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

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Jeffersonian Republican.

Keat's dying Poem.

The following lines were written by JOHN KEATS on his death bed, and are the last verse ever penned by that gifted young poet. It will be remembered that he died through intense grief, on account of the too severe, and unjust criticisms of Gifford, the English Juralist. The youthful poet was removed to Italy, where he expired; and the last sad words he whispered were, "I die of a broken heart." He was buried in the Protestant burying place at the base of the pyramid of Caius Cestius, near Rome. Many pieces have appeared purporting to be his last production, but these now transcribed are the last that ever emanated from his pen:

My spirit's lamp is faint and weak,
My feeble senses bow;
Death's finger pales my fading cheek,
His seal is on my brow.

My heart is as a withered leaf,
Each fibre dead and sear;
And near me sits the spectre grief,
To drain each burning tear.

The earth is bright with buds and bees,
The air with purple beams—
The winds are swimming in the trees,
Or sporting on the streams.

But not for me the blossom's breath,
Nor winds, nor sunny skies—
I languish in the arms of death,
And feed my soul with sighs.

I sigh to hope—'Come back again,
My heart is weak for thee!'
But woe is me! my sighs are vain—
She flies from misery.

It is not that I fear to die,
That burns my withered breast—
But thus to waste with agony,
And sigh in vain for rest.

To count the minutes one by one,
And long for coming light,
And ere the lingering day is done,
To languish for the night.

To feel that sinking of the mind,
That nothingness of soul,
Where all is dead, and dark, and blind,
As drops of Lethe's bowl!

And yet, O sunny Italy!
'Twere sweet to find a tomb,
Where wild flowers ever strewn by thee,
Above my couch shall bloom.

Farewell, my harp!—I kiss thy strings,
Go hang thee in the bowers,
Where oft thy dreamy whisperings,
Have charmed the buried hours.

And if some finger faint would wake
Thine unremembered lay,
And bid thy sleeping silence break,
Then haply, wilt thou say:—

'Oh! stranger, scatter roses,
And slips of cypress burn—
A broken heart reposes
Within this silent urn.'

GOLD IN THE CUSTOM HOUSE.—There is a room in the north-east corner of the New York Custom House, which contains an enormous iron safe, the size of a log cabin out west. This is called Uncle Sam's strong box. At the present moment said box contains ten tons of gold! The average quantity of gold kept there is from five to fifteen tons. A ton of gold counts six hundred thousand dollars and upwards. A million of dollars, or over a ton and a half of gold is frequently received in the New York Custom House in one day, but the general average receipts are from two three hundred thousand dollars a day. It is seldom that a large sum is counted: The banks and the Mint bag up twenty dollar gold pieces in bags of from \$2000 to \$5000 each.—These are firmly tied and sealed, and they thus pass from hand to hand, and are usually received in the Custom House without opening.

Books Posted.

The *New York Tribune* sums up the accounts as follows:—The Whig party has just surrendered the Administration of the General Government, which, like those of our State and City Governments, is now completely in the hands of its principal antagonists. Though embarrassed and crippled by distraction in its own councils and a strong adverse majority throughout in both Houses of Congress, it has done some things worthy of note on a transfer of the Executive power—possibly of remembrance hereafter.

It has preserved Peace from first to last, in the face of a strong popular tendency toward aggression on the rights of neighboring Nations. No Foreign State has complained—none has had reason to complain—of any deficiency in good faith or good neighborhood on the part of our Government since Gen. Taylor's inauguration. And there is not to-day a speck of war upon our horizon, nor is there likely to be until our Government shall see fit to create it.

It has done all that it has had power to do for National development and Industrial progress. Never crowding upon the Aboriginal tribes, though sometimes constrained to repel their savage forays on our border settlements, it has purchased many millions of acres of the territories and paid them liberally therefore. It has expended Millions in organizing, protecting, surveying, &c., the New Territories acquired under its predecessor from Mexico or created of our more Northernly domain. During its four years, large sums have been expended in building Custom-Houses, Post-Offices, Marine Hospitals, &c., in all parts of the Country. And, though systematically resisted and baffled by a majority of Congress in its earnest efforts to effect something for our more exposed and crippled Industrial pursuits, it has had the satisfaction of obtaining at least one handsome Appropriation for River and Harbor Improvement, similar to that voted by Polk during the previous administration.

It leaves about Sixteen Millions of hard Coin in the Treasury, although the second great source of National income—the Public Lands—have been nearly sequestered throughout its term by the issues of Bounty Warrants to soldiers in the Mexican and earlier wars. And, although the nominal reduction of our Public Debt under the Whig Administration has not been large, yet the real reduction of that Debt, through the payment of Indemnity to Mexico and to our own citizens holding claims against her for Spoils, which our Government contracted by the Treaty of Peace to satisfy, the payment of Indemnity to Texas for the surrender of her pretensions to New Mexico, the payment of Fremont's and other claims against the Government, and the allotment of Bounty Lands to old soldiers (which is only justifiable on the assumption that it is done in satisfaction of an equitable claim on the Nation) must altogether amount to many Millions of Dollars.

Finally, the National Credit stands higher at this moment than ever before, and a Loan could be effected on terms more favorable to the Treasury than at any former period.

—Such are the material circumstances under which the Whig party surrenders to its antagonist the Executive power of the Federal Government. Its brief official ascendancy has not been brilliant, for it has stolen nothing from other nations; it has not been eventful and stirring for it has waged no war upon Industry, Commerce or Credit at home. No honest enterprising, law abiding citizen has slept perturbedly through the night from apprehension that some Removal of the Deposits, Specie Circular, or what not, would derange his business or blast his prospects before morning.

—All these, we are quite aware, are very tame, slow considerations in such a Progressive age and with such a Progressive people as ours. We do not hope by presenting them to arrest the attention of those now intently engrossed in the distribution of 'the Spoils.' We have no desires to represent the outgoing Administration as faultless—our columns will bear witness that we have exposed and reprobated its faults as freely as we have commended its merits. But there may come a time, even within the next four

years, when to have sedulously maintained Peace, Thrift, material Progress and Public Credit, may be regarded as something more than negative merits, and against that day (may it be ever so distant!) we have made up this brief and hasty record.

Sensible to the Last.

It has long been observed by medical writers that death is frequently preceded by insanity, a fact which has occasioned the remark that it was not astonishing, for every body knew that when folks get madder they were about to die. This reminds us of a case which occurred many years ago in the Philadelphia court, where a pretty young widow was in danger of losing two-thirds of her husband's estate; his relatives grounding their claim on the alleged insanity of the defunct.—It may be as well to promise that the presiding judge was not only convivial but also very gallant.

'What were your husband's last words?' inquired the attorney.

The pretty young widow blushed, and looking down replied, 'I'd rather not tell.' 'But indeed you must, ma'am. Your claim must be decided by it.'

Still blushing, the widow declined to tell. At last a direct appeal from the bench elicited the information.

'He said, 'Kiss me, Polly, and open that other—bottle of champagne?'

We know not whether it was admiration for the deceased husband or the living wife that inspired the judge at this instant, but he at once cried with all the enthusiasm of conviction, 'Sensible to the last,—by Blackstone!'

There is another story of that ilk which is none the worse for being Scotch.

An old man about to bid his last adieu to earth, had his friends called near, when he was desired by his wife to tell what debts were owing him.

'There's old Siddons owes me five shillings for mutton.'

'Och,' interjected the delighted helpmate, 'to see a man at this time o'day, and just gaun to close his last account, hae the use o' his faculties—just say awa, Jamie.'

'Ay, and Roy, ten shillings for beef.'

'What a pleasant thing to see a man bein' sensible to the last—only mair—but no to distress yourself!'

'An' Lane, a crown for a cow's hide.'

'Ay,' quoth the wife, 'sensible yet—well, James, what was't ye was gaun to say?'

'Nae mair,' quoth James; 'but I'm awin Jock Thompson twa pound in balance o' a cow.'

'Hoot, toot,' quoth the wife, 'he is a ravin,' too—he's just ravin'; dinna mind and mair that he says!'

A CURIOUS GOB OF TALLOW.—In Fairfield, Michigan, lately, Ezra Orcutt killed some fat sheep; and in cutting up the tallow which was found over the stomach of one of them, he saw the imprint of a small child's hand. He then broke open the tallow, and the mysterious hand dropped out, and hung by one or two small cords by the wrist. The said Orcutt then spoke to his wife, and told her to see what he had discovered. Why, said his wife, it is a baby's hand. The hand had the color and perfect appearance of the hand of a small child. This statement is solemnly made by Mr. Orcutt.—The piece of tallow is covered with the usual skin of untried tallow. It was exhibited to the editor of the Toledo Blade, who says it is a marvellous curiosity, and is an exact mould of a baby's hand and wrist. Where's Barnum!

RAPPED OUT OF THIRTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.—The Brooklyn Eagle says, a respectable Long Island farmer, having become interested in the spiritual delusion got entrapped by a 'medium'—a Mrs. French, of Pittsburg—who obtained so much influence over him, that he was induced to turn all his property into cash, and even forced his wife to give up her interest, and having obtained about \$13,000, paid it over to the witch, who immediately took French leave. The farmer has attempted to kill himself, and is now in the New York Lunatic Asylum. He has a wife and two interesting daughters.

The latest application of Indian rubber is in veneering furniture. The surface is covered with a veneering of rubber, of any desired color, possessing a hardness of surface and brilliancy of polish equal to marble, and presenting a much greater resistance to heat or cold than any kind of wood veneering.

Boot-Making in Milford, (Mass.)

We copy the following sketch of boot-making in Milford (Mass.) from the correspondence of the Boston Commonwealth. It will be for our readers an interesting piece of statistics:

Until within twenty years agriculture was the principal occupation of the inhabitants, and the town produced considerable quantities of cheese, butter, lard, pork, and beef, perhaps equal to any in the Commonwealth.

At the present time the town is devoted principally to the manufacturing of boots. In 1837 there were 128,000 pairs of boots manufactured in this place, valued at \$212,500, and giving employment to 342 persons. This branch of business made but slow progress at first hereabouts; for we find that in 1843 there were only 155,000 pairs of boots made here.—But what it lacked in speed then it has more than made up in progress since; for last year one firm made 135,000 pairs.

A gentleman immensely interested in the boot business, to whom I am indebted for many acts of courtesy, informed me that Milford did not contain a dandy nor a loafer. Indeed; there is work for every body, and every body appears to be at work.

The unrivalled prosperity of this town is much indebted to the generous enterprise of Godfrey & Mayhew, one of the oldest and most prominent business firms in town, and to Aaron Chaffin, Esq., who has expended not less than \$35,000 in erecting buildings during the last three years.

The first process of making a boot is to block the fronts, then crimp them, then block the backs, then block the linings, make the counters, pasting the backs, linings, and counters together; then follows the process of dinking and stitching, siding, turning, cutting soles, bottoming, buffing, making the drop stitch, blacking the edges, treeing, varnishing, gilding, and packing. A boot passes through not less than twenty hands before it is ready for the market.

Underwood & Godfrey, the inventors of the Hungarian boot, have a model establishment. A short description of it, I am sure, will not be uninteresting to the general reader. The building is located on Pearl street, three stories high without the basement, and 40 by 50 feet. The first room I visited is used for receiving boots, as they come in by the car load and wagon load, from the hands in different portions of the State. In this apartment there were stacks and stacks of boots. In the next room were heaps of kip, grain, wax, calf, enamel, and lining leather. Next came the room where the uppers are cut. In the basement there is a room for storing sole leather, adjoining which is another for cutting soles.

In another apartment 14 treers were at work, with their sleeves up, and pots of blacking-gum and oil before them. These stout, hearty fellows once tread 294 cases of boots in a single week. One man tread 30 cases of men's long-legged calf-skin boots in that time, at 75 cents per dozen, earning \$22.50 in six days. In the packing and drying room an immense quantity of boots hung like a black cloud over the ceiling. In another room men were at work making the drop or imitation stitch, which is to the real stitch what the demagogue is to the patriot.—Although it is counterfeit, it looks like the genuine 'article.' Then we visited the crimping room, the buffing room, the closing room, &c.

The New York Evening Post pays the following flattering compliment to the "Democratic" masses, now swarming at Washington:

A large-proportion of the population of Washington at present consists of fugitives from labor and fugitives from justice. In the first class are comprised those who are too lazy, or otherwise incompetent to earn a living, and who want the government to support them. The fugitives from justice are those who have been coddled from home by their own party, and go to Washington to make a market for their wounds.

An editor in Arkansas was lately shot in an affray. Luckily the ball came against a bundle of unpaid accounts in his pocket. Even gunpowder could not get through unpaid newspaper bills, and the editor saved his life by the delinquency of his subscribers.

The President's House.

Congress has been liberal in giving President Pierce an outfit. The appropriations were as follows:

For repairing the President's Mansion, including cleaning, painting, whitewashing, extending the east wing of the offices, for carriage houses, &c., \$7,300; and for heating, ventilating, painting the exterior; painting the walls and ceilings of the rooms on the first floor, and the purchase of books for the President's library, \$29,500.

For refurbishing the President's House, to be expended under the direction of the President, in addition to the proceeds of the sale of such furniture and equipage of the said house as may be out of repair and unfit for use,

A Hard Way to get Rum.

The editor of the Temperance Battery has been perambulating upper Missouri lately, and writes thus to his paper from Hannibal:

For a Quart of Liquor.—Judge Gore of this (Hannibal, Mo.) related to us the following as coming under his own observation. Tom Mc. was a confirmed sot; had made a perfect beast of himself, with the help of the grocery keeper. On one occasion Tom went to the grog-shop, out of money and credit too, and begged for some whiskey.

The grog-seller promised him a quart, upon consideration that he would take ten lashes upon his bare back, with a raw hide; and all the while keep his thumbs in two auger holes bored into the whipping post. Mac at last agreed to the hard bargain, stripped off, and received eight severe lashes without flinching; the ninth was very hard, and the poor fellow jerked his thumb out of the auger hole. By the terms of his bargain he must lose the whiskey or take the lashes over again.—He stood up to it again, but at the ninth lash again flinched, jerking his thumb out of the auger hole. The grog-seller was inexorable—he would not abate one of the lashes. And now poor Mac determined to try it again, and fixed his two thumbs in the auger holes, apparently with a death grip, he stood it this time the whole ten, making in all twenty-eight lashes, laid on by the strong, willing arm of the grog-seller.

Then the poor fellow having nothing else into which the quart of whiskey could be put, was obliged by the heartless grocery keeper, to receive it in his old felt hat, in which he carried it off—the price of his own drunkard went to a doctor in his neighborhood, and begged for whiskey.—The doctor to satisfy himself of the truth of what he had heard respecting the great strength of the man's appetite, proposed to give him the whiskey upon condition that Mac would suffer the first joint of his thumb to be cut off. To this he agreed. And the doctor took out his knife, and cut through the skin and flesh, clean to the bone.

This satisfied him that he would really submit to the amputation, rather than lose the whiskey, and he bound up the wound and let him have the quart of liquor.—Another time, the same man applied to Judge Gore for a dram—he begged 'only one glass.' The Judge at last consented to let him have it, provided he would swallow with it such proportions of tartar emetic, ipecacuanha and assafetida as he would put into it. Mac consented, and the doctor drugged the gill of whiskey with the above articles to the extent that he supposed was safe. With a full knowledge of the fact, the miserable man turned off the nauseous draught at a single swallow—and was of course made violently sick.

'The Usual Extra Compensation.' Congress employs twice as many sub-Clerks, sub-Doorkeepers, Messengers, Fire-makers, Sweepers, Pages, &c. as there is any need of, and pays them most exorbitantly. The least efficient men get \$3 per day for very short and light days' work. The pages (mere lads of 12 to 15 years) receive \$10 50 per week. And in addition to this it has become a habit to vote them all \$250 each at the close of each Session, as the 'usual extra compensation.' It began with a vote of that sum at the close of a very long and rather arduous Session, when it was pleaded that the underlings had been worked very hard and had fairly earned something more than ordinary. Then it was urged and passed as 'extra compensation; ever since it has been the 'usual extra compensation.' Many of the boys could not earn \$4 per week any where else in the world; yet they are paid \$10 50 per week for attending on Congress a few hours each day in the dull part of the year, and then \$20 additional per week at the close of the Session as 'the usual extra compensation.' In return for this, they pay in some \$5 each for a liberal 'spread' of cold fowl, ham, brandy, wine, &c., which is set out in some sly Committee-room of the Capitol on the last night of each Session for the members to get drunk and quarrel some upon. That is to say—the Members take out of the Treasury some \$30,000 or \$40,000 to give to their Messengers, Pages, &c. who gratefully contribute some \$1,000 or so out of it to make the members jolly over night and savagely sick next day. Of course, all the Members do not vote for the swindle, nor do all partake of the tipples; but the business is so managed that the people cannot know who does or does not.—*Tribune.*

Agricultural.

Alum-Soils.

The alum of commerce consists of sulphuric acid, alumina and potash. Alumina is never found pure in nature except in the ruby and sapphire, which consist of crystallized alumina combined with some coloring matter. Alum is the basis of all clay soils, in which it is always combined with siliceous sand. The purity of the clay used in the arts, depends upon the greater or less amount of sand combined with it. Clay has a strong affinity for water, and absorbs and retains it in large quantity, thus rendering the soil in which it abounds, wet and cold.

It is very adhesive. Its particles have a strong attraction for each other, rendering the soil firm and compact. Much force is required to plow or work it. The roots of trees and other vegetables penetrate it with difficulty. Hence a strong clay soil is both difficult to cultivate and unproductive. It requires sufficient sand mixed with it to separate its particles, and overcome their tenacity, so that the tender and delicate radicles of plants can readily penetrate them. In a sandy soil, the particles are so loosely attached to each other, and have so little tenacity, that water percolates freely through them, and sufficient moisture is not retained to supply the demands of vegetation.

A mixture of these two elements in suitable proportions constitutes the basis of all good soils. Different vegetables require different proportions of these ingredients. Some require more clay and some more sand, some love a moist soil and some a dry one. Clay has another property also besides that of absorbing and retaining moisture, which is of immense importance to vegetation. It has a strong affinity for carbonic acid and ammonia, and when turned up by the subsoil plow, it rapidly condenses them from the atmosphere.

In light sandy soils, a certain amount of clay is always found, commonly from ten to fifteen per cent. A sandy loam contains from thirty to forty per cent of clay. A clayey loam seventy to eighty per cent. The stiffest clay soils contain from eighty to ninety per cent.

It is often desirable to ascertain what proportions of clay or sand are found in particular soils. This may be done with sufficient accuracy for all agricultural purposes, by putting a portion of the soil in to five or six times its weight of water, shaking it smartly, and pour in the mixture into a deep glass vessel or tube. A common lamp funnel, with one end set upon a ball of putty or clay, will answer very well. Leave the mixture at rest in the glass. The course sand will soon be seen collecting at the bottom. The finer sand will form a second layer, and the clay the upper or third layer. By observing the amount of each thus deposited, we may obtain a sufficiently accurate notion of the proportion of each ingredient in the soil.

A good soil must have clay enough to retain the water, the carbon, the lime, the ammonia, and other elements that minister to the growth of plants, so that they may be found and absorbed by the roots, as they stretch themselves among the particles of the soil, feeling after the kind of nutriment which they need. At the same time it must contain sufficient sand, to allow the surplus matter to settle through it, so that the soil shall not be too wet or too stiff. Different vegetables, as has been already remarked, require different proportions of these elements. Herd-grass is fond of a moist soil, containing a large proportion of clay while clover delights in a mellow, loamy soil. Rye thrives best in a warm, sandy soil while wheat requires stronger soil, with a larger proportion of clay. Both require a good supply of lime. The art of mixing soil in proportions, suited to the crops that are to be put upon them, is one of the most important that can engage the attention of the farmer. Whenever Massachusetts shall establish an agricultural college, the study of this subject will demand its share of time and talent. The ancient Italians, as we learn from Virgil, understood that certain soils were suited to certain crops; but it does not appear that they knew how to supply the elements that were wanting, or to neutralize those that were injurious by the addition of others, that would combine with them, and form useful or at least innocent compounds.—This is an art that belongs to modern times. It has received but little attention as yet, in this country. Its importance will be more and more estimated, as manures become more expensive, and more difficult to obtain.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Early Potatoes.—The small potatoes are those which produce the earliest crop. When it is desirable to have potatoes very early, a quantity of the smallest sized tubers should be selected and deposited in stable manure, where the fermentation will stimulate the germs, and cause them to send forth sprouts in a few days. They may then be planted out, if the weather and soil are favorable, and in a few weeks well advanced, and sufficiently large to hoe. The potato, in this way, is frequently advanced from two to three weeks—often four.—*Georgetown Telegraph.*