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THE UNION VOLUNTEER. BY H. LANGFORD.

AMONG the many thousands who signalized themselves in the service of their country, there may be one found who, although his laurels are not so brilliant as those of Grant and Sherman, were yet won with more endurance and self-denying patriotism...

The great work of slaughter had begun. Nothing less could equalize the scale of abridged power between the claimants on the one hand and the suppressors on the other. Parley was insult, delay, defeat, and so the decisive action of the times: it was necessary to meet, and the embrace was both long and protracted, and final as it was sanguinary.

CHAPTER I. THE HAUNTED FARMHOUSE. Far away in the distance, over the green common, and just where the bright and sunny Rappahannock murmurs thro' a narrow channel, formed by two immense bastions of rock, making a kind of steep gallery, where, from a height, you can behold the change of color in the stream as it washes the wave-worn basement, and again the huge enclosure, as if by involuntary action, excluding the sunlight from the deep scenes below.

lineage of Castile and Arragon. His brain burned with feverish pain. And often as a groan escaped his parched lips the negro woman started from her work and advanced with cat-like step to the bedside. Then she would take his hand in hers, watch the rapid beat of the pulse, and look despondingly. From amid his long clustering curls a tiny flow of blood oozed continually, dyeing the hard pillow whereon his head rested; and cloth after cloth was removed till nothing was left wherewith to efface the stains. It was a sabre wound, a rugged tear above the temple, and inflicted by no masterly hand. The woman resumed her work, and once more the patient slumbered dreamily.

There was something in the behavior of this woman very strange. A heartfelt suffering inwardly afflicted her. There was an evident anxiety in her face, and, moreover, one that seemed to depend wholly on the recovery of the soldier. The issue of his sickness might influence her health, for such devotion, if once prostrated, can never recover to its proper tone. Nance Holk was a woman of an easy yet stern development of will; no less her attractive qualification than her faithful and self-denying solicitude. There was a tie of some unexplained character which taught her to care for and guard with motherlike affection the life of the young soldier, and with a devotion, which only a woman can possess, she fulfilled the great object she embarked for.

He lay silent for some time regarding her as she again heated more water to bathe his feet, and at last acceded to her in a hoarse yet affectionate tone: "Tell me, mother, how long have I been here, where is Colonel...?"

Long and earnestly did he gaze upon the blade, his blood still clotted over the sunken letters. Then he placed it beneath his pillow, murmuring indistinctly to himself. "Where did you get this?" he resumed. "In the battle-field, massa. You're fell down, hossman stood lo over, but massa killed him, and I set got the blade, wouldn't let massa's blood be lost here, so me took it and brought it here, de army is all gone, and massa will go home, missus Comill will be glad."

Then again he examined the broken blade and sank into meditation. Nor did his feature betray any diffidence whatever, but on the contrary, a keener and visible pang yet added to the pallor of his face. With an abrupt movement he rose from his pillow and, with some degree of effort, soon regained his feet. His hand was upon his heart, and he uttered dark and portentous words, whose meaning and import none but himself knew. Then he walked across the room, waving his arms in every direction, as if to ascertain the amount of manly strength yet remaining in his wasted form, and satisfying himself that no real lack of muscular power was wanting he returned to his couch and resumed his usual quietude.

Nance regarded him with open mouth during the whole of this time, nor did she essay to speak until he had composed himself for a few minutes. Then, as if to come quietly to the import of his intentions, she said with much earnestness: "Massa in pain! Lor' o' massy, be with massa allers. Massa berry weak."

that sagacity always to be found in her race, concluded that there was some new cause of disquietude since he awoke from his sleep of fever and exhaustion. Had she the least knowledge of reading, with the aid of her proverbial sagacity, she would, no doubt, have known the true nature of the change wrought within him, and have found means to frustrate much of the suffering that awaited him.

It was now night. The grey twilight deepened into darkness, and the stars spangled in the sky, Slaughter Mountain was scarcely visible. Along the summit, the night cloud had rested with a dark and indented outline, covering the rugged site with impenetrable gloom. It was beautiful in the valley. A hazy light rested on the summer atmosphere, and at times the moon from her "cloud-laden chariot" illuminated the deserted battle-field. Silent, and yet grand, were the solitudes around, and every thing in nature was beautiful. Nature and heaven mourn not o'er the sad reverses of human warfare. The grass upon the valley was ploughed under the miry soil after the fight and defeat of an insulted army; the huge mound of fresh earth plainly indicated the soldier's last resting place, free from the tumult of the camp and the agonizing shrieks of the dying; yet the heavens bore no blot upon its clear azure in token of the divine displeasure.

The farmhouse. Nance Holk had retired to rest. The weight of bodily fatigue had overcome her, and she now slept a dreamless sleep. Austin, feverish and sickly, slumbered unceasingly, his brain heated by the determinate issue of the events which happened that evening. Coolly did he appear in his words and demeanor, but a loaded conscience had usurped the quiet and humane tenor of his disposition. Filially reared, and educated with care and watchfulness, the young soldier might have courage enough to withstand the evil genius that haunted him; but a too fond regard for his own peculiar ambition now hurried him into anger and desire of revenge. He had that day laid the snare for his own future misery and unhappiness with as much deliberation as if it was a circumstance of his daily life, and fully satisfied with the result, however evil, he laid himself down with a beating heart.

It was now past midnight when he started from his pillow at the sound of footsteps in his room, and looking vacantly around him, perceived the shadow of a man crossing the apartment, and as he advanced, something heavy fell upon the floor, so as to occasion much noise. Then there were sounds at the back door, as if caused by the insertion of a key in the lock; after that a loud slam which rang like an earthquake in the distance, then all was quiet again. He staggered feebly from his bed and made in the direction of the spot whence the noise proceeded, but found nothing to convince him that any mortal being was there. He examined the door but found it securely locked, and having paused a few minutes, his heart beating audibly he returned to his own apartment. There Nance had just arisen, and speechless with terror ran forward. The faithful slave coughed at his feet, her hair standing erect, her lips wide open, as if to ask protection, and her whole frame quivering with alarm.

His first idea on recovering from his excitement was to search upon the floor for that which fell from the hand of his unwelcome intruder, and soon found a small casket, or rose-colored box, carefully wrapped in faded silk and again covered over with strong morocco. Every tie did he unlapse, one after another, till at last he came to the actual treasure. A small miniature beautifully set in gold of a young girl, angelic in feature, and elegant and comely in form, was the first object that met his gaze; a crumpled letter, bearing no date, or official mark, tied with black ribbon, and inside were some flowers, a lock of raven hair, and a check on a Philadelphia merchant for eight hundred dollars. The letter ran thus:—

"Dear Austin, — Return to me no more. Trouble awaits you, awful and vindictive. Beneath my chamber there is in process of construction a dark, deep dungeon, either for you or me. Father has the same forsaking frown upon his face yet, and is seldom home at night. Strange men, apparently soldiers, come to our house every day, and commune with him for hours. You are safer far in the battle-field than here. I am miserable in spirit. Until death yours, CAMILLIA."

And he retained the letter in his hand for some minutes, then turned over the faded and senseless flowers, and examined the dark ringlet. It was Camilla's, his own sister, and the flowers he had seen before. Memories crowded upon his mind — of home, of happiness, and the sweet face which always had smiles for him. It was a sad retrospect, one such as youth only knows, and one sigh over the unbidden past — and though dark and chequered with life's bitterest and

sweetest realities, the young heart melts with sorrowful ecstasy in the recital of that by-gone period. Austin's bosom swelled as these thoughts rose up before him, nor was he aware that his grasp tightened round the relic of love till he had crushed it out of its original shape. Long, and with some emotion, did he gaze upon the picture of his sister; a reverence for love came over him, and he kissed the beautiful vision with as much warmth as when last he saw her. If there is any thing in a young man, any promise of greatness or nobility of soul within him, it is manifest in the regard he has for his sister; there is no relative that a wanderer of any manliness of spirit sighs more for than the society of his sister, and young men, generally, of this susceptible feeling are homely, wise and prudent — young men learn to be great by the example of their sisters.

Morning dawned again over the valley — bright, beautifully and glorious morning. With the radiant sunshine, and the soft genial atmosphere of June, how invigorating did the landscape appear! Solitude in her queenly reign, usurped the din of battle, and threw an air of beauty over the scene. The old farmhouse was untenanted — the occupants had gone. (To be continued in our next.)

"Stick to Your Bush."

Mr. Morgan was a rich man and a good man also. His neighbors liked him. The people of the town respected him, chose him to offices, sent him to the Legislature, and never undertook any important work without asking his advice. If a school house was to be built, the plan had to be talked over with him. When the new town-hall was planned, the whole matter was put into his hands. Widow Partridge asked him what she should plant in her field. Farmer Parker always got his advice in buying cattle, and Mrs. Reid consulted him about bringing up her boys. Remarkably successful man was Mr. Morgan.

John Wood was a clever boy of fifteen. He had got through what little schooling his father could afford to give him, and was going to the city to try for himself. He hoped to get a place in a store, and by and by become a successful merchant. In talking over his great hopes one day with his mother, he said: "I wonder how it was that Mr. Morgan got so rich and important as he is. Don't I wish he would tell me how he did it?"

"Well, John," said Mrs. Wood, "there is nothing like asking him. Mr. Morgan will give a lad like you a good word, I know, if you will only go to him." John braced himself up and started for Mr. Morgan's counting room. He found the merchant there and alone. "Good morning, Master John," said he in a pleasant voice. "Can I do anything for you?"

John stammered a little at first, but he was a brave fellow, and bound to succeed. "Well, Mr. Morgan, I am going to the city to try for myself. I want to be a merchant, and get rich, and help father and mother one of these days; and they will give me my time. Mother said I might come in and ask you if you would tell me how you became so successful?"

Mr. Morgan was pleased with John's honest way and frank question. After telling him that he was glad he had so much energy, and that if he kept out of bad company and attended closely to his work, whatever it was, he could not fail, Mr. Morgan said: "As for my success, John, I will tell you how it was. One day when I was a lad a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortleberries. I wanted to go with them, was very fearful my father would not let me go, and scarcely dared to ask him until the time came and a dozen boys and girls gathered at our door. Then I told my father what was going on, and at once he gave me his permission to go with them. I could hardly contain myself with joy, and rushed into the kitchen and got a big basket and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm and was just going out of the gate when my father called me back. My head dropped and my heart failed, for I was afraid he would tell me I could not go. I went back trembling. My father took hold of my hand gently and firmly, and said, in a very gentle voice, Joseph, what are you going for, to pick berries or to play?" "To pick berries," I replied. "Thea, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this. When you find a pretty good bush do not leave it to find a better one. The other boys and girls will run about picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time and not getting many berries. If you do as they do you will come home with an empty basket. If you want berries, stick to your bush. — If you want to succeed in life stick to your bush. Now go."

"I went with the party and we had a grand good time. But it was just as my father said. No sooner had one found a fair bush than he called the rest, and they left their several places and ran off to the new found treasure heap. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had but a very few berries. My father's words kept strangely ringing in my ears, and I stuck to my bush. When I had cleaned off one, I found another and finished that; then I took another. When night came I had a large basket full of nice berries, more than all the others put together,

and was not half so tired as they were. — I went home proud and happy. "But at home I found my father ill. — He looked at my basket full of big, black berries, and said: 'Well done, Joseph. Was it not as I told you? Always stick to your bush.'"

"These were his last words to me. He died a few days after and I had to make my way in the world the best I could. — But my father's words sunk deep into my mind and I never forgot the experience of the whortleberry party. I stuck to my bush. When I had a fair place and was doing tolerably well, I did not leave it and spend weeks and months in finding one a little bit better. When other young men said, 'Come with us and we will make a fortune in a fortnight,' I shook my head and stuck to my bush. Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I stayed with the old house until the members died, and then I had everything I wanted. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me, improved my judgement, and gave me character. I owe all I have and am to this motto: 'Stick to your bush.'"

John heard Mr. Morgan's story with the deepest interest. He thought he understood the whole secret of success, and resolved that he would stick to his bush as soon as he could find a bush to stick to. He thanked Mr. Morgan for his kindness, and told him he would certainly adopt the motto for his own. As he was going out of the door Mr. Morgan called him back, and told him that he had dealings with a firm in the city, who might possibly want a good lad. He would write and ascertain.

The next week John Wood had found a bush in the city, and when I last saw him he was sticking to it well, determined to fill his basket and worthy place in the world. He is satisfied that the way to success is by sticking to the bush.

Wanted—An Honest, Industrious Boy. We lately saw an advertisement handed as above. It conveys to every boy an impressive moral lesson.

"An honest, industrious boy" is always wanted. He will be sought for, his services will be in demand; he will be spoken of in terms of high commendation; he will always have a home; he will grow up to be a man of known worth and established character.

He will be wanted. The merchant will want him for salesman or clerk; the master mechanic will want him for apprentice or journeyman; those with a job to let will want him for a contractor; patients will want him for a doctor; religious congregations, for a pastor; parents for a teacher of their children; and the people for an officer.

How would you feel, your character not being thus established, on hearing the words "I can't employ you?"

Nothing will make up for these qualities. No readiness, no aptness for business will do it. You must be honest and industrious, must work and labor; will your calling and election for places of profit and trust be made sure?—Columbia Spy.

A Female Pedestrian. A young dame named Nancy Ann Snyder, of Armstrong county, is creating a sensation in that neighborhood by her running feats. The Clarion Banner says: Among the sporting fraternity of New Bethlehem, Clarion county, was a young man, who recently ran two and one-third miles in eighteen minutes, which was considered pretty good, and he carried his "honors" with becoming dignity. — The "parent" of the above young lady knowing that his "gal was some on a run herself, laid a wager that she could beat his time. This proposition offered some fun, the bet was quickly taken, and the young lady entered the lists confident of success, and on the 26th ult., ran seven times round the ring, in that town, which made her required distance, two miles and a half in seventeen minutes. The first round she made in two and one-third minutes. The race was witnessed by a larger number of gentlemen and ladies, and a number of bets were made on the result.

Bright Days. There are some bright days in one's existence, that recompense one for years of toil and tumult; the very recollection of them is as refreshing as the fountain in the desert; and as pure and unquilted as the crystal stream flowing from the stony rock, and are like "angel's visits, few and far between." There are others which summon up a host of melaancholy thoughts, which cause the blood to rush all unbidden to the cheek, and the moist tear unconsciously to bedew the burning lid, and such lead us to say with the poet, "There's nothing pure but heaven."