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

LET THE ANGELS IN.

Open wide the door, mother,
And let the angels in;
They are so bright and fair, mother,
So pure and free from sin.
I hear them speak my name, mother,
They softly whisper, "Come!"
Oh! let the angels in, mother,
They want to take me home.
I know that death has come, mother,
His hand is on my brow;
You cannot keep me here, mother—
Yes, I must leave you now.
The room is growing dark, mother—
I thought I heard you weep;
'Tis very sweet to die, mother,
Like sinking into sleep!
I now must say farewell! mother,
For I am going home!
Now open wide the door, mother,
And let the angels in!

Giants.

In the time of Augustus Cæsar there were two persons living in Roman called Idusius and Secudius, each of whom exceeded ten feet in height. Their bodies, after death, were kept and preserved as miracles of curiosity in a sepulcher within the Sublician gardens. Pliny names a certain Galara, who in the days of Claudius was brought out of Arabia; and says he was nine feet, nine inches high. The Emperor Maximian, originally a Thracian peasant, measured eight feet and half. His wife's bracelets served him as rings. His voracity such that he consumed forty pounds of flesh daily, and drank 18 bottles of wine. His strength was proportionable to his gigantic shape. He could draw a loaded wagon without help, and with a blow of his fist often broke the teeth in a horse's mouth. He also crushed the hardest stones between his fingers, and cleft trees with his hands. Pliny also speaks of Polydemos, a celebrated athlete, who exceeded all men of his day in stature and in strength. In Mount Olympus he killed a lion with his fist, being unprovided with any other arms. He could stop a chariot with his hand in its most rapid course. Once he singled out the largest and fiercest bull from a herd—took hold of him by one of his hind feet, and notwithstanding his struggles to escape, held him with such strength that his hoof remained in his hand.

An Irish Woman in Kansas.

A letter from Wyandotte relates a remarkable instance of success under difficulties as follows:
"In 1860, an Irish woman—a widow—whose only means consisted of four hundred dollars in money, some half dozen children, took one hundred and sixty acres of Government land.
Since then she has increased this by the assistance of her children and now owns 1,200 acres, all paid for. This year she sold her butter, for \$900. She has recently sold the balance of her last year's corn crop, 1,200 bushels, for \$250 a bushel, which is \$3,000. Last week she sold 22 head of oxen for \$75 each, for \$1,650. So that the produce of the farm, over and above keeping the family, had over \$4,000. She has now on hand 160 head of cattle of all sizes; 28 of which she refused \$50 each. She had 20 firkins of butter in the cellar, which average 120 lbs. each; and which she says she will get 75 cents per pound, by taking it to some of the posts higher up. She has, also, hogs in abundance, and 65 acres of growing corn, and which will produce 80 bushels to an acre."

Now this seems like exaggeration, but it is literally true.

A man coming home late one night a little more than half worked feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth and not knowing what it was, he began pulling at the end, and the ball unrolling he soon had several feet in his hand. He shouted at the top of his voice: "Wife! I wife! I wife, come down here! I am all unraveling."

A lady passing through New Hampshire observed the following notice on a board:—"Horses taken in to grass. Long tails three shillings sixpence, short tails two shillings. The lady asked the owner of the land the reason for the difference of price. He answered: "You see ma'ma the long tails can brush away the flies; but the short tails are so tormented by them that they can hardly eat at all."

Pittsburg is a queer place. The other day three men went into a lager beer saloon, and two commenced catching all the flies therein, while the third ate the insects as fast as caught, on a bet that he could eat them quicker than his companions could catch them. They were arrested and fined three dollars each for the fun.

A red nosed gentleman asked a wit whether he believed in spirits. "Ay, sir," replied he, looking him full in the face, "I see too much evidence before me to doubt it."

Briggs has a great faculty for getting things cheap. The other day he had a beautiful set of teeth inserted for next to nothing. He kicked a dog.

HOW I MADE MY FORTUNE.

Three of us were sitting in a small room, and complaining of the hardships of our destiny.

"Without money one can do nothing," said George. "Were I to hit upon a speculation that would have done honor to a Rothschild, coming from a pauper like myself, no one would think it worth attending to."

"I," said Albert, "have actually finished a work which would establish my reputation as an author, if I could only find a bookseller to buy it."

"I have petitioned my employer for an increase of salary," I exclaimed, anxious to contribute to the chorus of lamentation, "and he told me that for forty louis a year he could get more clerks than he wanted."

"It would not so much matter," said George, thoughtfully, "if besides being poor, we did not seem poor. Could one of us only be thought rich—"

"What is the use of the shadow without the substance?" I asked.

"Of every use," said Albert. "I agree with George—the shadow sometimes makes the substance. The next best thing to capital is credit."

"Especially," returned George, "the credit of having a good fortune. Have none of us a rich uncle in India?"

"A cousin of mine went to Jamaica or Martinique, I forget which," I said innocently, "and he never came back."

"Capital! that is all one requires," exclaimed George. "We will conjure up this cousin of yours—or could we not kill him? Yes, James Meran, of Martinique, deceased, leaving a sugar plantation, a hundred negroes, and a fortune of a hundred thousand louis to his well-beloved cousin, Louis Meran."

We laughed at the joke and thought no more of it; but George and Albert—slightly excited by the fumes of a bowl of punch which I had sent for to do honor to the testator—lost no time in concocting and afterwards publishing a full account in a local newspaper of the fortune that had been left me.

The next day several friends dropped in to compliment me. Of course I endeavored to undeceive them, but they would not take a denial. In vain I assured them it was a hoax. It was no use. Several persons remembered my cousin James very well, and had seen him at Nantes before he embarked in 1789. Among others came my tailor, to whom I owed a small sum which was not quite convenient for me to pay at that moment. I wished my two friends at a place that shall be nameless.

"Good morning, Mr. Mayer. I suppose you came for those fifty francs?"

"I hope, sir, you don't think I came for such a trifle as that. No, sir, I came to take your orders for a suit of mourning."

"A suit of mourning?"

"Yes, sir, cousin's mourning?" Park bronze frock for mourning wear, black trousers and waistcoat."

"At the present moment, Mr. Mayer—"

"I hope, sir, I have done nothing to forfeit your patronage?"

"But I repeat that I have received no money at all."

"I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who busily employed himself in taking my measure from slips of paper.

After all my wardrobe did want some additions, and I said nothing more.

"My dear sir," said my next visitor, "I have a great favor to ask of you. Buy my house. You are very rich; you must be on the look-out for safe and profitable investments. Sixty thousand francs are nothing for you—a mere fraction of your income. With me the case is different. I thought Mr. Felix had made up his mind to purchase the premises, and now I hear he has changed his intention—"

What is to become of me? I have heavy demands to meet, and I don't know where the money is to come from."

"Buy your house? Why it would be madness to think of such a thing."

"Madness? No such thing. You could not find a better investment anywhere. In two years, with trifling repairs, it will be worth double its present value; you will never see such a good opportunity again. Say 'done,' and I'm off."

And he was off without leaving me time to put in a word.

Two hours after I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of temper.

"Really, sir," he began, "you have taken me quite by surprise. That house is indispensable to me; I reckoned on it as if it were mine, and only offered fifty thousand francs because the owner is embarrassed, and I felt sure that he was obliged to take them. With you, sir, the case is different, so I come to ask you will you let me have it for seventy five thousand francs?"

Fifty thousand francs dropping all at once into the lap of a poor fellow who had to work hard for eight hundred francs in a year! I could hardly believe my ears.

"I cannot give you an answer just now, sir," I said, "but if you will take the trouble to call again at five, I'll see what I can do."

At a quarter to five Mr. Felix made his appearance. I spoke to him candidly. I should tell you, sir, that I had no thoughts of buying the house till the owner prevailed on me to do so. You say you want the house, any other will suit

me equally as well, so I accede to your terms."

"You shall have a draft on Paris for the amount in a fortnight," replied Mr. Felix, who bowed and withdrew, apparently enchanted with my way of doing business.

A draft upon Paris! The circumstance appeared so unusual to me that I thought I ought to send it to Paris and get it cashed. I wrote accordingly to Messrs. Planges & Bergeret, the only firm I knew there. I was in the habit of receiving through them the interest of a small sum that had been left me by my uncle. I informed them that, having funds at my disposal, I wished for information as to the best mode of investing them. The significance of the word "funds" varies very much according to the name and position in life of the speaker. The rumor of my legacy had reached Paris, so that when I spoke of funds, it was evident I meant a considerable sum. This was proved by the following letter:

"Sir—We are in receipt of your esteemed favor of the 17th current, which reached us just after the conclusion of the last loan negotiated by the Cortes, in which our firm has an interest. Desirous that our friends should have an opportunity of participating in an investment which were profitable, we have taken the liberty of placing twenty thousand piasters to your credit. Should that amount appear too considerable, the rise of these securities admits of your selling out at a premium."

"We remain, sir, Yours to command, Flance & Co."

To this was added a postscript written by the head of the firm:

"We have heard with pleasure the recent good fortune that has fallen to the lot of our old friend and correspondent, and beg to offer him our services, as occasion may require."

Twenty thousand piasters! I let the letter fall in sheer amazement. What would have been my astonishment, if, more conversant with the terms of commerce, and more attentive to the enclosed account current, I had seen that what I took for the principal, was only the yearly interest? I lost no time in writing to my correspondents, to inform them that the sum was much too large. "I have received no money," I said, from Martinique, and it would be impossible for me to meet my engagements."

An answer came by return post; "We learn with regret that you have misgivings with regard to the Spanish loan. According to your orders, we have sold out half the stock assigned to you, which brings you in already a net profit of eighty thousand francs. With regard to your property at Martinique, we are too well acquainted with delays which bequests at such a distance necessarily involve, to think for a moment that you can be immediately put in possession of your inheritance, but your simple signature will suffice to procure you all the money you may require in the meantime. We take the liberty of reminding you of the advantage of making timely investments, lest, when the legal arrangements are ended, you should find difficulty in getting good interest for so large a capital. Hoping you may have a better opinion of German securities than you do of Spanish, we hand you a prospectus for establishing a bank at Graunigen. You will please to observe, sir, that no deposit is required, and, as calls are only made at long intervals, it will be easy for you to sell your shares, should you change your mind, without your having occasion to make any payment. We have placed fifty shares to your credit, and have honor to remain, &c."

Eighty thousand francs! The amount was a perfect mystery to me: no doubt the clerk had made some mistake in the figures. My position was becoming embarrassing. Congratulations poured in from all quarters, especially when I made my appearance in black from head to foot. The Journal de Gombouges thought it right to publish a biographical sketch of my cousin, and the editor wrote to me asking further particulars.

Ladies connected with all sorts of societies, begged that my name might be added to their list of subscribers, and the money I had to pay for postage was something alarming. To escape from the avalanche of inquiries I hastily departed for Paris. Directly after I got there, I called upon my bankers, and was received as heirs to a large property generally are.

"Sorry that you have such a poor opinion of the Spanish stock," said Monsieur Bergeret; "there has been a great rise, however, we only sold out half your parcel."

"Would you have the goodness to let me know what the present value of the remainder might be?" I replied.

"Certainly, sir, ten thousand piasters stock, at seventy (the piastre being at five francs, thirty-five centimes), the sum already being—if you sell out to-day you will, with the proceeds of last sale, have from two hundred and ten thousand to two hundred and twenty-four thousand francs."

Very well. You said something about a German bank, I think?"

"Yes; the Government made some difficulty about granting a charter; but it is all settled now, and promised shares have risen considerably."

"Can I sell out?"

"Certainly; you have fifty, at four

hundred and fifty florins profit; that will bring you in about sixty thousand francs."

"Without any calls to pay?"

"None whatever."

"That seems strange; but you are, no doubt, well informed. I should like to find a secure investment for those sums; would you have the goodness to tell me what would be the best?"

"You cannot have anything better than our own five per cent. I know of nothing more secure; at the present price of the stock, you get six per cent. for your money. I can easily understand that you would be worried by such trifling details as these; you will soon have more considerable sums to look after."

"Then if I invest the combined produce of the German and Spanish stocks in five per cent., what should I get a year?"

"Let me see. Three hundred thousand francs—funds at eighty—eighteen—twenty—yes, twenty thousand francs a year."

"Ah! twenty thousand francs a year! and when can the investment be made?"

"To-morrow morning; that is, if you allow our firm to conduct the transaction."

"Certainly; in whom could my confidence be better placed?"

The banker made a polite bow. "And now," I continued, "I should feel obliged if you would have the goodness to advance me a few louis, as I am rather short of cash."

"My dear sir, all the cash I possess is at your service. How much do you want—two hundred—four hundred?"

"Thank you, fifty will be quite sufficient."

"May I hope," added the banker, when I rose to take leave, "that our firm may be favored with a continuance of your patronage?"

"Certainly," I replied.

There are few moments of my life on which I look with more satisfaction than on those occupied in the interview with M. Bergeret. I doubt if I should be believed in the twenty thousand francs a year, if it had not been for the fifty Napoleons.

In the meantime my two friends were shocked at the success of their story, and were not a little alarmed at my sudden journey to Paris; which was attributed by others to legal business. George and Albert then began to fear that I really believed in the authenticity of the invention they had concocted.

Three days after my return they came to see me with their long faces.

"My dear Louisa," said George, "you know your cousin is not dead?"

"I cannot be sure of that," I replied, "for I am by no means convinced of his existence."

"Well; you know that this inheritance is only a hoax?"

"To tell the truth, I think we are the only people that are of that opinion."

"We have been very wrong to originate such an invention; for which we are sincerely sorry."

"On the contrary, I am very much obliged to you."

"But it is our duty to contradict it, and confess how foolish we have been."

Truth cannot long remain concealed. People began to wonder that no news came from Martinique; the wise and prudent shook their heads ominously when my name was mentioned.

"The most ludicrous feature in the case is," said one, "that he has ended in believing in the truth of his own invention. For my part, I must say that I was always rather skeptical about that inheritance."

"And I also," said Mr. Felix, though it cost me fifteen thousand francs."

On seeing a dozen letters on my table one morning, I guessed that the bubble had burst. Their contents were much alike; for instance:

"Mr. Mayer's respects to Mr. Meran, and having very heavy payments to meet will feel obliged by a cheque for the amount of the enclosed."

My replies dismissed all doubts of my perfect solvency.

"Mr. Meran thanks Mr. Mayer for having at last sent in his account, and encloses a cheque for the amount."

My cool and unconcerned demeanor kept curiosity alive for a few days longer.

"What a lucky fellow!" said one.

"Luck has nothing to do with it," rejoined another; "he has played his cards well, and has won."

Once or twice, I confess, I felt compunction of conscience; but a moment's reflection convinced me that my own exertions had no share in my good fortune, and that I owed it all to a universal worship of the Golden Calf, and the truth of Albert's axiom "the next best thing to capital is credit."

Something About Wills.

The practice of making wills is one which has descended to us from the remotest ages of the world. Amongst the Jews the descent of property was controlled by fixed laws, but it was nevertheless, the custom of the head of the family, on his death-bed, to express his wishes in the presence of witnesses and of his heirs. The practice was also universally observed by the Greeks and Romans, and other cotemporary nations. Solon introduced written wills into Athens, and the same were required by the Roman law. To Mohamedans they are enjoined by the Koran. They were in use among the barbarians of the North at a very early period; and it is certain that the Mexicans observed the custom prior to their subjugation by the Spaniards. Wills made by the British kings are recorded as far back as the time of Edward the Confessor. The laws relating to wills vary in different countries. A writer on the subject thus defines the Law in England and the United States:

By the English law the testator must be over 21 years of age, and neither a lunatic nor an idiot, nor deaf nor dumb, nor drunk at the time of signing, nor an outlaw, nor an pardoned felon. All wills must be in writing, except those of soldiers in actual service, and mariners at sea—which may be nuncupative or oral. All kinds of property may be devised, and the will must be signed by the testator, or by his direction, in the presence of each other. A woman cannot be an attesting witness; all devises and gifts by will to a witness are void; and a will is revoked by the marriage of the testator. A married woman can only bequeath her pin money or separate maintenance, without the consent of her husband; and an office has been opened for the reception and safe keeping of the wills of living persons.

The common law, as well as the bearings of the English statutes, are variously modified in the different States of America. A married woman cannot by common law make any will whatever—a remnant of the feudal system which merged the rights and almost the existence of the wife in that of the husband. But this rule has of late years received much modification in England, and much more in many of our States. In several, her common law disability remains unchanged; in most, it is diminished, by permitting her to exert some power of disposition over her property; in many the assent of the husband is necessary to the validity of her will; while in Illinois and Connecticut it would seem as if the rule of the Roman civil law were adopted, and a married woman had the same power of making a will as if she were a *jemme sole*.

The laws of Louisiana, copied from the French code, prohibit a parent from disinheriting his children, but in all the other States he has the power to do so."

We may add that the laws of Maryland, which secure to a wife her separate property, if she so desire, as a matter of course, allow her to will it as she may think best, and without will it descends to her children, if she have any.

Some curious and interesting wills are to be found in the records of the past.—The Countess of Northampton left to the Friar's church, "a cross made of the very wood of our Saviour's cross," and the Earl of Huntington directed that his heart should be preserved in spices. Dame Alice Wyche, widow of the Lord Mayor of London, set an example of sensible charity. She bequeathed £200 to poor diligent laborers in poor villages; to 100 poor householders a cow, and 13 shillings and 4 pence each, with 3 ewes; and for the marriage of poor maidens of good conversation, £100. Michael Angelo, the great painter, made his will in these words: "My soul I resign to God; my body to the earth; and my worldly possessions to my nearest relations."

Copie directed that his body should be carried to the grave by the six poorest men in the parish, each of whom should receive a suit of coarse gray clothing.—Dean Swift gave the most of his property to endow a lunatic asylum in Dublin, and Dr. Johnson the bulk of his to a negro servant, Francis Barber. Washington's will was signed at the bottom of each page and was prepared with that scrupulous care and exactitude which distinguished every act of his life. The will of Napoleon has always been regarded as a stigma on his character. He bequeathed ten thousand francs to the man who was suspected of a design to assassinate the Duke of Wellington. He expressed the opinion that "he had as much right to assassinate that oligarch as the latter had to send me to perish on the Island of St. Helena." The learned Dr. John Collins Warren of Boston made a will (1856) directing that,

"After the funeral solemnities, in the full and proper form of the Episcopal Church, that his body be removed to the Medical College for dissection; his skeleton to be preserved, whitened, and placed in the lecture room, near his Bust; and affording a lesson useful to morality and science; earnestly hoping that his family would lay aside any natural feeling of opposition to this, his last request, considering that it was for the interest of humanity, and for his and their honor." (His wishes were faithfully carried out.)

It was a touching proof of the great affection which Lord Chancellor Eldon bore to the memory of his wife, when he enjoined in his will that her wedding-ring should be deposited in his own coffin.

We will close what we have to say on this subject by mentioning that poetical wills were formerly quite common in England.

A Short Love Story.

Here is a story told by one Morgan, a sea captain, concerning the choice of a husband at sea which may afford a profitable hint to young ladies en voyage:—

Single ladies often cross the water under the special care of the captain of the ship, and if a love affair occurs among the passengers, the captain is usually the confidante of one or both parties. A very fascinating young lady had been placed under Morgan's care, and three young men fell desperately in love with her.— They were all equally agreeable, and the young lady was puzzled which to encourage. She asked the captain's advice.

"Come on deck," said he, "the first day it is perfectly calm; the gentlemen of course, will all be near you. I will have a boat quietly lowered down, and you jump overboard and see which of the gentlemen will jump after you."

A calm day soon came, the captain's suggestions were followed, and two of the lovers jumped after the lady at the instant. But between these two the lady could not decide, so exactly was their devotion.— She had again consulted the captain—

"Take the man that didn't jump—he's the more sensible fellow, and will make the best husband."

The Text.

A pious old lady, who was too unwell to attend meeting, used to send her thick headed husband to church to find out the text the preacher selected as the foundation of his discourse. The poor dunce was rarely fortunate enough to remember the words of the text, or even the chapter and verse where they could be found; but one Sabbath he ran for home in hot haste, and with a smirk of satisfaction on his face, informed his wife that he could repeat every word, without missing even so much as one syllable. The words were as follows:

"An angel came down from heaven, and took a live coal from the altar."

"I know every word," replied the husband.

"I am anxious to hear it," continued the wife.

"They are nice words," observed the husband.

"I'm glad your memory is improving, but don't keep me in suspense, my dear," said she.

"Just get your big Bible, and then I will say the words, for I know them by heart. I said them a hundred times or my way home."

"Well, let's hear them."

"Ahem!" said he clearing his throat.

"An Ingun came down from New Haven and took a live coal by the tail, and jerked him out of the balter."

Didn't Strike "He."

For many years Geologists have believed that his Satanic Majesty's Realm lay near to the surface of the earth, in Pike County, Pa., and it was a mooted question, until a short time since, when a mere accident decided it. It seems that a number of wealthy men of that county concluded that Pike Co. was rich in other products besides "hoop poles" and "rattlesnakes." In short, they had an attack of "He on the brain." The company was organized, stock subscribed, and the spot indicated for the experiment. All went on swimmingly "as a marriage bell."

The surface indications were good; expectation rose high; likewise the stock. After much toil, labor and trouble, and penetrating the bowels of the earth to the distance of half a mile, and just at a time when the indications of a rich "vein" of the precious fluid being found were very flattering, the auger struck the upper strata and penetrated into the "Shades of Hades!" The intense heat melted this diamond point of the drill, and the Company "busted!"

Thus ended the wild speculations of the Company, but the science of geology stood forth vindicated.—Catskill Recorder.

An extraordinary case has been brought to light at Colyton, in the west of England. A man who is generally looked on as an eccentric character, has in his possession an unburied corpse of his mother, who died five years ago. When she died he had a leaden coffin made with a glass plate at the top. He deposited the coffin in a shed, and from time to time goes there to look upon the face of his mother.

The following are among the notices put up at a petroleum town in Western Pennsylvania:—"No talking with the chambermaid"—"Fare as high as at any other house"—"Not responsible for boots left in the hall"—"No sardines admitted."

An impatient boy, waiting for the grist, said to the miller: "I could eat the meal as fast as the mill grinds it." "How long could you do so?" inquired the miller. "Till I starved to death," was the sarcastic reply.

"I mourn for my bleeding country," said a certain army contractor to General Sheridan. "So you ought, you scoundrel," replied Sheridan, "for nobody has bled her more than you."

Josh Billings says, "When once axed if I believed in the final salvation of men, I sed yes but let me pick the men."