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**THE SNOW ROBE.**

BY MINNIE MYRTLE.

Last night as we slept,

Nor did the vigils we kept

By the spirit of a roguish star,

In garments of white,

Resplendent and bright

Came the angels in cloud-wrapt car.

But the star never spoke,

Nor from sleep was awake,

To tell us that angels were near;

So we slept right along,

Nor heard we their song,

Though sweetly they sang and clear.

And they came for this

From their homes of bliss,

To present to our Mother Earth

At which each of the band

Had wrought with her hand—

A new robe as a token of worth.

Both softer than silk,

And whiter than milk,

Was the stuff from which it was spun;

And the shuttle flew

As the thread it drew,

Till the splendid robe was done.

The warp was white

And the woof was light,

Through their mystic fingers run;

And I'm sure it was made

To wear in the shade

For it soon would spoil in the sun.

Then fold after fold

They quickly unrolled

Of the ample garment they'd wrought;

And it sparkled bright

In the stars' clear light,

Like the gleam of a brilliant thought.

Then away to the earth

With a song of mirth

Came the beauteous angel band,

And the light of a smile

Lit their faces the while

For their joy at what they had planned.

And they spread it out,

Without murmur or shout,

O'er the wood, and the hill, and the plain;

Then hastened away

Ere the break of day,

To their glittering homes again.

When we opened our eyes,

What a glad surprise

Was the view from our windows caught,

Of the sparkling white

And the sparkling light

Of the robe by the angles wrought.

Green Valley, Nov. 15th.

**A Sturdy Patriot.**

The Rev. W. G. Brownlow, the fearless editor of the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Whig* after a long conflict with the despots of Secession, and several narrow escapes from assassination, has finally been compelled to give up his paper and go to jail. He says in his farewell address:

"I shall in no degree feel humbled by being cast into prison, whenever it is the will and pleasure of this august government to put me there; but, on the contrary, I shall feel proud of my confinement. I shall go to jail, as John Rogers went to the stake—for my principles. I shall go, because I have failed to recognize the hand of God in the work of breaking up the American Government, and the inauguration of the most wicked, cruel, unnatural and unequal for war ever recorded in history. I go because I have refused to lend to the skies the acts of tyranny, usurpation and oppression, inflicted upon the people of East Tennessee because of their devotion to the Constitution and Laws of that Government, handed down to them by their fathers, and the liberties secured to them by a war of seven long years of gloom, poverty, and trial! I repeat, I am proud of my position, and of my principles, and shall leave them to my children as a legacy, far more valuable than a princely fortune, had I the latter to bestow!"

**A Secession Flag.**

Lately the loyal people of Troy felt greatly outraged by the rumor that a gentleman, known to be a loyal citizen, had a secession flag flying from his house. Of course there was a tremendous hue and cry raised, and an excited party started for the premises. On reaching the house it was found to be a lady's balm, that had been washed and hung from a back window to dry. The husband avowed his determination to stand by that flag as long as he lived.

"File right!" said an officer to his company.

"Bedad," said an Irishman, who stood near by, sharpening his saw, "it's me own property, and I'll be doin' as I please with it."

**The Great Expedition.**

**THE FLEET IN A TERRIBLE GALE.**

**THE ARRIVAL AT PORT ROYAL S. C.**

The terrible gale of Friday, Nov. 1, did not cost us so dearly as at first we feared, though the probability that it had wrecked many of our ships, and drowned hundreds of our men, was the subject of no inconsiderable amount of humane self-gratulation on the part of the Southern newspapers, or a part of them at least.—

And we, of the earlier and faster vessels, as our fleet slowly straggled into the harbor of rendezvous after that most fearful tempest, and as we noted the continued absence of one after another of our noble vessels, reluctantly made up our unwilling minds to the sad belief that at least six of our smaller steamers had gone down; the ferry-boats Ethan Allen and Commodore Perry, the transports Union Peerless, Governor, and Belvidere; there was also much anxiety about the ship Ocean Express, though, as she is a large and staunch sailing ship, it was hoped that she had merely been blown out of her course and would weather the gale and yet make her appearance. This latter vessel was to a great extent the right arm of the expedition, for she carried all the heavy cannon with which it was proposed to make our Palmetto foothold good. Upon the same ship also, by a strange order of the Chief of Ordnance (Capt. McNutt), had been placed the entire stock of gun powder with which it had been intended to fill the magazines for the use of any siege-trains that might be organized from Port Royal for the benefit of Savannah or Charleston. Should the Ocean Express be lost, the army would be so crippled as to be almost powerless for offensive operations, until new supplies could be sent. If such a great loss should come to the knowledge of the enemy, it is easy to see the advantage that might be taken of it. The act of loading all the stores of such an indispensable nature on a single ship was one so strange as hardly to be credible of an old and experienced officer; and the condemnation of the mistake was as universal as was the feverish anxiety regarding the fate of the ship.

Perhaps this is the best place to mention that the Chief of Ordnance, Capt. McNutt, on being spoken to in the ordinary course of business, one morning, by Gen. Sherman, became so violent in his language and manner toward that very quiet and gentlemanly officer, that the bystanders were obliged to seize McNutt by force, temporarily but unmercifully shut his mouth, and drag him away. He was ordered under arrest, and confined to his room. His friends caused a medical examination to be had, and he was pronounced insane, and was, of course, at once suspended from his responsible duties. It is said that he has previously been afflicted with similar symptoms, and it is not impossible that his mind was not in a healthy state when he committed the strange error about the loading of the Ocean Express.

To return from this digression. The anxiety was less concerning the other vessels than perhaps it might otherwise have been from the fact that, with one exception, they carried no men beside their own crews.

On board the Governor, however, were Major John G. Reynolds's battalion of marines, 349 men, all told.

The Peerless was an English steamer, of small size, and had on board 87 live beef cattle for the use of the army. The Ethan Allen and Commodore Perry were two ferry-boats, formerly employed on the William-Barth Ferries, and were of the same pattern and size as those that now ply on the East River. Whoever conceived the bright idea that such boats could weather Batteries in a November gale certainly has a mind with original ideas on marine subjects, and should by all means be made our next Secretary of the Navy. However, there were the boats, and they were to attempt the passage, and were intended to be employed in leading troops when we reached our destination.

The Belvidere had on board horses and commissary stores, and the Union had also a few cattle and some Quartermasters' stores.

The Fleet began to arrive in Port Royal Harbor on Sunday night, but no one of the above-mentioned missing vessels was seen until Thursday morning when the Ocean Express came in, to the great relief of all.

Meanwhile, most doleful accounts had reached us of the others. It was asserted that the Governor had gone down, with 200 marines—this number, by degrees, came down to 20 lost, at which point it steadily remained until some of the rescued men arrived to set the matter right. The other missing vessels were all believed to have gone down.

It has been since ascertained, however, that the Union went ashore, on the shore of North Carolina, and all her crew were saved alive, though 73 were taken prisoners, there being a few soldiers in her; the Belvidere, after such a struggle with the storm as few ships ever live to tell of, came safely out, and her story is known to the public; the two ferry-boats Ethan Allen and Commodore Perry, finding they could not weather the gale, put back for Fortress Monroe, which place they finally reached; the Peerless and Governor both went down under circumstances which I will briefly sketch.

The steamer Governor started from Fortress Monroe with the rest of the fleet, on Tuesday, Oct. 29, and proceeded pleasantly enough until we encountered the gale, which began on Thursday night, and which soon increased to a tempest. On Friday she was struck by a number of heavy seas, which made craning work with everything on deck. Beyond carrying away the deck load, and smashing up some of the lighter wood work, no dangerous damage was done until 3 p. m. Friday, when seven or eight terrific seas in quick succession struck her, and broke her bows, braces. In a few minutes another sea gave her such a blow as to carry her smoke-stack overboard, thus, for the moment adding the terrible danger of fire to the perils of the winds and waves. At 4 p. m. the steam pipe burst, and at 2 a. m. of Saturday the packing of the cylinder blew out, thus completely disabling the engine. At 4 a. m. the rudder chains broke, leaving her for the time totally unmanageable; the tiller was presently rigged but in a few minutes the rudder broke short off depriving the vessels of all her steering apparatus, and leaving her a helpless wreck on the water, in one of the hardest gales that ever blew on this coast.

After a few hours of agonizing suspense, during which all on board made up their minds that death was, for them, speedy and certain, they spoke the gunboat Isaac Smith, who had been attracted by the Governor's signals of distress, and the bark Young Rover. Both promised to stay by her; but in the tremendous sea then running, neither could render the slightest assistance. The Rover, however, cheered their sinking hearts by telling them that a large frigate was bearing down to their relief. The men went into ecstasies of extravagant joy when the frigate hove in sight. She proved to be the Sabine, and Capt. Ringgold promised to do everything in his power for their aid—a promise he most nobly redeemed. She arrived at 3 p. m. Saturday, and at once commenced operations for the rescue of the distressed sailors.

By order of Capt. Ringgold, the two ships were fastened together by two powerful hawsers. The Sabine then veered out chain enough to bring her stern within 30 feet of the low of the Governor. Two heavy spars were then rigged from the stern of the Sabine in the direction of the sinking ship, and were there made securely fast. These spars now projected nearly over the bows of the Governor, but they rose and fell with such tremendous swell, so that it would have been impossible for any person to cross from one ship to the other by crawling along the spar; this, however, had not been intended, but a safer plan was adopted, as follows:

From the ends of the spars were lowered strong ropes, rigged to run easily through pulley blocks at the end of the rope that dropped on board the Governor a running loop was made, and the crew of the Sabine manned the other end; all things being ready, the loop was made fast under the arms of a man, the crew of the Sabine gave a quick run, and in a trice the man was raised into the air and swung on board the frigate.

Thus were about thirty men saved, when both hawsers broke, and the ships were adrift from each other; the Governor was then brought close under the quarter of the Sabine, and about forty more men leaped to her decks, and the others were finally assisted on board and thus all were saved but seven, a corporal and six men.

Of these, four were lost trying to cross on the hawsers from ship to ship. They would take hold of the hawser when it was slack, and attempt to pull themselves hastily across, but as the waves threw the ship apart and tightened the ropes with a sudden strain, the unhappy men would be jerked down from their hold flity feet into the air, and would then fall into the hungry sea. One man was crushed to death between the vessels, and the other three leaped overboard and were drowned.

The names of the drowned are as follows—

they were all marines:

Corporal—Thomas McKeown; Privates—Timothy Lacy, Edward H. Miller, H. Campbell, Walker, Gorman, Manus Brown.

The rescued men express the most lively gratitude to Capt. Ringgold and his crew, who all behaved most nobly. Capt. James Wiley of the Marines, was also most efficient in assisting to save the men.

They saved all their muskets but 20; 10,000 rounds of cartridges, and a small quantity of clothing. The marines are now to go to Bay Point to garrison the lately captured Fort Beauregard.

The Governor was not an old boat, and was built to run between Bangor and Boston. At 5 a. m. on Sunday, Nov. 3, she turned bottom up and sunk.

**LOSS OF THE PEERLESS.**

This was a small steamer, chartered to be used in the shallow waters of the Southern rivers and creeks. She had on board at first 100 beef cattle, but by slaughter for the troops they were reduced to 57, with which number she started for the destination of the fleet. Being caught in the gale, the captain ran up signals of distress, when the Star of the South ran down for him, but came too close, and ran into the Peerless on the quarter inflicting severe damage. The captain of the Peerless then lighted his ship by throwing the cattle overboard, and thinks

she would have ridden out the gale in safety had she not been injured by the Star of the South. However, he found that his ship was sinking and he was obliged to leave her. His crew were all taken off by the Mohican. The captain was the last to leave his ship, and when he did so, he created no little excitement, in spite of the storm, by quietly launching his life boat, putting his trunk into it, and getting on board the Mohican without wetting a hair. The Peerless went down within an hour.

**OUR VICTORY IN THE SOUTH.**

A great portion of our space is this morning given up to the topic which engages the attention of all, filling every heart with exultation, and lighting up every eye with the fire of a noble enthusiasm. Nothing can be added to the full reports and graphic narrative of the glorious fight and victory at Port Royal which we furnish from our special correspondent and other actors in the fray. We will now merely glance at the field and give the briefest possible summary of the events which there transpired.

After undergoing dire perils by the assault of the winds and waves, our fleet met at Port Royal on Monday morning, Nov. 4, and very soon received the compliment of a noisy attack from the "Musk-ket" fleet under Commodore Tatnall.

Forty-five minutes sufficed, however, to disgust the Rebel commander with naval warfare, and his contemptible squadron scattered in a hasty retreat. On Tuesday another attempt was made by this valiant fleet of Rebels to annihilate the Great Expedition, and for two hours there was a sharp firing. Then three or four of our gunboats, being tired of this folly, opened broadsides in earnest upon Tatnall, whose navy scratched away for the last time, and disappeared in any holes which opened to them. On Wednesday there was no fighting.

The decisive battle and consequent victory took place on Thursday, Nov. 7. At the mouth of Port Royal are two forts, Beauregard and Walker. A number of our vessels as it was deemed advisable to employ, began at 9 o'clock their bombardment. Fort Walker, on Hilton Head, mounted 23 guns; Fort Beauregard on Bay Point, mounted 16 guns. Our vessels, making a majestic circuit, poured in their fire, broadside after broadside, upon the two forts. The scene is described as most thrillingly magnificent; the tempest of shells was unquelled; every gun was aimed with precision, and served with rapidity. The shore batteries returned our fire bravely, but without effect; they had calculated on an easy victory, and fell a prey to panic when they discovered that the "Yankees" refused to be annihilated.

The battle began at twenty-six minutes past nine in the morning, and at half past two in the afternoon the National flag was planted on the soil of South Carolina, greeted by the shouts of thousands of patriots, and saluted by strains of jubilant music from the various bands of the fleet.

Soon a regiment, the 7th Connecticut, was put on shore to take possession of Fort Walker, over which the Stars and Stripes were then flying. They rushed to their work with the alacrity which has marked every movement forward of our troops; but there was little work for them to do; the Rebels, panic-stricken, had fled in most admired disorder leaving behind them food, clothing, valuables, everything.

The road over which they ran had a dozen miles across the island was strewn with muskets, knapsacks, and heaps of other implements of warfare. It is said that they took boats at Seabrook for Savannah, but their movements cannot be with precision at this moment reported.

The next morning the National flag was flying from Fort Beauregard also, and our troops were on their way to Beaufort itself. Beaufort was deserted by all white men except one. He was too drunk to move. He had celebrated the annihilation of the "Yankees" too early, and with too free a bowl. The negroes had everything their own way. Their masters have informed the world that the blacks desire nothing this side of the grave except Slavery and the dear privilege of fighting in defense of their shackles.—The theory reduced to practice has failed. The negroes pillaged their masters and ran with outstretched hands to the "invaders."

And so The Flag once more waves on the shores where it was first unveiled.—This splendid success has been purchased with the loss of eight killed, six severely wounded, and 17 slightly wounded, total, 31. We have an estimate of the rebel loss, which makes it 1,000 killed, 100 wounded. Beaufort district has 3,200 slaves.—Its annual crop of rice, cotton, and corn is valued at \$5,500,000. From this statement it is clear that its possession by us must be a terrible blow to the rebels, and an incalculable advantage to the National cause. We hold a splendid harbor, strong fortifications, or fortifications which may be easily made strong, and we have a position in Beaufort which can be successfully attacked by no force which does not strike from the sea. Our fleet will prevent any attack from that quarter, even if the rebels had any vessels. There is no aspect of this victory which is not bright; it is, moreover, the sure precursor of even more brilliant successes in the future, till there shall be no longer any place for either battle or victory.—*Tribune.*

**How Bomb-Shells are Made.**

The manufacture of bomb-shells is very interesting. The shell is first filled with old-fashioned lead-n bullet; melted sulphur is then poured in to fill up the interstices and bind the bullets in one solid mass; the shell is then put in a kind of a lathe, and a cylinder hole of the exact size of the orifice of the shell is bored through the bullets and sulphur. The cavity is filled with powder even with the edge of the orifice, a six inch shell of the kind here described holding about half a pound. The fuse fitted into the orifice is a recent Belgian invention, made of puffer, and resembles the screw cap used for the patent fruit cans. An examination of this puffer cap shows, however, that it is made of two hollow discs of metal screwed together and filled with meal powder. A number of fine holes are drilled in the lower disc, while the outer disc is entire and marked with figures in the circle, 1, 2, 3, 4. In this state the shell is water proof. When taken for use the gunner by means of a steel small instrument, scoops out a portion of the outer soft metal surface and leaves bare the charge of composition powder below it.

If the shell is desired to explode in one second after leaving the gun, the scooping is made on the figure one; if in two seconds on the figure two, and so on; the idea being that the shells of this description shall first strike the object aimed at and do execution as a ball, and then explode, sending the bullets forward as if from another cannon located at the point where the flight of the shell is arrested. Large shells of eight or ten inches are filled with powder only and bursting, do execution by means of their fragments.—These large shells are generally fired by means of a fuse of meal powder, extending through a brass plug screwed into the mouth of the shell. In both cases the fuse is fired by the ignition of the charged in the gun.

**To Free Swine from Vermin.**

A writer in the Southern Planter says: "If your hogs are lousy, go to their rubbing place, or what is better, take a rough twelve-foot log to the feeding place, and keep it constantly smeared with tar. No animal ever loved water better than a lousy hog loves tar, and he applies it himself to the most infested spots on his body so effectually that the lice speedily disappear. I have seen 95 out of 98 hogs smear themselves with tar in less than 30 minutes after they had access to it, and not one had ever known its use before."

**Corn as Fuel.**

On a certain portion of the Illinois prairie corn is being used as fuel instead of coal, and is found an excellent substitute. In the district referred to corn is 15 cents per bushel, and coal is 12 cts. to 17 cts. Not only is the difference in the price in favor of the corn, but a bushel of it gives more heat than a bushel of coal.

Jones being a great lover of dogs has a famous breeder, and the pups are in great demand among those who know and appreciate their quality. Jones has a great many friends and whenever any of them visit him his enthusiasm for dogs leads him to boast of the breed of his own. The result is his friend makes him promise to save one of the pups for him when the next litter is produced. One day Mr. Jones inquired in a quiet way—

"Jones how many pups will that wonderful dog have?"

"Three or four perhaps."

"Do you know how many of the next litter you have promised to your friends?"

"No."

"You have already promised thirty-five?"

"Well," replied Jones, reddening slightly and speaking with considerable vehemence, "a man that won't promise a friend a pup is a mighty mean man."

**Mrs. Pepper and the Philosopher.**

Mr. Pepper got the better of the philosopher the other day, in arguing the question whether women or men talked the most. "You say women can talk a man almost to death," said Mrs. P., "but I should like to know if Samson didn't jaw a thousand Philistines to death!" The philosopher save in.

**Soma friends of ours in Akron, Ohio, have a little girl about four years old, and a little boy about six. They had been cautioned in their morning-trifle after hens' eggs, not to take away the nest egg; but, one morning, the little girl reaching the nest first, seized an egg, and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying—"Mother, mother! Suzy, she's been and got the egg the old hen measures by!"**

**A beging Irishman, who represented himself as a Hungarian exile, was asked what part of Hungary he came from. "I haunt larnt jogsphy much," said Pat, "for sure, I niver went to school but one day, and that was in the evening; and we hadn't no candle, and the master didn't come; but it was hungry enough you'd find every mother's son around there if you once went to the place!"**

**"Mr. Brown, I want to buy a shilling's worth of hay." "Very well, you can have it; it's for your father!" "No, 'tain't; it's for the boss. Dad don't est hay."**

From the Scranton Republican.

**Remarkable Escape of a Large Family From Death by Lightning.**

Mr. MACARTNEY—Dear Sir.—Knowing that you are anxious to inform your readers of all important matters of local or private interests, as well as national and foreign; and having been a guest of the alluded family—an eye witness and a participant in the extraordinary event—I will endeavor to give you some of the particulars connected with it.

On Monday, October 7th, I had occasion to visit Hollisterville, Wayne county, on business, and was invited to spend the night at the house of Mr. Jas. Waite, a deacon of the Baptist Church, and a well known citizen of that place. During the day the atmosphere had been portentous of a gathering storm, and early in the evening the rain began to fall heavily, accompanied with thunder and lightning. At 10 p. m. the family retired, and after about half an hour, which I spent in my room, I also retired for the night. At about 11 o'clock I was suddenly awakened from a very sound sleep by an awful concussion, which seemed like the final destruction of all things. The building seemed tottering to its fall, while the ringing of the falling window glass and the raveling of the earth beneath combined to make it altogether more than the human mind, just from the land of dreams, could fully comprehend. At the moment of waking the sensation was truly awful, affecting me so much that I could not find my clothing or the entrance to my room, though I eagerly sought for both. Up to this time, which was but a few seconds, I had heard nothing from the family, and reëntering myself upon the bed in mingled confusion and consternation, I heard Miss Waite call from her chamber. I again sought and found my room door, and called to know if any of the family were killed, and what the matter was; but as yet no answer came. But soon I heard Mr. Waite's voice calling for a match. As soon as he had obtained a light, repeated exclamations from several voices expressive of the greatest consternation, followed. In the mean time I had found my clothing, (or a portion of it) and was prepared to meet him (Mr. W.) as he descended the stairs from his room on the second story. He expressed his gratitude for the safety of his family, although his house seemed seriously injured. We then repaired to the kitchen, to find every thing in the room thrown into the greatest possible confusion. The door was blown out of the frame; the stove (which was a very heavy one) was thrown from its position, and from marks in the ceiling, as also from the foot prints of the stove in the floor, it would seem as though it had been thrown against the ceiling and landed very nearly in the centre of the room, some of the feet being broken while others had sunk into the solid flooring to the depth of half an inch by its immense weight. The window casings were blown off, the glass blown out, and in some cases the sashes also, while the flooring was torn up and splintered into pieces. From this room we descended to the cellar to find everything there too a similarly confused mass, and several of the joists under the kitchen floor broken off as if they had been pipe stems. From here we went to the buttery adjoining the kitchen to witness a still more dismal scene. Flour, bread, pies, broken dishes, broken glass, &c., all thrown in one promiscuous mass. We then examined the setting, and the adjoining room in which I slept, and found the floors forced up from the joists, and the bed in which I slept had been removed to very nearly the centre of the room. He then took me to his own room on the second floor above, and found window casings, furniture, &c., in a similar condition. In the garret we found the chimney stream in every direction and the stove pipe melted up or blown open. The ceiling through which the electric fluid passed had the appearance of having been perforated by bullets.

During all this time the house was filled with fumes almost to suffocate, as if it had been a mixture of sulphur, soot and gas, which led us to make a more thorough examination in order to ascertain if the building was on fire, but none could be discovered. By this examination it appeared that the charge had entered the roof near the chimney, and coming in contact with the latter, and glanced off in two different directions one portion passing down through the buttery and out at the north-east side, while the principal portion passed through the kitchen floor into the cellar, and out under the hall (south west side) and the room in which I slept, apparently raising that side from the foundation and forcing the whole broad side some distance from its original position, removing a stone of several hundred pounds from the bedding at the hall door and tearing up the ground as if it had been a cannon ball.

Thus Mr. Editor, I have given you as nearly as I can some of the particulars of one of the most terrific scenes that I ever witnessed, and what seems almost incredible, none of the family were seriously injured nor the house burned.

The next morning the neighbors came from all directions to see the ruins, some of them remarking that after the events of the preceding night I might venture to go to war without a such fear of bullets.

M. L. M.