

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 24.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA OCTOBER 12, 1865.

NO. 32.

## Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if no advance is made at the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor. **Advertisements of one square (eight lines) or less, one of three insertions \$1.50. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.**

## JOB PRINTING,

OF ALL KINDS,  
Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

## In the School House.

Surely God the Lord was with us,  
In the school-house just up there;  
Did you hear the little children  
Lispings such sweet words of prayer?  
All without a heavenly halo,  
And within a throne of light  
Where the King, with hosts of angels,  
Came to see the wondrous sight;  
Came to hear them tell the story,  
Of His never changing love;  
Came to see them paint the glory  
That was waiting them above.  
Surely 'twas the Savior talking  
In their voices, soft and low;  
He had quickened, had he taught them,  
Else they ne'er had loved Him so.  
Do you ask me, "Where is heaven?"  
In the school-house just up there;  
Where you'll here the little children  
Lispings such sweet words of prayer.

## An Oil Speculation.

A decidedly funny transaction in oil occurred in Erie City a few days since.—Mr. Jacob Althoff, of the Althoff well, discovered a few days since that his cellar was partly filled with oil. He always thought his land was good oil territory, but had no idea it was so near the surface. However, Jacob is a practical man, and without speculation much as to whether the oil oozed through the earth, or whether a veritable oil spring had broken loose in the cellar, he set to work pumping it out. Thirty-two barrels of good quality petroleum were thus secured. David Kennedy and Co. have a large oil refinery just across the road from Althoff's and also an immense underground tank holding some eight hundred barrels.—Althoff showed them the oil, and they bought the thirty-two barrels at about six dollars a barrel—quite a reasonable price—and thought they made a good little spec. They contracted for all Jacob's cellar oil at the same rate. The latter waited patiently for more to collect. Meanwhile Kennedy & Co. had occasion to examine their underground tank.—Near the tank was found a crevice, and they smelt something beside oil. They soon found that when their tank was filled up to this crevice the oil found its way out of the tank, and penetrated into their neighbor's cellar. They only lost considerable of their oil, but had bought back thirty-two barrels of it at over six dollars per barrel! and had contracted to keep on doing so! The leak was stopped instantly, and Althoff's cellar is not so valuable as it was. Mr. A. threatens to send in a bill for damage done to his cellar by filling it with petroleum. The money so far received of course he retains.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

## The Speed of Railroads.

The Great Western Express to Exeter, England, travels at the rate of forty three miles an hour, including stoppages, or forty nine miles an hour without including stoppages. To attain this rate, a speed of sixty miles an hour is adopted midway between the stations, and in certain experimental trips, seventy miles an hour has been reached. A speed of seventy miles an hour is about equivalent to thirty yards per second, or thirty-five yards between two beats of a common clock. All objects near the eye of a passenger traveling at this rate will pass by his eyes in the thirty fifth part of a second; and if thirty-five stakes were erected at the side of the road, a yard asunder, they would not be distinguishable one from another; if painted red, they would appear collectively as a continuous flash of red color. If two trains with this speed passed each other, the relative velocity would be seventy yards per second; and if one of the trains were seventy yards long, it would pass by in a single second. Supposing the locomotives which draw such a train to have driving wheels seven feet in diameter, these wheels will revolve five times in a second; the valve moves and the steam escapes ten times in a second—but as there are two cylinders, which act alternately there are really twenty puffs or escapes of steam in a second. The locomotives can be heard to "cough," when moving slowly, the cough being occasioned by the abrupt emission of waste steam up the chimney; but twenty coughs per second, cannot be separated by the ear, their individuality becoming lost. Such a locomotive speed is equal to nearly one-fourth of a cannon ball; and the momentum of a whole train moving at such a speed, would be nearly equivalent to the aggregate force of a number of cannon balls equal to one-fourth of the weight of the train.

The other night a landlord discovering one of his customers drunk, sloshing about in the mire, went to his assistance, and setting him up on his feet, inquired if "he was sick or what was the matter?" "No," said the boozey customer, "I ain't sick, and I ain't drunk, but I am—slightly discouraged!"

## City of Mexico.

The City of Mexico, capital of the Empire, situated in the State of the same name, 7,400 feet above the level of the sea, 252 miles west of Vera Cruz, 300 S. W. of Tampico, on the gulf of Mexico, and 270 N. of Acapulco, on the Pacific Ocean. From Washington City it is 2,750 miles.

The present city occupies only part of the site of the ancient City of Temochitlan, which was founded, according to the traditions of the natives, in 1327, or two centuries before its conquest by Cortez. The location is near Lake Tuscucos, the waters of which, with the other lakes in the vicinity, have been on the decrease for several centuries. "Mexico is undoubtedly," says Humboldt, "one of the finest cities ever built by Europeans in either hemisphere. With the exception of Petersburg, Berlin, Philadelphia, and Westminster, there does not exist a city of the same extent which can be compared to the capital of new Spain, for the uniform level of the ground on which it stands, for the regularity and breadth of the streets, and the extent of the public places. The architecture is generally of a very fine style, and there are edifices of a very beautiful structure. Two sorts of hewn stone give to the Mexican buildings an air of solidity and of magnificence. The balustrades and gates are all of Biscayan iron, ornamented with bronze and the houses instead of roofs, have terraces like those of Italy and other Southern countries."

Many of the streets are over two miles in length, perfectly level and straight, fourteen yards in width, and the ends terminating in a view of the mountains that surround the valley. The houses are in general of a uniform height, most of them having three stories, each from 15 to 20 feet high. The fronts of most of the houses are painted in different colors, viz: white, crimson, brown—or light green, and retain their beauty for many years, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere. The city is built in the form of a square of about four and a half miles on a side. Its length from N. to S. is 4,166 yards, and from E. to W. is 3,491 yards. The Plaza Mayor or Great Square is one of the finest squares to be seen in any city in the world. The east side is occupied by a splendid palace, formerly occupied by the viceroys, and now by Maximilian, the north side of the cathedral, a magnificent building. The west by a range of shops, with piazzas—called the Portales, in front, the south part with houses with portales, and a fine building called Casa del Estado—or commonly la Diputación. Near the suburb of San Cosme is the Alameda—a fine park.

The city is divided into fourteen parishes, containing thirty-seven convents; fifteen of monks and twenty-two of nuns; seventy eight churches exclusive of the cathedral, six cemeteries, three public promenades, three theatres—without mentioning several of inferior order, two ball rooms, capable of accommodating fifteen thousand persons each, ten hospitals, three public libraries, one museum, a university which was founded in 1551, an academy of painting and sculpture, the mint, which is the most extensive establishment of the kind in the world, and in which silver to the amount of many millions is coined every year. The botanical garden is small but rich in rare and interesting productions, it is handsomely laid out in the Spanish fashion, with flagged walks bordered with elegant large pots of flowers, in the centre is a large stone basin, supplied by a fountain with water.

The city is supplied with water by two aqueducts, about four miles long, each containing nearly a thousand arches.—The canal or Chalco, which extends from the lake of that name to the city affords an avenue for conveying in canoes the produce of the surrounding country, and the fruits, flowers and vegetables, raised in the beautiful gardens in the vicinity to market. The remains of the celebrated floating gardens called Chinampas, are near the lakes and are now stationary, surrounded by a broad ditch. Mexico was formerly subject to inundations from the lakes, to prevent which a gap in the mountains, 12 miles long and 300 feet wide was cut down at an immense expense from 1607 to 1830. Eight millions of dollars was expended.

The climate is magnificent—in fact perpetual summer, the atmosphere pure and healthy and the water excellent.—There are many pleasant rides out of the city, among others, those of Teucubaya, Teucuba, and San Angel. The ancient city of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, was taken by Cortez on the 14th of August, 1520, after a siege of seventy-five days, during which time more than two hundred thousand Mexicans lost their lives. They delisted the city so desperately that Cortez had to destroy all the buildings as he advanced, and from the ruins of the old city the conqueror commenced rebuilding at the beginning of 1522.

It was called Mexico from the name of one of the gods of the Aztecs, Mexitli, and Tenochtili, which signifies the fulfillment of a promise.

The population of the city is about two hundred thousand, composed of all the different races which inhabit that country. I will conclude my sketch of Mexico by giving Madam Calderon's description of the valley, as seen from the heights of Chapultepec:

"From the terrace that runs through

the castle, the view forms the most magnificent panorama that can be imagined. The whole valley of Mexico lies stretched out as in a map, the city itself, with innumerable churches and convents, the two great aqueducts which cross the plain, the avenues of elms and poplars which lead to the city, the villages, lakes and plains which surround it. To the north the magnificent cathedral of Our Lady of Guadalupe, to the South the villages of San Augustin, San Angel and Tacubaya, which seem embosomed in trees, like an immense garden. And if in the plains below there are many uncultivated fields, yet with its glorious enclosure of mountains, above which tower the two mighty volcanoes, Popocatepett and Iztaccihauit, the Gog and Magog of the Valley, of whose giant sides great volumes of misty clouds were rolling, and with its tourges sky forever smiling on the scene, the whole landscape, as viewed from this height is one of nearly unparalleled beauty."

## Courting in Iowa.

The following circumstances happened in Cedar county, Iowa:

A certain young man being out on a courting expedition, came late on Sunday evening, and in order to keep his secret from his young acquaintances determined to be at home bright and early Monday morning. Mounted on his horse, dressed in his fine white summer pants and other fixings in proportion, he arrived at the residence of his *mammarata*, where he was kindly received, and his horse properly cared for—being turned into pasture. The night passed away and three o'clock in the morning arrived. Three o'clock was the time for him to depart, so that he might arrive at home before his comrades were stirring. He sallied forth to the pasture to catch his horse, but there was a difficulty—the grass was high and loaded with dew. To venture in with white pantaloons, would rather take the starch out of them and lead to his detection. It would not do to go in with his white unmentionables, so he quickly made his resolve. He carefully disrobed himself of his valuable whites and placed them safely on the fence, while he gave chase with unscreened pedals through the wet grass after his horse.

Returning to the fence where he had safely suspended his lily unmentionables, *O horrible dictu!* what a sight met his eyes! The field into which his horse had been turned was not only a horse, but a calf pasture too, and the naughty calves, attracted by the white flag on the fence, had betaken themselves to it, and, calf-like, had eaten them up! Only a few well chewed fragments of his once valuable portion of the wardrobe remained—only a few threads—just sufficient to indicate what they once had been! What a pickle was this for a nice young man to be in!

It was now daylight and the farmers were up, and our hero far from home with no covering for his traveling apparatus.—It would not do to go back to the house of his lady love, neither to go to town in that plight. There was only one resource left to him; that was to secrete himself in the bushes for some time, and it may be imagined that his feelings toward the calf kind, were not of the most friendly character in consequence. But ere long his seclusion was destined to be intruded upon. By and by the boys, who had been out to feed the calves, returned with the remnants of the identical white garment which had adorned the lower life of their late visitor.

They were mangled and torn to shreds! An inquest was held over them. Some awful fate had befallen the man. The neighbors were summoned to search for the mangled corpse, and the posse, with dogs and arms, set out with all speed.—The pasture was thoroughly scoured, and then the adjacent thickets, when lo! our hero was driven from his lair by the keen scent of the dogs, all safe and sound, minus the linen.

## Homicide.

A man by the name of Carey, living in Greenfield had on his place a small peach orchard which had suffered by the depreciations of persons unknown. On Friday evening last, Carey sent his son, a boy of seventeen years, out to the orchard, telling him to take his gun, and it is said directing him to shoot any trespasser. The boy on approaching the peach trees saw something dark moving among them, and at once fired; he then returned to the house saying, "Father I fetched him that time sure." Carey instantly went to the orchard and approached the trees near enough to see an inanimate object lying on the ground. He then ran over to a neighbor's, a Mr. Snyder, whom he addressed, saying, "my boy has shot something among the peach trees, and I am afraid it is your son." Snyder answered that "it could not be, for his son had just gone down to turn in the cows." The men, however, proceeded to the spot, where they found the body of young Snyder pierced through the breast by three buckshot. The scene that ensued, beggars description. The Carey's were lodged in jail on Sunday. Young Snyder was twenty-one years old.—Scranton Republican, Oct. 5.

## A Father's Lesson.

A STORY FROM ACTUAL LIFE.

"What do you mean by such carelessness?" exclaimed John Doran to his son William, a fine lad of twelve years.—"Take that!" he added, striking the boy a heavy blow on the side of the head, "and that and that!" repeating the blows as he spoke, the last of which knocked the boy over a plow that was standing by his side. "Get up now and go into the house," continued the father, "and see if you can't keep out of mischief for a while, and stop that crying or I'll give you something to cry for."

The boy started for the house, struggling to suppress his sobs as he went. "It is astonishing," said Doran, addressing a neighbor named George Hanford who was standing near by, and of course had seen and heard what had passed, "how troublesome boys are. Just see these oats now that I've got to pick up from that boy's carelessness," and he pointed to a measure of oats which William had accidentally overturned.

"And it was for that trifle that you assaulted your child and knocked him down!" replied Hanford in a sorrowful tone.

Doran looked up from the oats in surprise and repeated: "Assaulted my child and knocked him down! Why, what do you mean, neighbor Hanford?"

"Just what I said. Did you not knock the child over that plow?"

"Why—well no. He kind of stumbled and fell over it," doggedly replied Doran. "Do you go against parental authority? Haven't I a right to punish my own children?"

"Certainly, you have," responded Mr. Hanford, "in a proper manner and in a proper spirit, but not otherwise. Do you think that a father has a right to revenge himself upon his child?"

"Of course not; but who is talking about revenge?"

"Well, friend Doran, let me ask you another question. For what should a child be punished?"

"Why, to make it better, and do it good, of course," quickly answered Doran.

"For any other purposes?" quietly asked Mr. Hanford.

"Well, no, not that I can think of just now," replied Doran thoughtfully.

"And now, my friend," kindly continued Mr. Hanford, "do you suppose that your treatment to your son a few moments ago did him any good, or has increased his respect and affection for you? The boy, I venture to say, is utterly unconscious of having done any wrong, and yet you suddenly assaulted him with anger and violence, and gave him a beating which no penitentiary convict can be subject to without having the outrage inquired into by a legislative committee. But let me tell you a story. You know my son Charles?"

"The one that is preaching in Charles-town?"

"Yes."

"You have probably noticed that he is lame?"

"I have noticed it," said Doran, "and once asked him how it happened, and he told me he got hurt when a boy."

"Yes," responded Mr. Hanford, with emotion, "the dear boy never could be made to say that it was occasioned by his father's brutality. But listen," he continued, as he saw that Doran was about to speak.

"When Charles was just about the age of your son William, he was one of the most active and intelligent boys I had ever seen. I was fond of him, and especially proud of his physical beauty and prowess. But unfortunately, I was cursed with an irritable and violent temper, and was in the habit of punishing my children under the impulse of passion and vengeance, instead of from the dictates of reason, duty and enlightened affection."

"One day Charles offended me by some boyish and trifling misdemeanor and I treated him almost exactly as you treated your son only a few minutes ago. I struck him violently, and he fell upon a pile of stones by his side, and injured his hip so badly the result was—he was crippled for life," said Mr. Hanford in tones of deepest sorrow and remorse, and covering his face with his hands.

A period of oppressive silence followed, which was last broken by Mr. Hanford's saying: "When I found that my poor boy did not rise from the stones on which he had fallen, I seized him by the arm and rudely pulled him to his feet, and was about to strike him again, when something that I saw in his face—his look—arrested my arm—and I asked if he was hurt."

"I am afraid I am, pa," he mildly answered, clinging to my arm for support.

"Where?" I asked in great alarm, for notwithstanding my brutality I fairly idolized the boy.

"Here," he replied, laying his hand upon his hip.

"In silence I took him in my arms and carried him to his bed, from which he never rose the same bright, active, glorious boy that I had so cruelly struck down upon that pile of stones. But after many months he came forth a pale, saddened little fellow, hobbling on a crutch."

Here Mr. Hanford broke down, and wept like a child, and the tears also rolled down Doran's cheeks. When he resumed Mr. Hanford said:

"This is a humiliating narrative, neighbor Doran, and I would not have related it to you, had I not supposed that you needed the lesson it contains. It is impossible for me to give you any adequate notion of the suffering I have undergone on account of my brutal rashness to my boy. But, fortunately, it has been overruled to my good, and to that of my family also. The remedy, though terrible, was complete, and no other child of mine has ever been punished by me except when I was in the full possession and exercise of my best faculties, and when my sense of duty has been chastened and softened by reason and affection."

"I devoted myself to my poor Charles, from the time he left his bed, and we came to understand each other as I think but few fathers and sons ever do. The poor boy never blamed me for blighting so much happiness for him, and I have something to thank that perhaps his life has been happier in the whole, than it would have been had I not been taught my duty through his sacrifice. Still, neighbor Doran, I should be sorry to have you and your son William pass through a similar ordeal."

"I trust that we shall not," emphatically and gravely responded Doran. "I thank you for your story, friend Hanford, and I shall try to profit by it."

And he did profit by it. And we hope that every parent who is capable of striking his child in anger and petulance, that reads this sketch from life, will profit by it also.

**Sanguinary Engagement with a Burglar.**

On Monday morning last about three o'clock in the morning, Mr. Jas. Wait a merchant at Hollisterville, was awakened by a noise in his room, and looking from his bed where himself and wife were sleeping in the second story of his house, he discovered a man endeavoring to open his Bureau drawer. He immediately leaped from his bed and caught him, one arm around his body, and the other his throat. The latter caught an immense pair of false whiskers and moustaches that gave way to his grasp, leaving a finger tightly clenched in the robbers mouth, a severe struggle ensued. Mr. Wait holding tightly to the robber, both went tumbling down the stairs together.

At this the noise and cries aroused the household, Mrs. Wait a feeble woman first came to the rescue and as feeble as she was having just recovered from a Billious fever, grasped a foot and held on to the best of her ability. He had by this time passed through the sitting room into a narrow entry when the burglar was still using every effort to rid himself of the firm hold of Mr. Wait, at this time his son, some 18 years of age, came to his assistance. As soon as he entered the narrow hall the scoundrel shot him in the groin, a dangerous if not a fatal wound, rendering him powerless. Just then another and older son came bringing a light, whom he also shot, the ball taking effect in the left shoulder, but did not disable him, he discharged two other shots that did not take effect, and snapped three other caps of his revolver that snapped fire. The last son also brought a revolver with him and shot one ball through the thigh and another slightly wounding the forehead of the burglar. He then went to the woodpile and found a club, and vigorously applied it over his Burglar's head so that the third blow brought him down, he was then at their mercy. His son would have dispatched him, but the father objected.

After a short time the neighbors were aroused and such a house is seldom met; blood marked the skirnish from the first, the hall and porch was covered with blood and torn garments.

A search being made while the robber lay senseless on the ground, resulted in the discovery of a dark lantern of beautiful construction, skeleton keys, a revolver, falsewhiskers, moustaches, match box, and every other article necessary for carrying on his nefarious business. Mr. Wait was struck several times on the head and face with the pistol, and bruised severely all over his person, yet held fast until the scoundrel was finished beyond all danger by the son. The robber was identified as one of those who had been about the neighborhood peddling linen table cloths.

Mr. Wait had about \$500 in his wallet in the pocket of his pantaloons. This was probably taken first, and before he retired to a lower room. He put a large rag in the pocket book from which he had taken the money.

This is the fourth robbery that has been committed in that vicinity within the past year, and from ten to twelve thousand dollars taken, of which no part has been recovered.

Since the above facts were received, we learn the robber has so far recovered as to be able to give his name, that he had two accomplices, and one of them was in the house when the skirnish commenced, but fled and left him alone.

The circumstances connected with the affair should warn all persons to give these traveling pack peddlers a wide berth and a speedy dismissal from their premises, for many of them take that method to obtain the localities and particulars of houses they intend to make a descent upon.—Scranton Register.

## Dead Letters

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1865, the number of dead letters returned to the Dead-Letter Office in Washington was a little under 4,000,000. These contained \$250,000 in cash, beside many other articles of value. One million three hundred thousand of these letters were returned to the writers.

## Reading Habits.

Good mental habits should be cultivated by a wise supervision of a child's reading when out of school. Most children will read of their own accord, if they can get hold of attractive books, and will fly from the comparative drudgery of school to the interesting volume of travels, tales or adventures, which stimulates the imagination, and requires no effort. This tendency must be turned to good account and prevented from becoming a source of evil. Travels and adventures, if selected and well read, are of course useful, and the same may be said of some tales. But never, perhaps, was care in the selection of books especially of those comprised under the general term of "light literature," more necessary than in the present day. The flippant tone of some, the disgusting slang of others the exaggerated coloring of a nother class, are, to the tender and impossible mind of the child, like attractive poisons. The imagination, over stimulated, becomes jaded, and demands more extravagant incidents, profounder mysteries, and darker horrors. And it is needless to say that where this is the case the inclination but, for a time, the capacity for good sound reading is lost. What is more sad than to find young people blind to the attractions of some of the best specimens of English literature—indeed, utterly ignorant of it—while reading with morbid avidity second and third rate works of exciting fiction? This must be the parent's care. I will set no wicked ought before mine eyes is a resolve which ought to apply especially to books. Many a man has had to mourn the day when in the impressive time of his youth he met with a bad book. The mind becomes enfeebled, the moral tone lowered, and the life corrupted by access to vicious literature in early life.—Home Life.

## A Great National Curiosity.

The Sentinel, published at Jacksonville, Oregon, of the 12th ult., says: "Several of our citizens returned last week from a visit to the great sunken Lake, situated in Cascade Mountains, seventy-five miles northeast from Jacksonville. This lake rivals the famous valley of 'Sinbad, the Sailor.'" It is thought to average two thousand feet down to the water all around. The walls are almost perpendicular, running down into the water, and leaving no beach.—The depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is smooth and unrippled, as it lies so far below the surface of the mountain that the air currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve miles, and its breadth at ten. There is an island in its center having trees upon it.—No living man ever has, and probably never will be able to reach the water's edge. It lies silent, still, and mysterious in the bosom of the "everlasting hills," like a huge veil, scooped out by the hands of the giant genius of the mountains in the unknown ages gone by, and around it the primeval forests watch and ward are keeping. The visiting party fired a rifle several times into the water, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and were able to note several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. Such seems incredible, but it is vouched for by some of our most reliable citizens. The lake is certainly a most remarkable curiosity.

## A "Fast" Woman.

A dashing young woman named Nellie Otis, alias Burtis, has been arrested in Boston for the larceny of \$6,400 in money and government bonds, from a man in New York, on Friday night last. The woman arrived in Boston on Monday, and created considerable excitement among the sporting fraternity, exhibiting \$3,000 at a time, visiting the races, and paying for 32 bottles of wine and other liquors. She placed \$2,000 in the hands of a young man to keep for her, and upon refusing to return \$2,700 of it, she made a complaint at the Police Office. The man was found, and \$2,500 returned, as was supposed to the rightful owner. The man from whom the money was stolen in New York then made his appearance, and recovered less than one-half of the \$6,400, but refuses to prosecute the woman.

## Internal Revenue.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue this morning ordered the following ruling: "Traveling agents of manufacturers and dealers, regarded as commercial brokers, under decision of August 18, are required to take out license only from August 1, instead of May 1, at a charge for the remaining portion of the license year of \$15, instead of \$20 for a full year. The receipts from Internal Revenue today amounted to \$1,465,117 45.

While Gen. Grant was en route from Springfield to St. Louis, a crowd eagerly pressed around the train while it was stopping at Alton. Somebody stepped upon somebody's toes, and a fight ensued, which spread like an epidemic through the crowd assembled. The train moved off, leaving them to "fight it out on that line." A Gentleman in the crowd cried out, as the train left, "I never knew Gen. Grant to go anywhere but what he got up a big fight."

The Union Ferry Company have carried nearly 30,000,000 of passengers between Brooklyn and New York during the past year without killing one of them!