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DIXIE'S LAND.

Away down South in the fields of cotton, Cinnamon seeds and sandy bottom,

Then away down South in the fields of cotton, Vinegar shoes and paper stockings,

Look away, look away, look away, look away,

Then I wish I was in Dixie, Ah! ah! ah! ah!

In Dixie's Land I'd take my stand, And live and die in Dixie's land,

Away, away, away, down South in Dixie!

Pork and cabbage in the pot, It goes in cold and comes out hot,

Look away, look away, look away, look away,

Vinegar put right in the beet, It makes them always fit to eat,

Look away, look away, look away, look away,

CHORUS.—Then I wish I was in Dixie, &c., Old massa's mad, and I am glad,

Look away, look away, look away, look away,

CHORUS.—Then I wish I was in Dixie, &c., A nigger in a bushel measure,

Look away, look away, look away, look away,

CHORUS.—Then I wish I was in Dixie, &c., The doctors tried to fetch him to,

Look away, look away, look away, look away,

CHORUS.—Then I wish I was in Dixie, &c., Concession.

P. and W. met on Main street the other day,

Look away, look away, look away, look away,

Look away, look away, look away, look away,

Look away, look away, look away, look away,

Look away, look away, look away, look away,

Look away, look away, look away, look away,

Look away, look away, look away, look away,

Look away, look away, look away, look away,

Look away, look away, look away, look away,

Look away, look away, look away, look away,

Look away, look away, look away, look away,

PATRIOTIC SPEECH

Hon. JARED CLEMENS, of Virginia, Delivered in the House of Representatives, January 22, 1861.

Mr. CLEMENS (Dem. Va.) next addressed the House. He thanked God that he was permitted, after a long sickness, to take his stand upon that floor in renovated health...

Either Way.

We yesterday heard, says the Boston Courier, a couple of politicians singing over the affairs of the nation...

Where he Stood.

"I stand upon the soil of freedom," cried a stump orator. "No, you don't," exclaimed his shoemaker...

A Brother lawyer once told Saxe that a beard was unprofessional. "Right," said Saxe, "a lawyer cannot be too bare-faced."

A raw Irishman, on his first sight of a locomotive, declared that it was the devil. "No," said his companion, "it's a steamboat hunting for water."

A very small pattern of a man lately solicited the hand of a fine buxom girl. "No, no," said the fair lady, "I can't think of it for a moment. The fact is, Franky, you are a little too big to put in a cradle, and a little too small to put in a bed."

ment by perpetrating the immortal joke of advising the people of the United States that it was of infinite moment that they should properly estimate the immense value of their national Union...

Mr. Clemens then quoted from a speech of Wendell Phillips, delivered in the Music Hall, at Boston, a few days ago, in which Phillips declared, "We are disunionists, not for any love of separate confederacies," &c., ending with a reference to South Carolina...

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desolate condition, and its possible fate, he felt almost ready to close the quick accents of speech, and allow the heart to sink down voiceless in its despair.

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case. Let us feel, he said, that we have a country to save instead of a geographical section to represent.

Parson Brownlow, of the Knoxville (Tenn.) Whig, comes out in the plainest kind of language against the infamous traitors who are trying to destroy the Union because they could not elect their candidate for President.

We have no desire to live under any government organized and controlled by the corrupt, wicked, and hell-deserving villains who lead this revolution in the South. Democracy, as foul, as corrupt, and as infamous as Hell, has been demolished, and that is the trouble.

Cow-oxen.

An agricultural correspondent writes to the Country Gentleman: "For the last ten years I have used my cows for sawing all my fire wood, cutting hay, straw and stalks, and considerable threshing, and believe it altogether the cheapest and most convenient power in the reach of most farmers."

To Clean the Eye of Dust.

When the eye is irritated by dust or intrusive particles of any kind, the sufferer invariably shuts and rubs his eye, and not infrequently the removal of the irritating cause becomes more difficult.

Peeling Potatoes.

All the starch in potatoes is confined very near the surface; the heart contains but little nutriment. Ignorance of this fact may form a plausible excuse for those who cut off thick parings in preparing potatoes for mashing...

Sand for Bedding for Horses.

Mr. Small, of Dundalk, Scotland, a veterinary surgeon of considerable experience, states that sand is not only an excellent substitute for straw for horse-bedding, but superior to straw, as the sand does not heat and saves the hoofs of the horses.

The following name we find in the list of letters remaining in the postoffice at New-York City: "John Olenbaubengrapsteinshubensbicker."

How to keep Harness.

Observing the good condition and fine appearance of the harness of Baker, proprietor of the most extensive livery establishment in Rochester, New York, we requested him to impart to us, for publication, the mode by which so desirable an object was achieved.

Subscribers in South Carolina, Alabama, and Georgia, are constantly sending in their insulting epistles to us, and ask a discontinuance of their papers, because we are opposed to secession.

The Milwaukee Postmaster.

The Postmaster at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has refused to honor a draft of the Department for \$4,000, and thus forfeited his official position.

Sound Reasoning.

In a recent case for assault, the defendant pleaded guilty. "I think I must be guilty," said he, "because the plaintiff and I were the only ones in the room; and the first thing I knew was that I was standing up, and he was doubled over the table. You'd better call it guilty."

A notice in a northern town, upon a store door, on Thanksgiving day, read:

"Closed on account of the death of a turkey in the family."

The Charleston Mercury

advises the immediate importation of a couple of million of Africans, whom it calls "cannibals," into South Carolina.

Some "seedy" poet lets off the following in regard to South Carolina:

She may see-seed, Then pro-seed, But can't tuck-seed, Must re-seed, Or take grape-seed.

January 12, 1861, was New Year's Day in Russia, according to the Old Style to which that Empire still adheres.

It is a day destined to be forever memorable as the date of the complete abolition of serfdom, the final and triumphal close of the mighty movement inaugurated by the Emperor Alexander II. in 1857.

"Come, arouse!" exclaimed a Democratic editor to his sleepy partisans.—Since the election he has had occasion to exclaim, "Nix cum arouse!"