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A Soldier on Grant's Campaign.

The Middleton (N. Y.) Press publishes the following extract of a letter from a private in an Orange county, regiment in Grant's army.

We are enjoying ourselves in the usual way. We have fought for breakfast, dinner and supper, twice between meals, and three times during the night—in short, it has become a second nature. It is said a man who will leave his meals to fight, loves it. In that case the Yankees must love to fight, for it is an everyday occurrence to jump up from coffee and hard tack, and give the rebels a round or two.

Our regiment has been under fire twenty three days in succession, fighting more or less every day. It is whittled down pretty close. We have about eighty men left. We have nine men in Company C, now in the front, fighting like heroes. We have lost thousands of men, but more men come in daily than we lose. I saw two Wisconsin regiments yesterday, the Thirty seventh and Thirty eighth, enlisted for one hundred days to do garrison duty. Grant has brought them to do garrison duty before Richmond.

Grant makes the band box soldiers fight. White collars and patent leather boots are "played out." He fights his men for what they are worth. He has the full confidence of the men; all orders, charges marches, and all, are cheerfully obeyed.

Our troops can see the spires in Richmond, the glorious fruits of thirty-four days' hand fighting, and we are bound to take it, take a look all around, and go through Dixie on a double quick. January 1, 1865, will see the flag floating all over the United States, its thirty-four stars and thirteen stripes forming an accession as it slumbers in the grave.

Sharp Speech.

A Mr. J. H. Woodard a young man of about twenty, had made himself particularly disagreeable to some persons by his expressions of loyalty, and, out of derision, was called upon at a public meeting to make a speech. He responded to their calls in substance as follows:—

GENTLEMEN: The great cry that I have heard to-day, has been peace, peace. I tell you that there is no man in the nation who desires peace more than I do, a permanent, lasting peace. [Cheers.]—And, gentlemen, I will tell you how we will get it. Fight this war out. Take every negro in the rebel States and exterminate every d—d rebel, no matter where you find him. [Hisses.] Gentlemen you need not try to hiss me down, for I am an old soldier and have faced almost as many a looking crowd as is now before me. I mean the thieves and bush-wackers of Tennessee. I know I was called upon to make a speech out of derision, and I intend to tell you what I think of you. When God said he would save Sodom if one righteous man could be found there. I have no doubt he would have done it, and to-day, if you all stood upon the brink of hell, and he were to say that he would save you if one loyal man could be found among you, I have not the least doubt but there would be a great many strange faces in hell for supper.

I will tell you something more before I leave you. The Baltimore Convention has nominated Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, and we intend to elect them and end this war too. We will subjugate every infernal rebel in the country, no matter whether North or South, for when armed rebels on our front are whipped, these old soldiers who have been through the Southern Confederacy will come home and walk right through your infernal Copperhead party, just like Abe run his rail through the rotten canker of the old Democratic party.

Gentlemen, when you wish to hear from me again, you have only to call upon me. I am always at home.

William Woodard is a resident of Ohio, and has been adjutant of an Indiana regiment.

☞ A school marm in England has adopted a new and novel mode of punishment. If the boys disobey her rules she stands them on their heads and pours cold water down their trousers legs.

☞ An honest Dutchman on being asked how often he shaved replied:—"Dree times a week day, but Soon-tay, den I shafe every day."

☞ The clergyman who "came to a head" in his discourse, was much disappointed to find no brains in it.

☞ When is a lover justified in calling his sweet heart honey? When she is Beelzebub.

☞ Attention—To your own business, and never mind other people's.

All the Amendments.

Several of our exchanges have argued ably and repeatedly in favor of voting "For the Amendment." They allude to the first proposed amendment to our State Constitution, confirming the right of the Soldiers to vote. But there is much danger from using that expression. There are three Amendments, to be voted upon separately. A vote "for the Amendment" is no vote at all—it will be cast out, and not counted. If you wish to aid Soldiers in the use of the elective franchise, vote the ticket headed "First Amendment," and containing, within it, the words "For the Amendments." Nor will voting "For the Amendments" in a lump, answer—each amendment must be voted for or against, by itself, to have the vote cast of any avail.

The First Amendment is for the Soldiers, to be voted on accordingly.

The Second and Third Amendments are designed to aid in proper Legislation, to prevent ambiguity and confusion, and check the frauds and trickery practiced by some men, in and out of the Legislature. They are therefore very important.

The Second Amendment is as follows: "No bill shall be passed by the Legislature containing more than one subject, which shall be clearly expressed in the title, except appropriation bills."

The exception is the only objectionable feature in this section—for money is sometimes voted, in an appropriation bill, which could not pass in a bill by itself. We believe the Executive, the Judiciary, the Legislative, and other Departments, the Charity donations, and all Laws, should be passed in separate bills, at different times, so that each one should stand upon its own merits, and not, as now, be smuggled in, and allowed to pass upon the spur of necessity, by log rolling, at the end of the session.

To show the deceptions practiced by bills relating to different subjects, and under unsatisfactory titles, we notice a few on our last Senate file:

"An act to authorize the sale of certain real estate." Where? and whose? are reasonable inquiries, not answered by this title, and for all public benefit the bill might as well have had no title. If the act was proper, why was not the title full and fair?

"An act to change the venue in a certain case." Whose case? what country?—Very many, having suits in Courts, would be alarmed by such a nugatory yet annoying heading a bill.

"An act for the promotion of anatomical science," was to give certain bodies for surgical dissection, and might as well have said so at once.

In the House, "An act to lay a bounty tax," referred to one township only but one would suppose might cover the State. Why not say what township it concerned, for the information of that township, and to set all the rest of the State at ease?

"A further supplement to an act relating to Sheriffs," does not refer to Sheriffs at all, but gives the Commissioners of Carbon county power to pay \$2.25 per week for boarding prisoners, past as well as prospective. Instead of "relating to sheriffs," the bill should have read "An act to confer a special favor upon one Sheriff by raising the usual compensation for boarding prisoners, in his case only."

"An act to repeal Sec. 4, of an act relative to a certain election districts, approved April 27, 1855." Why not say what the bill was for, instead of such roundabout verbiage to hinder legislators from knowing what it was—for who wants to hunt up old law books uselessly? or who has time in the usual hurry of legislation?

"An act relating to passenger railways," repeals the law against running them on the Sabbath.

Another act favorable to public morals, as one would suppose by the title, had exactly to opposite meaning in the bill, in our opinion.

There are two bills reported, entitled "An act relating to waste." Waste of what?

"An act relating to Allegany county" raises the salary of one officer to \$4,500, another to \$3,000, &c.

"An act relating to a certain alley."—But what about the alley? And is the alley in Philadelphia, Reading, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Centerville, Lewisburg, Erie, or where?

There are perhaps a dozen bills passed, each year, headed "A further supplement to the act incorporating the city of Philadelphia," on all imaginable subjects—raising salaries, legislating men out and in offices, making certain offices compatible or incompatible with others, opening and closing streets, alleys, &c. No. 1126, H. R., embraces three, or four different subjects—not one of which is indicated by the bill, some of which may be right and others wrong, but each of which, of course, deserves to be considered and decided by itself.

Now, is it not manifest that in common honesty, and for the protection of the mass of the people in legislation, the object of bills should be fairly seen on their face, and that every subject matter should stand or fall on its own merits? No fair man, it seems to us, should hesitate to vote, on "Second Amendment—For the Amendment."

The Third Amendment reads: "No bills shall be passed by the Legislature granting any power or privileges in any case where the authority to grant such powers or privileges has been or may

hereafter be conferred upon the courts of this commonwealth."

This, also, is obviously just, and politic. Very much of the time of the Legislature is occupied upon corporations which could and should be uniform in their character, and the propriety of granting which could be much better and more fairly determined by the Court (or Judges and Grand Jurors) of their respective counties, than by 133 men who are strangers to most of the corporations and to the locality interested. In Harrisburg, practically, the Senator and Assemblyman of the respective counties do all its legislation, as no other likes to oppose whatever they may ask of "local" business. This section would transfer it to other, better informed authorities—to men who, in the nature of things, but understand each case, by whom wrong can be detected, and the responsibility thus brought to the right persons. Petty incorporations could be more cheaply, honestly and satisfactorily obtained, under general than under special acts. Vote, then, on "Third Amendment—For the Amendment."

It has been alleged that the 2d and 3d Amendments are designed to kill the 1st: but the hearts of men we can not judge—we think the Amendments are all right, whatever the motives of the proposers. —Now, voting for each of the three Amendments would be more likely to insure the success of all—while omitting one or two, or voting against them, would complicate voting, and might endanger the first. Then, print all your Tickets and

Vote for all the Amendments!

And get some extra votes for the absent 100 day's men.

THE LATE RAID.

Capture of 4 Pieces of Artillery and 200 Prisoners—Rebel Loss 500 killed and wounded—Our loss 215 killed and wounded.

WASHINGTON, July 21, 1864.

The following has been received at this bureau:

Headquarters near Winchester, }
Via Harper's Ferry, July 20, 1864. }

Gen. Averill moved out from Martinsburg, on the Winchester Pike, on the 19th with a force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and encountered a cavalry force under Jackson at Darksville, which he drove under cover of the intrenchments at Winchester, where they were reinforced by 5,000 infantry under Breckinridge. This morning, Averill manoeuvred his force so as to compel them to come out from behind their intrenchments and attack him.

The fight lasted three hours and resulted in their being routed and driven behind their intrenchments with a loss of one General (Kelly) killed, and four pieces of artillery, and 200 prisoners captured, and 500 killed and wounded. Our loss will not exceed 215 killed and wounded. We have none missing or captured. The invading force have not yet escaped with all their Maryland plunder.

Defeat of Gen. Early's Forces at Winchester.

Washington, July 21, 1864.

The Star says that a dispatch from Gen. Hunter reports that the following has just been received from Gen. Averill:

"Near Winchester, July 20.—Breckinridge divided his force at Berryville last night, sending Early to Winchester and taking the other division toward Millwood.

"I attacked and defeated Early to-day in front of Winchester, killing and wounding 300 of his men, capturing four cannon, several hundred small arms, and about 200 prisoners.

"Gen. Lilly is seriously wounded and in our hands. Col. Board of the 58th Virginia is killed.

"The cannon and prisoners have been sent to Martinsburg.

"The enemy's loss in officers is heavy. Prisoners admit their force to have been 6,000.

"The commands of Jackson and Imboden which were present, are not included in the mentioned strength."

Retreat of the Rebel Raiders.

Washington, July 21, 1864.

Eighty-one Rebel prisoners have been brought here from Sandy Hook, Maryland. They state that they were in charge of one of the plunder trains, and were overtaken near snicker's Gap by a portion of the pursuing force under Gen. Crook. A fight immediately followed, but the train guard, finding it impossible to save the train, destroyed it by fire and retreated, leaving the teamsters and others at the mercy of our forces.

A letter received by an officer in Washington from Sandy Hook, Md., states that many stragglers from the retreating Rebel forces come into that place daily and surrender themselves.

The men are worn down by rapid marching, and many of them are barefoot and their clothes are torn to tatters.

The Evening Star learns from a former citizen of Madison County, Va., who has for some time been sojourning in Fairfax County, that he has trustworthy information showing that the Rebel raiders have met with so many mishaps in getting away with their plunder from Maryland that what they have managed to keep will hardly pay them for their trouble.

☞ Why is the letter S like the precursor of war? It turns words to swords.

A Rebel view of the Situation.

A long article in *The Georgia Constitutional* of the 29th ult., argues that the South should not imitate the North in lies and boasts, but confess the truth, and not make successes out of disasters. The writer exposes the Rebel dodge of making their people believe that Johnston is driving Sherman just where he wants him in the following language:

The magnificent army of Sherman has, without loss and without battle, forced back one of our best armies, under a favorite general, and if he only had intended a raid, the destruction of the vast agricultural interest of the granary of our State is a loss which we are ill-prepared to endure, and totally unprepared to retrieve. The evil is, first, the withdrawal from market of the essential food; second, the increase of population caused by refugees, which makes an increased demand on the producing capacity of the State; third, the increased prices which tend to depreciate the currency, which cannot bear another one-third repudiation.

Then if it be more than a raid, and Sherman holds his front by fortifications and his rear by guards, it is an actual loss of empire. Therefore, with harm actually done, and with Atlanta and the great railroad interests involved in the fate of a battle that Sherman may or may not risk, it is wise to tell our people that the invasion of our State is but a "stupid blunder" of the enemy?

Just eight hours before the battle of Baker's Creek, a general high in command told a lady in our hearing that the crossing of the Mississippi by Gen. Grant placed him at our mercy, and that the only thing to fear was that he would take the alarm and escape to his gunboats before we could make the attack. Twenty-four hours later our broken columns were hurrying along the same road in retreat, and the lady who had believed the general could not save even her wearing apparel. That general was not named Pemberton.

Instance after instance of this kind we had during the war, and yet grave papers, with able editors, talk of the certainty that Sherman can never take his army back to Chattanooga, and congratulate the country that he has marched into a trap. We once had some experience with an old rat that sprung the steel trap from the underside, and always took off the bait and never got caught. The Yankees have a peculiar faculty of marching into traps and staying there. Our only commentary upon such writing is that, are so expensive as to perhaps awaken smiles in the North and in Europe when we boast of them.

WHAT THE FACTS ARE ABOUT GRANT.

In like manner do we talk about Grant, and amuse ourselves over a set of facts which are far from amusing. We are perfectly satisfied that the Commander of the Armies of the United States might have reached the result he now aims for with but a small portion of the loss he has now sustained, and that too, with all allowance for the peculiar Confederate arithmetic which kills Yankees so fast—on paper! Lieut.-Gen. Grant was greatly mistaken in his idea that, having turned the flank of Gen. Lee in crossing the Rapidan, there simply would be a foot-race for Richmond. But two things have since been demonstrated, and both are serious.

First—That the army of the Union is so large and powerful that the usual military axiom, "flanking is more dangerous to the flanker than the flanked," does not apply. The strategy of Grant, which consists in simply withdrawing one wing at a time behind the impregnable masses of the center and other wing, would be fraught with peril were that centre and remaining wing contracted enough to be enveloped, or weak enough to be broken, but is perfectly safe as it is.

Therefore, he is at liberty to play tricks in plain sight and without peril, simply because he is too big to catch! Consequently, in a succession of tricks, even by one of the only moderate ability of Grant, there is danger that one not seen or foiled at exactly the right time may catch us. Such a result would not be destruction to our army, for Lee also is too big to hold, but it might do us harm.

GRANT CAN HAVE HIS OWN WAY.

The second danger is of the siege of Richmond. Some of our cotemporaries and the most of our correspondents laugh at this; and yet Grant has it in his power to besiege the capital, or force an attack on himself, or force an evacuation of Richmond. Note that he has his choice of these three things, but can force that choice upon us.

In Grant's moving upon the south of Richmond and threatening James River near the city, Gen. Lee has choice of two evils. If he keeps ahead of Grant and holds the Petersburg line inviolate, that flanks necessarily gets between him and Richmond, and walks into the city at his leisure. If Lee keeps between Richmond and Grant, the latter of course gets between him and the Southern States' communication, and cuts off the only source of supply now left, as the valley of Virginia is in the hands of the enemy. If Lee wants to have Petersburg and Richmond both, he will have to attack Grant in one of his craw-fish movements, and will have to attack the positions and intrenchments which the grand spade-and-pick army never exists an hour without.

In our judgment the plan of the campaign is at last developed. Western Virginia, the Valley and its resources is by

the movement on Staunton, and Lexington, to be rendered unavailable for provisions. Grant is to throw his army into fortifications across the railroads from Richmond south, and so cut off our army supplies. Thus the starvation of a siege will be as effectually secured as if an army could be found large enough to surround the legions of Lee, as Grant did Pemberton; provided, of course, that the Danville road shares the fate that the Weldon road probably will.

If Gen. Lee chooses to stop the same by a fight, he has to put his finger on slippery Grant, and stop his flea-like flankings; and having found him and stopped him for a fight, will have to charge the hills Grant will occupy, and the trenches Grant will dig. If President Davis concludes to swap capitals, and giving Grant Richmond, starts off ahead of him for Washington, we will have the army to subsist in the desert waste between the two capitals, have to make time on foot that will beat the transports on the Potomac and the Chesapeake, have the fortifications of Washington to storm, and a siege to stand there should he get inside.

We lose Richmond if we hold the Weldon and Danville Railroads; we lose the railroads if we save Richmond, or we attack Grant in his mighty trenches if we try to save both. It is true that Gen. Beauregard could still keep south of Grant and prevent raids into Carolina, but could not keep him from stopping the roads south unless he has enough men to attack Grant in reserve, and place him between two fires. We hope Grant thinks he has. This is a game with no possible hindrance, perfectly plain to even unilitary comprehension as our own, and we respectfully submit that there is no fun in it.

DON'T CROW BEFORE WE ARE OUT OF THE WOODS.

The writer is aware, from personal observation, that there is a personal popularity and enthusiastic devotion to Grant among his soldiers not equalled by anything ever seen in that army before—not surpassed in the army of Lee—and very much like the love of the Old Guard of Napoleon. Therefore he can flank and fight for some days yet before they get tired of it.

These are facts, and plain as they are it is not in good sense to talk of the trap that Sherman occupies, or of the bull-headed Grant butting his brains out against the walls of Richmond.

When the supplies of Sherman are cut off, as we trust they will be, and the great raid of Mississippi broken in battle or starved out, begins a disastrous retreat over the country himself has devastated; when Johnston thunders on his flying rear, and Forrest stops his flight; when the fords of the Tennessee are in peril, and Chattanooga again besieged; when Western Tennessee looks up in hope, and Johnson, the traitor, trembles in the fortifications of Nashville, then let us all flap our wings and crow, and not till then.

When Grant changes base in the McClellan style, Malvern Hill is again an altar of sacrifice, and our horses drink at the Potomac and pasture in Maryland, then let us laugh at "bull-headed Grant," and examine the embasures around Richmond for the brains he left about loose.

Misfortunes of an Army Surgeon.

An incident of the Rebel Raid—The Seclusionist women from Baltimore.

The Boston Transcript says: "The following letter from a young doctor captured on the Baltimore train, gives some idea of his hardships, and of those females who have been allowed to act as spies and co-operate with the rebels in the Monumental City. The writer is a Massachusetts man, and relates what he saw with his own eyes and heard with his own ears, and only too severely experienced in his own person."

July 15, 1864.

"Here I am in this place, on my way to Beaufort, as I wrote you I was ordered to. And a pretty on my way I have made of it so far.

"I wrote you that I should probably leave the next day, but I found that no steamers were to leave there; and, finally as the privateer Florida appeared off the coast, I was advised to come to this city and get passage here. I began my journey, but ill luck would have it, took the train from Baltimore, which was stopped by the rebels. I was seized at once, being in uniform, and after some little delay was started for Richmond. I managed, after going a short distance, to escape into the woods. I had not gone far however, before I was again taken, and brought back to my starting place.

"After several hours' detention, I contrived to be sent under guard to see Major Gilmor, the leader of the band. On my representations, and through the influence of a lady on the train, I was at last paroled, and allowed to start for Baltimore. I hid in the woods, and then went back to see if I could save any of my effects.—I found the shell of my trunk and the remains of my valise, but everything I owned in the world was gone. I have lost every cent I had, every particle of clothing I owned, my letters, pictures—in fact, every valuable keepsake I had; so that I was landed in this city with nothing but my toothbrush and five paper collars I picked off the ground. My watch I saved by throwing it into the bushes as I was marched along, and in the evening I went back and found it.

"I must be nearly a thousand dollars out of pocket, for I had over \$250 in made

money, and I had taken up on my way North my trunk, which I always leave at some headquarters, and never take into the field, and in it was all my new clothing, all my boots, jewelry, &c. They robbed me down to my last five cent piece, and even took my railroad checks with the remark, 'Well, I guess you might as well pass in your checks.' One fellow came riding up with a nice new pair of riding boots I did own, and after congratulating me on his prize, which he said was worth over \$800 in Richmond, he had the cool assurance to ask me if I had not a pair of spurs that would fit them.

"The ladies on the train, most of whom were from Baltimore, were the most offensive of all the band. They kissed Major Gilmor, embraced the flag, took all the buttons off his coat, pointed out the various officers' baggage, encouraged them in plundering, and assisted in dividing the contents. I found one elderly lady with a lot of my private letters, and a daguerreotype, which she would not give up until she had been with me to major Gilmor, to prove they were not official documents. It is rather a hard blow upon me, after all I have been through the past year. First, to have my horses burned up; then have all the heavy expenses entailed by my sickness; and now to lose all, and the little money I had saved. I am perfectly willing to serve Uncle Samuel, even for the little he gives us now, and exposed as we are in the army to being plundered all the time by our money grasping Northern friends, but it becomes tough when exposed to two fires, front and rear.

"It was more abominable in my case, because, for the first time, my name, address, and profession were on my trunk. So largely and plainly were they put on, they knew perfectly well whom they were robbing. It is the first time in my experience that a medical officer on either side (or certainly where we have been the captors) has been so abominably treated. I suppose I can do no less than exist thro' it all."

A Brave Maryland Loyalist.

We have been permitted to copy the following extract from a letter written by Mr. J. A. Hamilton, of Sweet Air, Maryland, to a relative of this city. It exemplifies very clearly the "chivalrous" conduct of the rebels, as well as the brave and determined spirit of the Union men who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands:

On Monday night, at two o'clock, I was awakened by the galloping of horses and the rattle of sabres, and was soon ordered to come down, by a squad of Gilmor's cut-throats. There being no male person but myself about the house, there was, of course, nothing to be done but obey.— Upon stepping out among them, I was called by name, and asked where my horses were. I replied, "There is one in the field." I had sent all the rest to a secure place in the woods, and should have done so with this, but he would not stand tied, and had to be left to his fate. "Get him up. Is it your sorrel horse, Priam?" came next. "No." "Where is he?" "I have sent him away, to avoid your capturing him." "Now, d—n you, we will burn you out for this." They concluded first to catch the other horse, which they did. They next demanded my blooded horse again, swearing I should produce him. I refusing, the officer called for some matches. We were then on the way from the stable to the house. I endeavored to dissuade them from burning the house, and they finally ordered me to hand over three hundred dollars as a ransom for the sorrel. Here they got my Hamilton blood up, and I positively refused to produce the horse or pay the money, and told them if burning was their only alternative they might burn.

Suddenly they determined to hang me, or make me yield. The officer called on a private for a rope, which he brought; but, finding me not to be scared, another of the party suggested that burning the house would hurt a d— Yankee worse than hanging him. Meantime I had called Emma and her sister to take the children out of bed and to a place of safety. The rebels then deliberately fired the corner of the house three times, and having demanded some blankets, and robbed me of \$26, which I had on my person, they left, swearing they would return next night, and charging me to have Priam there. Accordingly next night, having sent the women and children away, I garrisoned the house, with three more determined, well-armed men, and waited for the rebels, but they did not come. Poor Charley proved as obstinate with the rebels as he was in the hay-field when you were here, and after getting him as far as the road, they shot him through the head.

Precious Self-knowledge.

"Who made you? asked a lady teacher of a lubber of a boy, who had lately joined her class.

"I don't know," said he.

"Don't you know? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. A boy fourteen years old? Why, there is little Dicky Falton—he is only three—he can tell, I dare say. Come here, Dicky: who made you?"

"God," said the infant.

"There! said the teacher, triumphantly 'I knew he would remember it!'

"Well, he oughter," said the stupid boy, 'taint but a little while since he was out of pocket, for I had over \$250 in made