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

**A PRINTERS LOVE LETTER.**  
D R Ann! [I cannot tell U Y,  
Yet it is V R Y true]  
E V R Y where I turn my i,  
It seems 2 dwell on U.

If I gaze upon the \* \* \* my love,  
I C U E V N there;  
And I think the girls in heaven above  
Than U R not more fair.  
O! Anna! may B I am rude,—  
May B I love 2 well,—  
But 'tis because U R so good,  
And have no ||.

Yet I scarce dare C U my D R,  
For hopeless is my K's,  
Your cruel pa—whom much I fear—  
Denies us 1 - -.

### Story with a Moral.

A young man who was paying special attention to a young lady, met with the following incident during one of his visits:  
Being invited into the parlor to await the lady's appearance, he entertained himself the best he might for some time, and was becoming very weary, when a little girl about five years old, slipped in and began a conversation with him.

"I can always tell," said she, "when you are coming to our house."  
"You can!" he replied. "and how do you tell it?"

"Why, when you are going to be here sister begins to sing and get good, and she gives me cake and pie, and anything I want; and she sings sweetly—when I speak to her she smiles so pleasantly. I wish you would stay here all the while; then I would have a good time. But when you go off sister isn't good. She gets mad, and if I ask her for anything she slaps and bangs me about, and is as mean as a copperhead."

This was a poser to the young man. "Fools and children tell the truth," he thought and taking his hat he left and returned no more.

**Moral**—Parents wishing their ill-natured daughters married, should keep their small children out of the parlor when strangers are there.

Whedding, Va., is one of the oldest of all places. The *Intelligencer* of that city gives the following sketch, vouching for its accuracy: "We saw yesterday going up toward the upper ferry a team of four animals—a horse, a pony, a mule, and a bull. The horse had the heaves, the pony was blind, the mule was lame, and the bull had no provision for fly time. In the wagon, which was an ordinary one, sat a white man, a crippled negro and a tame skunk—The skunk was firmly bound with a wisp of straw. The white man held the lines, the team held its own, and the nigger held the skunk."

### A Handy Article.

Adam Slonaker, a number of years ago, came to Huntingdon Furnace, and seeing there, for the first time, a pair of snufflers, he asked:

"What's them fur?"  
"To snuff the candle."  
"To snuff the candle?"

The candle just then needed attention and Adam, with his thumb and finger pinched off the snuff, and carefully poked it into his snufflers, saying,  
"Well, now, them is handy."

### The Letter R.

Why does the letter R hold an enviable position? Because it is never found in sin but always in temperance, industry, virtue, and prosperity. It is the beginning of religion and the end of war.

A Yankee editor lately closed a leader in this unhappy strain—"The Sheriff's office is waiting for us in the other room, so we have no opportunity to be pathetic; we are wanted and must go. Delinquent subscribers—you have much to answer for!—Heaven may forgive you, but we never can."

Mr. Camp, becoming enthusiastic, and, holding out his brawny hand, cried out, exultingly:  
"What does that look like?"

"That," interposed Mr. Ames, with a peculiar sniff of the nose—"that looks as though you were out of soap."

Little Freddie, after being absent a long time, one day, was reprimanded by his mother, and told that he must not play the truant again; to which he answered, "I hain't been playing truant; I've been playing ball."

Common-sense is valuable in all kinds of business except love-making.

### Return of Exchanged Prisoners—Their Sufferings and Deplorable Condition—A Tale of Unmitigated and Infamous Cruelty.

NEW-ORLEANS, July 27, 1864.

Few sights have been recently seen in the streets of this or indeed of any other American city which have created a more painful or profound impression than the marching in last Sunday morning, the 25th inst., of some 800 of our men who have been exchanged and just come in from Camp Ford, near Tyler, in Texas, via Shreveport and the Red River. It would be absolutely impossible in words to express to your readers the abject squalor, destitution, and wretchedness of these noble soldiers as they filed up past the headquarters of Gen. Canby on St. Charles street, on their way from the boat to the quarters assigned them in the Alabama and Foster's Cotton Presses. With scarcely an exception, they were barefooted, ragged to a degree that cannot be conceived of; many were absolutely destitute of sufficient rags to fill the requirements of common decency; large numbers were without shirts or hats of any kind; infested with vermin, their dingy rags fluttering in the wind and bound upon their persons with strips of bark and strings; but they marched into New-Orleans proudly in spite of their squalor, and with stout loyal hearts cheered the old flag, in defense of which they have so cruelly and needlessly suffered.

These men represented many States, but the largest numbers of any regiments were the 26th Indiana, 168 men, the 19th Iowa 167 men, 19th Kentucky 100 men, and the 75th New-York 82 men, beside many smaller squads from nearly every State in the Union. Quite a large proportion of them were the troops who were captured under Lieut.-Col. J. B. Leake of the 29th Iowa at Bayou Fordochie, some six or eight miles from Morganza, La., on the 26 of last September.

The story of suffering which these men have experienced since that time can never be told as the men themselves relate it, nor can any language convey to the world the misery which has been theirs much of the long weary time that they have been penned up in that terrible inclosure at Tyler, in Texas. It is true that it is not to be expected that the quarters of prisoners of war shall be beds of roses, but the Confederate authorities have seemed to exercise, ever since this war began, a refinement of cruelty in their treatment of prisoners which is a disgrace to the civilized world, a scandal to the age in which we live, and an outrage upon all the amenities which enlightened nations practice toward their prisoners taken in honorable warfare.

The stockade at Tyler, or rather at Camp Ford, which is somewhere about four miles from Tyler, consists of an inclosure made of pine trees, cut some seven or eight feet in length, split in half, and set upright in the ground, making a stockade some fifteen feet in height. The site originally was an area of about two acres, which was, however, enlarged after the Red River expedition to embrace some seven acres in extent. There in that pen some 4,500 of our men have been cooped in hunger, nakedness, filth, and wretchedness for months past, and until the last of June no means were allowed to the men for removing the filth which had during the time accumulated inside their inclosure.

During last Winter our men were barefooted almost to a man; many had no shirts; scarcely any one had any blanket at all in which to wrap his shivering limbs from the winds; wood was doled out in quantities insufficient even to cook their scant rations of corn meal and hard corned beef. To be explicit, two sticks of cord wood were issued per week to cook the rations of a mess of twelve men, and this was packed in on the men's backs from the adjacent forests under strict guard. Not even straw was permitted to the shivering men, and I have the assurance of our officers and men of having waked up many a night last Winter benumbed with cold, and unable to sleep from their inability to keep the sluggish blood circulating in their veins. No tents or quarters of any kind whatever were assigned the officers or men, save the canopy of Heaven for a shelter and the earth beneath for a bed.

They at once set about constructing shelter of brush, bark and logs, when permitted to go outside the stockade to the neighboring forests and cut. Inside the stockade itself were trees at the start, and these were used so far as they went for constructing shelter in the shape of rude and brush huts.

Col. Leake states that when he and his brother officers in captivity first arrived at Camp Ford, on the 23d of last October, they were drawn up in line, counted, and ordered to be shown their quarters. The hospitable duty developed upon Adj. Oehlbirt, who conducted them to a part of the inclosure, where there was a slight ridge or side hill, on attaining which the Adjutant, with the bow of a Brummel, turned to the party remarking: "Gentlemen, these are your quarters for the present," and walked away. And then in the earth they burrowed a place to lie, until in course of time they could cut logs in the contiguous timber, carry them by hand to the stockade, and erect a hut, when they could feel as if they were human beings once more. A sketch of this made by Capt. May of the ——— Connecticut, shows the Colonel's skill as an architect in a very creditable manner.

Col. Leake states that the officers with whom he was brought in contact during his captivity were mainly courteous, disposed to be humane, but inattentive and negligent to the last degree about doing what would have promoted the comfort of the prisoners. Their utter want of administrative or executive capacity permitted abuses which they would have been incapable of doing themselves directly, and which they would not knowingly have probably permitted. Nevertheless, the abuses exist, and seemed to be the rule instead of the exception so far as the treatment of the private soldiers was concerned.

The morning of the day when Col. Leake's men arrived at Tyler, the 23d of October, they had breakfast at Sabino, 21 miles from Tyler; and, owing to neglect on the part of somebody, were furnished with nothing else until the next day at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

There were at that time 72 officers and a few privates lodged in an old barrack, when Col. Leake's command arrived, amounting to near 500 more. No cooking utensils of any sort whatever were furnished these men, and from that time until the 9th of November they had to live as best they could. Two companies of Texan militia, on guard duty, loaned them, when not using themselves, five or six pots and skillets, which was all the prisoners had to cook their corn meal, and often the men were obliged to eat their corn raw and roast their beef on sticks, or go without it at all.

Ten days' rations were issued to the men at once of corn, and no barrel, box, nor bag of any kind existed at the stockade to put it in, nor would they furnish any. The men used some of their old drawers, the lining to their coat sleeves, some their hats and went bareheaded; some took off their shirts and made a sack, and others their blouses in order to save the precious meal in. On the 9th of November, Col. P. V. Allen of the 17th Texas, assumed command, who set at work to make the men more comfortable. He at once sent to Shreveport and raised one pot and one skillet to each squad of men, and thenceforth this part of their troubles was ameliorated. On the 29th of November the men were started to Shreveport for exchange, as they supposed. On the previous day it had sleeted and turned cold, the earth being frozen some three inches in depth, and the ground was covered with ice when the men set out.

Over 100 men were barefooted, probably 200 more had no shirts, and hardly any had a blanket, or anything which might serve for the purpose of one. In this pitiable plight this army of martyrs filed forward, marching 21 miles to Saline Town that day, with frosted, and bleeding feet, the blood literally tracking their pathway as they went. Those present tell me that the tales of our revolutionary fathers at Valley Forge could furnish no sadder story than that wearisome wayward our brave hearted soldiers trod.—But crueler still, I have from undoubted authority that beef cattle sent along for the subsistence of these men were never applied to their use, but were undoubtedly sold and the proceeds made use of by those who had them in charge, while our weary men went hungry as well as naked and shoeless on that long march to Shreveport. Here they remained until the 30th of last March, when they were sent back to Tyler once more, where they had scarcely arrived before they were again notified that they were to be paroled, and were once more started toward Shreveport.—They, however, only proceeded to Marshall, where they were detained until the 24th of May, in the woods, with no shelter but the sky and the tree-tops. Their condition at this time was pitiable in the extreme; scarcely any had shoes, not 100 had shirts. Many had no pantaloons, and only a breech cloth of rags. If it were possible to laugh at so sad a tale one might laugh heartily at the description one poor fellow gives of himself. His costume was a little more extensive, though not so elegant, as that of the Indian princess, which consisted of a string of beads. It was an old blouse which had been patched with a profusion of colors, and that was all that he wore from Marshall to Tyler, where they arrived once more on the 27th of May, their hopes of an exchange having died out in their aching hearts.

I have stated above that certain of the officers were disposed to be humane to our men, but that through criminal remissness they often allowed those who were not so to abuse our men shamefully.

It is but justice to state that Col. Allen deserved the thanks of our men by many considerations. Col. Scott Anderson is generally well spoken of by our officers. Also, Lieut.-Col. Border did many kind acts and neglected to do many more. He is the officer who issued an order for the guards to shoot any Yankee prisoner whom they apprehend after escaping from the stockade, and directed them to bring in no prisoners alive who had escaped and might be caught. He is also an officer, as in fact were all the rest, who practiced catching our men with packs of hounds; and our officers show blouses to-day which are torn to tatters by the teeth of these dogs, with which they have been pursued when seeking to escape.

chief amusements of whom was to take out a pistol whenever he entered the stockade and threatened with a variety of choice and elegant oaths, that he would shoot the top of the head off from that particular assemblage of Yankees on the slightest provocation. Major G. W. Smith (a relative, I believe, of John's) had charge of our men coming from Tyler to Shreveport, the last time, and was kind, generous, and considerate. He, on a former occasion, however, marched 100 men from Shreveport to Tyler, 110 miles, in four days, and nearly used up the entire squad in consequence. Two actually died in two days afterward from the effects of this cruel march.

Lieut. Haines of Harrison's battalion merits a separate paragraph for soldierly manly and other qualities. The particularly manly and soldierly qualities for which I consider him entitled to notice consists in his regard for the feelings and comfort of our men while on the march from Shreveport to Tyler. For instance, if a man became lame or weary or weak with walking, this humane officer directed his men to place a rope around said man's neck, and to tie said rope to the pommel of the saddle of the mounted guard. This was done on repeated occasions, as there is abundant testimony to certify, among both officers and men, who witnessed it. On several occasions squads of our men escaped from the stockade, and some escaped to our lines, but the pooks of hounds which they keep for the purpose generally enabled them to overtake and capture those who endeavor to get away.

Our men amused themselves in every imaginable way to kill time and earn money to provide themselves with something to cover their nakedness. They baked cups and plates, and bowls of potter's clay which they found in their stockade.—They whittled and carved cups, pipes, spoons, knives and forks, out of wood, plaited hats out of straw which the Confederates sold them at \$2 dollars a bundle. Their success in pottery led some of the guards to fear greatly that our men would be able to make guns with which to overwhelm them and escape some fine day or evening. I do not learn, however, that they had brought that branch of business to a successful issue when these men left there. They had their jokes, however, and as the Rebels were hard to convince that our zouaves were not amazons, the boys humored the joke by imitating the crying of a baby, and actually caused many of the moral women of Tyler to firmly believe that we had female soldiers in our army, and that crying babies were a natural result. We have remaining yet at Tyler about 3,500 men, and it is the belief of our officers that there are no others in their hands in Texas. This is considerably less than they claimed when they sent us the men from the hospitals of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, of which I advised you some days since. Then they claimed 6,000 still on hand. Forty-four hundred and eighty men are all they issued before these men left, which leaves 3,500 to 3,600 remaining behind.

Many interesting incidents might be added, which the length of this forbids my stopping to relate. The condition of these men is a fair index of those remaining, and calls loudly for attention. Kirby Smith has intimated that it was our fault, but the facts do not verify the assertion, as repeated efforts have been made by the proper authorities, but the conditions which the Rebels imposed prevented our sending them. Gen. Canby has given instruction to his Commission of Exchanges to confer with the Rebel Commissioners at once, and will again seek to send up medicines and clothing to our men, while the agent of the Cincinnati Branch Sanitary Commission has tendered to Gen. Canby whatever sanitary stores may be proper to send so soon as the Rebels will permit to be sent forward such articles as the Government can furnish. It is to be hoped that an early favorable reply will be received, in which case our soldiers' hearts will be gladdened by some comforts to which they have long been strangers.

The health of the remaining troops is variable. They have good water, and not food enough to give dyspepsia; but the Easterly especially the Maine men, do not do as well as Western men there. Medicines are greatly needed, and it is to be hoped that this will be soon remedied, along with their other necessities. The Confederate officers excuse our men's destitution, so far as they are the cause of it, by attributing it to our rigid blockade, and say when we cease up that they will give our men in their hands more comforts, and have more themselves to give.

Our boys are getting new clothes, and will be paid off immediately, and are happy beyond expression to see friendly faces once more.

I cannot forbear mention of one fact, notwithstanding the length of this.—Some two or three hundred of our men have been vaccinated up there, and the greater portion of them are in anything but a satisfactory condition. The matter with which they were vaccinated was tainted with other horrible mixtures, and the result is that their arms present dreadful sores, and frequently disgusting ulcers have broken out on other parts of their bodies.

Many of the men will have to go at once into hospital and have the care of skillful surgeons to save them from frightful consequences. One man left behind it is feared will lose his arm from the

same cause. All this is in most striking contrast with the bonload of sleek, well-fed, well-dressed prisoners whom we sent up in exchange for these squalid, half-starved, ragged, suffering men, but in whose hearts dwell more loyalty, honesty and humanity than in an army of deceitful, treacherous sons of pseudo Southern chivalry. In the language of a distinguished Major-General, God save the Union, by command, &c. J. B. C.

### A Substitute Broker Rejuvenate an Old Man.

On Saturday last, an enterprising "substitute broker," in St. Louis, having been rather unsuccessful in his search of stock to fill the numerous orders of his customers, and meeting with an old gray headed man who answered his purpose in every respect, except the trifling matter of coverage, hit upon the happy expedient of restoring the old man to youth. To do this it was not necessary to find the "fountain of youth," vainly sought by Ponce de Leon, nor like old Aepos, to call in the services of Medea to renew his lease of life by enchantment. Our substitute broker had a more expeditious way of transmogrifying an old man into a young one. He first administered to his patient a liberal dose of the essence of rye, then took him to a barber shop, had his neck and face washed and powdered, his hair and whiskers neatly dyed, and the wrinkles in his cheeks smoothed over by a process known to the tonsorial profession. Another snifter of rye was poured down the patient's throat to straighten his spine, clear the rheum from his eyes, and make his breast swell out in martial style. The inner man being arranged in mustering condition, it was deemed necessary, in order to make "a sure thing" of the job, to bestow some attention upon the outer covering. A pair of substantial brogans was purchased and a nice yellow linen duster added, and the old man of sixty presented the appearance of a biped of not more than thirty. Starting to the recruiting office with his substitute in charge, the indefatigable broker, figuring in his mind that he had made two hundred dollars and forty-five cents by the operation, and not wishing to be troubled with the extra forty-five, took his newly-made patriot into a saloon to drink up the bothersome odd cents. There he committed a fatal error; by his generosity he was undone, and the fruits of his labor, enterprise, and ingenuity slipped from his grasp—for the thin dose of rye put so much starch in the old man's backbone that he positively refused to enlist! In vain the broker threatened, entreated, and offered a large sum to his substitute to come up to the scratch. The old man felt as independent as a new appointed corporal, and swore "he'd be dad-squashed if he was going to fight for any bloody coward in America." The broker then demanded the return of the brogans and the linen duster, but the alien flatly refused to give them up. The broker was in despair.—He had spent \$19.35 in clear cash in making a young substitute out of an old supernumerary, and now was cheated out of his investment. He gave vent to a volley of oaths that would have done honor to an ox-driver.

"My young friend," said the recalcitrant substitute, "I'll tell you how you can make it all right; just have my death entered to the credit of my principal, and that will square accounts."

"You infernal old swindler! what do you mean?"

"Why, didn't I dye for the coward who hired you to get me as his substitute, and when a substitute dies, doesn't that relieve the principal?"

The broker seized a tumbler and hurled it at the substitute's head but that individual being rejuvenated by the elixir of life, evaded the blow, and skedaddled at the rate of nine-knots an hour.

The man who raised a cabbage head has done more good than all the metaphysics in the world," said a stump orator at a meeting.

"Then," replied a wag, "your mother ought to have the premium."

OLD FOLKS.—Vermonters live to a great age as is well known. There are two men up there, so old that they have forgotten who they are, and there are no neighbors living who can remember.

Two Irishmen were walking through the menagerie the other day, when they stopped to look at the bear. "Surely," said one of them, "I should not like to meet a half a dozen of them running after me."

An advertiser of cheap shoes recently blurted out the real truth in mistake, thus:—(N. B.) Ladies wishing those cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long!

"I will consent to all you desire," said a facetious lady to her lover, "on condition that you give me what you have not, what you never can get, and yet what can you give me?" What did she ask for? A husband!

"I can marry any girl I please," said a young fellow, boasting. "Very true," replied his wagish companion, "for you can't please any."

Love is an internal existence of one in another. We are not parted, if it is true that we love.

### Easy Praying.

A popular divine tells a good story as a bit at that kind of Christians who are too indolent to pursue the duties required of them by their faith. He says that one pious gentleman composed a fervent prayer to the Almighty, wrote it out legibly and affixed the manuscript to his bed post. Then on cold nights he merely pointed to the document, and with the words, "O, Lord these are my sentiments," blow out the light and nestled amid the blankets.

The magnificent series of Sanitary Fairs begun several months ago at Chicago is now nearly closed. The movement was one of the most beautiful and gigantic exhibitions of patriotism ever witnessed on the earth. Its substantial results have been in the highest degree satisfactory. The following is a tolerably accurate statement of the net proceeds of the Fairs:

|                               |             |
|-------------------------------|-------------|
| Chicago                       | 75,000      |
| Cincinnati                    | 120,000     |
| Boston                        | 147,000     |
| Brooklyn                      | 300,000     |
| Cleveland                     | 120,000     |
| Buffalo                       | 100,000     |
| New York                      | 1,200,000   |
| St. Louis                     | 575,000     |
| Philadelphia                  | 1,300,000   |
| Pittsburg                     | 350,000     |
| Smaller Fairs aggregate about | 150,000     |
| Total                         | \$4,437,000 |

### Why the Rebels are called "Johnnies."

In 1861 the Federal soldiers called the rebels "Secesh"; in 1862, "Confeds"; in 1863, "Greybacks," and in 1864 they call them "Johnnies." A correspondent gives us the following information about the origin of the last named sobriquet: The name of Johnny originated in a quarrel between a couple of pickets, which began by the federal telling the rebel that they (the rebels) depended on England to get out of this scrape, which the rebel denied emphatically, saying they were able to scrape themselves out. One word brought on another, until the Federal said his opponent was no better than a Johnny Bull anyhow; the Reb swore he would shoot Jank if he called him a Johnny Bull again. The quarrel was stopped by another picket, and they soon cooled down but the Reb kept muttering "I'd as soon be called a ingger as Johnny Bull."—*Boston Transcript.*

A young lady declared in our hearing the other day that she would marry no one who could not keep her a carriage and horses. We presume her favorite is "Wait for the Wagon."

We have heard much of the power of a woman's eye, but the eyelids are still more powerful: they can wink down a reputation.

Argument in company is generally the worst sort of conversation, and in books the worst sort of reading.

"I'm afraid of the lightning," murmured a pretty young woman, during the storm. "Well you may be," sighed her despairing lover, "when your heart is steel."

Sleep soothes and arrests the fever-pulse of the soul, and its grains are the quinine for the cold fit of hate as well as for the hot fever of love.

Little disputes before marriage are great ones after it; as northerly winds, which are warm in summer, blow keen and cold in winter.

Solomon was undoubtedly right in saying that a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways; but we fear that a half-minded one is no better.

An Irishman describes metaphysics as follows:—"Two men are talking together, and one of them is trying to explain something he don't know anything about, and the other can't understand him."

Susan was desirous of purchasing a watch. The maker showed her among others, a beautiful one, remarking that it went thirty-six hours. "In one day?" asked poor Susan.

The most immoral of musicians is the fiddler; he is always in a scrape!

Young Sawbones wanted to kiss his pretty cousin under the mistletoe; but she snatched her head away, saying, "Manners, sir; don't thrust your doctor's bill into my face."

An old bachelor says that if a young lady has a purse with two ends—silver in one, and gold in the other—she is sure to open the gold end first.

A tailor, who, in skating, fell through the ice, declared that he would never leave hot goose for a cold duck.

Providence newsboy, the other day, was yelling out: "Washington 'tired' a' rounded!" "What," said a gentleman, "is Washington 'surrounded by'?" "Forts," answered the youth as he dashed away.