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JOB PRINTING,
OF ALL KINDS,
Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

Thank God, the sky is clearing!
The clouds are hurrying past;
Thank God the day is nearing!
The dawn is coming fast.
And when glad herald voices
Shall tell us peace has come,
This thought shall most rejoice us,
"Our boys are coming home!"

Soon shall the voice of singing
Drown war's tremendous din;
Soon shall the joy-bells ringing
Bring peace and freedom in.
The jubilee bonfires burning
Shall soon light up the dome,
And soon, to soothe our yearning,
Our boys are coming home.

The vacant fireside places
Have waited for them long;
The love-light lacks their faces,
The chorus waits their song;
A shadowy fear has haunted
The long-deserted room;
But now our prayers are granted,
Our boys are coming home.

O mother, calmly waiting
For that beloved son!
O sister, proudly dating
The victories he has won!
O maiden, softly humming
The love song while you roam—
Joy, joy, the boys are coming—
Our boys are coming home!

And yet—oh, keenest sorrow!
They're coming, but not all;
Full many a bark to-morrow
Shall wear its sable pall
For thousands who are sleeping
Beneath the empurpled loam;
Woe! woe! for those we're weeping,
Who never will come home!

O sad heart, hush thy grieving;
Wait but a little while!
With hoping and believing
Thy woe and fear beguile.
Wait for the joyous meeting
Beyond the starry dome.
For there our boys are waiting
To bid us welcome home.

Pensions.
The following items should be preserved, as showing to whom pensions may be granted. Those entitled to pensions are: 1. Invalids, disabled since March 4th, 1861, in the military or naval service of the United States, while in the line of duty.

2. Widows of officers, soldiers and seamen, who have died of wounds received, or disease contracted in service as above.

3. Children under sixteen years of age, of either of the aforesaid deceased persons, if there is no widow surviving, or from the time of the widow's re-marriage.

4. Mothers of officers, soldiers and seamen, deceased as aforesaid, and who were dependent upon the sons for support, in whole or in part.

5. Sisters under sixteen years of age, dependent on said deceased brother, wholly or in part for support, provided there are none of the last three classes above mentioned.

Invalids and friends of deceased soldiers are reminded that in order to have said pension commence when the service terminated, the application therefore must be made within one year of the discharge of the invalid or decease of the officer, soldier, seaman, or as the case may be.

Rates of Pensions.—Lieutenant Colonel and officers of higher rank, \$30 per month; Major, \$25 per month; Captain, \$20 per month; First Lieutenant, \$17 per month; Second Lieutenant, \$15 per month; all enlisted men \$9 per month. Only one full pension will be allowed to the relative of a deceased soldier, and in the order of precedence, as above given.

Applications from Pennsylvania may be sent to Colonel Frank Jordan, Military State Agent for Pennsylvania, Eleventh Street, Washington city—who will attend to them without charge to the applicant.

The Whipple Company, whose works are at Ballard Vale, Massachusetts, employ 650 men and boys, and 25 girls, and turn out 500 dozen files daily. Arrangements are now in progress which will double the number.

A sculptor of some notoriety, and no excess of loyalty, applied to Secretary Stanton for permission to take a cast of Booth's head. The blunt war minister replied: "Better take care of your own head."

Dr. Sharp, of St. Louis, has been appointed postmaster of Richmond.

Senator Sumner is to deliver an eulogy on President Lincoln in Boston, on the first day of June.

"Drap me Aisy."

"Drap me aisy," said a poor malefactor, to the hangman, as he was about being sent into eternity. He wanted to drop "gradually." There are thousands of speculators and others now in the same condition. They are willing gold and merchandise, generally, should go down, provided it does not harm them. Each man cries out, "Drap me aisy." The gold speculator, tremulous and pale with excitement, says, "Drap me aisy." Every holder of cotton, as it "goes tumbling down," loudly prays "Drap me aisy."—Every pork and beef speculator says, "Drap me aisy." The whole army of capitalists, bankers and business men are hoarse with the cry, "Drap me aisy."—Over against this crowd are the common people, the great multitude, and they say to falling prices, "Come quickly!" Consumers now demand "low figures." A good time is coming, say they, and now we will take our turn. The poor mechanic, who has paid seventy cents a pound to butter his bread on Sunday, now has hope. He says "Hurry up your low prices! Making haste slowly does not suit him. If gold goes down in proportion, and the prospects brighten that the long-looked-for "solid basis" is at hand.

What is gold good for? You cannot eat it drink it, or wear it. It is not wanted to ship to Europe. It is not wanted by the Government to pay interest. It is not wanted by importers to pay duties. It is not at present wanted by the banks to redeem their circulation. It is only wanted by the one single class of our fellow citizens—the speculators—the bulls today and the bears to-morrow, in Wall street. We say, let them have it? When gold went up, business men made fortunes by monopolizing merchandise, manufactures made fortunes by advancing prices, stock-speculators made fortunes so that millionaires were, at one time, "as plenty as blackberries." Gold gamblers made fortunes by buying and hoarding every ducat they could lay hands on.

Outside of the aforesaid ranks stood thousands crying madness; as food and raiment went up higher. They then demanded more and more pay for their labors. Starvation prices at length stared them in the face. We had rebels North as well as South. Buyers rebelled at high prices, at hundred per cents, profits, and at fortunes made in a day. Happily the tables are now turned, and who expects the masses of the people to mourn? Nobody but fools.

Cheap bread and meat in any intelligent community insure prosperity. Let us have prosperity, there, for the people as a whole, even if some must suffer.—We say, in conclusion, Down with the price of gold. Down with the price of dry goods. Down with the price of bread and meat. Down with the price of clothing. Down speedily with the price of everything, until we come to a gold basis. "Gradual emancipation" is better than nothing, but whoever asks for it will not find himself just on the "popular side." Prices must continue to go down, down, down, until the banks and the Government resume specie payment; and that glorious era cannot come a minute to quick.—Independent.

Petroleum vs. Toothache.

This city is the grand centre for gold, oil and coal speculators. The Girard House is the scene of many an interesting speculation. Every man you meet there has just the biggest thin in Pennsylvania in the shape of one of these lotteries. Harry Kanega, mine host of the Girard, relates the following joke, and as it illustrates the popularmania, we add it to the long catalogue of anecdotes relating to oil:

"A gentleman, apparently in great agony, holding his hand to his face, was walking up and down the corridor, when he was approached by a sympathizing stranger, who kindly inquired what the trouble was. The sufferer replied that he was sorely afflicted with the toothache. The sympathetic gentleman at once recommended the application of crude petroleum to the diseased grinder, and producing a bottle of the sweet-smelling liquid, advised him to try it at once, at the same time telling him it would relieve him instantly. The sufferer replied that he could not do so at present, as he had to attend a meeting of the board of brokers that afternoon, and if the members of the board got a smell of oil upon him, they would have a pump in his mouth in five minutes.—Sunday Mercury.

General Jackson's Motto.

"Think before you act, but when the time for action comes, stop thinking."—This is the true doctrine. Many men fail in life and go down to the grave with hopes blasted and prospect of happiness unrealized, because they did not adopt and act upon this motto. Nothing so prepares a man for action as thought; but nothing so unfits a man for action in the course of action. Better by far adopt some course and pursue it energetically, even though it may not be the best, than to keep continually thinking without action. "Go ahead" ought to be printed in every young man's hat, and read until it becomes a part of his nature, until he can act upon his judgment, and not be turned from his course by every wind of interested advice. In conclusion, we would say "Think before you act; but when the time for action comes, stop thinking."

A Remarkable Prophecy.

Not long ago was found at Toledo, in Spain, in a monastery, a paper containing the following prophecy:—"In the far west, beyond the ocean, will rise a nation which will be great in power and wealth, and Satan, in one of his walks to and fro in the earth, will observe this nation, and determined to destroy their happiness, will there send two monsters, one to the North and the other to the South, and he will give them strawberries, and they will eat them; and, after they have eaten, they will feel a great thirst, not to be quenched with anything but blood. They will, therefore, cause the brother slay the brother, the father to slay the son, and the son the father, and they will drink the blood of the slain, and it will bring lamentation and wailing throughout the land. And when the time is fulfilled, there will arise a strong man in the North, who will take the monsters and bind them and draw them into the sea, where it is the deepest, and peace and happiness will again prevail throughout, and the people will praise the Lord."—It is said that the monks in the above monastery maintained that this prophecy was written before the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus; that Ferdinand and Isabella were, in the main, induced to fit out the ship for Columbus, and that the first part of it is fulfilled in America, and that the other part will soon come to pass.

Wonders of Geology.

More than nine thousand different kinds of animals have been changed into stone. The races or genera of more than half of these are now extinct, not being at present known in a living state. From the remains of some of these ancient animals, they must have been larger than any living animals now known upon the face of the earth. The Megatherium, (Great Beast) says Buckland, from a skeleton nearly perfect, in the Museum at Madrid, was perfectly colossal. With a head and neck like those of a sloth, its legs and feet exhibit those of the armadillo and the anteater. Its fore feet were a yard in length and more than twelve inches wide, terminated by gigantic claws, its thick bone was nearly three times as thick as that of the elephant, and its tail nearest the body, was six feet in circumference. Its tusks were admirably fitted for cutting vegetable substances, and its general structure and strength were intended to fit it for digging in the ground for roots, on which it principally fed.

A New Use for Old Nails.

It is stated as a new discovery that wonderful effect may be obtained by watering fruit trees and vegetables with a solution of sulphate of iron. Under this system beans will grow to nearly double the size, and will acquire a much more savory taste. The pear seems to be particularly well adapted for this treatment. Old nails thrown into water and left to rust there will impart to it all the necessary qualifications of forcing vegetation as described.

A school boy down East, who was noted among his play fellows for his frolics among the girls, was reading in the Old Testament, when coming to the phrase, "making waste places glad," he was asked what it meant. The youngster paused, scratching his head, but gave no answer, when up jumped a more precious urchin, and cried out, "I know what it means, master. It means huggin' the girls; for Tom Ross is allers huggin' 'em around the waist, and it makes 'em glad as can be."

A Methodist clergyman of Des Moines recently gave utterance to the following petition on the Sabbath: "Oh, Lord!—may intemperance cease in our land!—Especially may it cease among our officers and rulers; but, oh Lord, if they are determined to get drunk in spite of all Thy warnings to the contrary, we beseech Thee not to permit them all to get drunk at one time!"

Three weeks ago George N. Sanders promised to come to New York to chastise the editor of the Times if the Government would give him permission. The permission is granted. And so anxious are the authorities at Washington to look upon his lovely countenance that they are willing to pay the handsome sum of twenty-five thousand dollars for the privilege.

John C. Fremont has bought a country seat at Tarrytown, N. Y.

A young Irish lady challenges the world to a trial in archery.

It is prophesied that the coming summer will be the hottest in ten years.

The municipal debt of Albany is \$1,580,000.

A gang of horse thieves are said to be infesting Franklin county.

The New York policemen are to have a new uniform, made of blue flannel.

Three of the loyal States—California, Oregon and Nevada—have no national banks.

A DAY IN PETTICOATS.

BY A MODEST YOUNG MAN.

"I couldn't think of such a thing!" "But you must. My happiness depends on it. Here, put the thingum-bobs; and the what's his name." And my friend Bob Styles, held up before my hesitant gaze a whole suit of feminine apparel.

His idea was that I should personate his lady love for one day, to prevent anybody from suspecting the truth—namely, that she had joined him in a runaway marriage party—until it should be too late for interference; that is, until the minister should have tied a knot between them that nothing but death or a special grant of the Legislature could untie.

This scheme was not actually so absurd as it appeared at first sight. Maggie Lee was a tall, queenly woman, with an almost masculine air, and at that time, I had a very slight form—almost effeminate, so that in fact, there was really but little difference in that point. Then I had light hair parted in the middle, and put a bonnet on my head and few persons would suspect that I was not of the softer sex. These accessories also gave me quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especially when, as in this case, the disguise was her own.

Then the day chosen for the runaway match was an auspicious one. Maggie's pa was to drive her to D—, a small village near where she lived, and there she was to join a sailing party down D—river, to the grove three miles below, from which the party was to return in the evening in carriages.

Our plan was that I should be waiting in the village, and should go on the boat dined that pleasure and persuaded Jennie with the sailing party, while Maggie, after leaving her father, should slip off with Bob Styles, across the country.

At last I got dressed, and presented myself before Maggie, blushing a great deal I believe, feeling very much about the waist, and with an uncomfortable consciousness that my—my shirt sleeves were too short; or waiting altogether.

Everything finished, in the way of toilet, Bob Styles took me into his light wagon, drove me over to D—, by a secluded route, and left me at the hotel where the sailing party was to assemble. Several of the picnicers were already there, and they greeted my cavalier with cordiality, (everybody knew Bob Styles) asking if he was going with them. He told them he was not.

"Pressing business engagements you know and all that sort of thing. Deuced sorry I can't go though. I just had time to bring Miss Lee over, and now I'm off. Mr. Bimby this is Miss Lee. Miss Withergill, Miss Lee," and then rattled off a long string of brief introductions, which convinced me that but few of the company were acquainted with the young lady whom I was thus personating—a very fortunate thing for the preservation of my disguise.

Mr. Bimby, a tall, legal-looking man with a hook-nose, and eye-glass and puffy hair, seemed to be prepossessed with my personage, and I overheard him whisper to Bob Styles, as he went out: "Nice looking girl, that Miss Lee."

"Yes," answered Bob with a mischievous glance at me, "she is a nice girl, though a little go-a-head sometimes.—Keep a little lookout on her will you?"—then lowering his voice said: "not a bad match for you, old fellow, she is rich."

"Is she?" said Bimby, his interest deepening. "On my honor," replied Bob. "Forty thousand dollars in her own right. Day-day!" and he was gone.

have liked it better. As it was I felt as if I was "obtaining goods under false pretences," and lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for my arrest on that ground at any moment.

A whole knot of crinoline then surrounded me, on the upper deck of the boat, to the utter exclusion and consequent disgust of Mr. Bimby and all the other gentlemen. I kept very quiet, only speaking in monosyllables, in a falsetto voice; but the others—la! bless you! how they gabbled! Under a strict promise of secrecy, the little boarding school maiden who had kissed me so affectionately, revealed all her love affairs, and also became very unpleasantly confidential about other matters—innocent enough in themselves; but not customarily talked of between ladies and gentlemen.

I was terribly embarrassed, but it would not do to give up then. As soon as my my trick should become known Bob Styles' would come out, and news of that kind travels fast in the country, he and his lady-love would be telegraphed and followed before they could reach Philadelphia, where Styles lived and where the knot was to be tied.

The river breeze was very fresh where we sat and I noticed that several of the ladies were glancing uneasily at me. I couldn't divine the reason, until Jennie, my little friend from boarding school, laid her face dangerously close to mine, and whispered:

"My dear Maggie, your dress is blowing up terribly high—your ankles will be town talk with the gentlemen!"

Now I was conscious of having a very small foot for a man, and had donned a pair of open worked stockings which came up nearly to my waist, with a pair of garters borrowed from a servant girl, in all of which toggermy my "running gear" looked quite feminine and respectable; but the idea of the gentlemen talking about my ankles, and of being addressed thus by a young lady, who would have been frightened to death if I had told her the same thing yesterday, was too much for me. I burst into a sort of strangled laugh, which I could only check by swallowing half of my flagree lace edged handkerchief. The young ladies all looked at me in apparent astonishment at such a voice and I wanted to laugh all the more. Fortunately Mr. Bimby came to my rescue at the moment and edged himself in among the crinoline.

"May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to a low stool near me. "Certainly," I imperiled in my high falsetto.

"Ah, thank you," said Bimby—with a lackadaisical air which nauseated me, as coming from one man to another—"you are as kind as you are fascinating!" "You flatter me!" "I? No, indeed, praise of you cannot be flattery, Miss Lee."

"Oh, sir, really you are a very naughty man," I said in the most feminine tone I could command.

He cast a languishing glance at me through the black lace veil, and I fairly began to fear for his feelings. We soon arrived at the grove, and found our band—engaged beforehand—awaiting us. Of course dancing was the first amusement, and lawyer Bimby led me out for a schottische. It was hard at first for me to take a lady's part in the dance, but I soon got accustomed to it.—A waltz was proposed and I resolved to have a little amusement at the expense of the unfortunate Mr. Bimby.

I had first made him purposely jealous by dancing with two other young fellows, one of whom I knew in my own character, but who never suspected me as Maggie Lee. The young man was a great woman killer—a sort of easy devil-may-care rascal, who made the ladies run after him, by his alternate warmth of action and coolness of protestation. I selected him to "play off" against my legal admirer. I allowed him to hold on to me very closely, and occasionally looked at him with a half-fascinating expression. When we stopped he led me to my seat, keeping his arm about my waist, and I permitted it.

Having thus stirred Bimby up to wrathful feats of valor, I asked one of the gentlemen to direct the musicians to play a waltz. Bimby came immediately.

"Ahem! Miss Lee, shall I have the honor of—of—trying a waltz with you?" I smiled a gracious acquaintance and we commenced.

Now I am an old stager at waltzing. I can keep up longer than any non-professional dancer, male or female, whom I ever met. As long as the Cachuca or Schounbrunnen rings in my ears, I can go on, if it is a year.

Not so with Bimby. He plead want of practice and said that he soon got dizzy. "Ah, a old boy," thought I, "I'll give you a turn then!" But I only smiled, and said that I should probably get tired first. "Oh, yes!" he exclaimed. "Of course I can waltz as long as any one lady, but not much more."

"Oh no!" I burst forth, as coolly as if we were riding around the room, "I feel as if I could waltz all night."

The look of despair that he gave was terrible to see. I was bound to see him through, however, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered and made wild steps in all directions.—His shirt collar wilted, his eyes protruded, his jaw hung down; and, altogether, I saw he could not hold out much longer.

"This is delightful," said I, "and you Mr. Bimby, waltz so easily!" "Puff—puff—ah—puff—yes—oh—puff—very—puff—delightful," he gasped. "Don't you think it ought to go a little faster?"

He rolled his eyes heavenward in agony. "Ah, puff—puff—I don't—ah—puff—don't know." So when we neared the musicians, I said:

"Faster if you please—faster," and they played a *la* whirlwind. Poor Bimby threw his feet about like a fast pacer, and revolved after the manner of a teetotum nearly run down. At last he staggered a step backwards, and spinning eccentrically away from me, pitched headlong in the midst of a boy of young ladies in a corner. I turned around coolly, walked to my seat, and sent the young woman killer after a glass of ice-water.

The miserable lawyer recovered his senses just in time to see me thank his rival for the waltz. I got some idea from this of the fun young ladies have in tormenting our poor fellows of the other sex.

At this juncture, and before Mr. Bimby had time to apologize for his accident, little Jennie came running into the pavillion which served as a ball room. As she came near, I perceived that her hands were clutched tightly in her dress, and I positively shuddered as she whispered to me:

"Oh, Maggie! come and help me fix my skirts—they are all coming down. What should I do? I was in agony. A cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead. I wished myself a thousand miles away and anethematized. Bob Styles' masquerading project inwardly, with fearful maledictions.

I said I was tired out—could not some one else go? No nothing would do but I must accompany her to the house of a gentleman who owned the grove, and assist her to arrange her clothing.

So I went. What if it should be necessary to remove the greater part of her raiment?—What if she should tell me to do some sewing? What if in the midst of all the embarrassments of being closeted with a beautiful girl of seventeen, in a state of comparative freedom from drapery, my real sex and identity should be discovered by her?

I felt as if an apoplectic fit would be a fortunate occurrence for me just then. However, I nerved myself up for the task, and accompanied Jennie to the house designated. An old lady showed us into her chamber, and Jennie, heaving a sigh of relief, let go her dress. As she did so, a—pardon my blushes—petticoat fell to the floor. She was about to proceed, but I alarmed her by a sudden and vehement gesture.

"Stop!" I cried frantically and forgetting my falsetto; "stop! don't undress for God's sake!" She opened her great brown eyes to their widest extent. "And why not?" "Because I am—I am—a—can you keep a secret?"

"Why, yes! How frightened you look! Why, what is the matter Maggie? You—why—oh! oh! oh!" And she gave three screams. "Hush! No noise, or I am lost!"—I exclaimed, putting my hand over her mouth. "I swear I mean no harm; if I had I would not have stopped you. Don't you see?"

She was all of a tremble poor little thing; but she saw the force of my argument. "Oh, sir," she said, "I see you are a man; but what does it all mean? Why did you dress so?"

I told her the story as briefly as possible, after exacting from her a promise of the most sacred secrecy. I then went outside the door, and waited till she had arranged her dress when she called me again. She had heard of me from Maggie and others, and wanted to hear the particulars; so I sat down by her, and we had a long talk, which ended in mutual feelings of friendliness and old acquaintanceship, quite wonderful for people meeting for the first time. Just as we started to go back to the pavillion, I said I must relieve my mind of just one more burden.