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A Hint to Boys.

Under the heading, "A Good Boy Wanted," says the *Agriculturist*, a gentleman of New York advertised in one of the daily papers. Upon entering his office the next morning, there stood a crowd of forty or fifty boys waiting to see him. All were strangers, and of course it was rather difficult to select the best one of the company; but there were a few signs by which it could be decided at once that many of these lads were not wanted, from which our young friends may take a hint. Several of the boys had uncombed hair and unwashed faces. If they could not be likely to do their work nicely, so those were passed over without further notice. One boy looked bright and smart, but he kept crowding his way to the front of all others and thrusting himself into notice. It was readily to be seen that he was too "smart;" he would probably prove pert and saucy. Then came a boy with a cheek peeping out of his breast pocket—a cheap trashy novel. He was not wanted; his mind would be following the hero of the wonderful story through impossible adventures, while his work suffered. One boy fell to quarreling with his neighbor; another had to be reprimanded for meddling with articles in the office; a third chewed tobacco; neither of these was wanted. From the few remaining, after dismissing the above classes, the boy was selected who could bring the best testimonials of honesty, intelligence and industry; good character, will be sure, sooner or later to bring a good reputation and its rewards.

Saturday Evening.

How many a kiss has been given—how many a caress—how many a look of hate—how many a kind word—how many a promise has been broken—how many a heart has been wrecked—how many a soul lost—how many a loved one lowered to the narrow chamber—how many a babe has gone forth from earth to heaven—how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the rarest of the treasures of the heart! A week is a history. A week makes events of sorrow or of gladness, which people never heed. Go home, you heart-erring wanderer. Go home to the cheer that awaits you, wronged waifs on earth's billows. Go home to your family, man of business. Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by.—Leave your books with complex figures—leave everything—your dirty shop—your business store. Rest with those you love; for God alone knows what next Saturday night may bring them. Forget the world of care and battles with which life furrowed the week. Draw close around the family hearth. Saturday night has awaited your coming with sadness, in tears and silence. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence, and meet to return the embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and to bless God for giving His weary children so dear a stepping stone in the river to the Eternal, as Saturday night.

An impertinent conductor on the Second and Third street (Philadelphia), passenger Railway, was rather too fast the other day for his own comfort. The case is thus stated by the *Bulletin*:

An individual with an exceedingly dark complexion, got upon the car, when he was immediately informed by the conductor that colored people were not allowed to ride on that line.

"Do you call me a nigger?" savagely inquired the would be passenger.

"No," replied the conductor, "but I call you colored person."

The conductor immediately received a blow which knocked him from the platform; upon regaining his feet his assailant remarked: "I am satisfied now and will convince you that I'm not a colored person." He then opened a valise and displayed a uniform of Collis's Zouaves, saying—"I'm a soldier and have just been discharged." It is well known that the men of Collis's Zouaves are greatly bronzed, and many of them might well be mistaken for colored people when they are without uniforms.

Two lawyers having a dispute, one said to the other, who was a dwarf:

"If you are not more civil I'll put you in my pocket."

"In that case," replied the little one, "you will have more law in your pocket than you ever had in your head."

When Jeff. Davis made his triumphant entry into Montgomery, he threatened that the Yankees should feel Southern steel; but, really, they did not expect to feel it in a hoop skirt.

"Well, Sambo, how do you like your new place?"

"Not berry well, massa."

"What did you have for breakfast this morning?"

"Why, you see, missus biled some eggs for herself and gib me do brof!"

HOW RICHMOND WAS TAKEN.

The following extract is from an article on General Grant's last campaign in the *Atlantic Monthly*, for June?

The appointment of Gen. Grant to the command of all the armies was not only the beginning of a new regime, but the adoption of a new idea—that Lee's army was the objective point, rather than the city of Richmond.

"The power of the rebellion lies in the rebel army," said General Grant to the writer one evening in June last. We had been conversing upon Fort Donelson and Pittsburg Landing. One by one his staff officers dropped off to their tents, and we were alone. It was a quiet, starlit night. The Lieutenant General was enjoying his fragrant Havana cigar, and was in a mood of conversation, not upon what he was going to do, but upon what had been done. He is always wisely reticent upon the present and future, but agreeably communicative upon what has passed into history.

"I have lost a good many men since the army left the Rapidan, but there was no help for it. The rebel army must be destroyed before we can put down the rebellion," he continued.

There was a disposition at that time on the part of the disloyal press of the North to bring Gen. Grant into bad odor. He was called "The Butcher." Even some Republican Congressmen were ready to demand his removal. General Grant alluded to it and said:

"God knows I don't want to see men slaughtered; but we have appealed to arms, and we have got to fight it out."

He had already given public utterance to the expression:—"I intend to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." Referring to the successive flank movements which had been made, from the Rapidan to the Wilderness, to Spottsylvania to the North Anna, to the Chickahominy, to Petersburg, he said:

"My object has been to get between Lee and his southern communications."

At the time the Weldon road was in the hands of the enemy, and Early was on a march down the Valley, towards Washington. This movement was designed to frighten Grant and send him back by steamer to defend the capitol; but the Sixth Corps only was sent, while the troops remaining still kept pressing on in a series of flank movements, which resulted in the seizure of the Weldon road.—That was the most damaging blow which Lee had received. He made desperate efforts to recover what had been lost, but in vain. It was the beginning of the end. Then the public generally could see the meaning of General Grant's strategy—that the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and all the terrible battles which had been fought, were according to a plan, which, if carried out, must end in victory. The Richmond newspapers, which had ridiculed the campaign, and found an echo in the disloyal press of the North, began to discuss the question of supplies; and to keep their courage up, they indulged in boastful declarations that the Southside railroad could never be taken.

The march of Sherman from Atlanta to Savannah and through South Carolina, destroying railroads and supplies, the taking of Wilmington, Sheridan's movement from Winchester up the Valley of the Shenandoah, striking the James River Canal and the Central Railroad, and then the transfer of his whole force from the "White House" to the left flank of the Army of the Potomac, were parts of a well-matured design to weaken Lee's army.

Everything was ready for a final blow. The forces of General Grant were disposed as follows:

The Army of the James, composed of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Corps, and commanded by General Ord, was north of the James River, its right flank resting on the old battle-field of Glendale, and its left flank on the Appomattox.—The Ninth Army Corps, the right wing of the Army of the Potomac, was next in line, then the Sixth, and then the Second, its left resting on Hatcher's Run. The Fifth was in rear of the Second. The line thus held was nearly forty miles in length, defended on the front and rear by strong earthworks and abatis.

Gen. Grant's entire force could not have been much less than a hundred and thirty thousand, including Sheridan's cavalry, the force at City Point, and the provisional brigade at Fort Powhatan. Lee's whole force was not far from seventy thousand, or seventy-five thousand, including the militia of Richmond and Petersburg; but he was upon the defence, and held an interior and shorter line.

The work which Gen. Grant had in hand was the seizure of the Southside Railroad by an extension of his left flank. He had attempted it once with the Fifth Corps, at Dabney's Mill, and had failed; but that attempt had been of value; he had gained a knowledge of the country. His engineers had mapped it, the roads, the streams, the houses. The fight at Dabney's Mill was a random stroke, a "feeling the position," to use a term common in camp, which enabled him to detect the weak point of Lee's lines. To comprehend the movement, it is necessary to understand the geographical and topographical features of the country, which are somewhat peculiar. Hatcher's Run is a branch of the Nottoway River, which has its rise in a swamp about four miles from the Appomattox and twenty southwest from Petersburg, along the ridge of land between the Appomattox and the head-waters of the Nottoway,

protected by the swamp of Hatcher's Run and by the swamp of Stony Creek, another tributary to the Nottoway.

The point aimed at by Gen. Grant is known as the "Five Forks," a place where five roads meet, on the table-land between the head waters of Hatcher's Run and Stony Creek. It was the most accessible gate-way leading to the railroad. If he could break at that point, he would turn Lee's flank, deprive him of the swamps, use them for his own cover, and seize the railroad. To take Five Forks was to take all; for the long and terrible conflict had become so shorn of its outside proportions, so reduced to simple elements, that, if Lee lost that position, all was lost—Petersburg, Richmond, his army, and the Confederacy.

Surprise is expressed that the rebellion went down so suddenly, in a night at one blow, toppling over like a child's house of cards, imposing to look upon, yet of very little substance; but the calculations of Gen. Grant were to give a finishing stroke.

If, by massing the main body of his troops upon the extreme left of his line, he succeeded in carrying the position of the Five Forks, it would compel Lee to evacuate Richmond. Lee's line of retreat must necessarily be towards Danville; but Grant, at the Five Forks, would be nearer Danville by several miles than Lee; and he would thus, instead of the exterior line, have the interior, with the power to push Lee at every step farther from his direct line of retreat. That Grant saw all this, and executed his plan in evidence of great military ability. The plan involved not merely the carrying of the Five Forks, but great activity afterwards. The capture of Lee was a forethought, not an afterthought.

"Commissaries will prepare twelve days rations," was his order, which meant a long march, and the annihilation of Lee's army. An ordinary commander might have been satisfied with merely breaking down the door, and seizing the railroad, knowing that it would be the beginning of dissolution to the Rebel army; but Grant's part went farther, the routing of the burglar from the house, and dispatching him on the spot. Perhaps Lee saw what the end would be, and he did the best he could with his troops; but inasmuch as he did not issue the order for the transfer of a division from Richmond to the Southside till Saturday night, after the Five Forks were lost, it may be presumed that he did not fully comprehend the importance of holding that gateway.

If he had seen that Richmond must be eventually evacuated, he might have saved his army by a sudden withdrawal from both Richmond and Petersburg, on Friday night, pushing down the Southside Road, and throwing his whole force on Sheridan and the Fifth Corps, which would enable him to reach Danville. Not doing that, he lost all.

It is not intended in this article to give the details of the attack at the Five Forks and along the line, but mere to show how the forces were wielded in the last magnificent, annihilating blow.

On the 25th of March the Twenty-Fourth Corps was transferred from the north side of the James to Hatcher's Run, taking the position of the Second Corps.

The force designed for the attack upon the Five Forks was composed of the Fifth Corps and Sheridan's cavalry, the whole under the command of Sheridan. The Second Corps was massed across Hatcher's Run, and kept in position to frustrate any attempt that might be made to cut Sheridan from the support of the main army.

Sheridan found a large force in front of him along Chamberlain's Creek, 3 miles west of Dinwiddie Court House.—He had had hard fighting and was repulsed. There was want of co-operation on the part of Warren, commander of the Fifth Corps, who was relieved of his command the next morning, Gen. Griffin succeeding him. A heavy rain-storm came on, wagons went hub-deep in the mud. The swamps were overflowed. The army came to a stand still. The soldiers were without tents. Thousands had thrown away their blankets. There was gloom and discouragement throughout the camp. But all the axes and shovels were brought into requisition, and the men went to work building corduroy roads. It was much better for the morale of the army than to sit by bivouacs waiting for sunny skies. The week passed away. The Richmond papers were confident and boastful of final success.

"We are very hopeful of the campaign which is opening, and trust we are to reap a large advantage from the operations evidently near at hand. * * * We have only to resolve never to surrender, and it will be impossible that we shall ever be taken," said the *Sentinel*, in its issue of Saturday, April 1st, the last paper ever issued from that office. The order was not aware of the fact, that on Friday evening, while he was penning this paragraph, Sheridan was bursting open the door at five Forks and had the rebellion by the throat. Lee attempted to retrieve the disaster on Saturday by depicting his left and centre to reinforce the right. Then came the order from Grant, "attack vigorously all along the line."

How splendidly it was executed! The Ninth, the Sixth, the Second, and the Twenty-Fourth Corps all went tumbling upon the enemy's works, like breakers upon the beach, tearing away *chevaux de frise*, rushing into the ditches, sweeping

over the embankments, and dashed through the embrasures of the forts. In an hour the C. S. A.—the Confederate Slave Army—the ship of State was launched but four years ago, which went proudly sailing, with the death's head and cross-bones at her truck, on a cruise against civilization and christianity, hailed as a right-belligerent, furnished with guns, ammunition, provisions, and all needful supplies by England and France, was thrown a helpless wreck upon the shores of Time.

Five Years on Post.

During one of Napoleon's remarkable campaigns, a detachment of a corps commanded by Davoust occupied the Isle Rugen, which they were ordered to evacuate. They embarked with such precipitation that they forgot one of their sentinels posted in a retired spot, and who was so deeply absorbed in the perusal of a newspaper containing an account of one of the Emperor's splendid victories, as to be totally unconscious of their departure. After pacing to and fro for many hours on his post, he lost patience, and returned to the guard-room, which he found empty. On inquiry, he learned with despair what had happened, and cried:

"Alas! alas! I shall be looked upon as a deserter—dishonored, lost, unhappy wretch that I am!"

His lamentation excited the compassion of a worthy tradesman, who took him to his house, did all in his power to console him, taught him to make bread, for he was a baker, and, after some months, gave him his only daughter, Justine, in marriage.

Five years afterwards, a strange sail was seen approach the Island. The inhabitants flocked to the beach, and soon discovered in the advancing ship a number of soldiers wearing the uniform of the French army.

"I am done for now," cried the dismayed husband of Justine. "My bread is baked."

An idea, however, suddenly occurred to him, and revived his courage. He ran to the house, slipped into his uniform, and, seizing his faithful firelock, returned to the beach, and posted himself on sentry at the moment the French were landing.

"Who goes there?" he shouted in a voice like thunder.

"Who goes there, yourself?" replied one in a boat. "Who are you?"

"A sentinel."

"How long have you been on guard?"

"Five years."

Davoust, for it was he, laughed at the quaint reply and gave a discharge in due form, to his involuntary deserter.

Worthy of Imitation.

There are laws in Maine, which I think all the other States would do well to adopt. The first is one enacted at the suggestion of Gov. Hubbard in 1851.—He was, and still is, an extensive medical practitioner in the State, and in course of his journeying far and near, driving his own beast, he realized the need of frequent and convenient watering places on the highways. By his recommendation the legislature passed a law proposing that any person, to the acceptance of the selectmen, who should set up a good tub or trough by the roadside, into which pure water should be constantly discharged, and make it easily accessible to travelers, should have an abatement of three taxes every year as long, as that convenience should be maintained. The consequence is now, that you cannot travel on any principal road in Maine where you will not see a flowing fountain of pure water, at which horses and cattle can refresh themselves, and for the most part, also, you will see a tin dipper hanging from the post, by means of which the human travelers may partake of Adam's ale.

Another provision of law in Maine, entitled to imitation is this: Any persons in the rural towns who will set out and properly protect rows of shade trees on the lines of the road, are rewarded by an abatement of their taxes. In many towns, therefore, you will now see the highways ornamented and shaded by growing sugar maples, elm, linded, and other deciduous trees. In many instances the effect is much set off by the intermingling of evergreen trees, such as hemlocks, firs, spruce, cedars, and pines. Such ornaments are not only a luxury to travelers in warm weather, but they embrace the age of the contiguous farms.—An *ex Editor*.

How to Sustain a Paper.

The Dayton Journal gives the following sensible directions:

- 1st. Subscribe and pay for it.
 - 2d. Get your neighbor to take it.
 - 3d. Seek printing and advertising to the office.
 - 4th. Help make the paper interesting by sending local items to the editor.
- Will our subscribers please practice upon these rules.

An editor in Maine has never been known to drink any water. He says he never heard of water used as a general remedy but once—in the time of Noah—when it killed more than it cured.

An Irishman swearing on assault against his three sons thus concluded:—"The only one of my children that shows me any filial affection is my youngest son, Larry, for he never strikes me when I'm down."

A Spartan Marriage.

Many of the laws of Lycurgus, in connection with this subject, would undoubtedly meet with the approbation of the fair sex of modern times. The time for marriage was fixed by statute—that of the man at about thirty or thirty-five years, that of the lady at about twenty, or a little younger. All men who continued unmarried after the appointed time were liable to prosecution, and all old bachelors were prohibited from being present at the public exercises of the Spartan maidens, and were denied the usual respect and honors paid to old age. "Why should I give you places," cried the young man to the old unmarried gentleman, "when you have no child to give me place when I am old?" On marriage portions were given to any of the maidens, so that neither poverty should prevent a gallant, nor riches tempt him to marry contrary to his inclinations. The parents of three children enjoyed considerable immunities, and those with for children paid no tax whatever—a regulation which all married men with large families will readily admit to be most wise and equitable. Every marriage was preceded by a betrothal, as in other Greek cities but the marriage itself was performed by the young Spartan carrying off his bride by pretended abduction, and for some time afterward she only met her husband on stated occasions. This extraordinary way of spending the honeymoon was first introduced by Lycurgus to prevent the husband from wasting too much of his time in his wife's society during the first year of their marriage; and in order to economize the bride's charms, it was customary for her bridesmaid to cut off all her hair on the wedding day, so that some time at least, her personal attractions should increase with her years.

Value of Amusement.

The world must be amused. It is entirely false reasoning to suppose that any human being can devote himself exclusively to labor of any kind. It will not do. Rest alone will not give him adequate relief. He must enjoy himself. He must laugh, sing, dance, eat drink and be merry. He must chat with his friends, exercise his mind in exciting gentle emotions, and his body agreeable demonstrations of activity. The constitutions of the human system demands this. It exacts a variety of influences and motion. It will not remain in health if it cannot obtain the variety. Too much merriment affects it as injuriously as too much sadness; too much relaxation is as pernicious as none at all. But to the industrious tailor, the sunshine of the heart is just as indispensable as the material sunshine is to the flower—both soon pine away and die if deprived of it.

Marriage.

Marriage is a school and exercise of virtue, and though marriage has cares, yet the single life has desires, which are more troublesome and more dangerous, and often end in sin, while the cares are but instances of duty and exercises of piety; and therefore if single life has more privacy of devotion, yet marriage has more necessities and more varieties of it; is an exercise of more graces.—Marriage is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duty of parents and the charity of relations; here kindness is united and made firm as a centre.

Marriage is the nursery of Heaven.—The virgin sends prayers to God, but she carries but one soul to him; but the state of marriage fills up the number of the elect, and has in it the labor of love and the delicacies of friendship, the blessings of society, and the union of hands and hearts. It has in it less of beauty but more of safety than the single life; it has more care but less danger; it is more merry and more sad, it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but it is supported by all the strength of love charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, and churches, and Heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of the apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out armies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God has designed the present constitution of the world.

Genuine Eloquence.

There are no people in the world with which eloquence is so universal as with the Irish. When Leigh Ritchie was traveling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of pallor, squalor, and raggedness. His heart smote him, and he turned back.

"If you are in want," said Ritchie, "why don't you beg?"

"Surely, it's begging I am, yer honor."

"You didn't say a word."
"Of course not, yer honor, but see how the skin is spakin' through the holes in my trowsers and the bones cryin' out through me skin! Look at me sunken cheeks, and the famine that's starvin' in me eyes! Man alive, isn't it beggin' I am with a thousand tongues?"

Extract of Words.

The following anecdote is related of an Eastern monarch, and is exceedingly suggestive. We once heard of a distinguished physician who thanked God because he was deaf since it saved him from hearing a world of nonsense. But we are inclined to think quite as much nonsense enters through the eyes as ear. The monarch had a library containing books enough to load a thousand camels.

"I cannot read all this," said he.—"Select the cream and essence of it, and let me have that." Whereupon the librarian distilled this ocean of words down to thirty camel loads. "Too bulky yet," said the monarch. "I have not time to read that." Whereupon the thirty loads were doubly distilled, and a selection was made, sufficient to load a single ass.—"Too bulky yet," said the monarch.—"Whereupon it was doubly distilled, and the only residuum was these three lines written on a palm leaf: 'This is the sum of all science. Perhaps.' "This is the sum of all morality—Love that which is good, and practice it." This is the sum of all creeds—Believe what is true, and do not tell all you believe."

Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do what is right. If a friend asks you a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if it is not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one; the man who requires you to do so, is dearly purchased, and at a sacrifice. Deal kindly, and firmly with all men; and you will find it the policy which wears the best.—Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing to a man's face, and another behind his back. We should live, act and speak out of doors as the phrase is, and say and do what we are willing should be known and read by all men. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but as a matter of policy.

"Sir," said a sturdy beggar to a benevolent man, "please to give me a quarter; I am hungry and unable to procure food. The hunger was given, when the beggar said: 'You have done a noble deed.—You have saved me from something which I fear I will yet have to come to.' "What is that?" said the benefactor.—"Work," was the mournful answer.

Kissing Josh Buillings says there is "one cold, blue, lean kiss, that always makes him shiver to see. Two persons (ov the femal perswasun) who witnessed a great merry younger and more pulp daze meet in some publick place, and not having saw each other for 24 hours, they kiss immediately; they then blush and larf at what they say to each other, and kiss again immediately. This kind of kissing puts me in mind, ov tow old flints trying tew strike fire."

Francis Pigg, of Indiana, has run away from Mrs. Pigg and four little Piggs.—Our imp says he is a Hog.

An old Indian, who had witnessed the effect of whiskey for many years, said that a barrel of liquor contained one thousand songs and fifty fights. Pretty correct Indian that.

"Ke," said Mrs. Partington, "how do they find out the distance between the earth and the sun?" "Oh," said the young hopeful, "they calculate a quarter of the distance, and then multiply by four."

"Pa," said a youngster, "what is punctuation?"

"It is the part of putting stops, my child."

"Then I wish you would go down into the cellar and punctuate the cider barrel, as the cider is running all over the floor."

A gentleman at the Astor House table, New York, asked the person sitting next to him if he would please to pass the mustard. "Sir," said the man do you mistake me for a waiter? "Oh, no sir," was the reply, "I mistook you for a gentleman."

"Ed," a customer who had just purchased a bottle of Ramsey's Scotch, from a jocosse apothecary, "can you tell me why whiskey always tastes smoky?" "It is because it always comes in pipes," replied the compounder of pills.

"So Tom, the old liar, Dick Fibling, is dead." "Yes his yarns are wound up; he'll lie no more—the old rascal." "Indeed, it's my opinion, Tom, that he'll lie still!"

A Danish writer speaks of a hut so miserable that it did not know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like the man that had such a complication of diseases that he did not know what to die of, and so lived on.

Monroe, Michigan, is said to have eighty two marriageable girls and only three single men.