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For the Jeffersonian.
THE UNION VOLUNTEER.

BY H. LANGFORD.

CHAPTER IV.
THE VOYAGE.

Austin Cameon, drenched and shivering, stood upon the bank of the "Lovers Lake." His ammunition was entirely damaged, nothing being left him to defend himself against the waltz or arrest but his sword—the sword he had raised against the life of his father. Fortunately the night was dark, and by this means he hoped to reach the city in safety. Taking a beaten path leading to the brink of the river, he hurried on at a rapid pace, so as to find shelter before people had retired to rest; and cautious, also, of his recognition by any one abroad at that hour. His journey was solitary, as was his heart; and often would he turn his eyes backward and look with melancholy sadness in the direction of the mansion. He reviewed, with pain, all the misfortunes of the evening, and recollected with vividness the scene in the garden through all its horrid details: then his bosom swelled with agony at the fratricidal issue. To raise his hand against his own father—the thought was humiliating, and prostrated his otherwise manly heart. And Camilla—he had acted in accordance to her wishes buoyed his drooping spirits that he did the best. He saw in anticipation the sufferings that she might expect at her father's hand, and even desired, inwardly, that her tormenter should not survive the humiliation he experienced that evening. To remain long himself in any portion of the State he knew would be dangerous, as the machinations of Gonsalvo would eventually discover his whereabouts, and visit him with twofold retribution. He determined to seek safety far away, and thus defeat for a time the vengeance of his pursuer.

With this resolution he quickened his step, and soon beheld the spires and turrets of the city standing out in relief against the dark sky. The low humming noise of traffic had not yet subsided. Wagons passed here and there; and groups of people congregated about the street corners engaged in conversation, and more than once did they turn and look after him as he passed. The taverns and low gin shops were crowded with noisy debaters, discussing the topics of the day; clamor and uproar were vociferated with deafening emphases, and by these Austin concluded that he must walk the streets all night. His present appearance might rouse suspicion and ultimately lead to questions which he was most anxious to avoid. However, he paused often in his weary rambles, and interrogated the passer by about the hour of the night, and so forth. Cautious, as others in the same unfortunate position, he shrank from observation and counted the slow anxious hours till dawn appeared over the broad waters of the bay.

The "Saragossa" had weighed anchor in the roadstead. Hundreds, either for amusement, or to await the arrival of their friends in the small steamer, which carried ammunition from the shore to the ships lying at anchor, paraded the deck. The little "Beauty" pushed off from the landing and steered directly for the outward bound vessel. The eager faces of the crowd overhead were turned about as the cry—"heave to, to port," was vociferated from the lips of the pilot; and the craft, by a sudden and abrupt jerk of the wheel, buried its stern in the trough of the wave, and rose from the boiling sprays under the lofty bows on the port side. There was a rush upon deck—the "Beauty" grappled with the main chains, and swung away. The passengers were soon aboard, and a roll of heavy smoke from the stern chase guns announced that they were already clear of the roads. Austin Cameon stood by the binnacle, cold and wayward, yet a tranquility, or ease of heart, told that he was all well within. His stained clothes sat oddly on his fine fragile form, and contrasted with the elegant features and mould of his juvenile face. He soon busied himself with the other passengers.

What a draft horse is man! How capable of endurance, and how supportable under privation and necessity. At home, and we shudder to hear the storm driving over the rugged and rocky summit of our native mountains,—at sea, as we cling to a rope or chain to support our staggering footsteps, the ocean rolling beneath and thundering again with fury over the frail and creaking bark, and we heed not the tempest, nor the surf-worn breaker which lies in darkness below, ready to shiver the deck upon which we tread, to a thousand splinters. Our conscience intimates that we are to find our lasting abode in the coral caves down in the dim recesses of the ocean, while at our fire-sides the spirit is haunted with hidden images that present danger, and warn us to prepare ourselves for the time to come. Equally so in war—we fear not, but bear the drudgery of life without the manifold solicitudes that crowd upon us when inert and incapable of rousing the nobler feelings at home.—Exultation.

Austin seemed to have forgotten all his mishaps. He wandered up and down, sometimes talking, laughing, and amusing himself, while anon, he mounted the yards, and busied himself watching over the distance for the first sail that should blot the horizon. And he looked, too, in the direction of his home, but it was only

in fancy; for the sea had already immersed itself in the neighboring clouds which bound the distant view. On flew the "Saragossa," her white sails expanded in the soft summer breeze which caught the starboard quarter and upheaved upon the green summit a million sprays. All on board rejoiced, even Austin, as the good ship glided steadily on to the shores and woodlands of Penn.

It was evening—calm, tranquil, glorious; and most of the passengers strolled about and deck to share the delights it presented. Austin had made rapid changes for the best, and made several acquaintances also, but to none did he divulge his secret, or intimate his intentions or business in coming to the North. He looked with enthusiasm on the bright prospect before him, and indulged in the imaginary fulfillment of some glorious deed.

"Land, ho!"
"Where, away?"
"Under the starboard bow."

There was a general rush, and every eye was turned in the direction indicated. Night darkened over the general joy; and morning displayed to their eager eyes the beautiful city of Philadelphia.

CHAPTER V.
THE BATTLE-FIELD.

A flourish of trumpets, long and piercing, broke upon the summer morning.—The Federal Standard floated in the exhilarating breeze, and the brave stood resolutely fixed under its lofty furl. From the indented ridges the red breath of war flashed dimly down the forest glade, and buried the flying bursts in the turf of the valley. Dark mists of heavy smoke sailed along the side of the mountain, and formed the scenery of a general burial.

Jackson and Ewell commanded the Confederate Army, having crossed the Rapidan at Barnett's Ford, and approached Slaughter Mountain, near the position occupied by General Banks.—It was from information obtained at Washington by the military authorities that General Halleck authorized Pope to summon the forces under Cox's command, then in Western Virginia, while he himself was directed to cross the Rappahannock, occupy Culpepper and threaten Gordonsville. This movement excited the apprehension of the Rebel leaders, as it indicated that their plans were already known and their schemes for crushing Pope's army, and the reduction of Washington or Baltimore were frustrated at once.

It was afternoon on Saturday, the ninth of August, when the battle commenced. On the day previous, Crawford's brigade had been thrown forward to observe the movements of Jackson, and to oppose his advance. Banks occupied his position alone. Rickett's division of McDowell's corps was three miles in his rear. The corps of Sigel, which had been marching all night, was allowed to halt at Culpepper, and thus Banks, with his seven thousand men, was preparing to give the Rebels battle.

The point of contest was a place about four miles south of Culpepper Court House, on the road to Gordonsville. The enemy pitched on the side of the mountain, where they were protected by thick forests. It was a very advantageous position, as it commanded a full view of the operations of the Federals below, and enabled them to fix their batteries so as to direct a destructive and simultaneous fire on every side. They were placed in successive tiers and semi-circular in outline, always bearing down on every portion of Bank's little band. The position of the latter was exposed to the enemy on every side, having no defence whatever, having no natural or artificial barricade.

The combat opened with an artillery duel in the afternoon. It was evident that the enemy had immense superiority in the number of their guns. The firing of the Federals was uphill, which tended to the greater accuracy of their aim. In an hour one of the enemy's batteries was silenced. The Federals closed up and advanced. The enemy also left their position and attempted to flank their left wing, but was repulsed and defeated by the gallant advance of Geary's brigade. At four o'clock Generals Prince, Green and Geary were ordered to assault the batteries on the left. As they approached the mountain, the Rebels under Winder, whom the woods had concealed until now, rushed forward, and mowed down the veterans like grain before the reaper; but still they advanced, and in the desperate collision forced the enemy back upon the base of the mountain, and held them firmly. Eight regiments poured down upon the assailants and forced them back. The movement was accomplished quickly, and in good order.

Six o'clock came, and with it a general struggle. Hoisting the stars and stripes, a formidable body of Rebels suddenly emerged from the woods, apparently a reinforcement; and the Federals, deceived by the imposition, allowed them to approach till they were near enough to inflict upon them a terrible chastisement. A desperate charge repaid with double interest the cowardly deception; and the Rebels fell back to their former position. As the night approached the contest became more furious. General Banks still held the position he had occupied in the morning. General Pope arrived upon the field and ordered McDowell to advance Rickett's division to support the troops engaged; but night soon darkened over the scene, and nothing but artillery was heard from the fastnesses of the enemy. The lurid and angry flame of can-

non burned all night over the valley, and illuminated with awful display the last scenes of civil warfare. The enemy receded up the mountain, and all was still. Federal forces poured in on Sunday; but on the following day the enemy evacuated their stronghold and crossed over the Rapidan.

But to our story. Austin Cameon, breathing his pure delight under the Federal Standard, acted a brave part in the repulse of Winder's division. The Seventy-third Pennsylvania Volunteers had more than once changed their front, and showed the enemy the intrinsic and uncompromising nature of a volunteer movement. The forest charges fell in their retreat, and Austin's first encounter was hand to hand. His countryman fell beneath the stern and sinewy arm of the youth of New Orleans. The onset of the Rebels, under the flag they had despised, was followed back by our hero's comrades in arms. Their front was cut away; but onward, in intrepid anger, they pushed and cut them to pieces. They closed, and as if a shaft rose from beneath their feet, a loud hurrah rang along with reverberating thunder through the forest, and was answered by a thousand echoes from the indented solitudes of the mountain. They shocked together, and made a terrible union—a burial compact, whose embrace bore a sacrifice in its fulfillment, and chartered another deed of blood to the liberty of war.

Austin's first engagement for the Union, the anticipation whereof, seemed fatal to his ever again seeing home. He had encountered his kinsmen in the field to frustrate their prosperity and to abolish their pride of secession over their heaped up graves. But the beginning had passed, bringing hundreds of human lives with it, and Destiny assumed the dictatorship of his eventful career. From the moment that the first life fell under his arm, a dark ambition nerved his heart to the execution of more heroic and sanguine deeds. He was in the battle, face to face with the community he had wronged and whose interest betrayed, and no wonder that his bosom beat more violently and his cheek assumed a deep pallor in exchange for the southern rose.

A retreat sounded. Prince, Greene, and Geary appeared, and again in action the Seventy-third pressed onward. Austin now distinguished himself by taking the command of his own company—the officers were killed, wounded, or missing—and at their head he rallied them for the charge. On, steadily moved the volunteers—up the steep ascent, like the Alpine horde of chamois, and almost breasted the batteries. Up, like the locomotive in their career of destruction, clambered the veteran youths, whose memory shall live in the storied chronicles for a thousand generations. Austin encountered again. A young southerner, whose ability had raised him to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He appeared to be about Austin's own age, a good soldier, and an ardent patriot. A long glance passed between them, and their weapons clashed with fensidish stroke.—The mounted soldier suddenly relaxed his sword. Austin pressed upon him, but his antagonist seemed to be only defending himself. A word was at his lips; but at the moment his sword fell, and smote Austin under his charger's feet. He fell uttering: "The Union!" The horseman bent low in his saddle, and looked upon his face covered with blood; when our hero, with the last remaining life leaving him, sprang convulsively to his feet, and dealt him a heavy blow, which hurled him to the ground. He sank with a groan upon his pale lips, and the quietness of death stole over him.—Austin and his cousin Costardo had met after a long separation, but it was in inverted roles, each compelled in his duty to tread the blood of the other. They lay side by side on the cold sanguine grasses of the glade; and their spirits were at peace as they slumbered peacefully amidst the dim, the clash, and the roar of the battle.

(To be continued in our next.)

Keep Your Feet Warm.

Few persons know, or if they do know, appreciate the necessity of keeping the feet warm and dry. Most fevers prevalent in this country during the winter months are the result of colds, which in nine cases out of ten are produced by damp and cold feet. In regard to this important matter we clip the following from an exchange:

Many of the colds which people are said to catch commence at the feet. To keep these extremities warm, therefore, is to effect an insurance against the almost interminable list of disorders which spring out of a "slight cold." First, never be tightly shod. Boots or shoes, when they fit closely, press against the foot, and prevent the free circulation of the blood. When, on the contrary, they do not embrace the foot tightly, the blood gets fair play and the spaces left between the leather and the stockings are filled with a comfortable supply of warm air. The second rule is—never sit in damp shoes. It is often imagined that unless they are positively wet, it is not necessary to change them while the feet are at rest. This is a fallacy; for, when the least dampness is absorbed into the sole, it is attracted further to the foot itself by its own heat, and thus perspiration is dangerously checked. Any person may prove this by trying the experiment of neglecting the rule, and his feet will become cold and damp after a few moments, although, on taking of the shoe and examining it, it will appear quite dry.

Noble Men.

In every age and in every country there have been men who in goodness, unselfishness and generosity have stood up far above their fellows, like the mountains above valleys. They have demonstrated that there are redeeming qualities in our race, that all are not wholly wrapped up in self, that there are those whose happiness consists in blessing others.—Such was Howard and such is Peabody, that prince of givers, to whom our own land gave birth. There are many liberal givers who seek not fame by their acts, but are influenced by an inward impulse, not by external force. Freely they have received, freely they give. They are earth's jewels. They seek wealth not for their own sake, but for the good it may do, the happiness it may give, the suffering it may relieve, the light and knowledge it may diffuse. They live and move on a higher plane than other men, far removed above the money loving, selfish and miserly. Unsolicited they give where good can be done, affording a most wonderful contrast to rich but penurious and niggardly men, who clutch their gold with a death grasp. The mean and selfish but rich men are utterly incapable of comprehending the acts of these great and free-giving men, and are even ready to assign to them unworthy and selfish motives, such as they are influenced by.—"He is rich and able to give and it is no liberality in him," say these sordid souls. Are they not rich also? Do they give of their incomes in proportion to him?—"He makes his money easily." Does he make it more easily than they? Do they remember that fortunate and accidental speculation by which they realized many thousands without any toil or any remarkable sagacity of theirs? and how much of it did they give to the needy and suffering? "He has a large income." Have they not also? Do they find their hearts and their liberality increasing in proportion to the increase of their incomes? Is it this striking contrast between them and him. Every addition to their thousands increases their love of money, their indisposition to give to others, it encases their hearts, shutting up one avenue after another, and to quiet the slight murmurings of the little conscience they have left, they seek to ascribe sinister and selfish motives to him who is in all worthy respects their opposite. They would bring him down to their low level, mortified and chagrined by the striking contrast between him and themselves. To palliate and excuse their excessive and contemptible meanness they would strip of all excellence him who is the glory of our race. Counterfeit themselves, they seek to prove there is no genuine. Thus seek to shield themselves against all possible chances of being moved by any of the calls of the needy and suffering. From them the charitable institutions of the day, the poor at home and the degraded abroad, can expect nothing, unless wrung from them, or unless they can see how they can receive a good return or their names for once be blazoned abroad. The motives they attribute to others are theirs, they are mirrored forth in their words. The selfish and ungenerous will soon die and their names cease among men; the noble, unselfish, free-giving will, without seeking it, forever live in the hearts of all good men and in the monumental institutions they have reared.—Pittsburgh Gazette.

About a month ago a stranger stepped into the First National Bank of Iowa City with a bag of what purported to be gold dust worth fourteen thousand dollars, representing that he had just come from Montana, and had more gold than he wanted. With the most incredible gullibility, the cashier snapped up the gold, and without even applying the usual chemical tests, gave him ten thousand dollars in gold and a certificate of deposit for four thousand dollars for the dust. The metal was sent to the mint in Philadelphia, and has just been returned with the interesting information that it is a composition of platinum and copper, with a very small amount of pure gold. Of course the speculative "miner" has left.

A Story With a Moral.

A Connecticut exchange tells the following story of a boy, who was sent from Groton, Connecticut, to New London one day last summer with a bag of green corn. The boy was gone all day and returned with the bag unopened, which he dumped on the floor, saying:
"There's your corn; go and sell it; I can't."
"Sold any?"
"No; I've been all over London with it, and nobody said anything concerning green corn. Two or three fellows asked me what I had in my bag, and I told them it was none of their business what it was!"
The boy is not unlike hundreds of merchants, who will promptly call him a fool for not telling what he had to sell.—They are actually doing the same thing on a much larger scale than did the boy not advertising their business.

The Philadelphia North American says that there are more people out of employment there now than there were in 1857, and enjoins the strictest economy on all classes.

Hay is ten dollars a ton and corn ninety cents a bushel in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and the mills there are emptying bran into the river because it will not sell for a paying price.

The Result of a Hasty Marriage—An Old Woman Trades Her Daughter for a Pair of Spectacles.

The Lewistown True Democrat tells the following story, which should be read by young people—particularly young girls:—Improbable as it may seem to come, the statement we are about to make is absolutely true. The incident occurred in Juniata county only a few weeks ago. A rather goodlooking stranger came into the neighborhood peddling spectacles. Arriving at the house of Mr. (Smith we shall call him, for short) he exhibited his stock to the old lady. She tried several, and finally one suited her exactly, but she had "no money to buy with." Peddler pressed her to buy. She reiterated the fact that she had no money, but jokingly remarked: "I'll trade one of my daughters for a pair of spectacles." Upon this the oldest of two girls spoke up:—"You needn't trade, mother, for I won't have him." Thereupon the peddler turned to the younger and said:—"Well, will you have me?" The answer was promptly "yes!" Accordingly the spectacles were handed over, and arrangements at once made for the wedding.—That night the happy pair (who had never seen each other before that day) were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Esquire L. A short honeymoon of three days passed pleasantly enough, the peddler going out on a trading expedition each morning and returning faithfully in the evening. All seemed delighted, the old folks as well as the young, the new-made husband being exceedingly amiable and apparently a perfect gentleman. One or two nights he absented himself, but made satisfactory explanation of the circumstances, and besides made additional amends by presenting his wife with a sum of money sufficient to buy a new dress and a pair of shoes, both which she very much needed. Another night the family roof covered the gay spectacles man, but that was the last. He took his departure next morning as usual, but failed to return at eve, and (to make a long story short, has never been seen by the interested parties since. Who he is or where he came from, are alike mysteries, and as for the name he went by whilst making his interesting sojourn in Lost Creek Valley, that was probably assumed for the occasion, and will hardly help to discover whether he has gone.

How to Breathe.

There is one rule to be observed in taking exercise by walking—the very best form in which it can be taken by the young and able-bodied of all ages—and that is, never to allow the action of respiration to be carried on through the mouth. The nasal passages are clearly the medium through which respiration was, by our Creator, designed to be carried on. "God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life" previous to his becoming a living creature. The difference in the exhaustion of strength by a long walk with the mouth firmly closed, and respiration carried on through the nostrils instead of through the mouth, is inconceivable to those who have never tried the experiment. Indeed, this mischievous and really unnatural habit of carrying on the work of inspiration and expiration through the mouth, instead of through the nasal passages, is the true origin of all the diseases of the throat and lungs, as bronchitis, congestion, asthma and even consumption itself. The excessive perspiration to which some individuals are so liable in their sleep, which is so weakening to the body, is solely the effect of such persons sleeping with their mouths unenclosed. And the same unpleasant and exhaustive results arise to the animal system from walking with the mouth open, instead of when not engaged in conversation, preserving the lips in a state of firm but quiet compression. As the heat and velocity of the blood through the lungs depend almost entirely upon the quantity of the atmospheric air inhaled with each inspiration, and it is unavoidable that it should be taken in in a volume by the mouth, while it can only be supplied in moderate quantities, and just in sufficient proportion to serve the purpose of a healthy respiratory action, while supplied through the nostrils, it is clear that the body must be much lighter and cooler, and the breathing much freer and easier, when the latter course rather than the former is the one adopted. Children ought ought never to be allowed to stand or walk with their mouths open, for besides the vacant appearance it gives to the countenance, it is the certain precursor of coughs, colds, and sore throats.—Methodist.

A chap in Evansville, Indiana, stole a plank side walk. That equals the fellow who stole the boiler out of a rolling mill.

There is a man in Ohio who was discharged from the military service in 1812 on the ground of old age, and is still alive aged 108.

The Republicans of Blair county have elected the Hon. L. W. Hall delegate to the next State convention, and instructed him for Gen Grant for President and Gov. Geary for Vice President.

The Universalist Society of Cavendish, Vermont, has employed a Miss Damon to occupy its pulpit. She is pretty, and the young men are all becoming Universalists, and are anxious to play Pythias to Damon.