

# THE JEFFERSONIAN

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## New Year's Address by the Carrier of

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

January 1, 1860.

Kind Patrons all, again I come—

Ere New Year's day—

To wish you all the happiness

That wishes can convey;

For I am happy and would see

You all as happy now as me.

To-day another old year dies,

And full of days;

His months have been allotted him

And meekly he obeys:

Like all his predecessors he

Has done his work acceptably.

Have you and I as well fulfilled

Our mission too?

Have we done all required of us

The old year through?

Ah! much I fear was wrongly done,

Whilst much required was not begun!

'Tis now too late to make amends

For moments lost,

But we may here resolve to-day,

What'er the cost,

That all the future shall unfold

A better life as we grow old.

How greatly we are blessed to-day!

Who shall our blessings all portray!

Through all the dangers of the year

We've safely passed and now are here

To retrospect the past to-day

And note the year's departing ray!

And what the retrospect we view,

Of joys and sorrows which we knew!

Which in its picture most convene

The lights or shades that paint the scene!

Ah! some we know will, weeping, say,

The year has borne from them away

The dearest idol of the heart

And left them life's severest smart!

How many hearts in deepest gloom,

To-day weep o'er some loved one's tomb

Whose presence but one year ago

Withheld the sorrows now they know!

If the old year with us his passed

And not those darker shadows cast,

Oh! how should we to-day rejoice,

With grateful heart and thankful voice!

These woes which have on others fell

Are waiting us, and who shall tell

But this New Year shall soon disclose

To us the depth of human woes.

Our Country broad, from sea to sea,

Demands a humble note from me;

And glad am I to find it yet

A Union whole though strifes beset,

And feelings hard 'twixt South and North

Have called harsh thoughts and feelings forth.

These local interests, from local view,

Their seeds of discord madly strew,

And patriotism is displaced—

Our humble Country is disgraced—

By sectional and party schemes

Which were not in our fathers' dreams;

And we seem drifting swift to be

Wrecked like those of antiquity!

O, Heaven forbid, with all it cost,

Our Country's hopes should yet be lost;

That we who have been lauded high

Should yet see freedom droop and die!

This need not be, and we will pray

That while Time lasts it never may.

We will not think it, Heaven, spare

A fate so terrible to bear;

For if we sink the truth is plain

That Freedom shall not rise again!

But we cannot, will not despair

Whilst martyrs to the truth there are;

Whilst there are hearts and hands to be

True to man's rights, to liberty!

And whilst improvements everywhere

To Yankee progress witness bear;

Whilst all our institutions grow—

Or those that should—and plainly show

That light is spreading, the new man,

With his new means, as best he can,

Is working out that problem here

Which all before him failed to clear;

Whilst heaven is furnishing so free

The means to exalt us gloriously,

We still will hope and pray to be

A nation of grand destiny!

Our Town deserves a passing thought,

For it is with our interest fraught;

And it contains our homes and hearts

And what the best of life imparts.

We love our homes, we love our town,

And it shall our ambition crown,

And every hope and wish elate,

To see them growing good and great.

Improvement everywhere we see,

The fruits of honest industry;

The hand of taste exerts its skill

To make our town more pleasant still;

And happy faces on the street,

Both grace and beauty, we can meet.

And spared the city's jostling crowd,

We're of our town and ladies proud!

Yes, here our family is small

And we can know and love them all!

Then let us all go hand in hand

And truly feel and understand

That every citizen should aim

To bear a worthy part and name.

Poor Old John Brown has run his race,

Cut short by Southern views,

And Southern cotton, Southern hands

Prepared the fatal noose!

If of enthusiasm there can be

Too much in a good cause,

Then poor Old John was criminal

And just Virginia's laws!

But whether this was so or not

Is not for us to say,

The reckonings of the future world

To each will justice pay!

We have the confidence, at least,

In Brown's plain honesty

To think he aimed at human rights,

To set the captives free!

He did not hunt for blood or wrong,

His borrowed wisdom failed,

And blood the consequence, and then

'Twas Southern ire prevailed!

He was defeated, not his cause,

Was killed but he to-day

Speaks through our land in thunder tones

Not soon to die away!

His influence lives and he is heard

By all, the bond and free,

And ever will be felt and heard

Till none in bonds there be!

Now I'll conclude, and here's my plea,

Or how you'll best remember me,

And this the way;

By showing with a generous hand

From all the "power" you command

What you will pay!

You know how I the whole year round

Have always at my post been found

With local news,

And news from other points outside

To bless you round your own fireside

With liberal views!

But now I, greeting, come to say

I am a "Young America,"

And always am

With what I do to "make it pay,"

And this I work for day by day,

Don't you the same!

So by the "draws" I make to-day

I'll calculate in fair array

Each Patron's part,

And who gives largest you may find

Raised up the highest in my mind

And deepest in my heart!

## Another kind of a Cat.

A gentleman doing business on Main

street, was presented with a beautiful kit-

ten. Yesterday, a couple of young lad-

ies, one of them named Julia, happened

into the store, and of course kiddy, as kit-

tens and babies always do, came in for

an immense quantity of endearments and

caresses.

"O, my! what a sweet, darling little

kitty! What is its name?"

"It has not been named yet."

"Oh, the dear little thing! Do call it

Julia—won't you?"

"I should be very happy to do so," said

our gallant friend—"but it isn't that kind

of a cat!"

Kitty was deposited on the floor in a

twinkling, and a couple of young ladies

were seen looking round for a good place

to faint.

"Wife, wife, what has become of

the grapes?"

"I suppose, my dear, the hens have

picked them off," was her moderate reply.

"Hens—hens, some two legged hens, I

guess," said her husband, with some impetu-

osity. To which she calmly replied—

"My dear, did you ever see any other

kind?"

A little plant is found upon the prair-

ies of Texas, called the "compass flower,"

which, under all circumstances of climate,

changes of weather, rain, frost, or sun-

shine, invariably turns its leaves and flower

towards the north, thus affording an

uncerring guide to the traveller, who, un-

aided by the needle, seeks to explore those

vast plains alone.

## Forensic Eloquence.

"May it please the honorable court and

gentlemen of the jury, the defendant in

this case wilfully and maliciously, with

all the fury of a fiend just emerged from

the wild wilderness—with all the terrible

frenzy of a roaring lion, and with his gi-

gantic strength, did then and there seize

my inoffensive client by the collar, and

remorselessly—*lore his shirt!*"

## The "Irrepressible Conflict" and the Threats of "Disunion."

WILLIAM H. SEWARD delivered a

speech in Rochester on the 25th of Octo-

ber, 1859, in which he compared the sys-

tem of Free labor with that of Slave la-

bor in the United States, and gave rea-

sons why these two systems were antago-

nistical, stating, also, that they were "con-

tinually coming into closer contact," and

that collision resulted. He further said:

"Shall I tell you what this collision means?

They who think that it is accidental, un-

necessary, the work of interested or fanatical

agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake

the case altogether. It is an irrepressible

conflict between opposing and enduring for-

ces, and it means that the United States must

and will, sooner or later, become entirely a

Slaveholding nation, or entirely a Free la-

bor nation."

Seldom has any truth been uttered in

this nation which has sunk deeper into

the hearts of men than that there is an

"irrepressible conflict" between Freedom

and Slavery, and he who contradicts such

a statement must certainly have neglected

to read the plainest lessons in the history

of nations. But this was uttered as a

simple, naked truth, one entirely dis-con-

nected from the tenets of any political

party, nor was it made in anticipation of

becoming a cardinal point in any politi-

cal creed. It has nothing to do with party

platforms. It is a truth which no one

can gain-say or disprove.

But to the expression there has been

attached an undue importance, simply be-

cause it was spoken by Mr Seward. His

political opponents, who doubtless have

read, thought upon and admitted the truth

of the declaration scores of times, just now

discover its applicability to political econ-

omy, and because Mr Seward is a mem-

ber of the party called Republican, they

burn to stamp upon it the brand of here-

sy, and charge that party with treachery

to the Constitution and the Union. This

charge is as fallacious as it is unjust.—

There exist no arguments to prove, no

facts to maintain it.

No intelligent man will deny that this

conflict has always existed wherever Free-

dom and Slavery have approached each

other. History points to no period of

time when Freedom and Slavery agreed

to "swell together in unity;" when the

oppressed embraced his chains, and never

desired to belong exclusively to him-

self; or when one of these elements did

not strive to outreach and prostrate the

other; and as the world grows older the

antagonism of the two forces will increase

until one be finally eradicated.

The struggle fairly begun in our coun-

try at the adoption of Constitution, when

a part of the original thirteen States de-

clared that all men within their limits

should be free, and the remainder re-

solved that some of their inhabitants

should be held in slavery. Of the work-