

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 23.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. MAY 19, 1864.

NO. 13.

Jury List—May T. 1864.

GRAND JURORS.
Barrett.—George W. Price, Amnias Kinney, Charles W. Decker, Wilkinson Price, Joseph Brown.
Chesnut Hill.—Jacob K. Shafer, Lewis Decker.
Coolbaugh.—John Pope.
Eldred.—John Heimbach.
Hamilton.—Henry Fenner, Andrew C. Woodling, Mathias Stecker.
Jackson.—Barnet Kresge.
Pocono.—Charles Arnold.
Polk.—Samuel Becker, Levi F. Shupp.
Smithfield.—Peter Newheart.
Stroud.—James Brown, Samuel Newheart.
Stroudsburg.—Frank Landers, John Nixon.
Tobhannach.—Nathaniel Eschenbach, W. Elcho.
Tunkhannoch.—George Altemose.
PETIT JURORS.
Barrett.—John D. Custard, Jonas P. Lodrick.
Chesnut Hill.—John Shifer, Charles D. Brodhead.
Coolbaugh.—Theodore Brodhead, Jacob Woodling, Jeremiah Callaghan, James Smith.
Eldred.—William Illick, Nelson Hefflinger.
Hamilton.—Abraham Shook, Thomas Heller, John Dreher, Charles Yinger, Nathan Hefford, George Buskirk, Ferdinand Kester.
Jackson.—Jacob Kresge, Jacob Miller, Solomon Rinker.
M. Smithfield.—Abraham Coolbaugh, John Smith, Simon Smith, Moses Overfield, Samuel Pipher, J. M. Swartwood, E. H. Gunsauls.
Paradise.—Charles Henry, Robert Lafer.
Pocono.—Thomas Shively, George Stouffer, Franklin Shick.
Polk.—Linford Mansfield, Stewart Hawk.
Ross.—Henry Lafer, Daniel France, Valentine Houser.
Smithfield.—Martin Detrich, Henry Brotzman.
Stroud.—John Hall, George Bush, Charles Swink, Levi Strouss.
Stroudsburg.—Charles Troch, William Flory, Jerome Storm, Frederick Kleckler, John Boys.
THOS. McILHANEY, Prothonotary.

Trial List—May T. 1864.

John J. Frey vs. Elias Bonser and David Roth. Use of John Merwine vs. William Serfass, terre tenant.
Stroud J. Hollinshead vs. Henry S. Mott. Use of Frederick Kier vs. John Merwine.
Joseph P. Fellencer vs. Peter Fellencer.
Jesse Riley vs. Peter Fellencer, Joseph P. Fellencer et al.
School District of Tobhannach vs. Jude A. Winter.
THOS. M. McILHANEY, Pro'ty.

Argument List May T.

Nicholas Hahn vs. Judah Hahn.
Rule on David Miller, Guardian of Myron M. and Vida J. Fish.
Rule on Sarah Shafer, widow.
Overseers of Poor Stroud vs. John N. Staples and Abel Staples.
Frederick Bush vs. John Gearhart.
Levi Strouss vs. Joseph S. Priest.
THOS. M. McILHANEY, Pro'ty.

License Applications.

MONROE COUNTY, SS.
The following persons have filed their petitions for license with the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Monroe County, and the same will be presented at the next term of said Court, to be held at Stroudsburg, May 25, 1864.

Tavern Licenses.
George Knouss, Stroudsburg.
Charles Troch, " "
Jacob Knecht, " "
Melchior Bossard, " "
Augustus M. Jones, Stroud Tsp.
Thomas Brodhead, Smithfield.
Luke W. Brodhead, " "
Daniel A. Bush, " "
Benjamin F. Schafer, Tunkhannoch.
Henry Stoddart, Tobhannach.
Casper H. Metzgar, " "
Reuben Hartzell, Ross.
Sarah Lessig, " "
Jacob H. Stocker, " "
Jerome Petherman, Pocono.
Manasseh Miller, " "
Charles Brown, " "
George Dotter, Polk.
Jacob W. Kresge, " "
Peter Keller, " "
Henry Roth, " "
Jonas Snyder, " "
Daniel Kerchner, " "
Wilkinson Price, Barrett.
Lewis Long, Price.
Eleanor Meyer, Coolbaugh.
Peter P. Smoke, " "
Samuel Case, " "
John W. Others, " "
Joseph Hawk, Eldred.
Thomas Mixsell, " "
Nelson Hefflinger, " "
Philip Kresge, Chesnut Hill.
Elizabeth Kresge, " "
John Merwine, " "
Daniel Lentz, Jr., " "
Butz & Altemose, " "
Jacob K. Shafer, " "
Charles D. Brodhead, " "
James Place, M. Smithfield.
Melchior Depeu, " "
Jacob H. Place, " "
Charles Henry, Paradise.
Abraham Gish, " "
Charles Bossard, Hamilton.
Josiah Fenner, " "
John J. Smith, " "
Thomas E. Heller, " "
Charles Saylor, " "
John R. Ousterhardt, Jackson.

Liquor Stores.

Dreher & Bro. Stroudsburg.
James Kintz, Paradise.
Jerome S. Williams, Hamilton.
Thos. M. McILhANEY, Clerk.
Stroudsburg, May 25, 1864.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and twenty-five cents will be charged.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements of one square of (ten lines) or less, one or three insertions, \$1.00. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

JOB PRINTING,
OF ALL KINDS,
Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

WORDS.
BY J. W. DUGGAN.

How oft from angry lips depart,
Some word, that pierces to the heart,
Like adder's sting, to fester there,
In brooding silence and despair.

How oft has joke or repartee
Been cause of lasting misery,
And friendship severed even by
A haughty glance, a cold reply.

How oft has love been turned aside,
By careless word or silly pride;
And sorrow come, but when too late,
To change that careless word of fate.

How oft have fierce contentions rose,
And war with its long train of woes
Succeeded to one angry word,
From tyrants, king or selfish lord.

And oft hath sorrow kept
Her tears unseen, and secret wept
For words unkind which hath been said
Of some dear friend now with the dead.

Oh! then, let all our words be kind,
That they no sting may leave behind;
For he who speaks with evil tongue,
Doth both himself and victim wrong.

[Eric Dispatch.]

Great Rifle Shooting.

Mr. Cleveland in his "Hints to Rifle-men," relates the following story of a feat performed by Captain Wilson of 12th Kentucky Cavalry, which is likely to live as one of the most extraordinary ever accomplished with firearms. Captain Wilson is an unconditional Union man, living in a disloyal neighborhood.

His neighbors had threatened his life. In consequence of this Captain Wilson had fitted up a log crib across the road from his front door as a sort of arsenal, where he had his Henry Rifle, Colt's Revolver, &c. One day, while at home dining with his family seven mounted guerrillas rode up, dismounted and burst into his dining room and commenced firing upon him with revolvers. The attack was so sudden that the first shot struck a glass of water his wife was raising to her lips, breaking the glass. Several other shots were fired without effect, when Captain Wilson sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "For God's sake, gentlemen, if you wish to murder me, do not do it at my own table in the presence of my family."

This caused a parley, resulting in their consent that he might go out doors to be shot. The moment he reached his front door he sprang for his cover, and his assailants commenced firing at him. Several shots passed through his hat, and more through his clothing, but none took effect upon his person. He thus reached his cover and seized his Henry Rifle, and turned upon his foes, and in five shots killed five of them; the other two sprang for their horses. As the sixth man threw his hand over the pommel of his saddle, the sixth shot took off four of his fingers; notwithstanding this he got into his saddle, but the seventh shot killed him; then starting out, Captain Wilson killed the seventh man with the eighth shot.

In consequence of this feat the State of Kentucky armed his company with the Henry Rifle.

Some "fellow" way down in Ohio, who is probably too lazy to work and to honest to steal, sighs his soul away in the following poetic effusion:

"Oh, is there no happy land—
A land beyond the seas—
Where pot-pie smokes in boundless lake
And dumplings grows on trees.
Where ginger-bread is found in stacks
And 'Sweetzer' by the ton;
And when you do a job of work,
You get the 'ready John'
Where Nature's lesson may be read
In every babbling brook!
Where bumble-bees don't sting a chap,
And mully cows don't hook!"

A restless genius, who went to a Quaker meeting, and after bearing the decorous gravity as patiently as he could for an hour or two, at last declared he could not stand it any longer. "Why," said he, "it's enough to tire the very d-out." "Yes, friend," responded the elderly gentleman of the congregation; "does thee know that is exactly what we want?"

A paragraph has been going the rounds concerning an old lady who has a mustache on her lip; to which a hateful contemporary adds that it is not uncommon for young ladies to have mustaches on their lips, but it is rarely that they grow there.

"I think I now see a new feature in this case," as the lawyer said when his client informed him that he had plenty of money.

MEETING OF CONFEREES.

DELEGATES TO THE UNION NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The Conferees selected from the several Counties of this Congressional District, to choose Delegates to the Union National Convention to meet at the city of Baltimore on the 7th of June next, according to resolution, met at Easton, on Tuesday, May 10th, 1864.

The Conference was organized at 2 o'clock P. M., by selecting the following officers:

Chairman—SAMUEL L. COOLEY.
Secretary—H. A. SAGE.

The credentials of the different Conferees were presented. Owing to some misunderstanding, two sets of Conferees appeared from Carbon County.

After hearing the statements of these Conferees and examining their credentials, the Conferees decided to admit one from each set. T. F. Walter and Dr. D. K. Shoemaker were accordingly admitted. Dr. Shoemaker substituted P. R. Weitzel, who took his place.

On motion of James L. Mingle, the Conference then adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the number of Conferees in this Conference shall be two for each member from this Congressional District in the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, and therefore that Northampton shall have four, Carbon two, and Monroe and Pike two.

On motion it was then unanimously resolved, That Hon. A. H. Reeder, of Northampton, and Gen. William Lilly, of Carbon, be the Representative Delegates from this Congressional District to meet at the city of Baltimore on the 7th day of June next, to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States, and in case of the inability of Hon. A. H. Reeder to attend said convention, that John N. Stokes, Esq., of Monroe, be said delegate in his place, and in case of the inability of Gen. William Lilly to attend said Convention, that Dr. D. K. Shoemaker, of Carbon, be said delegate in his place.

After a free interchange of sentiment in which there was great unanimity and good feeling the Conference on motion adjourned.

S. L. COOLEY, Chairman.
H. H. SAGE, Secretary.

To Manufacturers of Farm Implements and Machinery.

The Committee charged with the DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY in the GREAT SANITARY FAIR, to open on the 5th of June, in the city of Philadelphia, begs leave earnestly to invite the active co-operation of all who may be able to contribute, wherever resident, but especially those located in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware. It is the ambition of the Committee to make this Department worthy representation, in its own sphere, the controlling industrial interest of the country. The simplest article will be equally acceptable with the most elaborate. The implement lowest in money value, with that most costly. It is PEOPLE'S FAIR, expressive of sympathy and affection for the suffering soldiers of the Union, and all are cordially invited to co-operate in the good work. Let each one contribute to the cause in proportion to his means. A Grubbing-hoe, or Hay-rake, the handy workmanship of him who toils for daily bread, will be as gratefully received, highly estimated, and conspicuously displayed, as the most costly machine, the triumphant result of combined capital and skill. Come, then, one and all, with much, with little, and swell the testimony of the people's gratitude. If there be any who would willingly contribute a costly machine, but who cannot afford so to do, let them ask others to join in the gift. There is no better way to aid in furtherance of the benevolent object of the Fair.

It is suggested that greater money results may be attained if the machines be finished in the ordinary way only—thus no special effort will be needed in preparation, and larger gifts may be afforded. Very respectfully,
DAVID LANDRETH, Chairman.
JOHN H. GRAHAM, Secretary.

In forwarding contributions, please observe the following directions:

1st. Mark each box, package, or bundle, clearly thus:
TO DAVID LANDRETH,
CENTRAL FAIR WAREHOUSE,
PHILADELPHIA.

2d. On one corner mark your name and county.

3d. Send by Express or Railroad Company, or private hand, but do not pre-pay charges.

4th. Mail to the Chairman the bill of lading or receipt from the Express or Railroad Company, and also a list of articles, together with the donors' names.

5th. Let all contributions be forwarded so as to be delivered at the Warehouse, in Philadelphia, before the close of May—the earlier the better.

6th. Let each article be labelled or marked, with its reasonable value.

7th. Let every box, parcel, or package, be well and securely put up, and the contents carefully packed. It will only be necessary to guard heavy or bulky machines against breakage or abrasion.

On receipt of each box, parcel, or package, a proper acknowledgment will be sent, duly attested

Big Road and Big Teams.

The distance from Sacramento (California) to Virginia (Nevada) is about one hundred and fifty miles. The road runs up the Sierra Nevada mountains, and is the greatest thoroughfare on the continent. A recent letter from Virginia City to the St. Paul Press thus speaks of the "big thing":

All that we eat, drink, or wear, as well as machinery for mills or mines, building materials, steam engines, &c., are hauled over the mountains from California; except our vegetables, which are raised on our ranches. This makes an immense amount of teaming, employing some thirty-five thousand teams, mostly mules, averaging at least six to a team. There are as many as ten mules sometimes in a team employed in this hauling, and they take a load of seven or eight tons. The wagons are of monstrous size, the wagon boxes being built sometimes eight feet high, and flaring fore and aft, so as to hold a load almost equal to Noah's Ark.

The driver rides the near wheel mule, driving the whole team with one rein—one pull to the left and to two the right—and holding in one hand the line attached to the powerful brake, with which he can at once stop this monstrous load on the steepest hill; and the hills are no trifles on the road over the Sierra.

Freight from Sacramento varies from two and three-quarters to ten cents per pound, according to the season, the roads being bad in winter, and best in summer. The roads (called "grades" here) over the mountains are all toll-roads, built by private corporations and individuals, and the rates of toll are enormous. It costs a heavy team from thirty to forty dollars for tolls from Sacramento to Carson.

Still, were it not for this system we should have no roads, and all pay their tolls cheerfully.

"Crack" teams wear an arch hung with bells on each mule's back; but if a "bell team" gets stuck with its load, and a team of the same number of mules not wearing bells, pulls the load out, the law of the road is inexorable, that the victor team must take the belt.

A Bold Experiment.
The editor of the Woonsocket Patriot makes merry over the mistake of an old Shanghai hen of his that has been "setting" for five weeks upon two round stones and a piece of brick! "Her anxiety," he says, "is no greater than ours to know what she will hatch. If it proves a brick yard, the hen is not for sale."

A man up town says he has a little machine in his house which has acquired perpetual motion. It is a simple contrivance, requires no weights, lines or springs to make it go, but go it does, and not only will not stop, but to save his life he cannot stop it—it is his wife's tongue!

If we would enjoy ourselves we must take the world as it is, mix up a thousand spots of sunshine, a cloud here and there, a bright sky, a storm to-day, calm to-morrow, the chill, piercing winds of autumn, and the bland, reviving air of summer.

A BAD NAME.—A story is told of a tavern keeper by the name of A. S. Camp. The painter in painting his sign, left out the points and so it read; Tavern kept by A S CAMP.

Old Mrs. Dranley is a pattern of household economy. She says she has made a pair of socks last fifteen years, by merely knitting new feet to them every winter and legs every other winter.

At the bottom of an order for a lot of goods lately received by a firm in Liverpool from a Dublin house, was, "Send the whole at once, and the remainder afterward."

A man can't get his boots blackened in Richmond for less than a dollar; but if he is suspected of loyalty, he gets his character blackened for nothing.

Steele Brothers', of Santa Cruz county, Cal.; have engaged to make a cheese, to weigh 35,000 pounds, for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair of San Francisco.

"Mick, what kind of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Raw ones to be sure. By the hooley pouker! an' does yer think I'd be after plantin' biled ones?"

Let a prudent man accommodate himself to the present, though the past may seem better to him.

A man in Poughkeepsie has a parrot fifty years old. It has been forty years in his family.

It is better to sit down with honor, than to attend the changes of an inconstant fortune.

To be happy is a blessed state; and that every man may have, if he pleases.

Why cannot a deaf man be legally convicted? Because it is not lawful to condemn a man without a hearing.

THE GREAT CONTEST.

A Terrific Battle on Tuesday.

BOTH ARMIES FAIRLY CONFRONTED

Fiercest Fighting in Modern Times.

DESPEARTE EFFORTS OF THE REBELS.

They Are Hurlled Back Again and Again.

They Make a Rush for Our Supplies.

The Attempt Effectually Foiled.

Lee Bewildered at Grant's Pertinacity.

GEN. GRANT AT HIM AGAIN ON WEDNESDAY.

Washington, May 11, 1864.

Your correspondent Beta left the front this morning at 8 o'clock. His swift steed bore him to Bell Plaine in time to catch the afternoon boat, and has just arrived, bringing for THE TRIBUNE again the latest intelligence from headquarters. Headquarters Army of the Potomac, Wednesday, May 11—8 a. m.

At 11 o'clock yesterday, the most desperate of all the battles yet fought was commenced. It continued up to nearly 8 o'clock. In dogged stubbornness, Waterloo and Solferino pale before the terrific onslaught of Tuesday afternoon on the banks of the Po. Two divisions of Burnside's Corps held the right, the 5th and 6th Corps the center, and the 2d Corps the left. Our line stretched six miles on the north-east bank of the Po, the Rebels occupying the south-west bank and the Village of Spottsylvania.

At 2 o'clock artillery gained a good range, and poured shot and shell, grape and canister into their ranks, as they, with frantic recklessness of life, charged forward upon our infantry lines. The enemy used but little artillery in reply. Prisoners state that they were deficient in ammunition, and could not.

The impression prevailed at headquarters during the forepart of the day that Ewell's corps had left for Richmond on Monday. All prisoners taken were from Longstreet's and Hill's corps, but before yesterday's battle closed, Ewell returned, if he had left, and Lee's entire army and our whole force were pitted for three hours at a hand-to-hand struggle without a parallel in history.

Gen. Grant and Gen. Meade were in the saddle constantly personally directing movements. It was arranged that the entire 9th Corps should charge the enemy's right flank, but pending the severest onslaught made by Lee just before dark, it was discovered that he had advanced around our right flank and was moving down in dense columns for a last and after-dark struggle to break through our lines and dash upon our supply trains, then known to be packed on the plank road to Fredericksburg.

This changed Gen. Burnside's purpose, and he securely held his ground and threatened the enemy's extreme right, while the 6th Corps charged his right center, and (at 7 o'clock) drove him from his first line of rifle pits, capturing five guns and between two and three thousand prisoners.

The quick eyes of our chieftains, however, saw the Rebel maneuver. Our men were faced about, our trains all moved to the rear, new positions instantly secured for our artillery, and the enemy's expected coming patiently awaited during all the long hours of last night. No demonstrations were made, however, and except the occasional shouts of pickets, all was quiet up to 8 o'clock to-day, when I left.

It was believed that the enemy had suffered so severely that he could not in his crippled condition avail himself of the decided advantage he had gained. By others it was supposed he had attempted another fight, but as his communication with Richmond is believed to have been severed by Sheridan, and his flanks and rear constantly harassed by our forces, he must surrender or kill his "last man" in battle as he seems determined in frantic rage to do.

In so horrible a strife it must not be supposed that we escape the severest punishment. Our losses in yesterday's fight were much greater than in any of the battles of the previous week. It is true there is a smaller percentage of killed in proportion to the number wounded than in any previous battle, and a very large number are but slightly wounded. Roads, fields, and woods are literally swarming with those suffering heroes, who have defied wounds and death that the nation might survive.

So incessant have been the marching and fighting that many are being over-come with fatigue, and several have been

sun-struck; yet never was seen so cheerful, so resolute, and even exultant a body of men on any of the world's great battlefields. All honor to this sublime heroism, which so nobly welcomes death and wounds.

Rebel prisoners assert that Lee ordered all his wounded men able to hold a musket to take their places in the ranks again for yesterday's battle.

Our wounded are being conveyed with all possible dispatch to Fredericksburg, and thence, via Belle Plaine, to Washington.

But for a tender regard for these disabled heroes, abandoned to their fate and burning up in the woods left on fire (as the Rebels also leave their dead unburied,) our army would ere this have been thundering before the Rebel Capital; but we can afford to wait. Men who have faced musketry and cannon for a week, and fought better each succeeding day, are invincible, and they will soon win the complete triumph their valor so richly merits.

Time after time did they hurl back in disorder the solid masses columns of the foe, and if perchance they staggered with the shock, it was only for more superhuman energy to charge back upon him.—The old guard at Waterloo pales before these men.

Our entire losses thus far, in killed, wounded, missing, &c., must reach near 40,000.

The enemy's loss in killed is much much greater than ours; his wounded about the same. He is supposed to hold some 2,000 of our prisoners, and we must have at least 5,000 of his men, while our scouts report the roads literally alive with his stragglers. It is a mathematical question requiring only a few more days to determine the limit of his endurance.

As your reporter neared Fredericksburg about 10 o'clock this morning cannonading had been resumed, and our army was unquestionably engaging the enemy again.

We crossed the River Po on Tuesday, but withdrew. We charged across it again last night, after the enemy had weakened his right in order to mass all his force on our right.

It was the Vermont brigade which charged the enemy at the rifle pits, and the 2d Vermont held them till midnight, when Gen. Meade recalled them.

Thus far we have not lost a gun since the second day at the Wilderness, a single wagon, since the campaign opened.

All prisoners unite in asserting that Lee is dumbfounded at the present conduct of our army. Immediately upon his getting orders from Jeff. Davis to return to Richmond and withdraw from our front at the Wilderness, he dispatched a brigade across the Rapidan, and planted artillery so as to command Germania ford, supposing of course that we were to pursue our usual course of fighting and then falling back.

The brigade remained there one day and two nights without any chance of attacking our retreating columns, and only had the effect of turning back our wounded.

The pertinacity with which Grant hangs to him is so unusual and so unexpected, that Lee is perfectly bewildered.

Gen. Talbot was captured last night, and his horses taken from him between Aquia Creek and Fredericksburg on his way to the army.

Gen. Crittenden went to the front this morning.

Up to Monday night the reserve artillery had not been brought into fire. It was supposed to have been hotly at work yesterday beyond Spottsylvania Court-House.

Josh Billings Treats of Quakers.
I never knu a Quaker that was a drunk-
ark!

I never knu one who was a gambler!
I never saw one who was ragged!
I never heard of one being in a Stat
prizen.

I never ecc one a beggin!
I never knu one to commit suicide!
I never knu one a pauper!

I never knu one who wan't a good
nabur!

I never knu one who didn't belong to
the church!

I never knu one who wan't ready to
give.

And yet I must sa, i never knu enny
man who didn't want watching.

The following was posted in his house, a few days since by a Poughkeepsie business man:

HEADQUARTERS, HOUSE OF—
General Orders, No. 1—JULIA: Until the price falls, no more butter will be used in our family.

JAMES: He had hardly reached his counting-house when a special messenger handed him this

"JAMES: Until butter is re-instated, no more tobacco will be used in the house."
JULIA, Chief of Staff.

It is said that butter won.

I recollect when a boy attending a celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of Bennington, on the old battle-ground, and a Hoosic Dutchman offered a toast that seems peculiarly appropriate to the present time. It was this: "Domestic traitors; may da hang by de edge of de moon wid dare fingers greased!"

The gentlemen whose lips pressed a lady's "snowy brow" did not catch cold.