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From the Knickerbocker Gallery.

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S NEST.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Once the Emperor Charles, of Spain,
With his swarthy, grave commanders,
I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged, in mud and rain,
Some old Frontier town of Flanders.
Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgo, dull and dumpy,
Cursed the Frenchmen—cursed the weather.
Thus, as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatient vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest, they spied a swallow.
Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses'
Mane or tail, or dragon's crest,
Found on hedgerows, east or west.
After skirmish of the forces.
Then an old Hidalgo said,
"As he twirled his grey mustachio,
"Sure this swallow overhead
Thinks our Emperor's tent a shed,
And our Emperor but a macho."
Hearing his imperial name,
Coupled with these words of malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came,
Slowly from his canvas palace.
"Let no hand the bird molest,"
Said he, solemnly, "nor hurt her!"
Adding then, by way of jest—
"Gulendriof is my guest—
"Tis the wife of some deserter."
Swift as bow-string speeds a shaft,
Through the camp was spread the rumor;
And the soldiers, as they quaffed
Flemish beer, at dinner, laughed
At the Emperor's pleasant humor.
So, unharmed and unafraid,
There the swallow sat and brooded,
Till the constant canonade
Through the walls a breach had made,
And the siege was thus concluded.
Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents, as if disbanding;
Only not the Emperor's tent—
For he ordered ere he went,
Very curtly—"Leave it standing!"
And it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone
That the cannon-shot had shattered.

*Macho, the Spanish for male.
†Gulendriof, in Spanish means a swallow and a deserter.

The Snow.

The snow! the snow! how beautiful
It falls on hill and plain,
And weaves a shroud for summer hours
That will not come again.
Each tiny flake that parts the air
With measured sweep and slow,
Reveals, amid its beauty rare,
A gem no king can show.
The snow! the snow! how beautiful
The fields are heaped with white
Where erst the summer breezes swept,
When trees with leaves were bright;
But now with naked branches tossed,
They rear their giant forms,
And breast with stern and fearless hearts
The winter's blasts and storms.
The snow! the snow! how bright and fair
It genes the valley wide,
As sweeping on before the wind,
Like ocean's restless tide.
It twines amid the withered leaves
That mark the autumn sere,
And weaves a sad and faded wreath
To bind the dying year.
The snow! the snow! how light it falls,
As erst in other hours,
Ere childhood's hopes had passed away,
Or withered youth's gay flowers.
Each crystal flake seems some past joy
That checked the morning beam,
Then faded ere the light of noon
Fell on the gliding stream.
The snow! the snow! how beautiful
It falls on hill and plain,
And weaves a shroud for summer hours
That will not come again.
Stern winter binds the sunny streams
That rippled sweet and low,
And covers earth with fleecy robe
And pure and spotless snow.

RUINS OF ANCIENT CITIES IN AMERICA.

Extraordinary Discovery in the Country of the Navajoes.—Another Petra—Strange Fashion of Building, etc., etc.

On the 17th of October last, a party of twelve Mormons and one Indian, headed by W. D. Huntington, left Manti, one of the most southern settlements in Utah Territory, by request of Gov. Young, to explore the southern part of the Territory, of which nothing is known, and if possible open a trade with the Navajoes, who dwell in that quarter, for sheep, goats and horses, of which it is known they have an abundance.

They have, besides, considerable skill in manufactures, and make all their blankets, leather, bridle-bits, &c., many of which are executed with most curious workmanship. They also work iron, gold and silver into a multitude of forms, and articles for the warrior, husbandman and tradesman. The party returned to the Mormon settlements on the 21st of December last, having on their trip made some most remarkable discoveries. They found, in fact, the ruins of a city built in the rocks, very similar to the far-famed Petra in the Eastern Dessert, and even surpassing it in extent. From Mr. Huntington's account, furnished the Desert News, we take the following highly interesting particulars:

On the 17th, we left Manti with our full outfit of men and animals, and with five wagons. We never felt more gloomy and doubtful, or undertook what appeared to us a more hazardous work, during an experience of twenty years in this desert. A wild, mountainous and dreary desert, hitherto almost entirely unknown, lay before us, and what was still more formidable, Indian Walker and his allies had decreed that we never should pass, and with twenty Spaniards had posted themselves on our route, and their rallying smoke was in full view. Still we unanimously resolved to go ahead, and our enemies fled before we reached their position, the Spaniards their way and Walker his, leaving our path perfectly open.

We followed Gunnison's trail to within 25 miles of Grand River, which, according to our calculation, is 350 miles from Great Salt Lake City. This road, so far, was a tolerably good one, but the country has little or no wood, grass or water. There is a beautiful valley on Grand River, twenty miles long, and from five to ten miles wide. It has good soil and grazing range, is very well timbered and watered, and is about fifty miles from the Elk Mountain. From here we traveled 110 miles to St. John's River, over a very rough and mountainous region, difficult to pass over even with pack animals, being covered with dense forests of cedar. It is forty miles from St. John's River to the nearest Navajo town.

Reception by the Navajoes—Cannibalism.

The Navajoes met us with very hostile feelings, as they are at war with the whites, and three days before we arrived, had killed, boiled and eaten a white man, so great was their exasperation. By the persuasion of two friendly Indians with us—our guide and interpreter—they listened to an explanation of our business. We were finally enabled to form a treaty, and did some trading with them, while they were doing some tall stealing from us. They were highly excited, but the chiefs were more cool, appeared quite friendly, and wished us to come again and trade.

Trade is the best letter of introduction a white man can take among Indians. Their great Captain wished us not to go among their towns and villages, as there were some that could not be controlled, and he did not want to fight us. He said we had come a very great way, and he wished us well, and sent to his town and brought out an abundance of corn, meal, flour, bread, beans, dried pumpkin, dried squash, pinenuts, with sheep and goat meat of the finest quality, to fit us out for our journey home.

First Discovery of Ruins.

On the north side of the St. John's River, and about five hundred miles southeast from Great Salt Lake City, we traveled over a section of country mostly among the mountains, and about forty miles in length, up and down the river, by twenty-five miles in width, covered with the ruins of former towns and villages. The walls of many buildings are still standing entire, some of them three or four stories high, with the ends of the red cedar joists yet in the wall, some projecting eight or ten inches, but worn to a point at their extremities.

Every building was a fortification built in the strongest manner imaginable, and in a style that the present age knew nothing of; many of them still plainly show the whole manner of structure, and even the marks of the workmen's tools. The first ruins we discovered were three stone buildings, crumbled to mere heaps. One in appeared to have been a pottery, for in and around it were loads of fragments of crockery, of fine quality, ornamented with a great variety of figures, painted with various colors as bright as if put on but yesterday.

St. John's river, called by the Spaniards and known on the maps as San Juan river. It takes its rise in the mountains on the west side of the Rio Grande, nearly opposite Tucs, and running almost due west, empties into Grand river just above the point where Grand and Green rivers unite to form the Colorado. The San Juan passes through a country which has been rarely trodden by the white man, and of which nothing is known. Its junction with Grand river is in about the latitude of Monterey.

A Fortified City.

From here we traveled ten miles, with occasional ruins by the way, and entered a deep canon with projecting shelves of rock, and under these shelves were numerous houses or fortifications. The one we examined was divided into twenty-four rooms, each nearly square, and enclosing an area of about one hundred and forty-four square feet. The front wall was built up to the overhanging cliff, which formed the roof, and was curved and full of port-holes. The stones were all squared and faced, were of an equal thickness, and laid up with joints broken in a workmanlike manner.

The only entrance we could find was a hole about two feet square and eighteen inches from the ground, which is the usual size of all the doors, both in the outer and partition walls, with the exception of some subterranean entrances, which were yet smaller, and difficult to find. Through the perfection of the rocky roof, there was very little rubbish in the rooms. From the first room we passed through a small hole in the right hand corner to the second, and there through another hole into the third, and so on, from left room to right and from right to left, all through the twenty-four rooms; and every wall was supplied with port-holes.

Fifty yards above this was a large cave with a narrow winding entrance, guarded by a high wall; near the mouth of this entrance is an opening in the rock, leading off into the mountain, which we did not explore, and after a little looking and rummaging about, we found an outlet to the cave. For three or four miles in this canon buildings were everywhere in view, of various forms and dimensions, and in almost every stage of decay.

From here to St. John's river, a distance of ten miles, there were scattering ruins; and from there, in twelve miles northeast, we came to head of a canon, whose sides or banks, even to the very head, were perpendicular and shelving, and near the banks there was no soil on the rocks. Right on the brink of this precipice, and under shelves of rock beneath, were the best building sites for those beings who built and dwelt here ages ago.

Another Stronghold.

All around the head of this canon, and down on either side, as far as we could see, were houses of every conceivable form and size; and in places where the soil was sufficient, they were overgrown with sage and cedars, in every respect like that on the mountains around. In the centre of this canon, and near the head, was a building sixteen or twenty feet square, four stories high, and built upon a flat rock about four feet higher than the level of the canon, and but little broader than the building; to this we could not find an entrance, and, unlike all the rest, it had no port-holes.

One large building, which we entered, stood on the edge of the precipice, with its front wall circular and flush with the bank, which formed the back part, making the ground plan of the building like a half-moon. There were no windows in the lower story of any building, and every entrance was made as difficult and hidden as possible. The door, or hole, into the one last mentioned was guarded by two or three walls of different angles; thus making a crooked, narrow passage to the door, and every part of this passage was in full view from the port-holes of the building, the front wall being full of them, like pigeon-holes, pointing in every possible direction; they were not more than two inches in diameter on the outside, and were plastered smooth on the inside with a kind of cement, with which the stones are laid and the rooms plastered, and is as hard as stone.

The inside arrangement of all the houses was much alike, all having port-holes in the partition walls, and very small and obscure passage-ways from one room to another, and from one or two houses, into the mountain. Some on the cliffs above were connected with those below.

We noticed there was no water about there, and inquired of the Indians how the former inhabitants could have managed? They told us that they had heard that a long time ago there was water running there. We asked them who built those houses? They smilingly shook their heads and said that they had never heard, but that surely somebody must have built them a very long time back.

A Good Example.

It is very well for men to be rich when they possess large hearts. Gen. Robert Halsey, of Ithaca, New York, has recently been doing a very handsome thing. He requests the tax-gatherer of the town in which he resides, to pass over all cases where taxes have been levied upon individuals who cannot pay them without depriving themselves, or their dependent families, of the necessities of life, or means of comfortable subsistence, and present the same to him for payment.

Sunday in New Orleans.—The following is from a late number of the New Orleans (La.) Crescent:—"Mr. Samuel Reed's black slut, Gipsy, 'chawed up' the most rats in the least time yesterday at the Varieties Exchange, on Gravier street. She killed her first ten in thirty seconds; her last ten in forty seconds; and went home hungry. We learn that she is having her hair curled, and may be seen at Half-Way-Home, to-day."

Acquaintance with the Eminent.

Some men are acquainted with a good many books; others with a good many wealthy people. But intercourse with the latter does not make them rich, and familiarity with the former does not make them scholars. Extensive and promiscuous intercourse with mankind has few advantages for the man of thought. Access is not thus to be obtained to what is most valuable in others. Better for the studious, thinking man, to be much alone, cultivating acquaintance with the insides of good books and himself, than with the outsides of other people, however eminent.

No men, although called great, are so full of pearls of thought, as to run over in the presence of ordinary company. To be admitted into familiar intercourse with those who are largely accomplished in knowledge of the world and books and things, is indeed an inestimable privilege. Transmitted property is nothing in comparison with intellect and information, which comes spontaneously, without any effort, by inheritance from parents of broad and finished education. What privilege equals that of possessing a private key in early youth to the memory of one eminent for talent, scholarship or professional learning? Equally, if not more to be prized, is the privilege to be admitted to the chamber of the good man ere he meets his fate, as well as where he meets it.

The privation most to be lamented is not only the want of formal instruction in early life, but also that of intelligent daily and hourly conversation with friends of solid and deep information on some subjects. There is a vast deal which can never be obtained from books, and yet it is necessary to progress. When this is attained with felicity, by the way as it were, advancement is rapid and easy. When not thus acquired, these things so necessary to be known, become serious obstacles in the path of the solitary student, which a few seasonable hints from a learned friend would have immediately removed, if he could have come by such.

An acquaintance like that with the great and learned, is of inappreciable value, of which one has a right to be proud. But the sight of a philosopher or sage, or even a frequent position by his side, will not impart any of his knowledge or virtue. One cannot get either by absorption. There are many who revolve their life on the outside of intellectual society, but never have access to its esoteric privileges. They know no more of men of note, than travelers who visit foreign countries and never see parlors, do of its private mansions and domestic life. It is a very petty and contemptible ambition to know just enough of such men, as to enable one to boast of their acquaintance. Generally speaking, the best knowledge of a distinguished orator, for example, may be got from studying his speeches; of a poet, by reading his poems; of an author, by familiarity with his works, and so on. This is the greatest advantage of which they can be to us, unless their friendship and intimacy may be granted; for that is the greatest benefit to all. This great prerogative is reserved, however, to a few, and commonly to those who are able to pay for it by a fair exchange of gifts. To consort with princes, one must be a prince; to have intercourse with a shop-keeper, to any purpose, you must have change in your pockets to balance against your goods; and to be admitted to the conversation of talent and learning, one must have both, in some respectable degree.

Romance in Real Life.

Some years ago a very beautiful young lady was the ward of a person in Louisiana, who defrauded her out of quite a large fortune. The lady came to this city, where she married, but not living on good terms with her husband, finally obtained a divorce from him and retired to a convent. Whilst she was there, she received a letter from the son of her former guardian, informing her of his father's death, and that himself had heirs all his vast property, but that he could not consent to retain that which had been treacherously taken from another, and offered to make restitution. The lady immediately proceeded to Louisiana, had an interview with the heir, and received back, both principle and interest, all that she had been wronged out of. The strangest part of the story remains behind. No sooner had she got possession of her fortune than she returned to this city, sought out her former husband, and in a few days was re-married to him. Verily, the love of woman surpasseth understanding. The parties are now living in St. Louis, and it is to be hoped will agree better than formerly.—St. Louis Intelligence.

There are 2,526 newspapers in the United States, and they circulate annually about 500,000,000 of copies. 855 of them are reported as Whigs; 742 Democratic; literary and miscellaneous, 568; Religious, 191; Scientific, 53. In 1810, we had 359 newspapers; in 1828, 852; in 1840, 1,631. The proportion to every 100,000 persons in 1810 was 6.1; in 1850, 12.9. About \$15,000,000 are annually expended upon the newspaper press; and if the whole issue for one year be estimated, it would cover a surface of 100 square miles, or form a belt, thirty feet wide, around the earth.

Educational.

The following article suits us exactly. The Connecticut School Journal is not on our list of exchanges, but if this is a fair specimen of its articles, we would like to have it.

From the Conn. Common School Journal.

School Discipline.

It is not right to regard any sort of discipline as a convenient, or even a necessary help to education. It is itself the great educational process. A well disciplined mind is a well educated mind, whether it has much knowledge or little; and the mind that is not disciplined is not educated, though it is familiar with the whole route from A to Astronomy.

The true business, then, of the teacher is that of discipline. The wild colt of the prairies is unfit for gentle uses, but he may be brought to drag the plough or to be driven by a child. He needs to be tamed, but receives no new powers. The child that is to be the future citizen or lawgiver, with all his wild, untamed impulses, mental and moral, comes to the teacher. He comes to be disciplined.

The popular idea of school discipline has reference to the whole apparatus of requisitions and prohibitions, restraints and stimulants, which are designed to regulate the pupil's habits of study and deportment. Let us consider for the present this application of the subject, guided by the preceding observations. Among the many evils which teachers commonly seek to prevent, such as the following are prominent. Absence and tardiness, idleness, whispering, all disorderly movements in the school-room, injury to any school property by making, cutting, defiling, &c., rudeness of speech or act in school intercourse, or in passing to and from school, profanity, every form of incipient rowdiness, &c., &c.

Among the objects to be secured, some of which are implied by their opposites just named, are regularity of attendance, promptness in every duty, unquestioning obedience, truthfulness and conscientiousness, earnestness, diligence, thorough preparation of lessons, neatness in dress and school-room habits, the "golden rule" as the rule of intercourse with companions and teachers, &c. These lists of school virtues and vices might be much enlarged; but, at least, those named should be watchfully cared for by every teacher in his system of discipline. And this, be it remembered, not so much to promote the business of the school-room, as because of the certain shaping those daily school-room habits, whether good or bad, are to have of individual character and destiny for this world and the next.

A system of discipline ought to accomplish completely the object it aims at. It should have no rules that have not been well considered beforehand. It should then admit of no exceptions but for the most indispensable reasons. Let down the bars to-day, and scholars will leap the fences to-morrow, and snap their fingers at all barriers the day after. The system while it lasts must be inflexible, earnest, strong, thorough. It is much easier to govern perfectly than partially, to say nothing of the clear gain in temper and comfort. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing thoroughly. If an evil ought to be prevented, let the teacher deliberate and then prevent it. He can do it if he will. He must be patient, but determined. If any positive advancement is to be made, the matter should be well considered, then let the teacher will and act like a Napoleon. A good school discipline is characterized by energy and efficiency.

Government should be equable and uniform, not fitful and capricious. Scholars should know upon what they may rely. They will acquiesce more cheerfully in a rule if it is constant, than it is only executed occasionally. Habits of obedience makes obedience easier to render and secure. It is moreover unjust to pupils to enforce a regulation with strictness at one time, which laxity at another has led them to believe may safely be disregarded. Any scheme of discipline, to be successful, must be sure to embrace details, the "little things" of school life. It is utterly impossible to bring a community of children into a happy and healthful state of discipline, or to keep them there, without the most vigilant attention to those innumerable little acts and ways which betray the disposition and tendencies. If a boy walks or sits in your room in a swaggering or careless manner, he is sure to be equally careless in his conduct in more equal respects. And if by any amount of patient culture, you can establish the principle and habit of doing every little thing in the very best way, you may be unconcerned about his great lines of conduct. The boy is safe. If a young miss is pert or rude in speech or manners, there is a counterpart within; and if you regard with indifference these slight but true glimpses of the soul within, there may be much to regret at a future day. Tones of voice, carelessness in pronunciation and phraseology, coarseness and uncouthness of language, untidiness of dress, gait, attitude, &c., have the sound of "little things." But they are each signs and symptoms, and with certain index point out the path into the future. Not thus. If a pupil commits a trifling breach of decorum, he thereby strengthens the impulse that prompted it, and creates a probability

of greater misdoing. Let the teacher strictly take care of all the "little things" in his establishment, and the greater ones will take care of themselves. This is because the former beget the latter. It has always been so. The oak comes from the acorn, the ocean from the little streams that trickle from out the rocks of the mountain,—this heavy pall of sorrow and death that overspreads our world from that "little act" in the garden. "Little things" are important things. There is a divinity in them. We have at times been so strongly "exercised" concerning the importance of giving more earnest heed to this subject, that we much fear we shall have to deliver ourselves of an article upon it. So enough for the present.

Schools in America.—I can positively affirm, from personal observation, that in point of general discipline, the American Schools greatly excel any I have ever seen in Great Britain. In Canada and in the States, every suitable provision is made for the purpose of decency—a thing usually neglected in the parish and burgh schools of Scotland. I was much pleased with the arrangements in the American schools to prevent disorder or improper interference one with another among the pupils. All are at small desks not more than two to gether in rows; so that the teacher can conveniently reach every seat in the school. It is customary likewise, to cause all the pupils to enter slowly and decorously, instead of being suffered, as I observe, even in some of the most pretensions schools of Edinburgh, to rush out like so many wild animals.—Wm. Chambers.

Mountains are considerable up and down in Vermont. It is related that a coachman driving up one, was asked if it was as steep on the other side. "Steep," he answered, "chain lightning couldn't go down it without breechin' on!"

Long Preaching.

There is nothing against which a young preacher should be more guarded than length. "Nothing," says Lamont, "can justify a long sermon. If it be a good one, it need not be long; and if it be a bad one, it must not be long." Luther, in the enumeration of nine qualities of a good preacher, gives as a sixth, "That he should know when to stop." Boyle has an essay on patience under long preaching. This was never more wanted since the Commonwealth than now in our own day, especially among our divines and academicians, who seem to think their performances can never be too much attended to. I never err this way myself, but my conviction always laments it; and for many years after, I never offended in this way. I never exceeded three-quarters of an hour at most. I saw one excellency was within my reach; it was brevity, and I determined to attain it.

Wisdom allows nothing to be good, that will not be so forever; no man to be happy, but he that needs no other happiness than what is within himself; no man to be great or powerful, that is not master of himself.—Seneca.

Professor Mapes thinks dogs can reason. We doubt it. If they could, they would not make such asses of themselves as to go a mile in 2,40 just because a tin cullender is fastened to their tail.

The loveliest valley has a muddy swamp, the noblest mountain a piercing blast, and the prettiest face some ugly feature. The fairest face is most subject to freckles; and the handsomest girl is apt to be proud; the most sentimental lady loves cold pork, and the gayest mother lets her children go ragged. The kindest wife will sometimes overlook an absent shirt button, and the husband forget to kiss his wife every time he steps outside the gate, and the best disposed children in the world get angry and squal; and the smartest scholar will miss a lesson, and the wittiest say something stupid, and the wisest essayist write some nonsense, and stars will fall, and the moon suffer eclipse—and men won't be angels, nor earth heaven.

Relief Notes in Circulation.

From the Auditor General's Report, we glean the following facts relative to the "relief notes," which still lingers in circulation, to the pollution of our now otherwise "clean" currency:

Original amount issued	\$2,243,015
Am't of old issues redeemed	2,195,079
Am't of old issues in circulation	48,000

At the close of the fiscal year, there was in the sinking fund \$280,856, applicable to the further cancellation of relief notes, and during the month of December, that amount was cancelled and destroyed, thus leaving at this time in actual circulation, \$217,203.