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I LOVE TO COURT.

I love to court in winter,
The many girls I know,
When all outside is dreary
And covered up with snow;
I love to court in winter,
Because the folk folks dread
The cold and stormy weather,
And hurry off to bed.
I love to court in spring time,
When all is bright and gay,
When Nature smiles so sweetly,
To chase the cold away;
I love to court in spring time,
Because the girls, you know,
They look so awful pretty
In dresses cut so low!
I love to court in summer
When all things are in bloom,
And yet I think that courting
Will ever be my doom;
For I have asked just twenty-one
Of all the girls I know,
To have me for their loving one,
And they have answered—Not

Tea.

The same plant produces all the varieties. The different times of gathering, and modes of preparation, cause all the difference between those kinds known by so many distinct names—both of green and black. The leaves are picked, and not the flowers; they are rolled with the fingers. These dried rapidly in iron basins over a fire become green tea, while those thrown into very hot basins, then taken quickly out, exposed to the sun for a while and afterward dried over a fire, become black tea.

These plants, as some writers call them, but more correctly, bowls or basins, for they are nearly semi-spherical in shape and about eighteen inches in diameter, are always of iron, never of copper. A mixture of Prussian blue and gypsum is used in the preparation of some green teas; but the better qualities are generally perfectly pure.

The native building on the North Gate street, in which we lived during the first year of our residence at Shanghai, was rented, after we left, to a tea merchant. On visiting it afterward, I found he had turned our former kitchen into a tea coloring room. There were around the sides of the apartment fourteen of these iron bowls, set in mortar on the top of as many brick furnaces in which moderate fires were burning. Thirteen of the bowls were half filled with tea leaves, and a man stood at each, rapidly stirring them with his hand.

The remaining bowl contained a quantity of this bluish-green coloring matter, which another was also stirring. To this one, the men from the others would come every few minutes, and taking from it a small quantity of the contents, would return and stir, each into his bowl of the leaves till they had acquired the requisite hue. The exceedingly minute quantity of Prussian blue that any persons could imbibe in drinking tea from the leaves thus prepared, precludes, in my opinion, the possibility of injury resulting therefrom.

The significances of some of the names by which teas are known, are as follows, making due allowance for the changes and corruption they undergo, in form and sound, in being anglicized. *Hyson* means before the rain or flourishing spring, that is, early in the spring. Hence it is often called Young Hyson. *Hyson skin* is composed of the refuse of the other kinds, the native term for which means tea skins. Refuse of a still coarser description, containing many stems, is called tea-bones. *Bolton* is the name of the hills in the region which it is collected. *Pekoe* or *Pekoo* means white hairs, the down on the tender leaves. *Pouchong*, folded plant. *Souchong*, small plant. *Tieankay* is the name of a stream in the province whence it is brought. *Congo* is from a term signifying labor, from the care required in its preparation.—*Taylor's China.*

A Cat Story.

An old woman, who died a few years ago in Ireland, had a nephew, a lawyer, to whom she left all she possessed. She happened to have a favorite cat, who never left her, and even remained by the corpse after her death. After the will was read in the adjoining room, on opening the door the cat sprang at the lawyer, seized him by the throat, and with difficulty was prevented from strangling him. This man died about eighteen months after this scene and on his death bed confessed that he had murdered his aunt to get possession of her money.—*Miss Knight's Autobiography.*

When a pickpocket pulls at your watch tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

The Trial of the Nation.

The Rev. Thomas Starr King delivered a lecture in San Francisco recently in which he uttered the following striking language:

God intended the Saxon race, here, I believe, for this scale of ground work or pedestal for their spirit. But he tries every race once to see if they are worthy of their great trusts. Now he calls on us to earn our geography. We paid to Napoleon some millions of hard cash for half the Mississippi and the whole of the Missouri; but now Providence tells us to gain a nobler title by our character.

He tries us to see if we are worthy to secure the perpetual warrant by our valor. The rebels are degenerate. They care nothing for the Upper Mississippi, for the Sierra, for the Lakes, for the Hudson. They are all willing to let them all go. Their hearts have no passion that reaches into cold weather, or beyond where a negro can hoe, and dance and thrive. He asks us if we can send our passion southward, or if we are willing to pay our geography and the heritage and pride of our children at the first pressure on our purses and our labor, for a peace that shatters the American domain. It is our crisis hour of trial.— Shall we not be stern and patient, ambitious to retain the privilege and trust, and to save for ourselves and posterity, and the descendants of the short-sighted, unpatriotic, maddened rebels, the majestic benefaction which only patience and valor can retain!

A Natural Bridge in Wisconsin.

A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, writing from Pine River, Wisconsin, gives the subjoined description of a natural bridge discovered in that region:

At the mouth of the west branch of Pine river is a great curiosity—a natural bridge almost as wonderful as the one over Cedar creek, in Virginia. Here a stream much larger than Cedar Creek, is spanned by a bridge of rock and earth, the handiwork of nature herself. The west branch of Pine river flows through a most beautiful and fertile valley, eastward, until it nears the main stream, when a high bluff seems to forbid the blending of the waters. But "where there is a will there is a way," and the branch finds an opening through the high bluff which skirts the western shore of Pine river, and their waters mingle and murmur on toward the "father of rivers." Here is a natural tunnel, from fifty to twenty feet high, right through a rocky hill, whose altitude is 80 feet.—The hill is covered with tall pines and foliage down to both rivers with a dense growth of evergreen. The bridge is wide enough for three teams to drive abreast, and from its location, I have no doubt but a thoroughfare will at some future time be established along this romantic way. Sufficient water passes under the bridge, even in the sultry month of July, to set a-rolling and a rumbling a dozen of the largest mills in the State.

A War Episode.

A young Philadelphian who enlisted in a Minnesota regiment on the breaking out of the war, and unknown to his parents—resident in this city, had gone to Washington, and thence with his regiment to Manassas Junction. After the battle, when the official report of the Minnesota colonel was handed in, the name of the lad appeared as fallen, and the tidings fell like death upon the household that he left. Mr. Warthman was directed to inquire into the case, and his hopes were dissipated at once, on arriving at the field, by receiving personal testimony from comrades of the lad that he had fallen in the earliest of the fight, mortally wounded. He at once telegraphed the deplorable fact, but next day fell in with a soldier who had left the fight in company with the supposed deceased. The two had walked together for seven miles, and lay down on the ground to sleep side by side. When the Minnesota awoke the Pennsylvania was missing, and had not afterward been seen. This awakened a faint hope of the lad's escape, but, after awaiting for days, this small consolation failed, and the parents of the lad gave him up as dead. Yesterday they awakened to find upon the threshold a wanted, dusty man, with a scar upon his cheek to indicate his calling, and no pen can describe their delight at recognizing in this person the absent and lamented boy. He had strolled off in the woods at night, was taken prisoner, and, again escaping, wandered up and down seeking rest, which he at last found in the loyal camps. Obtaining a furlough, he came to find himself set down as dead. He has again buckled on his armor and gone to do duty.

At an evening party, lately, a young man from England was boasting of the pedigree, wealth and importance of his ancestors.
"O, yes," said Sam H., "your father and mine spent part of their lives together."
"Where was that?" sharply inquired the other.
"In the Bloomingdale poor house," was the stinging reply.

When a dentist pulls out an aching tooth for us we call it a dental operation; so if he were to pull out a sound tooth instead, we should call it an *accidental* operation: shouldn't we?

Extensive Trade in Army Boots and Shoes

The Shoe and Leather Reporter gives these interesting statistics:

The demand for sewed army shoes for the United States troops, as well as for sewed and pegged shoes for the different States show no signs of diminution. Last week a gentleman of Indianapolis left two orders for five thousand pairs of pegged shoes each for the State of Indiana, and several lots, ranging from three thousand to five thousand pairs of sewed shoes were disposed of at good prices for New York, Missouri and other States. Government contracts were also placed in Boston for about twenty-five thousand pairs of cavalry boots at profitable rates. These goods are to be made from eight and a half ounces of upper leather. Some of our manufacturers who received contracts on Saturday were cutting and giving out stock on Monday ready to turn out the goods at the rate of from one to two hundred pairs daily. In every shoe town in the State workmen are engaged in making sewed army shoes, on which they are getting about fifty cents a pair for bottoming.

Good workmen are now having steady employment and making from \$1 00 to \$1 50 a day. Six hundred thousand pairs of sewed shoes are being made up in Massachusetts, for which Uncle Sam will pay considerably over a million dollars. A low average of the amount paid for work—bottoming, fitting, boxing, &c.—would be sixty cents a pair, equal to \$360,000 distributed among the journeymen in the State for making the shoes. This is exclusive of the large amount of both sewed and pegged work for the State, as well as of cavalry boots, which will not fall short of one half the above amount or \$180,000. The department will commence paying for goods about the middle of September, when our contractors will have a chance to finger some of Uncle Sam's gold.

Effects of Thirst.

The oxen had now been four days without water, and their distress was already very great. Their hollow flanks, drooping heads, and low, melancholy moans uttered at intervals, told but too plainly of their misery, and went to my heart like daggers. My poor horse was no longer an animated creature, but a specter of himself—a gaunt, staggering skeleton. The change that had come upon him within the last twenty-four hours was incredible. From time to time he put his head into the wagon, into any one's hands, and looking wistfully and languidly into his face, would reproachfully (his looks conveyed as much) seem to say—"Cruel man don't you see I am dying—why don't you relieve my burning thirst?" The dog again ceased to recognize my caresses. Their eyes were so deeply sunk in their sockets as to be scarcely perceptible. They glided about in spectral shadow; death was in their faces. The wagon was heavily laden, the soil exceedingly heavy, the sun in the daytime like an immense burning glass, and the oppressiveness of the atmosphere was greatly increased by the tremendous "red" fires which, ravaging the country far and wide, made it like a huge fiery furnace.—*Anderson's Okarango River.*

A Yankee and a Frenchman owned a pig in co-partnership. When killing time came they wished to divide the meat. The Yankee was very anxious to divide so that he could get both hind quarters, and persuaded the Frenchman that the way to divide was to cut it across the back. The Frenchman agreed to do it on condition that the Yankee would turn his back and take the choice of pieces after it was cut in two. The Yankee turned his back accordingly.—*Frenchman—*Which piece will you have —ze piece wid ze tail on him, or ze piece vat haint got no tail? Yankee—The piece with the tail on. Frenchman—Zen by gar you can take him, and I take ze ozer one. Upon turning round, the Yankee found that the Frenchman had cut off the tail and stuck it into the pig's mouth!

The soldier, notwithstanding all his troubles, trials, and dangers, is frequently a quiet genius. When McDowell made his long to-be-remembered advance on Manassas, a Connecticut regiment was detailed as advance skirmishers, and upon arriving at Centerville it was drawn up in double file (open) to allow the grand army to pass through.—Fifty thousand men thoroughly equipped, and armed, with their long train of artillery, passed through in grand array; presenting a very forest of bayonets as far as the eye could reach in either direction. The soldiers who witnessed the grand spectacle, were much impressed with the magnificence and solemnity of the scene, and felt their hearts thrill with a pleasurable pride as they reviewed in these long columns, their country's strength. But as the rear guard was passing, all their sensations received a terrible "back set" by the following query, propounded by the (almost) "last man":—"Say, have you seen anything of a man with a gun on his shoulder, going past here?" Asked in a tone as "serious as a funeral." The effect can easily be imagined.

—Tod, a Democrat and the Union candidate for Governor of Ohio, has been elected by a majority of over 50,000.

How it happened that the Secessionists did not take Louisville.

The fact that Gen. Buckner did not take the city of Louisville instead of stopping at Green River, where he invaded Kentucky on the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, is due not to any foresight or force of the United States authorities or of the Union men of Kentucky, but to the loyalty, courage and tact of one obscure individual. The Secessionists had laid their plans to appear suddenly in Louisville with a powerful force. They had provided for transportation four hundred cars and fifteen locomotives, and had eight thousand men, with artillery and camp equipage, on board. They had secured the services of the telegraph operators, one of whom forwarded to Louisville a dispatch explaining the detention of trains on the road, and were moving forward at a grand rate. Everything was going well with them, and Louisville, with, perhaps, the exception of a few Secessionists, was unsuspecting and unguarded. Gen. Anderson being innocent of any knowledge of the movement, James Guthrie, President of the road, totally in the dark, and Gen. Rousseau lingering in camp on the Indiana shore. But at a station just beyond Green River, there was a young man in the service of the road, who was a warm friend of the Union, and who, comprehending the meaning of the monster train, when it came up, seized a crow-bar used for taking up rails to make repairs, and while the locomotive were being wooded and watered, ran across a curve, and in a deep narrow cut, wrenched the "pikes" from four rails. The train came along at good speed, the rails spread, the locomotive plunged into the ground, the cars crashed on top of it, and it was twenty-four hours before the train could go ahead. In the meantime Louisville was saved. The hero of the occasion had not had time to get out of the cut before the crash came, and was taken, but in the confusion and excitement got away, and is safe. These facts are related by Dr. R. S. Newton, who was in Nashville when the Secession army advanced, was detained there several days subsequently, heard the circumstances narrated there, and was told of them afterward by Gen. Buckner and other officers of the Confederate army.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A Wonderful Dog.

We have a remarkably intelligent Scotch terrier in our office. Among other peculiarities, he will not allow a stranger to open an account book on our desk, unless either the book-keeper, or one of us, is present. His strict guardianship of our interests in this particular has been repeatedly tested, though we never took any pains to impress upon him that such familiarity with our books would offend us. It is almost unnecessary to say that his canine accomplishments as relates to the art and mystery of rat-catching are of a most extraordinary kind.—On a recent occasion he cornered one of the vermin, and being unable to get at him, he actually starved him out—having never deserted his post for some three days and nights, during which period his food was carried to him. The rat then gave up, and was destroyed.—On the 21 inst., he came into the office with a bit of dirty paper in his mouth, and laid it down very carefully by the stove. No one noticed the circumstance at the time, but shortly after, one of us sat down by the stove and observed that he was holding this dirty paper with his paw, and licking off the dirt. Presently, when he thought it was clean enough, he very politely took it in his mouth, and poked it into our hand. Curiosity induced us to examine it more closely, when, to our astonishment, we found we had been presented with a ten dollar bill! It proved to be a good bank bill, but had evidently been trodden in the mud for some time.—We had no difficulty, however, in getting the silver for it.—Who's got a more intelligent dog than this?—*Hartford Times.*

Among the soldiers now at Fort Sumter, is James Cahel, an Irishman, who, a few days ago had the bravery to say that when the Union fleet hove in sight he intended to spike the guns of the fort. For this expression Captain Rhett (son of the editor of the Mercury) ordered him to be tied across a gun to be whipped—to receive one hundred and twenty-five lashes, well laid on. The soldiers in the fort rebelled against the infliction of this punishment, and so alarming was the mutiny, that Rhett sent to Fort Moultrie for soldiers to quiet it. They came and the man was whipped.—This incident, which occurred but two or three weeks ago, shows the state of feeling among the soldiers in Fort Sumter. They are mostly foreigners and Northern men, who, having no work, were obliged to go into the army to live.

A Lively Interest for the Men!

A Cincinnati paper, in speaking of the overthrow of the rebels at Phillippi, says that just before the Federal troops entered the town, a certain Indiana company, almost worn out with the march, were straggling along with very little regard to order. Hurrying up to his men the captain shouted:—"Close up! close up! If the enemy were to fire when you're straggling along that way, they couldn't hit a cussed one of you! Close up!" And the boys closed up immediately.

George Wilson.

A few years since, as Mr. Gallaudet was walking in the streets of Hartford, there came running to him a poor boy, of very ordinary appearance, but whose fine intelligent eye fixed the attention of the gentleman as the boy inquired:

"Sir, can you tell me of a man who would like a boy to work for him and learn him to read?"

"Who's boy are you, and where do you live?"

"I have no parents," was the reply, "and have just run away from the work-house, because they would not teach me to read."

The gentleman made arrangements with the authorities of the town, and took the boy in his own family. There he learned to read. Nor was this all. He soon acquired the confidence of his new associates by faithfulness and honesty.—He was allowed to use his friends' library, and made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge. It became necessary after a while that George should leave Mr. Gallaudet, and he became apprenticed to a cabinet maker in the neighborhood. There the same integrity won for him the favor of new associates. To gratify his inclination for study, his master had a little room furnished for him in the upper part of the shop, where he devoted his leisure time to his favorite pursuits. Here he made large attainments in mathematics, in the French language and other branches. After being in this situation a few years, sitting at tea with the family one evening, he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France.

"Go to France?" said his master, surprised that the apparently contented and happy youth should thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation; "for what?"

"Ask Mr. Gallaudet to tea to-morrow evening," continued George, "and I will explain."

His kind friend was invited accordingly. At tea time the apprentice presented himself with his manuscripts, in English and French, and explained his singular wish to go to France.

"In the time of Napoleon," said he, "a prize was offered by the French government for the simplest rule of measuring plane surfaces of whatever outline.—The prize has never been awarded, and that method I have discovered."

He then demonstrated his problem, to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished him with the means of defraying his expenses, and with letters of introduction to the Hon. Lewis Cass, then our minister to the court of France. He was introduced to Louis Phillippi, and in the presence of the king, nobles, and plenipotentiaries, this American youth demonstrated his problem, and received the plaudits in the court. He received the prize, which he had clearly won, besides several presents from the king.

He took letters of introduction, and proceeded to the Court of St. James, and took up a similar prize, offered by the Royal Society, and returned to the United States.

He was prepared to secure the benefits of his discovery by patent, when he received a letter from the Emperor Nicholas himself, one of whose ministers had witnessed his demonstrations at London, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian Court, and furnishing him with means for his outfit.

He complied with the invitation, repaired to St. Petersburg, and is now Professor of Mathematics in the Royal College, under the special protection of all the Russian.—*Journal of Com.*

A very curious calculation has been made relative to the Union troops on the banks of the Potomac. Taking as a basis the regular allowance of room that is required for a soldier to stand up right, and with his musket at "shoulder arms," and placing them in close single file, it would require the whole roadway from Jersey City to the Capital to form the line. If the same troops had to be reviewed it would take a railway train, going at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, over fourteen hours to pass along the line of soldiers.

The basement of the Capitol building has been converted into an immense bake house. In the building there are eight large ovens in full operation, employing forty bakers and turning out from 20,000 to 24,000 twenty-two ounce loaves per day. In the vaults, outside of the building, there are six double ovens, employing sixty bakers, and producing daily from 30,000 to 40,000 loaves. One hundred and sixty persons are employed at these bakeries, receiving from thirty-five to forty dollars per month. The monthly pay-roll amounts to over six thousand dollars.

A tipsy Irishman, leaning against a lamp post as a funeral was passing by, was asked who was dead. "I can't exactly say, sir," said he, "but I presume it is the jiltleman in the coffin."

Why do our soldiers need no barbers? Because they are regularly shaved by the Government contractors.

When heaven chastises us we should kiss the rod. When a beautiful female eye looks reprovingly at us we should kiss the lash.

A Miraculous Escape.

The Memphis Argus gives the following account of a miraculous escape from starvation of a gentleman residing in Lauderdale county, Tennessee, near Hale's Point:

"Last week he was out hunting in a large bottom in his neighborhood, and he observed a wild goose fly out of a large cypress stump, which was some twenty feet high. His knowledge of the habit of these geese led him to believe that the goose had a nest in the stump. On the outside of the stump were a number of vines, which he pulled up and to peep in and get possession of the eggs. After he had succeeded in gaining the top of the stump, he discovered a large number of eggs some six or eight feet down inside. The next, he supposed, was on a firm foundation, and he accordingly let himself down inside; but when he struck the substance on which the nest was built he discovered that he had no foundation, and himself sinking to the bottom of the tree.

"The inside of the tree was rotten and would not bear his weight. Now he was in a dilemma, five miles from any habitation, inside of a stump twenty feet high, with no prospect of any assistance, with nothing to subsist on but the goose eggs; he screamed and yelled until he was nearly exhausted, no one coming within hearing distance. On the third day after his 'incarceration' two gentlemen were out hunting and came within hearing distance. They were much frightened at hearing a man groaning inside of the stump and they could not reconcile themselves to what meant, but having learned that the gentleman had been missing from home several days, they soon were satisfied that it was no 'ghost' inside the tree. They procured axes, and soon the prisoner was liberated. He swears he will never attempt to rob a goose nest, situated as that one was, again."

Hundred Dollar Note to Boot.

Old V, a well to do farmer in Illinois, had some four marriageable daughters; and being one of the men who think their girls should get married as soon as they are out of their short clothes, felt somewhat chagrined that his girls should remain on his hands so long.

Now there was a young fellow in the neighborhood who had been waiting on the V. girls for some time, and had gone the round from oldest to youngest; and the old man had been anxiously waiting for, and expecting young B. to "ask consent," for some one of the girls, but as yet he waited in vain. B. however, had proposed and had been accepted; but the old folks had not been made acquainted with the fact.

Now, in the mean time, young B. had purchased a fine horse of the old man and had given his note on six month's time for one hundred dollars. Well, pay day was fast approaching, and B. had not the "ready" to meet it; so the day before the note became due, young B. made his way over to the old man's, determined to ask him for his daughter—hoping thereby to get an extension on the note at least. As good luck would have it, he met the old man in the yard, and was about to go through with that interesting ceremony of "asking consent," when imagine his surprise and joy, the old man broke out with the following:

"Look here B. you young rascal, you have been courtin' my gals for more'n a year; you've been gaddin' and cuttin' round with the hull on 'em. 'Now, your note comes due to-morrow, and I'll tell you what I'll do. You shall marry one of my gals—I don't care which—and I'll give you a good settin' and your hundred dollar note to boot; and if you don't I'll sue you by thunder!"

"It's a bargain," said B. "I'll do it." And the next week there was a "tall" wedding down at the old man V's; and to this day B. chuckles over the way old man gave his consent without asking, "and a hundred dollar note to boot."

Poisoned Minnie Balls.

There is the most positive evidence that poisoned Minnie balls are used in the rebel army, and evidence is afforded that they are manufactured in the North.—Last week five members of the Indiana regiment, northeast of the Chain Bridge, were out scouting, and succeeded in killing one of the enemy; the others fled, leaving one, who hung over his dying comrade, probably a relative, until he was captured. In his possession were discovered a number of Minnie Balls, each of which had a deposit of arsenic in it covered with tallow. He was asked what the object was in using those balls. He explained that the contents were a poison; that they had not many of them yet, and were only used by those sent out on picket or scouting duty. He said that they came from the North—that they had not received many yet, but were promised a larger supply. In connection with this, my informant, a very reliable brigade surgeon, says that a man was shot in the Fourteenth Massachusetts Regiment, by a rebel picket, whose body, immediately after the ball entered his flesh, swelled up and the patient died. The surgeon considers this a clear case of poison, contained in the ball.

Some genius has conceived the brilliant idea of pressing all the lawyers into the military service—because their charges are so great that no one could stand them.