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GEORGE L. WALKER,
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A large number of Farms wanted.—
Residence at John Kern's, Main street,
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Physician and Surgeon,
Has removed his office and residence to the building, lately occupied by Wm. Davis, Esq., on Main street. Devoting all his time to his profession he will be prepared to answer all calls, either day or night, when not professionally engaged, with promptness.
Charges reasonable. [Oct. 17, 1867.]
Stroudsburg, April 11, 1867.—*tf.*

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Will be pleased to see all who wish to have their Dentistry done in a proper and careful manner, beautiful sets of artificial teeth made on Gold, Silver, or Rubber Plates as persons may desire. Teeth carefully extracted without pain, if desired. The public are invited to give him a call at the office formerly occupied by Dr. Seip, next door to the Indian Queen Hotel. All work warranted. [April 25, '67.]

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Sole agents for the
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A full assortment of HOSIERY, GLOVES and YANKEE NOTIONS, too numerous to mention.
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CARPETS, FLOOR OIL-CLOTH AND MATTING.
All of which will be sold at the lowest possible prices.

Butter and Eggs taken in exchange for goods.
R. F. BUSH,
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May 2, 1867.—1 yr.

THE UNION VOLUNTEER.

BY H. LANGFORD.
CHAPTER VI.
CAMILLIA.

There was mourning in Ellmount Hall. The servants, with cat-like tread, stalked from one apartment to the other, with their faces, whose dark aspect, forbidding something native to the death bed or the charnel vault. Silence was the predominant character, imprinted on every lip, and fear the guardian of the unspoken thought. The singing bird of Castile tuned her note no more by the cool lattice, which looked out on the beautiful lake; nor told in amorous ditty the fate of the "Phantom Lovers." Where was the young and lovely Camillia, the sunflower of the Mississippi, whose image even lent radiance to the sunbeam, and reflected the fairy imagery of supernatural loveliness, to the scenery of the oriental waters? Her absence stole away the cheerful mirth which always enlivened the humble circle, and thereby hinted that wrong and secret suffering were concealed within the walls of the mansion.

To these suspicions were added the whispers of her maid who affirmed, that daily provision was removed from the table almost hourly by Gonsalvo himself, and taken she knew not where; but it was evident from the sudden disappearance of Camillia, that the viands were for her, and that she pined in the solitudes of the subterranean chamber, once occupied by the maiden, whose tears and sorrows were over, as she, in her lover's arms, sank under the dark cold waters of the lake.

And such opinions were true. Gonsalvo, her father, as we have seen, bore her from the garden invisible, and located her in the dim chamber, where last we beheld her. With submissive anguish she opened her eyes, and encountered his stern gaze as he entered. Her heart was too full to articulate a word, and she turned away from his forbidding frown. In the tears of girlhood, there is a charm whom the hardest may succumb to, and grieve over the drops which fell of blighted and forsaken affection. Beauty's tears, they say, are as the starry sigillate which apprise men of the home which is to be shared by the angels of their existence; and although the heavens are pure without them; yet they deck the firmament with the realities of celestial light, and point over the weary desert of life to the great Paradise beyond.

"Father."
And, oh! how intense the divine nature of the sound! Could you who have betrayed the grandest dignity of existence, and bartered the great issue of your manhood for the vile and intoxicating pleasure of shame; could you but feel that you possess a being as your own, as noble as yourself, and even as affectionate; the blot of your uncivilized dignity would mar the darkest dream of your sensuality, and place a barrier against the joys which you pursue with so much delirium. Old age shall come to you, bringing degradation and contempt; and your death-bed deserted, with none to close your eyes, or drop a tear in your memory. Truly degraded must be the man who departs this life without leaving a gap in the vast amphitheatre of human society.

Gonsalvo grew pale. Unhuman and tyrannical as he was, the word burned in his ears, and he withdrew to the door.—The dark purpose of his heart was frustrated—yet he paused.

"Father."
He entered the chamber, but no tear of reconciliation dimmed his dark eye. The word opened his heart, and he listened again.

"Father, what have I done?"
He opened his bosom. "There," he said, emphatically, "there!—It is broken. The heart that was ever cold, and that ever withstood war, tumult and disaster. You have broken it—broken it! I am warm now, my children are gone—gone to sleep down under the waters. I am warm!"

"Who gone?"
"The curse and misery of my life.— Austin; but no, he was none of mine.— I deny it. He is —"
"Where is he? Why am I here?"
"Drowned! You did it—You!"
She hung upon his neck.—A dark stream of blood gushed from his mouth, and he reeled and fell heavily on the floor.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TEARS OF RECONCILIATION.

Austin, lying cold and still upon the battle-field, unconscious of the form beside him, laid low and smitten by his hand, sank into a stupor resembling the quietude of death.—How incident are ways of destiny—the highways of life are more eventful, and more romantic in their character, than the most exaggerated pictures drawn by either the novelist or historian. Things which our experience tells us are impossible are occurring every hour, and are either hidden in their secret accomplishment or made public in such a way as to need corroboration, and hence pass away as nonsense. We need only affirm that the ways of life are mysterious, and can only be manifested by looking "quite into the deeds of men."

The cousins, although destined to fall together, were not ordained to share the same means of recovery. As we have related, Austin found shelter in the deso-

late farmhouse, and aided by the affectionate watchfulness of his negro companion, soon was restored, and able to pursue his journey on the morning after receiving the mysterious packet.

Nance Holk accompanied him on his weary march, and with her odd and sagacious conversation, helped somewhat to enliven his spirits; but at times his thoughts were impenetrable, and presented such a character as was calculated to undermine his health. At other periods certain fits of silly chat were his delight, and he indulged in them with all the vivacity of a boy. His questions of home were answered evasively, and sometimes not at all, and thus their time passed, he interrogating her at his pleasure, and she wisely keeping her own counsel till the time should come, as she said, when "Massa should be ober all."

The country through which they travelled was delightful. The verdure of summer garnished the valleys with the dark tints of perennial spring. Birds, of every hue and plumage, sang their melodies by the cool sighing rivulet, and awakened the deep silence of the glade to harmony and joy. On murmured the beautiful streams through the broken fissures of the rocks—down through the sandy channels and into the broad race of the mountain waters. Summer was queen of the valleys, and our travellers enjoyed its delightful influences with invigorated and healthy spirits.

They entered Gordonsville by evening. The town was occupied by soldiers, and hospitals containing the sick and wounded were the principal attractions it then presented.

Our travellers were soon comfortably located in one of these establishments, and a new joy soon awaited our hero. On the morrow he was created a Lieutenant, and with pride, so becoming in a soldier, entered upon the responsibilities of his new position. He devoted his time assiduously to become what his rank entitled him to—the confident of his fellow-soldiers, and so far succeeded, that none, not even the old veterans, were envious of the honors which were awarded to the "young recruit."

Austin's round of duty brought him at length into the society of one whose intimacy he felt entirely indisposed to cultivate with any degree of warmth. Costardo, a wounded prisoner, was quartered in Gordonsville, not far from where our hero was located. A cold exchange of compliments passed between them at first, and the breach grew wider as they came oftener in contact. One afternoon they met at the request of Costardo, which led to results not anticipated by either.

"So you are what you are, are you?" said Costardo, with some sarcasm, as soon as the first exchange was over. "I thought you and Cammy were in such a position—as that you should remain at home. However, I have no doubt that our cause will prosper without you, as much now as if you were with her; but don't frown, Austin, I am only speaking my mind, I think you have taken a false step which induces me to say that you would do better at home."

"False step." And Austin betrayed some contempt as he spoke.
"Better at home. See, Cost, if your slang is intended for me I return it, and only tell you, that henceforth I am your enemy, and there is a little debt between us which I will guarantee to pay on the first opportunity."

"Austin said 'enemies.' Well, be it so, and as to the debt, I don't acknowledge it. Any young man can, and ought, smile on a pretty girl. A hard cuss that won't. I always loved Camillia, and intended to wed her; but it seems I am discovered and shut down upon. She is only your sister, not your wife, and I would ask you to remember that."

"You wed her. Beware!"
"Not at all, Austin, there is no danger, at least, to be apprehended from you, although I must confess that you are a little jealous. However, I have no doubt that I shall in the end have her. The old man you know, I will settle it with him."
This dash of rivalry threw Austin into a rage. He turned a little pale, and his hand, mechanically, was laid on the hilt of his sword. Costardo noticed the movement and said:—

"Surely not Austin, angry, eh?"
"Enough."
"Too much on your part, no doubt."
"There."
"Take it." And Costardo exchanged the glove with a toss in the air.

It was agreed that they should meet at four on the following morning, at a retired spot, a short distance from the town. They were to choose their own seconds, and with this settlement they retired to their respective quarters.

Austin repaired to bed early, first assuring himself that his pistols were in excellent order, and loaded with exactness. He placed them on a chair close by the bedside, and composed himself to sleep. It was night—dark and silent. The sentries were all posted, and the officer of the guard had made his usual rounds. All reported well. Austin's chamber was situated on the lower story, and outside a sentinel paced up and down. An unusual stillness pervaded the house, and Austin slept soundly.

The chamber door opened noiselessly, and a man beyond the prime of life walked cautiously to the bedside. A lamp burned dimly in his hand, and a nervousness betrayed itself on his dark sunburnt face. His grey hair seemed clotted with perspiration, and the light in his hard

bony fingers trembled. He stood, spectre-like, looking with terror on the pale and handsome face, childlike in expression, and pure in feature as a girl's. He murmured:—

"The same—the same face, expression and feature. Poor Silvio, sleep, and be no more remembered. I prayed so before, and was satisfied; but here —" And he looked again into the silent and unconscious face. "Yes, it's the same, the picture was given him to haunt me; a dying man's prayers are heard, ay, answered, else this could never transpire. This spectre now rises up to renew the dark memories of times and places far gone, but let it—the dead reveal no secrets."

He cautiously turned down the counterpane and scrutinized the heaving bosom. A small mole or tawncolored speck blotted the clear white transparency of his skin. He looked upon the hereditary stain, and resumed his soliloquy:—

"The same still, Silvio, thou art there, thine image still lives, and with it the dark memory of thine end. Be it so. What is past cannot be annulled. Bathe, yes, the boy shall be vindicated, and his rights established. I am old now, and the war to boot, may soon be the means of relieving me. May it break—beat on."

And his withered hand was laid at his heart, and a pallor overspread his face. He covered the sleeper again, and turned to depart. One more glance at Austin, and, with the same ghost-like step, he glided from the chamber.

The morning dawned clear and beautiful as Austin, after a night of dreams, rose from his pillow and prepared for his departure. His second, a lieutenant H—, accompanied him, and were upon the ground just as Costardo and his companion appeared emerging from the opposite wood. The usual salute passed between them, and the space measured. They took their places and awaited the word, or signal, to fire. The handkerchief dropped—the smoke passed away with a light puff, and it was discovered that both bullets had been withdrawn. A parly was demanded, but Austin, too, fixed in his determination, rejected the proposal; the pistols were re-loaded, and they again took their places; but at this juncture an old soldier stepped from among the trees, close by, and waived his hand as the signal was about to be given. He drew the combatants close together, bade the seconds retire a little distance, and spoke to the cousins in an undertone. In a few minutes they embraced each other with tears, and the stranger withdrew, desiring them to see him in his quarters on their return. The soldier was Austin's night visitor.

(To be continued in our next.)

Reconstruction by Congress, a Sure Thing.

Senator Drake of Missouri has published an able vindication of Radicalism, in the form of a letter to the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, reviewing the relations of the conquered States to the Federal Government, and showing both the justice and the expediency of the plan adopted by Congress for their restoration. At the close he offers this cold comfort to the Democrats who are rejoicing over the result of the recent elections:—

"The net Democratic gain in the recent elections, so far as national politics are concerned, is one United States Senator. At this rate, with but eleven Democrats and Johnsonites now in the Senate to start with, how many years will it take to overthrow the Republican ascendancy there? And until that ascendancy is overcome, what hope is there of Southern Rebels and Northern Democrats (*par fratrum*)? Meantime, what becomes of reconstruction? It marches straight on to completion under the acts of Congress as they are, negro suffrage and all. There is not a Republican Senator who would dare—even if he wished—to vote for their repeal or any retrograde movement from the positions they have taken in them. The recent elections, therefore, have no solid comfort for you, nor do they intimidate or discourage true Radicals anywhere. Men who stand up for principle as they do, are not dismayed or disconcerted by casual and temporary reverses, but rather spurred to more resolute battle for the right."

Nominations Confirmed.

In the Senate, on Friday, sundry nominations sent in by the President just before the adjournment in July, were taken up, and the following confirmations made, viz: Horace Greeley, to be Minister to Austria; A. C. Hunt, Governor of Colorado; and Colonel Horace Capron, of Illinois, formerly of Maryland, Commissioner of Agriculture. The nomination of Mr. Greeley by the President was entirely voluntary. Mr. G. had no desire for the position, and neither he nor his friends solicited it. It is regarded as a merited compliment to the journalistic profession, and as such is very generally appreciated as one of the few really sensible acts performed by President Johnson. The confirmation of Col. Capron as head of the Agricultural Department, settles a long contested case, and disappoints a whole army of applicants who have been waiting for the late Isaac Newton's shoes.

P. S.—Mr. Greeley, through a card in the *Tribune*, declines the Austrian mission. He says he has no intention of going out of the country until the next President is elected.

[From the Inquirer.] The President's Message.

The message of the President of the United States to Congress, is the most decided in temper and tone which have yet been submitted to that body, and is in all respects and argument against every measure determined upon by Congress in order to minister to the interests and the safety of the Union. Mr. Johnson does not like anything that Congress has done in pursuance of its plan of reconstruction, and he evidently believes that the only panacea which can be concocted to cure the evils under which the country suffers, must be mixed after his prescription, of ingredients chosen by himself. He opens his message with a growl, and he goes on grumbling at each new clause with increased loudness. He says that he is sorry that, as it is his duty to communicate to Congress the progress of reconstruction, it is his unpleasant position to be able to tell nothing that is agreeable.

The patriotic expectations of Mr. Johnson have been disappointed. The "Union" and the "Constitution"—two constant subjects of his care, are still in great danger, and must remain in that perilous condition as long as the Presidential plans are not accepted. He announces, with grave solemnity, that he has not changed his opinions; the States which were in Rebellion are still members of the national Union, he thinks having a right to rebel, and when that attempt failed, being entitled to resume their places round the national table, and to be fed with the public pap, just as if nothing had happened. In order to make out this position Mr. Johnson explains what the law was, what the object of the war was, and what ought to be done now to reinstate the Rebel element in saucy authority, and to render the victory nugatory but a decision that every Rebel shall be *statu quo ante bellum*.

As Mr. Johnson argues himself into a cheerful belief that the nation sacrificed hundreds of thousands of her citizens, and spent thousands of millions of dollars for no other purpose than to place the traitors who caused all this trouble in power again, he arrives easily at a suggestion of the measures which ought to be taken in order to make everything right and pleasant. The first thing, of course, would be to repeal the Reconstruction laws which create military districts in the South. These laws, are, in the opinion of Mr. Johnson, vile contrivances, by which the late Confederates are made to be quiet, well behaved persons. They place a turbulent, disaffected, bitter and ungrateful people under such surveillance as will compel them to be peaceable.—This is a great hardship, and the President launches a volley of objections as would be quite sufficient to overthrow it, were it not sustained by the superior strength of Congress.

Having exhausted such pretended arguments, as it is in his power to present, the President draws a frightful picture of the consequences of not taking his advice. The cost of military reconstruction, he says, has been immense, amounting to "unaccounted millions." It will cost hereafter a tremendous sum; being in this instance not "unaccounted," but accurately ascertained, and found to be just two hundred millions of dollars a year! This is bad enough, but Mr. Johnson adds to it the bugaboo of a depreciation of the credit of the national government, all of which must tell most terribly against us. To make the idea more appalling, he throws out the suggestion that the Southern trade with the Northern States languishes, and that very valuable commerce, all the debts under which existing in 1861 were repudiated by Southern debtors, cannot be revived, as long as "my policy" is opposed.

These suggestions very naturally bring the President to a consideration of the question, What he should do to vindicate his own interpretation of duty. What is he to do when Congress passes a law which he thinks is unconstitutional?—Most people would say, "Wait until it is decided to be unconstitutional by the Supreme Court." But the President evidently thinks that he is quite equal to that tribunal in deciding upon the constitutionality of a law. He says that he has had serious thoughts about his duty to forcibly oppose the acts of Congress; but inasmuch as such acts might bring on a civil war, he has wisely abstained from going to such lengths. Still, he warns Congress that an occasion may arise when it will be necessary for him to do so; but in reference to the Reconstruction acts, he confesses that he considered that the better part of valor was discretion.

One of the most remarkable parts of the message is that in which complaint is made of the frauds in the revenue. Inasmuch as these frauds are, in almost all cases, committed either in consequence of a want of vigilance of the officers of the government appointed by the President, or by their connivance with the guilty parties and a division of the profits with them, this seems to be something like an accusation of himself by the President.

In regard to the Tenure of Office bill, and particularly applying to the dismissal of Secretary Stanton, the President goes over the old arguments about his constitutional rights, &c., &c., and the evils which may result from interfering with his privileges.

Concerning the finances the President has a good deal to say in better temper than other parts of his message. He fa-

vors a return to specie payments as soon as possible. He says that there are \$160,000,000 in the Treasury, in circulation in California and in the national banks, and that the returns of the production and exportation of the precious metals show that more than \$300,000,000, beside must be in the country. Means should be taken, he thinks, to restore the currency to a sound condition.

In regard to foreign affairs he calls for appropriations to pay for Alaska, and confesses the purchase of the islands of St. Thomas and St. Johns, and calls upon Congress to foot the bill. With an allusion to the old conflict with Great Britain and other countries upon the subject of allegiance and naturalization, the message comes to an end. It was received by Congress without emotion, and it is likely to be of as little practical value as those which have preceded it.

Important Decision by the Supreme Court.

It has been decided by the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, that drawing a check on a bank in which the drawer has no funds, and uttering it, is fraud, both on the person to whom it is negotiated and on the bank. Case of Peterson vs. Union National Bank. It is fraud in the holder of a check to present it for payment, when he knows the drawer has no funds in the bank to meet it. The holder of a check deposited it in the bank on which it was drawn, knowing that the drawer had no funds to meet it; it was passed to the holder's credit and charged against the drawer. Held, that this was not payment of the check by the bank, and that the holders could not recover the amount from the bank. This decision is of importance to a class of persons who are in the habit of "kiting" checks, giving "memorandum checks and checks dated ahead." All such practices are frauds under this decision, and if the checks so uttered are not stamped as promissory notes they are also in violation of the United States Internal Revenue laws. Persons who are guilty of drawing checks when they have no funds in bank very soon lose their credit, and have their accounts closed by the bank, and may consider themselves lucky if they escape prosecution for fraud.

The Laws of Estrays.

For the information of our readers interested in the matter, we publish the following synopsis of the general law of Pennsylvania relative to stray cattle. It is worth preserving:—

"Persons having stray cattle or horses in their possession are liable in the sum of five dollars, and will receive no compensation for damages or costs, if they fail to report the fact to the town clerk within four days, and it is his duty to record of the same, subject to the same punishment in default thereof. If the owner of the stray presents himself to the clerk within ten days, he is entitled to receive his property on payment of charges. If after the expiration of that time, no owner is found, the person possessing the stray is required to advertise it; and if within sixty days thereafter, no owner appears the person taking up the same shall apply to a Justice of the Peace in the township, who is required to issue his warrant to a Constable, who after giving ten days' notice, is required to sell the same—the money for which is to be paid into the hands of the Justice of the Peace, who is to pay all reasonable charges for the cost of keeping, registering, advertising, selling, &c., and the balance if there be any, to be paid into the county treasury."

A case of much importance to claim agents was determined on the 28th ultimo, in the United States District Court, at Detroit, Michigan, Judge Ross Wilkins presiding. The act of July 4, 1861, provides that an agent shall receive \$10 for making out and causing to be duly executed a declaration for a pension with necessary affidavits, and forwarding the same to the Pension Office with the requisite correspondence, and no part of this fee shall be due until the pensioner shall have received his certificate. J. J. Crandall, of Coldwater, Michigan, was charged at the instance of the Commissioner of Pensions with demanding and receiving from a pensioner the sum of \$14, or \$4 in excess of the fee prescribed by law. The trial occupied part of two days, the defendant appearing in his own defence. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the accused was sentenced to pay a fine of \$100 and costs of the prosecution.

"Pap" for the President's Organ.

By a law of Congress the Federal advertising in Washington was restricted to two papers. All the papers, however, published them and presented their bills. The proper accounting officer rejected all the bills excepting those of the two official papers. The Democratic publishers appealed to President Johnson, and he ordered the bills to be paid, amounting to \$20,000. Yet he bows for public economy. The *Intelligencer* now has a claim for \$19,000 for publishing and reporting the testimony of the assassination conspirators, a private enterprise. But the proprietors presented their bill to the War Department for \$19,000. Secretary Stanton and General Grant both refused to pay it, on the ground that the work was not ordered, and was a private matter exclusively. The *Intelligencer* appealed to Johnson, who referred the matter to Binkley, who, of course, reported in favor of the President's organ, and the