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OUR FOLKS.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Hi! Harry Holly! Halt—and tell
A fellow just a thing or two;
You've had a furlough, been to see
How all the folks in Jersey do.
It's months ago since I was there,
I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks.
When you were home—old comrade, say,
Did you see any of our folks?
"You did!"—Shake hands—Oh, ain't I glad;
For if I do look grim and rough,
I've got some feelin'.

People think
A soldier's heart is mighty tough;
But Harry, when the bullets fly,
And hot salt-petre flames and smokes,
While whole battalions lie afield,
One's apt to think about his folks.
And so you saw them,—when? and where?
The old man—is he lively yet?
And mother—does she fade at all,
Or does she seem to pine and fret
For me?—And Sis!—has she grown tall?
And did you see her friend—you know
That Annie Moss—

(How this pipe chokes!)
Where did you see her?—tell me, Hal,
A lot of news about our folks.

You saw them in the church—you say;
It's likely, for they're always there.
"Not Sunday?" no!—"A funeral! Who!
Why, Harry, how you shake and stare—
All well, you say, and all were out.

What ails you, Hal! Is this a hoax!
Why don't you tell me, like a man,
What is the matter with our folks?
"I said all well, old comrade—true,
I say all well, for He knows best
Who takes the young ones in his arms,
Before the sun goes to the West,
The ax-man Death deals right and left,
And flowers fall as well as oaks;
And so—

Fair Annie blooms no more!
And that's the matter with your folks,
See, this long curl was kept for you;
And this white blossom from her breast;
And here—your sister Bessie wrote
A letter, telling all the rest,
Bear up, old friend!"

Nobody speaks,
Only the old camp-raven croaks,
And soldiers whisper:
"Boys, he still,
There's some bad news from Graingers
folks."

He turns his back—(the only foe
That ever saw it) on this grief,
And as man will, keeps down the tears
Kind Nature sends to Woe's relief,
Then answers her:
"Ay, Hal, I'll try;
But in my throat there's something chokes,
Because you see, I've thought so long
To count her in, among our folks.
I s'pose she must be happy now,
But still I will keep thinking too,
I could have kept all trouble off,
By being tender, kind and true.
But maybe not.

She's safe up there,
And when the Hand deals other strokes,
She'll stand by Heaven's gate I know,
And wait to welcome in our folks."

When General Sherman was in command at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, he was in the habit of visiting every part of that institution, and making himself familiar with everything that was going on. He wore a brown coat and a "stove-pipe hat," and was not generally recognized by the minor officials or the soldiers.

One day while walking through the grounds he met with a soldier who was unmercifully beating a mule.
"Stop pounding that mule!" said the General.
"Git out!" said the soldier, in blissful ignorance of the person to whom he was speaking.
"I tell you to stop!" reiterated the General.

"You mind your business, and I'll mind mine," replied the soldier, continuing his flank movement upon the mule.
"I tell you again to stop!" said the General. "Do you know who I am? I am General Sherman."
"That's played out," said the soldier; "every man who comes along here with an old brown coat and a stove-pipe hat on claims to be General Sherman."

It is presumed that for once General Sherman considered himself outflanked.—*Harpers's Magazine.*

The 18th New Hampshire regiment received an unexpected acquisition to its ranks a few days since. A corporal was taken suddenly ill and sent to the hospital, and in a few hours afterwards, presented her comrades with a fine, healthy "raw recruit." That corporal deserves promotion.

Army of the Potomac.

Events prior to Lee's Surrender.—18 Guns and 10,000 Prisoners taken on the 6th and 7th.—Attack by Sheridan on the 9th.—How our Army received the news.—Death of Brigadier-General Smyth.

ASSOCIATED PRESS ACCOUNT.
Washington, April 13, 1865.

Correspondence from the Army of the Potomac says that very little fighting took place on the 7th inst., at Farmville. There was some skirmishing between the enemy's rear guard and the Second Corps, with the Second Division of Cavalry, the result being unimportant. Lee had intended to fall back to Danville, but being cut off by our forces getting to Burkesville, he changed his course and started toward Lynchburg. Part of his army passed through Farmville on the 7th. After crossing the Appomattox, the bridges were burned, and before our troops could get over, the enemy had taken a position a mile from the river, where they erected works and made a stand in order to allow their wagons to get out of the way. On this side of the river, just outside of the town, a division of cavalry had taken up a position, determined to annoy our advance while reconstructing the bridge. The Second Division, under Gen. Crook, attacked them vigorously, driving them back some distance. But they had a force dismounted lying in ambush, which poured a severe fire into our men as they advanced to the second attack, and they were compelled to fall back on their supports.

The Rebels soon after retired, being indisposed to await another charge. The loss on both sides was very light. The Second Corps soon after crossed the river, and pushing on after the enemy drove them behind their newly built breast-works. Gen. Smyth was severely and it is believed mortally wounded in leading the charge. This was a sad loss to the command. Every man in it feels the loss as a personal one. A more gallant soldier never served his country, and he not only ranked high for bravery on the field, but as a gentleman and a friend he was beloved by all who knew him. The loss in the Second Corps will be about 150 mostly of Smyth's brigade.

In the morning, before the enemy crossed the river, twelve guns were taken from them, and afterward six more, making eighteen during the day and about 2,000 prisoners.

The number of prisoners taken on the 6th is put down at 7,700, almost entirely of Kershaw's and Custis Lee's Divisions. The correspondent, after giving further details of events, but which have mainly been published through official sources, says the field where the surrender took place was almost covered with the enemy's dead, all of them, nearly, being shot in the head and upper part of the body. The position was a very favorable one for them, but our artillery had good range on an adjoining hill, and our men charged up the ascent with such impetuosity that some were bayoneted before they left their light breastworks. The road for miles was strewn with broken-down wagons, caissons, and baggage of all kinds, presenting a scene seldom witnessed on the part of Lee's army.

The loss on the 6th will sum up about 1,000 in killed and wounded, the Sixth Corps suffering the heaviest.

Another letter dated on the evening of the 8th, says: "Stragglers are found scattered all along the line of march, and as the troops pass they come in and surrender themselves, expressing their determination to fight no longer, as they consider the rebellion as good as over."
"Four guns were brought in this morning, beside a long train of ambulances, many containing wounded, who were placed in hospitals and cared for. Gen. Gordon sent four surgeons through the line this afternoon, asking that they be allowed to minister to the wants of those left behind on the road; but as we have plenty of such help they will be returned to their army in the morning."
"Gen. Hays was relieved from the command of the Second Division of the Second Corps yesterday, for tardiness in moving the command in obedience to orders."

Another letter, dated April 9, says: "Notwithstanding the correspondence between Gen. Grant and Lee yesterday, which led all to expect a formal surrender this morning, the latter exerted all his energies to escape the net laid for him. He marched rapidly all yesterday afternoon and evening, until he ran against Sheridan at the Appomattox Court House.

A sharp fight ensued, resulting in the capture of a number of prisoners and the checking of their retreat.

The Twenty-fourth and Fifth Corps were close up in support of the cavalry, and during the night took up a strong position across the main road and on the South-side, the Appomattox River on the north side cutting them off from retreat in that direction.

Early this morning Sheridan attacked vigorously, and for some time a brisk engagement was carried on.

About 9 a. m. a flag-of-truce appeared in front of his line, and he was informed that hostilities had been suspended in order to arrange terms of surrender.

Gen. Sheridan's Adjutant-General was allowed to come through the Rebel column to communicate with Gen. Meade, who stated that he knew of no such arrangement, and that he was about to move forward, in accordance with his previous intentions.

Gen. Lee, however, sent another message, desiring to have an interview with Gen. Grant to arrange the terms of surrender, and Gen. Meade was thus obliged to grant a two hours armistice in order to communicate with Gen. Grant who had moved around to the left during the night. Gen. Grant consenting to see Gen. Lee and discuss the matter, about 4 1/2 o'clock Lieut.-Col. Whittier of Gen. Wright's Staff came in and reported the terms arranged and the papers signed, when the greatest excitement prevailed throughout our lines, cheer upon cheer rent the air.

Soon after, Gen. Meade and Staff, with other officers, rode along the lines of the Second and Sixth Corps, and they were greeted with the most enthusiastic shouts, the men throwing their hats in the air and fairly dancing with joy and delight.

No such scene has ever been witnessed in this army, and the thanks of the whole country are due to the brave men and their heroic commanders for such a great and glorious result.

It is understood that the men of Gen. Lee's Army are to be paroled and allowed to return to their homes. They gave up everything in their hands, but last night they destroyed large amounts of property in the shape of wagons, gun carriages, baggage, papers, &c.

The number of Gen. Lee's force is put down at about 20,000 men. Very few guns were in their possession, as they abandoned nearly all they did not lose in action.

Thirty-eight guns were brought in yesterday, and several this morning.

The rank and file of Lee's army are said to be well satisfied to give up the struggle, believing that they have no hope of success, but say that if Gen. Lee had refused to surrender, they would have stuck to him to the last.

The officers are somewhat surly and discontented, but this feeling will soon wear off when they find how liberally and kindly our people are disposed to treat them.

Another letter from the Army of the Potomac, dated April 12, says:
The final arrangements for the surrender of Lee's army were completed yesterday, and to-day they are at liberty to proceed to their homes or elsewhere as they choose. The terms granted were certainly of a very liberal character.

A large number of officers, together with thousands of the men of this army express their dissatisfaction not only at the unparalleled liberality granted to the Army of Northern Virginia, but at the manner in which they were paroled and allowed to go their way without our men being permitted to enjoy the results of their long struggle in the passage through the lines of Gen. Lee and his army; but it is claimed that this would have been humiliating to Gen. Lee and his officers, and that it is not the wish or desire of our Government or commanders to act toward them in any way that would tend to irritate their feelings or make their position more intolerable than it actually is. The policy pursued may have been for the best, and our soldiers will submit as they always do to what is judged most wise.

During Sunday night and Monday large numbers of the Rebels, as well as some of the officers, made their escape from the lines and scattered through the woods, many no doubt intending to return home. Our camps last night were filled with them begging something to eat, which of course was freely given.

These men, when asked if they had been paroled, invariably replied, "No—but we are allowed to go where we please."

The number of men that General Lee claimed to be able to give up was 10,000 with muskets, with as many more from the commissary, quartermaster, hospital and other departments; but officers who have been permitted to pass through their camp assert that not more than 7,000 or 8,000 will be found to have been surrendered.

The cavalry operating with General Lee was also turned over, but only a small force with broken down horses could be found, report stating that the best had been picked out and sent to Gen. Johnson.

The number of guns given up was thirty, with from three to four hundred wagons.

Very little ammunition and no supplies were found.

As an evidence of the state of their commissary when they reached Farmville, the residents tell us they had been issuing ears of corn to the men for several days previous, but that a train from Lynchburg met them there with flour and pork; but of some 2,000 horses turned over to us not more than 200 were found to be worth a single ration of forage for each.

Commissioner Ould and Assistant-Commissary Hatch were captured on their way from Richmond toward Danville, and were brought into camp on Sunday. They had a large Southern Express wagon filled with cigars, liquors and other luxuries, and by some under standing were allowed to go into Gen. Lee's lines. They returned last evening, and are said to have gone to Richmond on some business connected with the exchange question.

Orders were issued last evening for a

movement of the troops now here. The Second and Sixth Corps are to start this morning for Burkesville Junction. The cavalry and Twenty-fourth Corps are to go toward Danville, while the Fifth Corps will remain to take possession of and bring away the property and effects of Lee's Army.

The trains are now running to Burkesville Junction, the road being in a rather shaky condition, not much regularly is as yet obtainable in the time table.

Brig.-Gen. Smyth died on the 9th inst, from the effects of the wound he received on the 6th. His body has been embalmed and is on its way to his late home. He lived in Wilmington, Del., and leaves a wife and child to mourn his loss.

Brig.-Gen. Mott, who was badly wounded in the engagement of the 6th inst., while gallantly leading his men in a charge on a rebel wagon train, left for home this morning on leave of absence. Gen. Mott's wound is just below the knee, the ball passing through between the bones.

A Spicy Interview.

On the arrival of Gen. Sherman at Savannah he saw a large number of British flags displayed from buildings, and had the curiosity to know how many British consuls there were. He soon ascertained that these flags were on buildings where cotton had been stored away, and at once ordered it to be seized. Soon after that, when the General was busy engaged at his headquarters, a pompous gentleman walked in, apparently in great haste, and inquired if he was General Sherman. Having received an affirmative reply, the pompous gentleman remarked, "that when he left his residence United States troops were engaged in removing his cotton from it, when it was protected by the British flag."

"Stop, sir," said Gen. Sherman, "not your cotton, sir, but my cotton, my cotton in the name of the United States Government, sir. I have noticed," continued General Sherman, "a great many flags here, all protecting cotton; I have seized it all in the name of my government."

"But, sir," said the consul, indignantly, "there is scarcely any cotton in Savannah that does not belong to me."

"There is not a pound of cotton here, sir, that does not belong to me, for the United States," responded Sherman.

"Well, sir," said the consul, swelling himself up with the dignity of his office, and reddening in the face, "my government shall hear of this. I shall report your conduct to my government, sir."

"Ah! pray, who are you, sir?" said the General.

"Consul to her British Majesty, sir."

"Oh, indeed," responded the General, "I hope you will report me to your government. You will please say to your government, for me, that I have been fighting the English government all the way from the Ohio river to Vicksburg, and thence to this point. At every step I have encountered British arms, British goods of every description, at every step, sir. I have met them in all shapes; and now, sir, I find you claiming all the cotton, sir. I intend to call upon my government to order me to Nassau at once."

"What do you propose to do there?" asked the consul, taken somewhat aback.

"I would," replied the General, "take with me a quantity of picks and shovels, and throw that cursed sand hill into the sea, sir; and then I would pay for it, sir—if necessary. Good day, sir."

It is needless to add that General Sherman was not again troubled by the officious representative of her majesty's government.

The Shortest War.

Some twelve years ago, Napoleon, Ind., was celebrated for two things, one for the carousing propensities of its citizens, and the other for the great number of cross roads in its vicinity. It appears that an Eastern collector had stopped at Dayton to spend the night, and get some information respecting his future course. During the evening he became acquainted with an old drover, who appeared well posted as to the geography of the country, and the collector thought he might as well inquire in regard to the best route to different points to which he was destined.

"I wish to go to Greenfield," said the collector; "now which is the shortest way?"

"Well, sir," said the drover, "you had better go to Napoleon and take the road leading nearly north."

The traveller noted it down.

"Well, sir, if I wish to go to Edinburg?"

"Then go to Napoleon and take the road west."

"Well, if I wish to go to Vernon?"

"Go to Napoleon and take the road southwest."

"Or to Indianapolis?" added the collector, eyeing the drover closely, and thinking he was being imposed on.

"Go to Napoleon and take the road northwest."

The Patience of Abraham Lincoln.

A Washington correspondent of the Methodist gives us a glimpse of Old Abe's dealings with the multitudinous claims of so-called Loyal men, from Georgia, that are every day pressed upon his attention. We quote:

We do not mean to say that the President's patience never yields. In one instance we entered his office and found him in close and loud conversation with a gentleman from a certain portion of reclaimed southern territory. The visitor professed to be a southern loyalist, and wanted certain papers signed by the President, making good great damage inflicted upon him by the war.

The claimant urged his claims in soft, timid tones, and the President answered in a way quite the reverse. He was not pleased.

"Why, this paper does not say you are entitled to the money."

"No, sir, but it recommends my claim to your consideration."

"But, sir, you do not prove your claim."

"We are loyal, sir."

"Yes, sir, and so are the men who stand up in front of Richmond to be shot, but they don't come here to plague me."

"We don't wish to worry you, Mr. President."

"No, I knew what you want—you are turning, or trying to turn me, into a justice of the peace, to put your claims through. There are hundred thousand men in the country, every one of them as good as you are, who have just such bills as you present; and you care nothing of what becomes of them so you get your money."

"We think our claim just, Mr. President."

"Yes, but you know you can't prove what is in this paper by all the people in the United States, and you want me to prove it for you by writing my name on the back of it, yes, in plain words you wish me to lie for you that you may get your money. I shall not do it."

The visitor stands a moment, as if dizzy and undecided, and gathering up slowly retires to digest his repulse as best he may.

The Farm and the Street.

On Monday last a boy presented himself at the counter of Jay Cooke & Co. in Philadelphia, and said that he wanted to invest \$10,000 in Seven-Thirties. He uncovered that amount of money from his person in greenbacks and notes of Ohio and Indiana banks. It soon transpired that he lived in the western part of Indiana, and desiring to invest in the Government Loan, and thinking with a prudent simplicity that it would be safest to get his bonds right from Jay Cooke's own hands, he traveled all the way to Philadelphia to make the purchase. While there he received the attentions which his patriotism and devotion merited.

On Friday of last week a German came into the National Bank of Dubuque, having walked 30 miles from his farm, in the neighborhood of Bellevue. His clothes were ragged—the appearance of the man was that of a mendicant. 'Twas an artifice to avert robbery on the road. For, in the bank, he took out of his dress \$13,000, his own money in part, principally his neighbors, entrusted to him to invest in the Government Loan. Every dollar of the thirteen thousand had been dug by these Germans out of the soil with hard days' work.

A few days since a combination of immensely wealthy Wall st. owners of gold attacked the Government credit by throwing upon the market Government bonds in quantities supposed to be sufficient to break the market down. The history of the endeavor from its inception to its fruits remains to be written. Comparisons are odious, and we respect misfortunes.—N. Y. Tribune.

Gold Operators Punished.

A gang of secession sympathizers who have been speculating in gold, and running down the credit of the Government, went under in New York during the panic of week before last. These parties lived, some in Canada, some in Louisville, and others in various part of the country, but all were animated by the same spirit of hostility to the Government. The Cincinnati Gazette says that H. J. Lyon, of Louisville, was the head and front of the clique. He represented the latter in the gold room. They made a large amount of money last year, and expected to make a great deal more this year, feeling confident that gold would go to five-hundred. A Louisville rebel preacher is among the used up individuals. He started out with twenty thousand in gold, which belonged to his wife. This, with profits on early transactions, he used as a margin, and got to be an extensive operator. His ventures last week used up all his margins and left him high and dry, with a large debt to manage. The public has no pity for those who are thus punished for trading on their country's misfortunes.

At the—, the other evening one gentleman pointed out a dandified individual to a friend as a sculptor.

"What!" said his friend, "such a looking cap as that a sculptor? Surely you must be mistaken."

"He may not be the kind of one you mean," said the informant, "but I know that he chiselled a tailor out of a suit of clothes last week."

How to Make Hard Soap.

The American Agriculturist gives the following four recipes for making hard soap. The editor particularly recommends No. 1, and as this is the time of year when our thrifty housewives supply themselves with this much needed article, we make this publication for their benefit.

No. 1. Pour 4 gallons of boiling water over six pounds of washing soda (sal soda) and 3 pounds of unslacked lime. Stir the mixture well, and let it settle until it is perfectly clear. It is better to let it stand all night as it takes some time for the sediment to settle. When clear, strain the water, put 6 pounds of fat with it and boil for two hours, stirring it most of the time. If it does not seem thin enough, put another gallon of water on the grounds, stir and drain off, and add as is wanted to the boiling mixture. Its thickness can be tried by occasionally putting a little on a plate to cool. Stir in a handful of salt just before taking off the fire. Have a tub ready soaked, to prevent the soap from sticking, pour it in, and let it settle until solid, when you will have from the above quantity of ingredients about forty pounds of nice white soap.

No. 2. Dissolve 1 pound concentrated potash, in 2 quarts of boiling water, in a small kettle by itself. In another kettle, boil about 5 pounds of clean fat, or tallow, or its equivalent of soap grease, with 2 gallons of soft water. As soon as the grease is melted, gradually add the dissolved lye from the small kettle, about a gill at a time, until all lye is used, constantly boiling and stirring over a slow fire until it becomes thick, and as transparent as honey. During this process, sufficient water should be added occasionally to replace what has boiled out. If using fresh grease, add 4 ounces of salt. Let it stand till it gets cold, then cut into bars, and put away to dry. The concentrated potash, or lye, can be obtained at any drug store, and usually in country stores where medicines are kept.

No. 3. Another correspondent writes: "Hard soap is made the same as good soft soap, by the union of grease and strong lye the clearer the grease, the better the soap. They are boiled up together; when they boil up thick, then add salt in the proportion of 2 quarts to 8 gallons of soap. Let it boil up thoroughly, set it away to cool, when it can be cut out and dried ready for use."

No. 4. Take about 12 quarts good soft soap, add 1 teacupful of fine salt, bring it to a boil while stirring, and set away until cold; then take off the top, bring it up to a simmer, then strain, put it on a board to dry. Cut it up and turn while drying.

Wood and Taken.

A curious illustration of the changes in domestic relations brought about by the war has come to our notice. A resident of this county entered the service as a member of one of the first Companies, which left Honesdale in 1861, leaving a weeding wife bemoaning his departure. In the course of time the volunteer was reported dead, and the widow dry in tears, became the wife of another. Matters progressed after the Enoch Arden style until husband No. one unexpectedly made his appearance upon the scene, when the novel method of determining the rival claims of the two Benedicts by a game of cards was agreed upon. The contest took place in the presence of a number of interested spectators, and the best of the joke is that each of the players tried his best to be beaten. The disputed property fell to the lot of the original owner.—*Honesdale (Pa.) Herald.*

Fernelius calls disease an affection of the body, contrary to nature; a perturbation of its habit; a derangement of its courses. What disease is, sometimes eludes human intelligence, but some diseases are known—their origin, action and even their antidotes. Whoever has discovered an actual remedy for one disease, has done something for his race. Doct. Ayer has done more, for his medicines afford us the means to control and cure several dangerous disorders. We rarely speak of medical subjects, preferring to leave them to physicians, who understand them better. But such effects as are seen in our midst, on affections of the lungs by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on scrofulous complaints by his Sarsaparilla, and on the liver complaint that they cure by Ayer's Pills, should not be ignored.—*(Keokuk, Iowa) Journal.*

The damage by the freshet at Elmira, New York, was over \$1,000,000. The flood washed away part of the fence enclosing the grounds where the Rebel prisoners are confined, and some of the "Johnnies" were well wet before they were rescued.

The most enterprising fellow we have heard of lately is an appreciative chap who advertises on behalf of a certain famous accident-railway that "an experienced coroner and six practical jurors will follow each regular train in special cars, together with a few surgeons and reporters."

Bushwhacking receives speedy punishment in Illinois. Three guerrillas recently shot John Morris, a wealthy man living near Ocoee Station on the General road, and robbed him of \$180. Four hundred men at once turned out, caught the murderers, hung two in the freight-house, and allowed the officers to take the other to jail.