

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## 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.
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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.

## Time.

There is a silent river,

The rolling river Time,

In summer's rosy blushes,

In hoary winter's rime

It floweth, floweth, floweth,

In whatsoever clime.

And well trimm'd barks are sailing

Upon its silent tide;

With golden riches laden,

The little vessels glide;

And Faith, and Love and Action

And Hope are side by side.

And oh, a host of others

Compose the little fleet,

Now soon the waves are heaving,

Now wide the waters bear;

Gray mists steal o'er the waters,

The mournful mists of Fate.

The polar-star grows dimmer;

The scatter'd vessel's driven;

All wide in disappointment

Unto the waves are given,

And Faith alone remaineth

To bear the soul to Heaven. D.

A lady in Boston, the other day, in passing down Beacon-street, caught her light dress by a nail in a plank, and it was almost completely torn off, revealing the fact that her bustle was made of a piece of a coffee-bag, as it had on it the words 'prime old Java.'

A mechanic in the North has invented a machine for seminaries, which, by means of steam, not only warms the room, but flogs all the boys, on a graduated scale, according to their offences.

TEXAS SALT.—The Houston Telegraph says that the section of country lying West of the Nueces, bordering on the sea coast, is intersected by numerous shallow inlets and bays, into which the salt water of the Gulf flows during Winter, but in Summer, owing to intense solar evaporation, they become dry, and are covered with a crust of salt three or four inches thick, equal in every respect to the Turk's Island, which is the best for preserving meat and fish. The dry climate of Western Texas—rain seldom falling in the Summer months—makes the process of crystallization exceedingly rapid, and millions of bushels may be procured for the mere trouble of collecting it.

## The Late Battles.

A letter to the Providence Journal from an officer engaged in the late Battles on the Rio Grande gives a very vivid account of those battles, embodying some incidents not before made known. We quote the opening and close as follows:

CAMP, May 10, 1846.

"My brain is still in a whirl from the excitement of the last forty-eight hours, but I must try and give you some details of as complete a victory as ever has been won by American valor. We marched from Point Isabel on the 7th, very little more than two thousand strong, and with a train of 230 wagons to guard, carrying up supplies to our fort opposite to Matamoros. About 1 P. M., on the 8th instant, we found the Mexican army in our front, a long line of cavalry and infantry, about a mile distant from us. We at once formed in square to protect our huge train until it could be got into park; as soon as this was done, finding that the enemy would not advance to attack him, our General had us deployed into line of battle, and advanced himself to the attack. They opened upon us a heavy and well-directed fire of round and grape from seven pieces of artillery, we being in line in the open prairie, without even the appearance of a cover. Our artillery was at once ordered up, a battery of 6 pounder on the left and right, and two 18 in the centre; the infantry had nothing to do but lie still under the shower of shot, and support the artillery. This lasted about one hour and a half, when they withdrew their batteries, and placed them in a new position. While this had been going on in front, party of 800 lancers attempted to turn our left flank, and cut off our train, but they found the 5th infantry in the way, charged them and were sent to the right about with twenty or thirty empty saddles. The firing now ceased entirely for about an hour; our Regiment (4th infantry) was then ordered forward, again to support the artillery in a new position which they had taken; as we rose the crest of a small ridge, the whole battery of the enemy was fired at the head of our column. I thought for the moment that my company (the leading one) was all cut down. Capt. Page, who being in command of the division was then on the right of the line, was struck down with such force, as to carry with him three men next behind him; his whole lower jaw was shot away, and the ghastly hideousness of his visage as he reared up in convulsive agony from the grass as we passed him, will not soon vanish from my recollection. Another man about the centre of my company had his head knocked off, the Sergeant on my right had his musket driven from his hand by a ball which passed between me and the men before me. We were then ordered to retire out of range from the battery. The cannonading lasted until sunset, and for the last hour our batteries made fearful havoc in their ranks.

We encamped for the night on their position; in the morning advanced again, supposing them still in front of us, but soon found that they had made a rapid retreat; leaving the ground strewn with their dead, and with abandoned ammunition. Where one of their batteries had been stationed, fifty-seven dead bodies were counted in one group, and not so much wounded as torn to pieces by grape and round shot, head and limbs gone, bowels torn out. No imagination can conceive the horrible effect of such a fire, directed with the precision and coolness with which our batteries were served. As we were advancing in line on the 9th, and expecting every instant the order to charge, for we then did not know that the enemy had gone—we came up to a wounded Mexican, laying in the long grass, and invisible until we were close to him; he raised himself as well as he could, held up his hands and begged for mercy. We halted, the officers nearest came up to him, he made signs for food and water, and in an instant twenty men rushed from our ranks to offer canteens haversacks—they gave him more than he could eat in a week.

Capt. May charged with his squadron of Dragoons right through, and over their battery, and through the heaviest cross fire from their infantry stationed at the trench and behind the pond. He drove them from their pieces, and took General La Vega, who commanded the Artillery, a prisoner.

But they rallied in force and drove the gal-

lant Captain back. During this time our artillery was pouring in grape upon them from the crest of the ridge; our infantry, as soon as they could run up, dashed in upon the guns and captured every piece, five out of the eight having the load in them. After those were taken the rest was a mere rout.

They fled in every direction, abandoning every thing. We took their whole camp just as it stood; 150,000 rounds of musket cartridges, a good supply of cannon cartridges, four or five hundred mules with all their equipments for packing, all the baggage of the officers, &c. &c. Never was there a more complete victory, and Gen. Taylor says "he owes it solely to the individual gallantry of his officers and men."—There was, as you perceive, no chance for maneuvering—it was hard fighting, and go ahead. Some of the guns were taken and retaken two or three times. Gen. Arista had two horses killed under him, and our old hero, Gen. Taylor, was constantly in the thickest fire.—Once, when remonstrated with for stopping at a point where the grape shot and bullets were flying like hail, he said, "Well they do come pretty thick; let us go on a little further ahead, and they will go over us."

## The Fair—The Tariff.

The exhibition, at Washington, of articles of American manufacture, is passing off well, and promises to be productive of real benefit. It is a little galling to some of the Free Trade members of Congress, who are forced to endure the evidence, that with a proper Tariff, America can be independent of foreign Manufacturers, and that our own manufacturers can supply the country with better and cheaper articles. On the 26th ult. allusion was made, in the House, to the exhibition, in not very friendly terms, which drew out Mr. Stewart of this State. Oliver Old School says:—"Mr. Stewart poured a broad side of hot shot into Mr. Payne. He told him that the exhibition of American fabrics was ridiculed because the fabrics were American and not British. That had they been British fabrics they would have been extolled by the free traders to the skies. That a British agent could come here and occupy one of the Committee rooms in the Capitol, to exhibit British manufactures, and it was all right; members rushed into the room to see how much cheaper and better British goods were than American. There was no ridicule there, no; it was all right, it was an argument in favor of the reduction of the tariff; but when American manufacturers, whose fabrics had been misrepresented, undertook to show the world what they had done and were doing under the fostering protection of the tariff of '42; when they presented their manufactures here to show that they were not only better than the British manufactures, but cheaper, why it was all a humbug! These men cannot bear to see Americans going ahead—their patriotism, is more comprehensive, and looks to British interests—they would rather see all our goods imported and ourselves dependent upon foreigners for necessities and comforts of life. Mr. S. said he was at the Fair this morning, that eye sore of the free trade men, and saw some seven or eight hundred children, the scholars of the free schools of this city. These were American, but he supposed the free traders would much prefer to import our children also. [A great laugh.]"

BAD NORTHERN CUSTOM.—It is becoming a common thing at the north to publish not only the amount every citizen is worth, but the amount every one pays as taxes. This inquisitorial system encourages the invidious distinction of wealth, and is founded upon the same principle we notice among our slaves, who, when they wish to be very severe on each other, say, 'Go 'long, you half price nigger! you wouldn't fetch fifty dollars, and I'm wuth a thousand!'—N. O. Tropic.

'My young friend,' said a minister to a man at camp meeting, 'do you ever think of a future state?'

'No, I never meddle with state affairs, but my brother John is a politician.'

'Do you ever think of dying?'

'No, but I guess our Sally did when she got the measles, for she turned all sorts 'o colors.'

'Whose boy are you?'

'When any body axes you that, tell 'em you don't know.'

## From the Savannah Republican.

## MATAMORAS.

## An Interesting Sketch.

As some of our citizens have in prospect a visit to this city and the surrounding country, we have taken some trouble to gather a few particulars in regard to it, which will be of interest to them as well as to the general reader. Our informant is a gentleman of intelligence, who resided in the place for four years, from 1834 to 1838, and who, from his connection with the public press, had ample means of acquiring information, as well as strong inducements to familiarize himself with men, manners and places.

Our informant recognizes the general correctness of the maps which have recently been published. The positions of the city, of the American Army, &c., are all correctly represented. The Bluff upon which Gen. Taylor's Camp is located, is some ten or twenty feet higher than the ground on which the city is built. The current of the river at this point is exceedingly sluggish, and its course so tortuous between Matamoros and the Gulf, that it has been found impossible to ascend it with sailing vessels. When our informant was there, goods were not landed at Point Isabel, but at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and thence were carried to Matamoros in carts drawn by oxen. He is under the impression that the Custom House at Point Isabel, has been recently established—perhaps since the loss of the steamboat which was engaged in the trade during his residence at Matamoros. Barrita, the place spoken of as the destination of an expedition by boats, on the river, he says is not a village, but only a few indifferent houses at the ferry, which is half way between the Gulf and the city.

The plan of Matamoros is very similar to that of Savannah. The streets are not wide, but run at right angles, and there are several public squares, which give an airy appearance to the place. The houses of Matamoros are built of clay and twigs, there being in 1838 not more than twenty or thirty brick buildings in the place. These latter are mostly in the vicinity of the squares, and have been erected by foreigners. The ground in the rear of the city is subject to inundation during the wet season, to the depth of several feet, and the subsidence of the waters leaves the Lake marked upon the maps. It is of considerable depth and extent, and its waters are used by the washerwomen of the place, who congregate there in considerable numbers, to ply their vocation. It is also the general resort of the citizens, male and female, who repair thither in great numbers, for the purpose of bathing during the spring and summer months. This is a peculiarity with the Mexicans, and strange as it may seem to some, these common ablutions of the sexes, are not regarded as in the slightest degree improper or indelicate. The only difference between that country and this is, that the beaux and belles make their pleasure excursions in and under the water, instead of in sail boats and steamers; and the one is regarded and spoken of with the same delicacy of language and purity of purpose, as the other. What a tyrant is custom!

The population of Matamoros, our informant thinks, was in 1834 about seven thousand.—Prior to that time a considerable trade in dry goods had been carried on with the interior towns, Durango, Monterey, &c., and with the Indians. In this business, several Americans had amassed considerable fortunes. Since 1834, the trade of the place has fallen off, and the population diminished. It is now mainly sustained by the income from the sale of cattle, hides, tallow, mules, wool, specie, &c. &c.—The people are indolent, and the classes of society very distinct. The best class, the descendants of the old Spaniards, is very limited and exclusive. They are tolerably well educated—the men being generally in the public offices or the army, and the females engaged in light and pleasurable pursuits and amusements, such as dancing, waltzing, playing the guitar, &c. &c. They are but limitedly educated, and many of them cannot write their own language, though they speak it with fluency and elegance. They are fond of dress, are generally tastefully arrayed, and are graceful and easy in their manners. Though chairs are common in their parlors, our informant says that it is not uncommon in the best circles, to see the beautiful dark eyed signora seated upon the carpet and surrounded by a bevy of dark-haired, mustache admirers.

The women of the lower classes are more homely, though scarcely less attractive in their appearance. The domestics are in a state of more abject slavery, infinitely, than our negroes. They are flagellated unmercifully, and as the ultimatum of disgrace are sometimes compelled to submit to have their hair shorn close to the head. As the flowing hair of the Mexican woman is regarded as her greatest ornament, so is the privation of it considered as the greatest indignity and punishment.

In regard to the Mexican soldiers, our informant says, they are men of small stature, of light, muscular frame, exceedingly homely in their appearance—poor soldiers, but bold and fearless riders. They are not constant in their

attachments—fight for pay, and will follow the leader who feeds and pays them best. They have displayed some courage in their local fights, particularly when knives and stilettos were used, but have a great aversion to firearms, especially in close quarters. Acting in large bodies, they are easily confused even in their common military displays, and consequently would suffer greatly from a sudden and vigorous attack in a general engagement. Owing to the unsettled condition of the country, and the low pay of the army, they are reluctant to enter the service. On this account the schemes and devices of their officers to cheer and encourage them are sometimes ridiculous enough. The preparations for celebrating a victory are often made in anticipation, and sometimes, as was the case in the late conflict with the Americans, fall with the prisoners and munitions of war into the hands of the enemy, affording them at once a victory and the facilities for its celebration. Their food consists mainly of the tortilla or corn cake, baked in ashes, and beef, with which they use large quantities of chili Colorado, or Mexican red pepper. They also use extensively for food a species of small red bean called frijola. Their horses are small, weakly and badly subsisted, frequently so feeble as to fall prostrate under their baggage and rider, while he is in the act of mounting.—Mules are very abundant at Matamoros, and of a quality superior to any raised upon the continent. They are used in the carriages of the rich, and are almost the only locomotives in Mexico. A single mule will carry three hundred pounds of baggage with ease, an almost incredible distance per day. Good horses and mules in the country can be purchased at from 15 to 20 dollars.

Our informant speaks of the climate of Matamoros most favorably. He thinks it is quite as healthy as Savannah, if not more so. During his four years residence there, yellow fever was unknown, and even chills and fevers exceedingly rare. In the interior, in the direction of Monterey, or even Durango, the country is said to be high, dry and healthy. Durango is an old Spanish town, of from forty-five to sixty thousand inhabitants, and would well repay "Uncle Sam's" troops for a visit, and besides be a most agreeable summer retreat—not inferior to the White Sulphur or Saratoga. Upon the whole then, we think that volunteers may dispel their apprehensions in regard to the unhealthfulness of the country on the Rio Grande—they may meet with a few bloody minded mosquitoes, an occasional gerapata, or a wild Mexican in the chapparals, but in their march for the "Halls of the Montezumas," they will soon strike a high, dry, and healthful region, where subsistence will be easy, and opportunities for fighting not unrequited.

INFERNAL WAR ENGINE.—A New York Herald has invented an iron ball, a nine pounder, composed of sections like the division of an orange—with a shoulder at the top and bottom of each, around which is clasped an iron ring sufficient to hold all the parts together and give it the force and therefore the range of a solid round shot—and yet so brittle that on striking a hard substance it would break and leave the hatchet shaped wedges that make up the ball to scatter in all directions. Send out a few of them to Gen. Taylor.

A QUEER BOARDER.—A lady of this city, says the New Haven, Conn. Herald, numbers among the members of her family a mouse, who makes his appearance every day when the dinner bell rings, trots gently down stairs and into the dining room, where he takes his station, and feeds on the crumbs dropped from the table, without any symptoms of fear. When the company rise from their meal, his mouse-ship is off also, and hopping up stairs is seen no more until the following day. He is a respectable, grave looking old fellow, and apparently enjoys the best of health, as he seldom misses a meal.

GOING TO BOSTON.—"Mither! Mither! what have you done," said a little "shaver" with protruding eyes to a "greeny" who had just finished tying his horse to a spruce pole, as he thought, in the street of a village near Boston. "Done," said the fellow, "what d'ye mean? I hain't done nothing as I know 'o." "Why yeth you have, thir, you've jeth hitched your hoth to the Magnetic Telegraph, and he'll be in Boston in leth than two minits, if you don't look out."

The man untied his horse with nervous anxiety, jumped on his back and rode hastily down the street.

A DOUBT UNRESOLVED.—It appears to be a matter of question among some of the Southern editors whether 'Job's turkey' was a hen or a gobbler.