

ally increase the rate of duty on a given article, and the revenue is increased by such increase of duty, they are within the revenue standard. When they go beyond that point, and as they increase the duties the revenue is diminished or destroyed, the act ceases to have for its object the raising of money to support Government, but is for protection merely.

What is this but a rule to favour foreigners and break down Americans? The moment the American by his superior industry and skill begins to succeed, then the duty must come down so as to increase foreign imports and revenue. This is the plain and inevitable operation of the rule, and who would go into manufacturing under such an anti-American rule as this, making it death by the law—certain and inevitable. As an illustration, take iron for instance. Owing to the rapid increase of iron works in the United States, the import of iron has been greatly reduced; then the Executive rule applies—down with the duties, so as to increase imports and revenue. Accordingly, Mr. Walker proposes to reduce the duty, which, he says, is now 75 per cent., to 30 per cent., so as to increase the revenue. Well, to do this, he must more than double the imports, now amounting to more than eight millions a year, and thus he must import 16 millions of dollars worth of iron instead of eight—destroy eight millions of American manufacture to make way for the foreign, and thus import twelve millions of dollars worth of foreign (mostly English) grain and other produce used in the manufacture of this iron; for the fact is incontestible, that more than three fourths of the value of iron is made up of the produce of the soil. And this is the policy to favour American farmers and American laborers! Throw the plough out of the furrow, and turn labor out to starve—to make way for British goods, and increase revenue!

Mr. S. said he had not time at present, but he would avail himself of the first proper occasion to shew, as he thought he could most clearly, that all the theories of the Secretary and his followers in favor of their free trade policy were not only false and unfounded, but that exactly the reverse of those theories was true. He referred to the theories that "protection was for the benefit of manufacturers at the expense of the farmers and laborers of the country;" that "protection increased the price of the manufactured goods, and reduced the price of labor and produce;" that it "favored monopoly and wealth at the expense of the poor;" that "reducing duties would increase revenue," &c. He could scarcely speak of such gross absurdities in respectful terms. What? Favor invested capital by building up competition, and increasing the supply of the articles they had to sell? Injure the farmers by doubling the demand for their produce, raw materials and bread stuffs of every kind? Oppress and rob the consumer by giving him goods at one fourth their former price? Reduce wages by doubling the demand for labor—labor of men, women, and children! Yes, sir; increase the price of goods by doubling the supply, and reduce the price of agricultural produce by doubling the demand! Favor monopolies by building up competition, the only thing to destroy it! Such are the absurd theories of free trade. But gentlemen must first reverse all the laws of trade—the great and universal law that "demand and supply regulate prices"—a law as universal and invariable in its operation, as the law that governs the solar system, must not only be repealed, but reversed in its operations, before gentlemen could sustain any of these absurdities.

The clock admonished him that his time was out—he would avail himself of the moment left to warn gentlemen—if they would allow him to prophesy, he would say—gentlemen, pass this Treasury bill, approved, as he understood, by the cabinet; bring back the scenes of 1840—restore your twenty per cent. tariff—bankrupt your treasury—paralyze your national industry—break down your farmers, manufacturers, and mechanics, by importing goods and exporting money—pass this bill, and in eighteen months you will scarcely have a specie paying bank, or a specie dollar left in the country. Pass this bill, and you will not only bring back the scenes, but I repeat, you will bring with them the political revolutions of 1840. Again will be heard throughout the land the cry of "change! change! any change must be for the better." Political revolutions are the fruits of popular suffering and discontent; in prosperity the cry is "let well enough alone."

(A voice.) Then as a Whig you ought to go for the new tariff.

Yes, said Mr. S., if I was like some gentlemen on this floor—if I loved my party more than my country, I would; but as I love my country more than my party, I will not. If it were for the lash and drill of party discipline, this "British bill" would find few advocates on this floor. It was the bantling of party—the illegitimate offspring of the Baltimore Convention—that Pandora's box whence originated most of the troubles that now afflict this country. But he again warned gentlemen—pass this bill, and in the strong language of a democratic Senator on a late occasion, it will sink "the party so low that the arm of resurrection could never reach it"—so low that—(here the hour having expired, the chairman's hammer fell, and Mr. S. resumed his seat.)

Progressive Democracy.

The Democrats of Brookfield, Morgan co., Indiana, have got ahead even of their Tammany Hall brethren. There, the only "species of mankind" to which they are hostile, are the Whig species and the "nigger" species, but in Brookfield they even scorn such narrow bounds. Hear them. At a meeting, in February, they passed, says an exchange paper, the following resolution by acclamation:

Resolved, That the Democracy of old Brookfield cast their banner to the breeze, having inscribed upon its ample folds, "equal rights," and uncompromising hostility to every species of mankind.

Honest fellows, those Brookfield Democrats, or else they blundered into a very wholesome truth.

PRENTICE of the Louisville Journal has got himself into trouble. He some time ago designated a certain notorious Senator as "Petticoat Allen;" and for the honor of their sex, the ladies are protesting against the attempt to make a woman out of such a man.



JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN

Thursday, May 7, 1846.

Terms, \$2.00 in advance; \$2.25 half yearly; and \$2.50 if not paid before the end of the year.

V. B. PALMER, Esq. is the Agent for this paper at his office of real estate and Country Newspaper agency in Philadelphia, North-West corner of Third and Chestnut streets; Tribune buildings, Nassau st., N. Y.; South East corner of Baltimore and Calvert sts., Baltimore, and No. 12, State street, Boston. Mr. Palmer will receive and forward subscriptions and advertisements for the Jeffersonian Republican.

Messrs. MASON & TUTTLE, at 38 William street, New York, are also our authorized Agents, to receive and forward subscriptions and advertisements for the Republican.

Democratic Whig Candidate. FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER, JAMES M. POWER, OF MERCER COUNTY.

"Have you a Cow?"

Read the notice of a new publication by Messrs. Greeley & McElrath, on the third page, under the above caption. It will tell you about a book, which no one who keeps a Cow should be without.

The Treasury of Knowledge.

We call the particular attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of to-day's paper, headed "The Treasury of History." We have been favoured by the publishers with the first three numbers, and from a careful perusal of them, can endorse all that is said in their favour. The work, when completed, in numbers, will cost \$3, and furnish a full Library, in itself, of the principal events which have taken place in all ages of the world. We consider it invaluable to those who have not the means of purchasing a separate history of all the different nations.

Mr. Stewart's Great Speech.

On our first page will be found a sound, practical Tariff speech, recently delivered in Congress, by Mr. A Stewart of this State. Every man and particularly every farmer should read this eloquent defence of their interests. Mr. Stewart, probably, is as well acquainted with this subject as any other man in the nation.

Dr. Lardner's Lectures.

The publishers are about closing the series of this excellent work on Science and Art.—But one number remains to complete it. In order to finish it in the number proposed the publishers have been compelled to give 32 pages more reading matter in the 13th number, and intend to do the same in No. 14, as will be seen by the following notice.

"In order to enable us to publish the entire series of Lectures on the Steam Engine, and still to complete the whole work in fourteen numbers, we were compelled to give 32 pages more matter in the present number than in any of the previous ones. We will be compelled to do the same with the fourteenth or concluding number; no additional charge, however, is made to the purchasers.

The fourteenth number, which is the last, will be published in May, and will contain the conclusion of the series on the Steam Engine, an Analytical Index to both Volumes, General Introduction, Title Pages, Directions to the Binder, &c.

Those who have the early numbers of the work will do well to order, through booksellers or otherwise, the parts required to make up their full sets as speedily as possible.

GREENE & McELRATH,
Publishers.

All who are anxious to have the work should not delay in subscribing.

The Columbian Magazine.

The Columbian Magazine for May, which has already been received is an excellent number. The engravings are splendid and the stories deeply interesting. We commend this monthly to the favorable notice of our friends.

A White Negro.

The Newark Eagle says that an Alderman of that city has in his charge one of the most singular children ever seen. It is a boy, six years old, born of parents perfectly black, and yet few of our white children are whiter than he. He has a thick broad heavy head, covered with a full supply of short woolly hair, almost as white as the dripping snow. His cheeks are moderately tinged with red; his eyes blue and a little redish; his nose short and flat; his lips thick and protruding; in short, with the exception of color, he exhibits all the prominent characteristics of the African colored race. His parents are respectable colored people. We understand they refused an offer of a large sum to permit him to be exhibited at the Museum in New York.

The Monroe Press.

We have time this week for a short notice of our neighbour Siegfried's article on "Tariff and Free Trade," in his paper of the 16th of April, and shall endeavor to give it in a methodical manner.

First, our neighbor thinks we soar entirely above our sphere, with the imagination that Monroe Editors are the organs of their respective parties, and then says he does not publish by authority, but expresses his own opinions! Our neighbor certainly is a modest man. We were willing to concede that his paper was one of the organs of his party in Monroe, but he must know best. Yet if it is not an organ, we should like to know what it is. Party papers are generally considered organs (however humble or inefficient they may be) of their respective parties. The publisher of the Monroe Press is therefore respectfully desired to describe the hermaphrodite character of his paper. In the meanwhile, even under the fear of incurring the renewed censure of soaring above our sphere, we must insist that the Jeffersonian Republican is, and always has been an organ of the great Whig Party.

Second. Our neighbor expresses it as his own opinion, that there are two kinds of Whigs in this country—namely, the American Whigs and the Royal Whigs, the latter being the ones who are in favor of a Protective Tariff. Although this is expressed as a private opinion, we must inform our neighbour that we have often seen the same slang reiterated in the acknowledged organs of locofocoism. But the opinion, whether publicly or privately expressed, is not true, the very reverse of the proposition being the fact. The Whigs who favor protection are far from being the friends of British interests. But the locos, who oppose protection, and go for free trade, are in favor of admitting British goods, &c. into this country to the injury of our own manufacturers and laborers, and justly incur the reproach of being Royal Loco Focos. If we are to judge from the privately expressed opinion of our neighbour, he must be the Prince of these Royal, Aristocratic, Loco Focos.

Third. Our neighbor's anecdote of the Italian, who did not understand English, is (we express this as a public opinion) very inappropriate in an article in which no three lines in succession are constructed according to the rules laid down by Walker. A man who is in the habit of violating both the King's English and Common Sense in every article he produces, should be the last to attempt to ridicule any person. "People who live in glass houses, should never throw stones."

Fourth. The allusion to Philip and his Eunuch, is terribly mysterious. We shrewdly suspect our neighbor meant something by it; but then what that something is, we cannot divine. The curtain is entirely too dark, and the glorious idea, whatever it may be, is lost to our vulgar comprehension. We must here request that in future, when our neighbor is expressing his own opinions, he will employ a more "diaphanous" curtain, so that the slightest zephyr may fan it and the idea be exposed in its true posture.

Fifth and Last. More about the "b-o-y."—As our neighbor does not like to hear us say "Pshaw," we hardly know how to reply. The two expressions are so intimately connected with each other that it is not in our nature to separate them. We must, therefore, needs make use of it again, even at the peril of offending him beyond forgiveness.

The above is a fair reply to the "Tariff and Free Trade" article published in the Monroe Press of the 16th of April last, in answer to our article on the same subject, of the previous week. If our neighbour, sees proper to reply to this, an important question will arise. What will our next article be like? We hope it may be more like a Tariff article than the present. It shall not be our fault if it is not.

A Morris Co. Threshing Machine.—Mr. R. K. Tuttle, of Morristown, has invented a Threshing Machine which, according to the Jerseyman, would do credit to the genius of any Yankee. It is driven by a crank, which can be turned with greater ease than a common fanning mill. Three hands only are required to tend it—one man moves it with less exertion than threshing with a flail—one feeds it, and the other rakes and binds the straw and heaps the grain. Three bushels of wheat or rye, or six bushels of oats can be threshed in an hour. The straw is cleaner and straighter, and less broken than when threshed with a flail.

Newark Adv.

The Maryland papers speak of the promising appearance of the Wheat in that State, and its unusual forwardness for this period of the season. The prospect is that the yield will exceed that of last year.

MOSES W. COOLBAUGH, has been appointed associate Judge, for Monroe county, in the place of the Hon. Joseph Keller, whose term expired.

From the Texas Army Direct.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

ARMY OF OCCUPATION,
CAMP NEAR MATAMORAS, April 11, 1846 }
Messrs Greeley & McElrath:

General Taylor's army commenced its movement towards the Rio Grande on the 18th, by the advance of Col. Twigg's cavalry, and Major Ringgold's artillery. The first brigade of infantry, numbering about 1000 men, and Lieut. Duncan's battery of artillery, left on the 9th, under the command of Brigadier-General Worth. The second brigade of infantry under Col. Macintosh left on the 10th. Gen. Taylor's staff left on the 11th in company with Col. Whistler's brigade and Lieut. Bragg's battery of artillery. Our train, consisting of between 300 and 400 wagons, had supplies of provisions and forage for about 25 days, and the balance of the public stores were shipped for Brazos Santiago. Major Munroe's company of artillery went by water to Point Isabella, and arrived there the same day that Gen. Taylor took possession. The army reached this place on the 28th in good health, having marched 165 miles over a poorly watered country, without having lost a man. We were very fortunate in every respect, and especially in marching at the time we did, for we had little rain, and found the prairies in a favorable condition for crossing. But few parties of Mexicans were seen, and they fled as we advanced. A few collected at the ford of the Colorado, and appeared disposed to dispute our crossing. They informed us that the first man that stepped into the water would be fired upon. When our advance guard plunged in, the Mexicans forgot to fire and fled like lightning. The river is 90 yards wide, 4 feet 6 inches in depth, and its banks are bold. The scene was very exciting and all expected to be fired upon, and the crossing was a military performance highly creditable to our army. Doubtless some of your correspondents have favored you with a full account of this military feat.

Matamoras is an old Spanish city containing about 7000 inhabitants, and is beautifully situated on the Southern bank of the Rio Grande; within its folds, so that its front and rear are both on the river. Seen from the American side, it has every appearance of being an American town. The streets intersect each other at right angles, and appear to be lined with many varieties of shade trees, which give the town an air of coolness and render its appearance very inviting. Many of the buildings are built of brick, and in the modern style of architecture. The Cathedral, Market, and buildings occupied by the Military, are among the finest. The dwellings of the poorer classes are constructed with cane, brush, mud, and the like materials, and are essentially Mexican. The town formerly contained double its present number of inhabitants, and was a place of some importance. This rapid decline is owing to their internal commotions and the growing indolence of the people. The citizens are all under the rule of the Military, and are obliged to provide for them. The Military is Supreme and the orders of their General (Mejia) are Law.

The City has several fortifications, armed with guns of different calibres, and a force of 5 or 600 men is kept in them constantly.—Since our arrival they have increased their force to nearly 3000 men, and have been working night and day upon the defences of the place. They have thrown up several batteries which bear upon our Camp, and we are quietly waiting for them to give us a ball. Should they favor us, we shall return the compliment with a series of them, for the Spanish are very particular in matters of etiquette. Our Camp is directly opposite the town, and 800 yards from their batteries. We are engaged in throwing up a field work, constructing gun batteries, and taking such precautions as are necessary to enable us to maintain our position. This seems important, since our intercourse with them is entirely prohibited by the Mexican authorities, and their attitude is decidedly hostile. Gen. Worth held a conference with Gen. La Vega on the day of our arrival, on the Mexican shore, and the latter said that our advance upon the Mexican soil, and the hoisting of the Stars and Stripes, (which were raised during the conversation, and floated out upon the breeze, accompanied by Yankee Doodle and other appropriate airs,) were acts which his nation regarded as hostile in their conception and warlike in their execution.—We have their General's authority, and thousands of other proofs, to the effect that we are unwelcome visitors. Whether they like or dislike their new neighbors, I fancy they will find it a difficult undertaking to get rid of us.

Yours, &c.

P. S. Ripe blackberries are abundant in market at present. A little Ice-Cream would not be objectionable.

FROM MEXICO.

Late And Interesting News.

The following letter, from an Officer in the Army, to the Editor of Bicknell's Reporter, dated, Camp near Matamoras, April 12th 1846, will be found very interesting.

Dear Sir—Anxious to keep you correctly informed of passing events in this quarter of the world, I avail myself of some of the very few leisure moments I am permitted to enjoy. I wrote you last from Point Isabella, and will take up my narrative from that point.

The day after writing my letter we set off for this place and the first day encamped with the main body. We started early next morning in one column, the nature of the country being such as to prevent any other order of march. When arrived within four or five miles of the river we found our advanced guard halted with the information that they had lost two men and three horses, captured by a party of Mexicans. This looked belligerent indeed, and preparations were made accordingly. The trains were parked and the traces cast loose from the wheel mules, while the whole command moved forward covered by light infantry skirmishers.

At last we came in sight of the Mexican flag, and a few minutes more and the town and its fortifications lay within 250 yards of us. We defiled directly along the river bank, [the river is about 180 or 200 yards wide] and halting within musket shot of their batteries, hastily erected a temporary flag staff and unfurled the "stars and stripes." Our standards and colors were unfurled by the different regiments as they passed it, and the bands saluted it with the national airs. We encamped in some large corn-fields, [in which the corn was 18 inches or 2 feet high] and almost immediately Gen. Worth, with his staff officers, was sent with a white flag to demand a parley.

In a short time, a boat put out from the other side, bringing two Mexican officers in splendid uniforms, who in answer to General Worth, stated that they were forbidden to allow his crossing the river. They consented to receive a letter from Gen. Taylor, however, directed to Gen. Mejia, stating our peaceable intentions, &c., and so the matter ended for the day. The next day, in answer to a demand from Gen. T., they returned us the two men and two of the horses they had captured, stating that the act had not been authorized by their military authorities, and that their magnanimous nation did not war upon individuals, &c., in their usual strain. By this time they had commenced new batteries, and at daylight next morning, we found that they had during the night thrown up a sand bag battery of very formidable appearance. The next night word was brought into camp, that 600 Cavalry had crossed the river below, destination supposed to be Pt. Isabella. Our squadron was ordered down there immediately. We received the order to saddle up at 25 minutes past 8 o'clock, and at half past two o'clock, we were at Pt. I., 28 1-2 miles distant. The night was rainy, and so dark that we lost the road twice. We remained there two days without hearing or seeing any thing.

Whilst there, the garrison of the place completed their field redoubt and mounted four six pounders in it. We brought up with us six 18 pounders, and on our return found two field works thrown up on our side, and another one is now nearly finished. The latter is intended to fight three brigades within its walls, if necessary. We made another night march, four nights ago, with fifteen men and a lieutenant, we started at dark and kept the river bank for 8 miles down, returning about 4 o'clock, A. M., without seeing any thing. Day before yesterday Col. Cross, the third officer in rank with the army, and Assistant Quarter Master General, rode out alone, as he had been in the habit of doing, and has not been heard of since.

Our entire Dragoon force has been scouring the country in all directions, but without success. Supposing that he had been made prisoner and carried to Matamoras, a flag was sent to the Ferry this morning to enquire. They have assured us most positively, that he was not there to their knowledge, and certainly had not been captured by their orders. There is very little doubt but that he was murdered for his horse, watch, &c. This is a sad loss to us, for he has always ranked as one of the first if not the first soldier of the Army. Another great loss we have sustained in the resignation of Gen. Worth, who left here the same day that Col. C. was lost.

3 O'CLOCK, P. M.

About an hour since two Mexican officers crossed to this side with a flag bearing a despatch to Gen. Taylor. What do you think it was? Gen. Ampudia has arrived there in ad-