

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 23.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. AUGUST 4, 1864.

NO. 24.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents, will be charged.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements of one square (eight lines) or less, one or three insertions \$1.50. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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True Democracy.

The recent eloquent and patriotic words of Mr. John Cessna will, we fear, strike unfavorably upon the ears of those false Democrats who have counted upon the influence of this gentleman, and the thousands of whom he is so manly a representative, to aid their efforts to oppose the war. But the Democracy of Mr. Cessna is unquestioned; his views will be endorsed by the great and sterling majority of his party; and it will be useless to name him an Abolitionist, or to read him out of the Democratic ranks.

The address of Mr. Cessna before the Franklin and Marshall College of Lancaster is remarkable for its expression of unconditional patriotism, irrespective of party or prejudice; and we commend it to those of his party whose misinformed hostility to the Government would lead them to oppose the safety and honor of the nation. In his denunciation of the enemies of the war, Mr. Cessna draws the line broadly between the true and the false Democracy; and the words he applies to those malcontents who habitually oppose every act of the war have a peculiar interest as the expression of one of the leading Democrats of the State. The following is a simply and telling exposition of the artifices resorted to by the disloyal faction in the North:

At one time this is styled a negro war—at another a negro has no business to serve as a soldier. When our armies defeated the Government is incompetent and inefficient, or it would have raised more men. When volunteers are called they are opposed to the plan. They want an enrollment so that all may have an equal and a fair chance. When the draft comes it is unfair, unlawful, and deprives them of their constitutional rights. The clause of the act allowing payment of commutation is all wrong, because it discriminates between the rich and the poor. As soon as it is repealed, the self same men strive to excite the anger of the people, because it is another step towards a military despotism. All these things do the people no good, lead only to angry discussions, bitter controversies, numerous dissensions, prevent men from enlisting into the service of their country, have already produced bloody riots, and may culminate in fierce neighborhood and fireside war. These dangers are truly great and calculated to dishearten the patriot; but it is confidently believed that they will, sooner or later, all be overcome.

There are unfortunately those among us who cannot discuss the question a single moment without showing that they are at heart foes of the Government and enemies of their race. The people soon learn to find out and know these men.—Human skill and ingenuity and all of a traitor's cunning cannot long succeed in concealing their real sentiments. They hang back or skulk away from our public gatherings on our national holidays; they disparage Union officers and soldiers and enlarge the rebels. All Union victories are insignificant—of little account; rebel victories are of incalculable value and importance. Good news is never credited—bad news is often originated, belittled, and circulated long before verified.—Taxes are obnoxious and oppressive; drafts are unconstitutional and odious; war is bloody and desolating, and the nation ought at once to stop it. For nearly four years everything has been wrong; nothing praiseworthy or passable has ever been done by their own Government—only mistakes, wrongs, wicked acts of tyranny, and earnest appeals are made to the people to rise in their might and prevent the establishment of a military despotism. During all this time they have never been known to utter a word of denunciation against the rebellion, or see an improper act south of the rebel lines.—These are the unmistakable earmarks of the traitor. He may remonstrate; he may write down beneath the picture in large letters the word "Patriot"; he may, in very noisy and earnest words, insist that he is a "sound Democrat," and that every man of his party who sustains the war is an "Abolitionist." Yet, after all, he is neither a patriot nor a good democrat.—You may turn him up-side-down and inside-out, and cleanse and wash him with all the pure waters of America, and you can make nothing out of him but a poor miserable traitor—just such a one as General Jackson would have strung up for treason in his day, and looked for the authority afterwards!

As a fop was riding a very fine horse down the Camden road, a young and pretty lady was very evidently admiring the animal, when he stopped and impudently asked: "Are you admiring me, miss?" "No," was the ready reply; "I was admiring the horse, not the donkey."

There is said to be a young lady, aged 18, in St. Louis, who has done nothing but eat and sleep since she was 4 years old. She remains awake for 7 minutes twice in 24 hours, and then talks and eats.

The Battle Before Atlanta.

One-Third of our Army Repulses all the Rebels.

[Correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial.]

BATTLE-FIELD, FOUR MILES FROM ATLANTA, July 21, 1864.

Your correspondent "Montrose" has furnished you with full details of the movements of Gen. Sherman's army up to the moment yesterday afternoon when the dashing new rebel commander, Gen. Hood, massed nearly his whole army against the right wing, composed of the Twenty-fourth and Twentieth Corps, and Newton's division of the Fourth Corps. This portion of our army, less than one-third of the whole, met the most reckless, massive and headlong charge of the war, without yielding an inch, save a little on one of the flanks of Geary's division, where a gap in the line occurred, and where the enemy pressed through but was speedily checked. The attack was made by nearly the whole of the rebel army, and its complete repulse forms the most glorious chapter in Sherman's present campaign. The following are the details of the fight:

As your readers already know our whole army had effected the crossing of Peach-Tree creek, a small but difficult stream covering Atlanta on the north and partially on the east. After the crossing, which was actually completed by the morning of the 20th, our left, under McPherson, rested on the Augusta railroad, south of Decatur, and about five miles from Atlanta. The Fourteenth Corps was on the extreme right, near the mouth of Peach-Tree creek. On the left of the latter, Newton's division of the Fourth Corps. A gap then occurred in our lines for three miles, which was covered on the south bank of the creek by a curtain of pickets from Newton's division. On the left of the gap was concentrated the rest of our army, several divisions originally on the right having been moved there early on the morning of the 20th, with a view to strengthening that wing, in front of which the enemy made numerous feints, as if about to precipitate his whole army against it.

The enemy thus being, during the morning of the 20th, massed on our left, orders were issued to Newton, Hooker and Palmer on the right, to advance and close the gap of three miles. Newton, on the left, was ordered to move first, protecting his left flank by the creek. Successively Hooker's and Palmer's corps were to close upon Newton, and establish a new line as far as possible in advance of the trenches, which they had constructed a half mile south of Peach-Tree creek immediately after crossing. Accordingly, about 1 P. M. Newton deployed five regiments as skirmishers, and pushed forward handsomely, driving clouds of the enemy's sharpshooters before them, and scattering their skirmish reserves. By 3 P. M. he had advanced three-fourths of a mile, and carried a prominent ridge in his front, on which, after sending fresh skirmish lines forward, he proceeded to establish his division.

His troops unslung knapsacks, stacked arms, and fell to erecting a rail barricade with a will. Hooker now advanced from his trenches. Butterfield's division, now commanded by Gen. Ward, on the left, Geary in the center, and Gen. Williams on the right. Palmer prepared to close up on Hooker, whenever the latter should establish his new line. The country over which this advance was progressing is partly rolling and open, intersected with difficult creeks, and partially covered with dense undergrowth. In the advance, prisoners were captured at different points along the line, who unanimously stated that no considerable body of their troops was nearer than a mile and a half. They were, beyond doubt, set out to be captured for this purpose. Not less than three-fourths of the entire rebel army were concealed within musket-shot of our skirmishers.

At the same time, at 3.40 P. M., and with the celerity of lightning, the rebel host poured fourth from their concealment, massed in enormous columns, against Newton, coming on without skirmishers, and with yells whose volume exceeded those of any battle-shout I ever heard. Newton's division had but half completed their barricade, and they barely had time to fall into line and seize their guns before the entire rebel column, composed of Walker's and Bates' divisions of Hardee's corps, was within range. The pickets guarding the interval between the right and left of our army barely escaped capture by plunging into Peach-Tree creek, and swimming across. The enemy had struck us at the vital spot, just where a victory for him might be decisive. Newton had more ground to guard than he could cover by even a single line.

For the first few minutes everything hung trembling in the scale. Newton's left flank was exposed, and just covered his bridges across Peach-Tree creek.—Had it given away the bridges would have been lost, and our whole right might have been rolled up and forced back to the Chattahoochee river. The rebel plan was to destroy our forces on the right, after which their army would be strong enough to confront, if not defeat, the

main body of our army on the left. Long lines of darkies, with pack saddles, and other non-combatants came pouring across the bridges with sweet running off of them in rivulets. Guards with fixed bayonets were placed at the bridges to catch whatever armed stragglers might appear, but none came. In spite of the furious charge none of our troops were stampeded. The rebel column poured down an open but rough series of fields toward Newton's left, evidently aiming at his bridges.

At the time the enemy first appeared we had but two pieces of artillery in position, guarding the vital point; but Captain Goodspeed, Newton's Chief of Artillery, with splendid quickness, brought up ten more guns, making in all twelve.—They opened with canister, the gunners working with frantic energy. Four guns were into action on Newton's right. Up to the moment the guns opened, the rebel columns had swiftly advanced, engaging Newton's three reduced brigades at terrible odds. It was wonderful how fast the enemy lost his grip when sixteen guns added their blast to the storm of bullets from Newton's infantry. The dusky, gray columns slackened their pace, and began to waver and lose their careful arrangement. In a few minutes they had come to a stand-still, in partial confusion, and firing heavily, but wildly.

Color-bearer after color-bearer went down under the crash of our canister.—In vain the rebel field officers rode up and down the lines waving swords and exhorting the men not to falter. In twenty minutes the assault had totally failed, and the enemy gave way, retiring in confusion to the woods from which they had emerged. For the rest of the afternoon they kept up a desultory fire, which was returned by our artillery, but they did not venture to renew the attack. The rebel General Stevens, commanding a brigade in Walker's division, was killed. Nearly two hundred rebel dead were buried in Newton's front next morning. His brigade did not yield an inch. Gen. Ward's division, on Newton's right, was struck at the same moment as Newton.

General Ward had just halted his men at the foot of a hill, for a brief rest, after his skirmishers had made way to the crest. Word came back to him that the enemy was charging over the open field in his front in immense force. Without a moment's hesitation, Ward ordered his division to meet the enemy with a countercharge; his men moved up the hill in splendid order, and when they gained the crest, they were to close to the rebels that several of the hostile regiments became intermingled. At such points the rebels seemed added by Ward's bold coup, and were captured without difficulty. On other portions of the line, fighting at close quarters continued for half an hour, but each successive line of rebels was pressed back by the indubitable valor of Ward's men. At the end of that time, the rebels fell back into a dense forest in their rear, completely whipped so far as General Ward's division was concerned.

Gen. Ward's trophies are seven rebel battle-flags and three hundred prisoners, including many of the enemy's wounded left on the field. Among his prisoners are representatives of sixteen different regiments, and he no doubt fought double that number. Ward sent all his available artillery to protect Newton's flank, and his splendid triumph was achieved with muskets alone. The charge swept along to the right, striking Geary's division the next after Ward's. Geary had advanced half a mile from the trenches he occupied in the morning, and had just marched his troops to the top of a ridge, when the rebel columns were thrown on him with terrible violence.—The 33d New Jersey, which was thrown out to fortify a hill in advance of the main line, lost over half its number in the first few minutes of the charge. The most of Geary's lines were through a dense wood, and his right flank was exposed by an interval of two or three hundred yards, which William's division was endeavoring to close.

When the enemy came on, Gen. Baird's brigade, on Geary's right, was speedily enveloped on the right and rear, and fell back, after a stout fight, to the trenches it occupied in the morning, where it was reformed. Portions of Colonel Ireland's brigade in the center were enveloped and driven back. By turning one of his batteries from the front to the right, General Geary succeeded in reforming his shattered line where it stood, and not another foot did it yield, rolling back charge after charge. From four o'clock till long after dark the rebels endeavored to force their way through the gap they had opened, but the pluck of our lads triumphed. Geary held the hill at the end as at the beginning of the assault. That portion of his line that fell back was reformed, and in about an hour went back into action on General William's right.

The tremendous rebel assault spent its fury on Gen. William's division, next on Geary's right. This division had advanced also about half a mile, when the rebels swept on it. The shock was met without flinching. The division refused to give an inch, and, though the enemy made three several charges on it before nightfall, it repulsed them all without wavering, though in doing so it sustained heavier loss than any other division on the right. The fighting on this part of our lines was in dense woods. The attack grazed the left of Palmer's corps, which had not left its trenches, but was

preparing to do so. Col. Anson McCook's brigade was partially engaged, behaving nobly, and repulsing the enemy from beginning to the end. About 9 P. M. the enemy abandoned the fight in front of Geary and Williams, carrying off many of their dead and wounded, and falling back to their heavy works, about a mile distant. In front of Ward and Newton he was compelled to leave all the dead and severely wounded.

Judging from great piles heaped up there, the enemy lost in killed and wounded alone 5,000. We captured about 1,000 prisoners. The loss in Hooker's corps (official) is as follows: William's division, 627; Geary's 457; Ward's, 527; total, 1,611. Newton's division (official), 102; Fourteenth Corps, 200. Total loss 1913.

The statement that our troops were in fortifications is untrue. They were advancing to take a new position when attacked, and save with Newton, who had some half-finished rail barricades, the fight was an open one. Even the aggressive Hood is not fool enough to attack us in trenches. Prisoners were captured from every corps in the rebel army, all of whom said the programme was to drive us into the Chattahoochee river, and that nearly their entire army was engaged.

During the progress of the fight various corps on the left advanced over a mile, McPherson at nightfall being within two and a half miles of Atlanta, and no portion of our lines more than four miles distant. I left the front July 21, at 2 P. M.; at the time our right was established on the battle-field about four miles from Atlanta; the left was within long range shelling distance. The enemy stuck closely to his heavy works girdling the town, a mile or two outside the suburbs.

Thus ended this sanguinary conflict.—No more brilliant victory has crowned the Union arms since the beginning of the war. Gen. Hooker has earned a new the gratitude of the nation. Palmer, Newton, Ward, Williams, Geary, and their subordinates and soldiers, cannot be too highly praised. Gen. Johnson was as faithful here as everywhere else.

Our loss will amount to two thousand men, principally on Hooker's front, because his troops fought in an open field. The rebel loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, will reach six thousand, of whom fully one thousand were killed outright. Three rebel Brigadier Generals were killed—Stevens, Weatherstone and Long. On Baird's and Davis' front heavy skirmishing took place during the day. On the left wing, McPherson drove the enemy several miles, Blair operating on the extreme left, Logan next, and Dodge next, partly in line and partly in reserve. Blair's corps advanced a mile and a half south of the Augusta Railroad.

Gen. Greshien, who commanded his right division, was grievously wounded. Altogether, the operations on the left were highly successful. On the morning of the 21st, Johnston's and Baird's divisions of Palmer's corps were moved forward, and, after a brisk contest, in which we lost perhaps one hundred men, the rebels were driven from the ridge in front, the whole of which was now in our possession.

By the morning of the 22d the rebels had withdrawn entirely from Palmer's and Hooker's front and at 2 A. M. part of our army entered Atlanta.

We may have more fighting yet for the full possession of the city, but consider that, for the present, the campaign is substantially closed.

Don't Let Him Drop.

The freedmen of Vicksburg went out to the Jeff. Davis plantation on the Fourth of July, and had a picnic jubilee. An aged and revered darkey was called on to offer prayer, and, standing on the porch of Jeff. Davis' mansion, he prayed thus:

"Oh! Massa Jesus, mighty God, save Massa Jeff. 'fore it an everlasting too late. Oh! Lord, take him by de neck, and shake him over the fiery furnace until he squeal like a pig in de bars. But don't let him drop; oh! Massa Jesus, don't let him drop, but fetch him to repentance, and save him soul in de everlasting kingdom, 'fore dem Yankee make him dry bones in a box."

A railer against marriage thinks that the creation of woman was simply the change of a bone in a man's side to a thorn.

One person asked another if he believed in the appearance of spirits?—"No," was the reply; "but I believe in their disappearance. I have missed a bottle of brandy since last night."

A good father in Wheeling Va., insists that if young men come "sparkling" his daughters on Sunday night, the exercises will be closed by reading a selection of scripture and prayer.

The Poughkeepsie Press says:—"Quite a rosy looking girl from the country actually went into a cooper shop in that city recently, and innocently asked one of the workmen what he charged for hooping frocks. Innocence wished to be in the fashion."

Wanted, a strong adhesive plaster, to make busybodies stick to their own business.

Anarchy to be Inaugurated in the North.

A Bold Scheme to Deluge the Free States in Blood.

Rebels in Council at Niagara Falls.—The Chicago Convention.

The following article from the *New York Herald* should be read by every patriotic man in the land, as it truly indicates the intention and the objects of the copperhead faction in the coming political contest. The *Herald*, perhaps, more than any other journal in the country, is familiar with the workings of the copperhead organization, and may fairly be regarded as its central organ. There is no doubt, that the magnitude of the schemes being concocted by the copperheads to organize rebellion in the free States, begin to appal even the jesuitical controllers of the *Herald*. Hence the publication of the following article:

George N. Sanders, with some twenty or thirty rebel politicians and officers, is now at Niagara Falls, plotting and scheming in behalf of Jeff. Davis and his villainous cause. Remaining, as they do, on the Canada side, they are in a favorable position to operate upon the politicians who visit that locality during the hot season. From all accounts they are making the most of this advantage. They have concocted a grand scheme for the control of the Chicago Convention. Their project contemplates forcing a rupture and division of the convention, after the manner of the split at Charleston in 1860.—This is to be brought about in a way that will embitter the copperhead and peace factions, and, with them thus maddened, inaugurate a system of riot and insurrection, not only in the West, but also in this and other Eastern cities. The split in Charleston in 1860 was accomplished by the scheming of Yancy, Slidell, Davis and other leaders in the Southern States, for the very purpose of bringing about a state of affairs that would give them a plea to inaugurate a rebellion.

A break up in that convention was necessary, or rather a preliminary step in preparing the public mind of the South for the revolution which was already planned by the leaders. In accomplishing this result they were assisted by the Albany Regency and other unscrupulous politicians of the North. The events of four years have since rolled around; the rebellion, with all its evils and suffering in the South, has been inaugurated and kept up; but they are at length driven to desperation, and are in straitened circumstances. They are compelled to resort to some scheme to secure a diversion in the North or go under. A plot for a split and break up at Chicago is resolved upon, to be followed by revolution in the North, as the last hope for their sinking cause.

To accomplish this the rebel agents, rebel blowers and rebel plotters have been rushing back from Europe, and have made Canada their base of operations.—The country from Montreal to Niagara Falls and Windsor, opposite Detroit, is filled with them, all directing their efforts upon the Chicago Convention. Vallandigham was sent back to Ohio to play his part of the game there. But in order to accomplish their end, time was needed. Accordingly the postponement of the Chicago Convention was essential. The peace faction and their organs boldly came out for an adjournment. Dean Richmond and the Regency became willing agents in their hands, and the time asked for by the rebel conspirators in Canada was obtained. Thus the first step towards bringing about a Northern revolution has been accomplished by the aid of the Regency, and the same class of Northern politicians who played into the hands of the Southern conspirators at Charleston. What now do we see?

Sanders and his rebel plotters are actively at work perfecting their scheme. Already the Democratic Convention of Kentucky has adopted peace resolutions, and done all it could to assist Sanders in luring his wires for the Chicago Convention. Fernando Wood's seedy peace committee assembled in this city to add its voice and support to the plot of the rebels. The *Chicago Times*, Cincinnati *Inquirer* and other peace papers of the West, have enlisted in Sanders' cause as far as they dare. Such twaddling journals as the *News* and *World*, of this city, and the *Atlas* and *Argus*, at Albany, have been gradually working themselves into the same scheme, and, under the influence of the conspirators. Some forty or fifty rebel politicians, with Sanders at their head, and a few Copperheads of the North, met at Windsor, about the 5th of June, and perfected their arrangements for operations at Chicago.

A split in the convention is the first move; then insurrection, riot and rebellion—thus using the same means that were resorted to in 1860 to force the South to commence the rebellion to inaugurate a revolution at the North, in the hope of by that means diverting attention and bringing about a division that will enable them to delay their final overthrow and open a road for the success of the confederacy. That Jeff. Davis and the rebel chiefs have been driven to this as a last resort is now apparent. It is their last hope for the success of the bogus Southern confederacy. It is revolution at the North or death to their cause. Hence their determination and the desperate chances that they are taking.

But they entirely mistake the Northern element. The peace politicians are equally blind to the results of this course

A copperhead division at Chicago, or attempt at insurrection and revolution at the North, instead of helping the cause of the rebels, will strengthen and intensify the Union feeling here, and make President Lincoln's re-election as certain as the sun rises and sets on election day. It is true that, through the Regency and other unscrupulous politicians of the North the rebels were enabled to bring about a division at Charleston which led to a rebellion in the South. But the stirring events of this war have so educated the people at the North that, with all the assistance of the Regency, the peace faction, the *News*, and other organs can give, they cannot repeat this result. The only effect of these schemes, if they continue, is to bring about the re-election of Abraham Lincoln. This is the natural result and logical conclusion of their course.

Fight between a Bull and an Elephant.

The *Correspondencia*, of Madrid, furnishes the particulars of a fight between a bull and an elephant. The elephant is the largest and the oldest that has ever been seen in Europe, as his enormous tusks indicate. He traveled a long time with the female, who died recently. Since then the surviving elephant has been subjected to paroxysms of fury, which he keeps up as expressed with great difficulty.—When the elephant was brought to the *Plaza de Toros* a fiery young bull was turned out. The bull advanced against his terrible adversary without evincing the slightest fear. He attempted to flank him in order to wound him; but the elephant, exhibiting an equal agility in his motion, did not suffer him to approach. Finally the bull attacked him in front; but, everywhere confronted by the formidable tasks which interposed an impenetrable barrier, he did not succeed in wounding him. At last, in one of the assaults the bull succeeded in thrusting his head beneath the tusks; but before he could penetrate the tough hide of the elephant he fell to the earth. The spectators only saw the elephant bend his head slightly, and rest the extremities of his tusks, which had been plugged, upon the back of the bull. From that moment the bull was *hors de combat*, and when they afterwards killed him it was found that three ribs were completely crushed by the almost imperceptible movement the elephant had made in holding him with his tusks.

A Remarkable Lady.

There is a widow lady living in Douglas, seventy-four years old, who saved and split five cords of seasoned wood in the course of last winter and spring.—This old lady is in good circumstances, not compelled to labor, but cut said wood to benefit her health. When she first commenced her limbs were so stiff that she could not lift her feet without assistance from her hands, but by degrees, in sawing and splitting the wood, she entirely regained the use of her limbs, and materially improved her health. The example of this lady is an evidence of what can be done by persistent efforts.—*Woodstock Patriot*.

A New Idea.

Of all the ingenious ways of raising money for the Sanitary Commission, that devised by the people of the town of Catawissa, Pennsylvania, is probably the oddest. The mail citizens agreed to decide by vote who was the prettiest girl in town, and it was declared in favor of Miss Hattie S. Reifsnnyder, by a majority of 280 votes. Each vote was accompanied by the sum of seventy-five cents, and the proceeds were given to the Sanitary Fair as the contribution of the favorite beauty. What makes the matter more interesting is the fact that Miss Reifsnnyder is nursing wounded soldiers in the Army of the Potomac.

The husband of a pious woman having occasion to make a voyage, his wife sent a written request to the clergyman of the parish, instead of spelling and pointing properly, namely, "A person having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation," she spelt and pointed as follows: "A person having gone to see his wife desires the prayers of the congregation."

May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A young girl was asked not long since, to unite herself to a lover who named May in his proposals. The lady hinted that May was unlucky.—"Well, make it June then," replied the swain. Casting down her eyes, and with a blush she rejoined, "Would not April do as well?"

The following address was on the envelope of a letter which passed through the Detroit post-office a day or two ago:

O'er the hills and o'er the level
Carry this letter like the devil;
Don't stop for drink or other reason,
Till you find my wife, Jennet Gleason,
She is waiting with all the patience she can;
She lives in Utica, Michigan.

Baum's fat woman, Jane Pishon, formerly exhibited as Miss Jane Campbell, died at Brookfield, Connecticut, the other day. Her exhibition weight was six hundred and eighty pounds. Ten men were required to get her into her coffin, which was so wide that the door of the house had to be enlarged for its removal.