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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Uncle Sam's Farm.

Of the mighty nations
In the east or in the west,
This glorious Yankee nation
Is the greatest and the best.
We have room for all creation,
And our banner is unfurled;
Here's a general invitation
To the people of the world.
Then come along, come along, make no delay,
Come from every nation, come from every way,
Our land is broad enough, don't be alarmed,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.
St. Lawrence marks our Northern line,
And fast her waters flow,
And the Rio Grande our Southern bound
Way down to Mexico.
From the great Atlantic Ocean,
Where the sun 'gins to go down,
Leap across the Rocky Mountains
Far away to Oregon.
Then come along, &c.
While the South shall raise the cotton,
And the West the corn and pork,
New England manufactures
Shall do the finer work;
For the deep and flowing waterfalls
That course along our hills,
Are just the thing for washing sheep
And driving cotton Mills.
Then come along, &c.
Our fathers gave us liberty,
But little did they dream,
The grand results that pour along
This mighty age of steam;
For our mountains, lakes and rivers
Are all a blaze of fire,
And we send our news by lightning,
On the telegraphic wire.
Then come along, &c.
Yes! we're bound to beat the nations,
For our motto's "Go ahead,"
And we'll tell the foreign papers
That our people are well fed;
For the nations must remember
That Uncle Sam is not a fool,
For the people do the voting,
And the children go to school.
Then come along, &c.

The Editor Absent.

The editor of the Elk County (Pa.) Advocate is now on a visit to Philadelphia. During his absence the boys have been editing the paper. The following is a sample of their style:

"When our beloved 'cashier' went away he said, 'boys, if you want any money, you must collect that due on the paper as I have got only enough to take me to Philadelphia and buy the city, if I like it.' Well, we did collect what we could. We have raised one quarter, twenty-five cents, and two shillings, cash money, gold and silver, in one several piece, and this is all the money that we have got, and we don't know of another cent due this establishment. We leave it to our readers to say how much this will do towards buying the 'clothes and vituals,' for a large family, and keeping 'body and soul together,' of two hungry devils for nearly two weeks. We are, like all printers, used to hard fate, having ever since we 'learned the trade,' been accustomed to eat, work and go naked, but we can't starve."

"Doctor," said an old lady the other day, to her family physician, "will you tell me how it is that some folks are born dumb?"

"Why, hem! why certainly, madam," replied the doctor, "it is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the power of speech."

"La, me!" remarked the old lady, "no jest see what it is to have physic education; I've axed my old man more nor a hundred times, that are same thing, and all I could ever get out of him was 'kase they is!'"

"Well, I'm glad I axed you, for I never should a died satisfied without knowing it."

An important discovery in regard to chloroform, by M. Delabarre, has just produced a lively sensation amongst the Russian surgeons. This gentleman has invented a means of casting a jet of chloroform on the part desired to be operated upon, which renders it insensible to pain, while the general system is unaffected.—At a meeting of medical men, M. Delabarre operated on nine persons, in each case with success more or less marked; some having expressed no sensation whatever—others merely a consciousness of it, but without pain.

Lover's Stratagem;

OR, ANGLING TO SOME PURPOSE.

The custom which our fashionable Englishmen have of flying to the coast of France, when debts and the like mishaps render their own country somewhat too hot to hold them comfortably, causes Boulogne and other towns forming the chief places of rendezvous on such occasions, to present for the most part, a strangely assorted society, and to witness at times, very curious scenes. We do not precisely ask our readers to believe the following romantic story in all its details, though there is nothing very improbable in any part of them.

Sir George Tindal was a young baronet of good English family, who came to Boulogne some years ago under rather peculiar circumstances. He had been left very young with command of a good patrimonial estate, but had given way so far to the fashionable follies of the young in high life, as to allow nearly the whole of it to fly away on the turf as fast as race horses could carry it. He had still good expectations, however. A maternal relative, a merchant, and one of the richest in the metropolis, was likely, in the due course of things, to leave Sir George his fortune, as his nearest heir. He was fond of the young man, but had been greatly and perilously alienated by the conduct and reverses of the latter. It was while meditating on this subject that an idea struck the nearly ruined baronet. "How successful," thought he, "my uncle has been by his speculations in the funds! Might not I cast in my poor remnant of means into that great lottery, and pull out a prize? I may as well try it; all that I have now is scarcely worth thinking twice about. I shall try, at least."

Poor Sir George! He forgot that though some seas may be deep, there are others which cannot be sounded at all; that however deep one may be in the mire, there is a chance of getting deeper. He did venture his all in the stocks. He was successful once, and even twice. Getting inspired by his good fortune, he thought he had but to venture further and win more. Alas! he was a novice, merely in the hands of veteran gamblers. Some of the very worst members of the body who speculate in these matters, got him into their hands, and knowing well what his expectations were, and where they lay, they led him on by a nibble or two, until, by a series of ruses, considered not infamous only on such a field of transactions, they at length got him placed under a load of debt which even all his uncle's means would with difficulty lighten. Holding him bound by signatures and bonds, they then waited coolly for his accession to his prospective inheritance, knowing well that the same prospect would keep their victim also within reach of their grasp at any time.

Sir George wandered about town for some months after these mishaps, like a man with a rope around his neck. During that time he had many reasonings with himself on an important point. This point affected his whole prospective fortune. The young baronet was naturally possessed of good sense; he was well educated, and it may be said that his heart was good, and his intentions fair towards all men, under ordinary circumstances; but his course of life, and the associations he had formed, had relaxed his moral principles. This acquired defect came now into play. The point which he canvassed with himself was, whether or not, after having most distinctly ascertained that he had been the dupe of his creditors, his engagements with them were binding upon him. His good sense said yes, for they had acted within the law; his sense of honor said the same, for they had his bonds; "but then," said other internal arguers, "they got these by base means, and they have not lost a shilling by me. The article *experience* was what my folly bought from them at the price of a fair fortune, and with it came no penny out of their pockets. Besides, if I pay these harpies, I shall be beggared."

The end of the whole was, that the uncle of Sir George died; the young baronet was left heir; and within a few hours almost after being put in possession of his fortune, which was the portable one of a monied hoarder, the young baronet was on his way with it to Boulogne. The creditors stormed and vowed revenge; but they at first knew not whither he might fly; and there are great difficulties attending the recovery of money from creditors on the continent, in any case.

Sir George fixed himself in a small country house near Boulogne. He had been able to carry thither a sufficiency for permanent maintenance—above £20,000, nearly the amount of his funded embarrassments, after what he called "fair debts" were privately settled. He lived for some time in great seclusion, only occasionally appearing in public. The society which he then met was not of a character to trouble itself much about what he had done, or was doing, or was about to do, so long as he maintained a fashionable appearance and a gentlemanly deportment. So Sir George led a very quiet and undisturbed existence for a time, always excepting some little twinges from a sense of violated honor, until love, the universal busybody, came in the way to overthrow the runaway's repose. A lady made her appearance in Boulogne, bearing the name and style of Baroness d'Estival. Report said that she was an English woman by birth, and the widow

of a foreign noble; and she was young, beautiful, and reputed rich. Ere long, such attractions brought all the dangers of dangling Boulogne into subjection to the baroness, and, among the rest, our baronet saw and admired the lady. For a time, however, he was undistinguished by her, nor did he make any marked advances on his own part. An accident brought round an *éclaircissement*. By a peculiar piece of awkwardness, as it seemed, on the part of her servant, the *calèche* of the baroness was nearly overturned near Sir George's door. The young baronet sprang out; and the lady appearing faint and terrified, he entreated her to alight for a few moments. She complied. It was the hour of lunch and they lunched together. Sir George begged her to view his garden, and they walked together.—When the lady was at last about to depart, Sir George begged leave to take the reins out of the hands of the awkward servant, and escort her home in person.—The result of all was, that the baronet became an established visitant of the baroness; and having declared his passion, received an answer which left him much to hope, while at the same time it promised nothing positive.

Sir George could not be long acquainted with the fair baroness without discovering that she had one remarkable and somewhat eccentric taste; she was distractedly fond of angling—a perfect female Walton. She had hired for the season a large yawl, something between a fishing-boat and a yacht, and every morning, when the weather was good, she rose with the sun, to amuse herself off the coast with the rod.

"I cannot comprehend the pleasure you take in this occupation," said Sir George to her one day.

"It is a charming recreation," answered she, gayly; "and, besides, my physicians have recommended to me to take as much air and exercise at sea as possible. I acquired the taste through this cause. It is sometimes dull, to be sure, for the sailors and my servants are no company. But I have been pressed by a certain gallant Major, and a certain warlike Colonel, to permit them to bear me company, and I think I must really consent some day." How could a lover forbear to entreat permission to occupy the place of these rival suitors? Sir George could not. He begged and sued, and the fair lady gave her consent that he should accompany her next morning on one of her odd excursions to sea.

The day proved beautiful, and the pair went aboard at sunrise. They sailed, however, far out to sea, and along the coast, ere any desire for fishing was shown by the lady. The water was not favorable, she said, at one place and then she declared that she had no fancy this morning for the exercises. Sir George was rather pleased with this disinclination, which was owing, he flattered himself, to her being absorbed by his own conversation; and she, on her part, seemed only to think of charming him by sweet discourses. At length a slight shower fell, and the baroness asked her lover to enter a small rude cabin, where a glass of wine and cakes were offered to him.—Here the pair sat hour after hour, the lady enchanting her lover with talk that caused him to forget all but her present self. At length he pulled out his watch and started up. "What!" cried he, "the day is far advanced, and I don't think they have ever put about!" The wind, too, was blowing nearly direct from the coast. "Come, madam; if you fish at all to-day, it is surely time to begin."

The answer startled the poor baronet. "I have angled," said she, quietly; "and, what is more, I have caught my fish."
"What do you mean?" cried Sir George.
"What fish have you caught?"
"Twenty thousand pounds!" answered the lady, with coolness. Sir George grew pale, and stepped hurriedly on deck.
"Distraction!" cried he, as soon as he had looked round. "Put about instantly, pilot; that is Margate!—we are off England!"

"Exactly so, Sir George," said the lady at his back. He turned around and looked at her.

"Your purpose, then, is to take me—"
"To London, Sir George," said the lady, interrupting him with calmness, though a gratified flush was on her cheek. Sir George turned to the sailors.

"My purse!" said he, "twenty-five louis for you, if you put about for Boulogne!"
"Twenty-five louis!" said the lady, disdainfully, "when twenty thousand pounds are in the other scale!"

"Barbarous, treacherous woman," cried the infuriated baronet, as he looked around with an eye that threatened peril to all, if he had but had the means to inflict it; but the baroness gave a signal, and in an instant his arms were pinned to his side by two pair of brawny arms. The baronet struggled but in vain; a cord was produced, and was only saved from the ignominy of being bound, by giving his assurance that he would remain in quiet endurance in the cabin. It seemed to him that he could do nothing but submit.

Sir George, reduced to this condition, looked with indignation at his captor.—She had checked the sailors for harshness in their usage of him, but otherwise she expressed no visible emotion. "Betrayed by you," said the captive, "you whom I loved so much!"

"You loved me!"
"Yes, and well you know it!" answered Sir George. "Since you are an adven-

ture, cruel woman, would not my whole fortune, with my hand, have better paid you than a miserable hire?" The lady spoke not in reply, and Sir George also held a scornful silence from that moment until he landed on the Thames. He was here put into the hands of the sailors and conducted to a hotel, on giving his solemn promise that he would not attempt to escape. Believing all to be lost in any case, he was glad to be relieved from the confinement of a jail, though it might be but till his creditors were warned of his capture.

It was night when this landing in the Thames took place. Sir George spent a wretched night moaning over that fate which his conscience told was not unmerited. In the morning he drew up an act, briefly giving up all to his creditors. He had scarcely finished this when a visitor was announced. It was his betrayer the baroness.

"Wretched woman! what seek you?" said he sternly. "Is not your task done? I have now to do with others."

"With none but me," said the lady in a low voice, and with a timidity of manner most unlike her previous deportment.

"What do you mean, madam?" asked Sir George.

"I am your sole creditor," said the lady; and she placed in his hands some papers, which he at once saw to be his own redeemed bonds. He looked up in amazement. "You had a cousin once, Sir George," said the lady with her eyes on the floor.

"I had—Anne Fulton, said Sir George; "we were playmates in childhood."

"She went abroad, when a mere child, continued the lady.

"She did," said the baronet; "and, I have heard, was married to a very wealthy planter in the island where they settled. It pained me to hear it, for we loved each other even when infants."

"She wedded against her will," continued the lady; "for she, too, remembered old days. She is now a widow." A light had been gradually breaking upon Sir George's mind. He started hastily forward, and took hold of the lady's hand, almost throwing himself at her feet.

"You are—"
"I am your cousin Anne," said the lady.

It is needless to carry our tale beyond the point when the imagination of the reader can do all that remains to be done. The lady had returned to England a rich widow; had learned the situation and embarrassments of her well-remembered cousin; had seen him at Boulogne; had contrived the overture at his door, and made his acquaintance. She had only thought of the fishing scheme through a spice of romance in her temperament, and that she might get him to England, where she might have his debts paid. They wedded and lived happily, like all lovers in stories; and we wish all were as true as the present one.

From the London Friend.

Deputation from the "Meeting for Sufferings" to the Emperor of Russia.

The above deputation left London on the 20th of First month, and proceeded by way of Berlin, Königsberg and Liga, to Petersburg, where they arrived on the 2d of last month.

As the Mission was undertaken simply on religious grounds, and was wholly irrespective of political considerations, it was thought best not to communicate before leaving England, either with the Russian Ambassador in London, or with any member of the British Government; and the like reason induced the deputation, on arriving in Petersburg, to make a direct application to count Nesselrode, without the intervention of the British Ambassador, Sir Hamilton Seymour. Their motives were, however, subsequently stated, in personal interviews, both to the Government at home, and to its representative in Russia.

Through the prompt courtesy of Count Nesselrode, an interview was arranged for the presentation of the address, of which the following is a copy, at the winter palace on the 10th inst.

To Nicholas, Emperor of all the Russias.

"May it please the Emperor,

"We, the undersigned, Members of a meeting representing the religious Society of Friends (commonly called Quakers) in Great Britain, venture to approach the Imperial presence, under a deep conviction of religious duty, and in the constraining love of Christ our Saviour.

"We are moreover encouraged so to do by the many proofs of condescension and Christian kindness manifested by the late illustrious brother, the Emperor Alexander, as well as by thy honored mother, to some of our brethren in religious profession.

"It is well known that, apart from political considerations, we have, as a Christian Church, uniformly upheld a testimony against war, on the simple ground that it is utterly condemned by the precepts of Christianity, as well as altogether incompatible with the spirit of its Divine Founder, who is emphatically styled the 'Prince of Peace.' This conviction we have repeatedly pressed upon our own rulers, and often, in the language of bold but respectful remonstrance, have urged upon them the maintenance of Peace as the true policy, as well as manifest duty, of a Christian government.

"And now, O Great Prince, permit us

to express the sorrow which fills our hearts, as Christians and as men, in contemplating the probability of war in any portion of the continent of Europe. Deeply to be deplored would it be were that peace, which to a very large extent has happily prevailed so many years, exchanged for the unspeakable horrors of war, with all its attendant moral evil and physical suffering.

"It is not our business, nor do we presume to offer any opinion upon the questions now at issue between the Imperial Government of Russia and that of any other country; but estimating the exalted position in which Divine Providence has placed thee, and the solemn responsibilities devolving upon thee, not only as an earthly potentate, but also as a believer in that gospel which proclaims 'peace on earth,' and 'good will toward men,' we implore Him, by whom 'Kings reign and Princes decree justice,' so to influence thy heart and direct thy councils at this momentous crisis, that thou mayest practically exhibit to the nations, and even to those who do not profess the 'like precious faith,' the efficacy of the gospel of Christ, and the universal application of his command, 'Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven.'

"The more fully the Christian is persuaded of the justice of his own cause, the greater his magnanimity in the exercise of forbearance. May the Lord make thee the honored instrument of exemplifying this true nobility; thereby securing to thyself and to thy vast dominions that true glory and those rich blessings which could never result from the most successful appeal to arms.

"Thus, O mighty Prince, may the miseries and devastation of war be averted; and, in that solemn day when 'every one of us shall give account of himself to God,' may the benediction of the redeemer apply to thee, 'Blessed are the Peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God,' and mayest thou be permitted through a Saviour's love to exchange an earthly for a heavenly crown—a crown of glory which fadeth not away."
London, First month 11, 1854.

[Here follow the signatures.]

The Emperor, after listening with kind attention to the Address, said he wished to offer some explanation of his views as to the causes of the present unhappy differences. His observations in the course of the conversation were nearly as follows:

"We received the blessings of Christianity from the Greek Empire, and this has established, and maintained ever since, a link of connection, both moral and religious, between Russia and that power. The ties that has thus united the two countries have subsisted for 900 years, and were not severed by the conquest of Russia by the Tartars; and when at a later period, our country succeeded in shaking off that yoke, and the Greek Empire, in its turn, fell under the sway of the Turks, we still continued to take a lively interest in the welfare of our co-religionists there; and when Russia became powerful enough to resist the Turks, and to dictate the terms of peace, we paid particular attention to the well-being of the Greek Church, and procured the insertion in successive treaties, of most important articles in her favor. I have, myself acted as my predecessors had done, and the Treaty of Andrinople, in 1829, was as explicit as the former ones in this respect. Turkey, on her part, recognized this right of religious interference, and fulfilled her engagements until within the last year or two, when, for the first time, she gave me reason to complain. I will not now advert to the parties who were her principal instigators on that occasion; suffice it to say that it became my duty to interfere, and to claim from Turkey the fulfillment of her engagements. My representations were pressing but friendly, and I have every reason to believe that matters would soon have been settled, if Turkey had not been induced by other parties to believe that I had ulterior objects in view; that I was aiming at conquest, aggrandizement, and the ruin of Turkey. I have solemnly disclaimed, and do now as solemnly disclaim, every such motive. I do not desire war; I abhor it as sincerely as you do, and am ready to forget the past, if only the opportunity be afforded me.

"I have great esteem for your country, and a sincere affection for your queen, whom I admire not only as a Sovereign, but as a lady, a wife, and a mother. I have placed full confidence in her, and have acted towards her in a frank and friendly spirit. I felt it my duty to call her attention to future dangers, which I considered as likely, sooner or later, to arise in the East, in consequence of the existing state of things. What on my part was prudent foresight, has been unfairly construed in your country into a designing policy, and an ambitious desire of conquest. This has deeply wounded my feelings and afflicted my heart.—Personal insults and invectives I regard with indifference. And I am ready to forgive all that is personal to me, and to hold out my hand to my enemies in the true Christian spirit. I cannot understand what cause of complaint your nation has against Russia. I am anxious to avoid war by all possible means; I will not attack, and shall only act in self-defense; but I cannot be indifferent to what concerns the honor of my country. I

have a duty to perform as a Sovereign. As a Christian, I am ready to comply with the precepts of religion. On the present occasion, my great duty is to attend to the interests and honor of my country."

The Deputation then remarked, that as their mission was not of a political character, but intended simply to convey to the Emperor the sentiments of their own Society, as a religious body, they did not feel it to be their place to enter into any of the questions involved in the present dispute; but, with the Emperor's permission, they would be glad to call his attention specially to a few points. * * *

They said that they and many others in their own country had incurred the disfavor of the supporters of the present military system, by advocating the settlement of international disputes by arbitration. They also remarked, that seeing that whilst Malometanism avowedly justifies the employment of the sword in propagating its doctrines, Christianity is emphatically a religion of peace, there appeared (with reference to the present dispute) a peculiar propriety in a Christian Emperor exercising forbearance and forgiveness; and they added that, in the event of a European war, amongst the thousands and who would be its victims, those who were the principal causes of it would probably not be the greatest sufferers, but that the heaviest calamities would fall on innocent men with their wives and children.

The Emperor, before quitting the apartment, informed the deputation that the Empress was desirous of seeing them. They were, accordingly, at once introduced to the Empress and to the Grand-Duchess Olga, with whom they had an agreeable interview.

The deputation were subsequently informed through Baron Nicolay, that the Emperor desired to transmit to the Society of Friends a written reply to their address; which was accordingly forwarded to them previous to their departure from Petersburg. A copy of this document, is subjoined.

(Signed)

JOSEPH STRUGE, of Birmingham,
ROBERT CHARLETON, of Bristol,
HENRY PEASE, of Darlington,
London, 25th Second month, 1854.

Copy of the Emperor's Reply.

His Majesty, the Emperor, has received, with lively satisfaction, the address presented by the deputation from the Society of Friends, as the expression of sentiments entirely consonant with those by which he is himself animated. His Majesty, as well as themselves, has a horror of war, and sincerely desires the maintenance of peace. In order to preserve it he is ready to forget personal insults and offences, to be the first to offer his hand to his enemies, and to make all concessions compatible with his honor. His Majesty will not attack; he will only defend himself, and will be always disposed to listen to the offers of peace.

The Emperor deeply regrets the existing condition of affairs, and casts its responsibility far from him. He has always desired to maintain a good understanding with England. He has a sincere affection for the Queen, whom he esteems as a sovereign, a woman, a wife and a mother; and he has given her unequivocal proofs of his confidence and regard. His Majesty repudiates all ambitious designs of conquest, or of unjust interference with the affairs of Turkey. He claims from that power nothing more than he has a right to demand by virtue of explicit treaties concluded by his predecessors and himself. The bond which unites Russia with her co-religionists in the East, has existed 900 years. It was thro' the ancient Greek Empire that Christianity came to us; and from that time a constant community between Russia and the Byzantine Empire to its fall. Since Russia freed herself from the Tartar yoke she constantly labored to meliorate the condition of her co-religionists; and in these labors she has been successful.—She cannot refuse her religious sympathy with them, or renounce a legitimate influence, acquired at the price of her people's blood. But the Emperor demands nothing more. He asks nothing from the Turks; and he would be happy to see England render entire justice to the motives by which he has been actuated. He does not believe that he has ever given her the least cause of complaint; and he appeals to the testimony of all English residents in his country, who, as his Majesty is convinced, will not hesitate to declare that they have always been well satisfied with the treatment they have experienced in Russia.

(Signed) NESSELRODE.
Petersburgh, 13th of February, 1854.

This reply was given in the French language, but is translated by the editor of the Review for the benefit of his readers.

The New York Herald is to increase its price to three cents a copy. Every where there seems to be an indication on the part of the cheap newspapers to increase their price and "strike for higher wages." Everything that belongs to the economy of a printing office, has been increased from 20 to 40 per cent, and the proprietors of newspapers have either to charge higher advertising rates or more for their papers. We suppose this is "manifest destiny," but it is a subject of serious importance both to readers and editors.