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

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Nature decked in gayest beauty,
For 'tis summer's last good-bye—
Why should all things fair in nature
Don their liveliest tints to die!
Why upon the loftiest branches
Should the leaves be blushing so—
To impress us with their beauty,
And to conquer 'ere they go?
Some have chosen scarlet dresses,
Some are decked in green and gold.
Others were their summer garments,
Though the winds are growing cold.
All are happy, all are joyous;
'Tis perhaps their gala day,
And they meet with blushing beauty
Ere they hasten far away.
Ah! but listen, is that music!
Are there greetings gay or sad!
Do they tremble now for sorrow—
Or because they're gay and glad!
'Tis not music that we're hearing,
It is but the north wind's breath
As he issues forth his orders,
And their sentence now is death.
Look upon the mossy green sward,
It is not their gala day;
They are dressed in gold and crimson,
For they're hastening to decay,
And the blush we're so admiring
Is the forerunner of doom;
Like the hectic flush of beauty,
'Ere it sinks into the tomb—
Or the rosy hue of even,
That is glowing in the West,
When night impatient seeks to reign,
And the sun sinks to his rest.

On the little Miami Railroad is a station called Morrow. A new brakemen on the road, who did not know the names of the stations, was approached by a stranger the other day, while standing by his train at the depot, who inquired—

"Does this train go to Morrow to-day?"
"No," said the brakeman, who thought the stranger was making game of him, "it goes to-day, yesterday, week after next."
"You don't understand me," persisted the stranger. "I want to go to Morrow."
"Well, why in thunder don't you wait until to-morrow, then, and not come bothering around to-day. You can go to-morrow or any other day you please."
"Won't you answer a civil question civilly! Will this train go to-day to Morrow?"
"Not exactly. It will go to-day and come back to-morrow."

As the stranger who wanted to go to Morrow was about to leave in disgust, another employe, who knew the station alluded came along and gave him the required information.

Big Orchards.

The size of the orchards in California and the profits which they yield, are immense. A private letter from Marysville speaks of one in which seventy hands were kept constantly employed, and which, during the cherry season last June, yielded a profit of \$1000 per day—all from this one fruit. Last year the proprietor used \$20,000 worth of lumber and three tons of sixpenny nails making boxes for his fruit. This is a big story, but it is reliable.

Magnesia Pipes.

Meershaum is made on a large scale in New York, says the Boston Advertiser, by saturating carbonate of magnesia in silicate of soda or soluble glass—care in selecting a good quality of magnesia being the only requisite for success. Magnesia costs about thirty-five cents per pound; silicate of soda even less. A pipe made of the "foam of the sea," as smokers verily believe, costs for material about five cents, leaving the balance for labor.

It is said that when Jonas saw the whale getting ready to swallow him, he looked "down in the mouth."

Anything Midas touched was turned to gold. In these days, touch a man with gold and he'll turn into anything.

Fortune knocks once at least at every man's door. If she ever knocked at our's it was when we were out.

If a woman could talk out of both corners of her mouth at the same time, there would be a great deal said on both sides.

A Sailor, looking serious in a chapel in Boston, was asked by a minister if he felt any change.—"Not a cent," said Jack.

England's convicts cost her \$1,744,080 per annum.

A CONVERSATION

WITH

PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

HIS POLICY ON RECONSTRUCTION.

Views on Negro Suffrage.

Medford, Mass., Oct. 8, 1865.

My Dear Sir: I was so much impressed with our conversation of last Tuesday, that I returned immediately to my room and wrote down such of the points made as I could remember, and having pondered them all the way home, am to-day, more than ever, convinced that, if corrected by you and returned to me for either public or private use, it will go far to promote a good understanding between you and our leading men.

It will also unite the public mind in favor of your plan, so far at least as you would carry it out without modification. You are aware that I do not associate much with men in political life, but rather with those who representing the advanced moral sense of the country, earnestly labor for the good of our people, without hope of, or even desire for office or other immediate reward. The latter class desire earnestly to understand your administration.

I think the publication of your process of reconstruction, with the reasons for your father in it, will commend itself to their candid judgment, and, as I told you, inspire our whole Northern people with confidence in your administration.

The report is meager and unsatisfactory, but I think it conveys, for the most part, the spirit of our conversation. Therefore, although the whole tenor of your words led me to believe it was not intended to be kept private, I have refrained from answering the specific inquiries of anxious friends, whom I met on my way home, lest I might, in some way, leave a wrong impression on their minds.

Truly your friend,
George L. Stearns.

The President of the United States.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 3—11½ a. m.

I have just returned from an interview with President Johnson, in which he talked for an hour on the process of reconstruction of Rebel States. His manner was as cordial, and his conversation as free, as in 1863, when I met him daily in Nashville.

His countenance is healthy, even more so than when I first knew him.

I remarked, that the people of the North were anxious that the process of reconstruction should be thorough, and they wished to support him in the arduous work, but their ideas were confused by the conflicting reports constantly circulated, and especially by the present position of the Democratic party. It is indubitably circulated in the Democratic Clubs that he was going over to them. He laughingly replied, "Major, have you never known a man who for many years had differed from your views because you were in advance of him, claim them as his own when he came up to your stand-point?"

I replied, I have often. He said, So have I, and went on: the Democratic party finds its old position untenable, and is coming to ours; if it has come up to our position, I am glad of it. You and I need no preparation for this conversation; we can talk freely on this subject, for the thoughts are familiar to us; we can be perfectly frank with each other. He then commenced with saying that the States are in the Union, which is whole and indivisible.

Individuals tried to carry them out, but did not succeed, as a man may try to cut his throat and be prevented by the bystanders; and you cannot say he cut his throat because he tried to do it.

Individuals may commit treason, and be punished, and a large number of individuals may constitute a rebellion and be punished as traitors. Some States tried to get out of the Union, and we opposed it, honestly, because we believed it to be wrong; and we have succeeded in putting down the Rebellion. The power of those persons who made the attempt has been crushed, and now we want to reconstruct the State Governments and have the power to do it. The State institutions are prostrated, laid out on the ground, and they must be taken and adapted to the progress of events; this cannot be done in a moment. We are making very rapid progress, so rapid I sometimes cannot realize it; it appears like a dream.

We must not be in too much of a hurry; it is better to let them reconstruct themselves than to force them to it; for if they go wrong, the power is in our hands and we can check them at any stage, to the end, and oblige them to correct their errors; we must be patient with them—I did not expect to keep out all who were excluded from the Amnesty, or even a large number of them, but I intended they should sue for pardon, and so realize the enormity of the crime they had committed.

You could not have broached the subject as equal suffrage, at the North, seven years ago, and we must remember that the changes at the South have been more rapid, and they have been obliged to accept more unpalatable truth than the North has; we must give them time to digest a part, for we cannot expect such large affairs will be comprehended and digested at once. We must give them time to understand their new position.

I have nothing to conceal in these matters, and have no desire or willingness to

take indirect courses to obtain what we want.

Our Government is a grand and lofty structure; in searching for its foundation we find it rests on the broad basis of popular rights. The elective franchise is not a natural right, but a political right. I am opposed to giving the States too much power, and also to a great consolidation of power in the Central Government.

If I interfered with the vote in the Rebel States, to dictate that the negro shall vote, I might do the same thing for my own purposes in Pennsylvania. Our only safety lies in allowing each State to control the right of voting by its own laws, and we have the power to control the Rebel States if they go wrong. If they rebel, we have the army, and can control them by it, and if necessary, by legislation also. If the General Government controls the right to vote in the States, it may establish such rules as will restrict the vote to a small number of persons, and thus create a central despotism.

My position here is different from what it would be if I was in Tennessee. There I should try to introduce negro suffrage gradually; first those who had served in the army; those who could read and write, and perhaps a proper qualification for others, say \$200 or \$250.

It would not do to let the negro have universal suffrage now; it would breed a war of races.

There was a time in the Southern States when the slaves of large owners looked down upon non-slaveowners because they did not own slaves; the larger the number of slaves their masters owned, the prouder they were, and this has produced hostility between the mass of the whites and the negroes. The outrages are mostly from non-slaveholding whites against the negro, and from the negro upon the slaveholding whites.

The negro will vote with the late master who he does not hate, rather than with the non-slaveholding white, whom he hate. Universal suffrage would create another war, not against us, but a war of races.

Another thing. This Government is the freest and best on the earth, and I feel sure is destined to last.

But to secure this, we must elevate and purify the ballot. I for many years contended at the South that Slavery was a political weakness, but others said it was political strength; they thought we gained three-fifths representation by it; I contended that we lost two-fifths.

If we had no slaves, we should have had twelve Representatives more, according to the then ratio of representation.—Congress apportioned representation by States, not districts, and the State apportionments by districts.

Many years ago, I moved in the Legislature that the apportionment of Representatives to Congress, in Tennessee, should be by qualified voters.

The apportionment is now fixed until 1872; before that time we might change the basis of representation from population to qualified voters, North as well as South, and, in due course of time, the States, without regard to color, might extend the elective franchise to all who possessed certain mental, moral, or such other qualifications, as might be determined by an enlightened public judgment.

Boston, Oct. 18, 1865.

The above report was returned to me by President Johnson with the following indorsement.

George L. Stearns.

I have read the within Communication and find it substantially Correct.
I have made some verbal alterations.
(Signed) A. J.

Singular.

Mr. Wm. Wisner, of Salt Creek township Wayne county, communicates the following to the Wooster Republican:

MR. EDITOR:—I sold a horse for cavalry service in May, 1861, for \$85, and on the 15th of August, 1865, I attended the sale of horses at Massillon, for the purpose of purchasing a horse. I found the same horse, and purchased him of the Government for \$80. This veteran is as sound to all appearance, as able to do service on the farm or in the cavalry, as when I sold him in 1861. The Government has had the use of this horse four years and three months for \$5.

WM. WISNER.

A Paradise for Sportsmen.

A Virginia paper says that the supply of game in the State is extraordinary. The woods swarm with squirrels there are crowded settlements of rabbits while the partridges are so numerous that they come up to the very doors of farm-houses and make "pot-luck" whitt the farmers' chickens.

A musical prodigy, an idiotic negro boy, is causing considerable excitement in New-York by his wonderful powers, being able to execute the most difficult compositions after a single hearing.

The Morris and Essex Railroad is progressing rapidly towards completion. It is asserted that in six weeks the road will be completed. The entire length of the road from Easton to Hoboken, is eighty-four miles.

Six inches of snow fell in Aroostook county, Maine, last week; in the woods it is fifteen inches deep.

THE PETROLEUM FIELDS.

Survey of the Venango Region—Course of Capitalists and others in the Classic Parlious of Oilium—Personnelle of the Excursion—At Corry—Down to Oil Creek—Pithole—A Magic City—Cherry Run—A Projected Railroad.

Correspondence of the Tribune.

CITY OF RENO, Venango Co., Pa., }
Oct. 19, 1865

It is already known to most readers that certain gentlemen of position and influence living in this vicinity here invited the business men, scholars and legislators, to make a survey of the oil regions with a view of placing before them some plans for the improvement and development of the important field, to see for themselves the evidences of future prosperity, and to consider the needs and requirements of this population and territory at the hands of the Government and the public.

THE MONSTER EXCURSION.

It is a misfortune that the Oil Regions have too long been regarded as a theater for illegitimate and abnormal speculation, partaking more of the character of a lottery than a permanent branch of mining business. The time has come when it must cease to be regarded as the pursuit of adventurers and gambling swindlers, but be governed by the same laws as all other industrial pursuits. The oil trade, in fact, is one of the heaviest and most permanent interests of the country. In this conviction, and with a view of placing the subject fairly before the country, a committee, of which Mr. Chas. Vernon Culver is the principal, extended on invitation to several hundred of the men most interested in finance, trade and science, to go over the ground with them. According to programme, about a hundred and fifty gentlemen from nearly every large city in the Union, assembled at the McHenry House, in Meadville, on Wednesday morning, whence they started by special train, kindly furnished by the Atlantic and Great Western Railway for Corry, forty miles distant.

At Corry we gain the first realizing sense of the magnitude of this trade by an inspection of the large oil refinery of Mr. Samuel Downer, which has a daily refining capacity of 500 barrels. Last year the amount paid for crude oil amounted to \$1,200,000. The proportion of refined oil varies from 75 to 95 per cent. About 10 per cent. of naphtha is profitably distilled from the crude petroleum. The tar, which, in Europe, is converted into rare dye stuffs, is here burned in the shape of coke. One peculiarity of all crude oils is developed here—the presence of paraffine crystals, which, upon condensation and congelation, become visible. Heavy or lubricating oil can be extracted from oil in various proportions.—After the heavy oil is pressed, after the manner of linseed, a white cake of paraffine remains, which resembles pure white wax in color, consistency and tastes, and, I am informed, is sold for the purposes, even to the making of chewing gum!

OIL CREEK AND ITS WRECKS.

From Corry the party took the railroad down the famous Oil Creek Valley to Titusville, now a city of some 6000 people, and once the very gateway to the oil fields. Beyond Titusville the train passes through a succession of derricks in the bottom of the gorge. Arrived at Shafer, horses were provided for the entire party, and although the weather was cold, rainy and bleak, the cavaliers mounted with buoyant spirits, albeit many of its members were bankers, politicians, merchants and editors who had not bestridden a horse in many years. The appearance of the cavalcade as it filed down and across the stream was most ludicrous, as the horses were of all degrees of activity and inaction. The trip down to petroleum Centre was accomplished without further accident than one of the party being thrown from his steed, quite a number being wet through, and all more or less chilled.—At the Centre we observed an interesting company have undertaken the work of putting down an enormous shaft, 11 by 20 feet, in order to ascertain what is below. If not interrupted by too much gas they may be able to discover the source of the oil in about five years.

It is rather a melancholy exhibit and apt to elate somewhat one's enthusiasm for oil speculation to ride through miles of abandoned and idle wells in the now "dry territory" of Oil Creek, which was once the scene of so much activity. Of 3,000 wells that have been put down in the creek, not more than 150 are yielding anything at all, and of these the average product, will not be over 20 barrels a day. The great flowing wells, which have excited such feverish speculations in their day—the Noble, the Coquetted, the Phillip, the Jersey, McClintock, and others, are now either dry altogether, or are being pumped for small quantities. The wave of excitement has flown over the Oil Creek, and the adventurers have abandoned it for the more lucrative field elsewhere.

From Petroleum Centre we struck across the hills through Plumer to Pithole. This is at present the great point of interest, and certainly in several aspects it is a remarkable place. Already it is a city of 10,000 people, with 50 large hotels, banks, theaters, and all the appurtenances of city life—except, indeed, those which are most necessary, street-roads and walks, water and government.

THE WONDERS OF PITHOLE.

The greatest phenomena, the springs of all its prosperity, are the flowing wells. Sliding and stumbling through the greasy and bottomless mud we visited the most notable of them. The largest yielding well at our visit flowed about 1,300 barrels a day. Standing on the scaffold by the side of a huge tank into which the pipe is laid, we could watch the spouting fountain pouring forth in convulsive gasps its stream of muddy-colored fluid with such velocity as to toss into foam the surface of the vats. The flow is slightly irregular, consisting of a forcible ejection for about 20 minutes, with an intermission. Although the oil runs all the while it is spasmodically forced out with increased volume. Sometimes two or even three of these eruptions run together. The temperature of the oil is about 50 to 60, of a deep dark olive green, of night specific gravity and pure oil. Other wells are going down beside it, one of which commenced pumping 200 barrels a day yesterday. The gas given off by the flowing wells is very pungent and inflammable. Two or three destructive fires have occurred lately.

Next to this is one flowing about 1,000 barrels much in the same manner. There are not more than a dozen flowing wells on Pithole Creek at this time, though there are 50 pumping. Nearly all of the spouters had to be pumped in the first instance, so that the number may be increased. The gross product of the creek can be put down at about 8,000 barrels a day. Hundreds of new wells are being put down. Of course, the land in this vicinity is held at enormous rates, single leases commanding as much as \$25,000 and half the oil. Six hundred teams are employed hauling oil to the railroads, and a line of pipe six miles to Oil Creek carries off a portion. There is an accumulation of 30,000 barrels standing.

One of the most remarkable features of Pithole City, and in fact, of the whole region, is the hotel enterprise. Hotels are American institutions, and have their most astonishing development hereabout. At the Morey Farm Hotel, where our monster excursion stopped, we found a large and commodious house, lighted with naphtholine gas, with very fair rooms, telegraph offices, stables, and everything very complete. To be sure, we had only eight or ten in a room, but the fare was truly excellent for the place. Ugly as is the name of this city, it is most expressively appropriate. Such roads and streets we venture to say, nowhere exists in the world, not even in Stamboul. All over this part of the country the roads are bad, here they are horrible. Railroads are being constructed hither, but until they reach here everything is left in worse than natural disorder.

CERRY RUN AND OIL CITY.

Leaving Pithole next morning, after a complimentary supper furnished by the kindness of Messrs. Duncan & Prather, very fortunate operators here, our party made its way through a cold pelting rain, over the hills again to the famous Cherry Creek, or Run, as it is called.—Here, again, we observed the same state of abandonment, in a less degree, as before. Cherry Run has had its day, and now, out of 2,000 wells put down, less than 200 are paying expenses. The derricks in some places stand as thick as masts in the North River. There are two or three refineries on the creek. From Rousseville, which is at the mouth of Cherry Run, to Oil City, we continued down Oil Creek. Oil City, at the junction of the latter stream with the Alleghany, is principally important as a point for shipping oil in flat boats down the river to Pittsburgh. It is like the rest, a wretched little place perched up under the brow of a steep bank, consists of one long, wretched street, and several large store houses for oil. A good deal of this trade will no doubt be diverted from the place by the railroads now building.

RENO, A CITY OF THE FUTURE.

Two miles and a half further down is Reno, as yet a small place, with but few wells put down, but from its natural site and its advantages of trade, is no doubt destined to become one of the centers of the oil trade, if not, indeed, the principal one. It is most favorably and beautifully situated, and is the freight terminus of the Franklin Branch. Gen. Burnside, who is expected here to night, has commenced work upon a railroad that is to connect Reno with Pithole, which it is expected to be done in 60 days. Mr. Culver is the builder and projector. I may mention that in order to avoid the notorious impediments which are usually thrown in the way of Railroad enterprises by the Pennsylvania Legislature, the corporators introduced a bill through a very quiet old member from the eastern part of the State, for a charter for a railroad from the "head waters of Baker's Creek to Shafer's Run, said road not to interfere with the privileges" of a certain road down in the eastern part of the State.—As nobody knew or suspected the locality, the bill was passed unobstructed.

A GIANT STOCK COMPANY.

From Reno we take the cars for Franklin to-night, thence back again to Meadville. On the whole, though the elements have been very much against the excursion, it has been a success. Its committee have done all in their power to render it comfortable. I should mention that Messrs. Culver & Grow have matured a plan which is destined to effect a great revolution both in the oil trade and in the society here, which will also prove

of great pecuniary benefit to themselves and the public which is invited to become associated with them.

Salt Wells in the United States.

The consumption of salt in this country is of enormous but unknown magnitude. Our supplies come from the West Indies and Great Britain chiefly, and Liverpool salt is nothing other than that of the West Indies improved by grinding. A great deal is derived too from domestic distillation.

It will be recollected that an important duty performed by the navy along the Atlantic and Bay coasts of the Southern States, was the destruction of all salt factories, some of which were unexpectedly large and well furnished, and turned out immense. Besides being produced by solar evaporation of sea water, as in the cases alluded to, salt is also obtained in this country from distillation of the brine of salt springs and from the borders of salt lakes, where the sun evaporates the water. New York and West Virginia and Ohio and Michigan furnish something of the former. Texas and Utah provide the latter. The business now is a very important one, since we consume some twenty-eight million bushels annually. As long ago as 1829 the wells on the Kanawha river produced about one million of salt annually, which was afterwards increased to some three millions.—The wells there were sunk from 800 to 1,500 feet, and the Holston river salines produced about 250,000 bushels annually.

The salt springs on the river Kiskiminetas, in Western Pennsylvania, yield about one million bushels annually, and from what we have of the product in the Northwestern part of the State, we expect to have the production greatly increased by the next census.

There were some half a million bushels produced in the Hooking Valley and Pomry salines of Ohio in 1855, and the yield must be vastly larger now. There are three great salt basins, too, in Michigan; 17,000 square miles in the valley of the Saginaw river, producing 50,000 bushel in 1850, having been so enlarged by closing the Kanawha works, that more than 3,000,000 were made in 1863.—This finds its market in the South and West. The New York works at Syracuse produced 9,378,864 bushels in 1862, and 8,378,835 in 1863. The association owning them has a capital of \$160,000, and in four years they have paid to the stockholders \$944,000. The total product of the country is about 17,000,000 bushels per annum, and total import between 10,000,000; giving an aggregate consumption of about 30,000,000 bushels.

As an illustration of Virginia slave-breeding, it is said that Charles Sophax, colored Messenger, to Mr. Harlan, of the Interior Department, is a half-brother to Robert E. Lee's wife, and grandson to George Washington Parke Curtis. There are seven other men of the same parentage, all brothers, two of whom have been employees of the Interior Department for a number of years. Governor Brown, of Georgia, who was recently in Washington admitted this fact.

The Secretary of the Treasury has made a highly favorable report of the financial affairs of the government, and the progress made with regard to the public debt during the month of September. The actual reduction of that debt, exclusive of the amount saved by the cancellation of compound interest notes received for public dues, was \$12,541,765.28.—The decrease in the interest of the public debt was \$502,411.90, which exceeds the decrease in the previous month by \$271,411.99. This is the first time since the commencement of the war when the monthly statement of the Treasury had exhibited a decrease of the public debt.

Two weeks ago on Monday night, Ferdinand Kirchner brutally murdered Henry Henning, a soldier, in Buffalo, to secure a one hundred dollar bill in his possession. The same night he was arrested, on Tuesday committed, on Wednesday indicted, on this week Wednesday brought up for trial, on Thursday convicted, and next sentenced to be hung. It is seldom offended Justice follows so quickly in the footsteps of crime.

The following lines are inscribed on a board near a watering place in Vermont:—

"Temperance fountain, good as can be,
Better far than rum or brandy;
If this truth excite your fury,
Let your horse be judge and jury."

When upright men die, they are supposed to go right up. Per contra, downright rascals are supposed to go right down.

A Cincinnati girl lately eloped, and was pursued 7,000 miles by a detective, being at last captured by him at Quebec.

The receipts of gold from California at New York, for the last nine months, were \$9,275,186, an increase of \$5,688,839 over last year's receipts for the same period.

The Court of Appeals of New York State has decided that shares in National bank are taxable, although the capital is Government bonds.