

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 23. STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. DECEMBER 8, 1864. NO. 42.

Published by Theodore Schoch.
TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if no bill before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements of one square (eight lines) or less, one or three insertions \$1.50. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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Interesting Trial of Projectiles.

A very interesting trial of the sub-caliber projectile in connection with a new packing or sabot, both the invention of Mr. Wilson H. Smith of Derby, was made by order of the Navy Department a few days since, at Derby in this State. This trial was the concluding one of a series, and was in all respects a most decided success, both as regards the projectile and the packing. As most of our readers are familiar with the sub-caliber principle, we will not enter into a lengthy explanation of it, but will merely say, for the information of those who are not familiar with the subject, that the principle is such that, by means of a jacket or case, it is rendered possible to fire a bolt of a less diameter than the caliber of the gun, thus lightening the shot, and giving with the same charge of powder immensely greater penetrating power, and consequently much greater range, with less strain upon the walls of the gun. The trial was made from a 100-pound Rodman rifle, which has been mounted at Derby, for the purpose of these trials.

The target was placed one quarter of a mile from the gun, and consisted of laminated iron plates four-and-a-half inches in thickness, bolted to a backing of eight inches of oak and four feet of hemlock. This target was three feet wide and four feet in length. Besides this target there was a screen of boards about eight feet square, on which was painted a bull's eye six inches in diameter. These two targets, it will be seen in mind, were for two different descriptions of projectiles; the wooden screen being fired at first with common shell, in order to test the new packing or sabot. Five shells were fired at an elevation of a trifle less than a half a degree, three of which struck the eight-inch bull's eye; one of the others was about two feet above in line, and the other about three feet below, a little on the left. The extraordinary closeness of the shooting showed that the packing must have taken the grooves with the utmost exactitude, thus securing the great object of all packing, the instantaneous and complete filling of the grooves, preventing any loss of force by the escape of gas by windage, and securing the rotary motion to the projectile which ensures its correct flight.

Heretofore no packing has completely attained all of these requirements, on several accounts, all of which are obviated by this new mode of packing. On the completion of the trial of the wooden target, five sub-caliber shots were fired at the iron target at a distance of one quarter of a mile, and the elevation of the gun a half a degree. The first shot struck the target about four inches above the bull's eye, and penetrated the target and the packing, and buried itself in the hill side. The second was attended with a similar result. The third fell short about three feet, missing the target. The fourth and fifth struck and pierced the target and backing, tearing it in pieces and destroying it entirely. The projectiles used were steel bolts, four and a half inches in diameter and about sixteen inches in length, flat-headed, and kept in place in the gun by means of a sabot or jacket, the packing of the bolt and case as fired was a trifle over sixty pounds for each shot, the charge of powder being the regulation charge of ten pounds.

The penetrative force of this projectile is without parallel in the history of projectiles. On a previous trial at the same place with the same gun, at the same distance and using the same charge of powder, two of these steel bolts were fired at, and through a target composed of eight inches of laminated iron plates, twelve inches of oak backing, and four feet of hemlock timber. The velocity was so immense that the bolt not only went through the whole mass, but the case went through the eight inches of iron and into the wood where the bolt left it. One other shot was fired at the same target, rendering it useless for further trials. A few of these projectiles were made for the large Ames gun which has been on trial for so long a time at Bridgeport, by Gen. Gilmore and staff, and Commodore Hunt. This gun is by all odds the best which has ever been made, and owing to the immense charges of powder used in proportion to the size of the gun, it has almost been an impossibility to get any projectile which would bear the strain. Six of these projectiles were fired from the gun with charges ranging from twenty to thirty pounds of powder, with the most decided success.

We understand that the extreme range of these projectiles was seven miles and a quarter beyond the extreme range of any other projectile fired from this gun. The sub-caliber principle was discovered by Mr. Smith some years since, but it has only been possible by a long and costly series of experiments to reduce it to practical use. That this has been successfully accomplished, the result of these trials bear ample testimony. A company has been formed for the manufacture of this projectile, under the title of the Bridgeport Steel Projectile Company, with a

capital of \$200,000, which is all taken by a few parties. They have purchased the Crescent foundry at Bridgeport, and are now preparing for the manufacture of the projectiles on a large scale.—*New Haven Jour., Nov. 29.*

The New Incendiary Shells—The Impending Fate of Richmond—Sharpshooters at Gen. Butler—Kerhaw's Hungry Division.

Correspondence of the Tribune.

Headquarters Army of the James, }
Near Richmond, Va. Nov. 26, 1864. }
The day before yesterday some highly interesting experiments were made from Fort Brady, at the left of our lines on this side of the James, with an incendiary shell which I believe bears the name of its inventor, Mr. A. Berney, of the Greek fire notoriety. One hundred pound shells were fired from our battery, under charge of Capt. H. H. Pierce of the first Conn. Artillery. Five frame houses, distance near a mile, were successively fired and burned to the ground. The cellar of one of these had, it appeared, been used as a sort of magazine, as shells exploded extensively during its conflagration.

To-day another trial was undertaken, or rather was to have been undertaken, had not our parapets been all down and some changes going on at the fort rendered it undesirable to provoke too protracted a fire from the Rebel batteries across the James upon Fort Brady. A few ordinary shells were sent over to the "Johnnies" however, with the compliments of Capt. Pierce, and one of the incendiary fellows was exploded in close proximity to a large house in the Rebel lines in full view of our battery, but not near enough to it to accomplish its ignition. We succeeded however in drawing the fire from all of the batteries which the Rebels have been so busily engaged in planting across the James for some weeks past, twelve guns in all, and they poured the shell very lively for near two hours into Fort Brady. We have elicited this fact, that they have 7 and 8 inch Brook's guns, 10 inch columbiads and Whitworth guns mounted over there, and that is about all, except that we can fire any building or collection of buildings which is within range of our guns. In this connection it is interesting to state that every house in Petersburg lies in easy reach of our works, and that we also possess guns which are able, from our advanced position, to reach the very heart of the city of Richmond. It will thus be seen what we can do, and it may be my province hereafter to state either what we will do or have already done toward causing the Rebels to feel the hardships of war.

The Rebels have had a number of their most experienced sharpshooters perambulating their lines for some time past, armed with some captured guns of ours, for the purpose of discovering Gen. Butler in one of his rides along the lines and at some time shooting him—knowing this from undoubted testimony. Gen. Lee was yesterday seen on the parapet of Fort Gilmor from our own Fort Burnham (Harrison) and could have been treated to the same entertainment which he has not only sanctioned but actually is pursuing toward Gen. Butler, but no such cowardly act would be allowed by Gen. Butler with reference to Gen. Lee. Will the Richmond papers please determine which is the "Beast" and which is the "human and Christian gentleman?"

Persons who were eye-witnesses to the return of Kerhaw's Division of Early's army the other day from the valley, describe their state to have been fearful in the extreme. They came in almost starved and rushed into the markets of Richmond like a pack of hungry wolves, literally cleaned them out of everything they contained, causing the prices of family supplies for the time being to advance a hundred per cent to the citizens of their city. They were many of them barefooted, all ragged and dirty, while a large portion had literally not enough clothing to hide their nakedness.

The Richmond papers profess to have cheering news from Georgia which they withhold lest it convey information to us. As no information is very plain reasoning could benefit us it is very plain reasoning to infer that the Georgia news does not delight them so much as they might be glad to have us believe.

No casualties whatever occurred to-day from the shelling which the Rebels gave us. J. B. C.

A worthy doctor, who was laboring under the delusion that men and women maen't what they said, was tempted by a very cordial invitation from a lady of distinction to call at her house. The servant opened the door so quick that her voice was heard by Dr. —, saying, "tell him I am not at home!" His ready wit came to his rescue, for he immediately said in a loud tone to the servant, "Tell your mistress I have not called upon her this morning, as she wished me."

Another Great Victory.

THOMAS WHIPS HOOD AND FORREST.

BATTLE NEAR FRANKLIN, TENN.

The Rebels Attack our Lines. A FURIOUS BATTLE.

THE ENEMY ELEVEN TIMES REPULSED. Rebel Loss, 5,000; Union Loss, 700.

FIRST DISPATCH. Nashville, Nov. 30, 1864—Midnight.

The enemy at 4 p. m. made a heavy attack with two Corps, but after persistent fighting he was repulsed at all points, with a loss of six thousand killed and wounded.

Our loss is known to be about five hundred. During the battle one thousand prisoners were taken, including a Brigadier-General.

The battle took place at Franklin.

SECOND DISPATCH—OFFICIAL. Nashville, Dec. 1—11 a. m.

The following dispatch was received from Franklin late last night: "Franklin, Nov. 30, 1864,

"MAJ.-GEN. THOMAS: The enemy made a heavy and persistent attack with two corps, commencing at 4 p. m., and lasting till after dark. He was repulsed at all points with heavy loss—probably of five or six thousand men. Our loss is probably not more than one fourth of that number. We have captured about one thousand prisoners, including one Brigadier-General.

"JOHN SCHOFIELD, Maj. Gen."

THIRD DISPATCH. Nashville, Dec. 1, 1864—noon.

Persons who have arrived from the front and who witnessed the battle of yesterday, describe the attack of the Rebel forces as desperate. Four charges were made upon the Union lines of masked batteries in a body of four lines deep. Each time the Rebels were repulsed with fearful loss.

The fort is on the north bank of the river opposite the town, extending up the river, and encircling the town was the line of masked batteries. Eye-witnesses say this engagement in desperation and furious fighting, was hardly equaled by the battle of Stone River.

Forrest in person was on the field rallying his men. A rumor is in circulation that he was killed, but it lacks confirmation.

About 7 o'clock last night heavy reinforcements reached Schofield, which caused a complete rout of the Rebel forces.

The city to-day is full of fleeing residents of Williamson and other counties south. They state Hood is gathering up all the horses, hogs and mules he can find and sending them South.

There is a great panic among the negroes in the counties south of Nashville. Numbers are fleeing to the city for protection.

FOURTH DISPATCH. Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 1—2 p. m.

The Union forces under Gen. Thomas retired from Franklin last night and have taken position and formed in line of battle south of Nashville about three miles. Skirmishing has been going on all day about five miles south of here. Heavy cannonading can be distinctly heard in the city. No want of confidence is felt by the citizens in ultimate success.—The employees of the Quartermaster's Department are under arms and in the trenches.

One hundred and seven Confederate officers, including one brigadier-general and one thousand prisoners, arrived in the city this morning. They were captured in the fight last night near Franklin. A great battle may momentarily be expected.

FIFTH DISPATCH. Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 1—3 1/2 p. m.

About noon on Wednesday our main army reached Franklin, when Gen. Schofield prepared to give the enemy battle. There was very little skirmishing, as Hood's object was to attack us before we had time to throw up defensive works.

About 4 o'clock the enemy commenced advancing on our lines when the ball was opened by our batteries shelling their advance, and soon after a regular cannonading opened along the whole line.

The Rebels who had been protected by woods, now emerged from cover, and opened with a fierce volley of musketry along the lines, and then charged. For a moment part of our line wavered, and fell back before the desperate charge of the enemy. Generals Ruder and Cox, however, rallied their men and charged the enemy, who had crossed over our abandoned line of works.

The Rebels were now fighting with the desperation of demons, charging our line furiously, some leaping our works and fighting hard.

Now was the critical moment, and our generals, rallying their troops, swung on Rebel flank, doubling them in the center where our artillery and musketry mowed them down by hundreds.

The tide was now turned. Our men, inspired with success, gave a wild hurra and swept back on the Rebel line like an avalanche, hurling the enemy back in the wildest disorder and confusion.

Night was now setting in, yet we followed up our advantage. What once threatened to be a disastrous defeat was thus turned into a glorious victory. The courage of our officers and the desperate bravery of our men was unexampled.

Our loss is about seven hundred killed and wounded. We captured over one thousand prisoners and eight battle flags. Two Rebel Brigadier Generals are in our hands. A Rebel Division General was left on the field mortally wounded. The Rebel loss in killed and wounded is estimated at three thousand.

The Rebel Generals Cheatham and Lee's Corps were engaged. The brunt of the battle on our side fell on the Second Division of the Fourth Corps.

Captain Coughlin, of General Cox's staff, was killed, and several regimental commanders and officers were killed and wounded, whose names have not been ascertained. General Stanley was slightly wounded in the neck, but did not leave the field.

Gen. Cox states one could walk fifty yards on dead Rebels in his front.

The excitement is allayed here by the knowledge of the above facts.

Our troops have taken position in a line of works between Nashville and Franklin.

SIXTH DISPATCH. Nashville Dec. 1, 1864—11 p. m.

Hood's infantry force crossed the Harpeth River this morning, and he has not advanced that portion of his force since. His cavalry crossed Harpeth River on the fords above Franklin this morning at daybreak, closely following Gen. Wilson, who retired in this direction. Skirmishing with the advance has occurred all day. Gen. Wilson occupies a strong position a few miles south of Nashville, and is able to resist any force the Rebels may bring against him.

The Rebel General captured yesterday was Col. Gordon, of the 11th Tennessee, Brevet Brigadier General.

An officer who witnessed the fight yesterday describes the battle as one of the most sanguine of the war. The determined bravery of the Rebels exceeded anything before seen. Although slaughtered by hundreds, they still advanced against our batteries. Within five hours, eleven distinct assaults were made against our works—each a failure.

The battle being ended, our forces quietly withdrew from the town.

Among the casualties is Maj. Gen. Stanley, wounded by a shot in the neck. The Rebel General Cheatham is reported wounded. Capt. Bissell, of the 12th Indiana, and Capt. Stanley, 124th Indiana, were killed; Capt. Hinton, 124th Indiana, mortally wounded; Col. Lowrey, 107 Illinois, killed; Capt. Coughlin, of Gen. Cox's staff, killed; Capt. Dowling, 111th Ohio, wounded; Col. Waters, 3d Brigade 1st Division, was wounded in the shoulder; Col. Conrad, who commanded a brigade in the Second Division, was wounded.

The following are Rebel casualties; Brig. Gen. Adams, killed; Brig. Gen. Scott, wounded. The enemy's total killed, wounded, and prisoners are estimated at 4,000, 3,000 being either killed or wounded. The Union loss in killed and wounded was 700. The loss in prisoners is trifling.

Gen. Bradley is wounded and in the city.

Col. Stockton and Major James, of the 72d Illinois, are also wounded.

It is rumored this evening that Hood is moving Eastward toward Murfreesboro.

Election Wagers.

The Press relates the following funny incidents:

In the way of wagers, we have heard of many whose conditions were ludicrous and of others which were quite earnest.—In New York two respectable citizens bound themselves to each other in a regular, legal instrument after the wager was made. If McClellan received a majority in the State of New York the party of the first part was to assume a fashionable dress and sweep the most public part of Broadway, between the hours of 12 M. and 3 P. M. If Lincoln received a majority the party of the second part was to do the same thing. Two others agreed, in a similar manner, that if Lincoln carried Pennsylvania the party of the first part was to trundle a wheelbarrow of sand, with an American flag flying from the load, a half a mile along Broadway, making the Astor House his point of departure and arrival, and vice versa. A citizen of Trenton, in case McClellan carried the State, was, on all the pleasant days of the week, (which he had the reserved right to select,) to eat a frugal dinner on the step of court-house, said dinner to be served to him by bootblacks in the filthiest state of dilapidation. In Chicago an ex-United States Marshal, a blatant Copperhead, will, according to the terms of his wager, be compelled to pay and eat four dinners with such colored company as the fortunate winner of his wager may select. In Binghamton, New York, there is a lady whose suitor was a strong supporter of McClellan. So certain was he of his favorite being the favorite of the people, that he proposed to his sweetheart that in case Lincoln's election he would pronounce the public streets, at high noon, with a large placard on his back inscribed "Sold," never dreaming that he would have to fulfill his promise. But on Wednesday last, having discovered his mistake, he was forced to execute his promise, much to his own disgust and to the delight of small boys and the amusement of children of larger growth.

Heroism of a Pennsylvania Soldier.

Numerous examples of heroic endurance of suffering have been given by our soldiers during the war. The following account of the heroism of a Pennsylvania equals, however, if it does not excel, any previous incident which has occurred:

Private Wm. N. Kellerman enlisted in Company H, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, March 1, 1864. At the battle of Po river, on the 10th of May, he received three distinct wounds—one on the right shoulder, another on the chin, and the third ear and entirely depriving him of the use of his right eye. He rejoined his regiment on the 13th of August, when the 2d Corps was on the march to Deep Bottom. On the following day he was so injured by the concussion of a shell that he was removed from the field insensible, and was not enabled to report for duty until the 13th of October.

On the 27th of that month, and while the 2d and 3d Divisions were making a reconnaissance on the left, General Miles, commanding the 1st Division, directed a demonstration on the rebel front in front of his line. Kellerman was selected, with others, for the purpose. They charged amid a heavy fire and succeeded in driving the enemy from the fort, capturing a number of prisoners, with whom Kellerman was sent to the rear. Having performed this duty, he started back to rejoin his comrades. In the meantime, the rebels had rallied, and our troops were compelled to fall back. Kellerman in the darkness did not observe this until near the fort, when he came upon the rebels picket line, which had been established in his absence. Fortunately he was unobserved, and sinking down he crept into a small ravine, hoping to make his escape during the night. Soon after a rebel vidette was thrown out few feet in advance of where he lay, thus placing him between the vidette and the skirmish line. In this position he lay until the night of the 2d November, a period of six days, exposed to the wind and rain, and the cold, freezing atmosphere of the nights, without food or drink, chewing the leaves and roots within reach of his arm, determined not to surrender himself to the enemy, which he could have done at any moment with safety. On the night of the 2d, the enemy having relaxed his vigilance, he succeeded in reaching our lines, crawling upon his hands and knees, and bringing with him his accoutrements and Spence rifle. On being taken to the hospital he was utterly exhausted, his hands and feet were badly frozen, and the toes of his right foot somewhat dangerous. He was unable to swallow for the first day, but on the second beef tea and other nourishing and stimulating liquors were administered with the best effect. He has to a great extent recovered the use of his hands and feet, and bids fair, at no distant day, to be able to rejoin his regiment. Gen. Miles has forwarded a recommendation that as a reward for his unexampled fortitude and heroism in refusing to surrender himself to the enemy under such trying circumstances, he be granted a furlough for thirty days, and awarded a medal of honor.

Shingles Rendered Fire Proof.

Mr. John Mears says, in the Boston Cultivator, that he has prepared shingles in the following manner, and after an experience of eleven years, and using seven forges in his blacksmith's shop, he has never seen a shingle on fire, nor has a nail started. The shingles are prepared in the following manner: "Having a large trough I put into it a bushel of quicklime half a bushel of salt, and 5 or 6 pounds of potash, adding water to slack the lime and dissolve the vegetable alkali and the salt, well knowing that pieces of an old limepit, a soap-barrel, or a pork-tub, were not the best kindling stuff, and having long since learned while at the Vineyard Sound, that hot salt-water white-wash would endure far longer than that made with fresh water, absorbing moisture striking into the wood, and not peeling and washing off. I set the bundles of the shingles nearly to the bands in the wash for two hours; then turned them end for end. When laid on the roof and walls, they were brushed over twice with the liquid, and were brushed over at intervals of two or three years after."

The Marriage Fee.

The late Dr. Bonnton was once disputing with a farmer about the ease with which a minister earned his money.—"Now," said the farmer, "when you are called on to marry a couple, you never expect a sum less than three dollars—this for a few minutes' service." "Pooh!" replied the doctor, "I would agree to give you half of my next marriage fee for a bushel of potatoes." "Very well," said the farmer, "I'll take your offer, and send you the potatoes." A few days afterwards the doctor was called on to splice a couple at Dogtown, a place about four miles from where he lived. When the ceremony was over the bridegroom said to the worthy minister, "Well, parson, I s'pose I must fork over something for your trouble. What say you to taking one of my terrier pups? The best breed, I tell you, in the country. Shoekin' nice to have in the barn. Worth full five dollars—and I suppose a figure 2 would do for the splice, eh?" The doctor took the pup with joy. The joke was too good; he hastened to the farmer, saying: "Now, friend, here is my fee—how shall we divide it." The farmer relished the joke so well that he increased the potatoes to half a dozen bushels.

A Sad Story.

A correspondent of the Mobile Register, writing from Atlanta, relates the following: Not many months ago there arrived at a Confederate port, upon one of the most notable of our blockade runners a very unassuming woman—scarce such indeed, for she was hardly out of her teens—of an extremely handsome person. She had come to Nassau from Paris, and thence for the South. She brought with her an abundant wardrobe, and sufficiency of means to last her two or three years at the present high rates of living. Her object in visiting this country was to discover the fate of an only brother, a Colonel in our service, who had placed her at Geney's at school when the war began. She had not heard from him during six months, became anxious, and finally set out on her long and perilous journey.—Her brother had been killed at Gettysburg, and found herself alone and a stranger in her native land. She went first to Augusta, then to Mobile; here she lost a trunk containing all her gold. At this critical juncture she met a very handsome field officer—fell in love—engaged first in flirtation then in an amour—and accompanied him as far as Atlanta on his way to the front. He fell at Chickamauga. What her life became you can guess.—She died last week, and was tumbled into the ground in the public cemetery.—There's a story for you—weep over it.

Where the Oil Comes From.

An old whale captain was expressing his opinion at the Petroleum Hotel, Oil City, that the oil came from a huge deposit of whale, which were caught there when the flood abated, and intervening convulsions of nature had since covered them up.

"What might a whale be worth, captain?" inquired a native who had never seen salt water.

"About twenty thousand dollars," replied the captain.

"Well, a whale's pretty good property, isn't it?"

"Yes, when you catch him," quietly responded the old salt, who, after being a quarter of a century a whaling harpooner, had now become a petroleum lamp-oiler!

How He Did It.

A committee called on a flourishing tradesman to solicit a subscription for the support of a clergyman.

"Can't do it, gentlemen," was the reply: "I gave five dollars to the Rev. M. P., yesterday."

After much persuasion, however they succeeded in getting him to put down a like amount for the Rev. Mr. R., and departed with thanks; but a minute afterwards he was overheard giving the following directions to an assistant: "Draw off five dollars' worth of liquor and fill with water. Take it out of the row of casks next to those that you watered yesterday for the Rev. Mr. P."

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