

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 7.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1847.

No. 43.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and 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 cents, per year, extra.  
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square (seven 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.  
All letters addressed to the Editor 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.

## The Battle of Buena Vista.

From the New-Orleans Delta, March 27.

We had the pleasure of an interview yesterday with Major Coffee, of the Army, who brought over Gen. Taylor's dispatches. This gallant officer—a son of the distinguished General who fought so bravely on the Plains of Chalmette, and in various other battles, by the side of the illustrious Jackson—acted as the Aid of Gen. Taylor in the bloody fight at Buena Vista. We are greatly indebted to him for many particulars of this hard-fought battle.

Gen. Taylor had fallen in love, at first sight, with the position at which he finally made his stand at Buena Vista. His move toward Agua Nueva was merely a ruse to decoy the enemy into the field which he had selected for his battleground. As soon as McCulloch's men, who were invaluable as scouts, informed him of Santa Anna's approach to Agua Nueva, Gen. Taylor quietly broke up his camp and fell back to his first love—Buena Vista. This position was admirably chosen. It was at the foot of a mountain, or rather of two mountains, between which ran the road through a narrow valley. On his right there was a deep ravine, which protected that flank more effectually than half a dozen regiments could have done. The left of Gen. Taylor's line rested on the base of a mountain. The road in the center was entrenched and defended by a strong battery. In front the ground was uneven—broken into hills and deep ravines—well adapted to the mode of fighting suited to our volunteers, and by its peculiarities supplying the disadvantage of a great inferiority of numbers.

On the 21st, the enemy were decied, approaching over the distant hills. At their appearance the volunteers raised a great shout, and gave three tremendous cheers. Their engineers and officers were seen flying over the field, and dragging their cannon about to get them into position; but the nature of the ground did not favor the undertaking, and it was too late in the day before the big guns began to open.

The enemy had with them thirty-two cannon, mostly of large calibre. Their fire, though kept up very briskly, and apparently well managed, did so little execution in our ranks that it was not considered necessary to return their fire. Our cannon were therefore silent the whole of the 21st. Eight or ten killed and wounded were the extent of the casualties sustained by our army on the 21st. During the day an officer approached our lines with a flag of truce, and requested to be shown to Gen. Taylor. The brave old man was sitting quietly on his old white charger, with his leg over the pommel of the saddle, watching the movements of the enemy, when the Mexican officer was presented. In a very courteous and graceful manner the officer stated that "he had been sent by his Excellency Gen. Santa Anna, to his Excellency Gen. Taylor, to inquire, in the most respectful manner, what he [Gen. Taylor] was waiting for." From the silence of General Taylor's batteries, and the quiet manner in which he received Santa Anna's terrific cannonading, the Mexican supposed he was asking a very pertinent question, to which, however, old Rough and Ready gave the very pertinent reply that "he was only waiting for Gen. Santa Anna to surrender." The Mexican returned hastily to his lines. This message proved to be a ruse to ascertain where Gen. Taylor's position was, for after the return of the Mexican officer to his own ranks the whole Mexican battery seemed to open upon Gen. Taylor's position, and the balls flew over and about him like hail. Utterly indifferent to the perils of his situation, there sat the old chief, on his conspicuous white horse, peering through his spy glass at the long lines of Mexican troops that could be seen at a great distance on the march. The persuasion of his aids could not induce him to abandon his favorable point for observation, nor give up his old white horse. To the suggestion of his staff that old whitey was rather too conspicuous a charger for the commander, he replied "that the old fellow had missed the fun at Monterey, on account of a sore foot, and he was determined he should have his share this time."

At sunrise on the 22d February the battle began in earnest. The Mexicans were drawn out in immense numbers. The dark columns of infantry extended as far as the eye could reach, and the cavalry seemed to cover the whole view with their lines. At intervals between the infantry, their big guns, strongly protected by a large artillery force, kept up an incessant cannonade against our lines. Their forces were soon in motion.—Our artillery was thrown forward to meet them, protected by the volunteers. Gen. Wool led the main body in person, and was seen everywhere rallying and encouraging the volunteers. The two armies were soon engaged in hot conflict.—The broken nature of the ground divided the forces, so that instead of one general engagement the regiments were compelled in a great measure to fight on their own hook. Our officers were always in the advance, leading their troops—hence the great mortality among them. In this general melee, one of our small regiments of 400 men, would be attacked by a whole Mexican brigade of several thousand. Thus the Kentucky Infantry was attacked at the foot of a hill, in a deep ravine, by an immense force of the enemy. A large number of the officers was killed here—among them was Col. McKee, who fell badly wounded, and was immediately dispatched by the enemy, who pierced him with their bayonets as he lay on the ground. Lieut. Col. Clay was shot through the thigh, and being unable to walk, was taken up and carried some distance by some of his men, but owing to the steepness of the hill, the men finding it very difficult to carry him, and the enemy in great numbers pressing upon them, the gallant Lieutenant Colonel begged them to leave him and take care of themselves. Forced to leave him on the field, the last that was seen of this noble young officer he was lying on his back, fighting with his sword the enemy who were stabbing him with their bayonets. The veteran Captain William S. Willis, of the same regiment, at the head of his company, with three stalwart sons who fought at his side, was badly wounded, but still continued the fight, until he was overcome with the loss of blood.

In the meantime, the Indiana brigade, who were drawn out and ordered to charge the enemy, were seized with a panic, and displaying some hesitation, Assistant Adjt General Lincoln rushed to their front, and while upbraiding them for their cowardice, was shot, several balls passing through his body. In justice to this brigade it should be stated, that they subsequently rallied, and fully redeemed their reputation by the most gallant and effective fighting.

Col. Hardin led the Illinoisians in very handsome style, and the sturdy "suckers" fought like lions. Their intrepid Colonel fell wounded, and experienced the fate of Colonels McKee and Clay, and was killed by the enemy—not however before he had killed one of the cowardly miscreants with a pistol, which he fired while lying on the ground.

Col. Yell led the foremost man, a charge of his mounted volunteers against a large body of lancers, and was killed by a lance, which entered his mouth and tore off one side of his face. The Mississippians, the heroes of Monterey, after doing hard duty as skirmishers, were ordered into line to receive a charge of cavalry, which they did with their rifles, delivering at the same time a most destructive fire among the crowded columns of cavalry. The enemy were completely repulsed. The distinguished commander of this gallant regiment, Colonel Jefferson Davis, was badly wounded, an escopette ball having entered his foot and passed out of his leg. He was, however, doing well when last heard from. The chivalrous Colonel McClung was prevented from doing his share of the brave deeds of this brilliant fight, by the grievous wound received at the battle of Monterey, which still confines him to his bed, and from which it is feared by his best friends he will never recover.

Colonel Humphrey Marshall's splendid regiment of Kentucky cavalry were impatient for an opportunity of showing their mettle and avenging the capture of their brethren, then in the hands of the enemy. They were soon favored with the desired opportunity, by the approach of a force of more than 2000 lancers and hussars, who gallantly charged them. The Kentuckians stood their ground with immovable steadiness, and receiving the enemy with a fire from their carbines, charged in the most gallant style through the column on the right, and wheeling, fell on their left, dispersing and killing a great many of them. A like charge was made by Col. May, at the head of a squadron of dragoons, and one of Arkansas cavalry, against a large body of the enemy's cavalry, with like results.

During the engagement on the right, Santa Anna, seeing that General Taylor's force was not well protected on the left flank, sent a large force of cavalry around that point, and outflanking Taylor succeeded in throwing 2000 men into his rear. But Gen. Taylor immediately sent Capt. Bragg, with his artillery, against this force, who succe-

ded in cutting them off from the main body.—Lieut. Crittenden was dispatched, with a flag of truce, to demand the immediate surrender of this force. The Mexican officer, pretending not to understand the character of his mission, insisted that he should be blindfolded, according to the rules of war, and thus had the Lieutenant carried into the camp of Santa Anna himself. This was a ruse to get time to extricate the Mexican cavalry from their dangerous position, and pending this truce they were all drawn off by a different road from that by which they had gained this position.

Lieutenant Crittenden was conducted blindfolded to the tent of the Mexican General-in-Chief, which he found a long distance from the scene of action, and which he thought the safest place he had been in during the whole day. As he approached Santa Anna's tent he was greeted with a most tremendous flourish of trumpets, which might have been heard a mile off, but produced no very great terror in the mind of the Kentuckian. His blind was taken off, and he found himself in the presence of the famous Mexican Chief, surrounded by a brilliant staff of bedizened, gilded, and moustached officers. Santa Anna apologized to the Lieutenant for the act of his officers, in having him blindfolded, saying, that so far from having any desire to conceal his situation, he was desirous of exhibiting to General Taylor the utter folly of resisting so powerful an army as he had under his command. To which the Lieutenant replied, that his simple message was to demand his [Santa Anna's] immediate surrender to General Taylor. When this extraordinary demand was translated to the Mexican, he raised his hands and eyebrows in utter astonishment at the temerity and presumption of such a message, and replied, that he would expect Gen. Taylor to surrender in an hour, or he would destroy all his forces.—Lieutenant Crittenden's reply, which we have already given—"Gen. Taylor never surrenders!"—terminated the interview, and the battle recommenced, and was continued until night.

Santa Anna took three small pieces of our artillery, which, under Lieutenant O'Brien, had been posted too far in advance to be covered by our infantry. All the gunners were shot down, and when the guns were captured there was not a soldier left to man them. One of these pieces was an old Texan 6-pounder, which, during the Texan Revolution, had done good execution among the Mexican ranks. As to the flags he boasts of having taken, they are very probably mere company markers, which were dropped on the field and picked up by the valiant Mexicans. His Excellency of the War Department, to whom Santa Anna has sent these trophies, will no doubt be sorely disappointed in the size, texture, and beauty of these standards. Mexican pride is easily satisfied when such feeble mementoes of their prowess and valor as these console them for so inglorious a defeat.

All the officers on our side, in this hard-fought battle, distinguished themselves. The details of the battle were confided to Gen. Wool, who nobly justified the confidence of his commander and brother-veteran, by the most active, zealous, efficient and gallant conduct. Throughout the whole action he was constantly engaged in the disposition of our forces, and in rallying them to the onset.—It was a miracle that he escaped the thick-flying balls which thinned the ranks he was marshalling. There was but one complaint made against him, and that was, that he exposed himself too much. Brigadier Gen. Lane, also showed himself to be a brave and capable officer. Although wounded early in the action, he kept his horse until it closed, and never for a moment left his post.

The old General-in-Chief remained at his original and much exposed position, superintending the battle and narrowly watching its events. An escopette ball passed through his overcoat—that same old brown, so familiar to all the officers and men who have ever been under his command, and which has seen several campaigns in Florida, in Texas, and in Mexico.

On the night of the 22d, both armies drew off from the field of battle. Our men were engaged all night in bringing in the wounded and taking care of them—the Mexicans as well as their own men. There were, however, but few of our men found on the field wounded. They were, to use Santa Anna's significant words, in his dispatch, "all dead," the cowardly miscreants having killed every man whom they overtook wounded and helpless on the field. With like turpitude and treachery, they left their own dead unburied and their wounded uncared for, on the field where they fell. The latter were carried to Saltillo in our own wagons; the former were buried by the Alcalde, under the orders of Gen. Taylor.

A number of officers were taken prisoners, and an exchange was effected, by which all our men who are now in their hands were released. Cassius M. Clay's party are understood now to be in the City of Mexico.

Among the killed and wounded of the Mexicans are, three general officers and twenty

colonels and commanders of battalions. Gen. Minon, it appears has not as yet realized the brilliant career of which he considered his capture of Maj. Borland an earnest. He was ordered by Santa Anna to attack and carry Saltillo during the engagement at Buena Vista. With this object, he made a demonstration against the town with two thousand cavalry. Lieut. Shover, with sixty men and two small pieces of artillery went out to meet the valiant General, and at one discharge of his cannon, sent him and his large force to the right-about in double quick time.

In concluding our necessarily imperfect sketch of the few details of the brilliant deeds of American valor performed at Buena Vista—details gathered from a hasty conversation, we must be allowed to express our satisfaction to find that the anticipations we have so confidently and so frequently expressed of the bravery and efficiency of our volunteers, have been more than realized. Let those who have made our citizen soldiers the theme of their ribaldry and ridicule, be forever hushed into silence by the unparalleled gallantry and glory which have consecrated in American history the bloody field of Buena Vista.

## The First Book of the Chronicles of Jonathan.

From the Yankee Doodle.

### CHAPTER I.

Now it came to pass in those days that James the First reigned over the nation of Jonathan, in the room of John, surnamed the "Captiv." (Now John had not died, but had gone down to the Old Dominion and was buried alive with his fathers, and no man sought after him.) But James the King did evil exceedingly, beyond all that the kings who had gone before him had done. For he appointed tax gatherers who did sorely vex and trouble the people; he also sought to root out the makers of cotton, and linen, and woolen and iron goods, and grievously harassed the shepherds and husbandmen. Moreover, he mightily stirred up the hearts of the people to war; and thought in his heart to make the children of his younger sister whose hands were nigh unto him, bondmen and tax-payers.

Now it was in this wise, that the king caused the war; his younger sister had a vineyard near to the river Sabine, fair and goodly to look upon. And behold, when king James looked upon the vineyard, and saw it was a place to be desired, abounding in dainties and creoles, and flowing with sugar and molasses, straightway he coveted it exceedingly much, and seized upon it, and annexed it to the land of Jonathan—seeking an occasion against his sister. But his younger sister suffered long and would not lift up her hand against Jonathan; wherefore the king waxed wroth, and blasphemed, and swore vehemently she should fight.

Then he commanded Zachariah, the captain of his host, a valiant man in whom was the spirit of wisdom to take three thousand chosen men, and march into the land of his sister, (but the king straightly charged him that he should declare to the children of his sister that the land was Jonathan's; and I also said the king, "will swear the same thing to the counsellors of Jonathan, when they meet together to talk.") But the king himself went not to the war, but remained at home, eating and drinking and making merry with his wives and concubines. Moreover the king ordered Winfield, the chief captain of all his host, to repair to his post; (now the raiment of Winfield was the finest sheep's wool, and his meat "was a hasty plate of soup.") Moreover, Winfield was advanced in years, and had cut his eye teeth, and kept his eye cocked both ways. And he reasoned with himself, saying, "If I shall obey the king, then will the enemy open upon me in front, and the king and his company shall assault me the back, and the place shall become too hot for me, and my travellings for the land of Jonathan shall be nought.

And behold, as he pondered on these things, and sipped his "hasty plate of soup," his spirit waxed warm within him, and he straightway declared unto the king, he would be hanged if he would budge an inch. Then was the king wroth, and said unto him, "The Whigs do so to me, and more also, if I don't play the devil with thee for this!" Nevertheless, the word of the king prevailed not against him.

But the war displeased Horace the Fourierite, and he railed vehemently against the king, and cursed him in his heart, and taught the people also to hate him. Now Horace was a mighty scribe, neither regarded he the apparel of any man.

### CHAPTER II.

Now Zachariah did many mighty acts and smote the enemy hip and thigh, and took prisoners the captains of their host, and very much spoil, of cattle and sheep and asses.

But in process of time, the treasury of the king was greatly diminished; and he called unto him Robert, the Steward of his household, and said unto him, "Wherewithal wilt thou provide for the sustenance of the army, and the maidens of my household?" And the Steward answered and said unto him: "This thing will I do, I will comb my hair and anoint my whiskers with oil, and put on a sanctimonious air, and go unto the money shavers of Gotham, and it

shall be, when they behold my face, that their purse strings shall relax, and they shall replenish the treasures of my lord the king. And the saying pleased the king well.

So Robert went unto Gotham unto the seas of the money changers. And he went unto the chief banker named Flintheart, and brought him saying, "Lend now unto me ten thousand talents of gold, and the king will see thee repaid." But Flintheart rolled up the white of his eyes and answered him, saying, "Is thy servant green, that he should do this greath thing?" Likewise also said all the bankers.

But when the king heard thereof, he was greatly troubled, and wist not what to do; likewise Marcy the scribe rent his pants. Now Ritchie, surnamed the "Father," was privy counsellor to the king, and the same was a cunning man, and a plausible, and full of all manner of hypocrisy, and deceit, and served diligently his father the devil. And he crept stealthily at midnight unto the king and said unto him, why is the countenance of my lord the king cast down? Are not all the people as grass in thy sight? Now, therefore, let a tax be imposed on tea and coffee, so shall thy treasuries be filled." And the king sought to do according to the word of Ritchie; but the people murmured against him, and would not be taxed.

In those days the spirit moved Zachariah to write a letter to his kinsman, and it was noised abroad through all the land. And the thing troubled the king, and he would have laid hands on Zachariah but he feared the people; for all the people loved Zachariah, and desired to make him king—but the king made a decree, that whatever soldier should write to his kinsfolk or acquaintance, should be hanged on a gallows fifty cubits high. So the land had rest from the scribes and quill-drivers.

## Genius and Daring of a Highwayman.

A French robber, named Dore, once had the audacity, alone and unassisted, save by his own ingenuity, to stop a diligence full of passengers. He constructed several men of straw, of the size of life, and quite as natural—at least in the dark. These he invested with the useful toggery—neither fresh nor fashionable we presume, but serving the purpose. Finally, he fastened sticks, intended to represent muskets, to the shoulders of the figures, which he posted in a row against trees bordering the high road. Up came the diligence, "Halt!" shouted Dore, in the voice of a Stentor; "Halt! or my men fire!" The frightened driver pulled up short; conductor and passengers, seeing a row of figures with levelled fire arms, thought they had fallen into the power of a whole army of banditti, and begged for mercy. Dore came forward in the character of a generous protector—sternly ordered his men to refrain from violence and remain where they were, and he collected from the trembling passengers their purses, watches and jewels. "I forbid you to fire," he shouted to his quaker gang, whilst pocketing the rich tribute; "they make no resistance; I will have no useless blood shed." The conductor delighted to save a large sum of money secreted in a chest, quietly submitted; the passengers were too happy to get off with whole skins, and the women thanked their spoiler, called him a humane man, and almost kissed him out of gratitude for his sparing their lives. The plunder collected, the driver received permission to continue his journey, which he did at full speed, lest the banditti should change their minds and forget their forbearance. Dore made his escape unmolested, leaving his straw regiment on picket by the roadside, a scare-crow, till daybreak, to the passing traveller.

The Locofocos of Pennsylvania propose to put in circulation the portrait of their candidate for Governor. If they mean to have his likeness taken, they ought by all means to have it taken before the election. He has a much pleasanter face now than he will have after that interesting event.

RATS.—A red herring firmly fastened by a string to any place where rats usually make their run will make them leave the place. It is said to be a fact that a toad placed in a house-cellar will have the effect of expelling the intruders.—Bangor Mercury.

Blitz had a bright little fellow on the stand to assist him in the "experiments." "Sir," said the Signor, "do you think I could put the twenty cent pieces which that lady holds into your coat pocket?" "No," said the boy, confidently. "Think not?" "I know you couldn't," said the little fellow with great firmness. "Why not?" "Cause the pockets is all torn out!"

Since the commencement of the War, two thousand six hundred and thirteen men have been raised in Philadelphia, and have gone to the scene of operation.