

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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All of which will be sold at the lowest possible prices. Butter and Eggs taken in exchange for goods. R. F. BUSH, H. D. BUSH. May 2, 1867-1 yr.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE COUNTY FINANCES.

SIMON MYERS, Treasurer of the County of Monroe, in Account with said County, for Receipts and Expenditures, for the year ending January 7th, 1868.

Table with columns for Receipts and Expenditures. Includes items like 'To amt. rec'd due the County on settlement of account for year 1866', 'To amt. rec'd from Sheriff Henry, for fines and Jury Fees', etc.

Table showing County Taxes rec'd on Duplicates for the year 1867, 1868, 1869, and 1870.

Table showing Special St. Tax for 1868, 1869, and 1870.

Table showing Amt. of Dog Tax rec'd of Geo. Fabie, late Treas'r, and Amt. of Dog Taxes rec'd on Duplicates during the years 1866 & 1867.

Table showing Amt. of St. Tax rec'd on Duplicates for the year 1868, 1869, 1870, and 1871.

Table showing Amt. of Dog Tax rec'd of Geo. Fabie, late Treas'r, and Amt. of Dog Taxes rec'd on Duplicates during the years 1866 & 1867.

Table showing Amt. of Taxes received during the year, and By cash paid for loss of Sheep in said Townships during the year.

Table showing By balance due said tps., and Examined, passed and allowed by us, January 7th, 1868, finding a balance of \$71.02, in the hands of the Treasurer, due said townships.

Table showing STATE TAXES. Collectors Names, Year, Townships, Bal. due. Includes entries for Henry Roder, Valentine Dech, Charles Shafer, etc.

Table showing STATE TAXES. Collectors Names, Year, Townships, Bal. due. Includes entries for John Snow, Oliver D. Smith, John E. Snyder, etc.

Table showing STATE TAXES. Collectors Names, Year, Townships, Bal. due. Includes entries for Anthony H. Berger, Jacob Rinehart, Anthony H. Berger, etc.

Table showing STATE TAXES. Collectors Names, Year, Townships, Bal. due. Includes entries for Chas. Bossard, John A. Singer, John C. Strunk, etc.

Table showing STATE TAXES. Collectors Names, Year, Townships, Bal. due. Includes entries for Francis Kresge, Chas. Bartholomew, John Allegor, etc.

Table showing STATE TAXES. Collectors Names, Year, Townships, Bal. due. Includes entries for David Roth, Geo. L. Altomose, Robert Warner, etc.

Table showing STATE TAXES. Collectors Names, Year, Townships, Bal. due. Includes entries for Wm. McNeal, Martin Yetter, Jno. M. Vanauken, etc.

Table showing STATE TAXES. Collectors Names, Year, Townships, Bal. due. Includes entries for Charles Hilgert, Charles Brock, John E. Snyder, etc.

Table showing STATE TAXES. Collectors Names, Year, Townships, Bal. due. Includes entries for A. H. Berger, No Collector, etc.

Table showing STATE TAXES. Collectors Names, Year, Townships, Bal. due. Includes entries for Valentine Dech, John Snow, O. D. Smith, etc.

Table showing STATE TAXES. Collectors Names, Year, Townships, Bal. due. Includes entries for Henry Keenhold, David Price, A. H. Berger, etc.

Table showing STATE TAXES. Collectors Names, Year, Townships, Bal. due. Includes entries for Chas. Bossard, John A. Singer, John C. Strunk, etc.

DOC TAXES.

Table listing Doc Taxes for various individuals and amounts. Includes entries for Wm Myers, John Singer, John E. Snyder, etc.

Table listing Doc Taxes for various individuals and amounts. Includes entries for David Price, Wm. Haney, J. L. Rhodes, etc.

Table listing Doc Taxes for various individuals and amounts. Includes entries for Jno C Strunk, Jacob Rinehart, Godfrey Transue, etc.

Table listing Doc Taxes for various individuals and amounts. Includes entries for Jno M Vanauken, etc.

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THE UNION VOLUNTEER.

BY H. LANGFORD. CHAPTER XXI. COURSED BY BLOODHOUNDS.

Colonel Cameron passed a year in bondage. The days and months lingered slowly on, and no hope of release ever came to gladden the solitary sunshine within the vicinity of Macon.

Hundreds passed their days and nights in misery and privation as well as Austin, and pined away to skeletons under the trying effects of hunger and confinement.

He bore it with a firm heart, and lived in hope of a better future. Few dared to hazard their lives in effecting their escape, as the utmost vigilance was being kept to prevent any effort, and a strong guard constantly on the alert to shoot down any who were bold enough to make the attempt.

They were huddled together in numbers in small enclosures, filthy and unwholesome in the extreme; and the contagious diseases from time to time carried them away by scores, making room for others equally unfortunate, who had escaped the slaughter of the battle-field, and who came there to perish by disease and suffering.

Macon, during the war, was a military prison house, kept, and constantly stocked by the rebels with the human plunder of many a disastrous field.

It was one of the chief rendezvous in the South for the stowing away of officers and others who were deemed to be dangerous abroad; and when once thrust there such an event only the surrender of General Lee could tend to their release.

The prisoner's locality was surrounded, or enclosed by an immense planken framework—guards placed on every point where escape was possible, while on the outworks, sentinels were fixed at short distances from each other to facilitate any alarm that might be given in the event of attempts being made from the inside.

The greatest watchfulness was imposed by the authorities, and their precautions had full effect—they murdered by plague and famine quietly those whom they dare not get rid of in a legal way, or bring the heavy chastisement which such bloodguiltiness must necessarily merit upon them by an enraged and insulted soldiery.

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place!" Austin's first year of privation was over—a year of sadness and inactivity; of thought and hopelessness—Camilla was a year older—perhaps stricken in beauty, and robbed in the weeds of widowhood—perhaps dead, unlamented and forgotten, and he left alone, a stranger and an outcast.

If ever a smile was at his lips—if a joy gladdened in his eye, it was the one hope that kindled them—the one bright load-star which burns through the blank night-cloud of the future, and points to a grander destiny as we contemplate it. He was glad at heart whenever her image awakened thoughts of a better day, and nourished the dream as if it were on the eve of consummation.

He at last conceived the idea of making his escape, and he became thoughtful, as he found out he must have an accomplice, and one willing to undertake the risk at the most hazardous point. On the eastern corner of the enclosure, and running parallel with the high road, gurgled a deep stream some eighty or a hundred yards in width. The sentinels were posted of necessity a considerable distance down the angles of the fence-work; and on a dark cloudy night one could tell himself, by means of a rope, into the water from the extreme corner without attracting notice from the guard.

Austin had conceived all this, and concluded that he would make an attempt. With these thoughts in his mind he soon fixed on a companion and arranged his plan so as to catch the first opportunity that might present itself.

The night was dark and cloudy. A dizzling rain fell during the afternoon, and now threatened to pour down with greater violence as darkness set in. The wind in fitful gusts, sighed loudly thro' the forest trees, and gave indication of a fearful storm; and the guards, as they muffled themselves in their heavy cloaks, eyed the heavens with suspicion, and sought a place of shelter from the approaching tempest. It was now near midnight—"All's Well" was vociferated from one post to another, when the report of a gun rang loud and sharp in the lull of the elements, and the "relief" started from their nap and hurried out into the storm. Another gun broke upon the wind—and another. Austin clung to the coping of the wall and looked down. The chasm roared below in surly and foam, and the wild current howled as it chafed over the broken rocks. His companion had descended, and his weight jerked the rope from Austin's hand. A cry of suffering rose up from the dark abyss—a death-cry; and the flash from the sentry's musket enabled the nervous Austin to descry the unfortunate adventurer mangled on the rocks beneath.

A mild terror seized his senses, and he shrank backward in time to avoid the bullet from the gun of the other sentry. He dared not look down again—his heart sickened at the spectacle there; and the deep uproar of the rushing waters sounded deafening in his ears.—"Bang! bang! bang!"—a half dozen bullets whizzed at his ears, and loud imprecations echoed from the inside beneath where he clung with sickening sensation. Certain death awaited him on either side; but the light from the sentry's

gun enabled him to mark with some precision the rocks whereon his companion lay. The thought invigorated new life within him, and again he drew himself over the coping and looked below. He heard nothing but the hoarse surg of the waters—it was black as saffron—not even a shadow rested there—he could define nothing, and he paused.

There was a tramp of feet very near him—almost under the spot where he was suspended. He swung himself with one effort over the wall and remained so. He strained his eyes if possible to discern where he should make the fatal drop—all was blackness—a terrible void, and dim in its own treacherous uproar. He placed his feet firmly against the wall, and turning his body round, he pushed himself into the wild vortex of the troubled waters. A hoarse unearthly noise grated in his ears and he was thrown upon the foaming surface, and carried off on the current with fearful rapidity. To strike against a rock, or fallen tree, he knew would be as fatal as the dangerous descent from the wall. He managed to get himself into the middle of the current, and in a few minutes was borne a considerable distance. He was an expert swimmer, and being thus far, plunged from the current and grasped the undergrowth which overhung the bank. He drew breath for an instant and then with some agility, clambered up the ascent and hurried into the darkness of the forest. He leaned against a tree exhausted, and began to consider what he should do next. After some hesitation he determined to keep the woods until satisfied that he was beyond the reach of capture.

The storm began to lull towards morning—the clouds were black and lowering, yet gave no symptoms of a renewal. Austin toiled slowly through the brushwood, over rugged and craggy hills, and into the stony depths where the floods rolled in murky blackness. Noon came, and now weak and hungry he stopped suddenly and listened. His heart almost died within him—he heard the deep bay of a hound in the distance, and the sound became more distinct as the animal came nearer. Presently others joined in the wild death-cry; and the solitudes of the forest answered back with a hundred echoes. To pause any longer would be fatal, so he looked round for some means of escape. A ledge of rock, clothed with the moss green tributes of many a hundred summers, rose perpendicularly from a deep ravine, and lay embedded in the sloping hill; so that only the top was visible from the hillside, while behind, the broken strata of rocks were upheaved in rugged outline, entirely bare of trees and destitute of soil, or vegetation. From the mossy crag down to the basement was some seventy feet; and Austin concluded he had found a redoubt, scarcely possible of being assailed. He climbed upon the bastion, and having armed himself with a heavy cudgel, set himself in such a position as to have free exercise with his right arm. At some distance before him lay a large opening in the wood, and he continued gazing in that direction, as the savage cries were sounding nearer. Every moment they became more distinct, and at last, a fierce pack, whining miserably and smelling as they ran round every clump, tree and rock, broke through the opening, and redoubled their hideous outcries as they approached the ravine. Austin nerved himself for the encounter, and clenched his hand firmly round his weapon. They came on with a simultaneous yell, and as the foremost sprung to the crag, he ingeniously seized the animal on the point of his staff and hoisted it into the ravine. They could only reach him by springing from the top. Another, and another whirled down lifeless on the rocks. Two more remained, and they, with starting eyeballs, glared down savagely upon him. They ran to either sides alternately, whining and baying hoarsely. Austin watched their movements with feverish excitement—he expected they would continue there for some time, and if so, his fate was as certain as that of the dead animals below. He thought of throwing his weapon in hopes of disabling them in some way, but desisted and awaited their spring. Still their fierce cries filled the ravine with voices, and eagerly they ran round and round the crag with savage rapidity. One mounted the rock and prepared to make a spring, but with a cry bounded backward, and took to the forest—the other followed, and now Austin brushed the cold perspiration from his brow, and drew a long breath. They coursed the woods round for some distance, prolonging their yells to a wild unearthly chorus, and made again for their prey, but foiled—they deserted the vicinity of the ravine soon after, and Austin, as their cries became more indistinct, felt somewhat relieved.

It was evening before he thought of quitting his painful position; and now he stood upon the steep hillside, unconscious of the best path to pursue. He wended his way slowly in the same direction he had taken in the morning, resting often, and plucking the wild fruit to relieve his hunger, or drinking the water which freshened the long yellow-grasses in the valleys. Midnight found him on the stage road to Charleston, and he raised his heart in thanksgiving to that Providence which had so miraculously preserved him.

(To be continued in our next.)

Iowa has no State debt and has a million of inhabitants.

Water Gap, February, 1868.

Captain C. O. Poppleton of Chicka saw county, Iowa, is reported to have raised 415½ bushels of oats on six and a half acres—a little over 69 bushels per acre.