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THE TENNESSEE BLACKSMITH.

A Thrilling Story of the War.

Near the cross-roads, not far from the Cumberland Mountains, stood the village forge. The smith was a sturdy man of fifty. He was respected, wherever known, for his stern integrity. He served God, and did not fear man—and it might be safely added, nor the devil either. His courage was proverbial in the neighborhood; and it was a common remark, when wishing to pay any person a high compliment, to say: "He is as brave as old Bradley." One night towards the close of September, as he stood alone by the anvil plying his labors, his countenance evinced a peculiar satisfaction as he brought his hammer down with a gorgeous stroke on the heated iron. While blowing the bellows he would occasionally pause and shake his head, as if communing with himself. He was evidently meditating upon something of a serious nature. It was during one of these pauses that the door was thrown open and a pale, trembling figure staggered into the shop, and sinking at the smith's feet, faintly ejaculated:

"In the name of Jesus protect me!"

As Bradley stooped to raise the prostrate form, three men entered, the foremost one exclaiming:

"We've treed him at last! There he is—seize him!" and as he spoke he pointed at the crouching figure.

The others advanced to obey the order, but Bradley suddenly arose, seized the sledge-hammer, and brandishing it about his head as if it were a sword; exclaimed: "Back! Touch him not; or, by the grace of God, I'll brain ye!"

They hesitated, and stepped backward, not wishing to encounter the sturdy smith, for his countenance plainly told them that he meant what he said.

"Do you give shelter to an abolitionist!" fiercely shouted the leader.

"I give shelter to a weak, defenceless man," replied the smith.

"He is an enemy!" vociferated the leader.

"Of the devil," ejaculated Bradley.

"He is a spy! an abolitionist hound!" exclaimed the leader, with increased violence; "and we must have him. So I tell you, Bradley, you had better not interfere. You know you are already suspected, and if you insist upon sheltering him it will confirm it."

"Suspect ed! Suspected of what?" exclaimed the smith, in a firm tone, riveting his gaze upon the speaker.

"Why, adhering to the North," was the reply.

"Adhering to the North," ejaculated Bradley, as he cast his defiant glances at the speaker. "I adhere to no North!" he continued; "I adhere to my country—my whole country—and will, so help me God! as long as I have breath," he added, as he brought the sledge-hammer to the ground with great force.

"You had better let us have him, Bradley, without farther trouble. You are only risking your own neck by interference."

"Not so long as I have life to defend him," was the answer. Then, pointing towards the door, he continued, "Leave my shop!" and as he spoke he again raised the sledge hammer.

They hesitated a moment, but the firm demeanor of the smith availed them into compliance with the order.

"You'll regret this before morning, Bradley," said the leader, as he retreated.

"Go!" was the reply of the smith, as he pointed toward the door.

Bradley followed them menacingly to the entrance of the shop, and watched them until they disappeared from sight down the road. When he turned to go back into the shop, he was met by the fugitive, who, grasping his hand, exclaimed:

"Oh! how shall I ever be able to thank you Mr. Bradley?"

"This is no time for thanks, Mr. Peters, unless it is to the Lord; you must fly the country, and that at once!"

"But my wife and children?"

"Mattie and I will attend to them.—But you must go to-night!"

"To-night!"

"Yes. In the morning, if not sooner, they will return with a large force and carry you off, and probably hang you on the first tree. You must leave to-night."

day, and the sole daughter of Bradley's home and heart. She was his all—his wife had been dead five years. He turned toward her and, in a mild but firm tone said:

"Mattie, you must conduct Mr. Peters to the rendezvous immediately, then return, and we will call at the parsonage to cheer his family. Quick! No time to be lost. The bloodhounds are upon the track. They have scented their prey and will not rest until they have secured him. They may return much sooner than we expect. So haste, daughter, and God bless ye!"

This was not the first time that Mattie had been called upon to perform such an office. She had safely conducted several Union men who had been hunted from their homes and sought shelter with her father, to the place designated, from whence they made their escape across the mountains into Kentucky. Turning to the fugitive, she said:

"Come, Mr. Peters, do not stand upon ceremony, but follow me."

She left the shop and proceeded but a short distance up the road, and then turned off in a by-path through a strip of woods, closely followed by the fugitive. A brisk walk of half an hour brought them to a small house that stood alone in a secluded spot. Here Mattie was received with a warm welcome by several men, some of whom were engaged in running bullets, while others were cleaning their rifles and fowling pieces.

The lady of the house, a hale woman of forty, was busy stuffing the wallets of the men with biscuits. She greeted Mattie very kindly. The fugitive, who was known to two or three of the party, was received in a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by all, saying that they would make him chaplain of the Tennessee regiment when they got to Kentucky.

When Mattie was about to return home two of the party prepared to accompany her, but she protested, warning them of the danger, as the enemy were doubtless abroad in search of the minister. But, notwithstanding, they insisted, and accompanied her until she reached the road a short distance above her father's shop. Mattie hurried on, but was somewhat surprised upon reaching the shop to find it vacant. She hastened into the house, but her father was not there. As she returned to go to the shop, she thought she could hear the noise of hoofs clattering down the road. She listened but the sound soon died away. Going into the shop she blew the fire into a blaze; then beheld that the things were in great confusion, and that spots of blood were upon the ground. She was now convinced that her father had been seized and carried off, but not without a desperate struggle on his part.

As Mattie stood gazing at the pools of blood, a wagon, containing two persons, drove up, one of whom an athletic young man of five and twenty years, got out and entered the shop.

"Good evening, Mattie! Where is your father?" he said. Then observing the strange demeanor of the girl, he continued, "Why, Mattie, what ails you?—What has happened?"

The young girl's heart was too full for her tongue to give utterance, and throwing herself upon the shoulder of the young man she sobbingly exclaimed:

"They have carried him off! Don't you see the blood?"

"Have they dared to lay hands upon your father? The infernal wretches!"

Mattie recovered herself sufficiently to narrate the events of the evening. When she had finished, he exclaimed:

"Oh, that I should have lived to see the day that old Tennessee was to be thus disgraced! Here, Joe!"

At this the other person in the wagon alighted and entered the shop. He was a stalwart negro.

"Joe," continued the young man, "you would like your freedom?"

"Well, Massa John, I wouldn't like very much to leave you; but den I see like to be a free man."

"Joe, the white race have maintained their liberty by their valor. Are you willing to fight for yours? Ay, fight to the death?"

"I see fight for you any time, Massa John."

"I believe you, Joe. But I have desperate work on hand to-night, and I do not want to engage in it without a prospect of reward. If I succeed I will make you a free man. It is a matter of life and death—will you go?"

"I will, Massa."

"I am satisfied, Joe," said his master; then turning to the young girl, he continued, "Now, Mattie, you get in the wagon, and I'll drive down to the parsonage, and you remain there with Mrs. Peters and the children until I bring you some intelligence of your father."

While the sturdy old blacksmith was awaiting the return of his daughter, the party that he had repulsed returned with increased numbers and demanded the minister. A fierce quarrel ensued, which resulted in their seizing the smith and carrying him off. They conveyed him to a tavern half a mile distant from the shop, and there he was arraigned before what was termed a vigilance committee.

The committee met in a long room on the ground floor, dimly lighted by a lamp which stood upon a small table in front of the chairman. In about half an hour after Bradley's arrival he was placed before the chairman for examination.—The old man's arms were pinioned, but nevertheless he cast a defiant look upon

those around him.

"Bradley, this is a grave charge against you. What have you to say?" said the chairman.

"What authority have you to ask?" demanded the smith, fiercely eyeing his interrogator.

"The authority of the people of Tennessee," was the reply.

"I deny it."

"Your denials amount to nothing. You are accused of harboring an abolitionist, and the penalty of that act you know is death."

"I say that it is a lie, and that he who utters such charges against me is a scoundrel!"

"Simpson," said the chairman to the leader of the band that had captured Bradley, and who now appeared with a large bandage about his head, to bind up a wound which was the result of a blow from the fist of Bradley. "Simpson," continued the chairman, "what have you to say?"

The leader then stated that he had tracked the preacher to the blacksmith's shop, and that Bradley had resisted his arrest, and that upon their return he could not be found, and that the prisoner refused to give any information concerning him.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Bradley?" said the chairman.

"I do. What of it?" was the reply.

"Is it true?"

"Yes."

"Where is the preacher?"

"That is none of your business."

"Mr. Bradley, this tribunal is not to be insulted with impunity. I again demand to know where Mr. Peters is. Will you tell?"

"No."

"Mr. Bradley, it is well known that you are not only a member but an exhorter in Mr. Peters' church, and, therefore, some little excuse is to be made for you. He is from the North, and has long been suspected, and is now accused of being an abolitionist and a dangerous man.—You do not deny sheltering him and refusing to give him up. If you persist in this you must take the consequences. I ask you, for the last time, if you will inform us of his whereabouts?"

"And again I answer, no."

"Mr. Bradley there is also another serious charge against you, and your conduct in this instance fully confirms it.—You are accused of giving comfort to the enemies of your country. What have you to say to that?"

"I say it is false, and that he who makes it is a villain."

"I accuse him of being a traitor, aiding the cause of the Union," said Simpson.

"If my adherence to the Union merits for me the name of traitor, then I am proud of it. I have been for the Union, and will be for the Union as long as life lasts."

At these words the chairman clutched a pistol that lay upon the table before him, and the bright blade of Simpson's bowie-knife glittered near Bradley's breast; but before he could make the fatal plunge a swift-winged messenger of death laid him dead at the feet of his intended victim, while at the same instant, another plunged into the heart of the chairman, and he fell forward over the table, exhausting the light and leaving all in darkness. Confusion reigned. The inmates of the room were panic-stricken.

In the midst of the consternation a firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder; his bonds were severed, and he was hurried out of the open window. He was again a free man, but was hastened forward into the woods at the back of the tavern, and through them to a road a quarter of a mile distant, then into a wagon, and driven rapidly off. In half an hour the smith made one of the party at the rendezvous that was to start at midnight across the mountains.

"John," said the smith, as he grasped the hand of his rescuer, while his eyes glistened and a tear coursed down his furrowed cheek, "I should like to see Mattie before I go."

"You shall," was the reply.

In another hour the blacksmith clasped his daughter to his bosom.

It was an affecting scene—there, in that lone house in the wilderness, surrounded by men who had been driven from their homes for their attachment to the principles for which the patriot fathers fought and bled—the sturdy old smith, a type of the heroes of other days, pressed his daughter to his breast, while the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks. He felt that perhaps it would be his last embrace; for his resolute heart had resolved to sacrifice his all upon the altar of his country, and he could no longer watch over the safety of his only child.

Was she to be left to the mercy of the pariahs who were attempting to destroy the country that had given them birth, nursed their infancy, and opened a wide field for them to display the abilities with which nature had endowed them?

"Mr. Bradley," said his rescuer, after a short pause, "as you leave the State, it will be necessary, in these troublesome times for Mattie to have a protector, and I have thought our marriage had better take place to-night."

"Well, John," he said, as he relinquished his embrace and gazed with a fond look at her who was so dear to him "I shall not object if Mattie is willing."

"Oh! we arranged that as we came along," replied the young man.

Mattie blushed, but said nothing.

In a short time the hunted-down minister was called upon to perform the marriage service in that lone house. It was an impressive scene. Yet no diamonds glittered upon the neck of the bride; no pearls looped up her tresses; but a pure love glowed within her heart as she gave utterance to a vow which was registered in heaven.

Bradley, soon after the ceremony, bade his daughter and her husband an affectionate farewell, and set out with his friends to join others who had been driven from their homes, and were now rallying under the old flag to fight for the Union, and as they said, "Redeem old Tennessee!"

The Twelve Apostles of Liberty.

The following is a list of the twelve surviving revolutionary pensioners—

James Barham, on the St. Louis, Missouri, roll, \$32.33 per annum; born in Southampton county, Virginia, May 18, 1764; age, 99 years and 9 months.

John Goodnow, on the Boston, Massachusetts, roll, at \$46.67 per annum; born in Sunbury, Middlesex county, Massachusetts, January, 30, 1762; aged, 102 years and 11 months.

Amaziah Goodwin, on Portland, Maine, roll, at \$38.33; born in Somersworth, Stafford county, New Hampshire, February 16, 1757; age 105 years.

Wm. Hutchings, on Portland, Maine, roll, at \$21.66; born in York, York county, Maine, (then Massachusetts), in the year 1764.

Adam Link, on Cleveland, Ohio, roll, at \$30 per annum; born in Washington County, Pennsylvania; age, 102 years.

Benjamin Miller, on the Albany, New York, roll, at \$24.54 per annum; born in Springfield, Massachusetts, April 4, 1764; age, 99 years, 10 months.

Alexander Maroney, on the Albany, New York, roll at eight dollars per month; born the year 1770, enlisted at Lake George, New York, age 94 years; enlisted by his father, as he was young.

John Pettigill, on the Albany, New York, roll, at \$50 per annum; born in Windham, Connecticut, September 10, 1762; age, 101 years, 5 months.

Samuel Downing, (papers do not show his age) on the Albany, New York, roll, at \$80 per annum; served in the second New Hampshire regiment.

Lemuel Cook, on the Albany, New York, roll, at \$100 per annum; no age or birthplace given in papers.

Jonas Gates, on the St. Jonsbury, Vermont, roll, at \$8 per month; papers mislaid. (Since found to be 101 years old.)

The Blessed Ones.

Blessed are they that are blind; for they shall see no ghosts.

Blessed are they that are deaf; for they never lend any money, nor listen to tedious stories.

Blessed are they that are afraid of thunder; for they shall hesitate about getting married, and keep away from political meetings.

Blessed are they that are lean; for there is a chance to grow fat.

Blessed are they that are ignorant; for they are happy in the thought that they know everything.

Blessed is he that is ugly in form and feature; for the gals shan't molest him.

Blessed is she that would get married but can't; for the consolations of the gospel are hers.

Blessed are the orphan children; for they have no mother to spank them.

Blessed are they that expect nothing; for they shall not be disappointed.

Blessed are they that do not advertise; for they shall very rarely be troubled with customers.

As proof of the fact that girls are useful articles, and that the world could not very well get along without them, a late writer states it as a fact that if all the girls were driven out of the world, in one generation, the boys would all go out after them. Of course they would, we can tell you of one who would go as quick as he heard of it—Inquire of Prentice.

If you wish to relish your food, work for it; if you would enjoy your raiment, thoroughly, pay for it before you put it on; if you would sleep soundly, pay for your paper and take a clear conscience to bed with you. Thus will your days be lengthened in the land.

A rumseller at Franklin, N. H., was visited not long since by two hundred ladies in procession, who politely informed him that he must shut up shop and leave town, or he would be assisted to do both. He didn't wait for the assistance.

"You ought to be honest," said a Richmond rebel to his friend in office.—"Honest! Why how in the devil's name can I afford it upon a salary of six hundred a year—and meat two dollars a pound!"

A man in Monroe county, N. Y., named Early, has been arrested for incest with his daughters and cruelty to his wife. He confined her in a filthy room, and for four years had not permitted her to sleep on a bed. He had previously secured all her property. The poor woman was almost a maniac. Cause, bad whisky.

What kind of animal grows on a grape vine? A grey ape (a grape).

Great Central Fair,

SANITARY COMMISSION.

OFFICE OF THE COMMITTEE ON LABOR, INCOME AND REVENUES,

No. 118 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 4TH, 1864.

The Committee on "Labor, Incomes and Revenues," invite co-operation with them in the particular work for which they have been appointed. As no portion of the people are more patriotic than the working men and women of the country, it is but just and proper that they should alike have an opportunity to contribute to the objects of the Fair. The most equitable plan for accomplishing this, and, at the same time the easiest one, is to ask for the contribution of a single day's labor from all classes in the community. Many will contribute a day of their labor willingly, who would not subscribe their money. To reach every department of industry and art will be a work of great labor, but, if attained, will be productive of immense results.

The success of the plan will depend upon the hearty co-operation of every element of influence within our limits, and we invite all the guardians of the industrial interest, and all others, to take hold with us in furthering this great work of patriotism and humanity.

The Committee is charged with the following duty, to wit:

1. To obtain the contribution of "one day's labor," or earnings, from every artisan and laborer, foreman, operative and employee; president, cashier, teller and clerk of every incorporated and unincorporated company, railroad and express company, employing firm, bank, manufactory, iron works, oil works, mill, mine and public office; from every private banker and broker, importer, auctioneer and merchant; clerk, agent and salesman; designer, finisher and artist; publisher, printer and mechanic; from every government officer, contractor and employee; grocer, butcher, baker and dealer; farmer, horticulturist and producer; from every mantua maker, milliner and female operative; every individual engaged in turning the soil, tending the loom, or in any way earning a livelihood, or building a fortune within the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware.

2. To obtain the contribution of one day's "Revenue," from all the great employing establishments, firms, corporations, companies, railroads and works.

3. To obtain the contribution of one day's income from every retired person, and person of fortune—male and female—living upon their means, and from all clergymen, lawyers, physicians, dentists, editors, authors and professors; all other persons engaged in the learned or other professions.

Much of this work must be performed by the personal influence and efforts of ladies and gentlemen associated, or to be associated with the Committee in carrying out this plan.

The Committee feel the responsibility of the work they have undertaken, which, to be successful, will require a very perfect ramification of their plan, and they therefore call upon all earnest people, to assemble themselves together in every town, township, and county, and form organizations of ladies and gentlemen to co-operate with them in this great work and labor of love. In the manufacturing counties, the coal and oil regions, and in the agricultural districts,—especially, let there be organizations in the large towns, so that the young people may have an opportunity thus to render assistance to their relatives and friends fighting the battles of their county in the armies of the nation.

The work of this Committee may be prosecuted where no other effort can be made for the Fair, as in the mines of the coal regions. A day's earnings of the miners, and a day's product of the mines, can be obtained, where no portable article could be procured for transportation. Indeed there is no part or section of these States where the day's labor may not be obtained if organizations can be formed to reach them.

The Committee cannot close without urging upon all Proprietors of Establishments, the duty of taking prompt and energetic action to secure the benefit of the day of labor from all within their control.

The Committee deem it unnecessary to do more, than thus to present the subject to the people of the three States named. In the coming campaigns of our armies, the labors of the "Sanitary Commission" will be greatly augmented. By the first of June 700,000 men—will be operating in the field. So large a force, scattered over regions to which the men are unaccustomed, must necessarily carry along with it a large amount of sickness, suffering and death, to say nothing of the gathered horrors of the battlefield.

These sufferings, it is our bounden duty, as men and Christians, to relieve. A great and enlightened people, enjoying the blessings of a government of their own making, cannot refuse assistance to man suffering to maintain its authority, and we will not believe that the "GREAT CENTRAL FAIR," drawing its products from the three States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, so affluent in all mineral, agricultural and industrial

wealth, shall fall behind any similar effort which has yet been made for the relief of the Nation's children.

As it is desirable not to multiply circulars; no further authority than this circular will be necessary for any employing firm or company, or any respectable committee of ladies and gentlemen, to proceed at once, in the work of this committee; and it is hoped that under it, organizations will spring up in all the towns and busy regions of the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware.

Subscriptions will be thankfully acknowledged in the newspapers of Philadelphia; and it is very desirable that they commence soon, as each fresh acknowledgment will stimulate effort in other localities.

All subscriptions should be addressed to JOHN W. CLAGHORN, Treasurer, office of the "Committee on Labor, Incomes and Revenue," No. 118 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

All needed helps in Circulars and Posters will be forwarded to parties applying for them. Direct to the Chairman of the Committee as above.

L. MONTGOMERY BOND, Chairman. JOHN W. CLAGHORN, Treasurer. Rev. E. W. HUTTER, Cor. Secretary. MCGREGOR J. MITCHESON, Sec'y.

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His Excellency, Joel Parker, Governor of New Jersey.

His Excellency, Wm. Cannon, Governor of Delaware.

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Hon. Judge Harrington, Delaware.

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COMMITTEE.

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COMMITTEE FOR A DAY'S LABOR.

Great Central Sanitary Fair!

Committee on Labor Incomes and Revenues.

Office No. 118 S. SEVENTH ST.

JOHN W. CLAGHORN, Treasurer.

This Committee has a special work, to wit: to obtain a day's "labor," a day's "income," and a day's "revenue," from every citizen of the three States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, for the benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers.

The Committee is now fully organized at the above address, and calls for the co-operation of all classes in the community.

We want to show what the industrial classes can do for their soldiers!

What the people can do in their separate trades!

What Pennsylvania can do!
What New Jersey can do!
What Delaware can do!
What each county can do!
What each city and town can do!
What each profession can do!
What each trade can do!
What each occupation can do!
What each manufactory can do!
What each bank, insurance company and railroad can do!

What each mine can do!
What each workshop can do!
What each family can do!
What each man can do!
What each woman can do!
What each boy and girl can do!

We want to show the world what American freemen are ready to do for their soldiers!

This is a great work and the time short. The way to do so is ORGANIZE!
Organize in your workshops—in your families.

Let the men organize.
Let the women organize.
Let the trades organize.
Organize everywhere.

Let the workmen give with their employers, the employers with their workmen.

It is easily done. If the workmen will authorize their employers to deduct one day from their week's or month's earnings, and the employers will add to it a day of their profits, the whole sum will be acknowledged together to the credit of the establishment.

We say to all, go to work at once with us in this great work. Hurry forward your contributions. Every acknowledgment will stimulate others to follow your example.