

THE JEFFERSONIAN

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 18.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. NOVEMBER 4, 1858.

NO. 46.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements of one square (ten lines) or less, one or three insertions, \$1.00. Each additional insertion, 25 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, Justices, Legal and other Books, Pamphlets, &c., printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms at this office.

YE CAN CONQUER, IF YE WILL.

BY ANANIAS M. SAWYER.

Rugged toiler—son of labor—
Stoutly battling every day
For existence—O, my brother,
Thou shalt triumph in the fray.
On life's changeful field of action,
Though defeat may oft appear,
Thou shalt win the victor's laurels,
If thou wilt but persevere.
Though thou art obscure and lowly,
Ye may reach the wished for goal,
Grasp the prizes, wealth and station,
If thou hast a dauntless soul;
If thou hast a resolution
That misfortune cannot shake;
One in which the angry surges
An impression fail to make.
Art thou sneered at and derided
By the self-styled lofty born?
Heed ye not the fool's contumely,
Or the weak mind's harmless scorn.
Art thou friendless—friends will gather,
As do courtiers, kings around,
When thou hast achieved distinction,
When thou hast position found.
Strong in faith, let naught repel thee;
Thou shalt in the end prevail;
In life's trials, and in its battles,
None but dastard cowards fall;
Noble natures prove ascendant,
In earth's mighty contest rang;
To renown from dark oblivion,
Roted in glory up they sprang.
What if years of fierce endeavor
Have been spent by thee in vain?
What if thou hast met disaster?
Up and take the field again!
Wreck and ruin all about thee,
Give not up, but struggle still,
Stubb'n courage is resistless,
Ye can conquer if ye will.

Heat from the Stars.

It is a startling fact that if the earth were dependent alone upon the sun for heat, it would not get enough to make the existence of animal and vegetable life upon its surface. It results from the researches of Pouillet, that the stars furnish heat enough in the course of a year to melt a crust of ice 85 feet thick, almost as much as is supplied by the sun. This may appear strange when we consider however immeasurably small must be the amount of heat received from any one of these distant bodies. But the surprise vanishes when we remember that the whole firmament is so thickly sown with stars, that in some places thousands are crowded together within a space no greater than that occupied by the full moon.—*Dr. Lardner.*

Heat of the Moon.

Prof. Piazza Smith, the Astronomer Royal of England, in his interesting account of a scientific expedition to the Peak of Tenerife, has set at rest the vexed question of the heat of moonlight. He says that his thermometrical instruments were sensibly affected by the moon's rays, even at the lowest of two stations occupied by him at different elevations. In tropical climates meat which is exposed to the moonlight rapidly becomes putrid, and in the Indies, the negroes who lie sweltering and uncovered beneath the full glare of a tropical sun, carefully muffle their heads and faces when exposed to the moonbeams, which they believe may cause swelling and distortion of their features, and sometimes even blindness.

Large Bells.

Bayard Taylor, in an exceedingly interesting letter from Moscow, gives an account of the great bells of that city—largest and most costly in the world.—The Russians have a peculiar penchant for large bells. The largest among them which is on the town of Kremlin, was cast by order of the Empress Anne, in 1730, and weighs one hundred and twenty tons. It is twenty-one feet high, and twenty-two feet in diameter at the bottom. It cost one million and a half of dollars. There is another bell near it which weighs sixty-four tons. It takes three men to swing its tongue. It is only rung three times a year and then all the other bells are silent. It is said the vibration of the air which it causes when rung, is like the simultaneous discharge of a hundred cannons.

An editor up in Minnesota says that he was never happy but once in his life, and that was on a warm summer's day when he lay in the laps of two blooming maidens, being fanned by a third, and kissed by all three. "Gosh!"

TO THE PEOPLE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—A great victory having been achieved, we desire, on the Committee of Seventy-Six, appointed at a meeting of the friends of the National Industry in all its branches, held in this city on the 15th of June, to offer you our congratulations, not only on the triumph itself, but on the proof it furnishes of the following facts:

That, in the necessity for protecting the farmer in his efforts for bringing to his door the market for his products, and thereby economizing the tax of transportation, Americans, Whigs, Democrats and Republicans have found the solid platform which they may securely stand.

That men of all pursuits of life—farmers and mechanics, miners and furnace-men, laborers and capitalists, traders and transporters—have arrived at the knowledge that they have a common interest in endeavoring so to diversify the demands for labor as to bring together the producers and consumers of the country.

That they awake to the destructive tendencies of a system which burdens the nation with a foreign debt that already counts by hundreds of millions—requiring the remittance of probably thirty millions of dollars annually, for the payment of interest alone.

That they are unwilling further to sustain a policy which condemns their own coal and ore to remain useless in the ground, while draining the country of the precious metals to pay for foreign iron.

That they do not desire longer to be compelled to pay for foreign labor, while American laborers are badly fed and badly clothed, because unemployed.

That the belief is a necessity for total change in our domestic and foreign policy is rapidly becoming general throughout the State.

That it needs but union among ourselves to secure the permanent adoption of a system that shall restore prosperity to the people, harmony to the relations of the States, and dignity and character to the administration of the Federal Government.

The power to accomplish such a change fellow-citizens, is in the hands of Pennsylvania, and it is needed only that she exercise it. Placed as she is, between the North and the South—great as she is in her natural resources—powerful as she is, by reason of her wealth and population—she may, if she will, guide and direct the policy of the Union. Blind, however, to her true interests, she has, but too often permitted herself to be harassed to the ear of some ambitious and unprincipled demagogue, who, in consideration of favors to himself, has helped to sacrifice his dearest interests—leading his aid to the closing of her mills and furnaces, and to the expulsion of her workmen, and thereby depriving her farmers of the advantage resulting from having a market near at hand. The consequences exhibit themselves in the fact that she has had no real influence in the Union—her votes having been obtained by means of frauds like that of "Polk, Dallas, and the Tariff of '42," while she herself, when asking attention to her interests, has been treated as a mere pauper, seeking to be fed at the public cost. Such fellow-citizens, have been the effects of permitting herself to be led, when she should have placed herself in the lead—of indorsing the opinions of others when she should boldly have proclaimed her own.

The true Pennsylvania policy knows no North, no South, no East, no West—it being that which tends to promote the good of all, whether farmers, or planters, miners or manufacturers, makers of railroads, or owners of ships. It is that policy which seeks to obtain perfect freedom of commerce among ourselves, and with the world at large, by means of such measures of protection as shall enable all to unite in the effort to increase the productivity of the labor of each and all—there being a perfect harmony in the real and permanent interests of every section of country, and every portion of our population. That the existence of such harmony may have the chance of being fully demonstrated, except another long pull, another strong pull, and another pull all together, by the men of the Keystone State. To that end we invite your further co-operation, pledging ourselves that, in the effort for its accomplishment, our city will fully perform its share.

HENRY C. CAREY,
JAMES MILLIKEN,
WM. D. LEWIS,
G. W. ECKERT,
J. W. O'NEILL,
WILLIAM ELDER,
THOMAS BALCH,
Philadelphia, Oct. 20, 1858.

Committee of Correspondence.

One of our exchanges contains the following curious remarks relating to handsome men:

"If you are ever threatened with a handsome man in the family, just take a clothes-pounder while he is yet in bed, and batter his head to a pumice. From some cause or another, handsome men are invariably asses; they cultivate their hair and complexion so much, that they have no time to think of their brains.—By the time they reach thirty, their heads and hands are equally soft. Again, we say, if you wish to find an intelligent man just look for one with features so rough that they might use his face for a nutmeg grater."

Water is Food.

Tell the first man you meet that water is on the whole more nutritious than roast beef, and that common salt, or bone ash, is as much an eddible as the white of an egg, and it is probable that he will throw anxious glances across the street to assure himself that your keeper is at hand. Make the same statements to the first man of science you meet, and the chances are that he will think you very ignorant of organic chemistry or that you are playing with a paradox. Nevertheless, it is demonstrably true, and never would have worn the air of a paradox, if men had steadily conceived the nature of an elementary substance. That it is an element that nourishes; whatever we find in the organism, as a constant and integral either forming a part of its structure, or one of the conditions of vital processes that, and that only, deserves the name of element. If, "to nourish the body" means to sustain its waste—if food enters into the living structure—and if all the integral constituents of that structure are derived from food—there can be nothing improper in designation as nutritious those substances which have an enormous preponderance among the integral constituents. People who think it paradoxical to call water food, will cease their surprise on learning that water forms two-thirds of the living body.

Is that also Thine.

A beautiful reply is recorded of a Dalcarnian peasant, whose master was displaying to him the grandeur of his estates. Farms, houses, and forests were pointed out in succession, on every hand, as the property of the rich proprietor who summed up finally by saying: "In short all that you can see in every direction belongs to me." The poor man looked thoughtful for a moment, then pointing up to heaven, solemnly replied, "And is THAT also thine?"

And is not this a question which may well be addressed to every one who is rejoicing in the multitude of his riches; who as he looks around him, sees the mercies that have been poured into his lap; may he not be asked—"Is Heaven also thine?" And if such a question may be asked of the rich, may it not be asked of all, whether rich or poor? And may we not in all sincerity ask the reader to weigh well the words—"Is Heaven also thine?"

Heavy on the Foot.

An Iowa paper reports a ladie's foot-ace which came off on the 20th of September, at Iowa City, the prize for which was a very handsome silver cake basket. The distance was one hundred yards, and there were seven entries. Miss Handy and Mrs. Cross led the field handsomely, and they ran so even breast and breast that when they came in the judges were of opinion that it was a dead heat. Indeed, on measuring their tracks as imprinted on the score, the heels of both were found exactly parallel, but Miss Handy's foot extending by reason of its length four inches in advance of Mrs. Cross, the prize was given in her favor.

Cure for Bronchitis.

One of our cleverest and most reliable friends, says the Holy Springs Herald, informs us that mullen leaves smoked in a new pipe—one in which tobacco has never been used—is a sure and certain cure for bronchitis. The remedy is simple and innocent and within the reach of all. Recollect that this is no retired physician's remedy, but is given to us by a citizen of our county, who has tried it himself; and has never known it to fail in effecting a permanent cure.

An Irish housemaid who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner found him engaged in using a toothbrush. "Well, is he coming?" said the lady of the house, as the servant returned. "Yes, ma'am, directly," was the laconic reply; "he's sharpening his teeth."

DIE "SWARTZ" REPUBLIKANS HABEN EINMAL ALT BERKS GEWUNNE!—*Gott im Himmel, was hat der Comet geholt!*—Es ist ein unlauffer Bericht das wo die Schule system nicht sehr populär ist, und besonders du unten "Alt Berks" das die neulich Wahl gross einfluss gehat habe von dem feuriche Comet, wo stossend durch den himmel farht, mit "zehn hunderttausend mille Kopf, und billione bundniss von eim Schawuz."

"I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?"
"No, sir-ee."
"What makes him stop, then?"
"He's afraid somebody will say whoa, and he won't hear it."

"Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like the best?"
"Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snooks."
"Pooh, nonsense, tell right out, Jane; which do you like best?"
"Well, (blushing and drooping her eyes) I like U the best."

TO REMOVE INK SPOTS.—To remove ink spots from linen, take a piece of tallow, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen into the melted tallow; the linen may then be washed, and the spot will disappear without injuring the linen.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY IN THIRTIETH STREET NEW YORK.

A whole Family butchered by a Son.—A Father, Mother, Two Brothers and Two Servant Girls Probably Murdered.—The homicide blows out his own brains with a Pistol.—Appearance of the parties and premises.—Great Excitement. Full Particulars.

[From the New York Post, Oct. 27th.]

One of the most bloody and horrible tragedies which ever took place in this city, was enacted at 217 West Thirtieth street, last night. Francis A. Gouldy, a young man twenty years old, literally butchered the family, undoubtedly killing his father and one servant girl, inflicting injuries which may prove fatal to his step mother, two brothers, and another servant girl, and crowning the terrible crime with self-murder.

The family consisted of Francis Gouldy; Jane A., his second wife, three sons, Francis A., the homicide; Nathan, fourteen years old; Charles Wesley, five years old; a daughter, Mary Eliza, fifteen; two small children, two and four years old, and two servant girls, Elizabeth Carr and Joanna Murphy.

It appears that the young man Francis had contracted some habits which displeased his father. He was out too late nights and wanted too much money. His father refused to give him a night key, but would get up and let him in when he came home of nights, and, perhaps, rebuke him for his unseasonable hours. It is stated, also, that Frank, as he was called, yesterday took a bank book from his father's drawer, which the old gentleman pronounced no better than stealing.

Whatever the provocation or cause, Frank went home about ten o'clock last night. The family had retired, with the exception of the father, who was sitting in a front room on the second floor. His wife was in bed in the room adjoining in the rear, and the two small children were in a crib in the room with their mother.

Mrs. Gouldy says that as Frank came in, she was just retiring, and he said to her, "Why, mother, are you up yet?"—"Yes, Frank," was the reply, "I am up yet." He then passed into the room where Mr. Gouldy was, and she heard some unpleasant words pass between the two, and finally heard a heavy fall on the floor.—She had just got into bed, and thought to herself, "Is it possible Frank has struck his father?" and at that moment Frank came into her room, partially raised the netting from around the bed, and dealt her a heavy blow on the head with a hatchet. She screamed and sprang up, and he repeated the blow twice, when she fell heavily to the floor, breaking down the netting as she fell.

The murderer then passed through the hall bedroom where his two brothers slept. They had both gotten up, hearing the noise, and he struck each a murderous blow on the head with the same hatchet he had used upon his father and mother. He left them both prostrate and covered with blood, and passed on to the stairs and ascended to the third floor.

The apartments on the third floor were occupied by himself, his sister Mary, and the two servants. The servants had heard the noise, and were in the hall of the upper floor as he went up stairs. He immediately attacked them with the same fatal hatchet prostrating each with a frightful blow upon the head.

Mary hearing the struggle and screams of the servants, opened her door, and looking out, saw the girls covered with blood, but did not recognize her brother. Believing it to be a burglar, she locked her door, and remained in her room.—Had she known it was her brother, she would have rushed out; in which case she would probably have been murdered.

After committing this series of atrocious crime, it is believed the homicide went down stairs, pulled off his boots and coat, and donned slippers and morning gown, in which costume he returned to his room.

But Mary, meantime, had not been idle. She had raised her window, and cried "murder!" and officers Morehouse and Hall, of the Twentieth Ward Police, who were standing on the corner of Ninth avenue and Thirty-first street, heard her cries, her room being in the rear of the house.

They immediately went to the house, but the door was locked; which delayed their entrance for some time, but they succeeded, with some labor, in forcing the door.

It is probable that Frank heard them, and found that he was detected. Be this as it may, before they found him he took a three-shooter, which was heavily loaded, and placing the muzzle to his head he fired. The ball entered just above the right ear, and passed out just over the left eye, causing instantaneous death.

The alarm having been given, the neighbors rushed to the spot, and beheld a scene of blood and horror too painful to describe.

The father lay upon the floor entirely unconscious, with his face and head bathed in blood. In the next room the mother lay helpless, and in the hall bedroom the two boys were prostrate, and one of them senseless, and in the upper hall the two servant girls also covered with blood, one of them tossing her arms in delirium; while the author of the appalling tragedy lay lifeless on the floor of his own room still grasping the fatal pistol in his right hand.

The two small children and Mary were the only ones unharmed. As the affrighted neighbors passed through the room in which the crib was, the little girl, two years old, sprang up and said pleasantly, "I am not hurt."

The carpets and furniture in every room through which the murderer had passed, were stained with blood.

Dr. John G. Sewall, 234 West 30th street, was called in, with some other physicians, whose names we did not learn.—He examined the wounds, and this morning kindly furnished our reporter with a verbal statement of the several cases, as follows:

Mr. Gouldy, the father, was struck upon the left side of his skull, in two places, the axe entering into the substance of the brain. A large piece of bone, nearly as large as the palm of one's hand, was detached by the surgeon, and with it came portions of the substance of the brain.—The wound was partially closed, a sufficient opening being left for the passage of fluids. The case is considered hopeless. The patient is wholly unconscious, and in all probability cannot recover.

Mrs. Gouldy, the mother, who is *enclave*, received three wounds upon the head, two of which were scalp wounds, from one to two inches in length. The third wound penetrated the substance of the brain, about two inches above the right ear.—Three small pieces of bone were removed, and the wounds closed. In addition to these, she received two punctured blows upon her right arm, causing severe contusions. The patient complains of more pain from the wounds upon her arms than from those on her head. Hopes are entertained of her recovery, as she is comparatively comfortable, but her condition is extremely critical, and her injuries very dangerous.

The boy Nathan received a blow on the right side of the head, cutting up the scalp for three inches, and detaching a large piece of the temporal bone, with portions of the parietal bone, several pieces of which were removed. His condition is also extremely critical. Consciousness, however, is perfect.

Charlie, the boy of five, received a blow about an inch and a half from the median line near the vertex, which communicated with the substance of the brain.—The edge of the wound were brought together, and the condition of the patient is comfortable but dangerous.

The servants were taken to the Hospital immediately in a carriage, where Joanna Murphy died of her injuries this morning.

The girl, Elizabeth Carr, was dangerously wounded, and probably cannot recover.

Indeed the condition of all the victims of this unnatural crime is extremely critical, and it would not be a matter of surprise if none of them should recover.

When Frank, the homicide shot himself the ball entered about two inches above the right ear, making a frightful wound, and fracturing the skull in various directions. From the wounds the brains flowed freely and lodged on the floor, mingled with clotted blood.

Mr. Gouldy is about fifty years of age. He is a trustee in the Methodist Church, of which Mr. Crawford, the man who was shot at in his pulpit by an insane man a week ago last Sunday evening is pastor. He was formerly a lumber merchant, and had retired from business with an ample fortune. He was esteemed by his church as an exemplary Christian, and by all who knew him as an upright honorable citizen. His wife and daughter, we believe, are also members of the same church.

Frank, the murderer, was awakened by the revival last winter, and joined the church on probation, or "on trial," as it is more generally called. But he soon apparently lost all interest in religion, and returned to the habits which his father hoped he had renounced forever. It is said his father had urged him to attend family prayer in the evening but that he has of late refused to do so. He had been placed in a lawyer's office, but, not liking the profession, had been taken away, and a situation procured for him in a hardware store. Captain Curry, of the Twentieth Precinct, states that he was well acquainted with him, and had him with himself in a real estate office, in the lower part of town, some years ago, just before he had decided to choose mercantile pursuits. The young man had not acquired bad habits at the time, and is said to have been free from the use of intoxicating drink. It appears, however, that for some time past he had been accustomed to stay from home late at night, which had been the source of much apprehension in the family. His father had, repeatedly admonished and chided him, assuring him that he would destroy his character, and ruin his future prospects, by such irregularities. There being no amendment of his conduct, the father assured him that it could not be tolerated; that he must become steady and regular.

Rumors came at length to his parents that Francis had been seen at disreputable places, and in improper company.—This roused the old gentleman's temper, and he began to contemplate more decided action. He had a fearful altercation with his son, who left the house, morose and sulky, muttering vengeance. No reform ensued. Last night the family had retired except the father, who sat up in waiting. The young man came home, a little past two, and being admitted, was

again chided, and went up stairs in a fit of rage. A few moments afterward he came down again, and perpetrated the awful deeds just narrated.

About nine o'clock last night, Mr. Campbell, who lives next door to the scene of the murder, saw him at the corner of Thirtieth st. and Eighth avenue, apparently much excited, carrying something in his hand wrapped in paper, and going hurriedly towards home. He believes it to have been the hatchet.

Subsequently to this however, he was seen in Showler's oyster saloon, No. 355, Eighth avenue, where he took refreshments, and conversed pleasantly. He was in company with a son of the late Dr. Doane, and Mr. Horn, a nephew of Mayor Tiemann. He made an appointment while there to meet an acquaintance to-day.

The hatchet which he used in the execution of his murderous designs is dull, and has the appearance of having been used for opening boxes.

The knife is an ugly weapon—a butcher's knife—with an inch and a half blade, six inches long and four-inch handle. It looks like a new weapon, and has lately been made very sharp.

The Recent Brutal Prize Fight.

The fight between Morrissey and Heenan for \$2500 a side, which took place in Canada, on the 20th ult., terminated in favor of Morrissey. Heenan was not in a healthy condition, having been confined to his bed for a few days before the fight from the effects of an ulcer on the shin, caused years ago, by a blow from a pickaxe in California.

The fight took place on a barren sand bank, at Long Point, Canada, 78 miles from Buffalo, the parties being conveyed there in three steamboats. About twelve hundred persons were present, and eleven rounds were fought when both men were evidently worn out with fatigue. Heenan exhausted himself by his previous efforts, and in striking at his opponent missed him, spun round with the force of his own blow, and fell in a fainting fit. His seconds were unable to revive him for the next round when the time was called he was unable to stand, and as Morrissey appeared at the scratch he was declared the victor. The ring was immediately filled with Morrissey's friends, who surrounded him yelling and screaming their congratulations in his ears. He was too far gone to speak, but he made an attempt to smile, which was a most ghastly thing to see. His eye was nearly closed; his mouth cut, and lips swollen; his tongue visible through the blood; and his nose literally battered flat to his face. Heenan saw his wretched lips from the severe "upper cut" he received, scarcely showed a mark. His exhaustion was entirely due to his being out of condition and to his own tremendous exertions, and not to any punishment he received from his adversary.

Heenan came within an ace of whipping Morrissey in the first round. The first blow he made was with his right hand, catching Morrissey fairly on his eye, and instantly followed with a terrific left-handed blow on the nose, staggering Morrissey and drawing the first blood. Heenan then followed Morrissey to the ropes, administering such a series of terrible blows that Morrissey was as helpless as a child before him. When he got Morrissey to the ropes he aimed at him one of his most powerful left-hand blows, which, had it taken effect would instantly have ended the fight, but Morrissey dodged and Heenan's hand struck one of the stakes with such force as to break the third and fourth knuckles of his hand. Morrissey saw his danger and closed, but was thrown by Heenan with perfect ease. This round astonished not only Morrissey but all his friends; they had anticipated an easy victory, but every one saw that Morrissey was even now almost whipped. This round lasted 4 1/2 minutes, and is said by those who profess to know, to have no equal in the annals of the ring for powerful and persistent hitting.

The feeling of all who witnessed the battle is that Morrissey's winning was solely due to his undoubted pluck and astonishing power of enduring severe punishment, and not in the least degree to the science displayed by him. All the fighting was done by Heenan, who received not one blow to Morrissey's twenty, and had he been in a proper condition to fight the result might have been very different. Within eight hours after the battle Heenan offered \$1000 to \$800 that Morrissey is not the better man of the two, the point to be decided in the ring within three months, but he found no takers.

Morrissey has declared his intention to retire from the ring and to fight no more, but Heenan will never rest satisfied until he has either beaten Mr. Morrissey or until that gentleman has pummeled into him a thorough conviction that the Benicia Boy can never become the Champion of America.

After the fight, the parties, with their friends and admirers, filling three steamboats, returned to Buffalo. Upon landing at the wharf, Heenan immediately proceeded to the Bloomer House where he washed his face, and then took supper with some friends. His face showed no marks save a very slight discoloration under one eye, and his lips were slightly swollen from a blow which cut his lips against his teeth. His left hand was bound up, the two knuckles being broken.