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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Railroad Poetry.

A correspondent of the Broome County Republican describes his jaunt over the Syracuse & Binghamton Railroad, from Cortland, in the following poetical strain:
So much I wrote in Cortland's bounds—and would have finished there, had not the down train's whistle loud, resounded through the air. So shaking Fairchild by the hand, who said come up again, I bid farewell to every fear, and jumped upon the train. Rushing round the hill side, darting o'er the plain, over the rivers, under roads, Van Bergen drove his train. The moon threw bright effulgent rays on each small rattle's crest; the river seemed a ribbon stretched along the meadow's breast; the evening wind came stealing through the ear with gentle sigh and brought a cinder from the engine, which sprang into my eye. Few and short were the prayers I said, and I spoke not a word of sorrow, but I rubbed at my eye till I made it red, and knew 'twould be sore on the morrow. We soon got home at the rate we ran, at an hour just right for retiring, and down from his post came the engine man, and the fireman ceased his firing. And thus I too will cease with this, a moral to the tale—be always sure to "mind your eye," when riding on a rail!

Unmanly Husband.

The Wilmington, Delaware papers, give an account of a curious case of matrimony in which a young husband has figured in a most disgraceful manner, and occasioned a marked feeling of resentment on the part of the community. It seems that at or near Mill Creek Hundred, in that State, a Mr. M. some few months ago married Miss K., the daughter of a respectable farmer, and in a few weeks afterwards took her to reside in the house with his parents. She was here treated harshly, and although she bore repeated insults without scarcely a murmur, he informed her on Monday of last week, that she might go home, as she did not suit him. As may be supposed she instinctively shrunk from this step, as a woman of any delicacy would, and begged to be saved from such disgrace; but the man who had solemnly sworn to love, cherish and protect, commanded her to get ready, when he took her part of the way to her father's house, and sent word that he might come and take back the goods he had brought there. Some days afterwards M. visited the house of his wife's father, who requested him to name wherein his daughter was lacking in all the qualities of a good and lawful wife.—Upon Mr. M.'s remaining silent the indignant father ordered him out of his house; but as he did not offer to go, he was forcibly ejected, after which a stout switch was well applied to his back. The second deserves to be horsewhipped within an inch of his life.

Providence vs. Old Zip.

John Phenix, of the California Pioneer, is a T. C. He gets up some of the best things of the day. Here is one of his last efforts:—
"Down on the old plantation," writes an esteemed friend, "a plauter and his favorite slave Zip stood upon the piazza of the Mansion House gazing at the weather. A furious storm of rain was raging, accompanied by thunder and lightning. 'Massa,' said Zip, 'hadn't I better go drive in the cattle?' 'Oh no, they'll do well enough; the storm will soon be over, and a little rain won't hurt them any way.' 'But, massa, does fine horses under the tree; too bad to lead them out in the rain. I go drive them in.' 'You need not trouble yourself, Zip; they are all right; we'll trust them to Providence. But you'd better come in out of the rain yourself!' So saying, his master turned and went into the house. Zip, protesting against such a trustee, and extremely anxious for the fate of the horses, followed his example, but as soon as the storm was over he took a stroll around the farm to estimate the extent of the damages; and there, directly under the tree where they had been standing, he found both horses dead; they had been struck by lightning. Half in triumph, half in dole, he ran to the house and exclaimed, 'Dare, Massa, what I tell you?' 'What's the matter, Zip?' 'Didn't I tell you so?' 'Yes, but what's the matter?' 'Dare—both of the horses dead as stones—struck dead by lightning; you trust to Providence.' You'd better trusted old Zip!"
God's altar is reared wherever the true believer bends the knee in humble adoration.

[Who that has a "Baby Bell," with its little feet pattering through the house, like rain drops on the roof at evening, and its voice carolling songs such as the harps of heaven are tinkling, can fail to appreciate this exquisite Poem, which, read in the still twilight to the loved ones of the home-circle, sounds like the gush of summer fountains loitering in a bower of roses.]

Baby Bell.

The Poem of a Little Life that was but three Aprils long.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Have you not heard the Poet tell
How came the dainty baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of Heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes
She wandered out of Paradise!
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the depths of purple even—
Its bridges running to and fro,
O'er which the white winged seraphs go
Bearing the holy dead to heaven!
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers!
And all the air grew strongly sweet!
And thus came dainty baby Bell
Into this world of ours!

She came and brought delicious May!
Like swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunbeams in and out the leaves,
The robins went, the livelings day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine!
O, earth was full of pleasant smell,
When came the dainty baby Bell.

O baby, dainty baby Bell!
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright,
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise!

And we loved baby more and more:
O never in our hearts before
Such holy love was born;
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land of deathless morn!
And for the love of her whom God led forth—
The mother's being ceased on earth
When baby came from Paradise!
For love of him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, sweet Christ!—our hearts bend down
Like violets after rain!

And now the orchards which were once
All white and rosy in their bloom—
Filling the crystal heart of air
With gentle pulses of perfume,
Were thick with yellow juicy fruit;
The plums were globes of honey rare,
And soft-checked peaches blushed and fell
The grapes were purpling in the grange;
And Time wrought just as rich a change!

In little baby Bell!
Her petite form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves her mother's face;
Her angel nature ripened too.
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now
Around her pale and lofty brow
We thought we saw a ring of flame!

Sometimes she said a few strange words
Whose meanings far beyond our reach:
God's hand had taken away the seal
Which held the portals of her speech!
She never was a child to us;
We never held her beings key!
We could not teach her holy things:
She was Christ's self in purity!

It came upon us by degrees;
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for baby Bell!
We shuddered with unlanguage pain,
And all our thoughts ran into tears!
And all our hopes were changed to tears—
The sunshine into dismal rain!
Aloud we cried in our belief:
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief!"
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her little heart was cased in ours—
They're broken caskets—baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unscen lands;
And what did dainty baby Bell!
She only closed her little hands!
She only looked more weak and fair!
We parted back her silken hair;
We laid some buds upon her brow—
Death's bride arrayed in flowers,
And thus went dainty baby Bell
Out of this world of ours!

"How do you get along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his little boy.
"I've ciphered through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, ballunciation, damnation, amputation, creation and adoption." He'd do for an engineer on a "Short Line Railroad."

Habitations of Cruelty.

The present state of Feejee is deplorable in the extreme, notwithstanding the numerous triumphs of the Gospel there. A few incidents given in Wesleyan Missionary Notices by an eye-witness, illustrate the actual condition of the islanders.
Strangling of widows has engaged our frequent attention, and called forth our utmost energies. Six or eight women have been directly saved from this inhuman practice by our interposition, and several others indirectly and principally by the influence of what we have done.—Some of these have subsequently *lotted*. These scenes require no ordinary promptitude and sacrifice. We have to adopt the Feejee national custom of presenting property when requesting a favor; and hitherto each life has involved the expense of about £1.

But sometimes our interference is prevented, and sometimes it is spurned and ineffectual. A few months ago a man died in a heathen town within a mile of ours. Mr. Malvern and I at once hastened to the abode of death; but the people fearing our arrival, and having heard of our success in other quarters, had already strangled the widow. We entered the house; there were the husband and wife both sleeping in death. We examined the woman's body, but the last spark of life was extinguished. Ah! and there stood the son of those now dead, who, with fiendish expression, lifted up his hands, and told us that by those hands his mother died!

'Ah!' was our language, 'this is seen in heaven; this will not be forgotten in heaven; its punishment will follow.'
A few weeks afterwards I stood by an open grave in that town. I had gone in pursuit of the widow of a young man brought home a corpse from war. Her friends had consigned her to our care, and she had escaped from us. I stood by the open grave that I might witness the ceremony of a heathen burial; the corpse was brought out shrouded in mats; a bullet had pierced the brain. I looked upon the dead, I recognized the features; it was the matricide!

'Ah!' I exclaimed, as the corpse was laid in its last resting-place, 'did we not speak the truth when we said, 'this sin was seen in heaven; it was written in heaven; its punishment would follow?'

Seven women have, spite of our efforts, been strangled; and whenever there is a son he is chosen to be the principal agent in the murder of his mother. Within my own knowledge, a father has, with his own hands suffocated (by choking or gagging) his own daughter who was sick. One day, standing by the corpse of a warrior, painted and blackened as if for war, the club lying by his side, I turned round to his brother and inquired the cause of his death. The reply from that brother was, 'He was very ill and I suffocated him.'

Infanticide is written on another page of Feejeean life. I wish to confine my illustrations as much as possible to cases that bear directly upon the point, and that have passed under the immediate notice of myself or other missionaries, or credible informants. Nothing do I state on mere rumor. A woman brought me a child who, from want of proper treatment was nearly dead. I undertook to prescribe for it, if the mother would reside for a time in the house of one of my servants so that I might see that it met with proper attention. My treatment was successful; the disease was subdued, the child could again run about, talk and eat; in a day or two the mother could have returned to her friends, but maternal patience was exhausted, and one night she suffocated it. A man was informed that his wife had given birth to a daughter. Hearing of its sex, he at once directed it to be strangled. Again; a female child was spared for several months; its death was then resolved upon by the parents. They dug a deep hole in the centre of the earthen floor of their house—the father flung into the grave his helpless and innocent babe. He then cast some heavy stones with violence upon it, and filled up the grave with earth. These inhuman parents still occupy that house. They daily tread over the decaying remains of their murdered child. Such is Feejee in the present day.

A Rochester editor had the best of reasons for kicking a quack nostrum pedlar out of his sanctum. The fellow, with the characteristic impudence of all who ask for newspaper puffs, desired the editor to try a box of his itch ointment, being an infallible cure, and, if found to answer the description then to certify to its merits in the columns of his paper.

"Bob, why am your head like de moon?"
"Ise give dat up, sir! Prognosticate."
"Because, it is supposed to be inhabited. Yah, yah!" Bob turned up the white of his eyes and scratched his—wool!

I think it must be somewhere written, that the virtues of mothers shall, occasionally, be visited on their children, as well as the sins of fathers.

SATISFACTORILY ACCOUNTED FOR.—Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute.—May not this account for the many closed eyes that we see in church every Sunday?

Ladies, take notice.—The prettiest thing for a bonnet is a good humored man.

Love, Babies and Butchers' Bills.

There is probably no business in which common sense is less heeded than in that of love. The moment a girl begins to think of "orange blossoms," that moment she bids farewell to reason, and plunges into a sort of lunacy, from which all the eloquence in the world cannot extricate her.

Driving a baulky horse is a pleasant task, and so is the attempt to wean a Jackass from thistles; but what are baulky horses and jackasses compared to the 'stakiness' of a girl, because a young gentleman with hollow cheeks and bright blue continuations, gets upon the cellar door every night, and pours his love into her ear through the medium of a four-and-nine-penny flute? Nothing—absolutely nothing! Difficult as it is for a fresh eod to climb a greased liberty pole, with a kicking boy in its mouth, we should much sooner go about to look for such a phenomenon, than to hunt up a girl with an inflamed heart that would listen to "good advice," or who could be made to believe, for one moment that the enjoyments of the hymenial life depended at all on the frequency of bread, or the price of butcher's meat. Even prodigals have not so hearty a contempt for money as have those whom Cupid has inoculated with virus of "beatific lunacy." As they have no appetites while they are courting, they imagine that their demands for corned beef and cabbage will always find a substitute in sighs and huggings. How they deceive themselves! Although love is a boy of limited appetite, Hymen takes to roast beef like an Alderman. But even grant that marriage, like courtship, could feed on flutes and fatten on a nosegay, how will it be with the Harriets, Peters, Johns, and Matilda Janes that are fated to spring from it? Will they, think you, feed on air, and rest satisfied with sugared endearments? Far from it. Children have no respect for the poetics of life, and much prefer a pantry full of pies to all the velvet sentiments that even Moore's Melodies abound with. These remarks we know, will be termed "shocking" by many a fair reader—but shocking as they are they are true, as scores of them will discover when it is too late to heed the admonitions which they contain. No state in life has more use for a fat pocket book than Marriage.

A cotemporary, who is somewhat posted up in satin and stables, talks as follows:
"While the business men of America proverbially live poorer, dress shabbier, work harder, and many more hours, than in any other country in the world, their wives and daughters are ten times more idle, more extravagant and more useless."

It strikes us that there is some truth in that extract. Mr. Brocha, of the house of Brocha, Buckram & Co., toils from twelve to sixteen hours per day. Brocha last year made \$22,000. What became of it? Ten thousand dollars of the same were spent by Mrs. Brocha for furniture, "to spite the Maxwells," while a large portion of the balance was expended on "Blanche and Sarah," so that they might go to Newport and "show the Fantandlings" that there were other diamonds in New York besides those which were inherited from a great grandfather, who found in India a princely fortune, and a diseased liver. Brocha has been in business since 1840. He does a large and lucrative business. People who have never been in his parlor and kitchen imagine that Brocha is worth a quarter of a million of dollars, while those who have been in, wonder how he dodges the sheriff. Brocha is still toiling, and is still making money, and yet if he should die to-morrow, it is questionable whether his assets would equal his liabilities. Brocha will probably end his days by testing the virtue of a shilling's worth of strychnine.

Should we be one of the jurors who sits upon the body, we should bring in the following verdict—"Died from the visitation of an extravagant wife and two senseless daughters."

A LADY OF COURAGE.—A gay fellow who had taken lodgings at a public house, and got considerably in debt, absented himself and took new quarters. This so enraged the landlord that he commissioned his wife to go and dun him—which the debtor having heard of, declared publicly that if she came he would kiss her.

"Will he," said the lady, "will he!—Give me my bonnet, Molly; I will see whether any fellow on earth has such impudence!"

"My dear," said the cooling husband, "pray do not be too rash; you do not know what a man may do when he is in a passion."

A WISE ANSWER.—"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said an injudicious parent.

"But, ma, I like her; she is a good little girl, and I'm sure she dresses as prettily as I do; and she has lots of toys."

"I can't help that, my dear," responded the mother, "her father is a shoemaker."

"But I don't play with her father, I play with her; she ain't a shoemaker."

There is an advertisement in a Kentucky paper of a minister for sale. He was a slave to a man recently deceased. It is stated in the advertisement that he holds license to preach. Churches in want of pastors will take notice.

Educational.

From the Massachusetts Teacher.

Easy Methods of Instruction.

BY MISS SARAH E. WIGGIN.

(Continued.)

The teacher must awaken the child to a consciousness of the force of intellect that is in him, show him the importance of his own soul, make clear to him that the sources of happiness and misery are within his own heart, and endeavor with all his might, by advice, principles, precept, example and experience, to give the right direction to this wonderful mystery, the mind. When all this is accomplished, the pupil must educate himself, for good or evil.

It is an old and favorite similitude,—the likeness between a new-born child and a block of marble, or a stainless sheet of paper; but the similitude is imperfect.—The teacher and the sculptor are not the same. The mind is not a senseless block, or a blank page. The sculptor may make what he will, out of inactive matter; the scribe may write his ideal upon a blank; but the teacher must mould to beauty and goodness a living reality which God himself has created, and which would, if left to the adverse influences that all minds must meet and buffet in this world, almost inevitably degenerate from its first estate to a hideous deformity.

Many will shrink back from this view, and say, 'it is too much; we cannot.'—True, it is much, but let us ask ourselves seriously and earnestly, if it is not our duty? If it is, then 'cannot' is no word to use in reference to it. 'Try' will offend wond'ers.

What 'easy methods' shall we use in commencing our labor. Through the senses the mind gains knowledge. One child may see actually very much more than another; but children should be taught to observe. This may be easily and pleasantly accomplished by interesting the pupil by the relation of simple facts concerning the world about us. Not at all in the *Gradgrind* way, by which a horse is a horse only in a useful and practical point of view, and there is no such thing as a picture of that animal of fact,—but by showing the relation between cause and effect, thus setting at work a spirit of investigation that will never die. As the mind becomes more mature it will commence some simple course of reasoning for itself, and this habit once formed, will grow with the mind's growth and strengthen with its strength.

It is often and truthfully asserted that it is almost impossible to make children, and particularly young children, study their lessons. Let us see if we cannot find a reason. A reading book is placed in the pupil's hand, and a page pointed out for him to study. Perhaps the teacher reads it aloud, that the child may have the benefit of hearing the hard words pronounced, and then the study hour commences. For a few minutes the child's eyes are fixed upon his book, and he tries to study. It is asermon perhaps, or a philosophical essay, (for we find plenty such in many reading books), and the little mind, unable to comprehend the matter, turns from it with a dislike which soon ripens into an abhorrence to study that will be hard to overcome.

Let us have reading lessons that children can understand; good moral stories, pleasant, simple anecdotes, explanations of the nature of minerals, botanical and physiological truths, and plenty of extracts from such works as the 'Folio books'; these, together with the sweet hymns and songs which our languages produce so bountifully, arranged in a reading book, would extract more study in a given time, than all the sermons and essays ever compiled between two covers could do.

Spelling may be best taught in the same way. Let the child clearly understand the meaning of the words he is required to spell, and the task will be an easy one. The progress may not be so rapid apparently, as that produced by some mechanical plan, but it will be sure, and what is once learned will never be forgotten.

We have text-books of Geography, with lessons of map questions and lessions descriptive. These are all very useful in their places, and may be made to do much good. But after all, when the pupil has committed to memory every answer to every question the book contains, if that be all, he is very little better or wiser than he was before. A teacher may ask set questions, and obtain set answers, day after day and year after year, till all our text-books are exhausted; but will that process educate a child? Surely not—Much more may be really learned in one hour's conversation between teacher and pupil,—in one hour's recitation, conducted with a purpose of making plain, and clear, and comprehensible, the subject matter, than by weeks of study from text-books alone, and mechanical repetitions.

Now again teachers will say, 'We have not time.' True, we need much more time than is given us, but we can still do something; let us do it in the right way. We do not fall so often into error in teaching arithmetic, though that too is frequently taught mechanically. We generally find in all our common schools, that we have more scholars who seem really to understand this branch, than any other. They love to study arithmetic; and why? Simply because they are not confined in text-books alone. There must be necessarily much oral instruction,

much thinking, much practice; and consequently the matter is made clear to the child's mind as he goes on. Therein lies the whole secret of success in teaching.—Steam may be the very best agent in the world to propel an engine; a complexity of wheels and a mainspring may keep the best of time; but neither steam nor wheels, nor any winding-up process whatever, can avail with the mind. It must act of itself, must see, know, and comprehend.

I have heard teachers object to so much explanation and familiar conversation with children about their lessons, on the ground that such a course tends to make the pupil depend upon his teacher instead of his own mind, as is intended. But there is no necessity that such a result should follow. Let the instructor explain & question, and draw out questions upon a certain subject; connecting his teaching perhaps with a page from the text-book; then, at the proper time for recitation, let him require a thorough exposition of the same subject from his class; not a mere repetition of the words contained in the book, but a clear, concise account of the matter; and if this course is carried out fully, can the scholar depend on anything else but his own exertions,—his own mental efforts?

All this may look like a very laborious task. It is hard. Teaching is always a hard task; but it is *easy* also; and all teachers know and feel that it is *easy*, when we can see that our pupils really know of themselves what we have endeavored to teach them. A sudden look of intelligence in a child's eye, as he catches the true meaning of some difficult problem which we have spent hours and perhaps days in expounding to him, more than repays us for those hours; and the assurance that the seed we have planted has taken root, and will grow, and thrive and bring forth fruit, is the sweetest reward we can receive.

There are children, more or less, in all schools, who will not be taught reasonably; who cannot be induced to love learning for itself, or for the benefits it bestows; whom no kind incentives will influence, in whom we can excite no real ambition for virtue and truth; in short, who seem determined to educate themselves only for evil. But thank God, they are few comparatively,—the exceptions to the beautiful. For such let us do always what we can, kindly if we may, severely if we must. And though they may seem only to mock our endeavors, the germ of truth and right hidden away in their hearts will be touched, and in due time, though we may not live to see it, good results will follow, as surely as there are a seedtime and a harvest.

Kind words, cheering smiles, and looks of approbation, are very efficient agents in the school-room. Teachers should always be ready to approve the right, and not, as in many instances the case, receive the good passively, as if it required no effort. This is all very well in the intercourse of man with man, but who are apt to forget that children are *not* men.

Let us never find fault unless it is absolutely necessary. A teacher who is continually fault-finding, will soon discourage even the most ambitious scholar. Let us treat them always as reasoning, thinking, immortal beings, able to do anything that they firmly purpose to do, and capable of growing very near to the heavenly.

Here is a great work to be accomplished, and we are but hewers of wood and drawers of water; but it is early morning now, and the task is well begun. Let us do our work faithfully, and faint not by the way.

The New York Tribune announces its entire circulation, daily, semi-weekly and weekly at 176,000, a greater number, we dare say, than any political and literary publication in any language could ever before boast of.

Counterfeit \$10's on the Newark City Bank, altered from \$2's, are in circulation. Vignette, stone-cutters at work; Washington on the right end.

Dry Cows.—'I say, milkman, you give your cows too much salt!' 'Why—how do you know how much salt I give them?' 'I judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us lately! Salt makes the cows dry and then they drink too much water, and that makes their milk thin, you know.'

In Boston last week, there were 105 deaths; of cholera infantum 23; consumption 13; small pox 3.

A man living about forty miles from Cairo, in this State, named Evans, was bitten by a mad dog recently. He became mad, and during his paroxysms five men were unable to hold him, and, in compliance with his earnest entreaties, a number of persons placed him between two feather beds and smothered him to death.—*Illinois paper.*

The following toast was recently given by a 'stricken' young man: The ladies—May we kiss the girls we please, and please the girls we kiss.

'That motion is out of order,' said the chairman of a meeting when a rowdy raised his arm to throw an egg.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.