

THE JEFFERSONIAN

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

VOL. 20.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. JULY 4, 1861.

NO. 24

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance.—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor. Advertisements of one square (ten lines) or less, one or three insertions, \$1.00. Each additional insertion, 25 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

JOE PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Carls, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, Justices, Legal and other Blanks, Pamphlets, &c., printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms at this office.

The War Worth all it Costs.

War is an expensive luxury. However humanely and discreetly waged, it is a serious drain upon the life of a nation.—We shall come out of the present struggle impoverished in many ways. With the best success, we shall expend hundreds of millions of treasure and sacrifice thousands of lives. We shall feel the bruises of the conflict for years after the rebellion has been crushed and peace has been restored. Thousands of fortunes will be wrecked—thousands of homes will be made desolate—thousands of bright careers will be arrested. The mourners will go about the streets. There will be sorrow and anguish—there will be despair that no human sympathy can assuage—in many a gentle bosom. The wrecks will lie thick around us—the charred and battered ruins of high hopes and sublime endeavors—will attest how severe has been the trial through which the country has passed.

Will it pay the cost? Yes—a hundred—a thousand fold—if we come out of the struggle conquerors! If we succeed in crushing out this miserable rebellion—if we exterminate the fatal heresy of secession—if we shall be able to teach treason such a lesson as history will never weary of rehearsing—if we shall succeed in convincing the world that we have a government, strong enough, vigorous enough, determined enough, to overcome all combinations and attacks, whether from conspiracies within or invasion without; if we shall be able to impress Christendom with the conviction that our western empire is built upon a rock, which no convulsion can shake and no tempest undermine; if we shall be able to do this effectively, the war, no matter how long or how desperately waged, will be the cheapest enterprise upon which the nation ever embarked. Every drop of blood that has been shed—every dollar that has been expended—every purpose that has been balked and hope that has been crushed—will fructify into future blessings. We shall emerge from the conflict stronger in all that goes to make up the life of a great people. We shall resume the calm pursuits of peace, chastened by the trial through which we have passed—purified by the affliction with which we have been visited. We shall find our eyes elevated to a higher moral plane, and quickened by nobler impulses—to the performance of nobler deeds. We shall find our selves less bound up in selfishness, less the slaves of toil and business, less groveling in our tastes, less earthly in our aspirations.

The successful termination of the war will be the dawn of a new era in the history of the country. The republic will enter upon a new stage of its career. The public heart will thrill with more generous pulsations. Broader, higher, nobler issues will engage the attention of statesmen. A loftier standard of public morality will prevail. A better class of public teachers will come upon the stage.—Purer aims and more exalted conceptions of truth and justice will animate the people. The sterling metal of our Western life, purified as it were by fire, abstracted from the dross that has so long tarnished its lustre—will shine out as it has never shone before.—*Albany Journal.*

Simplicity of Greatness.

Many years ago, the licentiates of Princeton Seminary were in the habit of preaching at a station some distance from that place. Among their habitual hearers was a sincere and humble uneducated Christian slave, called Uncle Sam, who, on his return home, would try to tell his mistress what he could remember of the sermon, but he would always complain that the students were too deep and learned for him. One day, however, he came home in great good humor, saying that a poor unlearned old man, just like himself had preached that day, who had hardly supposed was fit to preach to the white people, but was glad he came for his sake, for he could remember everything he said. On inquiry, it was found that Uncle Sam's "unlearned" old man was Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, who when he heard the criticism, said it was the highest compliment ever paid to his preaching.

A singular disease has made its appearance among cows in the vicinity of Camp Washington, at Easton. The only visible symptoms are a remarkable falling off in the quantity of milk given, especially at morning milking, which is the cause of much disappointment to farmers and milkmaids. It was unheard of previous to the advent of the soldiers, but is now known as the "Army Drouth." It has not extended beyond a circle of one mile.

The Sunbury and Erie Railroad.

By an act of the last legislature the name of this road was changed from the *Sunbury to the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad*, which is now its corporate title, and in which name it will hereafter transact all its business. An act of the same legislation also authorized the Governor to appoint a commissioner, for the purpose of proceeding over the road, examining its grading, decide upon the work performed, and report to the Governor a full and accurate account of the condition of the road. After this report has been made, it will be decided by the Governor whether the bonds deposited with the State authorities, securing the faithful expenditure of the money appropriated by the State for the completion of this road, can be lifted without damage to the Commonwealth.

In compliance with the provisions of this act authorizing the appointment of the said Commissioner, the Governor has appointed Col. John A. Wright, who will at once proceed to the discharge of the duty thus assigned him. In this appointment the interests of the State will be faithfully represented, as few men are the superiors of Col. Wright in the knowledge of railroads, their construction and operation. With this experience and knowledge, Colonel Wright also carries to his work a business capacity that has already won him a character for industry and integrity of which any man may well be proud.

The people of Pennsylvania will look for this report with an interest commensurate with the importance of this great public improvement, which is of itself a monument of Pennsylvania enterprise.—The country it traverses, the immense resources which it will assist in developing, the new markets it will create along its line, and the treasure and travel, it is destined to pour into the lap of our beautiful metropolis on the banks of the Delaware, make the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad one of the most important links in the great chain of improvements with which Pennsylvania is binding her interests to those of distant territories, and with which she is also drawing into closer communication her own towns and cities.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

Ex-Secretary Holt Sustains the Government.

Mr. Holt, who was for a short time Secretary at the close of the administration of Mr. Buchanan, publishes a letter in one of the Louisville papers, in which he assails the position of neutrality assumed by the Governor of Kentucky between the rebellious States and the United States Government. He shows that such a position cannot be sustained upon any just or patriotic principle, for the federal government is either right or it is wrong in maintaining the integrity of the Union at the point of the sword. How little ground there is for secession Mr. Holt demonstrates in the following words: "The census returns show that during the year 1860 the Fugitive Slave law was executed more faithfully and successfully than it had been during the preceding ten years. Since the installation of President Lincoln, not a case has arisen in which the fugitive has not been returned, and that, too, without any opposition from the people. Indeed, the fidelity with which it was understood to be the policy of the present administration to enforce the provisions of this law has caused perfect peace among the run away slaves in the free States, and they have been escaping in multitudes to Canada, unpursued and unrecaptured by their masters. Is there found in this reason for a dissolution of the Union?"

This testimony from a Southern man speaks volumes. The truth is that the alleged loss to the South by fugitive slaves was a mere pretext for the dissolution of the Union, and that a conspiracy had existed long previous to the Presidential election to break up the confederacy, with or without cause. It is old and a true saying, "where there is a will there is a way."

Post-Office Items.

A postage stamp, cut from a stamped envelope, cannot be used for postage. A postmaster, under no circumstances, is allowed to open a letter not addressed to him.

When letters are misent, it is not lawful to charge postage for forwarding.

All newspapers having words written on or in them, are subject to letter postage. To entitle papers to be sent to bona fide subscribers at half a cent each, a full quarter's postage is required in advance.

It is improper for deputy postmasters to remove the wrappers of public documents franked by members of Congress.

No paper, or other thing, except bills or receipt of publishers, can be sent enclosed in a newspaper, without subjecting the whole to letter postage.

Roma fide subscribers to a weekly paper, whose post-office is in the adjoining county, are allowed to receive papers published in a county in which they live, free of postage.

Any mark with a pen on a circular, such as date or anything of the kind, subjects it to letter postage.

The Union defence committee of N. York city has expended, in equipping and provisioning the various regiments of that city \$425,000.

Jefferson Davis.

There are some important facts in the history of this very conspicuous and very despicable person which have not yet been made known to the American public at large, and which seem, to me, to be worth communicating to the world through the newspaper press. They are interesting and instructive, especially at the present time, as illustrating and demonstrating his character, and consequently, to some extent, the characters of those who, well knowing him, selected him as the Nens Sahib of the Southern Sepoy mutiny.

I do not think it worth while to go into the details of his threatened duel with Colonel Edward Bissell, of Illinois (since deceased in the Governorship of that State) though a general reference to it is proper to show the undisputed fact that—having appeared in public to provoke and seek a mortal combat—in private correspondence he was availing himself of every paltry quibble to evade the impending consequences of his rash repetition of the very stale trick of a Southerner bullying a Northerner in Congress, on the presumption that the man of the North will not fight a duel knowing that a duelist is more infamous here than a coward is in the South.

I have never been able to suppress my contempt in reading a correspondence tending, or relative to, a proposed or supposed possible duel. The case is invariably so fogged with technicalities, which would make an attorney in the Marine Court or Tombs blush on suggesting, that no honest man of average courage can feel a particle of respect for either party—principle or seconds—after the perusal. I have been friendly and intimate with many men who have done these silly things, but have never been able to esteem or honor one of them after such a performance.

I only refer to Davis's affair with Bissell to remind the public that he "backed down" and backed out of a fight which he himself first proposed; and that he requested Colonel Bissell to allow him to do so, on a pretext suggested and furnished by himself.

It has been repeatedly announced that Jefferson Davis will command the Southern Sepoys in person in the campaign now commencing. I hope he will lead their army on their first battle for I mean to be there myself. But I very much doubt whether Mr. Davis has the courage to expose himself to the peculiar risks—not of immediate death, but of capture—which he would incur in that position. Some of "our boys" are "bound" to "have his carcass" alive, if it costs a thousand of their lives.

By the way, if Jefferson Davis should lead the Secession army in person, it is to be hoped that his memory (or courage) won't fail him, as it did at the battle of Buena Vista, when he omitted to give the third and essential command to throw his regiment into square: "By the right and left of flank battalions! To the color—MARCH!" The consequence of this *hiatus valde defensus* was, that his regiment was left spread in the form of a V, to receive the charge of 4,000 Mexican cavalry, coming down upon them in full career, on the slopes of Buena Vista.—survivors of that regiment know that nothing saved them from annihilation but their practiced, deadly marksmanship with rifles.

Perhaps it was well for Jefferson Davis that Zachary Taylor was his father-in-law, though unwillingly so. A sterner and more Brutus-like commander might have ordered a court-martial on the spot, that would have condemned him to be shot for cowardice, or other moral incompetency.

In my opinion, Jefferson Davis should have been court-martialed for his disgraceful misconduct in that battle, as soon as it was decided. Perhaps he would have been, but for his peculiar relations to Major General Zachary Taylor, whose daughter he had married by stealth, in opposition to the expressed wishes and positive commands of the father. General (then Colonel) Taylor said to his daughter: "If you marry Lieutenant Davis I will never see your face again, dead or alive!" The infatuated girl, nevertheless, eloped with Davis, who had taken advantage of the friendly patronage of his commanding officer, and violated the laws of hospitality by secretly gaining the affections of his daughter. In such abhorrence did Zachary Taylor hold Davis that he kept his word with a firmness that may be deemed pitiless cruelty. When in the course of time, his disobedient daughter lay on her death-bed, and sent to him a penitent message, entreating him to visit her, that she might die in peace, with her father's blessing, or, at least, his forgiveness, the stern reply of the inexorable old man was: "I warned you that if you married that man, I would never see you again, living or dead, and I never will!" And so the unfortunate lady died, unblest and unforgiven by him.

When Davis came under the immediate command of his father-in-law in the Mexican war, General Taylor refused to recognize him in any other way, except officially, as in giving orders, and in other matters of purely military form and duty.

There was a two-fold obstacle to Taylor's performance of his duty in the Buena Vista matter. Davis was his son-in-law, and was at the same time, known to

be the object of his hatred and abhorrence. He could not well have escaped suspicions of bad motives or personal feeling, in either view.

A friend, to whom I read the foregoing a short time since, gave me the following sketch of Davis's relations to an old Mississippian, renowned for desperate and reckless courage: Alexander McClung often proved himself, on the field of battle and on the dueling ground, a man of dauntless and unsurpassed valor, showing an absolutely suicidal contempt of death on every occasion that presented. He killed many men with his own hand, and finally shot himself in the head.

I happened to be in constant communication with Colonel A. R. McClung of Mississippi, in 1849 and 1850, and had almost daily conversations with him in relation to prominent Mississippians. As matter of course, Jeff. Davis was frequently named, and for him McClung entertained the most supreme contempt.—He said Jeff. was not a man of true courage—that he wished to be regarded as a duelist; but, in giving a challenge, would always cast about for a non-combatant, and would exercise enough prudence to creep out of accepting one from an antagonist over whom he had not a great advantage. McClung said, on one occasion:

"I am very sorry that I ever fought a duel. It is not a pleasant business, and yet I would like to fight one more, with one man, and that man is Jefferson Davis, because I think the United States will be better off without him. But he would not fight me; he is too great a coward. In fact, he is not now, never was, and never will be, a brave man, in the true sense of the word. He is a dangerous and wily politician, loaded down with vanity and self-conceit, wishing only for his own aggrandizement, and he cares not at what expense, or over how many desolate households. He thinks of himself, and himself only; and I should not be surprised to find him one of these days, taking such a step in public as will place his neck in a halter; for he is a bad man and a scoundrel, and I have frequently denounced him as such before the people of Mississippi, and the dirty poltroon and artful villain never had the courage to resent it."

These conversations occurred on board the ship *Lavine*, B. Gardner, master, on our passage from New York to Valparaiso. McClure was on his way to Bolivia, as *Charged Affairs* from the United States.

In introducing to the notice of the *Sunday Mercury's* readers these facts in the history of the arch traitor, I am not violating any rule of propriety which protests the "strictly private" moral delinquencies of public men. By common consent of all gentlemen engaged in the business of writing for publication, and of all publishers, the sins and errors of personal and domestic life are not to be blazoned to the world, as a means of impairing the general reputation of any politician, how deserving his political course may be of condemnation and moral reprobation.

As I said in my article printed in the *Independent*, a few months ago, exposing the systematic thefts of a Yale College student, committed thirty-three years since: "Had not that little thief (now a Senator in Congress) reproduced in public life the morality of his early private life, the secret of the sins of his youth would have remained hidden in the bosoms of those who then knew, and now remember them."

The *Tribune*, *Times*, and other papers say that my "little thief" was Judah P. Benjamin, now Attorney General of the Southern Confederacy of traitors and pirates. I did not publish the name of the person described, but will promptly furnish it whenever the right man calls upon me for it.

When Benedict Arnold (a man of far higher character as to courage, truth, and honesty, than any of his present imitators at the South) committed his bold treason it was considered justifiable to search through his whole previous life, to his very childhood, for evidence of his innate total depravity; and incidents constitute an interesting and instructive portion of his published biography. I am doing no more or less than a simple duty in contributing to the history of our time and country these "characteristics of Jefferson Davis and his coadjutors in treason, theft, assassination, and piracy." Among them may be specially mentioned David J. Younce, ex-Senator from Florida, of whose early life I will give some similar sketches at my earliest leisure and convenience.

I affix my name to these statements, not merely on the general principle that anonymous charges are entitled to no respect or belief, but because I am particularly desirous to furnish my proofs and authorities to the immediate "parties in interest," whenever they dare apply to me for them. Of no other person will I take any notice in this connection. To those whom I accuse, I am impossible.

D. FRANCIS BACON, M. D.

—N. Y. *Sunday Mercury.*

A blacksmith recently made out a bill against one of his customers for welding with steel two mattocks. The son of Vulcan, who had been more used to welding a sledge-hammer than studying Dr. Kendrick, wrote out the item in the following manner: "Toestealing 2 mad ducks two shillings."

A Soldier's Emotions in Battle.

Our citizens soldiers inexperienced in the battle-field will find the most terrible moments before the combat begins. A soldier in his narration of personal adventures in the Mexican War, published in "Howe's Achievements of America," gives some interesting items under this head in his description of the battle of Palo Alto, the opening battle of the war.

When all was ready, both armies stood still for about twenty minutes, each waiting for the other to begin the work of death, and during this time, I did not see a single man of the enemy move—they stood like statues.

We remained quiet with two exceptions; Gen. Taylor, followed by his staff, rode from right to left at a slow pace, with his leg thrown over like a woman, and as he passed each regiment, he spoke words of encouragement. I know not what he said to the others, but when he came up to where we stood, he looked steadily at us, I suppose, to see what effect the novel circumstances in which we were placed had upon us, and, as he gazed, he said: "The bayonet, my hearty cocks! the bayonet is the thing!" The other exception was that of Lieut. Blake, one of the engineers, who volunteered to gallop along the enemy's line, in front of both armies, and count their guns; and so close did he go that he might have been shot a hundred times. One of the officers of the enemy, doubtless thinking he had some communication to make, rode out to meet him; Blake, however, paid no attention, but rode on, and then returned and reported to Taylor.

Thus stood those two belligerent armies, face to face. What were the feelings of those thousands? How many thoughts and fears were crowded into those few moments! Look at our men! a clammy sweat is settled all over faces slightly pale, not from cowardly fear, but from an awful sense of peril, combined with determination not to flinch from duty. These are the moments in which true soldiers resign themselves to their fate, and console themselves with the reflection that whatever may befall them they will act with honor; these are the moments when the absolute coward suffers more than death—when, if not paid, he would turn and flee. Fighting is very hard work; the man who has passed through a two hour's fight, has lived thro' a great amount of mental and physical labor. At the end of a battle I always found that I had perspired so profusely as to wet all my woolen clothing, and when I got cool, I was as sore as if I had been beaten all over with a club. When the battle commences the feelings undergo a change. Reader, did you ever see your horse on fire? If so, it was then you rushed into great danger; it was then you went over places, climbed over walls, lifted heavy loads which you never could have lifted in your cooler moments; you then have experienced some of the excitement of a soldier in battle. I always knew my danger—that at any moment I was liable to be killed, yet such was my excitement that I never realized it. All men are not alike; some are perfectly wild or crazy; others are so prostrated by fear that they are completely unnerved—all their energies take place, awful to behold; they tremble like an aspen, sink into ditches and covert places, cry like children, and are totally insensible to shame—dead to every emotion but the overwhelming fear of instant death.—We had a few, and but a few, of such in our army.

As the two armies were facing each other it was remarkable to see the coolness of our men; there they stood, chewing bits of biscuit and talking about the Mexicans—some wondering if they would fight; others allowing that they would, and like demons, &c. I kept my eye on the artillery of the enemy, and happened to be looking toward their right wing, when suddenly a white curl of smoke arose, succeeded by a booming sound and the shot came crashing toward us. The enemy fired very rapidly, and their balls knocked the dust about in all directions—some went over our heads, others struck the ground in front and bounded away.

Our batteries now went to work, and poured in upon them a perfect storm of iron; Lieutenant Churchill and his men began with their 18 pounders, and when the first was fired, it made such a loud report that our men gave a spontaneous shout, which seemed to inspire us with renewed confidence. I could hear every word the Lieutenant said to his men.—When the first shot was fired, he watched the ball, saying, "Too high, men; try another!"—"too low, men; try again—the third time is the charm!" The third shot was fired, and I saw with my own eyes the dreadful effect of that and the following shots. "That's it my boys!" shouted Churchill, jumping up about two feet; "you have them now! keep her at that," and so they did, and every shot tore complete lanes through the enemy's lines; but they stood it manfully. The full chorus of battle now raged; twenty three pieces of artillery belched forth their iron hail.

We were ordered to lie down in the grass to avoid the shot; this puzzled the enemy, and they could not bring their guns to bear upon us, making our loss very small. Many were the narrow escapes; one ball came within six inches of my left side. The force of the shot was tremendous; a horse's body was no obstacle at all; a man's leg, was a mere pipe

stem. I watched the shot as it struck the roots of the grass, and it was astonishing how the dust flew. In about an hour the grass caught fire, and the clouds of smoke shut out the opposing armies from view. In the obscurity the enemy changed their line, and the eighteen-pounders, supported by our regiment, took a new position on a little rise of ground. As we moved on to the spot, a six pound shot carried away the lower jaw of Capt. Page, and then took off a man's head on the right, as with a knife. The blood of poor Page was knocked down in the grass, and as he endeavored to raise himself he presented such a ghastly appearance that a sickly, fainting sensation came over me, and the memory of that night I shall carry with me to my dying day. A little later Major Ringgold was mortally wounded at his battery; I saw him just after it. The shot had torn away a portion of the flesh of his thighs; his force was tremendous, cutting off both his pistols at the locks, also the withers of his horse—a splendid steed which was killed to relieve him of his misery. The enemy tried hard but without avail, to hit our eighteen pounders. The battle continued until night put an end to the scene.—We bivouacked where we were, and laid on our arms; we slept, however, but little thinking we might be attacked in our sleep.

The enemy had been very severely handled owing to the superiority of our artillery. The gunners went into it more like butchers than military men; each stripped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and tied his suspenders around his waist; they all wore red flannel shirts, and therefore, were in uniform. To see them limbering and unlimbering, firing a few shots, then dashing through the smoke, and then fire again with lightning like rapidity, partly hid from view by dense clouds of smoke and dust, with their dark red shirts and naked arms, yelling at every shot they made, reminded me of a band of demons rather than of men.

How the World is Governed.

There are about one hundred separately organized governments in the world at the present time. Nearly one-half are monarchies in Europe; and of these a large proportion are petty principalities and dukedoms, containing altogether about six millions of inhabitants. Of the governments of Europe, Great Britain is a limited monarchy; France is nominally constitutional, but in reality, an absolute monarchy; Russia and Austria are absolute monarchies; Prussia, Spain and Sardinia are limited, with two chambers of deputies.—There are only four republics in Europe—Switzerland, San Marino, Montenegro and Andora. The three latter contain an aggregate population of not over 120,000 people. Switzerland, secure in her mountain fastnesses, is now, by common consent, left unmolested.

The governments of Asia are all absolute despotisms. Tibet has the name of being a hierarchy, but differs in no practical sense from despotism.

In Africa, the Barbary States, and all the various negro tribes, of whatever name, are ruled despotically, except Liberia, which is republican, and may be an opening wedge of civilization on that continent. This experiment, with that of the Island of Hayti, would seem to indicate the capacity of the negro race for self-government.

The great islands in the Southern and Pacific Oceans are mostly independent and despotically—such as Japan, with a population of twenty millions. The Sandwich and Society Islands in the Southern and Pacific Oceans belong mostly to the different European powers, and are ruled according to their respective forms of government.

On the American continent there is but one monarchical government—that of Brazil—which is, however, liberally constitutional. In the three great geographical divisions of America, there are now eighteen separate republics.

Payment of Volunteers.

The act of 15th May fixes the pay of the Reserve corps of Pennsylvania volunteers from that date, so that a month's wages is already due those troops, which will be promptly paid to them on Monday next. The Paymaster General, Henry D. Maxwell, is now prepared to discharge this service, and as soon as the Assistant Paymasters have filed their bonds, the work of disbursement will commence.—We understand that the selection of these Assistants will be governed entirely with a regard to the capacity of the gentlemen to be named in this connection, and that, when the list is announced, among them will be found some of the very best and most competent men in the State.

We certainly feel gratified in being authorized to announce this speedy payment of the volunteers, and we have a right also to congratulate the soldier who is in the service of a commonwealth that thus appreciates and requites his services.

Considerable amusement was created at Mount Holly on the departure of some volunteers, by a strong-minded woman seizing her husband, dragging him from the ranks, and cuffing him on the head, ordering him to go home. The poor fellow complied, but finally succeeded in e-luding her vigilance, and went off with his company.