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Lincoln and Douglas.

I had a dream the other night
When all around was still,
I dreamed I saw "Old honest Abe"
A climbing up the hill;
The way was steep and all untrod,
And many a foe was near,
But Abe pressed on with trust in God,
And heart that knew not fear.

O, poor Douglas, you cannot follow me,
You're going up Salt River
With the platform on your knee.
While Abe was climbing up the hill,
And almost at the top,
Poor Doug was panting at the foot,
His race compelled to stop;
He carried weight too much to win
In any even race,
His own and all his party's sin
Told hard upon his pace.

O, poor Douglas, you cannot follow me,
You're going up Salt River,
With old Buck upon your knee.
The South had given Doug a nag
With showy mane and tail,
A snorting horse, his name was "Brag."
While Abe, he rode a rail;
But nag and brag, both South and North,
Could never win the day,
Old Abe he beats them by his worth—
His truth shall win the fray.

O, poor Douglas, you cannot follow me,
You're going up Salt River,
With Leecompton on your knee.
Old Buck sat grinning on the hill,
And cocked his leering eye,
Old Abe has won the race, or will,
But Breckinridge don't you cry;
I've bought and used you all I would
And paid your price in gold,
Poor Douglas thought to banter me,
But he too has been sold.

O, poor Douglas, you can't never see,
You turned too short a corner—
It was very plain to me.
While Abe was mounting up the hill
The people all did cheer;
Doug's friends were cold—a dreary Bell
Was tolling in his rear.
And "San Jacinto," too, was there,
Making his jolly way;
He did not care to fight to win;
He loved to see the fray, [slaughter me,
O, poor Douglas, you thought you'd
But you're upon Salt River,
Where the squatters all will be.

Old Abe has reached the lofty goal,
His garments all unstained,
No taint of meanness on his soul—
The fight was fairly gained;
No promise to the happy crew,
To share them with the toil,
No offers to rascals due,
No chance for future spoil.
O, poor Douglas, can't you plainly see,
The way to be elected—
Strike boldly for the free!

The Chicago Journal has the following:

"We yesterday announced that a joint debate between Messrs. Yates and Allen the opposition candidates for Governor, had been finally arranged. It turns out that we labored under an error by relying, for once upon the assertions of Mr. Allen and The Springfield Register. No such arrangement has been made, as we are informed by Mr. Yates, who, it appears, submitted a proposition some two weeks ago, which has not been accepted. In this proposition, Mr. Yates challenged Mr. Allen to a joint debate, at nine different places in the State one in each Congressional District. This proposition Mr. Yates is still ready to adhere to.—But instead of accepting this, Mr. Allen comes out in a letter in the Springfield Register, saying that he accepts Mr. Yates appointments—not the appointments proposed by Mr. Yates for a joint debate, but the appointments Mr. Yates had announced at Republican mass meetings.—Such an arrangement would of course be impracticable, owing to the fact that Mr. Yates has no control over local mass meetings already arranged where other Republican speakers are announced. Hence Mr. Yates cannot accede to Mr. Allen's proposed arrangement and Mr. Allen knew this well enough beforehand, and he doubtless made the proposition because he knew it was impracticable, or, in other words, because he is afraid to meet Mr. Yates in a series of Joint debates.—Mr. Allen has shown the white feather in this matter. He has proved himself a mere boy, and we are glad that Mr. Yates has determined to pay no further attention to his cowardly opponent."

A census taker in Philadelphia has discovered a woman with 24 daughters.

From the Weekly Press.

An Adventure in a Coal Mine.

There are but few persons in the United States who are familiar with the vast extent of the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania. The "black diamonds," which keep the great machinery of industry in motion, and make the homes of our severe climate comfortable, afford no subject for study to those who are familiar with them; and it is rare that a dozen of our large cities can be found who has been down in the bowels of the earth, where hundreds of men waste their lives in toil amidst a blackness of darkness before which that of ancient Egypt would pale. In traveling through the coal region, the visitor is apt to be impressed with nothing save the wild and desert like aspect of the country. The earth yields no substance—the forests have disappeared before the axe of the woodman, and the trees are buried deep down in the mines. Small huts, half hidden in the hill sides, and surrounded with nothing that can make home cheerful, are filled with the wives and children of hardy miners, who earn their bread deep in the murky caverns below. Here and there along the roadside a yawning cavern may be seen, down which leads a railroad, on which are transported for hundreds, or perhaps, thousands of feet, the small cars laden with coal. A wise Providence has ordained that his richest deposits of subterranean wealth shall be placed in the most rugged of natural caskeys; and mad, in battling for its possession, is compelled to contend with obstacles which task to the utmost all his energies.

The great central deposit of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania is in Schuylkill county, about one hundred miles north of Philadelphia. There the seams are spread over hundreds of miles of space, underlying mountains and valleys, and rolling from the earth's surface to a depth as yet unfathomed. For thirty years the miner has been busy among these rich layers, and the earth has been bored by his tunnels, until they intersect it like the winding chambers and passages of a great South American ant hill. As one layer of coal is exhausted, the works which lead to it are abandoned, and others are opened; thus leaving many deserted passages, ways which, in course of time are filled up by the caving in of the earth and rocks, as the supports beneath them decay.—These old mines are always more or less dangerous. For want of proper ventilation foul air is engendered in them, which is fatal to life; and loose rocks often hang over them which the slightest concussion will hurl down, crushing all below. It was in one of these treacherous passages, rendered insecure by age, that the adventure I am about to relate occurred.

During the present summer two young ladies from the city of New York were visiting at the residence of the superintendent of the great Forest Improvement Company's mines, in the Schuylkill coal region. The younger was but eighteen years of age, and both possessed that love of adventure which appears natural to a city belle when relieved from the contrasted and confining influences of metropolitan life. After sojourning some weeks amid the wild and beautiful scenery of "Wood-side," they became anxious for a novel excitement, and determined to "go down into a mine." This idea, once conceived, could not be reasoned away; into a mine they must go, and the deepest one must be selected for their excursion.—An intelligent and brave Scotchman, whose practical knowledge of mining is of the most thorough character, was applied to, and he decided that an old drift, a drift, reader, is an opening leading horizontally into the side of a mountain, known as the "Otto Mine," was the most suitable for the proposed visit. This drift extended into the mountain a distance of one mile and a half, and had been worked for years. The dangers attending the excursion were not concealed, but these only added zest to the undertaking. Two young gentlemen, also from New York, volunteered as escorts, and the company was formed. It was arranged that a drift car was to be taken to the entrance of the mine, and that this, drawn by a mule, and driven by a miner, was to convey the party into the earth's bosom, while the Scotchman was to accompany them as guide.

Having equipped themselves for the journey, they departed about five o'clock in the afternoon, and reached the end of the mine without difficulty. Here an hour was spent in examining the coal formations and the subterranean chamber, and their curiosity being thoroughly gratified, they prepared to return. Mounted on their novel conveyance, they were proceeding merrily along, when one of the young ladies expressed a desire to break off a piece of coal as a memento of their visit. The car was stopped, and armed with a stone the lady commenced battering at the granite like coal. While thus employed, a miner who had been stationed at the outlet of the mine, entered hastily, and informed the Scotch guide that the earth over the passage way had commenced to crumble. This, to miners, is as almost certain indication that a fall will take place—the dropping pebbles being but the forerunner of the crushing rocks and earth. The car was immediately put in motion, with the hope that the exit might be gained before the danger arrived, but their efforts were vain. They had gone but few hundred yards when a rumbling like distant thunder was

heard—a rush of cold air blew over them, and then all was still as the grave!

There could be no doubt as to the cause of this phenomenon; the mine had caved in. Their mule was brought to a stand, and the Scotchman, accompanied by the miner who had served as the Jehu of the party, proceeded onward to make an exploration. In a short time they returned and reported that the fall of earth and rock was so great that it would take at least three days to dig a passage way out; and that there was great danger of further falls, the earth being now loosened. Here was a predicament. Buried beneath a mountain beyond any possible help for three days, with no water or food, and the air so close that unaccustomed lungs could hardly breathe it—the stoutest heart might well quail at the contemplation of such a condition.—But female heroism rose superior to this misfortune, and the ladies of the party "stood as those who championed human fears." One of them declared that they would "kill the mule and live upon that three days, or until they could be dug out."

After a consultation among the miners, the Scotch guide announced that there was an air shaft ascending from the end of the mine to the summit of the mountain, and that it was barely possible that this might afford a way of egress. The party therefore returned to the extremity of the drift, and the miner who had accompanied them was sent up the shaft to ascertain if it was open to the surface. For near two hours the company anxiously awaited the return of their messenger. At the end of that time he came back with the report that he had reached the surface with great difficulty, and that the shaft was open but in a very dangerous condition. Time had rotted away the timbers which kept its sides from falling together, and the stones hung loose in many places, ready to fall at the slightest touch. But still there was a hope of escape; and when humanity is reduced to desperation, feats can be accomplished which in calmer moments, would be considered impossible.

This air shaft was less than two feet in diameter, and rose to a height of near six hundred feet. In some places it was perpendicular, and in others it was carried up at an angle. The daupness of years had covered the timbers around it with slime, and where they had rotted away a soft mud oozed out of the earth. But notwithstanding all these difficulties, added to the danger that a falling rock might wedge them in beyond the power of escape, and leave them to die the lingering death of being buried alive, they determined to attempt the ascent.

Their party consisted of the two ladies, the two gentlemen who acted as their escort, the Scotchman, who was their guide, and two miners. The ladies prepared themselves for the perilous undertaking by removing all their superfluous clothing, and the ascent was commenced. The guide with one miner went first, the two gentlemen followed, then came the ladies, and lastly the remaining miner. Painfully they toiled upward, now dragging themselves over decaying timbers and projecting rocks, now forcing themselves through spaces where it seemed almost impossible for them to pass, and now drawing each other up by hand, from step to step, where the ascent was perpendicular. Through all this the fortitude of the ladies never deserted them. They were cheerful and hopeful, when the men who accompanied them were ready to despond. After two hours of almost superhuman exertion, the blue sky appeared above them, and the fragrant air filled them with delight. Thank God! they were saved.

But what an appearance did they present! From head to foot they were covered with mud and filth. Their clothes were in tatters, and their hands were lacerated and bleeding. Night had descended, and they were three miles from home in the midst of a wilderness. But the greatest danger was passed, and with cheerfulness which almost banished their fatigue they commenced their homeward journey. At length they reached the circle of their friends, who had suffered an anxiety almost as painful as their own terrible experience. It was not until the haven of rest was reached, where tearful faces welcomed them, that the two young ladies gave way; and then, the peril being all over, and the occasion for heroism past, feminine delicacy resumed its sway, and those who had borne so much, and so nobly, sank into a swoon.

I have written this adventure just as it occurred, without an effort at embellishment, and without a desire to make the heroism of two young girls, accustomed to all the care and luxury of city life, appear in any brighter light than it really deserves. It is almost impossible to imagine greater trials than those through which they passed, and their conduct throughout is another evidence of that nobleness of female nature which has found historic representatives in Grace Darling and Jessie Brown.

W. B. S.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Price Current, writing from Titusville, Pa., says 7,000 barrels of oil have been obtained from the wells in that region, and sold in New York at \$15 per barrel of 40 gallons. Some thirty wells have proved successful, yielding together about 400 barrels per day.

The Character of Abraham Lincoln.

From the Philadelphia North American.

The writer of the subject letter is a native of Pennsylvania—a gentleman of classical education, extensive attainments and of the most scrupulous integrity of character. He is now one of the first lawyers of his age in Illinois—has been the associate of Mr. Lincoln in many important cases tried in the higher Courts of that State, and not only knows him well, but is competent to accurately measure his abilities. What he says of him may therefore be relied on as the opinion of an intelligent, honest, truthful man.—He is of the old line Henry Clay Whig school of politics.

The letter was written with no expectation that it would be given to the public; but as its publication may be of service I hand it to you, with the request that you will allow it a place in your columns.

D. B. M.

PEORIA, July 19, 1860.
MY DEAR SIR: * * * You ask my opinion of the character, talents, and qualifications of Abraham Lincoln for the great office to which he stands nominated by the Republican party; and assuming, from my locality and professional engagements, that I have had fair opportunities for framing an opinion on these points, you are pleased to signify your confidence in such judgment as I may be prepared to express respecting them. Thanking you for this confidence, I take pleasure in giving you my views, for whatever they may be worth, promising, however, that neither my time nor limits will probably enable me to satisfy myself or do justice to him in this expression.

As a summary of what I have to say, I remark unhesitatingly, that I believe Mr. Lincoln to be just the man for the place for which he is named, and for the times. In regard to character, I deem him entirely unexceptionable. The sobriquet, Honest Old Abe, which has been given to him, is no unmeaning appellation. It has been honestly won. A man more thoroughly above suspicion in this respect, I suppose, cannot be found in any walk of life, public or private. Akin to this, if not indeed a necessary concomitant, is his no less proverbial candor and truthfulness. This has ever been a marked feature in his character and intercourse, and strikingly illustrates the liberal and magnanimous spirit of the man. It may, I think, be safely said that Mr. Lincoln has not been known in any public discussion, political or otherwise, designedly to utter an untruth, or misrepresent the position of an adversary; and I am not aware that anything different can be said of him in any more private relation. Add to this, that he is among the most cautious of men in expressing himself upon any subject with which he has not first made himself well acquainted; but when he is satisfied, no man is bolder or firmer in the expression of and adherence to his opinions. I need only say further, on the score of character, that so far as I know, or have ever heard, Mr. Lincoln is, as to morals, in all respects, an exemplary man. Not only is he not chargeable with any of the grosser moral delinquencies, but I believe the whole course of his life to be more than ordinarily free from any stain of vice, impurity, or dishonesty. And that for which I think the public thanks are especially due, is the undoubted fact that, in all his speeches and other teachings, no utterance of his can be found that is not, in its bearings, distinctly on the side of humanity and virtue. And this I say advisedly, notwithstanding that—especially at a somewhat earlier period—he has occasionally enlivened and illustrated his speeches by anecdotes, to which some fastidious tastes have taken exception; but in reference to which it is safe to say, that those who have done so were keener in seeing out the supposed indelicacy of the allusion than in perceiving the point, power and felicity of the illustration.

One thing more I ought to remark here. Mr. Lincoln believes that the same morality which ought to govern individual men in private life, should equally control nations in their intercourse with each other and the action of political parties; and if elected President, neither Ostend manifestoes, filibustering schemes, mere partisan ebulliences, nor official corruption, will find any favor with his Administration.

Having occupied so much space on this head, I have but little room for remark on the other topics embraced in your inquiry. In respect to talents, I doubt if Mr. Lincoln is even here, as yet, appreciated as he deserves to be, and as he most certainly will be at no distant day, (counting as I do his election as sure) by all who are capable of discerning and appreciating true merit. While possessing undoubtedly the consciousness of intellectual strength, he lacks entirely the obtrusive effrontery which brings some men into notice, and gives them sometimes an ephemeral reputation for ability while the plainness and simplicity of his style, and the transparent fairness of every presentation which he makes in his public speeches, seem to have led some to overlook the real breadth and comprehensive sweep of the thoughts to which he often gives birth and utterance. But if originality and suggestiveness, fertility of resource, powers of analysis, and of expressing in terse and simple language a great truth, or of laying bare at a stroke the false position of an adversary, however artfully cloaked, are indications of

ability and talents, then may Mr. Lincoln take rank, so far as I can judge, among the leading intellects of the day.

But what need to elaborate this point, when we have before us the commanding fact, that without early education, without patronage, or any accident of birth, or fortune, or art of the trickster or demagogue—but in simple trust to his native energies, and a tenacious adherence to principle throughout his whole course (all of which is susceptible of easy proof), he has risen gradually yet surely and with no back-set, from the condition of a common day laborer to the proud position he now occupies before the country and the world. I know that success is not always evidence of true merit, but it would be little short of a miracle if a man of the character of Abraham Lincoln should witness success without talents to justify his victory.

And lastly, as to his qualifications for the Presidency—these may, in good measure, be inferred from what has been already said. To the qualities thus accorded to him may be added a thorough comprehension of the nature, history, and workings of our institutions, and the politics, past and present, of the country with no mean acquisitions of general knowledge a courage, moral and physical and a firmness of purpose, which those who know him most readily accord to him, coupled with a conciliating spirit and a just regard for the rights of individuals and States, singularly refined and characteristic; with attainments as a jurist that will not be questioned—if these constitute fitness for the Presidential office, then, in my judgment, Mr. Lincoln will fill it with dignity and honor to himself, and usefulness and satisfaction to the country, and to the whole country.

Very truly, your friend,
J. K. C.

The Two Farmers.

Many years ago we knew two farmers in Ohio, neighbors, one of whom had thirty acres of rather poor land, a sickly wife, two little girls, and a small boy; the other had two hundred acres of much better land, a robust wife, two full-grown daughters, and five sons averaging six feet. The man with the small farm had not even a Summer rivulet on his premises. He had one acre of timber; and he so laid out his fields that there was a spring in each. He kept a half a dozen cows, about thirty sheep, two horses, six to eight hogs, an abundance of fowls, and a score swarms of bees. Half an acre devoted to his vegetable garden; small fruits he raised in abundance and his orchard being on high grounds and properly tended, he had an abundance of choice fruit when his neighbor had none. At all seasons of the year he had something to sell. His usual crop of wheat was four acres, and not one year in three did it fall below 150 bushels. Three and a half tons was his usual crop of clover and two of timothy. His three acre corn patch yielded about 250 bushels; and his root crop was a constant source of astonishment. There were no such cows, sheep or pigs for miles around. Nobody could make such butter. In truth everything he had was worthy of a premium. He had a workshop and was his own carpenter, blacksmith, and shoemaker. His crops never suffered from the weather; his animals never shivered in the cold; he himself never seemed in a hurry. He took half a dozen newspapers; he had a good library; he read much, studied much, and always had plenty of money. People said he was very lucky man. But luck had nothing to do with his success. He pursued a system of mixed husbandry.—He wasted none of his labor. In these lay the secret of his prosperity.

The farmer with the 200 acres raised wheat and corn—of course—everything else was subordinate. About half his farm was each year devoted to them. He had very poor horses, breechy, long-legged cattle, hogs that were a nuisance and an eyesore to his neighbors, sheep with tails like foxes, a third of whose wool at shearing time was hanging on briars, thorns and hazel bushes; an orchard in which half the trees were dead; a garden in which were planted only potatoes and cabbage. The fences were always out of repair. Scarcely a year passed which acres of mown hay did not rot in the meadows, or in which acres of wheat did not sprout before threshing. And the reason assigned by this man for his losses was that "he had not enough time."—He lived one year ahead of his income and was completely involved in law-suits. His most formidable adversary was, if his judgement could be relied upon a mysterious personage called bad luck.—He worked hard, and was too economical to take a newspaper. After a hard struggle of over twenty years he became convinced that he had not land enough, sold out, and moved to Iowa.—Press and Tribune.

At a down East revival an old lady prayed fervently for the "young lambs of the flock." Another old lady asked, "Wouldn't it be as well to include the old ewes?"

The increase of the anthracite coal product this year from all regions of Pennsylvania is 434,644 tons. The Miners' Journal has advised that the coal market will take an increase of from 700,000 to 800,000 tons over last years supply.

How he had Him.

A man named Wells kept a tavern in one of our Western villages; but though his house had a very good name, it was more than he had himself; for it was surmised by his neighbors that he used a great deal of fodder, corn, &c., for which he never gave an equivalent, though it had never been clearly proven against him. Early one morning he was met by an acquaintance, named Wilkes, as he was driving before him a heifer, which he had, most probably borrowed from some farmer. "Hallo, Wells, where did you get the heifer?" cried Wilkes.

"Bought her of Col. Stevens," was the unsatisfying reply.

"What did you pay for her?"

"Twenty dollars," said Wells, as he hurried on.

About one hour afterwards, as Wilkes was sitting in Well's bar-room, Col. Stevens entered. After a few minutes conversation, Wilkes said, "A fine animal that you sold Wells?"

I don't understand you; I never sold Wells any animal."

"Didn't you? Why, I met him this morning with a heifer which he said he bought of you for twenty dollars."

"He did, eh? Well, since he said so, he has got to pay me for her," said Stevens.

Wells entered soon after; and Stevens stepping up to him said, "Come, Wells, I'll trouble you for the money for that heifer; it was a cash bargain you know!"

"I never bought any heifer for you!"

"Don't you remember you bought one of me for twenty dollars? Here's Wilkes can prove it!"

"No he can't!" said Wells.

"You told me so, this morning!" said Wilkes.

A curious expression passed over Wells's face. He felt himself cornered. He had either to tell where he got the animal, or lose twenty dollars; and thinking it not safe for him to do the first, he pulled out his wallet, counted out the money and handed it to Stevens, saying, "So I did—so I did! I had forgotten all about it! You must excuse me!"

How Judge H— Help to Unload the Steamboat.

A friend of ours, who was an eye-witness to the fact, related to us an amusing circumstance which occurred while Judge H— presided on the bench in this district.

On a peculiar occasion after his appointment business called him to Liberty, and, while there meeting with many of his old associates at the bar, got into a convivial mood, which lasted several days, and, on going out he looked rather the worse for wear. In crossing the river at Owen's landing, there was a boat discharging freight, and in a great haste for fear another boat would pass, then just here in sight.

The clerk sang out, "I say, old man, can't you lend the men a hand in taking off that lot of furniture? I will pay you well so doing, and 'double filly' in the bargain."

"Oh, yes," said the Judge, "always ready to help in a time of need."

"Then turn in and be quick," said the clerk.

The first thing was a marble top bureau,—going off the plank the Judge slipped, and the clerk roared out—

"There now, throw that into the river, will you?"

"Certainly," replied the Judge, and giving a kick with the order, overboard it went.

"Hallo! what's [that for]?" said the clerk.

"I always obey orders when I work for a man."

"Leave," said the mate.

"Agreed," said the Judge.

"Who is that man?" asked the clerk.

A by-stander remarked, "That is Judge H—, of the Fifth Judicial District of Missouri."

"Let go that line!" cried the clerk, and the boat put into the stream at its highest speed.

A sailor went to a watchmaker, and presenting a small French watch to him, demanded to know how much the repair of it would come to. The watchmaker, after examining it, said—

"It will be more expensive repairing than its original cost."

"I don't mind that," said the tar; "I will even give you double the original cost, for I have a veneration for the watch."

"What might you have given for it?" said the watchmaker.

"Why," replied the tar, "I gave a fellow a blow on the head for it, and if you repair it I will give you two."

The census takers, it is said, find great difficulty in ascertaining the ages of girls, a large majority of them being only sixteen. In one family, in an Eastern State, there were found to be twelve girls between ten and sixteen years of age!

Large Baby.

The Tamaqua Gazette boasts of the size of Willie, son of William Krouse, of that borough, who was born on the 14th of last January. Age, 6 months; height, 30 inches; weight, 60 pounds; measures around the head, 18 inches; around the belly, 31 inches; around the thigh, 18 inches; around the calf of leg, 12 inches; around the arm, 11 inches.