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## AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

### THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

We cross the prairies as of old  
The pilgrims crossed the sea,  
To make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free.

We go to rear a wall of men,  
On Freedom's Southern line,  
And plant beside the cotton tree,  
The rugged Northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills  
As our free rivers flow,  
The blessing of our mother land  
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools  
On distant prairie swells,  
And give the sabbaths of the wild  
The music of her bells.

Uphearing, like the Ark of old,  
The Bible in our van,  
We go to test the truth of God  
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams  
That feed the Kansas run,  
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon  
Shall float the setting sun.

We'll sweep the prairie as of old  
Our fathers swept the sea,  
And make the West as they the East,  
The homestead of the free!

### THE LOST CHILD FOUND.

"Hark!" said the Baron of Lucowiza to his lady, "the report of the artillery is getting nearer. At last it should come here."

"Let us be prepared for the worst," replied the resolute, high-spirited woman. "What has happened to others, may happen to us; and what others have endured we also may endure; and if others are brought low, we are not too good to escape similar misfortunes. But God is powerful enough to deliver us, if it seems meet to his wisdom; and let us pray to him, not only to spare us, but to give us resigned hearts that will put unbounded confidence in him, and unconditionally repose on his faithful, fatherly care."

It was evening. The cannonading had ceased, and the din of war seemed withdrawn to another quarter. They returned to retire to rest, for they had kept anxious watch on several preceding nights. But at midnight the inhabitants of the village were startled out of their sleep by the discharge of artillery; and, before they had left their beds, part of the village was in flames, which were carried by a violent east wind from one thatched roof to another. The fire had broken out in the neighborhood of the castle, it soon caught the outbuildings; and, when the Baron woke out of his sleep, he could not tell whether his rest had been broken by the noise of cannon, or by the flames which glared upon his chamber windows. While putting on a few clothes, the danger became so great that he could not hope to do more than escape with his life from the burning castle.

"Have you got the child?" cried the Baroness to the nurse, whom she saw running out of the house.

"Yes, I have it," she answered; "only make haste."

The parents hurried through the garden-walks after the maid; but she was soon out of sight, and, though they called after her, the sound of their voices was lost amidst the report of musketry, the cries of distress, and the crash of falling buildings. Urged forward by the fugitives from the village, they hastened to the adjacent wood for safety, and strained every nerve to get beyond the reach of the cannon, and the tumult of war.—The nurse, they thought, could have taken no other way, and would be found again in the morning. Day came, as it surely will, after the longest and most troubled night. They had left the wood behind them, and had reached the clear open country. Here and there might be seen a little band of fugitives; some with a bundle, small or large, on their backs; others with only a scanty supply of clothing which they had hastily put on. O how earnestly and inquisitively did the afflicted parents cast their eyes around after their lost child! They hastened breathless from one group to another, in order to find their precious treasure with the nurse; and every moment the quickness of their pulse and the anguish of their hearts increased, as each inquiry in succession ended in disappointment. They did not give up all hope hastily; that a

mother's heart could not do; but its feeble props broke down one after another, so that at last it entirely sunk and was lost. In the nearest villages all their inquiries were fruitless; and they could not go back, for war and all its horrors were every moment coming nearer; they were forced to go forward, and, in doing so, probably went farther from the direction their servant had taken; but no choice was left. We must now leave them, commending them to that Almighty Comforter, who is rich in mercy to all that call upon him, while we return to Lucowiza.

On what a slender thread, to human eyes, often hangs a human life! That infant in the ark of bulrushes, on the banks of the Nile—to how many accidents was he exposed! and yet to what a glorious career was he destined! That little child, who alone of all his family was forgotten when the house was on fire, and then was suddenly rescued from the flames, and became a distinguished and successful laborer in the service of Christ—on what a more hair did his life hang! But along with these fine threads and hairs are interwoven other invisible ones, of heavenly texture and divinely strong.—Holy angels are employed in protecting and rescuing those little ones on whose service they are sent forth; and hence it comes to pass that their lives are so often preserved in the most wonderful manner, over whom the Keeper of Israel and his hosts hold watch. You have noticed the incidents I have told you, but how they came about you cannot even guess; listen, then, while I proceed.

A mile from Lucowiza, farther inland, lies a village, the name of which I do not know; but would the name of a Bohemian village signify to you! This village also had been visited by the calamities of war; part of it was burnt; the houses that were left standing had been plundered, and the fields around lay desolate. Unfortunately it was just harvest-time, the corn was cut, the sheaves were standing bound in the fields; but, ere the reapers had time to fetch them home, another reaper came, who, with an invisible sickle, cut down the reapers themselves, and many more besides. I need not tell you his name, but you will perhaps be reminded of the words of the psalmist, "In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.—In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth."

The hostile bands came rushing on; and where yesterday dwelt peace, prosperity, and hope, was to be seen to-day the grim form of desolation, which the few who survived beheld with terror and dismay. On the following morning, when the black cloud of war had rolled over the borders, a countryman, whose cottage had escaped the flames, went out into his cornfields to see whether he could find a sheaf or two to carry home. A few were still standing; but, looking between them, he saw, to his great astonishment, what he had neither sought for nor expected—a child about two years old fast asleep.—It seemed as if an angel had laid it there; for such a happy smile played over the features of the little sleeper that you might imagine it was dreaming Jacob's dream over again. The good countryman could not take his eyes off that little smiling face; he was unwilling to wake it, but at last it awoke of itself. Now, indeed, as you might expect, the happy smile was gone, for the child no longer saw an angel, but a strange unknown old man; over its head was the wide-spread blue vault of the sky, and near it, instead of the white pillow of its cradle, the rough ground, with long stubble and a few sheaves. It called for its mother and Theresa; and when neither of them appeared, a little cloud began to gather on its brow, and the drops trickled down its rosy cheeks. The man took it up in his arms, stroking and soothing it as well as he knew how; then, leaving the sheaves for which he had come thither, carried the child home. On the way, a doubt arose in his mind whether his wife would feel as kindly towards the little one as he did himself; but "No," he said, "has long been a source of sorrow to her that we have had no more children since those whose bed death has made in the churchyard; she will be glad to have our loss made up in this way." And so it proved. The news that some sheaves still remained gave her joy; but she was more rejoiced at the living present that God's hand had bestowed; and, when the good woman fetched from their back garden a handful of strawberries, the cloud on the little weeper's brow soon dispersed; and, though it often called for father, mother, and Theresa, yet by degrees it became attached to its foster-parents, who with tender love sought to make up the loss of its home to the best of their power. How the child came among the sheaves,—whether its faithful nurse had been shot, and her forlorn little charge had wandered by itself into the cornfields; or by what other means it was brought there,—they could not tell. The inhabitants of Lucowiza had left the place, and the greater part of them never returned.

The seven years' war had just begun, and, of course, for some time, the communication between one place and another was rendered very difficult, and often quite impracticable. It is true that, as soon as the Baron of Lucowiza had found a resting-place in a neighboring country, he sent a trusty messenger, with orders to search the place and country all round, if perchance some trace might be found

of the lost child; but, when the man reached the borders of Saxony, he fell ill of typhus fever, and died in the hospital of a small town, without having fulfilled his errand. The child itself was too young to give any information; it only knew that it was called Theodore. Theodore's foster-parents were not originally poor—they once possessed beautiful fields and meadows; but their cattle had been taken away, their house had been plundered, the fruits of their fields destroyed, and their barns contained no provisions for the winter. It cost them much trouble to procure a few cattle again, and even to get daily bread; for, though they would gladly have sold part of their land in order to get some money, they could find no purchaser in those troublous times.—Yet they did not let the little one want for anything. If they had only a single morsel, they would cheerfully go supperless to bed, rather than that their foster-child should suffer hunger. The little creature throve fast; and the love that was bestowed upon him was not wasted: he soon gave signs of such grateful attachment, and was so attentive and obedient, that they were often ready to imagine that the child was really their own, and never for a moment repented having taken it in.

Six years long they had nourished and protected the stranger child, and tended it with heartfelt parental love, when they were both taken off by an epidemic, which was one of the many sad consequences of the war. The disease, even in an early stage of it, deprived the sufferers of their senses. Theodore, who was only eight years old, knew not what to do, and called in a poor neighbor, a widow, who, as no medical man was at hand, did what she could according to the best of her knowledge; but she was as little able as the weeping child, to render efficient aid. At last a physician came, as there were several other people ill in the village; but he saw at once that it was too late to save them. A few days more, and the poor boy was standing by the side of two corpses.

Then followed the funeral, and the division of the property among the relations of the deceased. One took the house, another the arable land, a third the pasture land, a fourth the movable goods, but no one was eager to be the orphan. He had already been a thorn in their eyes; for they were afraid that he had been adopted by the man and his wife, and would deprive them of the inheritance. Fortunately, the good people had two Bibles—one in their house, the other in their hearts—and out of both they had conscientiously and diligently instructed their foster child; and in so doing, had bequeathed him a treasure, which formed no part of the property to be divided, and to which the greedy heirs could make no claim, even had they been disposed. Now, in this hour of difficulty, he recollected the expression, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Psa. xxvii, 10. This was his staff when about to leave his present home—the staff of his right hand, when he was forced to grasp a beggar's staff with the other.

By this time the war was over; but its effects were still severely felt by the inhabitants of the country. The cornfields were lying waste; the dwelling-houses, for the greater part, were pillaged or burnt; and on all sides the greatest distress prevailed. For a whole twelve months Theodore was obliged to wander about as a poor beggar-boy. He went from place to place, and sought for shelter; but everywhere he was repulsed, for he could not tell his birth-place. Even the police could not lay hold of him and send him back to his parish, for no one knew where it was situated. Here and there he met with kind people, who gave him some broken victuals; but more frequently he was obliged to content himself with a piece of dry bread. His lodging for the night was commonly a hovel on some hay, or a woodhouse; and, in winter, perhaps a warm stable, unless he was allowed to lie on a bench in the kitchen. His clothes, which soon were worn to rags, would now and then be replaced by a torn jacket, or a patched pair of trousers, big enough for a youth of eighteen; so that he looked in them for all the world like a scarecrow. The luxury of an ordinary pair of shoes he had long been a stranger to; in summer he went barefoot; in winter he wrapped his feet in old rags, and stuck them in large shoes, which some charitable people had given him. Yet he never wanted bread, and, strictly speaking, did not suffer hunger; for it was not easy to withhold relief from such a good-looking, cleanly, modest boy. He took care to wash himself every morning at a spring, and to comb out his long black hair; he kept his clothes as clean and as tidy as possible. When he was taken into a house for the night, the first thing he asked for was a Bible; or, if one was not at hand, for some good book, in which he read the whole of the evening, sometimes aloud, if it were wished. Had not the people with whom he became acquainted in this way been generally of the poorer class, he would soon have found regular employment; but by the rich and wealthy he was not allowed to come across the threshold, so that they had no means of becoming acquainted with his qualities. At last, after wandering about for a long while, he found a poor family who gave him shelter, and with whom he shared the victuals that

had been given him in the course of the day, and of which he had always some left in the evening. He took his daily round about the village where these poor folks lived, but went no greater distance than would allow of his coming back at night to his bed, which was only a sack of straw.

One evening, however, long after harvest-time, when the open ground, with the starry ceiling above it, no longer served for a bed-chamber, poor Theodore loitered too long on his way home; he could not see the path through the dark forest, nor the glimmer of the village lights. He hastened on and on, walked all night anxiously through forest and field; sometimes he fancied that he was in a well-known district, and then again was quite bewildered. As his anxiety increased, he quickened his pace. That beautiful Psalm, the twenty-third, came into his mind: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. . . . Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—"Ah!" said he to himself, "how true that is! That is a better staff than the beggar's; and as long as I have it why should I fear?" Immediately all the anxiety of his heart vanished, and he resolved to go on quietly and leisurely, till the Good Shepherd, of whom he had been thinking, should show him a way. Upon this he soon came to a beaten footpath, and went on with comfort; for he said, "This must surely bring me to some place. On the left something glimmers through the trees; it is certainly a light; there must be a house, perhaps a village, where I can find a bed." With these thoughts he went in the direction of the light, and left the path which possibly might be from a village, instead of leading to one. For a long time he could see the light distinctly; then it vanished again behind the trees. But, on turning in another direction, the light was entirely gone; probably it was lost behind a hill. He now went on at haphazard toward the quarter in which he believed that he at first saw the light, till morning dawn arose behind him, and, very soon after, the first rays of a September sun gilded the tops of the fir-trees. He came out of the forest on an open height. And what golden bird is that which seems to float aloft in the air? Is it not a weather-cock? and underneath is a golden cross on the lofty tower of a cathedral! It is even so.—Yes! the boy stands at last in sight of a city, miles distant from his last home—and yet it is in the right way. For the first time in his life Theodore beheld a city, and that a large one. He enters the streets, he feels as if in a new world. There are magnificent mansions, large churches, splendid shops, gentlemen and ladies neatly dressed; and, strange to say, amidst it all there are beggar-boys like himself! How is it possible (he thought) that in such a beautiful rich city there can be any poor people! But as he was looking at these boys, with their tumbled hair and dirty faces, he recollected that he had not washed himself that morning. From the high ground where he first caught sight of the city, he had noticed that a broad river flowed through it; so he went to wash himself in it. His clothes consisted at this time of a large black jacket, which had been a frock-coat before the skirts were cut off; a pair of old patched trousers of Manchester manufacture, which had belonged to a brewer's drayman; blue stockings, and a pair of cast-off women's shoes. He had no shirt, nor any covering for his head. But his thick black hair, which he now combed out neatly, hung in glossy locks on his shoulders, and, if his white skin had not been tanned by the sun, he might have been taken for a gipsy with a Circassian-forded head. But what cared he just then for either Circassian or gipsy!—He was as hungry as both together; and went from one street to another, in the hopes that one or other of those finely-dressed people would give him something to eat. But this hope failing, he ventured at last to ask for a loaf at a baker's, where he saw many in a window, but was roughly refused. "How is this!" thought he; "is it a custom in this city never to relieve a beggar? Then I would rather go back again to my village; for a villager has never refused me a piece of bread! Yet how do the beggar-boys live, whom I see here in the market-place, if nobody gives them anything? Perhaps I went to the wrong door." He went, accordingly, to another house, and asked the people who lived on the ground-floor for a morsel of bread, as he had eaten nothing since the evening before. As they did not know he had been walking all night, they thought he was imposing upon them, and showed him the door. Theodore was almost driven out of his senses by such inhumanity, but resolved to make one more attempt, and if that failed, to seek out his former home, the beggar's lodging and the bed of straw. But it struck him that he had a piece of money in his pocket, which a tradesman passing by had given him, and he thought, "Now I need not want; I can buy some bread."—Unfortunately the coin was a foreign one, and the baker would not take it; but, as he saw the lad was hungry, he gave him a piece of bread. On the other side of the street was a handsome house, with a court in front. Theodore crossed over, sat down on the pavement, and ate the bread, with thankfulness; while he was musing on the relief afforded him by the

twenty-third Psalm during his wanderings in the night, he was overcome by drowsiness, and in a few minutes was in a deep sleep.

It was about the hour when the gentry were accustomed to take their morning airing. A carriage drove up to the mansion in front of which Theodore was lying. A gentleman alighted from it, with a lady in morning. They could not help noticing the lad, for he was lying not far from the door; and, having once seen him, they could not take their eyes off, but gazed at him with deep attention. It was not owing so much to the strange attire in which he was clad, or his long black hair which touched the pavement; but over his features might be again seen that sweet gentle smile which played upon them when he lay, a little one, as we have described, in the cornfield. Perhaps he saw again, in a dream, the angels ascending and descending on Jacob's ladder. The sorrowful eye of the lady was fixed on the sleeping youth, and could not withdraw itself. Soon, also, the gentleman became equally interested. "How is this!" he said to his wife, "would not our Theodore, if he were still alive, be about the size of this lad?" But the female—O holy, mother's love, who can fathom thee!—only that being who gave the eye that instantaneously saw the image of her own lost boy, with the liveliest distinctness, embodied before her in that sleeping beggar-boy!

When Theodore awoke, and could see his eyes and lips, question followed question; and by every fresh answer the conviction was increased that they had before them their lost child. But in such a case not mere probability, but certainty, is longed for; and this could only be obtained by inquiries on the spot. They resolved, therefore, to set out for Lucowiza the next morning. Meanwhile, Theodore was brought into the house, and suitably clothed; yet he could not, all at once, adapt himself to his altered circumstances. On waking the next morning he said: "Mother, to-day is a fine one for me; no rain, no snow, no storm; capital begging-weather this!" "My poor child!" replied his mother, while her tears flowed apace, "there is now an end of thy begging. I have mourned for thee ever since we lost thee, and constantly dressed in black. To-day I shall put on white, and from this hour thy life toil is at an end; but thy begging-wallet, which thou trodest home so empty, we will keep as a memorial, that thou mayest continue humble and grateful to the Good Shepherd, who has guarded his wandering sheep, and brought it back unharmed to the fold."

Next day they traveled all together to Lucowiza, which its former proprietor had long before sold. Some of the former inhabitants had fixed themselves on the same spot again; but no one could give any account of the lost child. From Lucowiza they proceeded to the village where Theodore had passed six happy years. The poor widow, whom I mentioned before, was still living, and was delighted to see the boy once more. From her his parents learned enough to satisfy them that Theodore was their son.

### From the Ohio State Journal.

### Strange Credulity—A \$3000 Swindle.

About two weeks ago, as a gentleman farmer, living in Madison county, was riding towards his home, not far distant, he observed a man and a woman by the road side engaged in repairing tinware. A few days afterwards a woman called at his house, and after some conversation, asked him if he did not recollect her.—He replied that he did not. She then told him that she had seen him on the road a few days before, and that his appearance had made such an impression upon her mind, that she was compelled to call and see him. She told him that she was an astrologer, and that she was well acquainted with his mysteries. She saw at once that he was an extraordinary person, and knew that he had been born under a particular planet, and that great things might be expected of him. She then took from her apron a book which seemed to contain a number of diagrams, figures, &c., and read from it, in an unknown tongue, a few "hoocus poems" sentences, after which, closing it and putting it back into its hiding place, she went into the kitchen, bought a few pounds of butter of the wife of the gentleman, for which she paid liberally, and went on her way.

A day or two afterwards, the woman called again, reiterating what she had said on her first visit, the farmer paying but little attention to what she said, looking upon the whole affair as an attempt to humbug him. Not at all discouraged, the woman called again the next day, and wound up her conversation by saying that she knew where three hat-crowns full of gold had been buried upon his farm, and that, if he would do as she directed, they could recover it; but that it was necessary to allay the spirits that stood guard over it; that a large sum of money must be present with them at the incantation. She thought five thousand dollars would be required, but was not sure as to the amount; and she proposed if he would go into it, and furnish the money, that she would give him two-thirds of the treasure, while she would reserve the other one-third for her share.

Up to this time, the farmer appears to have had no confidence in the woman; but as she took his hand, and traced the mysterious lines therein, telling him the

great things in store for him, he began to place some confidence in her, especially as she had told him some things that had occurred in his life that he supposed had never been known. About this time he had sold a large lot of cattle, for which he received in cash about \$4000. The next day the woman called again, and said \$3000 was the amount required to be present to allay the spirits. The farmer then produced the package of money received for the cattle, and the two sat down to a table and counted out \$3000 in bank notes, excepting four small gold coins. The money was then folded up and put into a handkerchief, the woman all the time making strange motions, and talking strange talk.

The next day and the day after the woman called again, each time counting the money as before making the same signs, &c., but leaving the money with the farmer, wrapped up in the handkerchief. At the next visit, she required him to take a solemn oath that he was not to tell to a living soul the object they were in pursuit of, that she was going away, to be absent a short time; he was not to look at the package of money at any time excepting when she was present; and after making an earnest prayer, she took hold of him while she held the package of money in her hand, and swung him around, so that they came together back to back. She then gave him back the handkerchief, as he supposed, all right, and told him that she would return on the 15th, 16th, or 17th of August, and then they would go in company and secure the hidden treasure.—On the 15th, he had hardly expected to meet her, and was not disappointed that she did not come. On the 16th, he set up late at night expecting her arrival.

After waiting till near midnight on the 17th he began to suspect all was not right, and he feared all this might be a trap to rob him. So strong did this suspicion fasten upon him, that he took up his gun, loaded it, and went out into the shrubbery surrounding the house where he could see all who approached without being seen, and remained there until two o'clock in the morning. But no one came. As the time had elapsed that was set by his fair visitor, he considered himself free from his obligation, never doubting in the least but that his money was safely deposited in the handkerchief.

Unrolling it carefully, what was his dismay at seeing, not a roll of bank bills, and four pieces of gold, as he had left it, but a package of brown paper and four ones, in lieu thereof. Even the handkerchief had been changed; instead of being his own, it was one precisely similar.—One of the strangest things in all the strange transaction is that a counterfeit five dollar bill that was placed in the package of money was taken out of it, and turned in the roll of brown paper. They this was done is a mystery we cannot solve. The farmer who has been so completely bamboozled out of \$3000, now seeks to find some remedy at law.

Strange as this story may appear to many, we have the facts from the most undoubted authority, and we have given them just as they occurred. We can sympathize with our friend, the farmer, in the loss of his money, for he is not the first of the masculine gender who has been, and alas, he is not the last who will be duped by a pretty woman.

### Fortunes of a Pin.

In the year 1789, a boy called Lafitte, first appeared in Paris. He was poor, and greatly desired to obtain an inferior place in a banking-house. Furnished with a letter of introduction he went to the house of a rich Swiss banker to ask for employment. He was friendly, timid, and careworn, and the banker, thinking him unfit for a clerk, told him he had no room for him in his office.

The lad left the banker's richly gilded room with a sad heart. While crossing the courtyard, with drooping head, he saw a pin on the ground; he stooped down, took it up, and placed it carefully in the corner of his coat. He did not think at the time that this act, so trifling in itself, would be the turning point in his life, and the means of his future splendid success. The banker saw from his window what had taken place, and, attaching great importance to trifles, he was impressed by the circumstance. This simple action gave him a key to the character of Lafitte. It was a proof of order and prudence. And he thought that a young man who could thus take care of a pin, would surely make a good clerk, and merit the trust and good wishes of his employer.

The same evening Lafitte received a note from the banker, offering him a situation in his counting-house, and asking him to come and fill the place at once. The discerning banker was not deceived in his hopes; for he soon found that the young pin-saver possessed all the good qualities he expected.—From a clerk Lafitte soon advanced to be cashier, and at length was received into partnership, and afterward became the owner of the largest bank in Paris, and one of the richest men in the world. He was not only rich, generous, great and powerful, but was chosen a deputy of the people, and made President of the Council of Ministers, and was in every respect the most influential citizen of France.

We see in the eventful history of this once poor and unknown lad, and afterward rich and honored statesman, the power of honesty, and the success which crowns industry.