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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

A Lovely Woman's Kiss.

BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

I've banqueted on luxuries,
Produced in every clime,
I've feasted on rich turtle soup,
And supped on oysters prime;
But nothing so delicious is
Within a world like this,
As soft caresses seasoned by
A lovely woman's kiss.

I've gloated o'er the festive board,
And drank rich draughts of wine—
I've listened at the opera
To melody divine;
But oh, I never, never met,
Such sweet excess of bliss,
As thrills the soul when lips receive
A lovely woman's kiss.

In glittering halls of splendor rare
I've passed the midnight hours—
In gardens beautiful and fair
I've wandered 'mid the flowers;
But there's a dearer joy than these—
A joy I would not miss—
A heavenly rapture which is found
In lovely woman's kiss!

In my last hour when death draws near
In darkness and in gloom,
May woman's smile my pathway cheer,
And light me to the tomb;
And when my soul shall take its flight
To other worlds than this,
May it be wafted to the skies
By lovely woman's kiss!

From the Journal of Commerce.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY OF BROUSA.

BEIRUT, SYRIA, May 14th.—The city of Brousa is of great antiquity, having been the Capital of the province of Bithynia, and afterwards of the Turkish empire, and the burial place of the Sultans; from which fact, as well as from its numerous and splendid mosques, there having been formerly about 200, it was called by the Moslems "the Holy City." It is situated at the foot of Mount Olympus, on the coast of the Black Sea, though not directly on the shore, having Ghemlek for its port, as Paris has Havre. The distance from Constantinople is only about 60 miles across the water. Within a recent period the population was fully 100,000, though various causes have contributed to reduce it to 80,000, composed of Turks, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians; and for ages it has been one of the most flourishing commercial emporiums of the Turkish empire. The American Board established a mission there about 25 years ago, with special reference to the Armenians, which has been one of the most successful of all under their direction in the East. Its mineral springs, whose healing virtues were perhaps the work of the internal fires beneath it, which have finally destroyed it, have been celebrated for ages.

The first intimation of the terrible events which were to follow, was given on Saturday, Feb. 17th, on the Island of Samos, situated in the Archipelago, not far below Smyrna, and near the main land, and some 300 or 400 miles distant from Brousa. About midnight on that day, the inhabitants were disturbed in their slumbers by the shocks of an earthquake, which, in their violence, regularity, and duration had not been equalled by any similar occurrence in the memory of the living. Beginning at midnight, they continued through the night, and until the Tuesday following, without interruption. Some of the shocks lasted not less than five or six seconds, and gave to the houses an oscillatory motion, which threatened to tumble them on the ground at every moment. As Samos is little else than the product of volcanic action, the people were at once persuaded the shocks were connected with an earthquake in Anatolia, or some island in the Archipelago. Growing feebler and feebler, they finally ceased, without occasioning any considerable injury.

At the same time a violent shock occasioned alarm at the port of Uacri not far from Rhodes, which, if it occasioned extreme peril, yet in one instance wrought a wonderful deliverance. It is stated that a little village was being swallowed whole and alive, when, having sunk 60 feet, its progress was stayed, without the loss of a single life or the ruin of a single house. The unlucky and yet lucky villagers, finding themselves at the bottom of a sort of tunnel, were glad to make ladders, and thus escape from their prisons.

All remained quiet from Feb. 21 to Feb. 28, the last day of the month, when a shock alarmed the city of Smyrna at 3

o'clock in the morning, remarkable for its duration rather than its violence. The oscillations were very regular, and went from North to South. The same day and the same hour, Constantinople was shaken by a violent earthquake, the centre of which was soon ascertained to be the ill-fated city of Brousa. After torrents of rain had descended for 24 hours, accompanied with terrible claps of thunder and strong gales from the southeast, at 5 o'clock in the evening the sky was suddenly overcast, and the strong odor of burning sulphur and iron was diffused through the atmosphere, when a sudden shock of earthquake laid the city in ruins. The first oscillation was from west to east; then came another oscillation, much more violent than the first, and then a calm succeeded, after a shock of 50 or 60 seconds duration. But short as the time was, it was long enough to bring destruction upon this ancient, renowned and flourishing city. From 60 to 80 minarets, with as many mosques, were either shaken down or else cracked in such a manner as to threaten instant falling. Numerous khans were also destroyed, and large, splendid edifices utterly disappeared under the mighty heaps of ruins which covered them.

Among the mosques destroyed was one ancient and celebrated, and the pride of the city, being of elegant Grecian architecture, and having stood 1200 years.—Another, whose magnificent proportions and splendid workmanship recalled the ancient grandeur and opulence of the old Turkish capital, and had been erected 600 years, was greatly injured, but not destroyed. The Greek quarter, situated upon a hill, was the most damaged—the houses from above falling upon those below, and together crushing the dwellings and their inmates. In one case a silk steam factory fell upon the owner, his two sons, and thirty female operatives, burying all in its ruins. To add to the calamity, a fire broke out among the fallen buildings, which spread further destruction of the property and life, but which was arrested after six hours' work of destruction. Travelers upon the land, and passengers upon the sea, gazing at the terrible volume of flame, were unable in the distance to determine whether it was a conflagration or a volcano.

During the night the shocks were repeated every half hour, but with diminishing violence, and continued to be felt for five or six days after, but slightly, and at unequal intervals. The streets blocked up by the ruins the houses fallen or rendered uninhabitable, the people were obliged to resort to the fields outside the walls, where they pitched their tents, or pillowed their heads under the canopy of heaven. Even the wooden buildings were so injured as not to be trusted by their owners. The whole number of those who perished was full 300.—At the same time, intelligence was brought from different parts of the province, that whole villages had been utterly destroyed, a frightful number of the inhabitants being buried in the ruins.

The internal forces of the earth seemed to have exhausted their power with the overthrow of Brousa and the surrounding country, for shocks were felt only feebly and unfrequently during the month of March. A citizen of Brousa, writing under date of April 4, says: "For three days we have not had an earthquake, and confidence begins to be re-established among the people but the misery is immense and indelible. The country, also, favored with an admirable temperature, is clothed with vegetation; and without any disaster occurring, the best hopes of the farmers realized." At the very moment these hopes were cherished and expressed, the reinforced agencies of nature were prepared for now and wider destruction. For the night of April 5, the people, sunk in a refreshing and quiet sleep, were alarmed by a violent shock, which recalled the scenes of Feb. 28. These shocks were repeated from hour to hour during the night, but with less force, when they finally ceased with slight vertical and horizontal movements.

But Wednesday, April 11, was a memorable day in the records of this devoted city—not only repeating, but exceeding the horrors of February 28. At half past six o'clock in the evening, a violent shock was felt at Constantinople, which lasted 15 seconds, and was followed by others during the night following, and was felt at Smyrna at the same time. A passenger who came from Ghemlek, the port of Brousa, stated that the shock was so violent there, that though he was in a wooden house, he desired to leave it, and was obliged to step on the stairs, and hang on to them in order to escape falling. But the shocks which only frightened the people of Constantinople and Smyrna, annihilated whatever remained of Brousa. Beginning about eight o'clock in the evening, they were repeated with extraordinary rapidity, and came with such violence that all the people who happened to be in the streets or out of doors, were thrown upon the ground.—They continued during the whole of the night, with less violence, and also with less destruction, because they had achieved all the ruin which was possible. Fifty minarets, before spared, were tumbled to the ground, and entire streets were so blocked up with the debris of falling buildings as to make circulation impossible.

In the first catastrophe many khans had been able to withstand, but now they were compelled to fall before this new

scourge of God. As before, a conflagration followed the earthquake, and added to the horrors of the scene. The custom house took fire, and was soon reduced to ashes, with all the merchandise it contained. From thence the fire was communicated to the wooden buildings which the earthquake had spared, and soon they became the prey of the flames. All the mosques, and the ancient and renowned monuments of Brousa, were burned or more or less injured. The inhabitants, surprised by the calamity, had only time to flee from their houses, and take refuge under the tents which they spread for the company. The number of persons ascertained to have been killed was about 400, without completing the investigation. A resident of Brousa writes as follows to the Journal de Constantinople, under the date of April 19th:

"In my last letter I informed you that the shocks of earthquakes continued every day. Still we were hoping to reach the end of our calamities, when, on Wednesday evening, April 11th, at 30 minutes past one, by Turkish time, a dull sound was heard proceeding from the bowels of the earth, the forerunner, or rather the very presence of, a terrible catastrophe, which must in a few seconds have reduced to ruins whatever remained of the Holy City. Five minutes later a second vertical shock succeeded, and with such violence that the entire city was raised from its foundations, and hurled down with a terrible crash. This lasted about twenty-five seconds, but had at least three times the force of the earthquake of the 28th.

"To describe to you all the heart-rending scenes, the sufferings and agonies of our unfortunate population, would be impossible to me, in the painful impressions under which I labor. All the monuments and all the structures of stone are overthrown or broken; while the greater part of the wooden buildings have fallen, and among those which remain, few are inhabitable. As in the first instance, five minutes after the earthquake, a fire broke out in the lower part of the city, which lasted eighteen hours, and consumed fifteen hundred houses and shops. For twenty-four hours the shocks were repeated, at small intervals, the greater part weak, but some sufficiently violent to bring down tottering walls and houses which remained. I do not speak of the material losses, which are incalculable; I can only pour my tears over the unhappy lot of the victims buried under the ruins, or burnt alive by the conflagration. The precise number cannot be known, but I think it must be immense.

"The news which has just come to us from the provinces is of the most distressing nature. In the southwest many villages have been entirely destroyed, or greatly damaged." At once nearly the whole European population left the city for Constantinople, while the unhappy natives encamped in the gardens and out of the city in miserable barracks, hastily constructed to the debris of fallen houses, and the city was made a desert. But misfortune did not quit them there; for violent shocks followed, which made the very tents tremble which sheltered them. The mineral waters doubled their volume, and warm water ran every where through the city.

I should have stated, in making out this extended record of a memorable and rare occurrence, that the islands of Rhodes, at a great distance from Brousa, in the Southern Archipelago, was visited by a violent earthquake on the seventh of April; and Mytelea, in the Northern Archipelago, on the same day and hour with Brousa. The shocks continued to be experienced at Brousa down to the last of April, and the inhabitants were prepared for more disasters.

It will be seen that the area of this earthquake is of vast extent, embracing the northern and western parts of Asia Minor, the full length of the Archipelago from north to south, and a part of Europe. The frequency of the shocks, and their long continuance, reaching from February 17 to nearly the present time, if not further, are without precedent in the history of similar phenomena, and make the occurrence one of rare interest.

Burning of Moscow.

The following is from a communication by Admiral Tchitchagoff, to the Athenaeum Francaise, extracted from an unedited history of the Russian campaign:

"1813, The burning of Moscow was often the subject of conversation. The immensity of the loss, and the influence it had upon the retreat of the French, amply explain the interest with which this act was investigated. As to the cause of the conflagration we did not agree. Some attributed it to the Russian government; others to the French army and others still to the patriotism of the Muscovites.—Each of these suppositions had its partizan, and the controversy was very warm. I can with difficulty comprehend the opinion of those who were then persevering, and are so still, perhaps, in charging upon the Russian government the burning of Moscow, acting, as they allege, in behalf of the general defence.

Count Rostopchine, the Governor of Moscow, whom these persons have been eager to invest with a brilliant halo of patriotism for having carried into execution this pretended idea of the government, has always said that he was wholly ignorant of it. At last weary of the brilliant part which he was obliged to play in spite of himself, and annoyed by the

work of M. de Chambray, which could not be permitted to pass unnoticed, he decided in 1823 to publish a pamphlet at Paris. In that pamphlet he established that the Government had no interest whatever in the burning of Moscow. And in it he gives the following reasons for his opinion:

1. Moscow was not provisioned; the Russian army had exhausted its supplies, and left them behind them little or nothing for the sustenance of the French.

2. Out of the 240,000 inhabitants of Moscow, 225,000 had been compelled by Rostopchine to evacuate the city, leaving behind about 15,000 persons, who were made up of foreigners and the lowest dregs of the city, and who would prove more embarrassing than useful to the French.

3. The success of a plan of destruction was implorable, the houses being, with few exceptions, separated by gardens, and broad open spaces, which would have hindered the fire from spreading. In order to extend its ravages as it actually did, the accidental and unforeseen action of a very violent wind was necessary. And after all there remained standing a fourth part of the best houses, which were more than sufficient for the accommodation of the French army.

Some have seen proof enough of incendiary purpose in the carrying away of ninety pumps. Now these were served and manned by a corps of 2,100 firemen. Rostopchine, while causing the civil and military authorities and almost the entire population to leave Moscow, the more completely to isolate the French did not judge it proper to leave those firemen behind for the service of Napoleon. They very naturally carried their pumps away with them.

The Russian government leaving to the French only empty houses, and no means of supplying themselves with provisions, had no commanding interest in the destruction of Moscow. But had the government ordered that destruction, traces of those orders would have survived; the inhabitants would have had timely warning, at least to remove their more valuable effects. So far was this from the fact that Kutusow swore by his gray hairs that he would turn back the enemy and preserve the holy city. So complete was the security of the inhabitants, that with the surprise of one waking suddenly from a dream, they fled in haste abandoning to the French, their rich libraries, their cellars filled with exquisite wines, and their jewelry remaining in their boudoirs and on their toilets. So great was the illusion that some even among the nobility, for example, Counts Wladimir, Orloff, and Bontourine, escaped with great difficulty only a few hours before the entrance of the enemy. The inhabitants thus suddenly compelled to flee, were filled with indignation at the deceit which had been practiced upon them, and insulted the Russian troops who were evacuating the city although still very strong and numerous. In the interview that took place at the gates of Moscow on the 13th of September between Rostopchine and Kutusow, the latter assured the former, that he intended to give battle to the French. He added that he had hopes of a victory, having been reinforced, and having beside, slain at Moscow, of the French troops, double the number he had lost of his own. But in the evening, after holding a hasty council of war, he announced to Rostopchine that the movements of the enemy forced him to abandon Moscow. Rostopchine told that a violent altercation took place between him and Kutusow on that subject.

The conflagration is, in my opinion none the more the work of the patriotism of the people. Patriotism is too lofty a sentiment to attain its perfect stature under a despotic government. That instinctive love of one's fireside, which we readily grant to the Russians, can by no means be likened to the enlightened patriotism of a free people.

So the general conflagration of Moscow was the result, neither of the orders of the Russian government, nor of the patriotism of the people. Its first cause is to be found in the system of tactics invariably followed, during the first half of the campaign by the Russian generals.—The system consisted in forming at every point magazines; in retreating whenever attacked, and in the retreating, the setting fire to everything. In this way the conflagration began. At first it was only partial, but very soon the inevitable disorders attendant on the departure of the entire population, pillage, feelings of personal vengeance, and the imprudence of the French themselves caused it to burst forth at once from various points. A wind of extraordinary violence spread the flames throughout the whole city. The inhabitants were no longer there to render assistance, the pumps were gone, and it was found impossible to arrest the flames.

Count Rostopchine has related to me two incidents which support this theory of mine. The workmen, merchants and artisans remaining in Moscow were disposed to trade with the French. When, however, they found them carrying away whatever suited their convenience without offering payment, they grew indignant. Thus, in a street made up entirely of coach and cart makers, some French generals went to select caresses and without offering to pay anything, wrote their names on the parchment. Then no one will buy into this world to cook meals and wash

shirts for such worthless beings as you are! And then when night comes what do we see you at? Why about the grocery and liquor stores of course. There you post yourself and make it a rule to ask any working man who may chance to come in and who has earned a few shillings in the course of the day, to 'treat,' at the same time urge as a reason that he is the only man in the crowd that is making any money. And then if you have sponged enough off a clever fellow to make night hideous with bleary shouts, you finally lay down in some gutter with your equally respectable companions, the hogs.

Now ain't you a beautiful set of fellows! Felons we ought to call you. Your faces ought to be covered with shame at the idea of degrading poor human nature in this manner, especially when you acknowledge that it is an awful burden to do so. Then go to work like men, or else take arsenic and make yourselves of some use, by giving the printers a chance to publish your departure under the head of suicide. That's so!

A pamphlet of a Surgeon in Chief, M. Larrey, contains the best description of the conflagration which has been given up to this day. Indeed it is from the point of view taken by him that the facts must have presented themselves to every Frenchman.

With the exception of his conjecture of some superior order of which he could have known nothing, and to which he merely alludes, to complete the enumeration of the possible causes of the conflagration, and regarded his picture as perfect.

The burning of a city may happen, without the concurrence of all the causes which existed at Moscow. Witness the great fire of London, and in our own days, that of New York. This was moreover not the first time that Moscow had been burned. In the sixteenth century, during the reign of Ivan the Terrible, three incendiaries succeeded each other at intervals of a few days, reduced to ashes the entire capitol and Kremlin. This conflagration was attributed to the sorceries of Glinky, whom some wished to ruin, and who proved the victims of this accusation.

Under Ivan IV., Moscow was burned a second time. In the time of Godonow the Kremlin, and the quarter occupied by the nobility, alone escaped from a third conflagration.

A soldier of the enemy enters a house and finds nobody on the premises, save an invalid keeper. He puts him various questions, and finishes by demanding where the wine cellar lies. He visits it—shows evident signs of satisfaction, and goes away saying he will return soon.—And indeed he does return very soon, accompanied by a number of his comrades, and they all descend together into the cellar, which closes with a trap door. The soldiers betake themselves to drinking in the cellar and become intoxicated. The keeper perceives this by their noise, and first intends to imprison them, by piling heavy stones on the trap, but on the second thought, fearing that they may escape and wreak their vengeance on him, he makes a resolution *à la mode*, he sets fire to the house, and takes to his heels.

A Lecture to Loafers.

Stand up here, you lazy rascals, and let us reason about your daily vocation. Hold up your sheepish heads and say why sentence of the most unqualified condemnation should not be passed upon your conduct. How can you possibly have the impudence to stretch your lazy bones on store boxes or block up the post office door with your carcasses, to the no small annoyance of busy working people who are engaged in some useful occupation? How can you be contented to 'pass away the time' in lounging around the streets, only shifting to avoid the rays of the sun—in company of your equally lazy and useless companions, the dogs, perchance once and a while setting your canine friends to fight for the sake of gratifying your brutal love of fun? and how can you have the unblushing impudence to gaze under every lady's bonnet who is compelled to pass by, and just before she is quite out of hearing indulge in your vulgar propensities by remarking 'what a gait,' 'what big feet,' or 'what a stuckup air,' and turning to one of your companions, inquiring of him 'how he'd like to hitch horses with that feminine for life?' You poor fools, don't you know that her stuck up air was caused by her having to pass such a crowd of human brutes? And don't you know that instead of criticising a lady's gait you ought to be at home mending your garden gate? And that no sensible feminine will hitch horses with any of you as long as you pursue your present business?

Do you suppose that you were made for no other purpose than to 'loaf,' and hinder industrious people by asking unmeaning questions or standing in their way? And do you think it decidedly sharp when you hail a gentleman who is hurrying about his business, and asking him if he is walking for wages, and you are loafing for wages which you will get some day if you don't mend your ways, i. e. free boarding in the poor house, or you may be promoted to the high rank of private in the penitentiary. Time may hang heavily with you now, but you may hang heavily in time if you do not besir yourself and be useful.

Do you imagine that you were created to do nothing, and that brains were put in your great pumpkin heads for the poor use you make of them? Do you think it honorable for you to do nothing because your fathers have enough to support you, when you know that they have got by honest industry? And do you suppose your mothers and sisters were put into this world to cook meals and wash

And then when night comes what do we see you at? Why about the grocery and liquor stores of course. There you post yourself and make it a rule to ask any working man who may chance to come in and who has earned a few shillings in the course of the day, to 'treat,' at the same time urge as a reason that he is the only man in the crowd that is making any money. And then if you have sponged enough off a clever fellow to make night hideous with bleary shouts, you finally lay down in some gutter with your equally respectable companions, the hogs.

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Educational.

From the Ohio Journal of Education.

An Element in Successful Teaching.

An excellent teacher knows *what* to impart and *how* to impart it, so that his pupils shall be interested in his narrative. This faculty is akin to that possessed by the orator. There are many teachers whose minds are full enough of instruction but the manner in which they depart it is so devoid of interest, that their pupils suffer more than the pupils of men of less learning, but gifted with tact and energy. A dull teacher is never blessed with good pupils. The occupation of teaching is one full of interest, and if there be one who has learned to make it a mere routine, let him leave the field to a better man. No one, whose soul is not easily and always enraptured by reading the thoughts of the great, or by some magic touch of the pen or pencil of genius, can expect to hold in sympathy the teeming mind of childhood. To succeed here one must love the employment. If it is not too great for him, he will love it. No mechanical teaching will succeed. The teacher must be in just the condition he is striving to bring his pupil into: full of interest. He should seize the subject with a perfect enthusiasm, convey his truths all in a flame, and they will leave an impression that will endure. But he need not be boisterous, and talk in a loud tone of voice. A noisy teacher is rarely—I might say never—an interesting one. To teach well, one must of course sacrifice himself; but he will not deem it a useless sacrifice, if he can thus buoy up his young immortals. He who would communicate a proper fervor to other minds, must be full of genuine fervor himself; like heaven, it will communicate itself to the whole. A teacher must come to this work full of a disinterested desire to improve his pupils.—He must be pure-hearted. There must be an earnest spirit within the man, that carries conviction to each one's heart, that he is just what he seems.

A teacher should have good thoughts. He should be a student himself, and bring some of his treasures to the sight of his pupils. He should show them that he is in search of just such wealth as they seek. Let him not fear to select for them a beautiful truth, from any science. They should thus be constantly taught that their teacher has many bright gems of thought in his mind—that they are his choicest treasures. His language should be simple, yet vigorous, conveying in few terms just what is intended. A teacher should never have less love for a subject, because he has taught it long. He should be interested in his pupils, and the subject will be new. When the mind brings out to help a scholar trying to escape from darkness by which he is encompassed, the sympathies are aroused, and efforts are made to simplify a subject the teacher thought he perfectly understood. It is just this state of mind that has produced so many excellent school books.—A teacher, in passing over his ground often, finds means to reduce the number of principles, and teaches these better every time. True teaching educates the heart as much as the intellect. Never allow one to be developed at the expense of the other. If the feelings of children are not kept alive in the school-room, their interest in their studies will die also. The manner of the instructor will be such as to indicate the presence of deep feeling. He must be always in earnest, and never frivolous. The scholar who suspects that his teacher is not what he should be, will have no confidence in mankind. A teacher should be above mistrust. The pupil who believes that, out of the school-room, his teacher will take a course his conduct within it condemns, will not improve in either mind or heart. The confidence existing between a son and his father, is not more sacred than that which should and may exist between the pupil and his teacher. To succeed in teaching, one must be perfectly at home in his subject, and plead earnestly and fluently as a model advocate for his client's life. Above all things do it with a consciousness that you are working on imperishable material; and if with a right spirit, you will have success. If you are successful, you will only be so when you have found a short and certain road to your pupil's attention and affection.

ALBANY, N. Y. A. M. K.