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DRS. JACKSON & BIDLACK, are prepared to attend promptly to all calls of a Professional character. Office - Opposite the Stroudsburg Bank. April 25, 1867.-tf.

C. W. SEIP, M. D., 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 answerall calls, either day or night, when not professionally engaged, with promptness. 67 Charges reasonable. 20 Stroudsburg, April 11, 1867.-tf.

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"The Blue and the Gray."

[By referring to our October number our readers will find a very beautifully conceived poem, copied from the Atlantic Monthly, entitled "The Blue and the Gray," suggested by the strewing of flowers on the graves of Union and Confederate soldiers at one of the Southern cemeteries. One of our "Boys in Blue" has sent us the following spirited poem in reply, which will doubtless find a warm response in every loyal heart .- Ed. Sold. iers' Friend.]

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

You may sing of the Blue and the Gray, And mingle their hues in your rhyme, But the blue that we wore in the fray Is covered with glory sublime. So no more let us hear of the Gray.

The symbol of treason and shame-We pierced it with bullets-away!

Or we'll pierce it with bullets again. Then up with the Blue and down with the Gray.

And hurrah for the Blue that won us the day!

Of the rebels who sleep in the Gray, Our silence is fitting alone, But we cannot afford them a bay, A sorrow, a tear, or a moan. Let oblivion seal up their graves Of treason, disgrace and defeat : Had they triumphed, the Blue had been slaves. And Union been lost in retreat. Then up with the Blue, and down with the Gray, And hurrah for the Blue that won us the day !

III Of the rebels whom mercy still spares To boast of the traitorous fray, No boy in the Blue thinks or cares,

For the struggle is ended to day. Let them come as they promised to come Under Union and Liberty too

For the Jeffersonian. THE UNION VOLUNTEER.

BY H. LANGFORD. CHAPTER XV. THE FIELD OF GETTYSEURG - AN AD-VENTURE.

Gettysburg the Memorable, whose story shall blot the page of history for a thou-

the good is generally interred with their the honored. bones.

A black and sullen midnight settled sued by an enemy flushed with temporary ed immortal? success. All night a dreadful distress and anxiety prevailed among the citizens. They had seen one of the finest dwellings of the town, the Harman house, wantonly able to hold it; especially as they knew

dust, and the batteries were in possession the black canopy of clouds which over- awaits your disclosure. Do not die with of the Reserves. Gregg, with his division hung the ruined and ever-to be historic guilt concealed in your bosom - forgiveof cavalry, who held a position on the ex- Gettysburg, when Lee, with cautious ness is yours?" treme right, crossed the Baltimore and movements, withdrew from his entrench-Bonaughton road, and attacked Stuart ments, and prepared to pursue a vigorous pardon, no mercy for me; but a fearful retreat from the scene of disaster. Hours and Ewell on the left and rear. What is it to be the hero of a battle- passed away ere General Meade received there, and their reward. I will not die, field? Where are the trophies which, the intelligence, and promptly as possible I cannot!" when immortality is won, are to entwine preparations were entered upon for a

JEFFRERSONIAN.

the brows of the victor, and signalize him hasty pursuit; but owing to the condition as the great and invincible? Alexander of his army, and the delays necessarily sand years, nor mar the brightness of the stood upon the banks of the Indus and attendant on a general movement, the enrecord with its scenes of blood and slaugh- wept - wept to find none whom he might emy had time enough to evade any meas- and save, - your bride, your idol and ter. Tell it to your children, ye who conquer - whose country he might de ures that might be taken to frustrate his have stood firmly amidst the whirlwind stroy, or whose religion and domestic designs. Despatches were forwarded to of war, and braved its tumult and butchery happiness he might trample upon. He Major-General French to intercept the face smiled over your cradle - a warmer with a cruel daring. Its bloodshed is stood humbled by his own ambition, and retreat at Williamsport, and to secure tear fell upon your cheek, - save her, washed away, but not its chronicle; and throneless; because the blood of his fel- with re-enforcements Turner's Pass in the story is now less vivid than it will be low-man could not garnish the sanctuary South Mountain, and re-occupy Harper's when a century shall pass over our dust, of his profane idol-war. - Was Alexan- Ferry. Meade determined to push on to and hide our memory in oblivion and the der a hero? We honor those whose pro- Middletown - moved after some time be- hour of your infancy around you -1 grave. It is sad to reflect, however, that fession is warfare, and we ignore the brave tween the Blue Ridge and the Potomac, shed it - I slew Silvio!" the evil which men do, lives after them, who are virtually so. We are ourselves compelling Lee to retreat up the Shenandoah valley, and finally take up a posi-

The great battle was over. The Rebel tion on the Rapidan.

commander sullenly withdrew to his en- An immense caravan, sick, wounded over our own Gettysburg, July 1, 1863. trenchments, and numbered another de and prisoners moved slowly up the valley, lost! no hope, no mercy, no repentance l An insulted and defeated soldiery were feat at Gettysburg. Are the conquered and concentrated themselves by the beau- go, be happy elsewhere, and when I am flying through its streets for safety, pur- heroes - can the name of Lee be render- tiful waters. The rude homeliness of the gone speak kindly of my name. Tell On the night preceding the result of those whose wounds were of a trifling na- that I wronged you for gold. You might the battle, a large force of Rebels suc- ture; and those who pined away in ago- be happy but for me, but despair not, you ceeded in cutting through the Union ny from the effects of amputation or sick- are restored to your ---- Costardo; and lines; and fearing to advance beyond the ness were still worse. In one of the you both shall be vindicated in your burned to the ground; and knew that at limits necessary for their rejoining their wards, and upon the damp grass, a dying claim. Find the papers - they bear that very time the plundering of others were being perpetrated. They had seen place known as Spangler's Spring, and leaned up, and with terror looked upon condemnation of another - seek them, the Union Army rushing before a tri-uphant foe, and although they knew that Darkness had almost set in before they thin face sat by the pillow with his head The invalid sank into a slumber, and they did succeed in gaining the Cemetery entrenched themselves for safety, and resting on his hands, and he, too, seemed Austin sat for hours by the pillow, watchhill, yet they feared they would not be pickets thrown out in every direction to stricken by mental and bodily distress: ing each convulsion of his face with anxprocure information of any movement yet worn and attenuated as he was, we can liety. Evening passed away, and the nothing of the near approach of General that might be made by the Federals dur- recognize him as the hero of our story. dark twilight flitted in shadowy gloomi-Meade, or of the re-enforcements already ing the hours that must intervene before Presently he raised himself from his mel- ness around the forsaken and dejected come within a short distance of the town. the morning appeared. Midnight had ancholy position, and seized the hand of youth, who suffered silently as he kept

The Rebels were loquacious and boastful, come; and now the whole force stationed the dying man. Gascomber, for it was his solitary vigil. All was doubt, mysand took delight in telling how easily about the Spring lifted their heads and he, turned a wild, despairing look upon tery and suspense - he hoped for the they could destroy the Union Army on listened eagerly. Some one of the pick- him, and sank down exhausted. Austin morrow, which seemed only to be a day the morrow. Disheartened and despair- ets continued firing at a little distance; held the hand firmly, and accosted in a of darkness for him. On the morrow he ing, the citizens watched sadly for the and the cause was soon explained, as, sud- low and tremulous tone: -

"No, no," he cried, convulsively, " no penalty. Hell is open, - my crimes are

" Arnold! Arnold! have hope, you are forgiven. Ged is merciful. Tell me of Camillia? Who is she?"

your god; but not your sister, no, no. A nobler loin gave you birth - a nobler take her away where sin is not known. and be happy. She is pure, guileless

He was overcome by agitation, and his head sank heavily upon Austin's bosom. Presently he rose up.

hospitals scarcely afforded comfort to none that I killed him, and whisper not

was to be tried and condemned as a spy; "Do, Arnold, do not die without tell- yet before he should depart from the come too soon, and too deeply laden with bearing in his arms a dying soldier. The ing me, do justice to the innocent, and world, he desired to know the story, and you can die calmly. Your secret, as you the relationship between himself and Cacall it, will haunt you even when dead, millia. He dared to awake the dying

[April 25, '67. work warranted.

A Card. **Dr. A. REEVES JACKSON**, Physician and Surgeon, BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT HAVprepared to resume the active duties of his profession. In order to prevent disappointmeat 10 persons living at a distance who

may wish to consult him, he will be found at his office every THURSDAY and SAT-URDAY for consultation and the performance of Surgical operations. Dec. 12, 1567.-1 yr.

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Shroudings, &c.,

The officer without answering the ser-FRENCH MERINOES, (all colors) now emancipated and free they haven't shower of musketry. They reeled and - he was dead. "Who is she, Arnold?" he said, tim-Death set its seal upon the old man's EMPRESS CLOTHS, idly, " have mercy and tell me?" stopped." secret; that great mystery, like all other Union lines, threw down their arms and " Not her, not her; you, Austin, your A voice-"We'll stop it when we get ALPACAS, been said?" father ---- " and the dying man closed, mysteries, the grave swallowed up in its surrendered; while the remainder turned the testimony.' "Yes: I encountered them as enemies, PLAID & PLAIN POPLINS, an blank obsentity. and fled. Over one-third of the men enhis eyes. Yes, that's so. They better not come and as enemies I slew them. They with my way even now. We say to them, let gaged in this assault were slain, and three (To be continued in our next.) SHAWLS, (all styles) Austin placed his hand upon his bostood my advance when I sought to reus alone; we don't want any mixture. If thousand more taken prisoners. Of lieve their fellow-soldier, and my sword som, and observed that he breathed, tho BLANKETS, they had let me alone I might have known course, this closed the batte in this part has done its duty for the cause it esinaudibly. Photograhs of Union Soldiers. what color I was; but as it is, my great-est trouble is to keep my hair just right. of the field, as there was not the slighest poused." COUNTERPANES, He murmered in his ear. The doom A despatch from Washington says that A guard soon encircled the spot where ed man again spoke more calmly : --BREAKFAST SHAWLS, Austin stood, and the latter having re ... "The papers which you will find in the Post Office Department has on hand, Don't talk about social equality. If I for another attack. BALMORAL SKIRTS. Longstreet's last hope remained - to signed his sword to the officer commandaken from the dead letters which ac the chamber are his - Silvio sigued them was a white man in Kentucky I would cumulated during the war, more than ten hide may head; I wouldn't mention it effect a lodgement on Granite Spur, and ing, he was ordered to march to the pris-WOOL CAPE & HOODS, only an hour before - I placed them in thousand photographs of Union soldiers. with so many evidences standing around secure the military train beyond. With oner's station. The dying soldier was the casket myself. The Lovers' chamber UNDER SHIRTS & DRAWERS Although it is believed that many of their Hood and McLaw's divisions of his corps, borne away upon a litter to a temporary remember; but mind, the blood that is of my social equality. We don't want LADIES' VEST. relatives would be glad to obtain such piehe, while the fight with the Union centre shelter erected until morning Our here upon them - he tried to blot out the any more of it. Keep on your side of tures, especially of those who have died die., die., die. was progressing, assaulted this position was universally looked upon as a spy, and stain when I first gave them to him, but the line, and we'll keep on our side, and since the pictures were taken, the Pe-Sole agents for the with energy, and at the same time dicould not. I afterwards stole them, and Nance knew all. I had to tell her, she partment has not yet been able to decide in the course of time we'll get back where of such he was to be accused and con-Odessa Patent Collapsing Skirt. rected an infantry force with three batthreatened to divulge all. "You will find upon a plan by which the graitfication God left us. victed; but meanwhile the battle impend a full assortment of HOSIERY, GLOVES teries to a point nearly two miles to the ed, and there was hope; he guessed the may be afforded. and YANKEE NOTIONS, too numerous to The Allentown News says : "A Hei- southwest, with orders to press forward, her in the house when you return - she position of the rebel force with regard to mention. delberg township man's wife died at nine - turn the flank of the sixth corps, and served Silvio ere you were born. Ilis that of the Union army, and also the con A full line of Dabaque is the largest town in Towa, o'clock in the morning, the other day; make a rapid descent upon the Union picture - another has it in his posses centrated forces of Longstreet and Ewell. and has 20,000 inhabitants Then follow she was buried at three o'clock in the af. | rear. They were, as they thought, maksion - Silvio's it is, and ---- " And At sunrise the beleaguered troops assault-CARPETS, FLOOR OIL-CLOTH AND MATTING. Devennort with 17,000, Des Monies with ternoon of the same day, and the bereaved ing good progress in this movement, when heavy groan interrupted his words, and ed the fastnesses of General Geary, and, widower married again at six o'clock in they suddenly found themselves confront-12,000, and Burlington with 11,000 .-he remained still. All of which will be sold at the lowest as we have related, their daring subsided No other town, we believe, in Lowa has ed by two brigades of Kilpatrick's divis-All this was mystery to Austin, he the evening." No cards. in a fearful repulse and slaughter. possible prices, en thousand inhabitants. There is an establishment in New sued — the batteries were soon silenced, could infer nothing from the story he heard, and his anxiety to discover what OF Butter and Eggs taken in exchange CHAPTER XVI. A charity scholar, under examination York whose business it is to rent out sil- and the Pennsylvania Reserves, with lowit meant threw him into agony. He for goods. ver ware for weddings, so that a bride ered bayonets, pushed like a whirlwind AFTER THE BATTLE. THE DEAD REVEAL pleaded : -in the Psalms, being usked. "What is R. F. BUSH, can make a becoming display of "Pres- upon them. They wavered as the daring NO SECRETS. "Aruold ! you are about to die, and the pestilence that walketh in darkouss ?" H. D. BUSH. May 2, 1867 .- 1 yr chargers burled them in numbers to the The storm burst in all its fury, from toll me what you mean? forgivences [opticd. ' Please, sir, b. dbage' ents.'

And we'll hail them with fife and with drum,

And forget that they fired on the Blue. Then up with the Blue, and down with the Gray,

And hurrah for the Blue that won us the day!

As they carried your flig through the fray, Ye Northmen, ye promised the Blue That ye'd never disgrace with the Gray The color so gallant and true.

Will ye trace on the leaves of your souls The Blue and the Gray in one line,

And mingle their hues on the scrolls Which g orify Victory's shrine.

And cheer for the false, and hiss at the true. And up with the Gray, and down with Blue?

Let the traitors all go if you may. (Your herces would punish the Head), But never confound with the Gray The Rlue, whether living or dead.

Oh ! remember the price that was paid-The blood of the braves and the truc-

And you never can suffer to fade The laurels that cover the Blue,

Gray, And hurrah fot the Blue that won us the day ! JAMES M. DALZELL. Late One Hundred and Sixteen Ohio Vols.

A Colored Clergyman on Social Equality. Rev. Mr. Butler, a colored minister, addressed the Kentucky Colored Convention, at Louisville, a few days ago, as follows:

The future of this country depends, not so much on what party is in power as it does on the removal of all disabilities; they weigh down its people. Then, and and thunder of a hundred and fifty. The I sought aid for this wounded soldier, not until then, will the country have earth trembled for nearly two hours unpeace. We don't ask for social equality. der the terrible concussion - the air looked so well in my eyes as a good brown forest trees around were riven, torn and colored woman. And if it wasn't so we shattered, as if struck by lightning. The our friends, the white folks, have bring the Rebels to a further demonstrakindly managed it so that we have tion. every shade to choose from, from the deepest ject black to the purset white. Laughter.] And, as there are no ladies present, allow me to say that the practice of sobut on the part of the whites, who, in ways able, let us charitably suppose, to grape, cannister and shell. They hesitell black from white. This social equal- tated for a moment, then with yells rushhave run after us; and though we are lines, they were received with a deadly

dawn which they feared after all might dealy, a man appeared a few yards off. sorrow.

Mourning dawned again upon the battle field. July 3- The day previous, the Rebels were repulsed, but not defeated; and a large force which had penetrated the Union lines during the night, where they lay upon their arms, commenced the attack at sunrise. Geary's batteries responded, and being re-enforced by Shaler and Lockwood's brigades, advanced upon the assaulting columns, sabre thrust. A crowd had-now gathered and drove them back in disorder. Ewell's best troops rallied the fugatives, and another attack followed with the same result. Once more, and again defeated. At eight o'clock there was silence, and a lull, quiet as the grave reigned over the battle-field. It was the forerunner of a struggle, sanguinary as it was final; and again the repeated charge with increasing fury. The assaulters in broken ranks Then up with the Blue, and down with the gave way, pressed upon by the daring Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, Second impetuosity of the Federals, and by main Division." force driven over the breastworks in terrible confusion; and as they fell back, a battery on the Baltimore turnpike plough-

ed through their lines with shot and shell, and hurled with destuctive violence thro' their ranks.

o'clock came and the grand movement of both armies seemed invincible. The en- "How came you here? honorable soltwenty-five guns, and were answered from it."

from the Union lines, by the red flame never saw that white woman yet that seemed filled with iron missiles; and the body, and after some minutes rose up and

> They were not slow in making, it. -Pickett's division was thrown forward, for him.' and supported by three brigades, advanc-

ed steadily for nearly a half mile, intendcial equality has not been on our side, ing evidently to carry the Union lines by mine." assault; and having arrived within short ... Shall the relief put out to ascertain

young man pressed onward with firm pace, and was soon confronted by an offieer of infantry, and commanded to halt. and your remose shall find no respite. - man. The stranger obeyed, and on the instant the Tell me of Camillia - of her whom you picket from the same direction came forcall my own? Who is she, Arnold?" ward, and reported that six of his com-"She is Cameon, she is love itselfpanions, whom he had seen a quarter of she is yours - keep her, wed her, and an hour before, were found lying dead on save her - aye save her ! ' the ground, almost close to each other; Austin bowed his head in pain. It and that their deaths were caused by a was the only answer Gascomber ever gave him, and it was he, too, that first perplexed round the stranger, and every one examthe mind, that hoped for happiness in ined him with peculiar scrutioy. He was his death. "I shall tell you before I an officer of the Union army, and our readers will at once perceive that he was he led Austin to confide his young thoughts die," he would say, and by such promises

Austin laid the unconscious soldier upon the turf, and the commandant proceeded to examine him by questioning: "Who are you sir?" " Lieutenant Cameon, Seventy-third

dark to mention. He now suffered as intently as Gascomber, and watched the last breathe compress heavily on his thin, bloodless lips. He had seen him fall at

" Are you not a Northerner." " No.'

"What else? - this uniform is a disguise, you are a spy." " I'm all else - a Union soldier - hon-

ored as you see me by my uniform; spies Ewell retreated with disaster - one are they who bear a great honor likewise; but I am not of that class."

emy opened fire with a hundred and diers always face the field - you flee

" Not while there is an enemy to match. and was interrupted. I never flee." The officer stooped low to examine the accosted the lieutenant again : ---

" It was vain, sir, to affirm that you are don't need their social equality, because Union batteries ceased firing in order to not a spy. Your own words are contradicted by your actions - this soldier belongs to this corps, and your avowed enc-

my - yet you say that you sought aid

" 'Tis true, I sought shelter, and would continue to do so - he is no enemy of

their dark and devious ways, were not al. range, the artillery opened on them with if any one is coming?" interposed a sergeant. "Six of your men are dead in the woods yonder, and Bolos infers that ity has not been sought by us, but they ed on till, withtn a short distance of the there may be a movement"

" No, no, not yet. I am not prepared to die," he ejaculated, with choked voice, then gasped, as he rose upon his elbow and stared vacantly about him. "I will uot, cannot die! oh God!" He turned toward the wall, formed by the partition, and buried himself in the bed clothes, if possible, to avoid the dark and fearful visions that passed before his imagination; but in vain; the spirit revolted over the hidden hypocrisy of life, and assumed her triumph in the last hour. He turned on either sides and whined miserably in despair - his tormentor still haunted him.

" I did murder him, I - I, boy, I did it - we quarreled and I slew him - his brother rewarded me with gold."

"Who, Arnold? in mercy, who?"

"Silvio, I slew him, and brought ruisupon his children - poverty was their lot for a time. Guiseppa died in prison, she upbraided heaven for permitting the foul deed to be accomplished - she was insane; and I now hear her pitious lamentations as vividly as I did then. Oh heaven! how she cried and pleaded for her children to be given her, and in vain did she raise her supplications to hardhearted villains - she died!"

And he covered his face with his hands, and prostrated himself in agony.

"Arnold, who is Guiseppa? I will protect her children, and bring the abettors of the murder to justice. Who are they?"

" Gonsalvo."

" My father?"

He looked in the face of Austin with speechless agony.

" No, no, not your father, but Camillia's - he murdered him - his villany worked it, and it was done!"

"Who is Camillia's father, Arnold?" tell me?'

" lie whom you honor as yours, a vamblood is upon my hands - I am not fit to pire, cruel and bloodthirsty. Gonsalvo Cameon, it is he.'

" And mine? in heaven's name, Ar-

Bat no answer came from Gascomber

though two hostile armies shocked tozother, and artillery thundered from the mountains with continued reverberation - the uproar and clash of battle, served not to awake him from the spell of the life long mystery. He waited for the

to his keeping - always, too, pretending

that some mysterious agency had frustra-

ted the real happiness of his life, and

darkened over his birth with deeds too

Gettysburg, and regardless of his own

life, rushed forward and caught him faint-

ing in his arms; and upon the gory sward

he knelt over him, to eatch the secret as

his life departed : but all was silent, al-

revelation, but it came not, and in his anxiety to possess it, eight heroes fell beneath his arm, as he sought shelter for the sufferer. Thus, it came that he was a prisoner, and considered a spy, and his captivity only terminated when the humbled secessionists hauled down their belligerent flag, and piled their arms at the

feet of the Federal conquerors. Gascomber remained quiet for some time, and again he started from his pillow with wild and terrified aspect. Austin seized his hand, and the sufferer cried in tones half despairing : ---

" No, no, I will not die. I cannot --die - I will tell all - She, she is ----And Austin, trembling, strained his senses to possess every word. They rang nold, tell me? this Silvio? " in his ears.