

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

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A Card.
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profession. In order to prevent disappoint-
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may wish to consult him, he will be found
at his office every THURSDAY and SAT-
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ADDRESS
OF THE
CARRIER
OF
THE JEFFERSONIAN.

STROUDSBURG, JANUARY 1st, 1868.

THE EXCURSION.
We have all got round that circle
Which takes a year to go;
A. J. went with us too, I think,
But not by Buffalo.
It was a grand Excursion,
For the moon kept company
As we went gaily round the sun
"To see what we could see."

We took our mountains and our seas,
The sunshine and the storm;
We tried to mix them best to please
And do ourselves no harm,
But there was One to shape our ends,
Of whom too little thought,
For where we looked for smoothest seas
The darkest storms were fought.

And many were washed overboard,
And many tears were shed,
And many were the hopes and fears
We passed with joy or dread.
But here we are, just where we were,
One year ago to-day,
And gladly will we cruise again
Though storms still haunt the way.

Though almost every passenger
Finds fault with food and fare,
Yet none decline the honor
Of a trip they don't know where;
And we're going, going, going,
Going on this trip again,
But who shall make the voyage through
No mortal here can name.

Some must from time to time, to fall out,
But on the ship will plow,
And little ones will take their place
And crowd as crowded now;
The wail of sorrow will be heard,
Then joy will intervene,
And life will show, as it has shown,
An ever-shifting scene:

OUR TOWN.
Our town is growing, as it should,
In all that's laudable and good.
As weeds grow, best in the best soil
So will the bad how'er we toil
To root it up or on it tread
And train up virtue in its stead.
Both tares and wheat together grow,
And will until that time we know
When the long-promised Millennium,
With all its glorious scenes shall come.

That we would gladly hail that day
Is proven less by what we say
Than by our works, which all behold,—
We prize a something more than gold.
Aye, lives there one amongst us here
But would, with welcome most sincere,
Rejoice to see that day come in
Which marks the end of wrong and sin?

In the great city 'tis a strife,
For wealth that costs sometimes o'en life,
But we live like one family,
Where higher interests all agree.
No "bulls and bears" excite us here
To growl o'er "stocks" the live long year.
We do not ask for gold to buy,
This world of care o'er which to sigh.
Enough,—this is the word we prize
To this alone our efforts rise.
You, city gent, remember this,
Excitement is not perfect bliss,
And your high-pressure city life
Is but a concentrated strife.
Our moderate aims we surest gain
And where we miss we less complain.
Our journey is an even way
Where fullest good has fullest sway.

OUR COUNTRY.
Our Country! 'tis one Country still,
Could not be else 'gainst Heaven's will
Though oft there foreboding ill.
War had not been had not that Eye
Which rules the nations from on high
Seen it a sad necessity.
That conflict and that trial came
Not without purpose, without aim,
Nor wholly of politic name.
Who sided with the cause of right
Felt we ere long must pass the night
To share a far more glorious light.

There is no surer thing below
Than this, which mortals all should know,
That Truth shall live and Right shall grow.
Our Country, honored in the right,
Shows to the world no borrowed light
Which kings may puff and all is right.

We, self-supported, stand alone,
And, though reluctant, kings must own
That men can live without a throne.
Heaven decreed that this should be
A chosen land for Liberty,
And naught can thwart that destiny.

ONWARD.
That enterprise which makes us great
Is onward still in every State.
But first, and most important too,
Is that which cuts the barrier through
Which separates Pacific's shore

To bring her wealth more near our door.
The Iron Horse, with puffing pace,
Is at the Rocky Mountains' base:
"Twill up and o'er and then descend
To join with the "Pacific" end."

The Indian protest, all in vain;
His Buffalo shall hear the train;
And though his "hunting ground" is dear
Will make its usefulness appear.
Why should we go around the Cape
Or cross the Isthmus to escape
Three thousand miles of "overland"
When we a rail-road can command.
And in six days, when it is done,
Across our continent can run?
That "opening day" will far surpass
All else that men have brought to pass.

Our public works and public themes
Surpass our fathers' wildest dreams;
Our wealth and enterprise unfold
A field of greatness yet untold,
With light and knowledge full and free
We rise to our high destiny.
We will not boast but must look down
On those who live beneath a crown.
In all that's good, benevolent
Our people speak most eloquent.
Societies by hundreds stand
Waiting to give the helping hand.
The call, be it just at our door,
Or come it from a foreign shore,
'Tis all the same, 'tis human need,
We show ourselves the "friend in deed."

WARNING.
One enterprise I must disclaim,
'Tis adding to our broad domain;
What need we of those fields of ice—
Walrusa—for which Swains sighs?
Or those tornado, carthquake isles?
O'er which he too with craving smiles?
We need our millions more to-day
To wipe our burdening debt away;
That weighty debt which tempts to cheat,
Makes men dishonest, indiscreet.
This craving appetite I fear
More than all else that's threatening here.
In the world's history I find
More wrecked on this than else combined.
Not the Equator nor the Pole,
Between these we remain a WHOLE!

CAMPAIGN OF '67.
The war was o'er but there was more
That was to be completed,
This Congress struggled hard to do,
But A. J. had defeated:
The "nigger" yet the bilious pill
That stirred the great confusion,
That caused the war, that knocked it o'er
And brought for peace delusion.

CHORUS:
'Tis nigger here and nigger there
And nigger over yonder,
'Tis nigger mixed with every thing,
For nigger wout stay under.
Election came and in the name
Of any thing to raise it
The Democrats piled up their "gains"
And then hurrahed to praise it;
The Radicals beheld their "falls"
And stood aghast in wonder
Whilst sir A. J. to Congress way
Declared the highway under.

CHORUS:
'Twas nigger here and whiskey there, &c.
But we have straightened up again,
Although the shock was awful
And with our Congress now at work
We'll do what's best and lawful:
Impeachment we will drop because
Old Andy's hands are fettered
And he can do no much of harm
Though stubborn and unlettered.

CHORUS:
Though nigger here and whiskey there, &c.
When next we vote a President,
Which will be in November,
This case that is upon our hands
I think we will remember,
And that Vice President may be
A tailor or a weaver
But he must be an honest man
And not a vile deceiver.

CHORUS:
If nigger here and whiskey there, &c.
Our cause is grand and we will stand
Upon it to the letter,
Until the party who oppose
Can show us something better.
If timid ones forsake their guns
The faithful do it never,
'Tis understood, for the best good
Of all we'll struggle ever.

CHORUS:
Though nigger here and whiskey there, &c.
Error and Truth, by age and youth
Have zealously competed,
But the right cause by human laws
Has never been defeated;
And to the call to stand or fall,
Though, fighting the infernal,
We'll rally here, pledge all that's dear
For Truth, which is eternal.

CHORUS:
With nigger here and whiskey there, &c.
P. S.—The abolition of Slavery is an ac-
complished fact, but the Democrats seem still
to hunger and thirst after the flesh pots of
Africa, and the "nigger" is their hobby, as
it was years ago, on all political questions.
They are determined to haunt and taunt the
"Radicals" with this obsolete term to the
end of what they call democracy. We
thought we would give them, in the above
song, a bit of "nigger" and whiskey for
their own special edification.

REFLECTIONS.
Although at quite a length I've run,
A word or two and I am done,
The winter with its piercing air,
Reminds that sympathetic care
Should be bestowed on those whose lot
Is poverty and pinching want.
Let us look round nor feign excuse
Because some lack by their own abuse.
Think of the little ones in need,
Whatever be the sires' misdeed,
And Heaven, with blessings from the skies,
Will well repay your sacrifice.
There is no surer promise given,
Or sooner answered by High Heaven,
Than that which Charity bestows
On all who succor human woes.

MY WISH.
My wish is just the same to-day
'Twas in the past, will be alway;
The same to you as all mankind,
That you the best of life may find.
In the Right Way, by Wisdom led,
Honor and love be on your head.
If we look back there's much to mourn,
And much of sorrow has been borne,
But now we throw all ill away
To light with hope this New Year's Day:
Let the dead bury their own dead
Whil'et we raise temples in their stead.
There's wealth in love and health in joy

Which sorrow's raven wings destroy;
Let us then grasp firmly those
And rise above all human woes.
'Tis merry time!—this holiday
Invites to happiness and play—
The glowing face, the nimble feet,
The hearty laugh, the lively street,
The merry bells, the New Year toys,
The cheery girls, the romping boys,—
The every thing which goes to raise
The pleasure of this best of days!

FINALE.
I leave you now.—
If there should be
Another year
For you and me,
I hope to meet
From week to week
And have a word
Or two to speak.

And, at its end,
To greet again
My Patrons all
With poet pen.
If what I've said
In love to you
Is worth a "Greenback,"
One or two,
Ungenerous I
If not to be
The one to say
"Most gratefully."

For the Jeffersonian.
THE UNION VOLUNTEER.
BY H. LANGFORD.
CHAPTER XIII.
DARK PLOTS.

Gonsalvo was seated in his private
room; and upon the table lay a pile of
papers, among which he shuffled occasion-
ally. One drawback remained upon his
happiness, and that was the disappearance
of a certain document, whose possession
enabled him to exercise a great influence
in society on account of his wealth; and
that paper in the hands of any other
would immediately expose him to disgrace,
and, perhaps, public trial. This calamity
caused him some uneasiness, but the hope
of recovering from existence, those who
stood in the path of prosperity, somewhat
relieved his present suffering, and led him
to depend for peace and happiness in the
selection of an accomplished executor.
With these intentions he sat quietly, and
forced himself to smile, looking with sat-
isfaction on the letter which he held in
his hand.

The door opened softly, and a servant
entered to announce a visitor. Gonsalvo
glanced over the card, and directed that
he should be admitted at once. The ser-
vant retired, and he commenced to clear
away the documents in haste—then sat
down to await the appearance of the
guest.

"The Honorable Mr. Edgerton." And
the attendant, as he announced the vis-
itor, closed the door and retired. Gonsalvo
rose quickly and courtesied, at the same
time inviting him to a seat, and, after
a few remarks as to the weather and
the news of the day, they proceeded to
business.

"Having, for a considerable time,
heard of your abilities as a detective offi-
cer, and learned much of your exploits
while engaged in that honorable profes-
sion, I sent for you on a very great mat-
ter of importance, and calculated to be
very injurious to those whom it may con-
cern. Besides, fully confident that your
sagacity for hunting up clues to perpe-
trators of robbery, or any thing else that
disturbs the common weal, is oftentimes
very shrewd and active, and has proved
itself extremely useful to the civil authori-
ties in general, hem—you agree with
me, Mr. Edgerton?"

"Possibly, Mr. Cameon, though fail-
ure has often attended my most vigilant
efforts."
"Hem. Of course, sir, there are cases
occurring that defy detection; but sup-
pose a case where there are actual proofs
of one's dishonesty, and clues also as to
where he may be found; do you think
there are, or could be any impediments
to his arrest?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Cameon, provided
the law took cognizance of his offence,
and issued warrants."
"Issued warrants, hem, hem. You
mean writs, enabling one man to arrest
another?"

"Yes, sir."
"Hem. Well, we will suppose that
there are conditional circumstances con-
nected with the above case, hem. Sup-
pose that he to whom the inquiry was
done was unwilling to give his offender
over to the course of the law, but would
greatly reward any person who should
arrest him, and give his offender over to
his own custody. Do you think that such
a proceeding would be illegal?"

"Of course, sir, the laws of the coun-
try do not permit the guilty to be pun-
ished by him who is individually wronged.
There are common rights established for
offenders. The Commonwealth decrees
their punishment or pardon, and private
vengeance cannot be tolerated—the ag-
grieved must appeal to the Law in every
case."

Gonsalvo drew his chair closer, and de-
termined to bring the business to a point.
Edgerton had ere this perceived that the
wrong which was committed on him was
a private one, and would fetch a price;
consequently he kept aloof from inquiry,
knowing that in his own good time the
secret would come out; with this appar-
ent knowledge of the matter he continued
in the same legal tone:

"You see, Mr. Cameon, that if the Law
sanctioned private redress, any man could

shoot, or confine his neighbor whenever
he felt disposed to do so; where alliances,
or property by marriage is sought, who
can tell what amount of crime it would lead
to—what little jealousies would eventually
lead to murder; and civil tumult engender
from them sources of revenge and cru-
elty? No, sir; it would not be—every
thing that is constitutional in society de-
pends on the prohibition of private ven-
geance. It is the most heinous offence
on the criminal code."

Gonsalvo nodded his head in token of
approbation, and once more interposed:—
"But, Mr. Edgerton, there are cases
where minority interferes, for instance,
if my son robs me he is amenable to pun-
ishment at my hands alone. The case in
which I desire your consideration is simi-
lar in every particular, it is actually the
cause by which you are here. Monies
and certain documents are stolen, and my
suspicion necessarily imposes the guilt on
him, at the same time that they exact an
even redress. His place of rendezvous is
known, his associates already proved dis-
honorable, and his career generally black-
ened with the traces of guilt. A large
reward is yours—arrest him!"

He grasped Edgerton's hand warmly as
he spoke, and a light blush reddened his
pale face, which the other was not un-
mindful of observing; but he only pas-
sed in answer, and looked upon the floor
as if considering the matter carefully
over. Gonsalvo waited a reply, but none
coming he continued:—

"It is my desire that the proceeding
be entirely secret, and when conducted
by your experience and judgment, it can-
not fail to be successfully carried through,
only observe that he must be conveyed
here by you alone, and under your im-
mediate control—you understand—con-
veyed here—dead or alive."

His voice sank to a whisper, and he
looked steadfastly into the eyes of the
other's face, but it betrayed no emotion or
surprise. He proceeded:—
"It is a matter of great interest, and
worthy of your abilities as a civil officer,
sir, and your reward shall be proportion-
able to the enterprise. Fix the price and
it's yours, provided that you succeed, and
leave the rest to me. I will be liberal
even to my last dollar, and throw a young
and beautiful wife into the bargain. Cam-
my will be fascinated by your accomplish-
ment, and willingly accept your hand; and
I bestow a dowry upon her that shall
enrich you till your death."

Edgerton now manifested a little sur-
prise, and looking up with a smile into
the face of his tempter, he drew a long
breath and replied:—
"Your generosity, Mr. Cameon, has
certainly confounded me, and I cannot,
with proper merit, explain how zealously
you have inspired me to act as you desire;
nevertheless, for the successful carrying
out of what you say it is necessary that I
should be instructed fairly. You wish
the boy removed—your property re-
stored, and your daughter married—any
thing else?"

"No, nothing, hem."
"Well, then I'll foot up the bill—
The boy removed—ten thousand—the
documents—five thousand—and your
daughter married—gratis. Fifteen thou-
sand dollars, Mr. Cameon."

Gonsalvo was thunderstruck. "Fif-
teen!" he repeated, breathless. "Why,
sir, are you really in earnest? I could
sack the city of New Orleans for half
that—you must be joking, sir, you can-
not mean it. 'Any man can have his en-
emies shot about here at a dollar a head,
and hundreds found ready at any time
for such pay. Fifteen thousand dollars
—a fortune! a princely fortune! I'd wor-
ship such a god."

"Then, sir, our business is over for the
present—good-evening."
And rising from his seat he took his
hat as if about to depart, but the other
stayed him.

"Be seated, Mr. Edgerton, let us set-
tle the matter over. Be seated, sir, for
a moment."
Unwillingly he sank into the chair, and
both remained silent for some time. It
is true, as Burke says, "that every man
has his price;" and no matter how exal-
ted or contemned, there is a boundary to
his integrity or meanness, which cannot
be surmounted. We do not affirm by this
that every man is dishonest, but we main-
tain that every man can be won over, and
led to believe that his actions therein are
liberal and upright. Rewards or bribes
come in a variety of shapes, and under
various colors—sometimes a year or two
beforehand, and under the form of kind-
ness—sometimes after; and unhappily
the majority of men sometimes barter
their integrity on the nail for thirty
pieces of silver; yet these men never
caused to be printed on the walls of their
dwellings—"TERMS—CASH."

"Fifteen thousand." And Edgerton
turned a cold look upon him as he yan-
ced over the words with peculiar emphasis.
"Fifteen thousand—and all dollars,"
Edgerton was enraptured—he said:—
"Mr. Cameon, you know what the
success of the undertaking is worth to
yourself. As you have observed about
murder at a dollar a head in this city, it
is entirely true; but the difficulties of
capture and conveyance through a whole
country beset by armies, spies and detec-
tives, it quite another thing. If you re-
ally desire the boy's removal, have a lit-
tle patience; and the sword, or rifle of
the foe, may rid you of him quietly. Be-
sides, in this enterprise I must secure re-
liable help with a promise of great com-
pensation—then the fatigue, the danger,

and the long distance to be traveled over
—think of these quietly, and calculate
on bribes, gifts and wages for four men;
together with extra rewards for watchful-
ness and secrecy. I have named my de-
mand and must have it, or relinquish the
work altogether."

Gonsalvo saw that further parley was
useless, and he said nothing in reply; but
after considering the matter over, as was
represented by Edgerton, he unwillingly
nodded his head in token of assent—he
observed:—
"Very well, sir, be it so; but I suffer
greatly in trying to reclaim my son, who
is not after my own heart. God, forgive
him as I do, I pray continually for his con-
version—when will you depart?"

"To-morrow."
"Thank you," and they arose to leave
the room, when the speaker drew from
his pocket a slip of paper upon which was
written:—Arnold Gascomber, observing,
"Remember him, sir, and your reward
shall be doubled, I will tell you as we go
to Cammy."

And the two conspirators left the room in
earnest conversation, and proceeded, by a
back staircase, down to the lonely solitu-
de, where in tears and sorrow, the
lovely captive poured forth a heart-felt
prayer, for the protection and deliverance
of her forsaken brother.

CHAPTER XIV.
THE ENCOUNTER.
"To-night."
And Edgerton thundered at the door,
as he repeated the word.

It flew open with a crash, and the sen-
try rolled heavily to the floor by a blow
from the intruder—he uttered an oath
as he fell, and soon the whole household
was in the utmost alarm. The three
others rushed into the chamber, as their
leader, with imprecations, wrung the rifle
from the offender's hand, and was about
to strike him upon the head; but on their
appearance he desisted, and exclaimed
with excited tones:—
"To-night, eh, you rotten-souled trait-
or," and again he aimed another blow
with his clenched fist.

Austin and his companion sat pale with
rage, as they beheld the indignant Edger-
ton strike the soldier, and gazing with
menacing looks upon them; but Gascom-
ber, who was fully acquainted with the
vile temper of the miscreant, wisely ap-
peared calm, and motioned to Austin, by
significant glances, to appear likewise.
He anticipated a change in their condi-
tion, from the fact that he knew the
causes of his arrest, and him into whose
power he was to be delivered.

Edgerton regarded them with severe
looks, which Austin, in his heart of pride,
could no longer brook, and assuming
haughty air, while a blush overspread his
face, he said with bitter and emphatic
tones:—
"Dog—were it not for these irons, I
would shake the vile breath from you for
your mean cowardice, your cowardice, I
say," repeated Austin on seeing a dark
frown blacken his thin face, and coming
forward to where he sat.

He sprang forward, impelled by the
movement, and hurled himself violently
against Edgerton—he rolled to the
floor, then every hand was instantly
laid upon him. The infuriated leader
sprang upon his feet, uttering curses and
threats, and raised his wiry arm high
above his head, waving his comrades off.
But in a moment, a hand, moved by des-
pair and vengeance, grappled at his throat,
and riveted the cold fingers on his wind-
pipe. His arms fell helpless to his sides,
and, with an effort to speak, he was drag-
ged downwards, and the heavy foot of
Gascomber stamped violently upon his
bosom. There was, as he had anticipated,
a change in their condition. As Austin
flung himself upon Edgerton a quick sen-
sation of despair seized his brain, and he
stood up—then contracting the whole
muscular power of his body, and closing
his arms tightly to his sides, he tried to
be firm—one effort, and he tore asunder
the handcuffs, and, with blood streaming
from his wrists, he clung, with cat-like
agility, to the throat of his foe. He
thrice struck with terrible violence his
heavy boot upon his breast, and grasped
the naked sword from the scabbard. One
blow, and he clove the skull of the ruffian
who, with his hand raised, was about to
strike the helpless Austin on the face:
the two others discharged pistols, but was
thwarted in their aim by the soldier who
had been the instrument to the whole af-
fay, and who now took part with the
victors. Gascomber's sword clashed the
weapons from their hands, and picking
them up, he presented one to the latter
observing:—
"Shoot them if they stir, I say, shoot
them, or I will shoot you—be warned."

He turned to the unconscious leader,
who lay upon his side groaning inwardly,
and rolled him over with his foot; then
he proceeded to examine the contents of
his pockets. Papers were his main ob-
ject, and concealed in the outer part of his
dress, and strapped by his side was a wal-
let, or leather pouch. He cut the straps,
and shook out what it contained upon the
table. A pile of gold, his commission
with its bold forgery, and a few crumpled
slips of paper. He read them with eager-
ness:—
"The boy removed—ten thousand; and
your daughter married—gratis. Fifteen
thousand dollars." He placed that piece
of paper in his bosom, and took up an-
other, almost reading it aloud.—Arnold
Gascomber." He tore it to fragments,