

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 15.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. MARCH 15, 1855.

NO. 17.

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 not exceeding one square (ten lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.
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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

The Kansas Emigrants.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

We cross the prairies as of old
The Pilgrims cross'd the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

We go to rear a wall of men
On freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton tree,
The rugged northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our mother-land
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant our common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells.

Uphearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run—
Eave where our pilgrim gonfalon
Shall float the setting sun.

We'll sweep the prairie as of old
Our father's swept the sea,
And make the West as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

"Why, Bless her, Let her Go."

Some time ago, I fell in love
With pretty Mary Jane;
And I did hope that by and by
She'd love me back again.
Alas! my hopes, a dawning bright,
Were all at once made dim;
She saw a chap, I don't know where,
And fell in love with him!

Next time we met, (now how it was
I don't pretend to say.)
But when my chair moved up to her's
Why her's would move away.

Before, I always got a kiss,
(I own with some small fuss.)
But now, forsooth, for love nor fun,
'Twas non-come-as-a-buss!

Well, there we sat—and when we spoke
Our conversation dwelt
On everything beneath the sun,
Except what most we felt.
Enjoying this delightful mood,
Who there should just step in,
But he, of all the world whom I
Would rather see than him!

And he would sit down by her side,
And she would—all the while
He pressed her hand within his own—
Upon him sweetly smile;
And she could pluck a rose for him,
So fresh, and bright, and red,
And gave me one which hours ago,
Was shrunk, and pale, and dead.

And she could freely, gladly sing,
The song he did request:
The one I asked were just the ones
She always did detest.

I rose to leave—and "She'd be glad
To have me longer stay!"
No doubt of it! No doubt they wept
To see me go away.

I sat me down. I thought profound,
This maxim wise I drew;
It's easier far to like a girl,
Then make a girl like you.
But after all I don't believe
My heart will break with you?
If she's a mind to love "that chap,"
Why, bless her, let her go!

A friend inquired of a lady who was being courted by a doctor and a military officer, which of the suitors she intended to favor. Her reply was that it was difficult to decide, as they were both "killing" creatures.

"Shocking times!" as the old woman said when the lightning knocked her over the wash-tub.

Glass Eyes and their Manufacture.

On the subject of the manufacture of glass eye there is but little known in this country, as most of these come from the manufactories of France and Germany.—It is an operation of no little dexterity, care, labor and ingenuity to make a feature of the "human face divine," and much more so that of that "window of the soul," the eye—to give it the proper form, size, color, and that indescribable character which no two pair of eyes have in common—for no two pair of eyes are exactly alike. It may be of interest to speak of the manufacture, by which a piece of senseless glass is made to imitate so nearly as to evade sometimes the closest scrutiny and detection, the natural eye. There are several large factories in Europe where this is the chief subject of work—and their workmanship fairly rival nature.

In the first place the glass is assorted, and only that of the cleanest and purest kind chosen for the purpose. It is then fused with the priming or white which is formed by the addition of some metallic substance, generally arsenic, to give the pearls opacity which is necessary. Sometimes slight traces of cobalt are mingled to give the delicate bluish cast which the white portion of the healthy natural eye has. This being done—and the utmost care is requisite in order that the fusion be so conducted that no part becomes more or less opaque, or more or less tinged than the rest—the next point is the coloring of the iris; and this is done with metallic colors also—laid on the priming in the proper position with a fine pencil, by an experienced artist, who, if the eye is made to order, must have an accurate description or still better must have an opportunity of seeing the eye of the individual for whom it is to be made. For the different shades and colors, as many different mixtures of metallic oxides are necessary—the "cerulean blue" and "azure," the "hazel" and "gray," the "jet black" and "chestnut brown," with their infinite variations of shade are all prepared on the porcelain palette of an eye-tender. These once laid on, the fusion is again gone through with; and now there remains the most difficult of all—the pupil to be laid in. For this purpose, a jet glossy black is necessary—and that it may appear more natural, it must be so laid on as to seem transparent, so that one can look into it, or more properly through it. This is accomplished by sipping the pupil at first, while it is in a state of partial fusion, by pressure, and laying in the color, over which the smallest fragment of clearest glass is laid, the heat increasing and the eye complete—all except the necessary smoothing and finishing that follows. This process of the manufacture of a single eye employs a large number of workmen, to each of whom a special department of labor is allotted—one to sort the crystal glass, one to the fusion, one the color, etc. etc.; and to this fact it is owing that the art has advanced to great perfection.—Country Gentleman.

One Drop at a Time.

"Life," says the late John Foster, is expenditure; we have the use of it, but are as constantly wasting it. Suppose a man confined in some fortress, under the doom to stay there till death; and suppose there is there for his use a dark reservoir of water, to which it is certain none can ever be added. He may suppose the quantity is very great, he cannot penetrate to ascertain how much, but it may be very little. He has drawn from it, by means of a fountain, a good while already, and draws from it every day. But how would he feel each time of drawing and each time of thinking of it! Not as if he had a perennial spring to go to. Not "I have a reservoir, I may be at ease."—No! but "I had water yesterday—I have water to-day; but having had it, and my my having it to day, is the very cause that I shall not have it on some day that is approaching. And at the same time I am compelled to this fatal expenditure!" So of our mortal, transient life! And yet men are very indisposed to admit the plain truth, that life is a thing which they are in no other way possessing than as necessarily consuming, and that even in this imperfect sense of possession, it becomes every day a less possession.

The old man was toiling through the burden and heat of the day in cultivating his field with his own hand, and depositing the promising seeds into the fruitful lap of yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him under the shade of a huge linden tree a vision. The old man was struck with amazement. "I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice. "What are you doing here, old man?" "If you are Solomon," replied the venerable laborer, "how can you ask this?—In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious and to gather.—What I then learned I have followed out to this hour." "You have only learned half your lesson," resumed the spirit. "Go again to the ant, and learn from that insect to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquietude.

Mr. Shorts says Kansas is a great country.

Rents cheap, because they have no houses. Women not expensive, because they don't have any. The men, hogs, cattle and dogs, all lay in the same bed. If you want to live like a double-breasted fighting-cock, go to Kansas. The boat sails frequently.

If a small boy be called a "lad," is it proper to call a bigger boy a "ladder?"

There is an old lady in Troy so full of sympathy, that every time her ducks take a bath in the mud-gutter, she dries their feet by the fire, to keep them from catching cold.

NOVEL MARRIAGE CEREMONY.—A correspondent of the Staunton Spectator states that the Rev. Mr. Brown, of Bath county, V., married a few days since across a river—that is, the person was on one side, and the bridegroom and his dulcinea on the other. This mode was resorted to on account of the water being impassable. The license was thrown across the str eam by the bridegroom, after having wrapped it tightly around a stone.

A young gentleman at a ball, in whisking about the room, ran his head against a young lady. He began to apologise. "Not a word, sir," cried she, "it is not hard enough to hurt anybody!"

ANECDOTE.—A newspaper, printed in Boston fifty odd years ago, stated that a crowd had been caught by a person in London, New Hampshire, and learned to speak a number of words. Having strayed from home, he lit upon the corner of a barn, where a girl was milking beneath. Upon seeing Miss, he bawled out: "I am coming, I am coming!" The girl, supposing she had been sold to the "old one," scampered off and reported what she had seen. The elders of a certain religious society assembled and abjured the crow to depart, who happened to be in the humor of saying, "I'm going, I'm going." This caused a general shout of joy, but their merriment was considerably dampened by his crowship's declaring, "I'll call as I come back;" to avert which, they ordained three weeks of fasting and prayer.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—A young lawyer, who had long paid his addresses to a lady, without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of being "insensible to the power of love." "It does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so because I am not to be won by power of attorney." "Forgive me," replied the suitor, "but you should remember that all the votaries of Cupid, are solicitors."

Mr. Geo. W. Curtiss, in a recent lecture at New York, spoke of those pious people who clasp their hands so tight in prayer that they cannot get them upon when the contribution box comes around.

A clergyman, preaching a sermon on some particular patriarch, was extremely high in his panegyric, and spoke of him as far excelling every saint in the calendar. He took a view of the celestial hierarchy, but in vain, he could not assign to his saint a place worthy so many virtues as he possessed; every sentence ended thus: "Where, then, can we place this great patriarch?"

One of the congregation, tired at last of the repetition, exclaimed: "As I am going away you may put him in my pew."

A pedagogue threatened to punish a pupil who had called him a fool behind his back. "Don't don't!" begged the boy. "I won't do so again, sir, never. I will never speak what I think again in my life."

PRETTY NEAR DRUNK.—A German employed in one of our hotels, (says the Eastern Sentinel,) was sent one or two evenings since for a bucket of cistern water. Remaining longer than was necessary, the landlord, who knew him to be pretty well filled with lager-beer, went out to see what was the matter, and found him industriously turning the wheel of a dray, (which had been propped up to be greased,) with his bucket placed under the hub. Myneher complained that the water was very low "in der cistern."

When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away into the nightfall of age, and the shadow of the past years grow deeper, and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look back, through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years. If we have a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with, and friends have been gathered together around our firesides, then the rough place of our wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away, in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through, will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are they whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching in the evening of age.

The venerable Peter Pickleby said to his son Jabez, "Read your Bible—study the laws of Moses and don't repeal any of them. Mind the Ten Commandments, in, and the Eleventh likewise—and don't sell the birthright of a Yankee nation for a mess of potash; and the day may come when you'll be a minister of the penitentiary, or a secretary of newgation."

A POETICAL GEM.—A distinguished member of the Covington bar, having in his youth been treated rather scornfully by a young lady to whom he paid his addresses, thus poured out his grief: "Oh Em! Oh, Em! you've me forsaken, And that, too, without just cause; But when you find that you are mistaken, I'll be far away in the ARKANSAWS!"

A woman will cling to the chosen object of her heart like a possum to a gum tree, and you can't separate her without snapping strings that no art can mend, and leave a portion of her soul upon the upperleather of her affections. She will sometimes see something to love, when others can see nothing to admire; and when her fondness is once fastened on a fellow, it sticks like glue and molasses in a bushy head of hair.

"PILING UP THE AGONY."—At a trial the other day, at Sherborn, Sergeant Wilkins called to the jury in the most touching terms, by their verdict, to restore the prisoner to the bosom of his wife and family, and dwelt on the effect the result of the trial would have for happiness or misery on those who are so dear to him. When the learned Sergeant sat down, wiping his forehead after his effort, he was a little surprised to learn this touching allusion to wife and children had been made on behalf of a bachelor!—English Paper.

When any body talks much about his trials, there is more reason to believe him to be a thief.

A compliment is recorded as having been paid by a rustic, who never before tasted ice cream, to a lady who, at an evening party, had helped him to a plate of "unsuspected frigid milk," under its usual simple designation of "cream." "Yon cream is very sweet," said he; but ain't it a little tetchted with frost?" It was a compliment "over the left," but it made considerable laughter at the time.

"That's the fashion, hey?" said a stout canal boy, as he was examining a pair of inexpressibles at a Jew sloop shop. The Jew nodded in the affirmative. "What, with that big, dirty stripe clean down the side of 'em?" Another nod. "Well, I'm blamed if it won't be hard tellin' spilled cloth from the new, bime by, they're gettin' to immerstfin' it so!"

A black man once went to Portland, and attended church. He went into a good pew, and the next neighbor asked the man who owned it why he put a nigger into his pew. "Why, sir, he's a Haytien." "Can't help that—he's black." "Why, sir, he's a correspondent of mine." "Can't help that—he's black." "He's worth a million of dollars." "Introduce me."

NERVOUS OLD LADY.—Dear me, what makes the cars stop here! Is there anything the matter? Smart Young Man.—Yes, marm; a chaw tobacco is lying right before the locomotive. As soon as it's removed, we will be under way again. Scene closes, with the old lady giving an extra tie to her bonnet string, an inquiring look at a small leather satchel with a cloth handle.

How to Ruin a Fon.
1. Set him the example in the use of intoxicating drinks.
2. Let him have his own way—the "largest liberty," so fascinating to the imagination of "Young America."
3. Allow him the free use of money, without any restraining sense of responsibility to parent or guardian.
4. Suffer him to wander where he pleases on the Sabbath, and to spend his evenings from home.
5. Give him the freest access to wicked companions, who make a mock of all that is good, and condemn all authority.
6. Furnish him with no high aim in life, and no steady employment. It might hinder the development of his genius.
Pursue all or any of these ways, and you will experience a most marvellous deliverance, if you have not to mourn over a debased and ruined child.
Thousands of parents have practically adopted these rules in the management of their children, and the results have been exactly what one might anticipate.—"Their gray hairs have been brought down with sorrow to the grave."
A widow, who was known by the entire congregation to be greatly in want of a husband, was praying with great fervency, "Oh! thou knowest what is the desire of my heart," she exclaimed. "A m-a-n!" responded a brother, in a broad accent.—"It was wicked, but we are quite sure that several grave members smiled on the occasion."

Educational.

From the Pennsylvania School Journal.

Mode of Instruction.

A thorough knowledge of the subject we are to teach is essential, in order to explain it with satisfaction to the minds of others: there are however teachers who are competent in respect to attainments, and who yet are unable to make good scholars. It is no doubt true that the faculty of communicating is in some measure a natural gift which all do not possess; but the remarks that I intend to make, are not, so much, to consider the talent of elucidating a subject, as the best manner of turning that natural ability to account.

There is a secret in teaching whereby some turn out scholars well instructed, while others entirely fail in accomplishing any valuable result. No doubt success will ever depend in this as in every other pursuit, on the knowledge, energy, decision, system, quick perception, and sound good sense of the individual; yet a proper mode of instruction when adopted, will materially aid one of only moderate acquirements, to accomplish what he otherwise could not do.

The first remark I have to make, is, that a Teacher when hearing a recitation must have his eyes and ears about him; if a scholar finds that by sly glances at his book—by depending on his fellows—or by any other device, he can impose on his teacher, and make him believe that he is acquainted with his lesson, when he has never looked at it, it is likely that he will apply himself to study, or know any thing of what he has gone over at the end of the quarter?

A teacher must not use leading questions at a recitation, if he would ascertain whether the scholar is prepared with his lesson. The class comes up to recite what they have been learning, and ought to be ready to answer, without the words being put into their mouths by the teacher.

I have seen scholars who would blunder and stumble in attempting an answer, until the Teacher by some leading question helped them out of the difficulty. The effect of such aid is, that the boy or girl will spend little time in preparing, but lean on the expected help, in getting through the lesson in some way. Boys or girls will not study as they ought, without the pressure of necessity; and this pressure is brought to bear by showing the pupil in the recitation that he cannot by any possibility get through, unless he knows something about it, and if it is a failure, the consequence of that failure must certainly follow.

When scholars are convinced that there are but two alternatives, and that they must either apply themselves to study, or leave the school, the object is attained, and the Teacher will have no further difficulty in securing close application, both at home and in the school. When every boy finds that in reciting he is on the stand, and has to tell what he knows himself, with no help to be expected, but a perfect recitation demanded on pain of punishment, he is in a predicament from which there is no escape, but by previous study and thorough preparation. If default is made, the Teacher is not to use opprobrious terms or abusive language to his pupil; such is unworthy of his station, for if he expects to be treated with respect by his scholars, he must treat them also with respect. The punishment he inflicts on the idle and negligent ought not to be of a character to degrade and bring the defaulter into contempt, but such as is usual and suitable under the circumstances. Keeping in after school; columns in the Dictionary to be committed to memory; marks on the blackboard, are to be resorted to in preference to corporal correction; but if these fail, then the rod must be brought into play; and when forced to this alternative, one good whipping will be better than frequent chastisement.

Scholars cannot be expected to take pleasure in study or apply themselves with any satisfactory result, without understanding what they are about. When a lesson is assigned a class, the Teacher ought to explain and illustrate all difficulties that would be likely to arise in the youthful mind. And when the scholars come to recite, the teacher must not be content to ask whether they understand the principle and theory of what they are saying or doing, but call on one after the other to exemplify on the blackboard; and if he finds it necessary again to illustrate or demonstrate the principle, he ought to call on the pupils to go over what he has been obliged to do, in order to satisfy himself that they do in reality understand it.

A perfect recitation, is not the reciting of the very words of the book, but affording undeniable evidence, that the scholar has studied his lesson well, and can tell in his own words the substance of the author, and also show its application. The best mode of teaching the different branches is not fully settled;—one gentleman adopts one plan which he prefers, and another a different one; if both make their pupils good scholars, no fault will be found with either; after all, experience is the best test of any plan, yet there are some modes which have been fully tested, and are therefore worthy of consideration.

Instruction in every branch ought to be given with reference to its practical application in the every day duties of life. When a scholar perceives how he may turn to account what he learns in school, he will be likely to apply himself with more earnestness to his lessons. In Orthography, spelling is seldom required except in writing, and a scholar may do very well orally and yet make many mistakes when called to write a letter; therefore it ought to be taught both ways—by both orally and daily exercise in writing words on the slate from dictation. Geography is a study depending much on the memory of the pupil; but few can remember boundaries or places which they have committed by rote, and therefore the eye must be appealed to in order to aid the memory. The map is to be studied until the outline is so familiar as to be imprinted on his faculty. Drawing maps, not only on the black board but on paper, aids much in accomplishing this object; and outline maps to be filled up by the pupils, are most valuable auxiliaries. Reading can only be properly taught by the pupil first learning to give utterance, distinctly, to the different sounds of the letters, separately and in their combination; imitating a good reader in the proper emphasis, tone and stops; avoiding all sing song, and reading as he would naturally speak in private, when detailing such as the subject of the lesson. The attempts at declamation in the Common Schools are generally failures; and sufficient attention is not given to the subject, by teachers properly qualifying themselves. At the Teachers' Institutes and in the Normal Schools, gentlemen who have made the subject their study, ought to be employed in giving instruction on this important branch. It cannot be so well learned merely from books, but requires illustration to the eye and ear. I have entered on a wide field, but I fear I have already taken too much space. Carlisle, Jan. 14, 1855.

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Carlisle, Jan. 14, 1855.

Obtaining Goods under False Pretence.

We have in this town, an incorrigible wag who sometimes goes by the name of "Bill Cowton," who a short time since perpetrated the following ruse to obtain a seat in a crowded church. "Bill" went rather late one clear night to hear preaching in the Methodist Church in this Borough. On entering the church, and passing up the aisle a short distance, he took a survey of the territory, and found every seat full. He was not long in laying his plans. He well knew there were a number of beaux seated there, waiting to escort their respective dulcinea home at close of the meeting, and that they had come unprepared to protect their ladyloves from the peltings of a pitiless rain. He at once made his exit, went home, got his umbrella, wet it well at the pump, and returned to church, and on entering the aisle he gave the umbrella a good shake to get the rain off it; which operation being noticed by the swains, some half dozen of them were up and off in a trice for their umbrellas, when Cowton quietly took one of the vacated seats.—The boys on getting outside the door, found that it was clearly a sell. Bill's one of 'em, he'll do—he will.—Wrightsville Star.

The "Law" and "Constitution."

Among the visitors at Washington is Judge Williamson, of Texas, commonly known as "Judge Willy." Judge Willy was once presiding in St. Augustine county, when a legal bully attempted to intimidate him. Thompson, having succeeded in "packing a jury" to suit his purposes, turned his attention to the court, and remarked: "If your honor please, here is the law which governs this case," at the same time drawing a Bowie knife of unusual size, and laying it across an open book before him. Fore warned, fore-armed, was Judge Willy, and drawing from beneath his hunting shirt, not a Colt, but a horse pistol, he very calmly rejoined: "This, sir, is the constitution, and is paramount to the law." Mr. Thompson peaceably acquiesced.

The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in the winter. And those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

Prosperity is the only test that a vulgar man can't pass through. If a man has any thing mean in his disposition, a little good luck is sure to bring it out.

A novel mode of evading the Sunday law has just been discovered in N. Y. The Courier states that the keeper of a Lager Bier cellar in the Bowery, for the purpose of evading the law requiring him to close his place on Sunday, has been in the habit of holding pretended religious services therein, officiating himself as the leader of ceremonies. He takes the Bible, reads a chapter or two, serves each of his bearers with a glass of beer, and takes up a collection! As the Constitution probably did not contemplate so much liberty of conscience, the arrangement will be interfered with by the police.

AN OLD METHOD OF BOOK-KEEPING.

To keep all the books you lay your hands on.