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LITTLE MAC AND HIS PLATFORM SENT UP SALT RIVER.

Tune—"O Susanna,"
I had a dream the other night,
When all around was still;
I dreamt I saw Old Honest Abe,
A climbing up the hill,
The way, though steep, he once had trod,
When many a foe was near;
He presses on, with trust in God,
For now the way is clear.

CHORUS.
O McClellan! you cannot follow me;
You're going up Salt River,
With the platform on your knee.

While Abe was climbing up the hill,
And almost at the top,
Poor Mac was panting at the foot,
His race compelled to stop.
He carried too much weight to win
In any even race,
His own and all his party's sin
Told hard upon his pace.

CHORUS—O McClellan, &c.
Poor Mac! he tried to climb the hill,
But it was too steep and high;
A pipe of peace was in his mouth,
And a tear stood in his eye;
One foot upon a war-horse placed,
The other on an ass;
But the brutes ran off in opposite ways,
And he fell on the grass.

CHORUS—O McClellan, &c.
Poor Mac got up and rubbed his eyes—
He was in an awful plight—
And when he scanned the hill again,
Old Abe was out of sight.
Said he, "Oh dear, what shall I do?
I'm ruined now forever;
I'll jump on board an old gunboat,
And sail up old Salt River."
CHORUS—O McClellan, &c.

CAPT. SPEKE'S ADVENTURE.

* * * At the earliest possible moment after our camp had been pitched, a hunt was set afoot, and Captain Grant, myself and some attendants were soon making our way to "the path." There were no animals there when we arrived, except a few hippotami, and we were obliged to wait the coming of more palatable game. Our patience, however, was severely taxed; and after a long delay, we were about to "bag" a hippopotamus, when one of our attendants, perched in a tree about half a mile distant, began waving his blanket. This was a signal that game was approaching. We immediately drew into cover and awaited the coming up of the latter.

We were not delayed long, for presently a long column of animals, from the elephant to the hoo doo, appeared in view, trotting at a good pace to the river.— Their flank was soon presented to us, and each selecting his object fired. McColl shot a fine buffalo cow, whilst Capt. Grant was equally successful with a hoo doo; and several spears, cast by our attendants, stopped the career of one or two different animals of the herd.

At this juncture, however, occurred an unexpected adventure, that finished our sport at least for that day. I had sprung forward, immediately after firing, in order to obtain a fair shot at a huge elephant that I wanted to bring down on account of his immense tusks. I got the desired aim, and pulled the trigger of the second barrel. At the moment of my doing so, a wild cry of alarm, uttered by one of the blacks, called my attention. Glancing around my eye chanced to range up into the foliage of the tree beneath which Capt. Grant and myself had lain for several hours previous.

My feelings may possibly be imagined, as I beheld an enormous boa constrictor, whose hideous head and neck projected some distance into view, showing that he was about to make a fatal spring. His direction was certainly toward me; and as he dashed from his position like a thunderbolt, I gave myself up, for ere aid could reach me, fold after fold of the monster would have crushed my strong frame into a quivering pulp. I felt, seemingly caught in a whirlwind of dust, and a strange, indescribable soufflé ensued.— In the midst of this terrible strife, I suddenly became conscious of the presence of a second victim; and even after the time that has elapsed since then, I still recollect with what vividness the thought shot across my mind that this second vic-

tim was Captain Grant, my noble companion.

At last, after being thus whirled about for several seconds, second seeming interminable, there ensued a lull, a stillness as death, and I opened my eyes, expecting to look upon those unexplored landscapes which are seen only in the country beyond the tomb. Instead of that, I saw Captain Grant leveling his rifle toward me, while standing beside him and behind him were the blacks, in every conceivable attitude of the most intense suspense.

In a moment I comprehended all. The huge serpent had struck a young buffalo cow, between which and him I had unluckily placed myself at the moment of firing upon the elephant. A most singular good fortune had attended me, however, for instead of being crushed into a mangled mass with the unfortunate cow, my left forearm only had been caught in between the buffalo's body and a single fold of the constrictor. The limb laid just in front of the shoulder at the root of the neck, and thus had a soft bed of flesh, into which it was jammed, as it were, by the immense pressure of the serpent's body, that it was like iron in hardness.— As I saw Grant was about to shoot, a terror took possession of me; for if he refrained, I might possibly escape, after the boa released his folds from the dead cow. But should he fire and strike the reptile, it would in its convulsions crush or drag me to pieces. Even as the idea came to me, I beheld Grant pause. He could see how I was situated, that my delivery depended on the will of the constrictor.— We could see every line on each other's face so close were we, and I would have shouted or spoken, or even whispered to him, had I dared. But the boa's head was reared within a few inches of mine, and the wink of an eye lid would perhaps settle my doom; so I stared, stared like a dead man at Grant and at the blacks.

Presently the serpent very gradually began to relax his folds, and retightening them several times as the crushed buffalo quivered, he unwound one fold entirely. Then he paused. The next iron-like band was the one that held me prisoner; and as I felt it little by little unclasping, my heart stood still with hope and fear. Perhaps upon being freed, my arm uncontrolled by my will, might fall from the cushion like bed in which it lay.— And such a mishap might bring the spare fold around my neck or chest, and then farewell to the sources of the Nile! Oh, how hardly, how desperately I struggled to command myself! I glanced at Grant and saw him handling his rifle anxiously. I glanced at the negroes, and saw them gazing as though petrified with astonishment. I glanced at the serpent's loathsome head, and saw its bright, deadly eyes, watching for the least signs of life in its prey.

Now the reptile loosened its fold on my arm a hair's breadth, and now a little more until half an inch of space separated its mottled skin from my arm. I could have whipped out my arm but dared not take the risk. Atoms of time dragged themselves into ages, and a minute seemed eternity itself! The second fold was removed entirely, and the next was easing.— Should I dash away now, or wait a more favorable moment? I decided upon the former; and with lightning speed I bounded away towards Grant, the crack of whose piece I heard the same instant. For the first time in my life I was thoroughly overcome; and sinking down I remained in a semi-conscious state for several minutes.

When I fully recovered, Grant and the overjoyed negroes held me up, and pointed out the boa constrictor still writhing in his death agonies. I shuddered as I looked upon the effects of his tremendous dying strength. For yards around where he lay, grass and bushes and saplings, and in fact everything except the more fully grown trees, were cut clean off, as if they had been trampled with an immense scythe. This monster, when measured, was fifty-one feet two inches and a half in extreme length, while round the thickest portion of the body the girth was nearly three feet, thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent ever authentically heard of.

The Russian Army.

The Russian Government encourages marriages among its soldiers, provides the couple with a house, supports them, rears their children, but takes away all boys at a tender age, and sends them to military garrisons, there to be trained for the army. There are three hundred thousand of this kind of soldiers now in the Russian army.

Perhaps men are the most imitative animals in the world of nature. Only one ass ever spoke like a man, but hundreds of thousands of men are daily talking like asses.

Thrilling Experience of a Prisoner of the D. C. Cavalry.

Alfred Onderkirk, of the 5th D. C. Cavalry, Col. L. C. Baker, who was captured in the vicinity of the Richmond and Danville Railroad on the 13th of May, has made his escape, and arrived in this city. His narrative is exceedingly interesting, and in less exciting times would afford material for columns of newspaper notice.

After his capture he was carried to Richmond, and afterward transferred to Andersonville, Georgia. Here the prisoners were confined in a stockade without a particle of shelter from the fierce rays of the sun or the pelting storm, except when the prisoners deprived themselves of necessary articles of clothing to make some slight screen.

The prison fare here seemed to have been graduated by the Rebels with the devilish purpose of killing off the prisoners by slow starvation, hastened by the exposure to the weather.

The daily rations at Andersonville were one half pint corn meal, two spoonfuls raw rice, two do. molasses. When bacon or beef was given the rice and molasses were withheld, and the meat rations when given consisted of two mouthfuls of bacon or five of beef, and the later always spoiled. The stockade formed a square, and within the stockade walls and twenty feet from them was an interior square within which the prisoners were confined. The lines of this interior square were marked only by a line of stakes with slips of boards nailed on at top something like telegraph posts and wires, and this vaguely defined line was designated as the "Dead Line," the orders being that any prisoner passing a hair's breadth past the line should be shot by the guards stationed on the walls of the stockade.

It was reported that for every Yankee thus shot the guard doing the deed was granted a furlough of 30 days—a piece of diabolism almost beyond belief, but which receives confirmation in the fact that in numerous instances prisoners were shot dead when they were not within five feet of the dead line.

In three instances while Onderkirk was there, prisoners wild with the insanity of hunger, and fever from exposure, courted death, and sprang out past the dead line to receive the welcome bullet that relieved them from the horrors of such an existence.

The prisoners were so ravenously hungry that they would crawl under the ration wagons like dogs in quest of the crumbs that might fall to the ground.

Onderkirk says that at the time he was at Andersonville our men were dying at the rate of 150 to 200 per day. When Sherman took Atlanta, the Rebels, in alarm lest he should make a raid upon Andersonville and release the large number of prisoners there, transferred the prisoners in hot haste to various points—Savannah, Charleston and elsewhere.

Onderkirk was sent to Savannah. Here the fare was somewhat better than at Andersonville, but they were kept in stockade, upon the bare ground, exposed to sun and rain day and night. The scanty prison fare was made more tolerable by the kindness of citizens of Savannah, especially the ladies, who sent in supplies of food and clothing until the brutal General Winder, who seems to indulge the hate of a devil towards our unfortunate men, interfered, and imprisoned some of the most respectable ladies of Savannah in the guard house over night as a punishment for their exercise of this more act of Christian charity to the unfortunate, starving prisoners. With the same systematic cruelty Winder peremptorily refused the offer of citizens of Savannah to erect shelters for the prisoners at their own expense.

Eight thousand prisoners were confined in the stockade at Savannah.

When news came that Hood was moving into Tennessee, in the rear of Sherman, the prisoners at Savannah, with others, were transferred to Millen, Georgia, where a large stockade pen had been constructed. Millen is equal distant from Savannah, Milledgeville and Augusta, Georgia, and being at a convenient point of railroad junction, the Rebels propose to make it their main prison quarters.

A glance at the map will, however, show that it will be a mighty convenient point for Sherman to drop down upon in his march through the Cotton States, and especially so should Savannah or Charleston be his destination.

When the train conveying Onderkirk, with other prisoners, from Savannah to Millen was about 10½ miles west of Savannah, he jumped from the train while the train was moving at the rate of about 15 miles an hour, and though a good deal stunned by the fall, he managed to crawl away and hide himself to the apparently hopeless undertaking of making his way, barefoot and unguided, through 278 miles of hostile territory, to Sherman's line at Atlanta. This he absolutely accomplished, walking by night, in 17 nights, making long detours to avoid regular lines of travel, where he would be liable to detection, and thus he was obliged to make his way for 67 miles of his tedious course through cypress swamps. Twice he had run for life from the blood-hounds used by the Confederates to patrol their roads. Once he escaped from the hounds by darting into a field of peas, where negroes had been at work, and hiding amongst the pea-vines, scarce daring to hope for escape, and saw with glad surprise the hounds lose the scent among the tracks of the negroes, and go off on a false trail, giving him an opportunity to flee again.

The second time he escaped from blood-hounds by swimming the Oconnee River, 150 yards wide, and the pursuers having no means of conveyance across, reluctantly gave up the chase, and called back the dogs. His only food was what he obtained from the fields, sweet potatoes, &c., and what the friendly negroes (who always found as true as steel) provided him with. Until within 40 miles of Atlanta he could get no definite information concerning the direction of that place, but he traveled in a northwest direction, "taking the seven stars for his guide," as he says. He escaped on the 11th of October, and struck our picket line one and a half miles from Atlanta on the 1st of November. He saw, or heard of, but few Rebel soldiers until near Atlanta, when he was obliged to lay low while some 5,000 of Wheeler's cavalry passed on a raiding expedition, moving in the direction of Stone Mountain. Our forces at Atlanta, under Gen. Schofield, he found well provisioned, and on his (Onderkirk's) way over the railroad from Atlanta to Chattanooga, sixteen trains of cars with supplies passed in one day, en route to Atlanta was amply guarded and guerrillas were obliged to keep a respectful distance.

Onderkirk's description of the country through which he came has much interest in view of the reported grand movement of Sherman's in the cotton States, which, according to the intimations in the Richmond papers, is starting the Rebel leaders out of their propriety. Onderkirk of course, knows little about Mobile or Charleston, but he was at Savannah and thinks that place could be easily taken by Sherman should that point be aimed at by him. The defenses of Savannah are mainly on the coast side, and on the northwest or land side there are no defenses of account, and the country is so level as not to afford any favorable defensive positions. There were very few troops at Savannah when he was there; in fact, so few that on every third night the marines on the Rebel boats in Savannah harbor were detailed for guard duty at the prison stockade.

The roads through the country from Atlanta, in that direction are generally good, being through a flat country for the most part. The streams are easily forded and with low banks. The hundreds of acres of sweet potatoes, corn and peas, would afford sustenance and forage for a large army passing through. The 25,000 Union prisoners confined at Millen would be a tempting bait for Sherman in that direction (being on the direct line from Atlanta to Savannah) and by a rapid cavalry dash they might be secured, though it is probable that on the first knowledge of Sherman's advance toward the Atlantic coast (such as the Richmond papers indicate he is successfully accomplishing), the Rebels would make haste to remove their prisoners to a safer place of confinement.

Onderkirk says that the Rebels counted much upon McClellan's election, when they thought the war would soon be over and the Confederate independence achieved.

The Apple Crop.

The Pittsburgh papers say that the apple crop in that section is enormous, the trees in many cases being borne down with the fruit. Notwithstanding this abundance of the fruit, it is said to command a high price in the markets. The Pittsburgh Gazette says:

"We look, however as soon as the crop has been gathered in, for a great reduction, and believe that they will sell for seventy-five cents a barrel before Christmas. While the crop around here is so very heavy, it is a partial failure out West, and a very heavy business is now being done in shipping apples to Milwaukee Chicago and other western towns. Cleveland appears to have been the chief point from which they are sent and some idea of the magnitude which the business has assumed, may be gathered from the fact that over 7000 barrels were shipped from there to Green Bay, Chicago and Milwaukee, on Saturday. The freight is thirty cents a barrel, and they sell readily at the points named at high prices, the business pays."

A certain importer of wines and cigars in Philadelphia keeps a private drawer well filled with Havanas, and has been much annoyed by the freedom with which an acquaintance has been in the habit of appropriating them. The other day he had some cigars made with a fire-cracker in the centre of each. During his absence his friend helped himself, as usual, in spite of the remonstrances of the boy in charge of the office. The consequence was an explosion and an abraded nose, and the private drawer will in future be un molested.

A little boy disputing with his sister on some subject, exclaimed, "It's true, for ma says so; and if ma says so, it is so, if it ain't so!" This childish faith is very beautiful. We were reading, not long since, where a Sunday school teacher asked his scholars if they ever know a person who was always right. One little fellow raised his hand, and replied, "I do; it's my mother."

A profound dealer in statistics says:—"Only sixty-five persons out of one thousand and thirty-six, three are divorced, eight run away, fourteen live like cats and dogs, thirty are indifferent and ten are happy. Miserable world."

The New State of Nevada.

The Territory of Nevada, which has just been admitted to the Union as a State, by proclamation of President Lincoln, was organized in March, 1861. For this purpose about ten thousand square miles were appropriated from the northern extremity of California, and about seventy thousand from Western Utah. At the time of its organization the Territory possessed a population of very nearly seven thousand white settlers. The development of her mineral resources was rapid and almost without parallel, and attracted a constant stream of immigration to the Territory. As the population has not been subject to the fluctuation from which other Territories have suffered, the growth of Nevada has been rapid and steady. At the general convention election of 1863 nearly eleven thousand votes were cast; during the present year great accessions to the population have been made.

THE SILVER MINES.

Nevada is probably the richest State in Union in respect to mineral resources. No region in the world is richer in argentiferous leads. These leads are found scattered over the entire Washoe county, the richest of which is that known as the Comstock lead, at Virginia City. The localities of the other principal mines in the region east of the Sierra Nevada, are the Emerald mines, one hundred miles south east of Virginia; the Humboldt, one hundred and sixty miles north east; the Silver Mountain, sixty miles south; Peavine, thirty miles north, and the San Antonio, one hundred miles south of Austin, now the principal town on the Reese River.

Lying south of Virginia, and extending to the Carson River, a distance of eight miles, are the Gold Hill, Devil's Gate and Sulphur Spring districts, containing innumerable ledges, many of them large and exhibiting fair prospect upon their outcrops. Here are scores of tunnels, some of them two thousand feet long; and shafts without number, varying in depth from fifty to three hundred feet.

IMMENSE BASIN OF SALT.

A few months ago another deposit of mineral wealth was brought to light, which has proved of incalculable value to the silver mines. This was an immense basin of salt, five miles square, near the sink of the Carson River. This basin, says a gentleman who writes from Virginia City, appears once to have been the bottom of a lake, and the salt is found good even on the surface. A covering of about three inches is loose and indifferent; but a depth of fourteen feet, pure rock salt is found as clear as ice, and white "as the river snow." Beneath there is water, which seems to be filtered through salt for an unknown depth. The whole of the fourteen feet in thickness does not contain a single streak of any deleterious matter or rubbish, and is ready for quarrying and sending to market. Great blocks of the pure stuff can be raised the same as if it were ice or stone; on exposure, however it crumbles sufficiently to admit of being closely packed in sacks or wagon boxes. Grinding is necessary to prepare it for the table; otherwise nature has "done the clean thing" in its preparation. Once that loose salt on top is removed, one man can quarry and wheel out five tons each day he may work. The importance of this discovery may be estimated from the fact that many hundred tons of salt are supplied to the mills of the Territory every month in aggregating the ore. The locality is one hundred miles west of Reese River, and seventy miles east of Virginia on the Overland Road.

QUARTZ MILLS.

In January of this year there were 125 quartz mills in operation in Nevada which were erected at a cost ranging from \$10,000 to \$100,000. About three-fourths of the quartz mills of Nevada are driven by steam and the balance by water power. Of the entire number, four-fifths are in the vicinity of Virginia. The most of them receive their supply of rock from the claims near that place and the adjoining town of Gold Hill. It is calculated that every stamp will crush a ton of rock in twenty-four hours. There is an average of one hundred mills in constant operation. These will carry on an average, ten stamps each, making one thousand, with capacity for crushing one thousand tons per day. This ore will yield at the rate of \$50 per ton, giving a daily product of \$20,000 or \$15,000,000 per annum.

The Intellectual Observer says.

Dr. Paul Bert has published a work on the curious subject of animal grafts. He succeeded in making Siamese twins of a couple of rats, and in many other monstrosities. He exclaims: "It is a surprising spectacle to see a paw cut from one rat, live, grow, finish its ossification, and regenerate its nerves under the skin of another; and when we plant a plume of feather under the skin of a dog, what a miracle to see the interrupted vital phenomena resume their course, and the fragment of a bird receive nourishment from the blood of a mammal."

A queer story is related of a hog near Pittsfield, Mass. This animal has for some time been running wild, lives in a swamp, digs potatoes and kills sheep for a living. It has been known to kill four sheep in a single day, and is so destructive that a reward has been offered for its capture.

The Government.

Every man in the country should resist the effort which is often made to represent "the Government" as an independent and dangerous power. "The Government" does this, "the Government" does that, we are told by fiery orators, as if the Government were an oppressive and despotic tyrant.

That is a kind of talk which is intelligible elsewhere, but which has no significance about and beyond the people; it is simply the constitutional expression of the popular will. Consequently, to resist the Government is to resist the people; for the same instrument which establishes the constitutional form of the Government also provides for correcting its errors and withstanding any conceivable invasion of popular liberty. If, for instance, a man is of opinion that any officer of the Government is exceeding his authority, he may complain, and the law gives him the remedy. But to suppose that all the officers of the Government, including, of course, the House of Representatives are in conspiracy against popular rights is ridiculous, because the people themselves, elect the Representatives every two years.

In any system, indeed, where questions are decided by ballot there may be such fraud or force that the result will not justly indicate the real wish of the people. But while such disturbing elements are found at particular points, they can not exist universally without betraying a condition of affairs which proves the popular system to be impracticable. Nobody supposes, probably, that all the votes polled at a general election in the city of New York are fair and lawful votes. The result in that city can not be held to indicate, according to the actual proportion, the eyes and noses upon any question or candidate. When, therefore, there were the same uncertainty overhanging every poll in the country, there would be a distressing doubt as to the real popular will, unless the figures were palpably beyond the suspicion of fraud. But that very state of things would reveal such an indifference, timidity, or acquiescence in fraud as virtually to make the vote express the force, is not the actual numbers, of public opinion.

Votes are valuable when there are men behind them, as Emerson says of words. The question of this rebellion simply whether there are men behind the votes. If there are, the Government of the United States is merely the American people willing, speaking, acting. If there are not, then the Government is a wash, which the most daring hand will snatch and wear.—Harper's Weekly.

Family Courtesies.

In the family the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children; and your children are bound to please each other; and you are bound to please your servants; if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household and nowhere else. I have known such men. They were good fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own house, you would have thought that they were angels; almost; but if you had seen them in the street, or in the store, or anywhere else outside of their house, you would have thought them almost demonic. But the opposite is apt to be the case. When we are among our neighbors, or among strangers, we hold ourselves with self-respect, and endeavor to act with propriety; but when we get home we say to ourselves, "I have played a part long enough, and am now going to be natural." So we sit down, and are ugly, and snappish, and blunt, and disagreeable. We lay aside those thousand little courtesies that make the roughest floor smooth, that make the hardest things like velvet, and make life pleasant. We expend all our politeness in places where it will be profitable—where it will bring silver and gold.

Story of a Quaker.

A returned soldier who fought at the battle of Gettysburg, tells the following story about a Quaker:

"A Quaker, who had never fired a gun in his life, joined one of the Pennsylvania regiments at the battle of Gettysburg.— When the order was given out to fire, his musket refused to obey orders. Thinking he had too small a load in, he said, 'These won't go, hey? well, I will give thee another dose,' and down went another load. He tried again, but it was no use, he kept on loading and trying until he had seven cartridges down when one of his comrades, on examination, found the tube obstructed and told the Quaker what to do. So following his advice, he soon put his gun in trim. By this time the order was given to fire, and he did, at the same time turning two or three somersaults. The captain noticing this strange manoeuvre, walked towards him, at the same time picking up the musket. By this time the Quaker raised himself up, leaning on one elbow, and seeing the captain take up the gun, exclaimed, at the top of his voice, 'I pray thee, Captain, touch it not; it will hurt thee. I have put seven loads in it. It will fire six times more, as sure as there is a God in Israel.'"

An Irish witness in a court of justice, being asked what kind of "earmarks" the hog in question had, replied—"He had no particular ear-marks except a very short tail."