

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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The Pauper's Death-Bed.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul

Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed,

Greater than thou.

Beneath that Beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then
That parting groan.

Oh! change—Oh! wondrous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod!
The Sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

New Year's Counsels.

The Boston Journal has revived from an old paper, the following excellent advice, showing how those who are not to live the year out may be their own administrators:—

1. Post your book to this day, and be careful to see that all accounts that have been paid are balanced on your ledger.

2. Where you have an unsettled account of more than one year's standing, and there is a bill against you, and you do not know what it is, or how much, get it in immediately, and credit it, and strike the balance.

3. If the balance is against you, pay it without delay; if in favor and you cannot get your pay, take a note or write a reckoning and have it signed.

4. If you have an out-lawed account, don't flatter yourself that your debtor is a clever man, and will do about the thing that's right—ten chances to one he'll tell your administrator that "he will think of it," and the probability is that will be the last he'll see of him, and that every time he thinks of it he will think—he won't pay it—or at least till he gets able.

5. Be very careful to close all accounts with men of doubtful honesty, and especially if they are inclined to a troublesome complaint called bankruptcy; for be sure they will have a heavy bill against your estate. No matter whether you owe them or not, depend upon it every discharge you get from them, will be worth thirty dollars to your heirs.

Finally, reader, your life may not continue forty eight hours—therefore,

If you have any matter of honorary obligation, discharge it before you sleep if you can.

If you have any disputable matter, settle or refer it to arbitration, or sue or be sued without delay, bearing in mind that you know much more about that matter than those that will come after you.

BEST ONE YET.—We understand, says an exchange paper, that an ingenious Yankee has put up a saw mill, which is driven by the force of circumstances!

From the New Orleans Evening Mercury.

The Heroine of Tampico.

All—recollect that previous to the taking of Tampico, Mrs. CHASE, the wife of our Consul at that place, sent to Com. Conner an exact plan of the entire town, harbor, and forts of Tampico, with information of the exact strength of the place; and that, on receiving the documents of Mrs. Chase, the Commodore immediately set sail for Tampico, and took the place without opposition, owing his success entirely to the information sent him by that accomplished and patriotic lady. We give below a letter, for which we are indebted to the kindness of our friend, Mr. B. M. Norman, to whom it was addressed, written by Mrs. Chase herself, giving somewhat in detail, the taking of Tampico, and the part she had in it. Much less praise, we think, has been bestowed on the noble conduct of this courageous and patriotic lady than she deserves, and we trust that our government, in consideration of the very distinguished services which she has rendered, at the peril of her life, will unhesitatingly reward her with enduring honors.

We doubt whether there is a letter on record, written by a female hand, breathing a purer patriotism, a nobler ardor, a more courageous heart, than that of Mrs. Chase, which we give below. She is a noble example among our country women, and her name will descend on the pages of our history, winning the admiration of future ages. We give the letter entire, it being the most authentic account that can be furnished. She writes what she saw and did.

TAMPICO, Dec. 14, 1846.

"MY ESTEEMED FRIEND: A great change has come o'er the spirit of my dream—at least within the last month—so that I almost doubt the evidence of my own senses, we having at this moment some twenty sail of vessels in the river Panuco—steamers passing and repassing, the sight of which pays me, in part, for my six months solitude and suffering. I am not a believer in Purgatory, but I think I have passed through that ordeal by residing in an enemy's country alone, not only hostile in feeling, but subtle and unprincipled.

"My dear friend, I scarcely know how to reply to your friendly solicitude toward me and mine especially. In beginning my imperfect narrative, one great misfortune seems to accompany me—my pen can never keep pace with my feelings. You will have been aware of Mr. Chase's expulsion, agreeably to the decree of the 12th of May last; and in compliance with that act, he had only twenty-four hours notice to embark, or eight days to retire twenty leagues into the interior. He prudently chose the former, and embarked forthwith on board the *Saint Mary's*, the blockading vessel off the Bar of Tampico, leaving some eighty thousand dollars in his store, with no other protection than such as I could afford, and two clerks, one of whom was a Mexican—and in accordance with the true spirit of Mexican chivalry, commenced robbing me. In fact, my annoyances were so numerous that I cannot give you them in detail, but merely sketch an outline, knowing the sympathy you feel for my perilous position in this new drama. In the next place, Inez de Primera Instancia, by order of the Commanding General, passed me a notice that my privileges ceased as the wife of the American Consul, and my store must be closed. I replied to him, in the most decisive manner, that I was not only his wife, but also his constituted agent—in addition to this, I was a British subject, neither the Judge nor the General could deprive me of my natural rights, as the English law admitted of no alienation—stating that any infraction on its prerogative would be hastily chastised by that government—and, in confirmation of my assertion, referred the learned Inez to the Law of Nations.

"Thus defeated and exasperated, I was not allowed to send an open note to my husband then off the Bar. But thank God, 'who tempests the wind to the shorn lamb,' He directed me, and I conceived a plan which again defeated their hostile purpose, and sent by stratagem nine letters in eight weeks, and through the same means received replies. But those things were daily making inroads upon my health and my spirits, which I most carefully concealed from my good husband, knowing the intensity of his feelings for his government, and

particularly for my welfare.

"I in the mean time drew a plan of the city and river, and had it sent to Com. Conner and Capt. McCluny of the John Adams, with a correct description of all the forts, the number of guns, a list of the troops, and how they were posted, and every political movement, so that through Mr. Chase and his agent, they knew every important movement in this section of country.

"They abused and insulted the American name and nation to such an extent, that it often caused me to retire and pray God for the day of retribution. With the exception of my faithful Amelia, I had but little human sympathy, as all the English influence was against our national cause.

"I am, perhaps, a little prosy, but I well know the sensitive heart to whom these lines are addressed, and so continue. I daily watched, not very christianlike, for the moment of retaliation, hoping to be able, although alone in the combat, to 'square accounts' with my fierce debtors, and, if possible, place myself and party on the credit side of this entangled account.

"Santa Anna recommended to the Government of Mexico the confiscation of all American property in order to carry on the war, and that all Americans residing in this country should be made prisoners of war, as a fatal stroke to those usurping pirates—the gentle name applied to them—and that this garrison should be reinforced with some 3000 more troops. When I read this article in one of the flaming periodicals, it was rather grating to me in my isolated condition. I determined, however, upon the old Roman motto—

"Who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

or, in other words, my case was at best helpless and now even desperate, and required a desperate remedy.

"Two spies came daily to my house, always under the guise of friendship; and on one occasion, one of the wretches believing that I was possessed of items concerning the American movements, I represented to him that 30,000 more troops were to join Gen. Taylor at Matamoros, 30,000 more had been despatched to capture San Juan, etc., and closed with remarking that I would be compelled to close my house within a day or two, as a force of 25,000 to 30,000 troops was coming against this place—which bit of romance so frightened my poor Amelia that she thought the General here would call me to account for it.

"Next day I had a call from the captain of the port, who wished to know the truth, and inquired if Mr. Chase had written to me to that effect; and soon after some other of the high functionaries discovered me to be an important character in their daily rounds. In a conversation with the father-in-law of the General, I recommended to him an early retreat, as the wisest course to be taken; and that same night, a private post was despatched to San Luis Potosi, upon the strength of the information so received, through me; the town of Tampico was ordered to be vacated on the appearance of this large force off the bar; scouts were sent in every direction, to procure mules, etc., for the conveyance of property to the interior; and two schooner loads were shipped to the city of Panuco; six hundred stand of arms were sunk, the cannon were removed from the Fort, and the troops evacuated the place. I then despatched to Com. Conner an account of the state of things, and in triplicate to Havana, under different covers to my husband, urging his return forthwith. These were sent by an agent, who supposed them mere letters conveying a wish to my husband to meet me at Vera Cruz, to accompany me to Havana. I spent a restless night and morning, but it has certainly brought its reward. My letter to the Commodore was dated October 23d; he received it October 27th, and immediately called a meeting of his senior officers and laid my despatch before them. It had due weight. Provisions were brought from Point Isabel and distributed amongst the squadron, and on the 12th November they left Isla Verde, and on the morning of the 14th were in sight, twelve sail, off the bay of Tampico.

I was so confident of the coming of the squadron, that in anticipation of their coming, I had a flagstaff made one week previous, and had it erected upon the house-top, in order to raise the first American flag hoisted as a right over Tam-

pico. On my first sight of the fleet my pent-up feelings gave way, and I wept as a child for joy, seeing that God had brought deliverance to the captives, and in anticipation of soon seeing the object of my affection, and also in gratitude to Him who is mighty to save, and that my feeble efforts had wrought so strangely in our national welfare. Here I must pause, and say I cannot pretend to describe my feelings at that time. Fortitude seemed to give way; and in the midst of this emotion, I again saw the squadron nearing the bar, the boats manned and the line passing, (they standing their own pilots over that intricate passage,) and the broad pennant flying at two mast-heads—the blue and red. My faithful Amelia and myself ran to Mr. Chase's office, and in solicitude offered a prayer, then pulled the flag down and alone rushed on the house-top. I carried it up and tied it on the line with my own hands, and we—Amelia, myself, and Mr. Uder—hoisted it, myself giving the first pull. Thus we defied the whole town of Tampico. I sent for some of the Americans, but not one possessed courage or national spirit enough to lend a hand.

"In thirty minutes the Ayuntamiento called upon me and ordered me to haul it down. I replied that it was raised as a right of protection. They said I had no such right. I rejoined that it was a matter of opinion in which we could not agree. They said it was a burlesque upon their nation—a lady taking the city—and what would the Supreme Government of Mexico say? I replied very laconically, 'Queen sabe!' and offered them wine under the new banner. They threatened the house.

I ran to its top, and asked Mr. Uder if he would stand by me. He replied, "Yes."—"Then," said I, "the flag must remain, or all of us be sent over the house-top, as I shall never pull it down or suffer any Mexican to sully it by his touch." I had been robbed, my store entered and pillaged of more than two thousand dollars, in the dead of the night; and when the regiment from Puebla entered this city, they entered my store and carried off goods, and I had no redress and still less sympathy; and though alone, the God of the Just was my captain general, and I had nothing to fear from all Mexico. And now the hour of my redemption was at hand. I expected they would either fire upon or storm the house. I rested with my right arm round the flag-staff, the banner waving in majestic beauty, and the squadron nearing the city, where they saw the flag. It was like lightning to pilgrims to know from whence it came, but soon the officers saw two female forms standing by it, and gave three cheers in front of the city, and then came to my house, which had been now nearly six months as if prescribed by some crime or plague, and my fault was that of being an American. Commodore Perry and the municipal authorities came to my house on arrival, also Commodore Connor. My despatches have been sent to the State Department, and I have letters of thanks from the officers commanding, who have changed the name of Fort Libertad to Fort Ann, in compliment to me. They arrived on the 16th. Forty-eight hours after, came Mr. Chase, crowning all my happiness.

"You will no doubt have heard part of my story previous to this reaching you; knowing the interest you feel, and this unlimited friendship evinced by you, I thus have taken the liberty to give as far as practicable in detail, and have extended my account far beyond my intention, and at the same time trusting that you give at least a reading to this imperfect scroll, and may never feel the pangs of mental affliction, as felt by me.

"You very kindly inquire if the existing war has injured us in a pecuniary point? It has very materially, but that loss has not in the least allowed my spirits to flag. My trust is in Him, who can withhold and bestow. We have suffered in mind, in person and pocket, but with feelings of interest toward our beloved country and duty to the cause, and like the widow I was willing to contribute my mite for the honor of the country he had so long represented, and as a dutiful wife to follow him in weal or woe, according to the pressure of misfortune, and in impending danger, even the bleak blasts of adversity should not chill my ardor, in following his advice and his cause, and trust to God.

"We will lose nearly one half of our stock

of goods. No doubt the United States Government will indemnify Mr. Chase at a future day.

"Our house will be turned into a garrison, and three field-pieces will be placed upon it—I am willing to stand by my husband at a gun until we both die or are victors.

"I have been trying to keep a journal of the Beauties of the Drama, in rather a rough form and may place it in your hands at a future day."

A Good One.

Hon. Andrew Stewart, a distinguished member of Congress from Pennsylvania, has recently paid a visit to Lowell. He relates in a letter to the Uniontown (Pa.) Democrat, the following anecdote:

"In looking over the pay roll or book, which I accidentally picked up from the table, I found on twenty-seven consecutive pages, containing eight hundred signatures, nearly all girls, but a single one that made a mark, or X, all written in a good and many of them in a most elegant hand. The clerk observed to me that *Lord Morpeth*, when on a visit to this country some years ago, happened to be present on pay day, and with some surprise enquired: 'What do your operatives write?' 'Certainly, sir,' said the clerk, 'the Americans all write.' Directly there came in a man who made his mark.—'Ah!' said his lordship with a smile, 'I thought you said all wrote.' 'All Americans your lordship—this was an Englishman.' Whereupon his lordship grinned a ghastly smile."

The Tariff humbug, raised by the Federalists, is beginning to be thoroughly understood.—*Pennsylvanian*.

An honest confession, compelled by the overwhelming force of public opinion. The humbug Tariff, or Tariff humbug, which you will, raised by James Buchanan, John K. Kane and other federalists, is thoroughly understood, and the effects were perceptible at the last elections. It detracts somewhat from the honesty of the Pennsylvanian's confession that it has been so tardy—but "better late than never."—*North American*.

New England Salutations.... "Good morning neighbor —; how do you do to-day?"

"Well, I'm much at one, I thank you; how is it with you?"

"Why, I'm pretty much the old sort, 'tween three and one; how's your woman this morning?"

"Well, she's pretty much why for her, considerin'; how is yours?"

"She's so as to be crawling, I thank you.— Good morning"

An Englishman travelling on a bad road in Ireland, asked why the miles were so exceedingly long? "An' surely we thought the road rather deficient in quality, and therefore made it up in quantity, jist," was the ready reply.

DIED, in Spanish Town, Jamaica, a few weeks since, a black man named John Crawford Ricketts, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and forty-two years, and, what may be considered as very unusual, he was in good health till within about two weeks of his death.

AN AGED LADY.—The "oldest inhabitant" is said to be a woman now living in Moscow, in Russia, who is 168 years of age. At the age of 132 she married her fifth husband. How many children had she?

PLANTED TOO DEEP!—The Washington Union tells how Mr. Polk has planted himself upon the subject of the tariff. The Louisville Journal thinks that Pennsylvania has planted him upon that subject—planted him so deep that he will never come up, but rot in the ground.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

SOMETHING USEFUL.—A Yankee has taken out a patent for an improvement in the "Scales of Justice."

A bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives, at Washington, by Mr. Seaman, to prevent the importation of foreign paupers and convicts, which was twice read, and referred to the Judiciary Committee.