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R. F. BUSH,  
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May 2, 1867.—1 yr.

For the Jeffersonian.

**THE UNION VOLUNTEER.**

BY H. LANGFORD.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAMEON FAMILY.

Austin Cameon was a native of Cuba. His father removed to the United States in 1846, when Austin was but four years old. Gonsalvo Cameon was by birth a Spaniard, having embarked for Cuba on a special commission from the Spanish Court to represent the government of the Colony, and to take cognizance of the trade between the United States and the island. For several years he fulfilled the duties incumbent on his position, and faithfully represented the colonial government with all his ability; till fortunately his too fond desire for riches led him at length into a course of life derogatory to his honor; and soon despatches arrived which prostrated his miserly ambition almost in its beginning. He was divested of all authority and summoned to appear on trial at Madrid for defrauding the government and appropriating the revenue of certain districts to his own private use. To these accusations and the commands of the Court he remained indifferent, till Admiral Brazos suddenly appeared in the offering with a small squadron, and demanded the surrender of Gonsalvo as a political prisoner.

The demand was responded to with contempt, and preparations for an active bombardment were immediately commenced; but they were too late. In a small schooner, accompanied by his brother's child, his wife and two children, Gonsalvo ventured forth by night, he knew, or cared not whither, and after twelve days' sail, entered the harbor of New Orleans. He was now free with all his ill-gotten wealth, and soon fixed his residence in a beautiful summer retreat, a few miles from the city. Having, by a lust for gold, lost his reputation, he at once set to work in order to realize the great ambition of his life—to become rich. He expended money on every side; one plantation after another was added to his estate, till at the outbreak of the war he was considered one of the richest men in the State of Louisiana. Four hundred slaves worked on his plantations.

Austin was now fourteen, well educated, and possessing all the accomplishments necessary to his high position in life. He had traveled the entire continent, visited Europe and Asia, and studied the modern languages. He was of an even disposition of mind, naturally sanguine in matters that concerned his own happiness or the well-being of his fellow man; and the philanthropic turn of mind very often led him into trouble. His father was in no way similar, anger, ambition and pride were the commanding features of his character, and these acting upon the boy's nobility and sincerity of heart led him to look upon his father with indifference and antipathy. Added to this, the youth was affectionate and devoted in his attachments, and loved to mingle in the society of the humble and the poor.

His chief companion was his sister Camilla. To her he was ever affectionate, and she reciprocated his love with all the sincerity of her romantic heart. They might be counted lovers by those knowing nothing of their relationship. Their long rambles through the beautiful orchards surrounding their father's mansion; the sail by moonlight in their small canoe over the lovely lake of the "Lovers," and their separation when at home: all these transpired to strike the observer, and point out a more intimate relationship than that of brother and sister. Their father knew nothing of their daily occupation, or how they devoted their time. His days were spent in the pursuit of wealth, leaving his children to act as they thought necessary. Thus years passed away; and now the war of internal and civil rights darkened over the land.

But there was a watcher taking cognizance of this programme of love. Their cousin Costardo noted with jealousy the intimate and endearing attachment which bound them so close together; of their silent coldness when in the presence of their father and the mutual joy of their hearts when alone, and indulging in their secret and retired rambles. All these he treasured till the day of wrath, when they should sound in Austin's ears like the knell of departed joy. Costardo was Austin's junior by three years. He had never known a mother's embrace; both his parents dying shortly after his birth. It was reported they died suddenly, leaving nothing for the support of their child, so that he was a dependent on his uncle's generosity from his very infancy. This, and it was this alone, which made Costardo smother his supposed griefs, yet all the while looking on with a jealous and envious eye at the unclouded bliss of Austin and his sister Camilla.

Costardo, though dependent, was of that sanguine temperament which characterizes a lofty and judicious mind. He had been educated with Austin, both on the continent of Europe and in the fashionable academies of this country, and exhibited an understanding capable of attaining eminence in the most abstract sciences. He had a decided turn for tactics, practical surveying and engineering in its most extensive operations: thus he was a general soldier, a brave and resolute opponent, and a fiery and impatient friend to those who slighted his company, or disregarded his merits.

His attachment to Austin was variable inasmuch as they both disagreed as to the political excitement of the times. His heart was ever ready to declaim against the grievances of the South by Northern misrepresentation and encroachment on civil rights; while Austin attributed all the ruin of its affairs to the one social evil. It will be seen from this difference that their destinies were cast in opposite directions, and their career collectively mingled in doubt, error and suffering. It was essential that their opinions were known to each other; for both were soon called upon to act in the causes they had espoused. Costardo hurried to the wars, enrolled himself as a volunteer in the army of Beauregard, and gave himself entirely up to the destiny of the South.

CHAPTER III.

THE ENCOUNTER.

"It is not so, dearest, your words can adduce nothing to erase from my heart the deepest insult of my life. To be called a traitor, coward and dissembler is more than I can bear; you, out of your divine love for me as your brother, cannot believe such accusations to be true; but then the world, these of our connection, our friends, what will they say?" and Austin, in humiliation, looked in Camilla's face for a reply.

"It is," she rejoined. "They cannot force you into engagements to which you are not reconciled, or will not. Costardo is no example for you to follow, as his chief success in life depends wholly on the issue of the war. Take caution, and be not easily led into this excitement. To draw a sword in defence of the Union would be indeed glorious, and happy will I feel when I hear that you have espoused and acted in the right course. For myself I care not, although father will fulfill his threats this evening. Your sense of right shall console me under his most dreadful frown, and that you are safe and far away from his designing hand, I can rest in hope till victory crowns your return. Go, Austin, go, and defend your country's rights in the hour of her need, and I will pray for the success of your arm!"

And the heroic girl blushed deeper as she, with earnest voice, directed his wandering thoughts. His bosom swelled with admiration at her stern and decisive manner, and, after a short pause, said in low and emphatic tones:

"I will go then, Camilla, but I know that my life shall be the penalty. I shall be accounted a traitor to my country, but I will act for the best. By your persuasion I will espouse the cause of the Union and labor at the risk of my life for its triumph. You shall be my talisman when at the cannon's mouth, and your prayers the security that shall ensure my return. Good-by, dearest one on earth, till I shall again clasp you in my arms and thank you with a pure and devoted love—till I shall hear the story of your sufferings, which I know will be affecting and atone for them by a fond and never-dying sympathy."

"Ha, ha, eh renegade, a love affair I see," uttered a sharp, piercing voice almost in their very ears: "so you will go, will you? Be a general I suppose, a Yankee freebooter, with something of the romance of the Knight. You and your lady-love are quite characters, what a lady Grace!" then assumed a serious and angry tone; "mark me, little dissembler, I have cautioned you against such meetings—and you, my would-be son, remember that before you should brand the name of Cameon with the stigma of traitor, I would here, upon this spot where you stand, open your veins till your blood should expiate the wrong you intended. Beware, and while time serves deliberate; root out that false idea of honor which disgraces the name you bear. Remember that Cameon signifies Soldier, Citizen, Roman, and remember, also, how you trifle with it!"

Gonsalvo finished his excited appeal almost choked with rage. Camilla sank breathless into Austin's bosom, while the latter remained cool and self-possessed. For a moment the deranged parent regarded them, and continued:—  
"Boy—I will allow you one hour to consider, and with it more information which may help to curb your stubborn and ill-natured heart. If you are my son, I will call you traitor, liar and rogue.—Whether you are my son or not, you are these; they are your inheritance, the legacies of mean ancestry endowed upon you. Again, you are none of mine; but I possess a power over you which shall make you regret the day you insulted the name of Cameon. One hour—REMEMBER!"

"One year and it's too late," indignantly ejaculated Austin, "too late," he repeated with firmness, "and if my name is to dictate to my conscience the career of evil, I hold it with scorn, and bequeath its heritage to the meanest slave. No, father, I will choose between the right and the wrong independently of my own name, and consult my own judgment in things that concern my peace in preference to yours. You may divine the most proper course for me to adopt, but I thank you, I have understanding myself."  
"Beware! Beware!" And Gonsalvo trembled.  
"I fear nothing, I will choose the right, the Union, the—" And Austin's blade flashed bright from his scabbard, to parry the blow directed by his father.  
The old man was disarmed.  
"Murder! Murder!" and the wild cry rose shrill and piercing upon the night air.

"Murder!" again was repeated. And Austin struggled to extricate himself from the deathlike grasp of his father. Thrice he pointed his blade to Gonsalvo's bosom, and as often withdrew it.

Camilla was silent, she lay at a little distance insensible. The outrage was too much, even for her brave spirit, and she swooned away. Father and son tightened their grasp, and a fresh struggle ensued. Still the cry of "Murder" echoed with an agonizing faintness over the night; then all was still. Again it rose, accompanied by a heavy fall, a husky imprecation, and the hasty tramp of flying footsteps. Men rushed forward with lights as Austin bounded over the garden paling, and swam with sturdy strokes over the moonlit waters. On, over the legendary wave—the ripple disturbed not the sleep of the "Lovers," whose tomb lay cradled in the rocky sands beneath. On, and over—and now bullets glistened the surface with spray, and the keen-avenging cry of Gonsalvo added terror to his position. But he heeded them not, nor the story of the youth and maiden who, it is said, paddled their canoe all night long upon the lake, and sang of their troth-plight unbroken; but on, slow, steady and advancing, till the joy of Leander he imagined himself free, unshacked, and a conqueror on the opposite shore.

The pursuers were at bay, the menials of Gonsalvo who, in their hearts, regretted their timely aid, and lamented the loss of their best friend. It was with rage unbounded that their master vociferated threats of the lash and the dungeon, but they were too much alive to gratitude to execute his tyrannical commands. They shrank from his presence, and soon the outraged parent found himself alone in the darkness.

He stood alone. None save the dark spirit within were conscious of his thoughts. And none but the two communed upon the great enterprise of executing a two-fold vengeance. He advanced a few paces and seized in his wiry arms the unconscious Camilla, bent back her head and strove to discern the expression upon her face. Then turned—over in the direction of the lake, and laid her upon the bank. A fresh wind moaned over the dark waters, and for a time Gonsalvo thought. An evil design struggled with his human nature—a moment of trial, agony and trembling passed; the dire obscurity of his features wore away, and he now looked like a man, or bore the impress of a creature upon his knitted brows. He spoke:—

"No, no, not a quiet way and no blood; my hands are nearly clean now—soon will. But not his, no, not his—she is braver than he—she is mine, my own child—and he, he—I deny it, I protest—he is—"

"Father," faint, mournful and suffering tone.—Almost seemed to be uttered from the dark caves below, down under the still waters—"Father." Now agony, terror and despair, and came distinctly from the pale lips of Camilla.

He stooped low, seized her hands in his, and showed her the silent waves.  
"There," he ejaculated, "see, he is there; but I did not do it."  
"Do what? Austin! Austin!"  
"He is drowned!"

She was silent again, and her father knelt still over her. He feared to go farther, although his arm encircled her body, and she leaned over the dim water; then he rose, secured her in his grasp and retired from the lake.

He took the gravelly path through the garden and soon arrived at the back entrance of his house. Then he descended a marble staircase and passed along a narrow passage with apartments situated on either side. He pushed open the door of one, and entered. It was dark as a dungeon, large and well furnished. He placed her down on the carpet. "There, fade," he said, hoarsely, "rest, you are spared."

Slam went the door, and the noise reverberated along the entire vault. He then listened, but no sound disturbed the wierd stillness of the subterranean depths. No step overhead betrayed the near approach of any one. The secret was with himself—none daring at any time to address him in matters of any importance. Gonsalvo managed his own business, issued his orders, and heard no replies. No mortal ever shared his intentions; what he conceived was acted upon and accomplished, he was his own manager, lord and tyrant.

His young wife now slept her long, dreamless sleep. Lolotha's silent life passed away with her beauty; and none were found to weep over her sudden departure. None knew her; her days were not spent in society, or the friendship of her sex—she arrived at her new home a fugitive and a stranger, and as such she was buried. The ends of human life go on in a variety of shapes, and no matter how we die, as long as we are conscious that we lived in righteousness.

Gonsalvo's hand still rested upon the inserted key with which he had already locked the door. Insult, or even a reply ever gave him indescribable pain. This evening commenced a new era in his life which was destined to continue till it had subsided in his death. His long career of evil now pointed downward to the dark Rubicon through which he was to pass; but defiant as ever, he heeded nothing but his own suffering. He was known to say more than once that he should be

the last of his race, and even when Austin was grown up, he concealed not the same idea, but hinted playfully one evening to Camilla that he would not die till Austin should accompany him. This she often communicated to her brother, who, with his usual warmth, intimated his fear of dying alone—characters of prophecy—strange, insinuating and eventful!

It was some time before he again retraced his steps to the garden, arranging his dress so as to efface all evidence of a severe scuffle. Night was his peculiar breathing time, and most of his important business was transacted then. He looked over the cool surface of the lake, in the direction he concluded Austin to have taken, and once more relapsed into soliloquy:—  
"Gone, and may death follow close behind him. If he were a Jew, I could not with more avidity glut to see him smitten—gone—night and tears be with him, for he was none of mine. But I will seek, aye, pursue him even to bathe, noon and midnight; my gold shall snare his little feet, and then who shall say or speak him in his behalf. And she—what pet birds to couple, aye, and multiply; who would have thought it? Brother and sister how innocent, aye, holy."

He wandered up and down. Round the entire lake, and he, too, thought of the phantom lovers. The tradition he had heard a thousand times with attention and interest, yet now the legend only served to embitter his heart. He conceived a likeness of the drama in the case of Austin and Camilla, and conjectured that there would be a similarity in their circumstance. But he opened not his mouth in anticipation of the tragedy; for that was fixed, stern and immutable. He treasured the dark conclusion as approximate to his own unconditional end, and calculated the issue severally. Both were consummate in purpose, certain of execution, and premeditated with scrupulous congruity. The accomplishment lay with him.

All night did he wander, and all night did he groan under insulted pride. The faint grey of morning appeared in the far east, and Gonsalvo struggled with his conscience still. Would he secure the first blow, and decide the fate of Austin in the death of Camilla? Or rest till his power should enable him to execute a two-fold revenge by inducing one to become the witness of the other's tears? These were acts to be unconditionally fulfilled, and none but his own hand should operate in their fulfillment. He passed his fingers over his perspiring brow and awaited the decision. It came at last—an explicit and fervent settlement, fraught with suspense and indicative of doubt—but it came, and with it the farewell of peace, love and regret.

He left the garden with hurried and nervous step—down the deep staircase and passed along the gallery. The key was inserted in the lock, and the next moment Camilla encountered the stern and forbidding gaze of her father.  
(To be continued in our next.)

Shells in the Enemy's Camp.

Pine Hall, Poughkeepsie, was filled not long since to listen to the Hon. Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, who delivered a characteristic speech of rare power and eloquence, that met with hearty applause. He said:

*Fellow Citizens:* In May, 1854, the Democratic party repealed the Missouri Compromise and enacted the Kansas Nebraska Bill. The devotee of slavery thought he had secured by that act the perpetuity of human bondage, and he went forth with fire and sword to plant it in the territories of the Union. Thirteen years have passed away; and the sun in its course from ocean to ocean no longer rises on a master or sets on a slave. [Applause.] Thirteen eventful years, in which changes have been wrought in habits of thought and in the organization of society which in the ordinary course of events would have required perhaps centuries to have accomplished. We stand to-day on the line that divides the old from the new—the dispensation of oppression and wrong from that of liberty and right—New duties and responsibilities are upon American citizens. Four years of war have wasted \$3,000,000,000 of treasure and half a million of martyrs, and covered the land with mourning and filled it with tears, in a struggle to determine whether the will of the majority should be the law of the land. The Democrats, imitating the example of Mexico and the South American Republics, appealed from the ballot-box to the cartridge-box. The only men who voluntarily took up arms to destroy the Republic themselves Democrats. Their cry during the war was "immediate cessation of hostilities"—now the same cry in another form, "immediate restoration of Rebels to power." After referring to the general course of the Democratic party during the war, the incitement of riots, discouragement of drafts, opposition to emancipation and its ratification by Constitutional Amendment, and their co-operation with the President to thwart the pias of Congress, he said: Andrew Johnson will yet learn that of all the poor investments made by ambition in the affairs of men infidelity to liberty is the poorest and the worst—  
"For dearer the grave or the prison  
Blamed by one patriot name,  
Than the trophies of all who have risen  
On Liberty's ruin to fame."  
He will go to coming time covered with

all the infamy that blackens the Iscariot names of history. [Applause.] After discussing the reconstruction measures passed by Congress, the speaker said: You required no punishment, no confiscation, no disqualification at the ballot-box, no indemnity for the past, but you demand as a bond of security for the future that every person born on American soil or naturalized thereon is an American citizen, entitled to the rights and immunities of citizenship. It is but a few years gone by since the Supreme Court of the United States declared as the spirit of your institutions that every seventh man, woman, and child born on your soil was not a citizen, and could not sue or be sued in your courts. You slammed the door of Justice in the face of men because they were poor, despised, and friendless. Two hundred thousand of this proscribed race wore the uniform and kept step to the music of the Union. Thirty thousand of them sleep in soldiers' graves. They came to fight the battles of a country from which they never received aught but stripes and bonds. When the rebel at Port Hudson shouted over its ramparts "No quarter to the nigger," he hurled back the cold defiance, "No quarter it is," and, butting his musket, laid low every rebel within his reach. [Loud applause.] When at the hour of midnight he scaled the earthworks of Wagner, leaving his Comed dead in the ditch, he stood there amid its iron hail, side by side with his white companion in arms till ordered to retreat. [Renewed and great applause.] When Payne, at the battle of Chapin's Farm, on the James, ordered his black brigade to carry the enemy's works without firing a gun, they marched over the field plowed with shot and shell, carried the works; the day was ours, but the field strewn with black heroes. Such are the men against whom the Republic closed its doors of justice, and whom it outlawed as American citizens. A nation that allows its defenders in the hour of peril, ever after to wear the chain, or bruised and maimed in its defense, ever after to submit to outrage and wrong without redress in its courts of Justice, deserves to die; will as sure as there is justice in Heaven or retribution on earth. [Applause, and cries of "Good."] Justice to yourselves, gratitude to the nation's defenders, requires that you make this provision so plain that no judicial blindness henceforth shall fail to read and understand it. [Great applause.] Your offers of reconciliation, so magnanimous in their terms, were spurned by the rebels. Then Congress passed the bill allowing the black man to vote. Now it is to be an evil to allow the black man to vote, who is responsible for it but Johnson and his Democratic allies in advising the rebels to reject your proffer? The fruits of the policy of Congress are seen in the restoration of Tennessee; and the fruits of Andrew Johnson's policy are the massacres of Memphis and New Orleans, and the blood of Union men all over the South. In reference to finances, and National debt: He said that the faith of the nation was pledged to payment of its debt, dollar for dollar; but any discussion whether it was to be paid in gold or paper seemed to him of little consequence at the present time. Before paying any of the funded debt, the country must of course resume specie payment. That would settle how it is to be paid.—The scheme to pay our debts by taking up our bonds and giving our notes he thought was only changing the name without changing the substance. The Republican party is the only party that has vigilantly investigated the conduct of its own officials, and openly repudiated them if unworthy of trust. The Republican party was not responsible for Andrew Johnson's appointments, most of whom were Democrats, and they could not expect fidelity in men who sold their principles for "bread and butter." [Laughter and cheers.]

Interesting to our Country Friends.

Farmers, probably, more than any other class, will realize the value of our information given below. No well conducted farm is perfectly equipped unless there is a full set of measures belonging to it. The following rules, by which every one who can saw and nail boards, can make his own measures, are worth cutting out and preserving:

- A barrel contains 10,752 cubic inches.
- A box 24 inches long by 16 inches wide and 28 inches deep—that is on the inside—will hold just a barrel.
- A half barrel—Make a box for this 24 inch—by 16, and 14 inches deep. This will contain 5,376, cubic inches, or just half a barrel.
- A bushel—This has 2,150 4-10 cubic inches. A bushel box will be 16 3-10 inches square, and 8 inches deep.
- A half bushel—A box 12 inches long by 11 2-10 inches wide, and 8 inches deep, will hold half a bushel.
- A peck—Box 8 inches by 8 4-10 inches square, and 8 inches deep, is a peck.
- A half peck—Is 8 by 8 inches square, and 4 2-10 inches deep, or 268 5-10 cubic inches.
- A half gallon—This contains 134 4-10 cubic inches. A box 7 by 4 inches and 4 8-10 inches deep, has just that quantity.
- A quart—4 by 4 inches square, and 4 2-10 deep.
- An old German of Indianapolis declined to sell any sourkraut to a merchant of that city because cabbages were scarce, and he had only put up two barrels to use in case of sickness.