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## Good Night.

Good night!  
All the toil-worn now repose,  
The weary day comes to a close,  
Hushed are the busy not a few,  
Till the morning wakes anew,  
Good night!  
Now repose!  
Let the weary eye-lids meet,  
Now how quiet is the street,  
Hark the watchman's hourly cry,  
Tells him time is passing by,  
Now repose!  
Sweetly sleep!  
Now may many a heavenly beam,  
O'er thy slumbers sweetly stream,  
If of Paradise thou dream,  
And its radiant splendors gleam,  
Sweetly sleep!

## Beautifying and Preserving Hair.

The scientific American gives the following directions for making a beautiful hair oil, which may be of use to some of our readers.

Take a pint of olive oil and bring it up to 200 degrees of heat in a clean pan, (not iron) and add half an ounce of pearl-lash and stir well for ten minutes. Take it off and set it to cool; when cold sediment will be found at the bottom.—Pour of the clear through a cotton cloth, and put it up in a bottle for use. The pearl-lash combines with the margerin acid in the oil, leaving the clean, this will be free from odor. It can be colored red, with garancin, (a preparation of madder,) but hair oils should never be colored.—All the hair oils of the perfumers are either of a red or yellow color.—This is to please the eye of the buyer, who mistakes an adulterated for a superior article. Hair oils should be clear and nearly colorless. By exposing the olive oil, refined as described, to the sun, in well corked bottles, it will soon become colorless, limpid as water, and exceedingly beautiful.—Any person can thus prepare his own hair oil.

An article in the Philosophical Transactions, says that if the ashes of vine branches are boiled in ren wine, and this (the liquid) applied milkwarm to the hair every evening it will prevent the hair from falling out. A mixture of good brandy and olive oil is good to prevent the hair from falling out by applying it with a sponge before going to bed, and brushing the head well. The head must be well brushed when these lotions are applied.—By washing the head with a solution of borax, say twice per week, those predisposed to dandruff, will find a perfect cure for it.

**A Smart Woman.**—In the county of Choctaw, Ala., a woman was charged with murdering her husband, and employed a legal gentleman, whose name it is not necessary to mention, to defend her, promising him two negroes as his fee.—He undertook her defence, and contrary to the expectations of all she was acquitted; he called upon her for the two negroes, when she gravely informed him that the negroes belonged to her daughter. Not relishing the idea of being cheated out of the negroes, he instituted a suit against her for perjury, which she defended and mulcted him for the costs! In a short time she gave birth to an illegitimate child; made oath that he was the father, and compelled him to enter into bonds for its support and maintenance, according to the statute in such cases made and provided.

**Food for Sick Animals.**—The American Veterinary Journal states that an excellent diet for sick animals, is scalded shorts. When a horse has taken cold, with discharge from the nostrils, the muck may be put into the manger while hot, with a view of steaming the nasal passages.

## Katie Yale's Marriage; OR, LOVE AND LUXURY.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"If I ever marry," Katie Yale used to say, half in jest, half in earnest—"if ever I marry, the happy man—or the unhappy one, if you please—shall be a person possessing these three qualifications:

'First, a fortune.  
'Second, good looks.  
'And thirdly, common sense.  
'I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most desirable qualification of the three. Although I could never think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I should be ashamed of, still I think one with plenty of money would be preferable to living obscurely with a handsome, intellectual man—to whom economy might be necessary."

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Katie's heart. She undoubtedly indulged lofty ideas of station and style—but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings, none doubted.

At the age of eighteen she had many suitors; but as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example, and discarding all except those favored ones, consider their relative claims.

If this were any other than a true story, I should certainly use an artist's privilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between the two favored individuals. If I could have my way one should be a poor genius, and somewhat of a hero, the other a wealthy fool, somewhat of a knave.

But the truth is—  
Our poor genius was not much of a genius nor very poor. He was by profession a music teacher, and he could live very comfortably in exercise thereof—without any hope, however, of attaining to wealth.

Katie could not help loving Frank Minot, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society to that of Mr. Wellington whom alone he saw fit to honor with the appellation of  *rival*.

This Mr. Wellington (his companions called him the "duke,") was no idiot or humpback, as I could have wished him to be, in order to make a good story. On the contrary, he was a man of sense, education, good looks, and fine manners.

Besides this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also, he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. F. Minot.

Therefore the only thing on which Frank had to depend, was the power he possessed over Katie's sympathies and affections. The "duke"—although just the man for her in every other sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks, and common sense—had never been able to draw these out; and the amiable, conceited Mr. Frank was not willing to believe that she would suffer mere worldly considerations to control the aspirations of her heart.

However, she said to him, one day, when he pressed her to decide his fate: "Oh, Frank! I am sorry that we have ever met!"

"Sorry?"

"Yes,—for we must part now—"

"Part!" repeated Frank, turning pale.

It was evident he had not expected this.

"Yes—yes," said Katie, casting down her eyes with another piteous sigh.

Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice, and talked to her until she—the proud Katie—wept—wept bitterly.

"Katie," said he, then, with a burst of passion, "I know you love me. But you are proud—ambitious—selfish! Now if you would have me leave you, say the word—and I go!"

"Go!" murmured Kate, very feebly—"go!"

"You have decided?" whispered Frank.

"I have!"

"Then, love, farewell!"

He took her hand, gazed a moment tenderly and sorrowfully upon her beautiful, tearful face; then clasped her to his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to the impulse of the instant, and twined her arms about his neck.—But in a moment her resolution came to her aid, and she pushed him from her with a sigh.

"Shall I go?" he articulated.

A feeble yes fell from her quivering lips.

And an instant later, she was lying upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately—alone.

To tear the tenacious root of love out of her heart, had cost her more than she could have anticipated; and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation, it seemed, for the sacrifice she had made.

She lay long upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself. Her tears ceased to flow, and at length her head was pillowed on her arm, and her face was half hidden in a flood of beautiful curls.

The struggle was over. The agony was passed.

She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and arose cheerfully to receive him. His manners pleased her; his station and fortune fascinated her more. He offered her his hand. She accepted it. A kiss sealed the engagement—but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and she could not repress a sigh!

There was a magnificent wedding.—Splendidly attired, dazzling the eye with her beauty, with everything around her swimming in the charmed atmosphere of fairy-land, Katie gave her hand to the man her ambition—not her love—had chosen!

But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting in her own breast.

Her friends were numerous; her husband tender, kind and loving; but all the attentions and affections she enjoyed could not fill her heart.

She had once felt its chords of sympathy moved by a skillful touch; and now they were silent—motionless—muffled, so to speak, in silks and satins. In short, Katie in time became magnificently miserable, splendidly unhappy.

Then a change became apparent in her husband. He could not long remain blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gayety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul; and impelled by powerful longings for love, he went astray to warm his heart by a strange fire.

Katie saw herself now in the midst of a gorgeous desolation. She reproached her husband for deserting her thus; and he answered her with angry taunts.

"You do not care for me," he cried—"then why do you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affections you have met with coldness?"

"But it is wrong—sinful," Katie remonstrated.

"Yes; I know it!" said her husband fiercely. "It is the evil seed. And who sowed that seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart—who devoted me to the fate of a loving, unloved husband? Nay, do not weep, and clasp your hands, and sigh—for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear."

"Very well," said Katie, calming herself; "I will not say your reproaches are undeserved. But granting that I am the cold, deceitful thing you call me—you know this state of things cannot continue."

"Yes, I know it."

"Well?"

Mr. Wellington's brows gathered darkly; his eyes flashed with determination; his lips curled with scorn.

"I have made up my mind," said he, "that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions, nor shall you on mine. We will be free."

"But the world!" said Katie, trembling.

"The world will admire *you* the same—and what more do you desire?" asked her husband, bitterly. "This marriage of *hands* and not of *hearts*, is mockery. We have played the farce long enough.—Farewell. I go to consult the terms of a separation. Nay, do not tremble, and cry, and cling to me now—for I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire."

He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish, she shrieked aloud "Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why did I sacrifice love and happiness to such fate as this? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery?"

She lay upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself; her breathing became calm. Her head lay peacefully upon her arm, over which swept her

disheveled tresses—until with a start she cried—

"Frank! oh, Frank, come back!"

"Here I am!" said a soft voice by her side.

She raised her head. She opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing before her!

"You have been asleep," he said, kindly.

"Asleep?"

"And dreaming, too, I should say—not pleasantly, either."

"Dreaming?" murmured Katie; "and is it all a dream?"

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand. "I came back to plead my cause once more—and found you here where I left you—asleep."

"Oh, what a horrid dream!" murmured Katie, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality that I shudder now to think of it! I thought I was married!"

"And would that be so horrible?" asked Frank. "I hope then you did not dream you were married to me!"

"No—I thought I gave my hand without my heart."

"Then if you gave me your hand, it would not be without your heart."

"No, Frank," said Katie, her bright eyes beaming happily through tears—"and here it is."

She placed her fair hand in his—he kissed it in a transport.

And soon there was a real marriage; not a splendid, but a happy one; not followed by a life of luxury, but by a life of love and contentment; and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Katie.

## Bisset, the animal Teacher.

Few individuals have presented to striking an instance of patience and eccentricity as Bisset, the extraordinary teacher of animals. He was a native of Perth, and an industrious shoemaker, until the notion of teaching animals attracted his attention in the year 1759. Reading an account of a remarkable horse shown at St. Germain, curiosity led him to experiment on a horse and a dog, which he bought in London, and he succeeded in training these beyond all expectation.—Two monkeys were the next pupils he took in hand, one of which he taught to dance and tumble on a rope, whilst the other held a candle in one paw for his companion, and with the other played the barrel organ. These animals he also instructed to play several fanciful tricks; such as drinking to the company, riding and tumbling on horse's back, and going through several regular dances with his dog.

All this, it may be said, was very ridiculous. No doubt it was; at the same time, the results showed the power of culture in subduing the natural propensities. Bisset's teaching of cats was a signal instance of this power. Having procured three kittens, he began their education with his usual patience. He at length taught these miniature tigers to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer as to produce several regular tunes, having music books before them, and qualling at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second and third, by way of concert. He afterwards was induced to make a public exhibition of his animals, and the well known Cats' Opera in which they performed, was advertised in the Haymarket Theatre. The horse, the dog, the monkeys, and the cats, went through their several parts with uncommon applause to crowded houses; and in a few days Bisset found himself possessed of nearly a thousand pound to reward his ingenuity and perseverance.

This success excited Bisset's desire to extend his dominion over the animal, including even the feathered kind. He procured a young leveret, and reared it to beat several marches on the drum with its hind legs until it became a good stout hare. He taught canary birds, linnets and sparrows, to spell the name of any person in company, to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and perform many other surprising feats. He trained six turkey cocks to go through a regular contra dance. He also taught a turtle to fetch and carry like a dog.

**Woman's Voice.**—The voice of woman gentlemen, said a romantic individual, in a late argument at the club rooms, 'the voice of woman, no matter how much some of you may be inclined to sneer at the sentiment, exercises a soothing, an inspiring, a hallowing influence, upon the ear of man; comforts him in affliction, encourages him in dismay, and banishes from his mind all those troubles which, when she is absent, conspire to sink him into the deepest despondency.'

'Tom! you rascal,' exclaimed his wife at this instant, bursting into the room, 'come home, you loitering scamp, and leave these worthless fellows to themselves. O! when I get you at home, won't you catch it? Well, I guess you will! Here Tom left the room abruptly, with his enraged spouse, evidently satisfied of the inspiring influence of the 'voice of woman.'

## Sympathy between Teachers and Parents essential to the highest good of the Pupils at School.

The highest good of a pupil at school consists, not in the accomplishment, but to secure to him, of merely one thing, but of several things, all of which are of vital importance. His highest good is positively secured when there is begotten or roused up in him a genuine love of study which, under judicious direction, shall impel him onward in the discipline of his mind and the acquisition of the elements of useful knowledge, however numerous and severe may be the difficulties he must encounter, and there is implanted in his soul a due sense of his dependence and moral obligations, which shall render him orderly and obedient, and give birth to those noble desires without which no one can be a useful citizen, and demean himself as he should, in his appropriate place, on the stage of life. Teachers and parents have a great and laborious work to do, and, in many particulars they must labor conjointly to effect it, to achieve the truly highest good of the pupils at school. A passage from the Hon. Mr. Webster's 'remarks to the ladies of Richmond, Virginia, October 5, 1840,' giving it an application suited to the purpose of this short article, may here be introduced with interest. 'If we draw within the circle of our contemplation the parents and teachers 'of a civilized nation, what do we see? We behold so many artificers working, not on frail and perishable matter, but on the immortal mind, moulding and fashioning beings who are to exist forever. We applaud the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvas; we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble; but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and fairest in all the departments of art, in comparison with the great vocation of human parents and teachers! They work not upon the canvas that shall fall, or the marble that shall crumble into dust but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last forever, and which is to bear, for good or evil, throughout its duration, the impress of the parent's and teacher's 'plastic hand.' For the highest good of the pupil at school, it appears to be important, as a means conducive to the end, that the parents and teacher should, to an extent, be acquainted with each other. If they are, to an extent, acquainted with each other, the parents may cherish a more intelligent confidence in the teacher, while the teacher may learn the temper of the parents, their interest for the welfare of the pupil, their government over him at home, and many things in respect to the scholar which, as the child's teacher, he ought to know. The obligation to effect a necessary acquaintance between the parents and the teacher, as the two parties so greatly responsible for the education of the pupil, is perfectly mutual. Let the teacher truly seek to become acquainted with the parents of his pupils, and let the parents endeavor to become acquainted with the teacher of their children. Perhaps the first step to be taken in the way of the cultivation of such an acquaintance, should be taken by the parents. The child who knows that there is a pleasant acquaintance between his parents and teacher, feels that he is the object of an interest of no ordinary character.

There should be a right understanding and sympathy between the parents and the teacher, in reference to the studies of the pupil. Does the scholar love to study? Is he thorough in his studies? Is he acquiring good habits of study? Is he making, not a superficial, but a real progress in his studies? These are important questions. These are questions which will be often asked by parents who are alive, as they should be, to secure the highest good of their child at school. If they would have an affirmative answer to these questions, they must discharge the duties which in the matter, by an appointment higher than their own, devolve upon them. If the teacher is assured that the parents of his pupils are faithful in respect to the points which have been alluded to, as touching their children, he must be encouraged in his work, he must feel that his labors are appreciated, and that an influence is brought to bear upon him, to make him a better teacher. If the child is assured, that, while his teacher is particular in respect to his studies, to make him love to study, a thorough scholar, possessed of good habits of study, and to advance, by a reasonable progress in the acquisition of knowledge, his parents also are particular in respect to his studies; on the one hand, he must be encouraged and stimulated to strive after honorable attainments, and, on the other, compelled, by an appliance, with which' for effectiveness, the frown, the sharp word, and the rod, can bear no comparison, to put forth his exertions lest he should occupy a low and ignoble rank among his fellows, and in the estimation of society. In reference to the end to be accomplished, or the means to be used to secure it, let not the parents and the teacher, if possible, be at disagreement; for if they are at disagreement, the consequences, upon the child, must be disastrous, greatly, if not fatally. Let parent in order to show the interest they feel that their children should be successful in their studies, and their sympathy with the teacher in his labors to impart instruction to his pupils as he should, as frequently as possible, visit the school and listen to the recitations of the scholars.—It is to be feared that in respect to the studies of the pupil, there is, in many cases, but little, if any, sympathy between the parents and the teacher. Sometimes the parents find fault with the teacher, because, as they think, their child is not put forward as rapidly as he should be, and sometimes because he is required to study beyond his abilities. Most children are not fond of study, and with their wishes and views many parents sympathize, rather than with wishes and views of teacher. Not unfrequently in reference to the studies of the pupil, the teacher is obliged to contend for the highest good of the scholar, against the wishes and demands as much of the unreasonable parents, as the indolent, reckless child.

There should be a right understanding and sympathy between the parents and the teacher, in reference to the government of the child at school. The government of the child should be essentially the same in the family and in the school. No pupil can study well at school unless he is governed well. Let the parents as well as the teacher understand this.—Generally children at home and at school are restive under restraints, and feel that they are competent to be their own masters. If the teacher cannot maintain order or good government in his school, he had better, at once, abandon his profession. It is a difficult thing, in many instances, for the teacher to govern his pupils as they ought to be governed for their highest good. Let the parents bear this in mind, and give the teacher their sympathies. The teacher may, in a given instance, be worthy of censure for his treatment of his pupil, but in such a case, let the parents be careful, lest they injure their child, by taking sides with him, and giving him their sympathy too directly and vehemently. The writer of this article has had the difficult honor of acting in the capacity of a school committee-man. He may be allowed to insert the following from his memoranda of school-committee incidents. The mother of a lad, from eleven to thirteen years of age, entered a complaint against the teacher for mal-governement of her boy. The teacher had punished the child for falsehood. The mother's anger was kindled against the teacher, and she knew that he was to blame. The committee-man promised that he would investigate the case, and let her know the results, at an appointed time, and that justice should be done to her and the lad. Upon a faithful examination, the committee-man found that the teacher had pursued a very wise and proper course in respect to the child. At the appointed hour, the father, instead of the mother, with the boy, called upon the committee-man to ascertain the results of his investigation. Immediately the father, in the presence of his son, flew into a passion, and while praising the child as incapable of doing a wrong, denounced the teacher as unworthy to remain a day longer at the head of the school, and called him by all the hard names he was able to command. At length said the committee-man to him, 'Sir, as a father, do you know what you are doing to your child? Here he is listening to these your groundless and abusive remarks. You are teaching him a lesson for which, sooner or later, you will, I doubt not, be very sorry. Sir, your son has deserved the correction he has at the hands of the teacher, and I most heartily sustain his teacher in his treatment of him.'

The subject of this brief article is one of vast importance. Let it engage the attention of able writers.

A fellow whose countenance was homely enough to scare the old one, was giving some extra flourishes in a public house, when he was observed by a Yankee, who asked him if he didn't fall into a brook when he was young.

'What do you mean, you impertinent scoundrel?'

'Why, I don't mean nothing, only you've got such an all-fired crooked mouth I thought as how you might have fell in a brook when you was a baby, and your mother hung you up by the mouth to dry!'

A new kind of tobacco is cultivated in some places in Maryland. It is named Persian tobacco, is of a beautiful color, and commands a high price.

A Maine editor says that a pumpkin, somewhere in that State, grew so large that eight men could stand around it.—This is something like the man who saw a flock of blackbirds so low that he could shake a stick at them.

There is a story of a man who was so anxious to make a noise in the world, that he had left orders when he died to have his skin tanned and made into a drum.