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## JOB PRINTING.

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

## THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

God bless the little children,  
Meet them everywhere;  
We hear their voices round our hearth  
Their footsteps on the stair;  
Their kindly hearts are swelling o'er  
With mirthfulness and glee;  
God bless the little children,  
Wherever they may be.  
We meet them 'neath each gipsy tent,  
With visage swarthy and dun,  
And eyes that sparkle as they glance  
With roguery and fun;  
We find them fishing in the brook  
For minnows, with a pin,  
Or creeping through the hazel-brush  
The lionet's nest to win.  
We meet them in the lordly hall,  
Their stately father's pride;  
We meet them in the poor man's cot—  
He has no wealth beside,  
Along the city's crowded street  
They hurl the hoop or ball;  
We find them 'neath the pauper's roof—  
The saddest sight of all.  
For there they win no father's love,  
No mother's tender care,  
Their only friend the God above  
Who hears the orphan's prayer;  
But dressed in silks or degraded rags,  
In childish grief or glee,  
God bless the little children,  
Wherever they may be.

## Dawson's Ale.

The following, says the Germantown Telegraph, is too good to be lost, although it occurred some years ago in Germantown, in a hotel not many miles from the railroad:  
"Will you give me a glass of ale, if you please?" asked a rather seafaring-looking person, with an old but well-brushed coat, and a most too shabby hat.  
It was produced by the bar-tender, creaming over the edge of the tumbler.  
"Thank ye," said the recipient, as he placed it to his lips. Having finished it at a swallow, he smacked his lips, and said:  
"This is very fine ale—very. Whose is it?"  
"It is Dawson's ale."  
"Ah! Dawson's, eh? Well, give us another glass of it."  
It was done; and holding it up to the light and looking through it, connoisseur said:  
"Pon my word, it is superb ale—superb!—clear as Madeira. I must have some more of that. Give me a mug of it."  
The mug was furnished; but before putting it to his lips the imbiber said:  
"Whose ale did you say this was?"  
"Dawson's," repeated the bar-tender.  
The mug was exhausted, and also the vocabulary of praise; and it only remained for the appreciative gentleman to say, as he wiped his mouth and went toward the door.  
"Dawson's ale, is it? I know Dawson very well—I shall see him soon, and will settle with him for two glasses and a mug of his incomparable brew! Good morning!"

A fac simile of the following inscription on a tombstone in Williamsport, Pa., is in circulation:  
"Sacred to the Memory of Henry Harris Born June 25th 1831 of Henry Harris and Jane his Wife. Died on the 4th of May 1837 by a kick of a colt in his Bowles peaceable and quiet, a Friend to his Father & Mother & respected by all who knew him and went to the world where horses can't kick and sorrows and weepings is no more."

An exchange says there is a "marked destination of religion in the oil region, and scanty accommodations for holding services in that famous region of country."  
The following letter was written by a young lady:  
"Der kuzzen: We is well, and mother's got the his Terrix; brother Tom is got a babee, and hope these few lines will find you the same. Rite soon. Your affectionate kuzzen."

In a recent case of assault, the defendant pleaded guilty, "I think I must be guilty," said he, "because the plaintiff and me were the only ones, in the room, and the first thing I know I was standing up, and he was doubled over the stove. You'd better call it guilty."

The cultivation of frogs as an article of food, is largely carried on in the neighborhood of New York. One of the principal hotels possesses ponds for its exclusive use where the succulent reptiles can grow up from lively tadpoles, unmolested by pickers or erud boys.  
It is stated that while only five revolutionary pensioners are alive, there are one thousand four hundred and eighteen widows of such pensioners alive and drawing pensions.  
Human existence hinges upon trifles—what is beauty without soap?

## SUKY FOLSOM'S GENTILITY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

In an unlucky hour, Mrs. Susan Folsom paid a visit to her cousin, Sally Snookers, who resides in the city of Philadelphia.  
Sally lived in style. She had a three-story house; four servants and a carriage. Sally's husband was in the hardware business, and had made a fortune by the rise in metals.

Mrs. Folsom returned home in a discontented frame of mind. In consequence of which unfortunate condition, poor Mr. Folsom was treated to a double distilled curtain lecture, the salient points of which all married men, with strong minded women for wives, are fully acquainted with:  
"Now, only to see cousin Sally's house—pursued Mrs. Folsom—"It's worth a voyage to Jerrycow. It's got a purgatory on top where you can see all over creation, if not furder; and there's a portuguese over the front door, with a vine, that looks some like a bean vine, only it haint, creeping all over it. And then its lit, clean from garret to seller with lamps stuck up against the ceiling, and all you have to do is just turn a facet, just as you do to a cider barrel, and its all fixed."

"What's all fixed?" queried Mr. Folsom.  
"Why the gas to be sure. The rooms are as light as day."  
"Don't have to use no matches, nor nothing, then? Cracky, what a saving."  
"Of course you have to light it the same as any other lamp. Folsom, you hant quite so bright as you might be."  
"Well, I haint without company—" muttered Folsom, whopping over with his face to the wall, and simulating a snore.  
"Now David, don't you go for to turn your back expecting to be allowed to snore, for you shant—" with an emphatic dig of the elbow—"I haint half done yet. I've worked like a slave all my days, and it's mighty hard if I can't take some comfort of my life."

"I don't hender you," said Folsom weekly.  
"Well then, keep your eyes and ears open and hear what I'm going to say—I'm going to see if I can't have things a little more genteel. If I can't fix up the house to my mind, I guess I can dress kinder fashionable. I've been to the city, and know what's what. I mean to make Squire Jones' wife and old Mrs. Simp draw in their feathers. They're allus a thinking that nobody knows nothing about the fashions but them. And Mrs. Jones' bunnet don't stick up so much by two inches as the fashion, and her gound is full a finger too long in front—I mean to have a new suit, and have it made up ar le mood."  
"How in time's that? taint a bloomer I hope."  
"That's the French for in the fashion. Almost everybody talks French now—I've learnt lots of it sense I've been gone. There's e plury buss unum, and bony fid and it pensesor, and parly vous, and infinitive, and lots more of the sort."  
"Yes, but what does all that jumble mean?"  
"The hand! I hope you don't think I know? Nobody pretends to know the meaning. Them words is only thrown into conversation to make it sound grand. But about my dress. In the first place there's my hair, Cousin Sally has hern rolled round a rat and two mice, and fixed with a waterfall behind."  
"Lord, Suke! you haint in earnest, be you?"  
"To be sure! don't bounce up in bed so! you'll bust the bed cord, it's rather week now, in places. I've got to get the rat trap fixed right off."  
"The rat trap; now Suke, somebody's been imposing on you."  
"No; Maggie—Sally's little gal, told me about. I asked her what made her marm's hair stick out so behind, and she said it was a rat, and she had mice in front."  
"The dickens, didn't they smell rather strong?"  
"Not a mite. Ye see the musk and percholy takes all the scent away. And then I'm going to have a flounced gown, and a stick up bunnet, and a long crinoline, and a cane, and—and—a—a—"

Here "tired nature's sweet restorer" stepped in, and stopped Mrs. Folsom's tongue for the night, greatly to the satisfaction of her husband.  
The week following proved that Mrs. Folsom had been in earnest when she had declared her intention of beginning to be genteel. There were mysterious confabulations with her eldest daughter Jimmie; divers visits to the country stores from which large parcels were sent to the farmhouse daily, and a general neglect of the culinary affairs that made Mr. Folsom slam the doors, and filled the mouth of the hired man with the very biggest kind of oaths.  
The grand denouement came full soon. On Thursday the Foreign Mission Society, for the amelioration of the condition of the heathen in Twangtoppian, met at the house of Deacon Babbit.

These weekly gatherings were the excitement of the place, and the occasions on which the ladies congregated to show their new clothes, and scandalizing their neighbors.  
Mrs. Folsom when arranged was stunning.  
Her pink barege dress, tucked and flounced trailed a full yard behind her; her crinoline was the most expensive that

could be purchased and full a foot too long. Her outer covering was a nondescript plaid saque, trimmed with buttons, bugles, fringes and gimp. She had one of the smallest of hats on her head; and in her hand a cane, a parasol and a bundle of tracts for the little benighted heathen.  
"The land of the living!" cried Mr. Folsom surveying her with awe struck amazement, "how are you going to get into the waggin with all them ar flandangoes a flying?"  
"Carriage, if you please," replied his wife loftily.

Jerry Blake, the hired man, led up a horse, and Mrs. Folsom essayed to mount into her charriot. But in vain. She was altogether unused to the management of such drapery, and being with all a heavy woman—the thing could not be done.  
Jerry solved the enigma by bringing forward the wash bench and a board. Mrs. Folsom was helped to climb the bench, from which the board reached to the side of the wagon, and though the set board bent and cracked fearfully, she made the transit in safety, and seated herself in the vehicle filling it completely.  
"Where in time an I going to ride?" queried Mr. Folsom, scratching his forehead—a habit he had when exercised in his mind.  
"You will be under the necessity of preambulating—" said Mrs. Folsom.  
"The dickens?" cried Folsom, "what is that?"  
"It is the genteel for walking"—replied she.

The husband said not a word, but trudged on, leading the horse by the long rein, while Sam, and Dick and little Molly, the three youngest children, ran whooping behind.  
In due time the deacon's house was reached. It was a fine day, and a large portion of the company were out on the green before the door—telling over the news, and eating berries from the old tree near the horse block.  
All eyes were directed to the unusual catcade. Mr. Folsom sweat profusely. Mrs. Folsom reposed against the high back of the wagon in sublime indifference.  
"Whoa—hish!" cried Mr. Folsom, bringing his beast to a stand still. "Now look here Suke! how be you a going to get unloaded?"  
Mrs. F. arose majestically and surveyed her position.  
"Here Zeke, you come here and help, and sometime I'll do as much for you—" said Folsom addressing a stalwart young fellow who was talking nonsense to the bell of the society, across the well curb.  
A half dozen men came forward, each one anxious to inspect the fashionable curiosity.

"Let me git hold of ye," said Zeke, "and you hold the hoss, Folsom. Sykes, you keep her petticoats clear of the wheels and I'll hoist her out of that jest like a book."  
Release me, Ezekiel, you muss my gound," said Mrs. Folsom waving him back. "I will take hold of your hand and alight."  
She wavered a little from side to side—made a final spring, and brought up on the shoulder of Phineas Dean, an old bachelor, and the most confirmed woman hater in the universe.  
Her came made a red mark down the side of Zeke's face, and knocked off Parson Grab's new beaver; her parasol took a flying leap at the back of the horse, which set the frightened animal off upon a canter; the string around the bundle of tracts burst, and the wind scattered the two leaved scraps of literature to parts unknown.  
Mr. Dean was horrified, Mrs. Folsom clung frantically to his neck while he struggled with all his might to release himself.  
"Let go of me, you wild cat!" he cried—striving in vain to unloose her arms.  
"Somebody take her off, do! she's strangling me! oh, Lord! that I should ever come to this, and with the homeliest woman in the parish too!"  
Mrs. Folsom heard and understood this ungallant speech. No woman will bear to have her good looks made light of—She dealt Mr. Dean a stinging blow in the face.  
"Take that! you old niggered face donkey!" cried she, "and that, and that," following up the onslaught with a second and third blow.  
Peggy Prime, an ancient maiden who years ago had set her cap for Phineas Dean and was still supposed to entertain a lurking tenderness for him, rushed forward and seized Mrs. Folsom by her waterfall.

"Let go of him, or I'll—" She did not finish the threat, for the waterfall came off on a sudden, and Peggy went over backwards into the watering trough.  
In the confusion, Mr. Dean made his escape, and Mrs. Folsom finding that her pink dress was hanging in shreds, and the crowning part of her head dress was among the missing, submitted to be loaded into Deacon Babbit's wagon and sent home.  
She never essayed gentility after that. It took too much time, she said, and did not pay for the trouble.  
Her brief practice of it made one match, however. Mr. Dean firmly believed that his honor was saved by Peggy Prime, and out of gratitude he made her his wife.

It is often a pretty good matrimonial firm that consists of three quarters wife and one quarter husband.

## First Flow of the Oil Fountains.

A gentleman whose observations are recorded in the *Cleveland Herald*, has been out among the oil wells of Pennsylvania, and his report of the operations in that extraordinary and suddenly transmuted section, are deeply interesting. We copy a part of one of his letters on the "flowing wells."  
The first flowing well ever struck, was on the McElhenry, or Funk Farm, and was known as the Funk Well. Funk was a poor man when the well was sunk. It was struck June, 1861, and commenced flowing, to the astonishment of all the oil-borers in the neighborhood, at the rate of 250 barrels a day. Such a prodigal supply of grease, upset all calculations, but it was confidentially predicted that the supply would soon stop. It was an "Oil Creek humbug," and those who had no direct interest in the prosperity of the well, looked day after day to see the stream stop. But like the old woman who sat down by the riverside to let the water run itself out that, she might cross dryshod, they waited in vain. The oil continued flowing with little variation for fifteen months, and then stopped, but not before Funk became a rich man.  
But long before the Funk well had given out, the wonder in regard to it was overshadowed by a new sensation. Down on the Tarr farm, the Phillips Well burst forth with a stream of two thousand barrels daily. Not to be out done by the territory down the Creek, the McElhenry tract "saw" the Tarr farm, "and went it a thousand better." The Empire Well, close to the Funk, suddenly burst forth with its three thousand barrels daily, a figure subsequently flowing wells vainly endeavored to equal.

The owners were bewildered. It was truly "too much of a good thing."—The true value of petroleum had not yet been discovered, and the market for it was limited. Foreigners would have nothing to do with the nasty, greasy, combustible thing. Our own people were divided in opinion. Some thought it a dangerous thing to be handled at arms' length while other set it down as a humbug in some way or other, of which the community should keep as shy as possible. The supply was already in advance of the demand, and the addition of three thousand barrels a day, was monstrous and not to be endured. The price fell to twenty cents a barrel, then to fifteen, and then to ten. Coopers would sell barrels for cash only, and refused to take their pay in oil, or in drafts on oil shipments.

Finally, it was impossible to obtain barrels on any terms, for all the coopers in the surrounding country could not make barrels as fast as the Empire could fill them. The owners were in despair, and tried to choke off their confounded well, but it would not be choked off. They then built a dam around it, and covered the soil with grease, but the oil refused to be dammed, and rushed into the stream, making Oil Creek literally worthy its name. For nearly a year it flowed, and then dropped to a pumping well, yielding about a hundred barrels. Lately it stopped, but on the application of an air-pump, it revived, and now runs about fifty barrels daily.

The Sherman Well, which was the next "great flowing well," was put down in the year 1862. It was sunk under great difficulties. J. W. Sherman, who was the original owner, commenced sinking it on the Foster farm, next above the McElhenry, with very limited means. His wife furnished the money, and the well was sunk under great difficulties.  
After a while, it became necessary to procure an engine, and there was no money to make the purchase, and two men who were in possession of the desired article, were admitted to a share for the engine. Soon after, when but few more feet were necessary to reach the supposed deposit of oil, the funds were exhausted. A sixteenth interest was offered for \$100, and refused. Ultimately, it was sold for \$60 and an old shot gun. A horse became necessary during the work, and a share was bartered for the animal. At last when all means that could be raised by borrowing or selling were about exhausted, the well was struck, and flowed at the rate of 1500 barrels a day. The flow continued at this rate for several months, when it declined to 700 barrels. For twenty-three months, the well continued flowing, and then it stopped. For the first year, the proprietors made but little, if anything, owing to the low price of oil, and the difficulty of getting it to market; but during the second year, the market improved and an immense fortune was made. The well now pumps from thirty to forty barrels daily.

The stock of wines and liquors belonging to the estate of Daniel Webster, which were packed at Washington 12 years ago, and have been in the hands of trustees at Boston since, sold at Boston on Tuesday. The liquors were sold for the benefit of Ashburton Webster, and brought good prices, the wines selling for \$5.50 to \$7 per bottle, and one demijohn of brandy containing 2 gallons, selling for \$52.50.

It was lately stated at a Bible Association Anniversary, that a calculation had been made respecting the proportionate value of the services of gentlemen and ladies as collectors for charitable and religious purposes, when it was found that one lady is worth thirteen and a half gentlemen.

## A Somewhat Unsavory Comparison.

Our readers have doubtless heard the story of the Deacon's pig, would by hook or crook, get from his pen into the adjoining corn field. The Deacon studied long but in vain, to find out by what means the pig accomplished his thieving raids. Piggy always made his expeditions in the night, but becoming fat and bold, one day so far forgot himself as to attempt the feat by daylight. The deacon discovered him in the corn field and patiently watched to see by what means his sagacious pig would get back again, when, to his amazement, he saw the pig crawl through a very crooked hollow log at the bottom of his pen. The Deacon saw it then, and so he quietly changed the position of the log, so that both ends terminated inside the pen, and then he awaited the denouement. About the usual time the piggy started for the corn field, but found at the end of the journey that he was back again inside his enclosure. Piggy snuffed the place all over carefully for a solution of the puzzle, and not being satisfied tried the entrance at the other end of the log, and, of course, with the same result; and so, over and over again with unsatisfactory grunts and squeals, his efforts went on until he was exhausted. The Deacon elated at having circumvented the pig, cried out, "Ah you thieving rascal, I've got you now; you may know how to steal corn, but you haven't got sense enough to dig." The situation of the pig in his dilemma illustrates the position of our semi-seces, Democratic friends. They do not exactly like the political filth of the pen in which they find themselves, and having so long fed on the sweet corn of the public crib, they are struggling in their accustomed tortuous way to get back to it, but only to find themselves still confined, and deeper still in the mud of the pen which they have so long tenanted at the dictation of the slave power. Although they would like mightily to get out into the companionship of honest Union men, they do not know enough to dig under the crooked, hollow log of sham Democracy, and make for themselves a straight way out of the sty.—*Jersey City Times.*

## A New Article.

A manufacturer in New York has succeeded in making cloth from the Milkweed, as it is variously called, from the white, glutinous substance which exudes from the stem, and the silk-like substance which is enclosed in the seed pod. This seed covering feels exactly like silk, and looks something like cotton. It has generally been considered unfit for use in making textile fabrics, because of the shortness and want of strength of its fibre. But it appears by the New York Tribune that the fabrics made for it are very soft and pleasant to the touch, and also quite firm and strong. It takes dyes admirably—much better than cotton—and sheds its seeds without ginning or other difficult labor. The Silkweed is a very common plant, growing over the whole country. When the rebellion broke out and the supply of cotton was cut off, the Ledger called the attention of manufacturers to this plant as a possible substitute, for some inferior articles of manufactured cloth. We have no doubt that the glutinous milk of its stalk may be converted into a substance similar to rubber. Let some one try it. The cost of India rubber would warrant experiments to obtain a substitute nearer at hand to the manufacturer.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

## Abernetby "Floored."

The following anecdote is told of the celebrated surgeon, Mr. Abernetby:—One day, during an examination of a class of students, he asked one of them what he would do in a case of a man being blown up by gunpowder. "I should wait till he came down again," was the reply. "True," rejoined Abernetby; "and suppose I should kick you for such an impertinent reply, what muscles should I put in motion?" "The flexors and extensors of my right arm," said the student, "for I should floor you directly."

## Making Currency.

The Secretary of the Treasury, in answer to a resolution of the House, has communicated a report of the condition of the printing division, from which it appears that there are 31 sub-divisions, employing 527 operatives, 222 of whom are males, and 305 are females, engaged in engraving, printing and preparing for the issue of United States securities, and such checks and drafts as are required in the department, as well as circulars, envelopes and other letterpress printing. The expenses of the division up to the 27th of June last were \$660,000, and the expenses since that date have been \$395,000.

There is a company at Freedom, N. H., engaged in manufacturing tar from pine stumps. They produce 40 barrels of tar and seven or eight of spirits of turpentine per week. The stumps are drawn and cut up as for stove wood—put into a retort and their essence fried out. A cord of pitch wood gives three bbls. tar worth \$14 per bbl. and 18 gallons of spirits of turpentine worth some \$7 or \$8 the gallon.

The Chinese are queer people to go to market. A gentleman at Canton writes that a neighbor of his has got in winter's provisions—a quarter of a horse and two barrels of bull-dog!

## A Last Call to Deserters.

By the President of the United States of America.

### A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the twenty-first section of the Act of Congress approved on the 3d inst., entitled "An Act to amend the several acts heretofore passed to provide for the enrolling and calling out the National forces and for other purposes," requires that in addition to the other lawful penalties of the crime of desertion from the military or naval service, "all persons who have deserted the military or naval service of the United States, who shall not return to said service or report themselves to a Provost Marshal within 60 days after the proclamation hereinafter mentioned shall be deemed and taken to have voluntarily relinquished and forfeited their rights to become citizens; and such deserters shall be forever incapable of holding any office of trust or profit under the United States, or of exercising any rights of citizens thereof; and all persons who shall hereafter desert the military or naval service, and all persons who being duly enrolled shall depart the jurisdiction of the District in which he enrolled, or go beyond the United States with intent to avoid any draft into the military or naval service duly ordered shall be liable to the penalties of this section; and the President is hereby authorized and required forthwith, on the passage of this act, to issue his proclamation setting forth the provisions of this act, to issue his proclamation setting forth the provisions of this section, in which the President is requested to notify all deserters returning within 60 days as aforesaid that they shall be pardoned on condition of returning to their regiments and companies, or to such organizations as they may be assigned to, until they shall have served for a period of time equal to their original term of enlistment.

Now, therefore, be it known, that I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do issue this my proclamation, as required by said act, ordering and requiring all deserters to return to their proper posts; and I do hereby notify them, that all deserters who shall, within the next 60 days from the date of this proclamation, viz: on or before the 10th day of May, 1865, return to service, or report themselves to a Provost Marshal, shall be pardoned on condition that they return to their regiments and companies, or to such other organizations as they may be assigned to, and serve the remainder of their original terms of enlistment, and in addition thereto a period equal to the time lost by desertion.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and seal of the United States to be affixed.  
Done at the City of Washington this 11th day of March, in the year of our Lord 1865, and of the independence of the United States the eightyninth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By the President:

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Sec. of State.

## The Deepest Mine in the United States.

A. Pardee & Co., of Hazleton, are now working what is considered by competent judges to be the deepest coal mine in the United States. It is situated on the lands of the "Diamond" Coal Company, and is known as the Sugar Loaf slope. It is 970 feet in perpendicular depth, which is below the surface of the Lehigh river at Penn Haven. The slope is in the neighborhood of 3000 feet in length.—This mine has been worked successfully for nearly thirty years, thus proving the inexhaustible wealth of our anthracite coal deposits.

## The Climax.

A clergyman in Wisconsin, one Sunday, informed his hearers that he should divide his discourse into three parts: the first should be terrible, the second horrible, and the third should be terrible horrible. Assuming a dramatic tragic attitude, he exclaimed, in a starting, agonizing tone—"What is that I see there?" Here a little old woman in black, cried out, with a shrill treble tone—"It's nothing but my little black dog, he won't bite nobody."

## A Speculation.

Thirty gentlemen last year put in \$1,000 each, bought a tract of land, expended \$5000 more in boring for oil, but meeting with no success at the time, concluded to let it rest awhile. Last week they disposed of their claim to parties in New York for \$350,000, oil having showed itself in great quantities.

## The Printer.

The master of all trades, he beats the farmer with his fast horse, the carpenter with his rules, and the mason in setting tall columns; he surpasses the lawyer and doctor in attending to his case, and beats the parson in the management of the devil.

"Do you think I'll get justice done?" said a culprit to his counsel. "I don't think you will," replied the other, "for I see two men in the jury who are opposed to hanging."

Chicago pays \$100,000 a year for hand labor in grain shoveling. It is now proposed to save time and labor by employing machinery for this work.

The price of a substitute in New Orleans is about \$2,300. The draft has created profound excitement there.