage of intoxication at which the customer has arrived. Half a dozen disgusting wretches who ought to be women, are lounging upon the benches in immodest attitudes, while others gather around you and insist upon your "treating" as they "haven't had a drop all day." The officer seems to be an old acquaintance; and they at first played shy, until he assured them that this visit was not a hostile one. Passing through the house, we stumbled down two or three sticky steps and enter a still meaner and more squalid building in the rear, with only six feet space between the two. Here all is silent, and we see no one. A heap of rags,

however, stirs in the corner, and examining more nearly, there appears a female face, ghastly with sufferings, the eyes glassy as if set in death. Even while we gaze, the jaw falls, and, with a gurgling imprecation, the spirit of the prostitute seeks its Maker. What a death-bed! What an awful entrance to the world of immortal justice!

Clambering with difficulty up a narrow staircase, leading from the room where the stranger's hand has closed the eyes of the poor, erting, suffering sister, we enter an apartment separated by tattered blankets, suspended from the low rafters, and inhabited by several families. Here a mother lies dead drunk in her squalid bed upon the floor, and her two children are fighting over her body for the bottle which she may not have drained quite to its dregs.—There two women, their eyes inflamed and their faces distorted with passion, are swearing furiously at each other, and threatening a war of blows. Yonder, on a cot without mattress or pillow, lies a paralytic old woman, looking as if living and malignant eyes had been given to a decayed wax figure. Our companion tells us that she has lain in that place, and in nearly the same condition, more than a quarter of a century, praying for death—cursing for death—blaspheming for death to come and end her earthly sufferings. Once she was beautiful and joyous and innocent, and her voice rang, and her eye flashed gladness around her path. She had a husband, too, and a darling daughter. Her husband was poor, while she had been bred in splendor and extravagance.—The girlish romance, in the height of which she had eloped with her poor lover, subsided in a year; in another, the hero-lover had become the hated husband. Her passion for dress and admiration, subdued so long, broke out afresh, and with ten-fold force. The rich lecher, on the hunt for spoil, found her, and she became a willing victim to vanity more than lust. She was beautiful and fascinating, and her paramour desired her all to himself. There is a break in the history here. But at any rate her husband disappeared, and she dashed out into a brief season of guilty pleasure. Some said the poor man had been murdered, and others that he had drowned himself. But nobody ever made any discoveries—or if they did, they were bought off. The woman was deserted in a few months—who could be faithful to such a monster?—and fell rapidly through all the stages of prostitution, to end her miserable career amid the tortures and haunting memories of a living death. Such, in brief words, is one of the ten thousand heart-rending histories of the Five Points.

But we must descend to the street. It is night, and the thick and putrid atmosphere of the place is here and there illuminated by a sickly lamp, while the street begins to fill with rowdies, negroes, drunken sailors, pickpockets, burglars, and vagabonds of every description. It is Thursday night, and a grand 'ear' is to be held in that large and rather aristocratic-looking cellar over the way. We will be on hand. Pah! what an intolerable stench of brandy, tobacco, and steaming carcasses, meets us at the top of the steps! But never mind; we have undertaken to see the Five Points, and we must not stop at trifles.

The room looks like a large dimly lighted cavern. On a barrel by the side of the bar, sits an old negro, tuning his fiddle, while the dancers on the floor have just taken their places. Away they go—a fat and shiny blackamoor with his arm around the waist of a slight young girl, whose skin is yet white and fair, but whose painted cheeks and hollow, glaring eyes tell how rapidly goes on the work of disease and death.

Opposite this couple, a man naked as at the first moment of his birth, whirls shouting and yelling away with a brutal looking woman, once evidently a queenly beauty. The other places in the cotillon are occupied by a notorious crackman with his 'pal'—celebrated 'toucher'—both of whom give our friend the officer a good natured oath and a wink of recognition, and a stupid looking sailor, more than half seas over, carefully watched by the hag who is to pick his pockets, and who never loses sight for an instant of her prey. Around the sides of the room in benches, or sitting upon wooden benches, the remainder wait impatiently there turn upon the floor—meanwhile drinking and telling obscene anecdotes, or signing fragments of ribald songs. This is the grand dance house of the Five Points; and we have now seen enough.

Glad at length to escape from all these horrors, we hasten away, asking of ourselves, how is such a neighborhood kept up, and from what sources are the ranks of its female population recruited? But this touches the whole question of licentiousness, and its causes, which we have left ourselves no room to discuss in the present number.

SUPERFLUITIES.—What man, in his right senses, that has wherewithal to live free, would make himself a slave for superfluities? What does that man want, who has enough? Or what is he the better for abundance, that can never be satisfied?

Scientific Farming.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer gives the following account of some experiments made in Farming by Professor NAPS, which we have an idea will be interesting to some of our agricultural readers. The Professor's farm is near Newark, New Jersey, and contains only forty acres. This Intelligencer's correspondent, who went to pay the place a visit, says:

"On our arrival we were seated awhile in the Professor's snug parlor, where he gave us a general account of the farm, the nature of the soil, the sources and the mode of procuring, preparing and applying manures, the effect of various chemical action in the composition of manures, and their influence upon vegetation. In short, it was an admirable chemical lecture applied to agriculture. He then took us over the farm to see what he had done and what he was preparing to do. At the barn we found two yoke of the handsomest and most powerful working oxen I have ever seen. "Where did you find such cattle?" "I called a man to my aid who was a first rate judge of animals, and told him to go out and look for them, directing him to bring me two pairs of the best oxen he could find between New York and Bangor, regardless of the expense."

The result was that he brought back these cattle at about two hundred dollars a yoke, "and cheap enough at that" said the Professor. One pair weighed about 3,800 pounds. We then went into the field to see them plough, and the ease with which they took the plough through the soil seemed more like the work of a powerful steam engine than of animal power. The first yoke cut a furrow sixteen inches in depth. The next yoke followed with the subsoil plough in the same furrow, cutting and loosening the earth sixteen inches below the first furrow. The Professor says deep ploughing is very important for large crops.—Some of his ploughing is thirty-six deep. His system of preparing and applying manures is scientific and important, and judging from present appearances he will produce remarkable results: The science of a succession of crops in the same season, without impoverishing the soil is of vast importance. The Professor says that from a single acre he shall take off this season eight hundred bushels of potatoes, three thousand five hundred cabbages, and six hundred bushels of turnips; which must be worth five or six hundred dollars at the lowest market prices. His crop of cabbages this season he calculates at eighty thousand heads. He has a new variety of potato, which he calls the nutmeg potato, of which he expects to raise this season eighteen hundred bushels, which will be disposed of for seed at one dollar a bushel. He calculates that he will have a hundred and twenty thousand nutmeg melons for market this season, which certainly ought to average two cents apiece, and at that price they would yield twenty-four hundred dollars. There is on the farm a great variety of other vegetables and crops to which I make reference.

Unlike most farmers, he does not leave a strip of waste land along by the side of the fences, but cultivates every inch snug to the fence. Against each post in the fence he sets out a fruit tree, and midway between the posts a grape-vine, which, as it runs and spreads, will rest on the fence. In this way he will soon have three miles of grape-vines and fruit trees on ground which ordinary farmers would let run to waste. He uses his farm like a great machine of wonderful powers, if properly and scientifically handled. He employs upon it about twenty hands, but says in a light state of cultivation it would give employment to eighty

Goldsmith says, in that sweet poem, the "Deserted Village"—

"A time there was ere England's griefs began, When every rod of ground maintained its man." But I think Professor NAPS is in a fair way of proving that in this country a rod of ground may be made to maintain quite a number of men; and if hope he will do much to convince our farmers that scientific farming is of more importance to them than great numbers of acres."

A New Invention.

We witnessed a machine, just built by Mr. Samuel H. Little, of this town, the inventor of the celebrated horse power, which is designed for thrashing, separating, and cleansing grain all at the same time. The machine is constructed upon the most simple principles, and will, we think, supersede all other thrashing machines now in use.—Being free from the complicated works with which others are manufactured, this machine is not liable to become disordered as they are, which will be a great desideratum with farmers and others using thrashing machines. It will take from the sheaf two hundred bushels of wheat, and prepare it for the mill in one day, with the aid of but seven hands.—Hagerstown Herald.

A Wagoner's Toast.—"The Fair Sex." The Jack-screw of the United States, and the Wheel-horse of all Creation.

From the State Gazette.

Rough and Ready.

Tune—"Dearest Man."

Come all ye Whigs of Jersey, A story I'll relate, About the Hero who was born In old Virginia State.

'Twas down at Buena Vista He fought the livelong day, Nor rested 'till the Mexicans, Life cowardly, fled away.

Oh, Rough and Ready, You're brave, true and steady, Your sword so bright Waved in the fight, 'Till the foeman ran away.

There lances glittered in the sun, There soldiers fiercely frowned, But Yankees they do fight for fun, And bravely stood their ground.

They fought that day, they fought the next; For our country's starry flag, Till the order came from Taylor's lips, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!"

Oh, Rough and Ready, etc.

Then terror seized the Mexicans, They turned, and basely fled, We chased them off the battle field, By gallant Taylor led;

And oh, the memory of those days, On history's page will glow, When Taylor, with four thousand men, Gave Jesse to the foe.

Oh, Rough and Ready, etc.

Proper Depth of Planting Wheat.

From the 113th page of the Report of the Commissioner of Patents we take the following extract:

"Experiments have been tried with respect to the depth of planting wheat. M. Moreau, of Paris, formed 13 beds, in which he planted 150 kernels of wheat at various depths. The result was as follows:

At the depth of	Came up.	No. of Heads.	No. of Grains.
7 inches	5	53	682
6 1-4 "	14	140	2,520
5 3-4 "	20	174	3,818
4 1-4 "	40	400	8,000
4 1-4 "	73	700	16,500
3 3-4 "	93	992	18,534
2 3-5 "	123	1,417	35,434
2 1-2 "	130	1,560	34,319
2 "	140	1,590	36,490
1 3-4 "	142	1,660	35,826
1 "	137	1,591	35,072
1-2 "	63	529	10,587
On the surface,	20	107	1,600

By this experiment the maximum as the number that came up was 1 3-4 deep, the minimum at 7 inches; the maximum of the number of heads was also 1 3-4 deep, the minimum 7 inches; but the maximum of the number of grains was 2 inches deep and the minimum 7 inches deep. The range from 2 3-5 inches down to 1 inch, varies in those that come up only about 20. For the extremes of maximum and minimum of the heads 2 3-5, of the grains 2 3-5. Between 2 1-2, 2 and 1 inches of those that came up, there is only a difference of about 10 at most; of the heads only 30; of the number of grains, 1,476.

Looking at it, however, in another light, we may rate the depth of 2 inches as best, then 1 3-4, then 2 3-5, then 1 inch, then 2 1-8 inches. After 4 1-2 inches, the falling off of the product is 1-2; from 1-2 inch to the surface it reached to 9-10.—Where there may have been extraneous causes influencing the difference between 2 3-5 inches and 2 1-8 inches, which seem to vary from the general rule; but it may doubtless be considered, so far as this experiment goes, that the grain should not be sown at much greater depth than 2 inches, nor nearer than 1 inch from the surface. The difference to be allowed should respect the season, the nature of the soil, &c."

The Coal Market.

The Philadelphia Ledger says: "The price of coal was never lower in this city than at present. In consequence of the production of the mines being greater than the demand, there is an overstock, and it is believed that the article can be bought at prices below the cost of mining and transportation. The consequence is that many families have begun to lay in their winter stock, and the retail orders are greater than ever known at this season of the year. But what benefits some ruins others, and the miners and large operators are becoming embarrassed in their finances by the troubles in the money market. We heard yesterday of the failure of a large coal operator to a considerable amount, and perhaps more may be expected.

Keep your enclosures in the best possible repair. If a post rots off, supply its place with another; if your stone wall gets prostrated, lay it up; if a gate gets broken or thrown from its hinges, let it be immediately repaired or replaced; this is the true policy.