

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 23.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. MARCH 10, 1864.

NO. 3.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and twenty-five cents will be charged.
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements of one square of ten lines or less, one or three insertions, \$1.00. Each additional insertion, 25 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

JOB PRINTING,

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From the Columbia Republican.

LIFE.

BY LOTTIE L.***

What is this life! that all do crave
A long life here below,
The journey to the tomb is said,
'Tis nought but grief and woe.
And what is life! that I should live;
'Life's but an empty dream;
The charms of earth, I find are false,
They are not what they seem.
And what is life! when friends prove false,
And from us roam away,
Ah! then, I long to rest this head,
Upon the silent clay.
And what is life! when love decays,
'The dreamy potent spell,"
'Tis hard to part from these dear ones,
We long have loved so well.
Sad is my life, when slander stains
Its dagger, with my blood;
My young heart sinks, beneath the weight
Of falsehood's cruel load.
Sad is my life, when all have gone—
The beautiful and gay;
Ah! could I now but soar away
To everlasting day.
'Though sad my life, I wait God's will
To still this aching heart;
Then take me home to Heaven above,
Where friends will never part.

Rules of the Preservation of Health.

Wash yourself now and then.
Change your inner garments occasionally.
Chew your meat; eschew greasy gravies.
Don't chew your tobacco.
Drink as little as you choose.
Don't eat much more than your stomach will hold.
Keep your temper.
Temper your keep.
If a soldier, don't rest upon your laurels until they have been well aired.
Avoid falling out about trifles.
Fall out of windows as seldom as possible.
If your constitution requires you to sleep during the sermon, see that the sexton has an aired night-cap for you, and a bed of hot bricks to put to your feet.
Keep your mouth shut on dusty days.
Never open your mouth in frosty weather.
Close your mouth very tight when the wind blows from the East.
If your business compels you to get out before breakfast, have some breakfast first.
If it is wet under foot, house your poor feet.
Beware of the ices of Summer and the snows of Winter.
Do not swallow too many telegrams.
Keep out of the streets when gold is falling.
If the silver of advancing years is on your head, don't change it for paper.
Don't let your circulation slacken; especially if you are a newspaper man.
Use tooth-powder instead of gun-powder.
Neither sleep in hot rooms nor eat mushrooms.
'Live on six nickel cents a day, but don't earn them, as some wretched speculators are doing now.
Partake sparingly of wild fowl—particularly of the "canards" that come from the army.
Violate, persistently, all the sanitary rules insisted on by Hall's Journal of Health.
If you cannot account for the milk in the cocoon, do not hesitate to make free use of it.
Never eat your own words, unless you are madly desirous of giving an additional flavor to the cup of bitterness.
Should your thermometer indicate an extreme degree of cold or heat, immerse it in cold water, until it arrives at a proper sense of its duty.
Don't let your physique go to the dogs.
Always dress yourself with care.
Never dress your salad with cod-liver oil.

Something of a Meal.

A fellow at a "donation" party in Poughkeepsie, recently stowed away in his "physical cistern" somewhere the following items at a supper table:
Eight large biscuits,
Seven cups of coffee,
Forty good sized pieces of cake,
Ten pieces of cheese,
Five pickles,
When the plate was passed round for tributions be placed thereon five cents!
The widow of President Harrison at her residence at North Bend, O., on Friday last.

How the Earth Yields Riches.

An official statement of the mineral wealth of Great Britain has just appeared in London, and from it we gather the following interesting statistics of what the earth yields for the enrichment of the British people. There are over 3,088 collieries in operation, employing over a quarter of a million of persons—including seven thousand women. The largest quantity of coal produced in any one year was 83,635,214 tons. This was in 1861. The average export of coal from England is about 7,000,000 tons a year. Of iron seven and a half millions of tons were melted last year, but 36,270 tons besides were imported. The value of the pig iron produced last year was nearly £10,000,000, or \$50,000,000. There are 230 copper mines in the kingdom, of which 201 are in Cornwall and Devonshire, and they produced in the year 1862 over 224,000 tons of ore—but this gave only 14,043 tons of fine copper after refining. The tin mines yielded more in 1862 than in previous years, the aggregate product having been 14,127 tons of ore, worth, after refining, \$5,000,000; but there is a prospect that the Cornish mines will yield still more largely this year. Tin has been obtained for more than two thousand years in Cornwall and Devonshire, and the mines are more fruitful than ever. The lead mines yield nearly a hundred thousand tons a year, and the silver extracted from the lead ore in one year (1852) amounted to 686,123 ounces. Small quantities of gold have been found from time to time; one mine last year produced five thousand ounces, worth about \$100,000. Earthly minerals—barytes, lime, salt, and the valuable clays—produce annually about eight and a half million of dollars; and the annual value of all the mineral products is about \$225,000,000. The great coal yield, however, is the most striking item in these figures.

Excuses for not Going to Church.

Over-slept myself; could not dress in time; too cold; too hot; too windy; too dusty; too wet; too damp; too sunny; too cloudy don't feel disposed; no other time to myself; look over my drawers; put my papers to rights; letters to write to my friends; mean to take a walk; going to take a ride; tied to business six days in a week; no fresh air but on Sundays; can't breathe in church, always soo full; fell a little feverish; feel a little chilly; feel very lazy; expect company to dinner; got a headache; intend nursing myself to-day; new bonnet not come home; torn my muslin dress down stairs; got a new novel, must be returned on Monday morning; wasn't shaved in time; don't like the liturgy, always praying for the same thing; don't like cotemporary prayer; don't like an organ; 'tis too noisy; don't like singing without music, makes me nervous;—the spirit willing, but the flesh weak; dislike an extemporary sermon, it is too frothy; can't bear a written sermon, too prosing; nobody today but our minister, can't always listen to the same preacher; don't like strangers; can't keep awake when at church; fell asleep last time when I was there; shan't risk it again; mean to inquire of sensible person about the propriety of going to such a public place as church; will publish the result.

Josh Billings, the philanthropist begs leave to state:

That onions are good for bad breath.
That Rockaway clams are a good opinion for enny young man.
The ships are all called she bekos they always keep a man on the lookout.
That "turning water into wine" is a miracle, in these days worth at least three hundred per cent.
The boys ain't apt to turn out well who don't get up till 10 o'clock in the morning.
That if a man is going to make a business of serving the Lord, he likes to see him do it when he measures up onions as well as when he hollers glory hallyluyer.
That wisdom ain't nothing more than edikated cunning.

In Ictown, opposite St. Louis, which was built on the frozen river during the "cold spell," a bar-keeper built a fire in his tent and sat before it on a three-legged stool warming his shins, when the fire thawed a hole in the ice and the man fell in and has not yet returned. His assistant, a verdant Irish boy, was asked where the proprietor was, and replied: "Faith he's gone into the cellar."

Bill T. once kept a saloon in Owego and was remarkable for wit. One cold winter evening a gentleman entered his saloon and called for an iced lemonade. Bill looked at him in silent astonishment, and finally said: "Look here, stranger, I have a pair of white linen pants that I'll lend you, but I can't give you iced lemonade to-day."

A female child, borne some ten days since, near Terre Haute, Indiana, has neither arms nor legs, but is stout and healthy, and has every prospect of living.

The Soldier's Friend.

In the U. S. Sanitary Commission, our soldiers have a friend, for whom our copious Anglo-Saxon can find no word of description sufficiently strong, wise, tender, and far-reaching; but perhaps a simple story, taken from the Sanitary Commission Bulletin, will speak more clearly, and better to the heart, than pages of dry records.

"Away up in the fourth story of Hospital No. 3, at Washington, and in a far corner of the ward, was seen one day, an old lady sitting by the side of a mere lad, who was reduced to the verge of death by chronic diarrhoea. She was a plain, honest hearted farmer's wife, her face all aglow with motherly love, and who, to judge from appearances, had likely never before travelled beyond the limits of her neighborhood, but now had come many a long mile to do what might be done for her boy. In the course of a conversation she informed her questioner, that 'if she could only get something that tasted like home, some good tea for instance, which she could make herself, and which would be better than that of the hospital,—she thought it might save her son's life.'—Of course it was sent to her, and on a subsequent visit she expressed her thanks in a simple, hearty way, quite in keeping with her appearance. Still she seemed sad; something was on her mind that evidently troubled her, and like Banquo's ghost, 'would not down.' At length it came out in a confiding, innocent way,—more evidently, because it was uppermost in her thoughts than for the purpose of receiving sympathy,—that her means were about exhausted. 'I didn't think that it would take so much money; it is so much farther away from home than I had thought and board is so very high, that I have hardly enough left to take me back; and by another week I will have to leave him. I have been around to the stores to buy some little things that he would eat,—for he can't eat this strong food,—but the prices are so high that I am afraid, that if I go away, and if he doesn't get something different to eat, that maybe,' and the tears trickled down her cheeks, 'he won't—be so well.'

"Her listener thought that difficulty might be overcome, and if she would put on her bonnet, they would go to a store where articles were cheap. Accordingly they arrived in front of the large three-story building which Government has assigned to the Commission, and the old lady was soon running her eyes over the long rows of boxes, bales, and barrels that stretched for a hundred feet down the room, but was most fascinated by the bottles and cans on the shelves. He ordered a supply of sugar, tea, soft crackers, and canned fruit, then chicken and oysters then jelly and wine, brandy, milk, and under clothing, till the basket was full. As the earlier articles nestled under its lids, her face was glowing with satisfaction; but as the later lots arrived, she would draw him aside to whisper it was too much,—'really she had not enough money; and when the more expensive items came from the shelves, the shadow of earnestness which gloomed her countenance grew into one of perplexity, her soul vibrating between motherly yearning for the lad on his bed and the scant purse in her pocket, till, slowly, and with great reluctance, she began to return the costliest.

"'Hadn't you better ask the price?' said her guide.
'How much is it?'
'Nothing,' replied the store-keeper.
'Sir!' queried she, in the utmost amazement, 'nothing for all this?'
'My good woman,' asked the guide, 'have you a Soldiers' Aid Society in your neighborhood?'
'Yes, they had; she belonged to it herself.'

"'Well, what do you suppose becomes of the garments you make, and the fruit you put up?'
'She hadn't thought,—she supposed they went to the army,—but was evidently bothered to know what connection there could be between their Aid Society and that basket.
'These garments that you see come from your society, or other societies just like you; so did these boxes and barrels; that milk came from New York; those fruits from Boston; that wine was likely purchased with gold from California; and it is all for sick soldiers, your son as much as any one else. This is the United States Sanitary Commission storehouse; you must come here whenever you wish, and call for everything you want; and you must stay with your son until he is able to go home; never mind the money's giving out; you shall have more, which, when you get back, you can refund for the use of other mothers and sons; when you are ready to go I will put him in a berth where he can lie down, and you shall save his life yet.'

"She did,—God bless her innocent, motherly heart!—when nothing but motherly care could have achieved it; and when last seen, on a dismal, drizzly morning, was, with her face beaming out the radiance of hope, making a cup of tea on the stove of a caboose car for the convalescent, who was snugly tucked away in the caboose berth, waiting the final whistle of the locomotive that would speed them both homeward."

It is estimated that the cost per man of the army is nearly if not quite \$1200 per annum.

A Dinner Speech by Proxy.

Last winter a capital dinner was given by Mr. Stoneham, in Fourteenth street, New York, to a select circle of friends, including some of the pleasantest characters in town. All went merrily as a dozen of marriage bells, and when the health of Mr. Stoneham was given, and a speech invoked, he said—and what was indeed very true—that he never made a speech in his life, and it was too late for him to begin. But he would call upon his friend, Mr. Wagjaw, who was sitting on his right, to express his feelings, instead of attempting to do it himself.

Mr. Wagjaw rose, and regretted that some one else had not been called on to do justice to Mr. Stoneham's sentiments; but having been commanded to speak in behalf of their noble host, he would thank the gentlemen for the honor of their company around his social board, the pleasure he had enjoyed in their flow of soul; and he would beg that they would give him the additional happiness of dining with him a week from that day. A sudden start of Mr. Stoneham told how unexpected was this climax to the speech of his mouthpiece; but the unbounded applause with which it was received, and the richness of its humor, silenced all objections, and he made the best of it, by repeating his banquet on the following Thursday. It was another good season.

A Conscientious Minister.

There is a story of a traveling preacher, whose opinions in regard to horse flesh were quite as ready and orthodox as were the views of scriptural doctrine with which he enlightened his backwoods audiences, who once stopped at the house of a brother of the same faith, who had reared a beautiful colt. Between the morning and afternoon services on Sunday, the two ministers visited the barn of the resident preacher, where the latter introduced his promising colt to the traveling brother. The guest was so much delighted at the fine points of the animal that he could not restrain himself, and he immediately blurted out the question, "Suppose it was not the Sabbath, Brother—, how would you trade?"

Only A Farmer.

A debate occurred in the Maine Legislature on the question of granting a township of land to the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill, in course of which a clergyman made a speech and illustrated the benefits of the institution by quoting the history of a young man who, through them became a preacher, whereas, without the advantages of the Seminary he would have remained only a farmer. "Only A Farmer!" said Mr. Small, of Lyndon, another member of the House; "I am a farmer, and not ashamed to be one, and I am now asked to vote the means of elevating men so as to look down and sneer at me!" The bill did not pass.

A Northern Stonewall Jackson. One morning last week, says the Brooklyn, New York Times, a young farmer from Ogdensburg, in this State, applied at the office of Capt. Maddox, No. 26 Grand street, for a place in the Union ranks. The attending surgeon gave a favorable opinion of his physique, and he was accepted. When asked to sign his name, he wrote in very legible characters, "STONEWALL JACKSON." The commissioner asked him if that was really his name. "Everybody asks me that question," said the volunteer. "It rises my blood. It is my name, and I mean to let the Rebels know there is a Stonewall Jackson North."

Mormonism.

It would seem that the lately reported schism among the Mormons is making headway. We find the following in the Cincinnati Gazette of Friday: The copyright of a book was taken out the other day, in the United States District Court having the following title: "A Book of Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Christ of Later Day Saints, carefully selected from the Revelations of God, as given in the order of their dates." It is, perhaps, known to most readers that there is a formidable schism among these "Saints," the secessionists declaring against polygamy, and contenting themselves with one wife—at least one at a time. An organization based on this idea has been in progress of completion in this city for some time past, under the leadership of Joseph Smith, Jr. and Israel L. Rogers, who, in conjunction with others, have published the book above referred to. They say that they have missionaries operating in Brigham Young's dominions, who are very successful in making converts. Their present rendezvous is in the vicinity of Chicago, but they have purchased 30,000 acres of land in Missouri, where they intend to settle when the war is over, and build up a city for the habitation of the faithful.

A Good One.

While passing down street the other day, we saw two gentlemen somewhat the worse for having been in conversation with "Captain Whisky." Just as we approached them, and for some unknown cause—perhaps physiology—one of them plunged into the gutter. His companion assisted him to rise, and commenced rubbing the dirt from his coat. Rubbing him down, eh?" exclaimed we. "Not exactly; only scraping an acquaintance."

Copperheads and Ignorance.

If "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," the Common School Report of Pennsylvania points out some peculiarly happy places. In A. D. 1863, there still remained twenty-five districts, where they refused to provide for the education of every child by uniform taxation—in other words they are returned as "non-accepting school districts." Nine of these are scattered here and there in different counties, where, probably, there are accidental circumstances, more than rooted hostility, that keep down common schools. But there are three counties wherein the opposition seems to be somewhat general. We will give their names and the votes at the last election.

In Schuylkill are four non-accepting districts—West Brunswick, Upper Mahantongo, North (Ind.), and West-Penn. North appears not to be an election district. The three others voted as follows:
For Woodward, 639
Curtin, 196

443 maj. for Woodward
a fair share of his 2041 maj. in fifty-nine districts!

In Northumberland county are seven non-accepting—Jackson, Jordan, Cameron, Washington, Upper, Lower and Little Mahanoy—which together voted thus:
For Woodward, 716
Curtin, 392

324 maj. for Woodward
—about half his maj. of 708 votes in twenty-five districts!

In Wyoming county are five non-accepting—Falls, Tunkhannock Twp., Washington, Overfield, and Lemon—which gave
For Woodward, 470
Curtin, 254

216 maj. for Woodward
—but Woodward had only 39 maj. in the eighteen districts of the whole county!

SUMMARY.

15 non-accept. dists. gave Woodward, 1825
" " " Curtin, 842

Majority for Woodward, 983
Over two to one for Woodward in these 15 non-accepting school districts of the State, while the whole State gave Curtin over 15,000 majority!—Union County Star.

A Singular Confession.

In November, 1862, a man named John Strawbridge, was found lying in a dying condition, on the banks of the Susquehanna river, near Harrisburg. He had evidently been beaten and robbed, but he was so badly injured that he never spoke after being found, and the murderer escaped. An old lady named Paul recently called upon District Attorney Herr, stating that a young woman who recently died in Harrisburg, confessed, upon her death bed, that she, in company with a lover, was promenading on the river bank on the evening preceding the day on which Strawbridge was found; that her lover knocked Strawbridge down and robbed him, supposing that he was dead; that she was forced to swear that she would never reveal the murder, but her conscience compelled her to state the facts before departing this life. The alleged murderer is in the army, and if guilty it is hoped that some means may be found by which he may be made to suffer the penalty of his crime. The case is a singular one throughout, and has created considerable sensation in the city of Harrisburg.

Iron and Steel.

Steel is iron passed through a process called cementation, the object of which is to impregnate it with carbon. Carbon exists more abundantly in charcoal than any other fusible substance, and the smoke that goes up from charcoal forge is carbon in a fluid state. Now, if you can manage to confine that smoke, and put a piece of iron into it for several days, and heat the iron at the same time, it will become steel. Heating the iron opens its pores, so that the smoke or carbon can enter into it.
The furnace for this purpose is a conical building of brick, in the middle of which are two troughs of brick or stone, which hold about four tons of bar iron. At the bottom is a large grate for the fire. A layer of charcoal is put at the bottom of the troughs, then a layer of bar iron, and so on, alternately, until the troughs are full. They are then covered over with clay, to keep out the air, which, if admitted, would prevent the cementations. Fire is then communicated to the wood and coal with which the furnace is filled, and continued until the conversion of iron into steel is completed, which generally happens in about eight or ten days. This is known by the blisters on the bars which the workmen occasionally draw out in order to determine. When the conversion is completed the fire is then let go out, and the bars remain in the furnace about eight days more to cool.
The bars of steel are then taken out, and either sold as blistered steel or drawn to a convenient size, when it is called tined steel. German steel is made out of this blistered steel, by breaking the bars into short pieces and welding them together, drawing them down to a proper size for use.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

THE GRAND CAVALRY RAID.

RIDE TO RICHMOND.

The Rebel Capital Shelled

Five Hundred Prisoners Captured

DESTRUCTION OF REBEL PROPERTY.

Treachery of a Negro Guide.

Our Troops Misted.—The Negro Hung.—A Full Southern Account.—Official Despatch from Gen. Kilpatrick.—Important from North Carolina.—From Sherman's Army.—Later from the Army of the Potomac.

Full Particulars of Kilpatrick's Raid.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 5, 1864.

The special correspondent of the New York Tribune reports the following:—The much talked of raid of Gen. Kilpatrick has ended with failure as to the main result intended to be accomplished, but with success in cutting the railroads between Lee's army and Richmond, the destruction of much property, stores, &c., and the actual shelling of Richmond.

Starting on Sunday, at 3 A. M., from camp, with five thousand cavalry, picked from his own and Generals Merritt's and Gregg's divisions, he proceeded to the Rapidan crossing, at Ely's Ford. From thence the column marched to Spottsylvania Court House, which place he reached without encountering any of the enemy.

From Spottsylvania Court House to the end of his daring journey he was more or less harassed by the rebels, and frequently found that his lines had fallen in very unpleasant places. At the place last named the command was divided into different parties, who were to scour the country as they proceeded toward a common centre, Richmond.

Every road was to be carefully scouted, that no concealed foes, even in small numbers, should be left behind, so as to concentrate and worry him.

The expedition was a warlike tour, wherein all the fan, chickens, turkeys, geese, hogs, corn, oats, hay, horses, mules, negroes, graybacks, whether made of flesh or paper, that could be had, were obtained. They carried with them but two or three feeds each for their horses, and about as many days' rations for the men, the General being determined that for once the celebrated order, "subsist on the enemy's country," should be faithfully executed.

On Monday they reached the Virginia Central Railroad, and tore up the track in four places, destroying whatever property would render the road useful. At Frederick's Hall, on the Central Railroad, they captured a Court Martial peacefully holding its sessions, and captured a Colonel, five Captains and two Lieutenants. General Lee had passed over the railroad, on his way to his army but about an hour before our men reached it.

As they passed through the country in the most good natured way, questioning as to whether any Yanks had been seen there lately, the inhabitants could not believe that it was Lincoln's cavalry who were paying them a visit. The negroes generally were delighted, and many, in the presence of their owners, asked to be allowed to go along. A large number were thus gathered together, who cheerfully trudged along with the cavalry, delighted at gaining their freedom.

Occasionally Union families were encountered, who gave valuable information, and freely offered what they had to eat and drink. Leaving Frederick's Hall on Monday, they pushed on to Richmond, a detachment of five hundred, under Colonel Dahlgren, keeping well to the right, in the direction of Louisa Court House, while General Kilpatrick, with the main body, moved upon Ashland, both parties scouring the country thoroughly, and doing all possible damage.

As the forces neared Richmond, the two main parties began concentrating.—Colonel Dahlgren was to move down to the right of Richmond, destroying as much of the James River Canal as possible; then, taking the river road, was to cross opposite and enter the city from the south side, and attempt the deliverance of the prisoners of Belle Isle. General Kilpatrick, with the main body, was to attack the city by the Brooke turnpike simultaneously, if possible, with the other movement.

It was hoped to reach the city on Monday night, or early on the following morning, when a partial if not a total surprise could be effected. Two of those fatalities which more than once during this war have snatched success from the very grasp of those who, by their valor and daring, have richly deserved the victor's crown, intervened to prevent the consummation of one of the best conceived and most brilliant plans of the whole war.

Colonel Dahlgren had taken a negro to pilot him to Richmond. The detachment had rapidly moved across the country destroying barns, forage, and everything which could possibly be of service to the enemy. Pushing on so as to reach Richmond as soon as possible, Colonel Dahlgren discovered that his negro guide had