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## The Condition of Kentucky.

In the neighborhood of Bowling Green, which is the centre of the rebel forces under Buckner, and whither Senator Breckinridge has gone to join the insurgents, the work of plunder is going on at a frightful rate. All kinds of property for which the rebels have the least occasion are seized and appropriated without remorse—horses, wagons, the contents of their granaries—dragging with the country as a conquered province. Yet in that part of the country the people are decided friends of the Union. All the country west of Bowling Green is overrun, ravaged, pillaged and kept in terror by the rebels.

In one of these counties west of Bowling Green three hundred of its best citizens—the inhabitants who are held in the greatest esteem and possess the greatest influence—have been obliged to leave their homes and are now fugitives. Yet in that very county the majority in favor of the Union was a thousand or more.

The statement made in General Thomas's report, that that the young men of Kentucky had in considerable numbers been misled to take part in the revolt is too true. At this moment Governor Wickliffe, one of the most thoroughbred friends of the Union, has a son in the Confederate service. The Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, one of the most distinguished divines in the Union, as true a friend of the Union as any, has another. The editor of the Louisville Journal, George D. Prentice, whose loyalty is unshaken, has another. In one county which gave a large majority for the Union, two hundred young men entered the rebel service.

Yet they are indications of a growing feeling in favor of the Union in the State. The indiscriminate pillage of the planters by the men under Buckner and other rebel officers has no little effect in making their cause unpopular. A speech made the other day in Springfield, Kentucky, by the Hon. Joshua Bell, shows how warmly the friends of the Union feel on this question. Mr. Bell declared that he would rather see Kentucky in its original state of a desolate wilderness than see it separated from the Union and brought under the government of the Confederate States. Garrett Davis writes: "Perish slavery rather than the Union. The Unionists are rallying to the defence of their State and the expulsion of the invaders. Curran Pope, a brother-in-law of James B. Clay and a graduate of West Point, is actively recruiting a regiment. Richard T. Jacob, a son in law of Mr. Benton, is mastering another. These men are among the citizens of Kentucky who have most influence with the people.

Meantime the attachment which the best and most respectable families of Kentucky bear to the Union is not wavering and decided. They are distressed by the course which their young friends have taken, but it does not shake their constancy of their hopes of the final success of the federal government. —New York Post.

## A Fair Offer.

A few evenings since, a justice of the peace, whose business it is in the city, was returning to his home in the suburbs, and upon alighting from the cars, was hailed by a rosy-faced son of Erin: "An' is it a justice ye are?" "Yes, why?" "Then it's to marry a couple, we want ye, just down the stairs there."

"Well, I'll step home and have, and be there shortly."

"Niver a bit of it; yer honor is well enough as it is. Sure, an' it's yourself that see do it now indeed."

The justice accompanied Mike to the residence of his friend, where he found a man and woman, possessed of the ordinary credentials, and being in haste to get home, performed the ceremony in a few words, received his dollar and took up his hat to depart.

"Sure, sir," said the bride, "it isn't worth that much money for so small a job, an' it's done so quick. I don't b'lieve I'm a married woman. Now, sir, ye'll give me a half buck, sure."

"Madam," said the justice, with all the dignity he could muster, "come to my house after a few weeks' reflection, and if you are not satisfied that you are a properly married woman, you shall have all the money back and as much more."

The lady did not call and the justice is of the opinion she is satisfied that he is a faithful magistrate.

Three more of the privateers of the Jeff Davis have been convicted in the U. S. Circuit Court at Philadelphia.

Gen. Beauregard's report of the Battle of Manassas gives the rebel loss at 399 killed, and 1,200 wounded.

## The Grand Review.

### 60,000 TROOPS MANEUVERED.

#### Magnificent and Striking Spectacle.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

Washington, Nov. 20, 1861.

## THE GRAND REVIEW.

The grand review at Bailey's Cross Roads to-day was a very remarkable spectacle. Apart from the effect upon those not accustomed to such displays, it is declared by officers long used to foreign service, that few demonstrations in Europe have exceeded this in precision, regularity, and evidence of the rapid and orderly development. The feat of maneuvering for the first time 60,000 troops with success and perfect exactness is no ordinary achievement, and one for which Gen. McDowell, upon whom the organization of the forces devolved, is receiving applause.

The announcement that the way would be free to all spectators, flooded the avenue in every direction at an early hour. The Long Bridge was crowded so as to be almost impassable, and Columbia Turnpike, leading to Bailey's Road, swarmed with passengers from morning until nightfall.

The hour fixed for the review was 11 o'clock, but the display began about 9 o'clock, with the assembling of the first regiment. The field chosen was the plain leading up from Bailey's Roads to Munson's Hill, the whole of which had been cleared of timber and brush, leaving a space of about one square mile. Munson's Hill was the most commanding point of view, and was covered with earriages and visitors on foot. The lower part of the field, where not held for the review, was given up to the more distinguished guests of the occasion, who began to arrive about 10 o'clock. The President and Mr. Lincoln drove down from Munson's Hill at 11 o'clock, and were speedily followed by the various Heads of Departments and Diplomatic representatives. Secretary Cameron came on horseback.

Soon after 11 Gen. McClellan appeared, escorted by the McClellan Dragoons, Major Barker, which paraded for the first time as a squadron, and the 5th Regular Cavalry. He was greeted with unbounded enthusiasm. With the President and Secretary Cameron, and followed by his Staff, he rode rapidly through the various lines already distributed a foot and fully occupying the vast field, receiving volleys of cheers from each regiment as he passed. He then took his position upon a knoll near Bailey's house, while the entire body of troops prepared to pass in review.

Shortly after 1 o'clock the huge column, led by Gen. McDowell, moved forward, marching by battalion in "closed mass," each regiment parading by column in divisions. The review was in the following order:

Gen. McClellan's Division, with ten infantry, and one cavalry regiment, and two batteries of artillery.

Gen. Heintzelman's Division, with seven infantry and one cavalry regiment, and two batteries.

Gen. Smith's Division—Ten regiments of infantry, one cavalry, and two batteries.

Gen. Franklin's Division—Twelve regiments of infantry, one cavalry, and three batteries.

Gen. Benker's Division—Eleven regiments of infantry, one cavalry, and two batteries.

Gen. Potter's Division—Thirteen regiments of infantry, two of cavalry, and three batteries.

The following is a list of the batteries reviewed:

Boston, Pennsylvania; Cooper's Pennsylvania; Kern's Pennsylvania; Ayres's Regular; Mott's New York; Barr's Pennsylvania; Gibbons's Regular; Weedon's Rhode Island; Follett's Massachusetts; Beason's Regular; Monro's Rhode Island; Patten's Regular; Hoxner's New Jersey; Potter's Massachusetts; Bookwood's New York; Randolph's Rhode Island.

The troops, moving in the most compact form in which they could be marched, occupied upwards of three hours in passing.

The finest division in appearance was unquestionably that of Gen. Benker. Although separate in other divisions, they excelled any of those under him.

The Massachusetts batteries were especially remarked for the excellence of their equipments and the accuracy of their movements.

The cavalry, excepting the regulars, formed the least brilliant part of the demonstration.

The contrast between regulars and volunteers in this branch was too striking. The troops all came upon the ground with one day's rations and ample ammunition, and accompanied by ambulances in readiness for any emergencies that might arise.

Some of the rebel slaveholders, who want to be out of harm's way, have followed the runaway slaves to Canada, as a place of refuge.

A young man at Niagara, having been crossed in love, walked out to the precipice, gave one lingering look at the gulf beneath him, and went home. His body was found next morning—in bed.

## IMPORTANT FROM MISSOURI

### Twenty-four of Jennison's Troops Route

#### 150 Rebels—Fifty Rebels Killed and Eight Wounded—Price's Troops Returning—Pillage and Outrages Renewed—150 Rebels Captured—Recapture of a Supply Train.

Kansas City, Nov. 20, 1861.

Captain Burchard, with twenty-four men of Jennison's Regiment, attacked Captain Hays with 150 men at his place of residence to-day, and succeeded in driving him away, burning his house and that of another man named Gregg; also a Captain in the Rebel army, Captain Burchard and Lieutenant Bostwick were killed and eight wounded. The Rebels had fifty killed and eight wounded.

Jefferson City, Nov. 20, 1861.

The following is a special to The St. Louis Democrat.

The old terrors have settled down on the counties of the South West since the retrograde movement of our army, and refugees are beginning to arrive again, driven home by the fear of being taken prisoner by the Rebels, who are reported to be again advancing.

Mr. Grandley of the State Convention, arrived here last night from Springfield, which place he left on Friday last. He says a body of 3,000 Gen. Price's Cavalry made their appearance at Sarcate, and that foraging parties followed up the track of our retreating army plundering Union citizens and renewing with impunity every species of outrage. He passed a train of emigrant wagons, a mile long containing Union refugees.

Another train of fifty wagons arrived here to-day.

Five prisoners were brought in to-day from Callaway County, the first of an expedition which was sent to that county yesterday. These prisoners are charged with repeated outrages on Union men.

Jefferson City, Mo., Nov. 20, 1861.

Trustworthy information received here to-day that our cavalry, under Major Hough, had overtaken and captured the rebels who seized our supply train near Warsawburg, on Monday last, and that a hundred and fifty prisoners were taken and the wagons recovered.

Good News from Accomac County.

### 3,000 Rebel Troops Disbanded—Release of Drifted Union Men.—The Rebel Banner Superseded by the Union Flag.

Baltimore, Nov. 20, 1861.

Information received at Headquarters this evening, from Accomac County, Va., announces the disbanding of about 3,000 Rebel troops, who had been in camp near Drummondtown. As the expedition advanced the Rebel flag disappeared, and the Union citizens hoisted their flags, which had hitherto been concealed. The proclamation of Gen. Dix had been read in camp where the Union men had been drafted, and forced into the service, they rebelled, and the commanding officers were compelled to disband their whole force. The secessionists said the force coming against them was so great that they thought it folly to resist, and the Union men met them with hearty cheers and the greatest enthusiasm.

As far as the expedition had progressed, there was every evidence that a large majority of the people were opposed to secession, and the Union troops were hailed as their deliverers from tyranny and oppression.

The people are suffering from many necessities of life, and were rejoicing at the prospect of an early restoration of the trade and commerce with Philadelphia, on which they depend for a livelihood.

Information received from Northampton County warrants the belief that the rebels there will also be disbanded. They have destroyed bridges and felled trees across the roads, but the proclamation has given boldness to the Union men, and satisfaction to the people generally. All who are not loyal will be disbanded. Union men, who had fled to Maryland to prevent being forced into the militia, are returning to their homes.

Great Men's Sons.

It has been a subject of remark for ages, that great men's sons, with here and there an exception, have less talent than the sons of less lifted mortals. In modern times we have had striking illustrations of this fact in the case of Napoleon, Wellington, and other great commanders, and we have no doubt that the reader will easily call to mind notable instances in this line of illustration among the sons of our own great men. It seems that no amount of cultivation can do much for one of these well born "lockheads." It has almost always been the "poor boys"—the sons of "common people"—who have won the great honors and prizes of life, and rendered their country illustrious.

"Boys," said uncle Peter as he examined the points of the animal, "I don't see but one reason why that mare can't trot her mile in three minutes."

They gathered around to hear this regular opinion, and one inquired, "What is it?"

"Why," he replied, "the distance is too great for so short a time."

The Corn crop of the United States in 1860 was estimated at 371,000,000 bushels; in 1850 600,000,000; and in 1860 800,000,000 bushels.

## Horrors of Bull Run.—Feeling at Richmond, Virginia.

### Written for the Montreal Witness by an Ex-Montreal Editor who has spent several years in the Southern States in the same vocation.

The battle of Manassas, or Bull Run, as it is somewhat pointedly styled by the Northerners, was a sad victory to the people of Richmond. In proportion there were many more citizens of Richmond present on the battle field than of any other city of the South; and the loss of the Southern army was very much greater than was supposed at the North. I have heard Beauregard declare his belief that three or four South-landers fell to every Northern soldier. By this, as it may be, Richmond, after the battle, was veiled in mourning. It seemed as if there was scarcely a family in Richmond that had not lost a friend or relative; many had lost their head and every male member of their once loving domestic circle. Manassas was a hardly gained victory, though its moral effects were great; but it was a victory that spread mourning and desolation over the land, for hundreds of the most beloved and cherished amongst youth of the South fell on that fatal day.

They lay gone forth in the flush and confidence of youthful hope and mistaken patriotism, and can we wonder that no sound of rejoicing were heard, such as are usual after a victory, however unexpected, or hardly won, even though the wail of the widow, the mother or the orphan child mingle with the wailing of the trumpet and the shouts of the victors. No song of triumph was sung in Richmond, or in the surrounding villages; and now for the first time, the people appeared to realize the horrors of the war they had entered upon, without seeming to have calculated its cost. Those who had cherished hopes, raised by the reports that those they loved were not dead but only wounded, were, alas, doomed to suffer a more bitter anguish than that of their fellow citizens who wept over the biere of the slain. No pen can adequately describe the horror of the scenes witnessed by anxious crowds, as day by day the wounded were brought in and carried to the houses of their friends or to the St. Charles Hotel, which had been fitted up as a hospital. I question, indeed, whether any of the battlefields of Europe have been the arena of such horrible individual suffering.

I have read of no campaign, except that of Moscow, where the French soldiers perished by tens of thousands, in every conceivable agony, that can offer a comparison to this respect. It may seem absurd to speak of Moscow and Bull Run in the same breath; but I do not refer to the relative magnitude of the campaigns, nor compare the numbers engaged, the duration of the struggle, nor the loss of life. My comparison refers only to the peculiar sufferings of the wounded, a day after they were brought into the city in every conceivable and conceivable condition of mutilation and writhing in agony, where mortification had not already supervened, or where the stupor which generally precedes death by violence, had not seized upon the hapless victim of this fratricidal strife. In most battle fields of modern times skillful surgeons and attentive nurses have been in prompt attendance, and the wounded have received every possible attention compatible with their unfortunate position; but with the wounded of the Southern army, at least, this was not the case.

Possibly a sufficient number of surgeons could not be provided, and I know that many who were present were poorly supplied with surgical instruments, or with medicine of a nature to alleviate suffering, and that they did the best they could under the circumstances; but I saw men brought in who had lain four and twenty hours on the field where they had fallen, and without even a drop of water to slake their burning thirst. I saw men brought in delirious with fever, raving like madmen, and failing to recognize their nearest and dearest friends. Some were borne past, upon whose livid features death had already set his seal, the pitiful appealing glance of the fast-gliding eye being the only sign that life still lingered. The features of many were so distorted by pain that they scarcely appeared to be human; and most horrible of all, I witnessed at least a dozen poor creatures, brown, black, or had either lost a limb by a cannon ball or had suffered the amputation of a leg or an arm. It is hard to decide which of these two classes of victims had suffered the greatest agony—those who had lain uncooled for, save by some friendly comrade who had bound his kerchief over the limb to stop the effusion of blood, and thus preserve the vital spark—or those who had endured the pain of amputation, either too hurriedly, or else unskillfully performed.

In several of the latter cases the ligatures had slipped or become loosened, the bandages had fallen off, and the bones protruded beyond the mangled flesh, while in both alike, the tones and flesh, where black and festering, and swarming with maggots. People huddled and sickened as they turned away from the horrible spectacle; women fainted in the streets; and yet there were some brave women—mothers, wives and sisters—who dared to dress these trifling wounds, when men, struck to witness blood and suffering, shrunk appalled from the ghastly scene, striving to conceal their own acute mon-

tal suffering, these angels of mercy lingered to the last over the dying husband or brother—and in more than one case to my knowledge, over the bed of those who were strangers and friendless—striving to impart that comfort to the departing souls, which Heaven help them, they sorely needed themselves.

It was a happy thing for those poor victims that in most instances they had ceased to feel pain, while consciousness generally returned an hour or two before death; but it is almost needless to add that recovery, amongst those who had suffered in the manner we have described, was rare indeed. We know of but one instance of the recovery of one man who had suffered the amputation of a limb on the battle field. *Horrida betia!*—who a year or two ago, would have dared to prophesy that such success would be witnessed in the heart of the model republican, in the centre of the State which Washington believed to be destined to hold the brightest rank in the Union; which he lived to see proving favorably, and in which, in little more than four score years, the last of his descendants, who bore his name and inherited his estates, was shot from his horse and killed—a Rebel spy!

We have heard it said that reports have prevailed at the North to the effect that Northern prisoners of war were badly treated. This, so far as I have seen or heard, I can resolutely deny. That they suffer under many privations is true; but so do the Southerners themselves. In no place is there a greater prejudice against the "Yankees" than in Richmond; yet in very few instances have I heard them insulted, and in those instances only by urbanes who stigmatized them as "Yankee peddlars," and were always reproved by their elder-while the sick and wounded Northerners received the like treatment as the sufferers among themselves. Doubtless instances of cruelty have occurred in the excitement of battle, or in the flush of victory, or anger and shame of defeat; but such instances occur everywhere and amongst every people. War, for the time being, turns men into demons.

Dark, dark, and saddening is the prospect. We can see no gleam of light through the sombre vista. The light of this great evil; but even the most hopeful must admit that can only be arrived at through years of trouble. The country has been thrown back at least half a century. More or less civilized nations must suffer through this mad folly of the nineteenth century, which neither civilization or Christianity has been able to overcome, so great is the trench of man's evil passion when, as an individual or a nation, they obtain the mastery over him.

Caught in the Act.

A "town reader" of the Knickerbocker exposed the failings of a sedate friend in the following style:—

"I have a friend whom, in my earlier acquaintance I was one day very anxious to find. I went to his office, but he was not in, nor could his clerk tell me where to look for him. Remembering, however, that I had once met friend Charlie at the door of a saloon, where were sold oysters and accompaniments, I sought him there, and was successful. As I accosted him, it was plain to see that he was annoyed at my looking for him in such a place, or he was a marvelously dignified man in extempore.

"What in the world made you come here for me?"

"I stammered some excuse.

"Umph!" he said, doubtfully. "However," he added, "as you are here, perhaps you will take a drink?"

I assented, and we stepped up to the bar, and a bottle was placed before us.

"This brandy is good, is it?" said Charlie, looking the bar keeper in the face; "the kind you drink yourself? You are certain are you that the liquor is pure?"—and therewith he poured a little in the glass.

Flesh and blood could stand it no longer. "Well said the bar keeper with a frown 'you ought to know; you have drunk at least a barrel of it!' Charlie did not 'make much,' as the lawyers say, by his assumption of innocence, and when he drank he asks no question.

A young lady of California recently broke her neck while resting the attempts of a young man to kiss her—

The editor of the *Shasta Courier* thus feeling comments upon the melancholy affair:—

"This furnishes a fearful warning to young ladies. We know from personal experience, (in days gone by, also) how prone girls are to peril their precious necks by twisting away from a fellow at a time when, by a judicious exercise of wit still and hold your heads steady, perfect happiness would have been shed abroad, and the ambient air made luminous with glory. Dear girls, hold heads steady, and don't break your darling necks!"

A coroner's jury decided that the lady alone was to blame for the accident.

The War Department has issued an order placing the bounty of one hundred dollars to the credit of the widow or heirs of deceased volunteers.

Wm B. Astor owns, it seems, six hundred shares in the Bank of Louisiana, which in ordinary times would be worth \$30,000. The whole property has been confiscated under the rebel requisition act.

lies? Whether it will come to this, events will determine, but I for one am prepared to see it come to this and rapidly. I stand from amongst the ranks of those who are arrayed for the defence of this country, and I believe that such is the opinion of those men, and of every man, woman and child of reflection throughout the United States. They will hold that General accountable who, when victory depends upon his gathering to his aid force, black or white, neglects to avail himself of the occasion. This is war, and conducted on the strict principles of war. Now let us have done with this conventionalism. When a man is imperilled he may resort to anything in self defence. When a nation is imperilled, it may take the same course and when liberty is struck at, it is the duty of the human race everywhere to spring to arms, and by every means in its power to prostrate its opponents."

Effects of Civil Strife.

The division of families caused by the war particularly in some of the Border States is painfully illustrated in two instances. A Louisville correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes as follows:

Capt Henry Clay, who has just received a commission as assistant Adjutant under Brig. Gen. Richard W. Johnson, is a young man of fine abilities, a West Pointer, though no graduate, and of no doubt a strong Union sentiment. His position is a very strange one, and is one among the many romantic stories of the day. His grandfather was the Sage of Ashland, and his father died at Buena Vista. His uncle, James B. Clay is a secessionist, now under bond to appear for trial for treason. Another uncle, Thomas, in the United States service, is responsible for the appearance for trial of James B. Clay. A brother, Thomas Clay, Jr., is on the staff of Gen. Beauregard. His sister's husband, with whom young Clay resides in this city, has lately entered the U. S. service, with two other brothers, for the war; and now comes young Henry's turn, and he accepts the unsolicited commission which Gen. Johnson has tendered him.

Here is another example: John J. Crittenden has one son who is a Brigadier General in the rebel service. Another son is a Brigadier General in the army of the Union, but holding his commission from the State of Kentucky. Another holds the rank of Captain in the Union army. John J. Crittenden himself at the age of seventy-five, bears arms as a private in the Home Guards of Frankfort.

The War and Slaves.

Hon. John Cochrane, a leading Democrat of New York, made the following remark in that city last week on the occasion of a serenade to Secretary Cameron. Mr. C. said:

"Tell me not of slavery and slaves, of the peculiar institutions of the South. The war is one of the institutions of the South upon the freedom and institutions of the nation. And now fellow citizens allow me to say, and I am far from the declaration, believing it to be true, and I am careless of its consequences, because I feel that with you all, I am enlisted for my country, and not for party. It has been declared that there is a body in the South, which it has been asserted by many, is the original cause of our disturbances—which body, when armed and equipped, should be imported into our ranks as allies. I refer to the emancipating which may have been interpreted or may hereafter be admitted to be accomplished, through the instrumentality of proclamations. I must condemn all such a plan for the simple reason that in any such question will produce sides, and sides controversies, and controversies divisions, and disensions divisions, and divisions defeat. Therefore let us have no more proclamations. But let me suppose that our gallant young general on taking his army South should discover a mass of combustibles which, when ignited, would explode and send the enemy skyward, to give us success; would you say that he would be tolerated for an instant if he did not crown our efforts with success by those means? Certainly you would hold him accountable for the neglect; and if our armies, as they march to the South, discover any allies of any character, human material or substantial that can aid the armies of freemen and contribute to our success, it is our duty to employ them to that end.

"I refer to it as a military necessity. It commands us to avail ourselves of every means within our grasp. Suppose for an instant that our armies take a Southern march, and that as we drive the enemy before us, they are broken in extremity, what think you those men in the exercise of sound reason would accomplish? Would they not put arms in the hands of four millions of the colored race among them? If they did not you would proclaim their folly to the four corners of the earth. Suppose on the other hand, in this war of self preservation, the result should be different and we should be to adversity. Think you that we should be tolerated if we did not avail ourselves of the identical advantage and put arms in the hands of those who, under these circumstances, would be our al-

net.