

THE JEFFERSONIAN

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

VOL. 20.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. AUGUST 22, 1861.

NO. 31

Published by Theodore Schoeb. 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 orders associated until all arrears are paid. Except at the option of the Editor. 12 1/2 cent advertisements of one square (ten lines) or less, one or three insertions, \$1.00. Each additional insertion, 25 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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Timely Advice. Eat only what is proper food; Drink only that which does you good; Spend only what you can afford; Lend only what will be restored; Then you will have no cause to say, I was a fool on yesterday.

A New York Major and his War Horse. The name of Maj. Jourdan, of the Brooklyn Fourteenth Regiment, deserves mention among those of men who were conspicuous for valor upon the field at Stone Bridge. After the wound of Col. Wood, now a prisoner at Richmond, had disabled him, the Regiment was led by Maj. Jourdan in three successive charges over the enemy's guns upon an open battery. No less celebrated than the Major is the horse he rode throughout the action. This animal, seeming to partake of the general enthusiasm, reared fences and obstructions like an old hunter, never for a moment finching. Numerous anecdotes are related of this horse, which seems to share the glory with the men of the Fourteenth. One story is worth repeating: A cannon shot went whizzing through the air directly in front of the Major, when the trusty steed was actually seen to halt, place his forefeet firmly together, and brace up, as if to receive the shock! When it had passed he bounded forward like a deer, as proudly as a king! Of course this was his first action. On returning to the camp at Arlington, the servant of the Major on the following morning, as usual, approached the animal and mounted him, to ride to the watering place. He was to soon be seated upon his back than away went the servant flying over the sod, twenty feet or more, when the horse slowly "about faced" and looked upon the mischief he had done, perfectly quiet, as it to say, "You are not the boy who rode me at Stone Bridge." It is said that no one but the Major has been able to back him since the fight, but to his master he has taken a singular liking, coming at his call and sleeping near his tent.

I'll take the Last Shot. The eccentricity and daring bravery of the Zouaves have become familiar over the land. The fire boys have a peculiar mode of fighting, and when upon their own hooks do terrible execution. Their prototypes, the Zouaves, would not hesitate to fraternize with them. It is said that during one of the charges of the Fire Zouaves upon the Mississippi River, a Zouave and a Mississippian came in contact on an open space, both with discharged rifles. Suddenly they attempted to draw their revolvers, and the Mississippian having succeeded before the Zouave in drawing his, the latter cried out, "Blaze away Mississippi, I'll take the last shot." The Mississippian instantly did so, missing the Zouave, who having drawn his weapon, discharged it at his foe, piercing his heart, and instantly killing him.

A Gang of Thieves Killed. A large and well organized band of horse thieves, counterfeiters and cut-throats, in Polk county, Arkansas, was broken up last week, through the agency of a military company stationed at Harri-burg. The information leading to their discovery and capture was furnished by one of the gang, who had got tired of living in their style. He escaped from the rendezvous, some miles in a large canoe, and making his way to Harri-burg, there told his story. He was taken back as a guide by the company, and sure enough it was as he had represented. The band of robbers were fired upon by the company and a great many killed and the rest captured and immediately hung. Not one out of thirty escaped.

Cure for Rheumatism. As our soldiers at the seat of war are much troubled by that painful disorder, rheumatism, a friend who has experienced great benefit from the following prescription, desires us to make it public. The prescription was prepared by a regular physician, and has speedily cured a number of severe cases within the personal knowledge of our informant. We therefore recommend it to the attention of all:—For rheumatism, especially the Sciatic. Two drachms iodide of potassium and four ounces cinchon water—mixed. Take one teaspoonful three daily before eating. Perhaps its efficacy is more doubtful in cases of inflammatory rheumatism. It is also a relief or cure for dyspepsia, and is most excellent for many humors of the blood.

"Mike, and is it yourself that can be so telling me how they make ice cream?" "In truth, I can—don't they bake them in cowd ovens, to be sure."

Gen. Butler on the Contraband Question. The following interesting letter from General Butler has been received at the War Department:

HEADQUARTERS Department of Virginia, Fortress Monroe, July 30, 1861.

Hon SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War. SIR: By an order received on the morning of the 26th July from Major General Dix, by a telegraphic order from Lieutenant General Scott, I was commanded to forward, of the troops of this department, four regiments and a half, including Col. Baker's California Regiment, to Washington via Baltimore.—This order reached me at 2 o'clock A.M. by special boat from Baltimore. Believing that it existed because of some pressing exigency for the defence of Washington, I issued my orders before daybreak for the embarkation of the troops, sending those who were among the very best regiments I had. In the course of the following day they were all embarked for Baltimore, with the exception of some 400, for whom I had not transportation, although I had all the transport force in the hands of the Quarter master here to aid the Bay line of steamers, which, by the same order from the Lieutenant General, was directed to furnish transportation. Up to and at the time of the order I had been preparing for an advance movement, by which I hoped to cripple the resources of the enemy at Yorktown, and especially by seizing a large quantity of negroes who were being pressed into their service in building the entrenchments there. I had five days previously been enabled to mount, for the first time the first company of light artillery, which I had been empowered to raise, and they had but a single rifled cannon, an iron six pounder. Of course everything must and did yield to the supposed exigency and the orders.—This ordering away the troops from this department, while it weakened the posts at Newport News, necessitated the withdrawal of the troops from Hampton, where I was then throwing up intrenchments, and they were working resolutely and efficiently at that duty, saving our soldiers from that labor under the gleam of a midday sun. The women were earning substantially their own subsistence in washing, marketing, and taking care of the clothes of the soldiers, and rations were being served out to the men who worked for the support of the children.—But by the evacuation of Hampton, rendered necessary by the withdrawal of troops, leaving me scarcely five thousand men outside the fort, including the force at Newport News, all these black people were obliged to break up their homes at Hampton, fleeing across the creek within my lines for protection and support. Indeed, it was a most distressing sight to see these poor creatures, who had trusted to the protection of the arms of the United States, and who aided the troops of the United States in their enterprise, to be thus obliged to flee from their homes of their masters, who had deserted them, and become fugitives from fear of the return of rebel soldiery, who threatened to shoot the men who had wrought for us, and to carry off the women who served us to a worse than Egyptian bondage. I have, therefore, now within the Peninsula, this side of Hampton creek, 900 negroes, 300 of whom are able bodied men, 30 of whom are men substantially past hard labor, 175 women, 225 children under the age of ten and eighteen years, and many more coming in. The questions which this state of things presents are very embarrassing.

First. What shall be done with them? and Second. What is their state and condition? Upon these questions I desire the instructions of the Department. The first question, however, may perhaps be answered by considering the last. Are these men, women and children slaves? Are they free? Is their condition that of men, women and children, or of property, or is it a mixed relation?—What their status was under the Constitution and law we all know. What has been the effect of rebellion and a state of war upon that status? When I adopted the theory of treating the able-bodied negro fit to work in the trenches, as property liable to be used in aid of rebellion, and so contraband of war, that condition of things was in so far met as I then and still believe on a legal and constitutional basis. But now a new series of questions arise. Passing by women, the children certainly cannot be treated on that basis; if property, they must be considered the incumbrance rather than the auxiliary of an army, and, of course, in no possible legal relation could be treated as contraband. Are they property? If they were so, they have been left by their masters and owners, deserted, thrown away, abandoned like the wrecked vessel upon the ocean. Their former possessors and owners have cautiously, traitorously, rebelliously, and to carry out the figure,

practically abandoned them to be swallowed up by the winter storm of starvation. If property, do they not become the property of the salvors? but we, their salvors, do not need and will not hold such property, and will assume no such ownership; has not, therefore, all proprietary relation ceased? Have they not become thereupon men, women and children? No longer under ownership of any kind, the fearful relics of fugitive masters, have they not by their masters' acts, and the state of war, assumed the condition, which we hold to be the normal one, of those made in God's image? Is not every constitutional, legal and moral requirement, as well as the runaway master as to their relinquished slaves, thus answered? I confess that my own mind is compelled by this reasoning to look upon them as men and women. If not free born, yet free, manumitted, sent forth from the hand that held them never to be reclaimed. Of course, if this reasoning, thus imperfectly set forth, is correct, my duty as a humane man, is very plain. I should take the same care of these men, women and children who, for their attachment to the Union, and had been driven or allowed to flee from the confederate States. I should have no doubt on this question, had I not seen it stated that an order had been issued by General McDowell, in his department, substantially forbidding all fugitive slaves from coming within his lines, or being harbored there. Is that order to be enforced in all military departments? If so, who are to be considered fugitive slaves? Is a slave to be considered fugitive whose master runs away and leaves him? Is it forbidden to the troops to aid or harbor within their lines the negro children who are therein, or is the soldier, when his march has destroyed their means of subsistence, to allow them to starve because he has driven off the rebel master? Now shall the commander of a regiment or battalion sit in judgment upon the question whether any given black man has fled from his master, or his master fled from him? Indeed, how are the free born to be distinguished? Is one any more or less a fugitive slave because he has labored upon the rebel entrenchments? If he has so labored, if I understand it, he is to be harbored. By the reception of which, are the rebels most to be distressed, by taking those who have wrought all their rebel masters desired, mended their battery, or those who have refused to labor and left the battery un-manned.

I have very decided opinions upon the subject of this order. It does not become me to criticize it, and I write in no spirit of criticism, but simply to explain the full difficulties that surround the enforcing it. If the enforcement of that order becomes the policy of the government, I, as a soldier shall be bound to enforce it steadfastly, if not cheerfully. But if left to my own discretion, as you may have gathered from my reasoning, I should take a widely different course from that which it indicates. In a loyal State I would put down a servile insurrection. In a State of rebellion I would confiscate that which was used to oppose my arms, and take all that property, which constituted the wealth of that State and furnished the means by which the war is prosecuted, beside being the cause of the war; and if, in so doing, it should be objected that humane beings were brought to the free enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, such objection might not require much consideration. Pardon me for addressing the Secretary of War directly upon this question, as it involves some political consideration as well as propriety of military action.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

Why is a butcher like a teacher of languages? Because he is a retailer of tongues.

Washington's Dream. BY WESLEY BRADSHAW. The last time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on the Fourth of July, 1850, in Independence Square. He was then ninety-nine, and became very feeble; but though so old, his dimming eyes rekindled as he looked at Independence Hall, which he said he had come to gaze upon once more before he was gathered home.

"What time is it?" said he, raising his trembling eyes to the clock in the steeple, and endeavoring to shade the former with a shaking hand, "what time is it? I can't see so well now as I used to." "Half past three."

"Come then he continued, 'let us go in the Hall—I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life, one which no one alive knows except myself; and if you live, you will before long see it verified.—'Mark, I am not superstitious, but you will see it verified.'"

Reaching the visitors' room, in which the sacred relics of our early days are preserved we sat down upon one of the old fashioned wooden benches, and my venerable companion related to me the following singular narrative, which from the peculiarity of our national affairs at the present time, I have been induced to give the world. I give it as near as possible in his own words:

"When the bold action of our Congress, asserting the independence of the colonies, became known in the old world, we were laughed and scoffed at, as silly, presumptuous rebels, whom British Grenadiers would very soon tame into submission; but undauntedly we prepared to make good what he had said. The keen encounter came, and the world knows the result. It is easy and pleasant for those of the present generation to talk and write of the days of '76, but they little know, neither can they imagine, the trials and sufferings of those fearful days.—And there is one thing I much fear, and that is, the American people do not properly appreciate the boon of freedom.—Party spirit yearly becoming stronger and stronger, and without it is checked, will at no distant day, undermine and tumble into ruins the noble structure of the Republic. But let me hasten to my narrative.

"From the opening of the Revolution we experienced all phases of fortune, now good and now ill, one time victorious, and another conquered. The darkest period we had, however, was I think, when Washington after several reverses retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. Ah! I have often seen the tears coursing down our old commander's care-worn cheeks, as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington going to the thicket to pray; well, it is not only true, but he used often, to pray in secret for aid and comfort from that God, the interposition of whose divine providence alone brought us safely through those dark days of tribulation.

"One day, I remember it well—the chilly winds whistled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shining brightly—the afternoon alone. When he came out I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and that there seemed to be something upon his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the quarters of the officer I mentioned, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted some half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity, which he alone could command, said to the latter:

"I do not know whether it is owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon, as I was sitting at this very table engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld, standing exactly opposite to me, a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I, for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed, that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, a third, and even a fourth time did I repeat the question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor, except a slight raising of the eyes. By this time I felt strange sensations spreading throughout me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become powerless. Even though itself presently became paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was gaze, gaze steadily, vacantly, at my unknown visitor. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensations, and grew luminous. Everything about me appeared to vibrate in sympathy with the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy and yet more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing, fixedly, vacantly, at my companion.

"Presently I heard a voice saying:—'Son of the Republic, look and learn,' while at that moment my visitor extended her arm eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor, at some distance, rising, fold upon fold; this gradually dissipated and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay spread out in one vast plain all the countries of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I saw rolling, and tossing between Europe and America the billows of the Atlantic, and between Europe and America, and the Pacific.

"Son of the Republic," said the same mysterious voice as before, "look and learn."

At that moment I beheld a dark shadow being like an angel standing, or rather floating in mid-air between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some upon America with his right hand, while he cast upon Europe with the left. Immediately a dark cloud raised from each of these countries and joined in mid-ocean. For awhile it remained stationary, and then moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning gleamed throughout it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people.

A second time the angel dipped water from the ocean, and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, in whose heaving waves it sank from view. A third time I heard the mysterious voice say:—'Son of the Republic look and learn.'

"I cast my eyes upon America, and beheld villages, towns and cities springing up one after another, until the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific was dotted with them. Again I heard the mysterious voice say:—'Son of the Republic, the end of the century cometh: look and learn.'

"At this, the dark, shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-omened specter approaching our land. It fitted slowly and heavily over every town and city of the latter, the inhabitants of which presently set themselves in battle array against each other. As I continued looking, I saw a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light, on which was traced the word 'UNION,' bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nation and said:—'Remember ye are brethren!'

"Instantly the inhabitants, casting from them their weapons, became friends once more, and united around the national standard. And again I heard the mysterious voice saying:—'Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh: look and learn.'

"At this the dark, shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth and blew three distinct blasts, and, taking water from the ocean, sprinkled it out upon Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Then my eyes beheld a fearful scene. From each of the countries arose thick black clouds, that were soon joined into one. And throughout this mass there gleamed a dark-red light, by which I saw hordes of armed men, who, moving with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by sea to America, which country was presently enveloped in the volume of the cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country, and pillage and burn the villages, towns and cities that I had beheld springing up.—As my ears listened to the thundering of a cannon, clashing of swords, and shouts and cries of the millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice, saying:—'Son of the Republic, look and learn.'

"When the voice had ceased, the dark, shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth, and blew a long, fearful blast.

Instantly a light as of a thousand suns shone down from above me, and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment I saw the angel upon whose forehead still shone the word 'UNION,' and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descended from Heaven attended by legions of bright spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who, I perceived, were well nigh overcome, but who, immediately taking courage again, closed up the broken ranks and renewed battle.—Again, amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice saying:—'Son of the Republic, look and learn.'

"As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel for the last time dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly, the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious. Then once more I beheld villages towns and cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them, cried in a loud voice to the inhabitants:—'While the stars remain and the Heavens send down dew upon the earth, so long shall the Republic last.'

"And taking from his brow the crown on which still blazed the word 'UNION,' he placed it upon the standard, while the people kneeling down said 'Amen.' The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling white vapor I had first beheld. This also disappeared, and I

found myself once more gazing upon the mysterious visitor who, in that same mysterious voice I had heard before, said:—'Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted. Three perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful is the second, passing which, the whole world united shall never be able to prevail against her. Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his land and the Union.'

With these words the figure vanished. I started from my seat, and felt that I had seen a vision wherein had been shown to me the birth, progress and destiny of the Republic of the United States.

In Union she will have her strength, in Disunion her destruction. 'Such, my friend,' concluded the venerable narrator, 'were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them. Let her forever remember that in Union she has her strength, in Disunion her destruction.'

Unscrambling the Captain. Captain Evans was an old navy veteran of sixty seven years. He had lost an arm and an eye years before; at Naverino the Turks settled his understanding, both legs being carried off by a chain shot. Cork legs were coming into fashion. Captain Evans had a pair of first quality made for him; he had a false arm and hand; into the latter he could screw a fork or a hook, as the occasion required, and being gloved the deficiency was not easily perceived. As increasing years rendered him infirm, his valet took advantage of him, so that he wrote to his brother, a Somersetshire squire, to send him up some tenant's son as a body servant. "No matter how stupid, if but honest and faithful," he said. His brother was absent, and sent to his steward to select a lad. This the steward did, but merely mentioned that Capt. Evans was infirm not apprising the bumbkin of his new master's deficiencies, and sent him to London at once, where the Captain lived.

At ten at night he arrived, and was immediately shown to Capt. Evans's sitting room. "What is your name?" "My name be John nor." "Well, John, my rascally valet is absent again without leave; help me to bed, as it is late, and then you can go down to supper." Adjourning to the bedroom, the old gentleman said: "John, unscrow my leg." "Zur!" said John.—"Unscrow my leg this way, see." John did so, tremblingly. "John, unscrow my other leg." "Zur!" said John. "Unscrow the other leg, sir." John did so now in a state of bewilderment. "John unscrow this arm." Trembling still more, to the Captain's great amusement, he obeyed.

"John, put this eye on the table."—John took it as if it would bite him. "Now, John,—no, I won't take the other eye out—lift me into bed." This done the waggish Captain continued:—"John beat up the pillow, it is not comfortable." "Beat it up again, sir, it is quite hard." Again John shook up the pillow. "That won't do; John, I can't get my head comfortable; John unscrow my head." "Noa, noa, not of, oill unscrow no more;" and John fled from the room to the kitchen, swearing his master was Old Nick, and taking himself to pieces like a clock.

A Suggestion to Volunteers. The New York Examiner says: "A medical friend, whose European experience gives value to his testimony, and whose heart has been pained at the number of deaths which have already taken place in our army from the loss of blood from wounds, begs us to suggest that the per-chloride of iron, an article to be obtained from all our larger druggists, will check hemorrhage, even from large blood vessels, promptly and effectually. Four or five drops are sufficient to check completely the flow of blood from anything except the largest arteries, and a half tea-spoonful will arrest bleeding even from the heart. He advises that each non-commissioned officer should be provided with a small flat tin bottle of this, containing say a couple of ounces, which he can wear in his breast pocket, and that the bottle should have wound around it a little bit of cotton, on which the iron could be dropped, or poured, to apply it. This simple device would have saved several valuable lives at the affair in Vienna and Great Bethel. Will not the Sanitary Commission see to this matter?"

He goes for a Soldier—Mrs. Partington makes a Farewell Address. ["The my son stand up while I dress you—hold my spear."—"Fellow soldier! it is the abandoned duty of all to be patriarchal in these times, and to hand down unrepined the glorious flag to all succeeding generations. [Here he commenced counting the new fashioned cheer, swinging the old bonnet up and down as he went in, one, two, three—tiger.]—'March hesitatingly into the contented field, and if a rebel demands your quarters tell him you had but three, and the last one is spent; then if he won't quit and leave, 'quit yourself like a man,' and may you have a glorious campaign of it. [Here he commenced Zouaving French, and breaking into a double quick time, was soon out of sight, bonnet specs, and all.]

Dog stealing in the second degree—hooking city made sausages.