

# Jeffersonian Republican.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson

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## PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY SCHOCH & SPERING.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietors, will be charged 37 1-2 cts. per year, extra.  
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.  
If advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.  
If all letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid.

## JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

## FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER BLANKS, PAMPHLETS, &c.  
Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms  
AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
Jeffersonian Republican.

## To all Concerned.

We would call the attention of some of our subscribers, and especially certain Post Masters, to the following reasonable, and well settled rules of Law in relation to publishers, to the patrons of newspapers.

## THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill, and ordered their papers discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

From the New York Tribune

## The Seducer.

"The curse of Cain  
Rest on his head who pierced thy innocent breast  
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest."  
(SHELLEY.)  
Ay, would I had a Pen of Fire, to write  
In furrows hot, the scorching curse of Cain  
Upon thy brow, thou slave of base delight  
Who dar'st defile fair Woman's soul with stain.  
No one should kill thee, but before the sight  
Of all the World thy branded shame should glow;  
And every heart would own the sentence right,  
That thus should mark to Innocence her foe.  
Thou should'st be known where'er thy face was seen,  
A coward Hypocrite; a Liar mean;  
A sneaking Thief, who from affection stole  
The gem entrusted by her loving soul;  
A Judas Murderer of thy truest friend;  
For all these in thy name, Seducer, blend.  
HUGH BRIDGESSON.

## A Rich Scene.

The following rich scene recently occurred in one of our courts of justice, between the judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam.

Judge What's your native language.  
Witness. I pe no native; I's a Dootchman.  
J. What's your mother-tongue?  
W. O, fader say she be all tongue.  
J. (In an irritable tone.) What language did you first learn? What language did you speak in the cradle?

W. I did not speak no language in te cradle at all; I only cried in Dootch.

Then there was a general laugh, in which the judge, jury and audience joined. The witness was interrogated no farther about his native language.—N. O. Picayune.

## Camphor.

The camphor laurel grows in great abundance and to a very considerable size in the forests of Japan. It is not uncommon in green-houses in England. Every part of the tree smells strongly of camphor, which is obtained from the trunk, branches and roots, by distillation. They are cut down into small pieces, and put into a still with a quantity of water. After the water has been kept boiling forty-eight hours, the camphor is found to adhere to straw, with which the head of the kettle is lined. In this state it is imported by the Dutch, and is called crude camphor. It is purified by a second sublimation.—Sci. Amer.

## Serving a Subpoena, or Love vs. Law.

A young gentleman had courted a fair lady of this city, and it was supposed the two, in due time, would become "one flesh." Some little quarrel of a trivial nature, as lovers' quarrels generally are, occurred. Neither would confess the wrong to be on their side—presents and correspondence were mutually sent back—and the match was broken off. The young gentleman immediately started for New Orleans, to enter into commercial business, thinking that distance would lessen the attachment he really felt for the young lady.

When a woman is injured, or thinks she is injured, by the one she loves, she is more apt than the male sex to bite off her own nose, as the saying is, to inflict pain and be revenged on the offending object. A gentleman that the young lady once rejected renewed his proposals, and was accepted within a week after her old lover had embarked for the South. On reaching New Orleans he found that distance, instead of weakening his attachment, only made the lady dearer, and he became melancholy and low spirited. The first letter he received from New York from a friend of his, announced that his old flame was to be shortly married to another. His course was quickly taken; the next morning saw him on a packet ship bound for Gotham.

The passage unfortunately was long, and the poor fellow chafed and fretted so much, that the passengers began to think him deranged, or else a fugitive escaping from justice. The instant that the vessel touched the wharf he darted for the office of his friend the lawyer. It is to be supposed that the latter was much surprised to see his friend, imagining him a couple of thousand miles away. After the usual salutations were over, he exclaimed:

"My dear fellow: you are just in time to see the wedding. Miss — your sweetheart, is to be married this morning at 11 o'clock.—To tell you the truth, I believe there is not much love about it, and that the girl really thinks more of one hair of your head than of the fortunate bridegroom's whole body."

"Where is she to be married—in church?"  
"No. At her father's house."  
"My dear fellow, I—yes—no—yes, I have it. Have you any case coming on in either of the courts at eleven o'clock?"  
"Yes."

"Then fill me up a subpoena with the bridegroom's name. Don't stop to ask any question. It matters not whether he knows anything about the parties in the suit. By heavens, Julia must be mine!"

His friend saw the object at once, and promised to carry on the matter. The subpoena was made out and placed in the hands of a clerk to serve upon the unsuspecting bridegroom the instant he was seen to leave his residence, and he was despatched in a cab to watch the house. About ten minutes before eleven, as the soon to be happy man was about entering into a coach before the door of his residence, he was served with a subpoena.

"Can't help it," said the clerk in reply to his gesticulating about "not knowing the parties," "going to be married," etc. "We shan't reach the Hall now before eleven—the case is the first on the calendar—won't keep you but ten minutes! If you don't go, heavy fine, imprisonment for contempt," etc.

The bridegroom, who was rather of a timid nature, finally consented, particularly as the clerk promised to send a friend of his who sat in a cab, wrapped up in a large cloak, to the house of his bride in expectation, explaining the reasons of his absence. The reader may suppose who this person was.

Eleven o'clock came, but still no bridegroom. The guests were staring at each other—the priest began to grow impatient—and the bride that was to be, looked pale and agitated, when a carriage drove up, the bell rang, and "here he is!" There he is!" muttered many voices. A gentleman did indeed enter, whose appearance created almost as much astonishment as that of Edgar of Ravenswood in the hall of Ashton Castle, at the marriage of Lucy Ashton, in Scott's Bride of Lamermoor. The lady fainted—private explanations ensued between her parents and her lover—and the result was that in ten minutes the two real lovers were joined in the bonds of matrimony, much to the satisfaction of all.

The bridegroom that was to have been soon after made his appearance, puffing and blowing. What he said and what he did, on beholding his rival, and became acquainted with the condition of affairs, was really tragic-comical.

The story of the subpoena shortly after leaked out, and has created so much amusement, that the poor fellow declares he will sue for \$10,000 damages, for subpoenaing him as a witness in a case he knew nothing about, and by which he lost a wife. It will be a novel suit indeed, if he should do so.—Noah's Weekly Messenger.

## Curious Discovery of an Ancient Bible.

A copy of the first complete edition of the English Bible, printed by Myles Coverdale, bearing the date 1535, was accidentally discovered a few days since in the false bottom of an old oak chest, at Holkham Hall, Norfolk, the seat of the Earl of Leicester. There are numerous imperfect copies of this edition of the Holy Scriptures in existence, two being deposited in the library of the British Museum, one in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, one in the Cambridge University Library, and in fact most of our great libraries and public institutions, as well as many private individuals, possessing the volume. The above book is the most valuable specimen of Myles Coverdale's labours hitherto brought to light, being in every respect perfect, whereas all the other volumes enumerated are deficient of many leaves, both at the beginning and the end. During the religious persecutions in the reign of Queen Mary, the proof of the possession of the Bible subjecting the parties to the consequences of an accusation of heresy, most of the copies of the impression were buried, which accounts for the discrepancy, the humidity of the soil having destroyed a considerable portion of the leaves. The noble proprietor of Holkham has had the book appropriately bound and enclosed in an oak box, and it now graces the shelves of his magnificent library. Some idea may be formed of the estimation in which the bibliographical treasure is held, from the circumstance of a London bookseller having offered to purchase it for the sum of £500.—London Record.

## Isaac Barrow.

A remarkable circumstance is recorded of the renowned Theologian and Mathematician of the seventeenth century, Barrow, which deserves to be brought again to our remembrance.

When Barrow presented himself with others for examination as a candidate for the ministry, according to the established Church in England—the old prelate, whose eye had become somewhat dim, and whose natural strength by reason of advancing years, had abated, proceeded to satisfy himself in a summary way, of the candidates' qualifications, by addressing in turn to each one three test questions. Commencing with the first he asked, "Quod est fides?" to which each answered in turn. Barrow stood last, and when the Bishop addressed to him the question, "Quod est fides," he received the immediate and prompt reply—"Quod non videt." The Bishop was a scholar, although age had somewhat benumbed his energy. On receiving this answer, he raised himself in his chair, and looking whence the answer proceeded, gave vent to this satisfaction in this exclamation, "Excellent!" He then commenced his second round, interrogating each in turn, as before. "Quod est spes?" to which Barrow as promptly replied, "Nondum res!" "Bene, bene, excellentius!" rejoined the gratified Bishop, and proceeded to his last question "Quod est caritas?" From the others he received various replies, but when Barrow was addressed, he answered, "Ah, magister, id est paucitas." "Excellentissime!" shouted the good old man, unable to suppress his delight, "aut Erasmus est, aut diabolus!"—Puritan.

MEANNESS—Dow, Jr. says of a mean man: If he had power and could enrich himself thereby, he would brush the silver stars from the sky, and sell the moon for old brass, and if sixpence was required at the gate of heaven, rather than pay the entrance fee, I verily believe he would rise from his resting place at midnight, and pick the lock with a ten-penny nail.

They have been luxuriating on "green corn" in New Orleans.

## FROM THE SEAT OF WAR. Official Accounts from Gen. Taylor. THE TWO BATTLES.

HEAD QUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION,  
Camp at Palo Alto, Texas, May 9, 1846.

Sir:—I have the honor to report that I was met near this place yesterday, on my march from Point Isabel, by the Mexican forces, and after an action of about five hours, dislodged them from their position and encamped upon the field. Our artillery consisting of two 18 pounders and two light batteries, was the arm chiefly engaged, and to the excellent manner in which it was manœuvred and served, is our success mainly due.

The strength of the enemy is believed to have been about six thousand men, with seven pieces of artillery, and eight hundred cavalry. His loss is probably at least one hundred killed. Our strength did not exceed, all told, twenty-three hundred, while our loss was comparatively trifling—four men killed, three officers, and thirty-seven men wounded, several of the latter mortally. I regret to say that Maj. Ringgold, 2d artillery, and Captain Page, 4th infantry, are severely wounded. Lieut. Luther, 2d artillery, slightly so.

The enemy has fallen back, and it is believed has re-passed the river. I have advanced parties now thrown forward in his direction, and shall move the main body immediately.

In the haste of this report, I can only say that the officers and men behaved in the most admirable manner throughout the action. I shall have the pleasure of making a more detailed report when those of the different commanders shall be received.

I am sir, very respectfully,  
Your obt'st serv't,  
Z. TAYLOR,  
Brevet Brigadier General U. S. A., Com'g.  
The ADJUTANT GENERAL, U. S. Army,  
Washington, D. C.

Head Quarters Army of Occupation,  
Camp at Resaca de la Palma,  
3 miles from Matamoras,  
10 o'clock, p. m., May 9, 1846.

Sir: I have the honor to report that I marched with the main body of the army at 2 o'clock to day, having previously thrown forward a body of light infantry into the forest, which covers Matamoras road. When near the spot where I am now encamped, my advance discovered that a ravine crossing the road had been occupied by the enemy with artillery. I immediately ordered a battery of field artillery to sweep the position, flanking and sustaining it by the 3d, 4th and 5th regiments, deployed as skirmishers to the right and left. A heavy fire of artillery and of musketry was kept up for some time, until finally the enemy's batteries were carried in succession by a squadron of dragoons and the regiments of infantry that were on the ground. He was soon driven from his position, and pursued by a squadron of dragoons, battalion of artillery, 3d infantry, and a light battery, to the river. Our victory has been complete. Eight pieces of artillery, with a great quantity of ammunition, three standards, and some one hundred prisoners have been taken; among the latter, Gen. La Vega, and several other officers. One general is understood to have been killed. The enemy has re-crossed the river, and I am sure will not again molest us on this bank.

The loss of the enemy in killed has been most severe. Our own has been very heavy, and I deeply regret to report that Lieut. Inge, 2d dragoons, Lieut. Cochrane, 4th infantry, and Lieut. Chadbourne, 5th infantry, were killed on the field. Lieut. Colonel Payne, 4th artillery, Lieut. Col. McIntosh, Lieut. Dobbins, 3d infantry; Capt. Hoop and Lieut. Fowler, 5th infantry; and Capt. Montgomery, Lieuts. Gates, Selden, McClay, Burbank, and Jordan, 5th infantry, were wounded. The extent of our loss in killed and wounded is not yet ascertained, and is reserved for a more detailed report.

The affair of to-day may be regarded as a proper supplement to the cannonade of yesterday; and the two taken together, exhibit the coolness and gallantry of our officers and men in the most favorable light. All have done their duty, and done it nobly. It will be my pride, in a more circumstantial report of both actions, to dwell upon particular instances of individual distinction.

It affords me peculiar pleasure to report that the field work opposite Matamoras has sustained

itself handsomely during a cannonade and bombardment of 160 hours. But the pleasure is alloyed with profound regret at the loss of its heroic and indomitable commander, Maj. Brown, who died to day from the effect of a shell.—His loss would be a severe one to the service at any time, but to the army under my orders, it is indeed irreparable. One officer and one non-commissioned officer killed, and ten men wounded, comprise all the casualties incident to this severe bombardment.

I inadvertently omitted to mention the capture of a large number of pack mules left in the Mexican camp. I am, sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
Z. TAYLOR,

The ADJUTANT GENERAL of the Army,  
Washington, D. C.

## TWO DAYS LATER.

Town of Barita about to be Attacked—A Combined Movement against Matamoras—Almonte recalled.

We have intelligence two days later from the Army of Occupation, and several days later from Mexico. The dates from General Taylor's camp are to the 16th. A detachment of 1000 men, under Col. Wilson, has been sent to attack a Mexican town called Barita, and situated on the Rio Grande. General Taylor was about to cross the river to attack Matamoras. He will be aided in this effort by Com. Conner's boats and men. Almonte has been recalled by the Mexicans as Minister to France. No Mexicans had been seen for some days between Point Isabel and the camp on the Rio Grande. The yellow fever had broken out at Vera Cruz.

## How their Names are Pronounced.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Reveille says—"As the names of the following Spanish officers, are likely, at the present juncture of affairs, to be frequently in the mouths of our citizens, for the satisfaction of those not already informed as to the correct pronunciation of them, I subjoin the following:

Generals Arista, Ampudia, Mejia, and Canales, Colonels Carasco and Carabajal, are pronounced by Spaniards, as nearly as possible, as follows: A rees-ta, Am-poo-dia, Ma-hee-a, Co-na-les, Ca-ras-co, Cara-ou-hal—the vowel e, in each instance, having the sound of that letter in the English word far. The j becomes h, the b, v.

## School Examination.

"John, how do you parse grandmother?"  
"I doesn't pas at all; I always goes in to get a cookie."  
"What is the singular of men?"  
"They is singular ven they pay their debts without being axed to do it a dozen times."  
"Young women are beautiful." Now, what is that which comes after young women?"  
"It is the fellers, to be sure. They are always after the young women!"  
"That will do; now you may go and hunt old cigar stumps!"

BIG BUSINESS.—By the Treasurer's official statement, published in the Washington papers, it appears that, on the 27th of April, there were on deposit in the City Bank, New-Haven, on account of the U. States, the enormous amount of fourteen cents! A draft had been drawn for it.

The Lexington (Mo.) Telegraph announces the marriage of Mr. Eldon Myers, a youth of 10, to Mrs. Mary Nash, the mother of 25 children! And also, of Judge John Briscoe, formerly of Coover county, and now a resident of Van Buren, aged 70, to Miss Drake, aged 16! Husbands appear to be as scarce in the West as wives were only a few years ago.

MAKING THE MOST OF HIS TRADE.—In the upper part of the city, says the N. Y. True Sun, we noticed a day or two since a wholesale and retail liquor store and a well furnished coffin warehouse adjoining each other, both kept by the same man.

The Lowell Courier, says that Mr. Isaac Page, of that city, has an apple tree which never blossoms as other apple trees do—that is, it produces no flower, and yet it brings forth fine fruit and bears well. Where blossoms ought to be, there is a something which resembles a bud, but it has no sign of blossom or flower.