

# THE GOODHUE VOLUNTEER.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION, FIRST, LAST, AND ALL THE TIME.

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RED WING, GOODHUE COUNTY, MINN., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 21, 1863.

WHOLE NO. 388.

## The Volunteer,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,  
BY  
**J. H. PARKER,**  
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### Business Cards.

**WARREN BRISTOL,**  
Attorney at Law,  
RED WING, MINN.  
Front office, over C. McGlashan's Store.  
n1377ly

**W. W. PHELPS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
RED WING, - - - MINNESOTA  
n1377ly

**JAMES H. PARKER,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
And Notary Public.  
RED WING, - - - MINNESOTA.  
Particular attention given to the collection of claims against the United States, growing out of the war, for soldiers' arrears pay, bounty money, extra pay or mess money, &c. &c. Office in the Goodhue Volunteer building  
n1377ly

**C. J. C. McCLURE,**  
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,  
RED WING, - - - MINNESOTA.  
Special attention given to the collection of claims against the United States for PAY AND BOUNTY of soldiers killed in battle or dying in the service of the Government.  
Office in Brand's new building, next door to the Red Wing House.  
Red Wing, March 5th 1861. n1377ly

**FRANK IVES,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
AND  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.  
Red Wing, - - - Minnesota.  
Special attention given to collecting.  
OFFICE ON MAIN STREET.  
n153 n1377ly

### CITY

**Drug & Book Store,**  
Dr. A. H. JONES,  
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, School, Medical, and Miscellaneous Books, Periodicals, Blank, Fancy Goods, Photograph Albums, Wall Paper, &c. &c.  
Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.  
Red Wing, Dec. 3, 1862. n1377ly

**GOODHUE COUNTY DRUG STORE,**  
A. J. CLARK,  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**DRUGS AND MEDICINES.**  
FATS, OILS, GLASS, VARIETIES,  
Dye-Staffs, Hair and Cloth Brushes,  
PATENT MEDICINES, FANCY SOAP,  
TOBACCO, &c. &c.  
Perfumery, Red and White Lead, Zinc Paint, &c.  
Red Wing, MINNESOTA. n1377ly

**BOOTS & SHOES.**  
**BARCLAY & MILLER,**  
Plum Street, Red Wing, opposite the Kelly House, are manufacturing  
**BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
In the most workmanlike manner, and at MODERATE RATES.  
Repairing done to order at short notice.  
Red Wing, Sept. 17, 1862. n1377ly

**G. R. STERLING & Co.,**  
Successors to S. B. Foot,  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
**LEATHER, & SHOE FINDINGS.**  
Manufacturers of every kind and style of Men's, Boys', Women's and Children's Boots and Shoes.  
Repairing done neatly and at moderate prices. In the New Brick building, corner Main and Plum streets. Come and see us.  
G. R. STERLING & CO.  
n1377ly

**W. E. HAWKINS**  
**Painter, Glazier**  
AND  
**PAPER HANGER,**  
All orders promptly attended to and faithfully executed.  
Red Wing June 1860.

**THE CELEBRATED RAGLE PANNING MILL.**  
Manufactured and for sale by  
**ASHTON, COGEL & BETCHER,**  
Near the Kelly House.  
RED WING, - - - MINNESOTA.  
n1377ly

**HICKMAN HOUSE.**  
We have justly furnished and opened the Hickman House, formerly known as the Hoak House, PLUM STREET, Red Wing, and are now prepared to accommodate all who may favor us with their patronage.  
We have just built  
**A COMMODIOUS STABLE.**  
for the accommodation of teams.  
HICKMAN BROTHERS,  
Red Wing, May 15, 1862. 42-6m

**Lyons House,**  
Corner of Plum and Third streets,  
RED WING, MINN.  
THE proprietor has just finished this large and commodious House, and has erected a large and convenient Stable, and is now prepared to give those who may favor him with their patronage all the comforts of a home while sojourning in the city.  
JOHN LYONS, Proprietor.  
Red Wing, Sept. 24, 1862. n1377ly

**Bailey House.**  
TEN miles from Red Wing, on the Mantorville road.  
Accommodations for man and beast furnished at reasonable rates. Good Stabling and plenty of water.  
J. V. H. BAILEY, Proprietor.  
n1377ly

**Hay Creek House.**  
NINE miles from Red Wing, on the Zumbrota road. Good accommodations for both man and beast at reasonable rates.  
JOHN HACK, Proprietor.  
n1377ly

**WAGON MAKER & BLACKSMITH.**  
THE subscriber has lately erected a large and convenient building on the corner of PLUM AND FIFTH streets, where he is now MANUFACTURING AND REPAIRING WAGONS, BUGGIES, CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BOBBS, &c., &c., On the shortest notice and in the most workmanlike manner.  
He has also connected with his establishment a  
**BLACKSMITH SHOP,**  
where all work pertaining to that business will be neatly and promptly done. All Wagons and Carriages made from the best of Eastern timber, and warranted for two years.  
S. A. FREISTEDT, Proprietor.  
Red Wing, Oct. 15th, 1862. n1377ly

**A. W. ESPING,**  
WATCH MAKER AND JEWELER,  
MAIN ST. WEST OF BUSH ST.  
WATCHES  
AND  
JEWELRY,  
neatly repaired.  
ALL WORK WARRANTED.  
Red Wing, - - - Minnesota.  
n1377ly

**"Time is Money."**  
Keep correct time and you will never be late to your business.  
THE subscriber having returned from the war has resumed the business of  
**MAKING AND REPAIRING WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.**  
at his old stand, in Parkhurst's Store, RED WING, Minnesota. All Watches and Clocks repaired by him are warranted to run one year, with proper usage.  
**WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, &c.**  
&c. constantly on hand for sale at low figures.  
WILLIAM E. CROSS,  
n1377ly

**C. BERG,**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,  
A full assortment of  
**READY MADE CLOTHING**  
AND  
Gentlemen's Fashioning Goods  
constantly on hand.  
**TAILORING AND REPAIRING**  
done to order promptly and at reasonable rates. Shop in Walker's Block.  
Red Wing, June 5th, 1861. n141-ly.

**TAILORING!**  
THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Red Wing and vicinity that he has opened a Tailor Shop in Red Wing, where he is ready to receive orders for making up clothes after  
**THE LATEST STYLE,**  
and most fashionable cut. Experience of over twenty years in all branches of the trade, in cutting and making up garments for men and children, enables him to give perfect satisfaction to all who will favor him with their patronage. Particular attention paid to cutting clothes to order to be made by ladies.  
**All Clothes Warranted to Fit!**  
Shop on Main street, betw. 5th and 6th, Dickenson's Bank and A. W. Esping's Jewelry Store.  
Red Wing, May 23d, 1862. n141-6-6m A. GROSS.

**City Bakery,**  
ON BUSH STREET, near RED WING HOUSE  
**CHAS. L. RCTHACHER, Proprietor.**  
A good assortment of  
**FRESH BAKED BREAD,**  
Cakes, Pies, Crackers &c. always on hand. Yeast is always kept.  
Those who wish to have bread delivered at their homes can leave their orders.  
n1377ly

**REFRESHMENTS.**  
Having taken the stand on  
PARK ST., near the Kelly House,  
the subscriber is prepared to accommodate the traveling community with whatever in the line of refreshments they may want.  
Board by the Day or Week, also furnished with lodging, CHEAP.  
Here is the ONLY PLACE in the City where a person can call for what he wants, and pay for only what he gets.  
O. ANDERSON,  
n1377ly

**25 SACKS OF DRIED PEACHES,** just received and for sale by  
Nov. 13, 1862. Q. BENCH & CO.

**Miscellaneous Reading.**  
**THE WIFE TAMER;**  
Or, How Dr. Strahan was Foiled.

Mrs. Morton was a widow—a young, pretty, rich widow—when Doctor Strahan made her acquaintance. She was poor but very handsome when Squire Morton married her, and at his death, two years after, became sole heir, put on her widow's weeds and pocketed her deceased husband's gold at the same time.

Madam rumor said that poor old Morton never enjoyed a single hour after he married her; but how should Madam Rumor know? Of one thing, however, I can give my readers reliable information. Mrs. Morton had not been a widow twelve months ere she received, with seeming pleasure, very decided attentions from Dr. Strahan.

Do you inquire who Dr. Strahan was? Well, he studied medicine, and had the title of M. D. conferred upon him, which he took pleasure in attaching to his name with a great flourish. But it is asserted that he never had half-a-dozen patients in as many years. He was of prepossessing appearance, a ready talker upon any subject, and was, in fact, first-rate company. He wrote poetry and two-column sketches for the Weekly Leveler, and last, though not least, he dressed in good taste and in the height of fashion; how he did it no one knew, but then it was no one's business.

But I must be allowed to correct one rumor which has gained considerable prevalence, to the effect that he supported himself by his literary labors; an ordinary scribbler could hardly afford Strahan's wardrobe.

Old Squire Morton had been dead but a little over a year when Dr. Strahan, despite the widow and her fortune, the married wife, he wanted a rich wife—as to her, she was anxious to leave her weeds and go into society again, and she could divine no readier way to accomplish these purposes than by marrying. When any one spoke to the doctor about her being a shrew, he merely remarked that he should take pleasure in taming a shrew.

For three months they lived happy together, for it was in the height of the season, and between Cape May, Newport, Saratoga and the White Mountains, they were alone with each other several three hours out of the twenty four; consequently it was impossible for them to disagree. But the season was soon over and they returned to their quiet home—the place of all others to study a wife or a husband. There is no unnatural excitement—no fashionable Mrs. A. to outdo, no profligate Mr. B. to outdo in squandering money; no one to see, to please but the "other half."

After a season of long continued gaiety there necessarily follows one of extreme dullness; and when one is dull one is easily displeased. Now Mr. and Mrs. Strahan were both remarkably dull, and, as a matter of course, both were greatly displeased.

It was their third day at home upon which their first quarrel commenced. How it commenced neither could clearly tell. It is only known that Strahan expressed a desire to dine on roast beef. Mrs. S. said she abominated beef, and would have roast turkey and oyster sauce. He'd have beef or nothing. She'd have turkey, and thus commenced the war of the Strahans'. One ordered the butler not to have foul, the other gave strict injunctions not to have beef, while Mrs. S. visited her friends and partook of turkey.

After supper Dr. S. gave a wine supper in the room which he dignified by the name of study, a sort of variety store in which he kept his library, writing desk and spittoon. Here also were two glass cases, one of which contained a skeleton hung on wire in the other was an Egyptian mummy.

The walls were hung with curiosities; among them a cane from a tree which grew over Washington's grave, a snuff box from the wood of Charter Oak, a chip from the United States frigate Constitution, minerals, shells and fossils of all kinds; specimen ears of corn, enormous sized fruits and vegetables, cases of dried insects and pickled reptiles. Stuffed birds were perched about the apartment and voluptuous French lithographs and portraits of distinguished personages were hung promiscuously on the walls; a long reading table, arm chairs, prescription case, a mammoth bell metal pestle and mortar completed the furniture of the study.

During the same evening Mrs. S. had a whist party in the parlor.

While held her votaries in bondage longer than cards. Mrs. S. had dismissed her party and retired hours before her fledge lord came to his chamber, and when he did come he found the door locked, himself without and her within. In vain he called to her; she would not hear, and he was

compelled to find a bed elsewhere, which he did, muttering to himself—  
'I'll tame her yet.'

He lay all night forming a plan to bring her to submission. In the morning he asked her to walk in the study; and there they renewed their fierce quarrel, during which Mrs. S. called her husband a heartless, brainless fellow, who married her for her money. To which the doctor replied by calling her a low, vulgar woman, who was only glad to marry a professional gentleman and author, to enable her to enter better society. After which she toyed with her fan, and finally pulled the bell cord, and ordered the servant who answered it to bring her carriage to the door.

'Where are you going?' demanded the doctor.  
'To ride, sir,' replied the amiable Mrs. Strahan.  
'I will go with you, if you please.'  
'But I do not please.'  
'Then I choose to go.'  
'Very well, then you go alone. I cannot go with you.'  
'You cannot go unless I accompany you, madam!'  
'Cannot!'  
'We will see.'  
'Well, we will see.'

The doctor walked out of the room, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and left the house.

She did not sit down and burst into a flood of tears, but waited patiently for the servant to return whom she had sent for the carriage. When he returned, she told him through the key hole, to return the horse to the stable, and place a ladder against the study window. The ladder was placed according to directions, and a turkey with oysters and pastry was brought up to her. The ladder was then removed, and everything was prepared for the reappearance of her husband.

Near the middle of the afternoon the Doctor returned home, stepped softly through the hall leading towards the door, and peeped through the key hole, expecting to see a striking picture of humility and contrition.

Judge of his surprise, then, when he saw Mrs. S. sitting before his long reading table, on her right hand his bell-metal mortar, in which she was roasting his mammoth specimen apples, sweet potatoes, and her turkey. Near her stood his water bath, in which she was cooking oysters, and she occasionally stirred them with his spatula; on the table stood one of the bottles of wide which the lady for the want of a champagne opener, had deprived of its neck with a wedge wood pestle, and using a four ounce graduate for a wine glass; she had cut up champagne baskets for fire wood with an Indian tomahawk. On the left stood the doctor's desk, which she had broken open, and scattered on the desk were the tender missives of his early love flames, manuscript pages of tales and sketches, unpublished odes and unpaid tailors' bills, while the lady sat reading first a sweet love letter, then an ode to Napoleon, and so on, throwing them page after page into the fire. Thus the husband's brain work and curiosities were made to cook the dinner.

The doctor looked silently as long as he could; then, taking the key from his pocket, he unlocked the door, and it was bolted on the inside.

'Mrs. Strahan,' he shouted.  
'Well, sir?'  
'Open the door.'  
'I am very busy just now, and can't be disturbed.'  
'Open this door immediately.'  
'I am busy, I tell you.'  
'I'll burst the door in if you do not instantly open it.'

'Do as you please, sir; but your mummy and giant's skeleton are placed against the door, so be careful and not break them.'  
The doctor was foiled. For a few moments he stood and thought what course to pursue. Suddenly recollecting the ladder, he hastened through the hall out of the doors, leaving the door unlocked and the key in it. His footsteps had scarce died away on the stairs, before his wife had removed both cases from the door, drew the bolt and stood in the entry. It was the work of a moment to throw the remaining letters, poems and manuscripts into the fire, remove the wine and eatables, lock the door upon the outside and put the key in her pocket.

The doctor pushed up the window and jumped in; the servant jumped out of the lower window and pulled down the ladder. In an instant the doctor saw that the bird had flown, and he rushed back to the window just as the ladder reached the ground.  
'Put that ladder back again!'  
'Let it be where it is,' cried the wife, from the lower window.  
'Put it up here instantly, or I'll discharge you,' belittled her, out of the window.  
'Let it alone and I'll double your wages, come from the lower window.'

'Do as I tell you, blockhead,' yelled the doctor.  
'Come into the house, John,' said the lady, coolly.  
'Put up the ladder, you villain,' persisted the wrathful M. D.  
'John, do as I order you,' complacently commanded Mrs. Strahan.

And John went into the house, leaving the medical gentleman heaping curses upon everybody in the vicinity, including his wife and servant.

All night long the doctor was kept a prisoner. Just before his wife retired, she put her lips to the keyhole and whispered—  
'Well, doctor, what is your success in taming a shrew?'  
No answer.  
'Good night, doctor.'  
The next morning she came to the door and called—  
'Doctor.'  
No answer.  
'Doctor.'  
'Madam.'  
'Would you like some breakfast?'  
'I am not particular.'  
'There is cold turkey left, if you would like it, sir.'  
The doctor deigned no reply, and the lady again left him alone.

During the afternoon she again stopped at the door, and said—  
'Doctor.'  
'Well, my dear?'' very humbly.  
'Would you like some dinner?'  
'I should.'  
'Will cold turkey do for you?'  
'Anything, my dear.'  
'If I let you out will you promise never to lock me up again.'  
'I will.'  
'And never object to my eating turkey when I wish it?'  
'Never.'  
'And not attempt to tame a shrew again.'  
'Never.'  
'Then—you—may—come—out.'  
And the lady forthwith unlocked and threw open the door.

To this day Dr. Strahan has never attempted to dictate to his wife what she shall eat, or when she shall ride, and has never been heard to boast again of taming a shrew.

**END OF THE WORLD.**—Prophecies are again current respecting the approaching end of the world. One reverend gentleman of the Milnerite persuasion predicts universal dissolution in 1867-68. Another seer names 17th of August, 1863, as the closing up of creation, adding that a world's convention will assemble at Cincinnati to settle up the business of the past and arrange matters for the future.

It is whispered in military circles that the retreat from Vicksburg, which Gen. McClernand made, was not expected, and would not have taken place under Gen. Sherman's command. It is certain that the government is grievously disappointed by the result there, and that the opening of the Mississippi was confidently expected to have been by this time, Jan. 12th, accomplished.

**DECLINE IN RAGS.**—A Boston papersays: Rags are going down. On Wednesday they fell two cent, and greater declines are threatened. The amount of paper stock is immense. Old paper has fallen to four cents a pound, and one party in this city who had been buying very largely has stopped purchasing. Those who are hoarding their rags or old paper had better sell it at once.

**SECRET CIVILIZATION.**—A New Orleans correspondent writes to a New York paper as follows: 'A most remarkable affair occurred recently in the former headquarters of Major General Butler. Capt. J. C. McClure, of Gen. Banks' staff, who had occasion to enter the office, found a rose lying upon one of the desks, and taking it up to smell its fragrance, he fainter. It is supposed the rose contained a poisonous powder, which caused insensibility. The powder has been secured, and will be analyzed by a skillful chemist.'

**THE PRINCE OF WALES** has taken possession of his newly acquired estate in Norfolk. It was purchased from William Cowper, M. P., for \$250,000. The library of the mansion contained 3,000 volumes of valuable and rare works. The furniture is all nearly new. There are thirty bed rooms and a proportionate number of reception rooms. In the purchase, all the timber on the estate is included, which is some of the finest in England. There are also one hundred acres of wooded land, and 27,000 a year rent which is secure, as the tenants are all respectably well off, one tenant alone paying \$1,000 a year. The fishing is excellent, and the shooting like most shooting in Norfolk is first rate, including blackcock amongst other game. The railway is within two miles of the estate.

**STATE ITEMS.**  
**MAJOR GENERAL SIDNEY**—We learn that a telegraphic dispatch was received in this city yesterday, stating that President Lincoln has commissioned Brigadier General Sibley as a Major General of volunteers.—Pres.  
**MAJOR CULLEN** has concluded to abandon his claim upon the seat in Congress, awarded by the people of the Second District to Lieut. Gov. Donnelly, and has called upon and assured the Governor of that fact.— This course reflects credit upon the Major's head and heart.—St. Paul Union.  
**MRS. JANE G. SWISSELM,** Editress of the St. Cloud Democrat, is stopping at the International. We learn she is on her way East in the principal cities of which she is to deliver her lecture on the late Indian raid.

We have heard the lecture highly spoken of, and cannot doubt that much of the markish sentimentalism so prevalent in that ancient country will be dissipated wherever this talented lady delivers her production.—  
**A HARVEST.**—The trappers are having a rich harvest this winter. Furs have never been so plentiful and the price never so good as for the past few months. A mink or two is quite a little fortune in those hard times, while rats, wolves, raccoons, otter and all other furs are high beyond precedent. The game in this section of the State is bound to be abundant as soon as the Indians are banished from the precincts of Minnesota.  
Deer are plentiful, but few have been secured in consequence of the absence of snow.—Glencoe Register.

**Plain English Truths.**  
The late speech of Mr. Leatham, M. P. (and brother-in-law of John Bright) has created quite a sensation in England. It was pungent and truthful in an unusual degree. For instance, Mr. Leatham, in accounting for the indifference felt in England at the outbreak of our struggle, said it was partially owing to sundry collisions, in which British interests had invariably suffered, and he added:  
'This sort of thing, coming from a junior member of a family, was to say the least of it, distasteful to an old respectable nation like ourselves, which is always singing "Rule Britannia," and thanking Providence that it is not precisely as other men are. (Laughter.) Nothing was known about parties in America—hardly their names; nothing about the course of events and opinion. At this critical moment "our own correspondents" trailed all sorts of red herring across the scent of the British people. They told us, for example, that slavery had nothing to do with the war; that it was a conflict between free trade and protection; a struggle between the aristocratic and democratic elements; that it arose from the antipathy of race, and a thousand other things equally false or imperfectly true.  
They knew that, if we believed that slavery was at the bottom of this war, there was no chance among this free people of any sympathy for the South. [Hear.] They knew that England had a tenderness for any "rebels" excepting her own. We blow our own from the mouths of guns, but talk grand to others of the sacred rights of insurrection. [Hear.] To a chivalrous people the weaker cause always has a charm, and indomitable courage was always certain of our admiration we are told that the South sympathized with our aristocratic institutions, and admired the phase of society under which we have the happiness to live; that the North were radicals, Puritans, levelers, and all that was bad. They appealed to our interests by telling us that our safety lay in a weak and divided America.'  
But Mr. Leatham continues:  
'They omitted to tell us that the whole of the preponderant West of America was thoroughly free trade, and that all the humiliations that have been heaped upon this country for fifty years are directly traceable to the breakneck policy of the South. Who was it that occupied the island of San Juan? Who was it who dismissed the English Minister during the American (Russian) war? Who was it who bombarded Greytown? The statesmen of the South. Many other things they omitted to tell us which would have told against the South. Could we forget the originate treason of the South, and the amazing profligacy that broke in pieces their great country, because they were divided at a general election—the perfidy and treachery with which their statesmen, being in power, attempted to raise themselves by treason, slavery and fraud? No one denied that the triumph of Mr. Lincoln, was at the bottom of the war, and that triumph meant the extinction of slavery. (Hear.)'

A dispatch from St. Louis states that Springfield has probably been captured. Rumors having whipped the rebels publishes a retaliatory order, commanding rebel officers, until Gen. Davis' order is revoked.