

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 23.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. JUNE 30, 1864.

NO. 19.

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

A KISS UPON THE SLY.
Let poets sing the Eastern climes,
And golden sunset hours;
Of shady nooks
And bubbling brooks,
Of moonlit orange lowers;
Yet still to me
More sweet shall be
(A joy no wealth can buy.)
A pair of pouting cherry lips
To kiss upon the sly.
Oh, let them build their lofty rhymes
As e'en so'er they may;
But give me still—
If so you will—
Another word to say;
Now here to all,
Tall, fat, or small,
I vow I'd rather die
Than raise the bliss that's in a kiss
When taken on the sly.

Horace Greeley.
An unknown friend of ours has left us a note, as follows:
"I write this at your desk. I called to ask you to give place in the *Independent* to the enclosed rhymes. I wrote them on witnessing an act of great kindness on the part of that good man
A FRIEND."

HORACE GREELEY.
I know a gifted, honest man,
Who speaks the truth out freely;
God formed him on His noblest plan,
And named him Horace Greeley.
Unto some folks he doth appear
A hard nut, and not mealy,
But then he has Ithuriel's spear—
And rogues fear Horace Greeley.
And though the rind is somewhat rough,
If handled right, 'tis peely;
'Tis only to his foes he's tough;
Three cheers for Horace Greeley!
We approve of the suggestion in the last line, and would add a "tiger."—*Independent.*

Writing Compositions.
A schoolmaster told one of his smaller boys that he wanted him to write a composition.
"O, I can't sir. I don't know how," said the boy in the greatest trouble.
"But you can think can't you?" said the master.
"O yes, sir."
"And you can write words, can't you?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, just think about something, and write down what you think, and bring it to me."
"Is that all?"
"Yes, that will be a composition. Now I will excuse you for a little while, and you may take your slate and go out, and the first thing you find that interests you, you think about it—what it is there for, what it is good for, and what will become of it, etc.—and write it down and bring it to me."

The little boy went out, and, after looking about some time, he at last came across a turnip behind the barn, growing among some weeds. He stood and looked at it a few moments, and, though he never dreamed he was to become a distinguished poet, his thoughts began to come to him in a simple rhyme, and he wrote them down thus:
Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew behind the barn;
And it grew, and it grew,
But it never did any harm.
And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller;
Then Mr. Finney pulled it up
And put it in the cellar.
And it lay, and it lay,
Till it there began to rot,
And his daughter Susy washed it,
And she put it in the pot.
And it boiled, and it boiled,
As long as it was able;
Then his daughter Lizzie took it up,
And put it on the table.
Mr. Finney and his wife,
They both sat down to sup;
And they eat, and they eat,
Till they eat the turnip up.
The boy brought in his composition, and when the master came to read it, and saw the evidence of talent in the boy, it is said he could not refrain from tears.
Now then, boys and girls, don't get frightened at the thought of a composition; but find something that interests you, and write down what you think about it, and that will be a composition.—You need not try to write in rhyme, unless you have talent for it; for poor verses are a great deal poorer than poor prose.—*The Well Spring.*

Southern Manufactures.
The editors of the New York Evening Post have received copies of Charleston papers, only two or three weeks old—printed on small, dingy half sheets, which indicated a sad lack of paper-making facilities. But the bad paper is not the only evidence of a poverty of invention or scarcity of material. For it happens that the staple of the editorial comments of the Charleston Courier, throughout two issues of that sheet, is a bitter complaint at the failure of the manufacturing enterprises in the South. The self-sustaining "nation" is unable, by its own confession, to make the simplest articles in common use. We put together five paragraphs gleaned from the columns of the Courier: "Has any reader of the Courier seen a piece of glass ware of Confederate origin? After the very glowing accounts we read months ago of glass factories established or contemplated, we hoped to be able to see through a glass some signs and tokens of attention awakened to industrial and mechanical independence. No people can or should expect to maintain independence by military achievements alone, and without efforts at self-reliance and supply in some of the arts of common use and demand in commerce and manufactures."
"Kindred to glass we may mention pottery ware in all its forms. What has become of Kaolin and its products, and of potteries that once flourished?"
"Matches are or may be considered a light matter, but it is on light grievance to use up a half box of matches in search of light. How many Confederate match-makers have succeeded?"
"The attention of any good mechanic or designer could be profitably turned to the supply of agricultural implements, for which, beyond the simplest tools of domestic make, we have generally depended on the Yankees. Is there any factory for supplying such implements, instruments and machines now in operation or in contemplation?"
"Any persons who have tried experiments in oil-making would do service by giving reports as to approved process and machinery. The prices of oils of all kinds, vegetable and animal, are still discreditably high, and the supplies discreditably small, for a country as amply blessed as we are with materials for the best vegetable oils, and with waters yielding fish oil."

Perpetual Motion.
A Western correspondent of Harper's Magazine gets off the following excellent joke:
"I was traveling in Virginia by stage and spending the night at a country tavern, was greatly entertained by the talk of stage drivers and others sitting by the bar-room fire in the evening. One old codger worked off a good thing. When I was down to the fair a good many years ago, said the old fellow, there was a prize offered to the one who would come the nearest to making a perpetual motion. Well, all sorts of machines of all shapes and materials, were fetched there and shown and the makers of them told how long they would run. As I was walking about among them, I saw a sign over a tent: "All who want to see perpetual motion, and no mistake, meet here." So I paid the admission fee, and went in. Very soon a queer little fellow got up on a box that served for a platform, and addressed the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am going to exhibit to you the wonderfullest invention you have ever seen. It has been running for full three years, and if nobody stops it, it'll run forever." Here he unrolled a strip of paper. "This is a *Printer's Bill!*" And as he held it up to the gaze of the people, they admitted that, whether the bill was paid or not, they had been sold."

Irish Economy.
At a late Assize in Ireland, two men were condemned to be hanged. On receiving their sentence one of them addressed the Judge, and said he had two favors to ask him.
"What are they?" said his lordship.
"Please your honor," said Pat, "will you let me hang this man before I am hanged myself?"
"What is the other request?" said the Judge.
"Why please your honor," continued Pat, "will you let my wife hang me, for she will do it more tenderly than the hangman and then what she will receive for the job will help the poor cratur to pay her rent."

Here is a little war story from the Far West: A Lieutenant of the Tenth United States Infantry recently met with a sad rebuff at Fort Kearney. The Lieutenant was promading in full uniform one day, and approached a volunteer on sentry, who challenged him with "Halt! who comes there?" The Lieutenant, with contempt in every lineament of his face, exclaimed indignantly, "Ass!" The sentry's reply, apt and quick, came, Advance Ass, and give the countersign!"
"You're a queer chicken, as the hen said when she hatched out the duck."
"Love Labor; if you do not want it for food, you may for physick."

RAILROAD COMPLETED TO KINGSTON.

Northern Georgia Depopulated and Desolate—Contraband of War—Science at Big Shanty—Torpedoes on the Railroad—False Alarm—Health of the Army.
Headquarters Department and Army of the Tennessee, Big Shanty, Ga., June 13, 1864.

A FURIOUS STORM POSTPONES OUR MOVEMENTS.
The furious rain storm that has provoked, discomfited, delayed, and I might add enraged our impatient army for the last ten or twelve days, continues unabated up to the present hour of writing (noon), without the slightest prospect of cessation; so, more artillery, or even supplies, over such roads as this unfortunate storm has made, just as we were prepared to form an intimate acquaintance with Johnston's followers, is preposterous, and with spirits more than ruffled we wait the arrival of "Old Sol" and his heated rays before we struggle with discordant elements.

COMPLETION OF THE RAILROAD—THE FIRST TRAIN.

The first through train from Kingston reached this point on Saturday afternoon, and its arrival was the cause of much rejoicing among the troops, some of whom have been on short rations for several days. As the locomotive echoed through the enclosure, the martial streets of these tented cities rang with shouts of exultation from the throats of thousands of soldiers who delight to hear the sound of locomotive bell, and its whistle, for it brings proof that communication is still open with God's country, and while that is maintained they feel assured they will not starve.

NORTHERN GEORGIA DEPOPULATED AND BARREN.

The section of country through which our army has marched is exceedingly bare through "war's rude desolation." The wheat of corn fields, which but a few days ago flourished under the eye of the thrifty farmer, who watched the growth of his choice fruit trees as they blossomed in his valuable orchard over which he had spent so much time, are all swept away in a few hours with ruthless violence. The tramp of legions of armed men, and the galloping of squadrons of cavalry, followed by the dull heavy rumbling of scowling artillery, and the rattling of ordnance and supply trains, extending over hill top and valley for miles, further than the eye can reach, are the caravans that have blotted out the fields of promise and subsistence, the Rebels having stripped the country of horses, cattle, and whatever else might be of use to our army.
The country is also thoroughly depopulated, nearly all the inhabitants fleeing in terror at the news of our approach toward Atlanta, which city is crowded with refugees, deluded into the belief that the "Yanks" were a tribe of lawless savages, respecting neither age nor sex.

THE FAULTS OF REBELLION—RUIN AND STARVATION.

The passage of an invading army through the enemy's country is very apt to leave behind its track melancholy traces of broad tilled acres, and in their stead we behold a perfect labyrinth of army roads diverging in all directions.
The cool spring which ran its crystal waters at the foot of yonder hill is now a muddy stream, around which hundreds of exhausted, thirsty soldiers flock in eager crowds to fill their empty canteens with (to them) the refreshing beverage. The stench of slaughtered cattle, dead horses, and mules, putrefying in the sun's fierce rays, scent the garden from which, but a few hours before, "gentle breezes, fanning their odoriferous wings, dispensed native perfumes and whispered whence they stole those balmy spoils."
The faithful house dog, coaxed, kicked and cuffed from his master, is obtained to some army wagon, and made a most unwilling prisoner. The little kittens that sported playfully upon the rug before the hearthstone now sit terrified upon some soldier's knapsack, reviewing their discomfited. The pet family horse, trotted out from his comfortable stable into the midst of unruly, half-famished army horses, now forced to seek companionship with attenuated mules, subject to half rations and hard work. The flock of frightened sheep, driven with the crackling whip into the road, bleating piteously, as though half conscious of the fate that awaited them.
The loud bellowing of cattle, as they too are driven into the martial van, preparatory to their incarceration in the commissary corral. The hideous squealing of swine, running in all directions, pursued by hungry soldiers, hurling stones, rails, or whatever missile comes handy after his royal kishpish. I believe there is no more comical sight than the pursuit of swine in the army. Oftentimes 50, or even 100 men, if fresh pork is scarce, will be seen running at the top of their speed over ditches, split rails, rocks, through plowed fields, crawling under bars, sometimes indiscreet enough to discharge their carbines, revolvers, or muskets at the greased pig. Somersets, ridiculous collisions with each other, severe cuts and bruises, and uniforms covered with mud, are generally the results of these comical and exciting chases.—The victor, aided by his partners in the chase, having tied the pig's feet, bears him aloft on a pine branch with a smile

of satisfaction playing on his sunburnt countenance, as he marches by the various encampments interrogated with "Say! where did you buy that ar?" &c. The contemplation of a dinner of nice, fresh pork, to a hungry man, will induce him to undergo considerable danger and trouble in securing such a feast.

CONTRABAND OF WAR.

Poultry are never allowed to cackle at "Yankees." In fact, I begin to think poultry are strictly contraband, judging from the large number of "contrabands" engaged in netting chickens. Geese fare no better; for each soldier, as he approaches a fine flock, whistles Yankee Doodle, or the Star-Spangled Banner, and at these "Yankee" airs, the geese, like the Rebel owners, kiss. As there are special orders forbidding all persons from hissing the national melodies, the soldiers will not tolerate it from a Rebel goose, and they forthwith issue a writ of habeas corpus. I need not dwell upon the fearful consequences of such wanton outrages. Geese and chickens are quoted with an absent tendency. These scenes are of the serio-comic order, but when we behold the sacking of a house, how sad a picture is revealed. Let me tell your readers what I saw on Sunday.

YANKEE CURIOSITY—BIG SHANTY SCENES.

At Big Shanty, on the Atlantic line of railroad, stands quite a respectable-looking two-story wooden hotel, which in peace times was used as the dinner station for the famished passengers traveling from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Atlanta, Ga.

SHELLS FROM NORTHERN MUDSILLS IN SOUTHERN HOTELS.

On Friday, while some of our cavalry were out on a reconnoissance, shelling the woods, one of our shells passed through a part of the hotel, entering a large sleeping apartment containing some eight or ten bedsteads, and passing through the bedstead out of the south side of the room, the shell burst in the yard. At this time several Rebel officers were partaking leisurely of a sumptuous dinner, and, without waiting for orders they changed their base, retiring in the wildest confusion.—Several ladies were in the hotel at the time this unruly "Yankee" messenger entered, and one of them was in the room through which the shell whizzed on its deadly errand, but fortunately the fuse was long enough to prevent its explosion for several seconds, thereby saving the terrified woman's life.
Upon the arrival of our advance at Big Shanty, this hotel which was quite well furnished for this section of the country was guarded. The owners having abandoned the property the guard was relieved, and in less than half an hour the rooms were filled, yes, the hotel was fairly besieged with soldiers representing every arm of the service, with a sprinkling of negro servants, the rough crowd all intent upon getting "something good to eat," while another portion were bent upon mischief. In company with Harper's Special Artist, I stepped inside to get a view of the premises and to watch the proceedings. Such scenes as were there enacted, and such terrible realization of Pandemonium, neither Mr. Davis's facile pencil, or his feeble pen, can half portray. Up stairs, down stairs, inside, outside, kitchen, dining-room, parlor, and bedroom, all shared the general tumult, and not a cobwebbed nook escaped overhauling from these inquisitive "mudsills."

In the parlor was a fine piano, drummed and played upon alternately, with a boisterous crowd of soldiers leaning upon it, each one shouting for some particular tune expressive of their musical tastes.—"Give us Glory Hallelujah," shouts one.—"No, that's played out," says another.—"Play Rally Round the Flag." "Pshaw! give us a jig," and thus it went, a perfect jargon of sound filling the apartment while in one corner of the room two soldiers were at work winding up and causing an old clock to strike. Look into the entry with me, and see the scrambling of fifty soldiers over a barrel of flour and a barrel of sugar and molasses, while featherbeds are torn to pieces. One mischievous fellow has found the dinner-bell, and yells out "Fifteen minutes for dinner."—Another has discovered a string of cowbells, and at once strives to drown the inharmonious sounds of his rivals.
With the drumming of the piano, the striking clock, the blowing of horns, the rattling of the dishes, the ringing of cow and dinner-bells, the clatter of a sewing machine, and the wrangling of soldiers over the spoils, the ear was appalled and deafened, furniture, bedding, cooking utensils, books, pictures, chisna-ware, ladies' wearing apparel, hoop-skirts and bonnets, were thrown together in promiscuous heaps with all sorts of dirty rubbish. For a better description the reader is referred to Mr. Theodore Davis's excellent sketch, which will shortly appear in Harper's Weekly, illustrating this raid upon the Big Shanty Hotel.

TORPEDOES ON THE RAILROAD—MEN CAPTURED.

I presume the particulars of the disaster upon the U. S. military road running between this point and Nashville, Tenn., which occurred last Thursday near Calhoun Station, Ga., have reached you. For fear you have not heard of this latest Rebel invention, I give you the details. A train was on its way to Nashville, consisting of a locomotive and 12 or 15 empty cars. The guerrillas had placed a torpedo on the track, which exploded, dam-

aging the locomotive and completely destroying six of the box cars, which afterward took fire. Twelve men, employed by the Government in the repairing and construction of the Southern military telegraph lines, were captured while on this train. Fortunately they were in one of the rear cars, and to this lucky circumstance alone they owe the preservation of their lives.

FALSE ALARM IN CAMP—SILENCE REIGNS.

Last night we had a "big scare," one of the most unpleasant sensations of the present campaign. At midnight while the ebon canopy above us sent down its deluging torrents, and the wind howled fiercely through the dense woods, there was rushing of mounted orderlies, their horses splashing through the deep mud, dashing to Gen. McPherson's headquarters, with news that the enemy were threatening an assault upon our left.—Horses were quickly saddled, aide-de-camps were unceremoniously aroused from their damp couches, to gallop to the front in the midst of the drenching rain.
Everything was speedily prepared to welcome with all "the honors of war" the chivalry, should they decide to call upon us. In an hour or two the usual quietness that had pervaded our lines was restored, and with deep imprecations, and the loudest of "Yankee" anathemas upon the heads of Rebels in general, and Joe Johnston in particular, the "frys" were again filled with drowsy officers.

FEAR OF SICKNESS AMONG OUR SOLDIERS.

Surgeons predict an unusual amount of sickness among our troops if a heated tent follows this remarkable long spell of cold and rainy weather. Many of our brave men have nothing to protect them from the inclement weather but a rubber and woolen blanket, which during such storms as we have experienced since the 1st of June, afford little or no protection. Can our nation ever repay the debt of gratitude due these gallant heroes who manfully face death and court danger to save our nation's liberties? How cheerfully they submit to these privations.—Innumerable pains and hardships endured, but not one complaint; no regrets, but a firm determination to conquer or die. If you would behold the quintessence of heroism, witness the conduct of our privates on an arduous campaign, like those now in progress in Virginia and Georgia. Well may we say,
"They've mustered in their simple dress
For wrongs to seek a stern redress,
To right those wrongs, come weal or woe,
To perish—or o'ercome the foe."

Business Rules.

An Eastern paper gives the following reasonable and excellent rules for young men commencing business, and others to continue to practice:
The world estimates men by their success in life, and, by general consent, success is evidence of superiority.
Never under any circumstances assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with yourself and others.
Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon on the cost.
Remember that self-interest is more likely to wrap your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore, look well to your duty when your interest is concerned.
Never make money at the expense of your reputation.
Let your pocket expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money in a friend is need.
Keep clear of the law; for, even if you gain your case, you are generally a loser.
Avoid borrowing and lending.
Wine drinking and smoking cigars are bad habits; they impair the mind and pocket, and lead to waste of time.
Never relate your misfortunes, and never grieve over spilt milk.

Two Women Tarred and Feathered—Damages Recovered.

On the evening of the 21st of March last, an outrageous assault was perpetrated upon the persons of two females residing at Youngstown, Ohio, named Louisa Stearn, and her sister Emma C. Ross. These women were charged with keeping a disreputable house, and a preconcerted arrangement was made by a number of men and women of the town, to enter their house by force, on the night above designated, and tar and feather the objectionable women. The scheme was carried out to the letter, and the mob was characterized by the grossest violence and brutality.
The men and women who participated in this disgraceful outrage were generally disguised, but most of them were recognized by the women assaulted, and suit was subsequently entered against thirty or more of them, by Emma C. Ross, who laid her damages at twenty-five thousand dollars. The case came on for trial last week, and resulted in the jury rendering a verdict in favor of the plaintiffs for five thousand dollars damages.

It is awfully hard for some people to go out of a room after their visit is really over. They want to be off, and you want to have them off, but they don't know how to manage it.

Gussy was scolded by his mother for wearing out his trousers at the knees, but escaped a whipping by saying, "Why, ma, you see I wore 'em out saying my prayers, in the back yard!"

Boston gent gives a lady his seat in a crowded car. In a few moments says to lady, "Did you speak?" Startled lady says, "No!" Boston gent says, "Excuse me. Thought you said 'Thank-ee.'"

The best throw of dice is—to throw them away.

Ruined or Not?

"Gold is 190, and the property of the country will be destroyed," says Mr. Faint-heart.
"Gold is going to 200, and I shall be broke," says Mr. Weakknees.
"I am ruined! My bank-balance is worth only fifty-five cents on the dollar," says Mr. Neverthink.

Let us stop a moment, gentlemen, and look into this matter. Facts are better than fears, and principle is better than prejudice. You are suffering—yes, suffering, there is no other word for it—under the delusion that the amount of gold and silver coin in the country is an equivalent of its wealth. Now do you know that the highest financial authorities have never estimated this amount at over two hundred and fifty millions, and it is probably much less even in time of peace.—But suppose we admit that it is three hundred millions; and now do you know that, according to the United States Census of 1860, the wealth of the country—its real and personal property—was estimated (rather too low than too high) at fifteen thousand millions? If you will just take your pencil and cypher out the proportion that three hundred millions of specie bears to fifteen thousand millions of property, you will discover that it is—what? fifty per cent? No! Twenty-five per cent? No! But exactly two per cent.—that is, the whole amount of specie value of the property; and if at any one time, the whole property of the country had been forced to sale for the specie in the country, it would not have brought two cents on the dollar of its actual specie value.
Specie or the currency that may stand for it, is only the convenient and recognized medium for making an exchange of products. It represents property in the market, property in transit, but never the fixed property of a nation. Money is the lubricator. It don't make values; it simply lubricates machinery, and keeps the wheels of commerce running smoothly.—When too abundant, the wheels run too fast; and when scarce, there is too much friction.

And now, Mr. Faintheart, can you pick a flaw in our statement? Is it not absolute truth? But what shall we say to Mr. Weakknees, who is afraid of bankruptcy, and Mr. Neverthink, who is only afraid of his bankbalance. If Mr. Weakknees is in debt, it is now easy to get out. Pay up while money is plenty, and be happy.
If a mortgage on your land will be due next year or any year, provide for it now while you are getting high prices for everything you sell. But, Mr. Neverthink, you have—say a bank balance of \$20,000, you are afraid that gold is going up, or paper going down about out of sight, and you wish to invest the balance in some productive property: Will you buy a house worth only \$10,000 in specie, and pay for it \$18,000 in currency? Suppose you wish to sell that house after the resumption of specie payments it will bring you only \$10,000, and you will have lost exactly \$8,000. Will that be a shrewd operation? We think we can "put you up" to something better—something by which you can make your bank balance or currency not only worth its face in gold but a premium besides. Invest in Government Bonds. Buy the 10-40's. After the war is over they will be worth par in gold and something over, and they pay a liberal gold interest from the beginning. If they are not safe, then no property is safe. The same spirit of anarchy that would repudiate your property in the national debt would repudiate it in your house. If the law will not protect you in one description of your property it will not in another, and your greatest safety as well as profits is in maintaining and strengthening the Government that maintains and supports the law.

Brother Aminadab, a stiff Quaker, on receiving from "a worldly man" a blow on his face, turned the other cheek, to which a similar salute was applied.
"Friend," said Aminadab, "Scripture injunction being now satisfied, I will proceed to administer to thee a little wholesome correction," and he thereupon mauled his assailant most unmercifully.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.—"Captain, jewel," said a son of Erin, as a ship was coming on the coast in inclement winter weather, "have ye an almanick on board?"
"No, I haven't."
"Thin be jabbers!" replied Pat, "we shall have to take the weather as it comes."

It is awfully hard for some people to go out of a room after their visit is really over. They want to be off, and you want to have them off, but they don't know how to manage it.

Gussy was scolded by his mother for wearing out his trousers at the knees, but escaped a whipping by saying, "Why, ma, you see I wore 'em out saying my prayers, in the back yard!"

Boston gent gives a lady his seat in a crowded car. In a few moments says to lady, "Did you speak?" Startled lady says, "No!" Boston gent says, "Excuse me. Thought you said 'Thank-ee.'"

The best throw of dice is—to throw them away.