

THE JEFFERSONIAN

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

VOL. 20.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. JUNE 29, 1861.

NO. 22

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. No orders discontinued until arrangements are made, except at the option of the Editor.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FINANCIAL PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, Justices, Legal and other Blanks, Pamphlets, &c., printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms at this office.

From the Boston Traveller.

OFFICE SEEKING.

Experience of an Office-seeker, in which there is a great deal more truth than poetry.

Mr. Richard Rusty desired an office under the new Administration, and he went to Washington to get it.

At home, Rusty was known as plain "Dick"—Dick Rusty, private in the "Volunteer Minute Guard," at Squam.

Dick Rusty had had his seven dollar coat severely bearing a torch in the Wide Awake procession; he had served as under Secretary at the town and County Conventions; he was the very first man in his neighborhood, who had thought of "Abraham" for President, and he determined to be "counted in," sure, after inauguration. And so carpet bag in hand, one fine morning recently, he found himself joggling up Pennsylvania avenue in the great city of "backs and magnificent distances."

Washington is a very fine place! Dick had his "papers with him, to wit, a few badly spelled and worse written vouchers for his good character and "sterling" political principles, and knowing himself (in his own esteem) sound on the goose, upon reaching Washington he sailed in for the little Government office he coveted in his native town.

Having carefully enveloped his credentials, he started them up in the Department to which they were addressed, and triumphantly sat himself down in the garret room of his boarding-house to await an answer from the Hon. Secretary. And thus he waited.

One day, two, three, five, a week expired. But no reply by post, as he had expected! Now, this was a very singular circumstance, (in Mr. Rusty's opinion) and the delay very unusual in his experience. Indeed, after a time, it came to look very much like slight to him. What could it mean? He wrote to inquire why his "little matter had not been attended to. He got no reply to this either! Again he addressed the department upon the same subject.—But he received no answer. This was an outrage. Whereupon having waited another week, he determined, valiantly, to "know the reason why."

Mr. Rusty had not omitted to stir up the Hon. Representative from his district, (who assured him he would "look into his case," and then he waited once more. He found the county editor too, who chanced to be also an applicant for place, and he promised to attend to Mr. Rusty directly. And again he waited. Still no reply. And thus four weeks ran on, and Rusty's money ran out.

Astonished and exasperated, he started on length for the Department in person. He found at least six hundred persons there before him, all religiously kept upon an errand similar to his own. He waited six mortal hours in the great windy passage-way, where he was squeezed, elbowed, and jammied, and nearly suffocated; but still he struggled for his "turn." He got sight of the inner door just in season to see the Hon. Secretary emerge and pass-out to his carriage for home. Business was over for the day, and the mob rushed down the stairs and retired!

But Richard Rusty, of Squam, was a man of business; so he followed up his object next day, and the next, and the next. At last he succeeded in getting inside, when the following colloquy ensued:—

"Good morning, Mr. Secretary," says Rusty, confidently, and he grasps the Secretary's hand like a "Son of Malta" who has passed his twenty third degree.

"Good morning," responds the Hon. Secretary blandly.

"Mr. Rusty—Richard Rusty, sir," adds our friend.

"Yes, very happy, Mr. Rusty. From Indiana?" queries the Secretary, silly.

"No, sir—no."

"Oh—ab, no. From Illinois, then?"

"No, sir. From Squam—," says Rusty, modestly.

"Squam? Yes, yes. I remember Squam—Maine, I think!"

"No, sir Connecticut."

"Ah, yes. Very happy. Yes, Connecticut; Rusty Squam, I know, now."

Mr. Rusty fidgets. So does the Secretary. Each is desirous to get out of the other's presence as soon as possible.—And Mr. Rusty is duly referred, with his papers, to File Clerk No. 21, who (he is informed) "takes charge" of his documents. Rusty retires in high gloom. In his own judgment, he has won.

He waits again. Three days—five, a week—a fortnight, but he hears nothing; and then he ventures to wait upon Mr. File Clerk No. 21, where he inquires about his "little affair." No 21 has five bushels of unopened letters on his table when Rusty enters.

"What came, sir?" he asks.

"Rusty, sir. Richard Rusty."

Our office hunter is not a little nettled to learn, as he now does for the first time, from File Clerk, that Messrs. Busty, Custy, Dustry, Fusty, Gusty, Husty, Justy, Kusty, (lager beer manufacturer), Lusty, Musty, Nusty, and Pusty are all before him—on the list of applicants; for unfortunately, our friend from Squam is always down among the R's.

But Mr. File Clerk No. 21, is a patient man, and polite. He has been in the office a dozen years, and "will do anything to oblige Mr. Rusty," (except give him any lucid information.) And No. 21 refers the applicant to Mr. Jones, No. 44, next room overhead. Up goes Rusty. Mr. Jones sends him to Mr. Buff, fourth clerk, No. 56, up two flights farther. Mr. Buff knows nothing of Mr. "Rusty Squam's case, but thinks Mr. Drabb can inform him about it. Mr. Drabb can't say certain, but directs the patient to inquire of Mr. Redd, down stairs, three flights, end of third passage to the left, north. Rusty has no compass with him, (and really couldn't use it if he had), but find his man. Mr. Reed is very busy and very short, but has no doubt that Mr. Gray (whose duty it is to attend to these things) can inform Mr. Squam "what to do about it." He finds Mr. Gray sends him to Mr. Green. Mr. Green forwards him to Mr. Bloo, (who speaks English very indifferently.) Mr. Bloo dispatches him to Mr. Brown, (the thirty-seven Browns on the same floor), and Mr. Brown hands him over to Mr. Black, up stairs once more. Mr. Black knows nothing whatever of Mr. Rusty or his papers, and never heard of them but civilly refers him back to Mr. Jones, where he started from.

By this time Richard Rusty is disgusted, and thoroughly beaten out with running over the stone stairs, he concluded to go to his lodgings.

Next day he commences once more, and gets lost in the multifarious windings and turns of the great Department building. Before he has time to get his bearings again office hours have expired, and he returns again to his boarding-house attic to ruminate upon the mutability of human affairs generally, and of office-seeking especially, concluding with the philosophical sentiment that "Jordan is a hard road to travel."

Desperate, next day he finds "File Clerk No. 21," with whom he originally deposited his papers, and indignantly demands his documents. After waiting several hours and making diligent search, with his papers in his hand he is admitted to the presence of the Secretary, with whom amid his despair and disappointment—Rusty has a bone to pick.

"I'm Mr. Rusty," he says abruptly, as he enters.

"Glad to see you," responds the Secretary.

"Yes, I s'pose so," says Rusty.

"Where from, Mr. Rusty?"

"Where from!" exclaims the applicant, who doesn't comprehend why the Hon. Secretary has forgotten him.—"Squam, sir," he adds, vehemently.—"Richard Rusty, of Squam."

"Ah, yes, I remember, Massachusetts—yes."

"No, Sir! Connecticut."

"Yes, yes. Exactly. New England—all same. When did you arrive, Mr. Rusty?"

"A month ago, 'n more. Now, what I'd like to know, sir, is, am I to have my office?"

"Office! What office, sir?"

"What office?" roars Rusty, amazed—"what office! Why, the one I asked for, of course!"

"Well, really—Mr. Squam, we are overwhelmed with business, you observe—"

"Rusty is my name, sir; Rusty if you please."

"Very—very, indeed, I assure you," says the Secretary.

"Sir!" exclaimed the applicant, perplexed.

"Great confusion—terrible rush for everything, you see, no time to eat or sleep—but your little matter will be duly attended to."

"Can't you fix it now?" insists Rusty.

"Impossible, until I can examine your vouchers."

"Here they be," says Rusty, in triumph.

"Yes. Go to Mr. File Clerk No. 21—and—"

"No, I shan't," said Rusty, bravely.—"No, sir! You can't come that, you know, no more—on me! I've been there! He sent me to Jones, he to Drabb, he to Brown, he to Gray, he to Green—and so on, to Blue, Gizzle, and Black. That's played out, Mr. Secretary. So, s'posing you sign, right here."

"Really, Mr. Musty, I should be glad—"

"Rusty, sir."

"Yes, Rusted, should be glad—but, everything in course, you know. Must have a system, you see."

"Then you won't sign!"

"Can't at present, really," says the Secretary.

Mr. Richard Rusty, in his rage, deliberately tears his documents into shreds, and scatters them in the grate exclaiming—

"It's all right, Mr. Secretary. I've been fooled, I have. I come all the way from Squam, spent nigh a hundred dollars, worn out two good pair o'boots s-trotting up an' down these steps, and I

give up—I do. I'll go home to-morrow, and if you ever catch me a-seeking office in this high old town again, you just cut my throat, an' I won't grumble. Good bye, Mr. Hon'ble Secretary."

"Good bye," responded the head of the Department, with a smile, and Mr. Richard Rusty retires, packs his carpet bag, and returns to Squam a wiser and better man.

How many "Richard Rustys" have returned from Washington this season with such a big "flea in the ear" as the above denotes? Certes, more than one.

LOVE, A LA MILITAIRE.

A Camp Wedding in Washington.

BY ASA TRENCHARD.

Love and war, of consequence goes together, cheek by jowl. No man who is not in love ought to enlist. The flag and the petticoat are twin sisters. If you fight for one you must fight for both. Every star which glitters on that field of blue should be as a woman's eye, watching with guardian jealousy the patriotism and prowess of the soldier, and every stripe should tell him how rosy cheeks and fair foreheads are bending forward to get one glimpse of him as he marches on his perilous career. *Marche de gloire!* If you fall, you are crowned with laurels, and canonized at home; if you come back, victory perched on your banner, there is a wife or maiden waiting to meet you on the threshold, whose heart and soul has been with you, day-time and night-time, on the tented plain, or the roaring battle.

It is all for love—love of country, love of glory, and love for woman—the whip which drives manhood on to fortune and fame. I walk now and then through the camps, The men sing a great deal—and there is a song of love—ever and always a song of love—"Oh, the girl I left behind me." Burns and Moore are very popular now, because they wrote soldierly love-songs. But I was talking, or began to talk, of marriage—*marriage a la militaire.*

A marriage by night—a soldier and the daughter of the Regiment. Do you not think a pen and ink-sketch of the scene, of the parties, of the bridal-bridal-decked camp, the hazy flames and misty smoke rising to the moon, disclosing the round, turfy circle, with bridegroom and bride, and their brown and brawny companions in-arms, all brothers of the one and fathers of the other with the novel ceremony, worth looking at? I—an invited guest, the only one—saw the whole of it. You, my friend, my patrons my reader, shall have it pictured here to the life. *Ravissima!* Such things do not occur every day.

Ring the stage bell! Let the curtain roll up! clear the stage!—there are the players!" Let the drum cease!

Six bold riflemen, clad in blue, with scarlet doublets over the left shoulder, bearing blazing torches; 6 glittering Zouaves, with brilliant trappings, sparkling in the light and then the hollow square, where march the bridegroom and bride; then seven rows of six groomsmen in a row, all armed *cap-a-pie*, with burnished weapons, flashing back the lustre of the Zouave uniform; and all around the grand regiment darkening the white tent-folds, as their ruddy faces are but half disclosed between the red and yellow glare of the fires and the soft, silver of the May-moon. (This is all, you will bear in mind, out in the broad, open air. The encampment occupies a conically-shaped hill top, flanked around the rear crescent by a wood of fan leaved maples, sprinkled with blossoming dogberries, and looking out at the cone upon the river-swards below. The plain is full of mounds and ridges, save where it bulges in the centre to a circular elevation perfectly flat, around which, like fagades about a court yard, are arrayed the spiral tents, illuminated in honor of the coming nuptials.) The bride is the daughter of the regiment; the-to-be-husband a favorite sergeant. Marching thus, proceeded by the two files of sixes, and followed by the glittering rows of groomsmen, the little cortege has moved out of the great tent on the edge of the circle, and comes slowly, amid the bold strains of that grand *Der Medschummer-nachstrom*, toward the regimental chaplain.

You have seen the colored prints of Jenny Lind on the back of the music of "*Vive de la France.*" You have noted the light flowing hair, the soft Swiss eye, the military bodice, the equestrian red shirt, and pretty, buskined feet and ankles underneath. The print is not unlike the bride. She was fair-haired, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, darkened in their hue by exposure to the sun, in just the dress worn by *les filles du regiment.* She was formed in that athletic mould which distinguishes the Amazon from her opposite extreme of frailty. You could not doubt her capacity to undergo the fatigues and hardships of a campaign, but your mind did not suggest to your eye those grosser and more masculine qualities which, whilst girding the woman with strength, disrobe her of the purer, more effeminate traits of body. You saw before you a young girl, apparently about eighteen years of age, with clear, courageous eyes, quiverless lip, and soldierly tread—a veritable daughter of the regiment.

The bridegroom was of the same sanguine, Germanic temperament as the bride. As he marched, full six feet in height, with long, light colored beard, high cheek bones, aquiline nose, piercing,

deeply-studded blue eye, broad shoulders, long arms, sturdy legs, feet and hands of laborious development, cocked hat, with blue plume, dark blue frock, with bright scarlet blanket, tartan fashion over the shoulder, small sword, you would have taken him for a hero of Sir Walter. Faith, had Sir Walter seen him, he himself would have taken him. In default however, of Sir Walter, I make bold to appropriate him as a hero on the present occasion. Indeed, he was a hero, and looked like it, every inch of him, leading that self-sacrificing girl up to the regimental chaplain, with his robe and surplice and great book, amid the stare of a thousand anxious eyes, to the music of glorious old Mendelssohn and the beating of a thousand earnest hearts!

The music ceased; a silence as calm as the silent moon held the strange, wild place; the fires seemed to sparkle less noisily in reverence; and a little white cloud paused in its course across the sky to look down on the group below—the clear voice of the preacher sounded above suppressed breathing of the spectators, and the vague burning of the fagot heaps; a few short words, a few heart-felt prayers, the formal legal ceremonial, and the happy "amen."

It was done. The pair were man and wife. In rain or shine, joy or sorrow, for weal or woe, one of one bone, and flesh of one flesh, forever and ever—*Amen!*

The groom's people formed a hollow square around the newly wedded couple. In one corner a gateway was left for the entrance of the men. Then came one by one the members of that troop, with a kind word each, as each touched the bride lightly on the cheek, and grasped the bridegroom heartily by the hand—of one the sworn fathers, of the other the friends and brother comrades in arms.

Where was her mother? Gone! gone away off beyond those clouds that played about the moon. There she stood, out in the open night, under the glare of the flames and the moon, without another female soul near her, a lone orphan, far from home and the companions of home. There she stood—a single, brave hearted girl, fatherless and motherless, save in the hearts of those thousand surrounding soldiers, who amongst the conflicting emotions of the march had not forgotten their vows to protect and cherish her, the daughter of the regiment. There she stood by the side of that stout, great bearded man, the emblem of womanly faith, as she was the picture of womanly helplessness, a patient follower of the lives and fortunes of those brave men.—The drums rolled forth again. The skies glowed brighter than before. The fires flashed more proudly. Each cheek glowed with a nobler, purer hue. And here let the green baize fall on the circle camps and camp-fires, and brown, brawny heads, and hearts, and hands.

A good time may be coming for them. Peace sitting, a guardian angel, over a happy, restored, and prosperous country, and a tranquil, united people—love, pure and unalloyed, out of the fires of hardship and danger—and a home, sweet with the blessing of conscience, patriotism and truth, all this perchance, the smoke of battle and the clang of arms, may glimmer for them. Happy time!

How the New York Volunteers Astonished the Virginians.

At the skirmish at Fairfax Court House, Virginia, headed by Lieut. Tompkins, several prisoners were taken by our troops, as has already been stated. An officer who assisted at their capture says that they behaved in a very unusual manner, begging in the most abject style for their lives, and protesting that they only served in the rebel ranks upon compulsion. One of them declared if he could only be liberated this time he would swear fealty to the Union and never set his foot in a Slave State again. While these men were prisoners at Washington they were allowed to write to their friends, but their letters were examined before they were sent off. One of the letters ran on as follows:—"Talk about fighting! when, my G—d! One company of them New York fellows can whip a thousand of our boys by G—d, that's so; I'll swear it on a bible. You ought to have seen 'em. Look heyar, recon I wanted to get out of the way. Sure's you're born, they're just like devils—they don't mind shots. Lord how the went down the streets, where they cut, an' slashed, an' shot—Our boys run like the devil—then J—s you ought to have seen 'em cut up the street again—like blue devils it makes my blood cold to think of it. They shot every way—knocked us from our horses took pistols and sabers away—my G—d, how they fit. Why Sir I'll swear on a bible them South and North Carolina fellows that's with us aint no account.—They wont obey nobody—no discipline—the blasted Yankees will lick them every time."

Parson Brownlow's Daughter.

A gentleman just arrived at Knoxville, Tenn., brings intelligence of affairs in that city. The house of the celebrated, bold-hearted and out-spoken Parson Brownlow is the only one in Knoxville over which the Stars and Stripes are floating. A few days ago two armed secessionists went, at six o'clock in the morning to haul down the stars and stripes.—Miss Brownlow, a brilliant young lady of twenty-three, saw them on the piazza, and stepped out and demanded their business. They replied they had come to "take down them stars and stripes."—She instantly drew a revolver from her side, and presenting it said, "Go on! I'm good for one of you, and I think for both."

"By the look of the girl's eye, she'll shoot one remarked. "I think we'd better not try it; we'll go back and get more men," replied the other.

"Go and get more men," said the noble lady; get more men, and come and take it down if you dare!"

They returned with a company of ninety armed men, and demanded that the flag should be hauled down. But on discovering that the house was filled with gallant men, armed to the teeth, who would rather die as dearly as possible than see their country's flag dishonored, the secessionists retired.

When our informant left Knoxville, the stars and stripes still floated to the breeze over Parson Brownlow's house. Long may it wave!—*Chicago Jour.*

What we Hate to Learn.

One thing very slowly learnt by most human beings, is that they are of no earthly consequence beyond a very small circle indeed that nobody is thinking or talking about them. Almost every common place man and woman, in this world has a vague but deeply-rooted belief that they are quite different from anybody else, and of course superior to everybody else. It may be in only one respect they fancy they are this, but that one respect is quite sufficient. I believe that, if a grocer or silk-mercer in a little town has a hundred customers, each separate customer lives on under the impression that the grocer or silk-mercer is prepared to give him or her certain advantages in buying and selling which will not be accorded to the other 99 customers. "Say it is for Mrs. Brown," is Mrs. Brown's direction to her servant, when sending for some sugar; "say it is for Mrs. Brown and he will give a little better." The grocer keenly alive to the weakness of his fellow-creatures, encourages this notion. "This tea," he says, "would be four-and-sixpence per pound to any one else, but to you it is only four and threepence." Judging from my own observation, I should say that retail dealers trade a good deal upon this singular fact, in the construction of the human mind, that it is inexpressibly bitter to most people to believe that they stand on the ordinary level of humanity—that, in the main they are just like their neighbors. Mrs. Brown would be filled with unutterable wrath, if it were represented to her that the grocer treats her precisely as he does Mr. Smith who lives one side of her, and Mrs. Snooks, who lives on the other. She would be still more angry, if you asked her what earthly reason there is why she should be better than most people to believe that they stand on the ordinary level of humanity—that, in the main they are just like their neighbors. Mrs. Brown would be filled with unutterable wrath, if it were represented to her that the grocer treats her precisely as he does Mr. Smith who lives one side of her, and Mrs. Snooks, who lives on the other. She would be still more angry, if you asked her what earthly reason there is why she should be better than most people to believe that they stand on the ordinary level of humanity—that, in the main they are just like their neighbors. Mrs. Brown would be filled with unutterable wrath, if it were represented to her that the grocer treats her precisely as he does Mr. Smith who lives one side of her, and Mrs. Snooks, who lives on the other. She would be still more angry, if you asked her what earthly reason there is why she should be better than most people to believe that they stand on the ordinary level of humanity—that, in the main they are just like their neighbors.

and elevated class—telling how mortified he was, when a very clever boy of sixteen, at being classed at all. He had told a literary lady that he admired Tennyson. "Yes," said the lady, "I am not surprised at that; there is a class of young men who like Tennyson at your age."—It went like a dart to my friend's heart. *Class of young men, indeed!* Was it for this that I outstripped all competitors at school, that I have been fancying myself a unique phenomenon in nature, different at least from every other being that lives, that I should be spoken of as one of a class of young men? Now in my friend's half-playful reminiscence I see the exemplification of a great fact in human nature.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Military Circle around Washington.

The forces that have hitherto been protecting Washington from within, are now guarding it from without. On the heights which surround the city, there is now a chain of camps forming a great circle of fifty miles in circumference. They are at distances from each other varying from half a mile to three miles.

Standing on the dome of the Capitol and looking around on the Maryland side, the observer will see a succession of groups of white tents dotting the sides and summits of the hills—on Georgetown Heights, a Kalorama Hill, on the heights facing the President's House, on Meridian Hill, on Seventh Street Park, on the hill at Eckington, on the hill at Soldier's Home, on Capitol Hill, at the Navy Yard, and on A-plum Hill. Casting then his eye across the River to the Virginia shore, he will see the same circle continued and prolonged by successive camps near Alexandria, at Four Mile Run, at Roach's Spring, on the hill overlooking the Long Bridge at Arlington House, and two or three more at intervals along Arlington Heights, thus carrying the circle clear round again to Georgetown.

The enemy who advances a step inside of this circle falls into a trap. A signal gun from any one of the camps will be instantly taken up and repeated around the entire ring, and the whole can be under arms at ten minutes notice. Besides, being an advantageous arrangement for the defence of the city, this is eminently healthful for the troops. These cool and airy Heights are salubrious all summer long, and are the favorite locality for the country seats of citizens. Many a hitherto quiet rural residence is now surmounted by the flag and echoing to the drum, having been by the fortunes of war suddenly turned into a regimental headquarters.

Loss and Gain.

The heavy hand of the Government has at last fallen on the Rebel States, and their mails are stopped. This will be a blow whose force we cannot appreciate, because we have never felt its consequences beyond the blocking of a railroad by a freeze or a snow-storm, when the interruption of even a few days occasioned the most vexatious embarrassments. But to the South its consequences will be of the most serious character. All correspondence with the North is ended. Loyal hearts will suffer in common with those who caused this ruin. Business men will suffer even more, and mercantile circles at the North must experience a share of this inconvenience. The sham Post-Office Department can do little to supply the regular mails thus suddenly stopped. They may be carried on the railroad routes but the interior towns will continue victims of this postal blockade until the Government re-establishes its authority. The interdict is sweeping and salutary. The Southern people do not constitute a reading community, nor a letter-writing one. The Government has always carried their mails at a loss, and hence they cannot maintain the mail service themselves, even at double postage. Last year it lost the following sums in twelve States:

Texas	578,103
Louisiana	357,693
Arkansas	289,808
Alabama	282,351
Virginia	255,235
Mississippi	251,904
North Carolina	128,859
South Carolina	140,500
Georgia	165,744
Florida	167,218
Kentucky	196,042
Tennessee	611,278

Here is \$3,424,855 saved at once, except the fraction needed to continue the service in Kentucky and Western Virginia. Next to rebellion, the idea of the South being able to carry its own mails to every man's door is the greatest humbug of the day. But, on the other hand, we at the North will no longer find our raving newspapers among our pile of daily exchanges. Our own pestiferous sheets, that print treason for Southern circulation, will no longer go out with lying representations of Northern facts and feelings. No more letters from domestic traitors can be sent away. The circulation of our religious and literary papers will be seriously curtailed. But we are in for the war, and can stand this new shock infinitely better than the rebels.—The great loss is with them—the whole gain is with us.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Water isn't a fashionable beverage for drinking your friend's health, but it is a capital one for drinking your own.