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Famine in the Cape de Vere Islands.

The Boston Daily Advertiser reports, on the authority of a captain direct from Santiago, that a positive famine existed in the Cape de Vere Islands. There has been no rain for a year, the crops have failed, the verdure is parched and shrivelled with heat, and the ground is dry and dusty. The people are flocking into the town to beg, but receiving nothing where there is nothing to give, die by scores. In three months 7,000 have thus died. One cannot walk the streets without beholding the dying. In the country the captain beheld scenes still more horrible. Men haggard with hunger begged him at every step; women gaunt and weak, tottered along the road and fell fainting in full sight, perhaps, of the city where they hoped to find bread; children, almost naked, held up their little bony arms, mutely asking for help.—He went but a short distance, and returned heart sick. When the cargo of the brig was landed and carried up into the city, men and women dug in the dust for the few grains of rice which fell from the bags, and treasured them as if they had been gold. There can be no crops before the first of December, even if the islands have rain.

How Prepared Coffee is Made.

The Baltimore American, who admits itself to be a great lover of Coffee, says it has recently received two serious checks to this enthusiasm. One was the assurance of an old traveler from the East that his Mocha was not Mocha, and the other is related below:
Visiting recently the Commissary Department of one of our large military hospitals, we noticed several barrels of dried coffee grounds, the purpose whereof excited our curiosity. The polite commissary informed us that they received twelve dollars a barrel for the grounds, and thus added materially to the "slush fund."—"But what is it purchased for?" we persisted. "Well," said he hesitatingly, it is re-aromatized by the transforming hand of modern chemistry, and put in pound papers, which are decorated with attractive labels and high sounding names, and sold at prices which create astonishment at the small margin left for profits."

No Beans for Breakfast.

In the town of Jefferson, in this State, lives Deacon M., a very pious and exemplary man. In his family, as in most others in that locality, baked beans form the more substantial part of the breakfast on Sunday morning. It came to be after a while that the appearance of this time honored luxury for the morning repast was a sort of notice to the deacon that the duties of the Sabbath had been entered upon. On one Sabbath morning, however, for some reason or other, this customary dish was omitted in the family. Immediately after breakfast, the deacon, as usual, took his horse, went into the field, pulled off his coat, and went to work. His wife and daughters, noticing this from the house with great astonishment, despatched John, the oldest son, to the field to inquire of his father why he worked on the Lord's day. On drawing near, John cried out: "Father, father, what are you doing? It is Sunday—it is Sunday!" "Sunday! Sunday!" exclaimed the deacon. "That can't be; we did not have beans for breakfast."

A sturdy sergeant of one of the Massachusetts regiments being obliged to submit to the amputation of his hand, the surgeon offered to administer chloroform as usual; but the veteran refused, saying—"If the cutting was to be done on him, he wanted to see it," and laying his arm on the table, submitted to the operation without a sign of pain except a firmer setting of his teeth as the saw struck the marrow. The operator as he finished looked at his victim with admiration, and remarked—

"You ought to have been a surgeon, my man."

"I was the next thing to one afore I enlisted," said the hero.

"What was that?" asked the doctor.

"A butcher!" responded the sergeant with a grim smile, which, despite the surroundings communicated itself to the bystanders.

A lady, teaching her little daughter, four years old, pointed to something in the book, and asked, "What is that, my dear?" "Why, don't you know?" inquired the child. "Yes," said the mother; "but I wish to find out if you know."—"Well," responded the little one, "I do know." "Tell me, then, if you please," said the lady. "Why, no," insisted the little miss, "you know what it is, and I know what it is, and there is no need of saying anything more about it."

A newspaper thus describes the effect of a hurricane; "It shattered the mountains, tore up oaks by the roots, dismantled churches, laid villages waste, and overturned a haystack."

Slavery in Virginia—A Shocking Picture Drawn from Life.

Extract from a letter written by a soldier in the 140th Pennsylvania Volunteers:

NEAR RICHMOND, VA.,
June 18, 1864.

When I last wrote you I believe we were near Fredericksburg. Since then the rebels have been "turned" out of position after position, and have been driven across every river from the Rapidan to the James. Grant's tactics are entirely strange to see. As a rebel prisoner expressed it, "He flanks us on the left and fights us on the right." The entire practicability of the overland route to Richmond, which the McClellanites so vehemently denounced, has been fully demonstrated. Those terrible fortifications (impregnable they said), which covered every plain and lined every crest, from Fredericksburg to Richmond, have been successfully turned, and the "intersecting rivers" have been used to complete process. And, instead of finding a hostile country, we found thousands of friends who had been looking for us, and who rejoiced at our coming. The poor negroes; it would have done your heart good to see them at every plantation, with their bundles and children, waiting to join the train. The wagon trains along picked up about 3,000 of these freedmen—free now. God bless the President! I wish some of the pro-slavery people of the North would come out here and see how this system of slavery has been carried on in this State, the stock raising State of the Confederacy.

I remember about four miles north of the Pamunkey river, we were met by a delegation of Uncle Tom's hardy black fellows, who wanted to emigrate to the yankee land of promise. They said they represented one hundred and fifty slaves, the property of Mr. Anderson Scott, who owned these fine cultivated fields for miles. They wanted to get their children carried in our transportation wagons to White House landing, from which place they had been assured Uncle Sam would take them North. Our wagons being full, we could accommodate but few. However, anything was preferable to being a slave; so they determined to come along any way. About a mile farther we came to the mansion of this rich slave lord, Mr. Scott. A broad avenue, lined with broad spreading magnolias in full bloom, led up to the house, which was the usual style of Southern plantation houses. On one side of his house and in the rear, stood a very neat and tidy little slave hut. Everything was clean about. The little yard neatly trimmed and swept, the door scrubbed, to an astonishing degree of whiteness; everything, in fact, denoting the careful and skillful housekeeper. Around the door were three women and about half a dozen children, from the wee baby to the young girl of 15 or 16. Two of the women were about a shade lighter than the quadroon, while all the children were white. The third woman was apparently pure white; her eyes were blue, her hair was brown and straight; her features were entirely American—nothing to denote a particle of negro blood. In her arms she had a beautiful little boy about four years old, with fair hair and blue eyes. This woman was crying bitterly when we rode up. Thinking that she was a member of the family that occupied the mansion, we tried to console her by assuring her that Yankees made war upon men and not upon women. Can you imagine how shocked we were when we were told that this white woman and child were slaves, and the degraded mother was weeping for very shame at her degradation! Lieut. Wren, Quartermaster of the 61st New York, was so excited that he bolted into the house, and his sword rattled and his spurs jingled with his impetuosity as he strode along the halls in search of the old quadroon Scott. I asked one of the women why she did not bundle up and come along, now that she had a chance, with the rest. She said she had an idiot son in the house who was sick, and that they could not go without him. I asked this woman if she was the daughter of the owner of the plantation. She said she was! We went into the hut, and upon a clean bed sat this poor idiot boy, white as I am, with brown hair. About this time Mr. Scott came in, the lord and owner of all these white people, whiter than himself. He is an old shriveled up, crooked-backed little specimen of Southern chivalry—aristocratic as a king and "Virginian born by Gaud." I asked the mother of this boy if Mr. Scott was his father.—"You should have seen her blush as she answered 'Yes.' The incestuous old beast! This idiot son—the child of his own daughter—father and grandfather to his own children!"

Now send down your pro-slavery partisans and copperheads of the North to look upon this. Talk to me of the divinity of slavery! The horrible barbarity and crimes of this "institution" can never be told in the North! They must be seen to be believed. It is possible that any nation can; live or stand that has for its corner-stone this crime? I go on with renewed and firmer faith, if possible, in the absolute justice of our cause. I consider this war as a marvellous blessing.—We are rooting out the dragon's teeth that we have sown, and in their stead drop the precious seed of freedom for all. I have an impression that amounts to a conviction, that this war will not terminate

until slavery, the essence of crime and "the sum of villainies," is destroyed completely and irretrievably. Heaven grant that so it may be. Do you know how these skin aristocrats rave over the new theory of miscegenation or the mixture of races. Here we have a practical illustration of their duplicity and inconsistency in the very worst form of miscegenation—incestuous amalgamation.

All the rest of the old man's slaves (floating capital) passed by at this time with their traps and papposes, shouting on the road to glory and to freedom.—"Come along! Come along! We're gwine to hab our freedom!" This sight so excited these poor white slaves, who, knowing their inability to go along without the boy, began to cry in the most distressing manner, and there in the midst of them stood this old scoundrel, the author of all this misery. I believe I would have been justified in breaking his neck.

We advised these poor people to stay, as they were perfectly safe, being inside our lines, and in case we fell back we would manage to take them with us; and in the mean time, if the old man ill-treated them we would come back and chastise him. So we went away and encamped that night on the banks of the sluggish and malarious Pamunkey. Let me say to you, with reverence, that this country would abolish the devil. We seem to have settled down to the regular operations of a siege. Everything is favorable to us. We believe Grant to be the greatest General of the age, and every soldier seems to be animated with the spirit of the Commanding General. Lee has been driven a distance of 70 miles, and is now emphatically in his last ditch, within the sound of his own church bells. Our regiment (140th Penna. Vols.) has suffered severely. I suppose you have heard of Capt. McCullough's death. He was shot in the skirmish line. The ball entered his thigh, severing the femoral artery—he bled to death. He was a splendid soldier and an honest, educated gentleman. We cannot replace him.—Colonel Frazier has returned to duty, and is ready for another wound. We have lost 230 killed and wounded. Our army is stronger than ever before, and Grant handles it as if it were a division.

A Tree Hewn by Bullets.

Most people have doubted the literal accuracy of the despatch concerning the battle of Spotsylvania, fought on the 12th of June, which alleged that trees were cut down under the concentrated fire of Minie balls. We doubted the literal fact ourselves, and would doubt it still but for the undisputed testimony of Dr. Chas. MacGill, an eye witness of the battle.—The tree stood in the rear of our breastworks, at a point upon which at one time the most murderous musketry fire that ever was heard of was directed. The tree fell inside our works, and injured several of our men. After the battle, Dr. MacGill measured the trunk, and found it twenty-two inches through, and sixty-one inches in circumference, actually hacked through by the awful avalanche of bullets packing against it. The foliage of the tree was trimmed away as effectually as though an army of locusts had swarmed in its branches. A grasshopper could not have lived through the pelting of that leaden storm, and but for the fact that our troops were protected by breastworks, they would have been swept away to a man.—Richmond Enquirer.

A Federal Engineer in Luck.

A Washington letter says that Major Merritt, formerly holding the position of Engineer-in-Chief in the U. S. gunboat service, has fallen heir to an estate valued at \$2,500,000. It appears that having resigned his position, he was tendered another by the English government, as constructing engineer in one of their navy yards, at a salary of £1500 per annum. His uncle, Hon. W. H. Merritt, member of the Legislative Council of Canada, urged him very hard to accept the position in opposition to the wishes of another uncle, Charles Merritt, of Portland, Me., who had always taken a deep interest in his welfare.

Liberty-Loving Copperheads.

When the horse-thief Morgan was making his raid in Kentucky, the Cincinnati Copperhead Enquirer called upon Kentuckians to rally to the support of the horse-thieves, and drive the Federal Abolitionists out of their State. For this infamous Copperhead teaching and preaching, Gen. Barbridge prohibited the circulation of that vile sheet in Kentucky.—At this the Enquirer is exceedingly wroth. Now, were the gang of reprobates, of which the Enquirer is one of the organs, in power, what splendid "free press" and "free speech" times we should have, to be sure! Are not the Copperheads the grandest Apostles of Liberty the world has ever known? To be sure they are! They gave us some memorable examples of their liberty-loving propensities in New York last summer, where, for a few days, they were permitted to fairly revel in riot, robbery, and murder. They were then in power, and a powerful use they made of their power.

Democratic Talk.

Andy Johnson, who is sneered at by the "Democratic" newspapers as an "ignorant tailor," has been making a speech at Nashville, from which we extract what follows. It may sound a little too democratic for the stomachs of the Southern dirt-eating "democracy" of the North, but it suits us Union men exactly: I have always understood that there is a sort of exclusive aristocracy about Nashville which affects to condemn all who are not within its little circle. Let them enjoy their opinions. I have heard it said that

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow."
This aristocracy has been the bane of the Slave States; nor has the North been wolly free from its curse. It is a class I have always forced to respect me, for I have ever set it at defiance. The respect of the honest, intelligent and industrious class I have endeavored to win by my conduct as a man. One of the chief elements of this rebellion is the opposition of the slave aristocracy to being ruled by men who have risen from the ranks of the people.

The aristocracy hated Mr. Lincoln because he was of humble origin—a rail-splitter in early life. One of them—the private secretary of Howell Cobb—said to me, one day, after a long conversation, "We people of the South will not submit to be governed by a man who has come up from the common people, as Abe Lincoln has." He uttered the essential feeling and spirit of this Southern rebellion. Now, it has just occurred to me, if this aristocracy is so violently opposed to being governed by Mr. Lincoln, what in the name of conscience will it do with Lincoln and Johnson? [Great laughter.] I reject with scorn this whole idea of an arrogant aristocracy. I believe that man is capable of self-government, irrespective of his outward circumstances; and whether he be a laborer, a shoemaker, a tailor, or a grocer.

I am a Democrat in the strictest meaning of the term. I am for this Government because it is democratic—a government of the people. I am for putting down the rebellion, because it is a war against democracy. He who stands off, stirring up discontent in the State and higgling about negroes, is practically in the rebel camp and encourages treason. He who in Indiana or Ohio makes war upon the Government out of regard to Slavery is just as bad. The salvation of the country is now the only business which concerns the patriot.

A Gold Mine on the James.

On the James river, near City Point, there lived some years ago a miserly old lady, who sold fish, caught in the river by her son, in the Richmond market, at very remunerative prices. She hoarded all her gains, and when she died her relatives, who expected a windfall, were surprised to find that she had very little.—The fact was singular, but still a fact.—The house, by the fortune of war, was burnt, and the strange circumstance of her poverty was unexplained until some of our soldiers began to dig around the two old chimney stacks, the sole remains of her comfortable mansion. The angle-worms round about them were temptingly sweet and large for catfish and eels. One day one of the warrior disciples of Isaac Walton struck a vein of gold and silver, which was confined to a common iron pot, which doubtless did good culinary service in its day. Here the old woman buried her treasure, which the soldiers disposed of so hurriedly that it is scarcely probable its precise sum will ever be known. There were eagles, half eagles and quarter eagles, besides pieces of larger value, and quantities of silver coin. Some say that there was \$20,000, and others not more than \$1,000. At any rate, there was great scrambling, and no attempt at a fair division, the fuder so astonished at his good luck that the spoils were gone before he could recover his senses. Her relations, if they ever hear of this circumstance, will know why the defunct old grandame seemed so poor.

Now and then some very remarkable cases of specie hoarding come to light. A Boston broker some time ago purchased a quantity of coin, of which the history is as follows: The coin was purchased of an old man who died in Barnstable County, Massachusetts. He was an old resident of that county, and lived to be ninety-four years old. He was the owner of the house and land which he occupied; but it was not supposed that he had much property beyond his real estate, although it was known that he was very close and miserly in his habits. After his death his premises were searched, and specie of various kinds found to the amount of \$50,000. Many of the Spanish dollars were of ancient date; but they showed by their color and perfect stamp that they had not circulated much since the coinage.—The Spanish gold pieces were wrapped in scraps of parchment, on which the value of each was marked; and the date indicated that they had been thus hoarded for a long period. It is probably a large part of this gold and silver had been in his possession more than half a century.

Letters from two soldier boys were received by their mothers in New Haven, Conn., on Monday. One from Jimmy Bryan said: "I fear Watty Foster is dead. I have not seen him since the fight. Do not tell his mother." The other is from Watty Foster, and said: "I fear Jimmy Bryan is dead. I can get no tidings of him since the fight. Do not tell his mother." Didn't these mothers have a time of it when they met and compared notes?

Will you let me have a few articles out of your store on credit?" asked a new customer of a quaker merchant. "Well, I don't exactly know. When thee resets thy fence in the spring, does thee set it inside or outside of where it stood before?"

"Why, I set it outside, and clean up the row where it stood."

"Does thee? Well thee shall have credit in my store for anything thee wants."

At a school establishment for poor children in an English town, the clergyman who was teaching, was asking, among other things, "Why were Adam and Eve turned out of Paradise?" Up jumped a boy, and with an eager countenance answered, "Because they could not pay their rent."

Taking a Flag.

Among the many incidents of bravery and personal daring exhibited in storming the enemy's intrenchments at Petersburg, the capture of a rebel battle flag by a private in the Third New York Regiment, in Gen. Smith's corps, deserves especial mention. While the contest was at its height, and the tide of battle swaying to and fro, he espied the flag borne by a rebel captain who picked it up as its former bearer fell at his side. The gallant New Yorker singled him out for a personal encounter, and, after a hard hand to hand fight, succeeded in capturing the flag and its bearer, and emerged from the dust and smoke of the conflict vigorously bearing the banner and driving the Captain before him. Gen. Butler heard of the incident, sent for the daring man, ascertained that he was formerly a mechanic, but now a humble private in the ranks; obtained a specimen of his handwriting; found by conversation that he was sensible and intelligent, and commissioned him a lieutenant on the spot. This is the way to reward brave men and the best way to select officers. Napoleon always made his promotions of men from the ranks who had proved themselves capable and worthy. If soldierly merit had been the standard of promotion in our army we should have had better officers.

Rebel Smugglers.

Smuggling contraband goods through the army lines is conducted with a great deal of ingenuity, and some clever dodges are occasionally discovered. A dead mule, belonging to a Memphis citizen, was being hauled out of the lines the other day, when a bayonet thrust revealed the fact that the carcass contained 60,000 percussion caps, a quantity of ammunition, and other contraband articles, which some rebel sympathizer had taken this means of smuggling.

Remarkable War Incident.

An army letter from Petersburg says that during the fight on Friday one of our boys, either becoming short of ammunition or in the hurry of the engagement, fired the ramrod of his gun from his musket. On the subsequent capture of the works two rebels were found dead and completely transfixed with the iron shaft.

Tobacco is an expensive "luxury" just now, and the chewing of it a habit from which some of its votaries may desire to break loose. The following, taken from an exchange, may aid such:

"A friend of mine overcame the habit of chewing tobacco by substituting a bit of cracker for his accustomed quid. He had previously tried chamomile flowers and other means without success, and adopted the cracker upon the recommendation of a casual stage coach companion some years ago. His hankering for tobacco was soon overcome and he has never had a relish for it since.

He gave up the use of the cracker also in a few weeks, and as his adviser had also been cured by the same means, I am induced to offer the remedy for publication."

The Richmond Whig, contemplating the scarcity of provisions in the rebel capital proposes to expel the Irish and German women, who are running from place to place where charity is dispensed, "just as hogs run from one apple tree to another." The N. Y. Post suggests that they be exchanged for an equal number of rebel women, who are now crowding the boarding houses of New York, and twenty thousand of whom are known to the police.

To an application to allow a crinoline rebel sympathizer to go South, Major Gen. Sherman replied: "We haven't enough transportation now to supply the army as rapidly as we would wish. Two hundred pounds of oats at Chattanooga are worth more than any rebel woman and her baggage. She can't go."

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No More on my Plate.

It is stated that one of General Sherman's veterans was carrying to his tent a plate of confiscated flour with which he proposed to vary his hard tack diet, when a wandering fragment of a shell suddenly descended upon the plate, scattering the flour into the dust. The fellow merely looked at the piece of shattered crockery remaining in his hands, for a few moments, and then dryly observed, "No more of that on my plate, if you please."

The Multiplication Table.

Bill S— is a good accountant, but like all men will sometimes make mistakes, and in one of his bills figured up that "8 times 8 are 88." The debtor was quick in discovering the mistake and demanded an explanation. Bill examined the account and saw that he was "down" but did not like to admit it; so putting on a bold face, he said: "That's all right."

"How so?"

"It's all owing to the inflation of the currency," said Bill, "the multiplication table, like everything else has gone up."

Ginger Snaps.

Contributed to the American Agriculturist by "H. H. E." Stephenson's Mills, Pa.: Mix 1 cup of molasses, ½ cup sugar, ¾ cup of milk, 1 teaspoonful of soda, and 1 heaping tablespoon of ginger. Add flour till stiff enough to roll thin; bake in a moderate oven.

Curiosity.

A showman visiting Warren, Pa., a short time ago, announced his intention of revisiting that town in about three years, with what will then undoubtedly be one of the rarest "natural curiosities" extant—viz: the remains of the Copperhead party "under a microscope."

Two persons recently married, a beautiful, and the other an extremely frightful woman. They were discussing the merits of their wives. Said the one who espoused the beauty:

"Your wife is so very ugly!"

"Ah, yes," replied the other, "but if not externally beautiful, she is beautiful within."

"Then," answered the first, "why don't you turn her inside out?"

An assistant surgeon writing from Gettysburg says that water is to a wound in an inflamed state, coal oil is in a suppurating state—it dispels flies, expels vermin, sweetens the wound, and promotes a healthy granulation. He states that he has seen two patients whose wounds have been dressed with it, asleep before he was through with the third.

A Maine regiment, which arrived in Washington, on the 25th from the front, reported a very significant fact, and full of encouragement to us, that they captured recently out of a large rebel force about 100, every one of whom was either 70 years old or thereabout, or boys of 15.

There is a rat-eater giving exhibitions near Carlisle, England. The man is a tall Kaffir, only wears a head-dress and an apron, and eats thirty to forty rats a day, first biting off the heads of the vermin. The police permit these disgusting exhibitions, and the people go to see them.

A Yankee made a bet with a Dutchman that he would swallow him.—The Dutchman lay down upon the table, and the Yankee, taking his big toe in his mouth, nipped it severely. "Oh, you are biting me!" roared the Dutchman. "Why you old fool!" replied the Yankee, "did you think I was going to swallow you whole?"

A State Militia Company having been called for to garrison Fort McClary, at Bangor, Me., Vice President Hamlin appeared in the company armed and equipped as a private soldier. Now, will not some Copperhead hasten to accuse Mr. Hamlin of mean motives?

The certificates to be issued to persons, ladies or gentlemen, who furnish representative recruits under the recent plan announced by the Provost-Marshal General, are being sent to the Provost-Marshal. They are handsomely executed, and will hereafter be a source of pride to all who possess them.

Elizabeth, I should say you were without a heart, by the way you treat the Misses Brown. "I can't help that mother. Bill Jones stole my heart more than six months ago, and I mean he shall keep it, too."

"Man was created a little lower than the angels, and he has been getting a little lower ever since."

Why are the Copperheads like turkeys? Because when their necks are stretched there will be a general thanksgiving.

"Much remains unused," as the tom-cat remarked to the brickbat, when it abruptly cut short his serenade.

A husband tried soft soap to subvert his wife's tongue. It took off a little of the harshness, but made it run faster.