

JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

Good Trades.

A SKETCH FOR PARENTS.

The Phenological Journal, in an article on indirect lying and unfairness in business, thus illustrates the danger of being too sharp in a trade:

Go out into the country, for example, to purchase a superior cow, and call on one of the honest sons of the soil, and it would not be very difficult to find a man who would show himself as cunning and selfish as any trader or manufacturer.—Let us illustrate such an interview by a colloquy between a citizen and a farmer; and we beg of the reader to watch the working of Secretiveness to gratify Acquisitiveness.

Citizen.—I am in pursuit of a fine cow, and understanding, at the hotel, that you kept a large stock of very excellent ones, I have called to look at them, and to see if I could make a purchase to please me. I am not very particular as to price, so I but obtain one of the very best.

Farmer.—Well, yes, I have a large flock, and they have the reputation of being excellent. They have cost me much care and pains in the selection; but I can't say as I wish to sell any of them. When a man has a good article which he wants to use, it is not well to dispose of it.

C.—True, but I would like to look at them.

F.—Oh, certainly, I will show them with pleasure; but understand I don't promise to sell one at any price.

They go to the farm-yard, and a little son of the farmer follows to see and hear, and in doing so takes his first lesson in the tricks of trade; for, be it remembered that every act of the parent stamps its impress upon the young mind, which becomes almost ineffaceable.

C.—(Scanning a lean, common-looking animal, which, by the way, was one of the best milkers in the flock, and low in flesh from her milking qualities, yet it was in early winter when those qualities would not be apparent.) What is that cow worth?

F.—I suppose about twenty-five dollars.

On an elevated place stands a large, fleshy, noble-looking cow, the poorest milker of the whole, and fat because her food went to flesh rather than to milk—catches the admiring eye of the inexperienced citizen, and he eagerly inquires, "what will you sell that one for?"

F.—Oh, don't say anything to me about that cow; she is a very peculiar one, and more than that, she belongs to my wife. I told you I did not care to sell any, and this one I should hardly expect to sell at all; besides, I should not like to have my wife offended by selling a favorite of hers. John—(turning to his boy, who is surprised to see his father hesitate a moment about selling his miserable, vicious, unruly beast, whose small mess of milk is as thin as that sold by Messrs. Croton, Pump & Co., in New York)—John, mother will be in our hair if we sell "Fill Pail."

That name strikes the buyer's ear just as it was intended to do, and he presses the farmer for a price.

F.—I will not say I will sell her at any price, unless my wife will consent. I don't believe in family quarrels.

The boy, John, is surprised at his father's reluctance to sell, and entertains not the slightest doubt but what his mother will joyously consent to the sale. The stranger is determined to have a price, and finally, the obliging farmer says—"now, mind, I don't agree to sell at any price without my wife's consent, and I will set such a price as will, doubtless, cool your order without the necessity of calling my wife. Forty dollars is the price."

C.—Suppose we consult the good lady, and see what she will say? If she will consent, I will take the animal.

F.—I know what she will say, and if you insist upon it, we will refer it to her.

They proceed to the house, the farmer taking the lead to get the first word; and the boy following, anxious to have his mother assent to the sale, and urge the bargain.

F.—Well, mother, this gentleman is very anxious to buy old "Fill Pail," and I told him—

"Yes," interrupted the wife, in apparent anger, "and you 'told him' he might have her, I warrant; it's just like you to sell the best cow we have. Well, do as you like. We might as well give up trying to make butter and cheese altogether."

With a red face and an angry air, she leaves the room, slamming the door after her. "There," says the farmer, "I knew just how it would be."

John, the honest boy, was astonished. He had heard that cow made the subject of censure for years, by all the family; and now, when a double price is offered for her, his father holds back and mother gets angry. He don't understand it.—No, indeed, poor boy, you don't understand it, but you are in a fair way of doing so. Wait a little and you will be wise, and know more of the world.

The stranger takes the bait, counts out the forty dollars, and the farmer apparently draws back from it, saying, "I don't think I ought to take the money. You had better not take the cow." [All true, though not intended to be so regarded.]

He takes the money, and the stranger departs with his purchase. The mother returns, smiling like a summer's morning. The father, chuckling over his money, says with an arch wink to his wife, "I think when he has had that cow half as long as we have, he will be glad to take less than half what he paid for her."

This unriddles to the boy's unsophisticated mind, the hypocrisy of the whole transaction, and he shrinks back from his parents as scheming liars. To him it looks like robbery to take twenty-five dollars more for the cow than she was worth; and like lying, thus to deceive the stranger by such back-handed means.

He had been whipped for lying, and taught that he must be honest; and he can see no difference between talking a lie and acting it.

Under the influence of filial love he begins to reason, and he is unwilling to condemn his parents to the degradation of liars and robbers. He reviews the guarded modes of expression by the father and mother. His father did not say it was the best cow in the flock, and told the man he "had better not take the animal"—"that he would not sell her unless his mother would consent to it." It was not exactly lying, after all. Besides, his father stood high in society; he was called Colonel and Esquire; had been a Representative; was a Trustee of the Religious Society, School Committee, and everybody looked up to him as a man of honor. His mother, too, was intimate in the family of the minister, and had the best company in town. Therefore they were good people, and their example worthy of imitation. Full of this pleasing unctious to his outraged conscience, and possessing withal, through hereditary transmission, a similar tendency to shrewdness and money-loving as that of his parents, he began to meditate a method of profiting by his first lesson in keen business management.

"Why can't I sell that soft, worthless new knife I bought of the rascally pedlar the other day in the same manner that father sold the cow? Let me see, I have the plan, and I will have the money, and I won't tell a lie either. I can steer clear of that."

He carefully whets his knife, and as carefully pockets a soft stick, and then with a veil of honest looks proceeds to school. At recess he very carefully draws forth his knife and stick, and begins to whittle. It cuts finely. The boys flock around, eager to see it, and to learn what he paid for it. "I got it cheap—only twenty-five cents—see it cut."

"I'll give you twenty-five," says one.
"I guess you will," says John, "after I have run the risk of getting a bad one, and proved it. See it cut."
"I'll give you thirty."
"I will forty," says another, "and here's the money." Forty being a gold-

en number in the ear of John, he quietly pockets the money just as the school bell rings, and they all go in to their books—John to rejoice in the success of his experiment; and Charley, to anticipate the pleasure his excellent cutting knife will afford him.

As soon as the school is dismissed—while Charley is hunting for a good hard stick to show the other boys how gloriously it will cut—John makes all haste for home, to announce his success, and to bank his money. Almost out of breath he enters the house, exclaiming, "Father, I have sold that pewter-faced knife which I bought of the pedlar at twenty-five cents, for forty."

"Ah! have you? But how did you manage? You didn't tell a lie, did you, Johnny? You must never lie you know."
"Oh, no, sir. I sharpened it very nicely—took a soft stick in my pocket, and kept whittling—said nothing, and let them bid."

"But who bought? and have you got your money?"

"Charley Sumner, who always has money, bought it, and here are the forty cents."

"That's right; you should never lie, and always get your pay down, to prevent after trouble. I say, mother! Johnny is pretty smart. We must make a merchant of him, eh—what think you?"

"Well, he has done well with the knife, surely, and I always thought he would be somebody, and get rich; besides, Charley is better able to pay a high price for a poor knife than Johnny. Bring the money to me, my son, and I will save it for you."

This was lesson number two, and the boy, from this propitious beginning, kept practising until he was old enough to enter a store as clerk.

His father kept him short of change for his new situation, and desiring to appear well with his associates, he began by borrowing small sums from the money-drawer, designing to pay it out of the first remittance. But the economical father, desiring to keep him short, to teach him economy, neglected the penurious remittance until the boy had secretly borrowed the full amount of what he received from his father, and he cannot pay it then; and finally, after some struggles with his defaced conscientiousness, and urged by his necessities, decided not to pay it at all.

He went on in this way, borrowing and never paying, until he robbed his master of a large amount, and ended his life a villain.

His parents pocketed a few extra dollars for a cow, by means of a circuitous falsehood—their son imbibed the education, and that education shaped his future.

Why will say "Go thou and do likewise?"

An Interesting Preacher.—A clergyman was once sent for in the middle of the night, by one of the ladies of his congregation.

"Well, my good woman," said he, "so you are very ill, and require the consolations of religion. What can I do for you?"

"No," replied the old lady, "I am not very ill. I am only nervous and can not sleep."

"How can I help that?" asked the clergyman.

"Oh, sir, you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church, that I thought if you would only preach a little for me—"

They say that the parson swore; at any rate he "made tracks" in less than no time.

"Oh Dear!" said a fashionable girl when she first beheld a cucumber, "I always thought such things grew in slices." This is almost as good as the wise legislator asking a lumberman what he did with the rafters after he had sold the lumber off them. He had a glimmering that they were taken back for a fresh load.

The Author of the Multiplication Table.—We met a gentleman in a bookstore the other evening, searching for the origin of the multiplication table. Who of our readers could have told him its author?—It was invented by Pathagoras, the Grecian philosopher, 539 years before Christ, and is thus 5391 years old. It has done great service in the world, in the study of mathematics.

In various parts of India sugar is manufactured at four cents a pound.

Rubbing warts with solid potash will effectually remove them.

From the Pittsburg Commercial Journal. The Kneeling Calumny—Letter from Captain Naylor.

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—My attention has been called to an editorial article in the Pittsburg Dispatch of Friday, under the caption of the "kneeling story," in which it is stated that the editor has been requested to ask, by one who was through the war, "if the Cameron Guards of Harrisburg and Captain Naylor's company of Philadelphia, were not (while on main guard duty at Jalapa,) obliged to kneel to the 'Host' carried in a Catholic procession and this, under a general order issued previous to general order No. 297."

As the Capt. Naylor, named in this enquiry, I am asked what I have to say upon the subject, and whether General Scott ever issued an order such as above indicated.

My reply is, there never was such a general order. No such order was ever made known to the army. My company never was called upon to obey such order, or any command purporting to be founded on such order. My company never did kneel to the procession of the "Host," either by obligation or otherwise. Gen. Scott never issued an order imposing any such obligation, nor one that would afford any pretext or excuse to any officer under him, for issuing such an order, or imposing such an obligation. The whole thing is a fabrication, and is at war with that large, intelligent spirit of charity, so broadly considerate of the rights and sensibilities of all, so eminently distinguishing Gen. Scott.

The foundation, upon which a spirit of detraction—insinuating what it dare not, for many reasons, declare openly—has attempted to rear this fabrication is to be found, I presume, in the following occurrence, which I briefly relate, as it came to my knowledge, promising a few particulars in order to be intelligible, and that justice may be done to all the officers connected with the transaction.

Immediately after the victory of Cerro Gordo (on the 19th of April '47) our army advanced and took possession of the city of Jalapa, and established there a depot and hospitals.

Soon after that, Gen. Worth with his division advancing towards the City of Mexico, occupied and garrisoned Perote, and, on the 15th of May, took possession of the City of Puebla.

On the 31st of May, Gen. Scott left Jalapa, taking up the same line, halted at Perote to establish matters there, and thence pushed on to the City of Puebla, which he entered on the morning of the 28th of May; and there fixed his Headquarters, and remained until he moved on with his conquering column to the City of Mexico.

The posts then occupied by Scott's army, were Vera Cruz on the coast; Jalapa sixty miles in the interior; Perote nearly forty miles farther in the interior; and Puebla still farther in the interior, are nearly a hundred miles from Jalapa.—Thus was our little army posted.

After the defeat of Santa Anna, at Cerro Gordo, and his ineffectual effort to make a stand at Puebla to prevent its occupation by Worth, he set himself about organizing in the Tierra Caliente, and the country between Jalapa and Puebla, his forces of guerrillas; a work in which he was familiar, in which he had begun life, and at which he had earned for himself a position that had led to his after elevation.

The result was, that in a very brief time, the whole population of an immense extent of country, with desperadoes from the whole Republic, was converted into organized armies of guerrillas—predatory, cruel and murderous; a force peculiarly fitted to the weakness of the Mexican character, and one which could operate destructively in such a country.

Our own small force, then greatly reduced, by the discharge of all the twelve months' volunteers, by casualties and sickness, in the heart of an enemy's country, was, under the circumstances, wholly insufficient to preserve the connexions of a line so extensive as that from Vera Cruz to Puebla. Jalapa, at which the principle Hospital was established, then crowded with the sick, the wounded, and the dying, was to be abandoned, and its garrison advanced to General Headquarters, at Puebla, where all the invading troops, destined against the Mexican Capital, were to be concentrated before the final move. It was feared, as the period for abandoning Jalapa approached, that there might be among the sick and the dying, some whose condition might forbid removal, and who would have to be left behind in such safe places in the religious sanctuaries of the city, as the good will of the Mexican clergy would concede to them, as security against the assassin bands I have referred to. It was therefore, probably, deemed proper, by those in command at Jalapa, to conciliate the clergy, by such good offices and attentions as they could bestow.

Jalapa was, at that time, garrisoned by the 1st Regiment of Artillery, Col. Childs; the 2d Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, Col. Roberts; and a small number of other troops, the whole under command of Col. (now General) Childs; who was the Military Governor of the city—one of the best executive soldiers of the army, as wary and vigilant as he is brave, prompt, energetic and decided.

I was, at the time, lying hopelessly ill, given over by all as one beyond recovery, (indeed, announced at home as dead,) in the house of a Spanish family, where I had been carried, by order of Col. Childs, from the loft of a Dutch beer house, to be treated and cared for.

Lying in this condition, one morning in the early part of June, a number of officers of the regiment to which I belonged (2d Penn.) came to my chamber, in a state of much excitement, to consult and advise with me on the subject of a wrong which they thought had been done them and their commands.

From them I learned that Col. Roberts, commanding our regiment, was, upon the day before, officer of the day; that during the course of the day he informed them that there was to be in the evening a procession of the "Host," and that Col. Childs had either requested or ordered that it should be so arranged, if possible, that the guard should be turned out and kneel as the 'Host' passed by; and he (Col. Roberts) requested that the officers should so instruct their men. This request, or command, whatever it may have been given by Col. Roberts, (probably, in his own very quiet way,) seems to have excited little or no attention at the moment. But, in the evening, the procession came, the guard was turned out or attempted to be turned out. My men were on guard—Col. Roberts knelt and commanded or requested the men to kneel—but no other officer or man, I am told, would kneel. Col. Roberts, it was said, took hold of one of the guards standing by his side, and attempted to induce him to kneel. Here the matter ended; but not with it the excitement which it had occasioned.

The next morning, as I have before said, a number of officers came to counsel of me, what ought to be done; and from them I learned the facts I have related.

They alleged that neither Col. Childs nor Col. Roberts had any right or authority to make any such request, or give any such command; on the contrary, that it was in derogation both of right and authority. That it was derogatory to them as men and soldiers to receive or submit to it; and they insisted that the complaint should be carried to Gen. Scott, and that they would prefer charges against and court martial both Colonels. In a word, the officers were greatly excited, incriminated both Colonels Childs and Roberts, and so far from connecting Gen. Scott with such orders or transaction, whatever it might have been, directly or indirectly, it was to Gen. Scott they proposed to appeal for redress.

Neither Col. Childs nor Col. Roberts ever presented to have founded their action, whatever it was, upon any order of Gen. Scott. No one in Mexico or anywhere else, till this time, ever presumed to connect his name with it. He was then, and had been for weeks, a hundred miles distant, at his Headquarters at Puebla, with an assassin population and thousands of murderous guerrillas between the two points, rendering communication impossible except by forces as large as the whole garrison of Jalapa was at the time.

At the interview between myself and the officers, the whole subject was discussed; and so far as I was able in all its bearings, I addressed myself at once to quiet them. I assured them that they did great injustice to the motives of Col. Childs, and exhorted them, by what I considered the true view of the whole case, and by all their own responsibilities, to dismiss the subject from their own minds, and to allay any excitement that might exist in the minds of others with regard to it.

In truth, and so I told the officers at the time, I have no doubt, that that the whole thing was attributable to the goodness of the heart of Colonel Childs. Fearing that he would be obliged to leave behind him some of the sick, and the dying, and taxing his brain for expedients to protect them, (should such be the case) against the daggers of the assassin, he thought he would, by a stroke of policy, conciliate the clergy so as to secure for them a religious protection, in some consecrated place.

But the arts of policy were not the forte of Col. Childs. His end proposed was right. Conciliation was a true means, but this diplomacy was bad. He did not know how to be politic. As a true man and as good a soldier as ever drew a blade, or displayed a column, unerring and unconquerable in the bold, straight-forward and decided movements of the soldier, and abounding in the qualities that make a great executive soldier, I hope I do his gallant spirit no injustice, by saying, that his humanity in that case, ran away with his better judgment; and that he is a much better soldier than politician.

I have been somewhat prolix in my narrative, but in stating the case, the

names of Colonel Roberts and Childs had to be used, and it seemed to me unfair, not to glance at the circumstances under which they acted at the time. The former found a grave in Mexico, and I would do little justice to my heart, did I not say that I esteemed him as a good, conscientious man, and a brave soldier; and I have no doubt that he was prompted in the affair alluded to, solely by motives of humanity, arising out of consideration such as I have mentioned.

With respect to Col. Childs, let me say, in addition to what I have said, that but for his care and kindness at Jalapa extended to me, at the precise line where death and life meet, I, too in all probability, would have found a Mexican grave; and that I write this with no purpose to criticise or find fault with his conduct, and do not say that he may not have had ample reason to justify, in his own opinion, the course he pursued.

Of the transaction itself, I know nothing except from the relation of others at the time. All I know is, that General Scott never issued an order authorizing it, and that he is in no wise more responsible for it, whether right or wrong, meritorious or otherwise, than he is for the crimes committed by the criminals and wrongdoers of his army.

We marched under his general marching orders, for glory, for our country, and for the great cause of the human family; and to attribute to him, because we so marched, an act of infamy committed by any one of us, as the consequence of his order, for which he is to be held up to public reprobation, would be and is as wickedly unjust as to attribute to him the affair I have alluded to, as the consequence of his order on the subject, when all his orders inculcate the largest exercise of the rights of conscience, and denounce punishment upon these, whether friends or foes, who would in anywise interfere with them. Whilst he caused all the rights, religious and civil, of the humblest member of his army, to be respected, he in like manner, caused all the rights, religious and civil, of the Mexicans, to be respected. All were held mutually and reciprocally inviolate.

The orders that Gen. Scott did issue on such subjects are before the country; and the principles contained in them, whilst they illustrate the annals of the war, will command the approbation of every right-minded man of the country, be his creed (religious or political) what it may.
CHARLES NAYLOR.
Pittsburg, July 26, 1852.

Ratification Song.

Tune—The Old Granite State.

Hark! it thunders from the mountains,
And pours down through all their fountains;
Yea! it reaches the tall fountains
Of far off Mexico.

Chorus.
We're a band of soldiers,
We're a band of soldiers,
We're a band of soldiers,
And our leader's name is Scott.
With his banner streaming,
And our weapons gleaming,
And fresh glory beaming,
We are fighting as he fought.

He is mighty in the battle,
And, 'mid war's iron rattle,
Drives the foe like frightened cattle,
Before his conquering march.

Chorus.
With his band of soldiers,
With his band of soldiers,
With his band of soldiers,
He has won his mighty fame.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!!!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!!!
Then, 'mid banners streaming,
And old weapons gleaming,
We see glory beaming
Round our Hero's honored name.

With the gallant Graham near him,
The Locos all will fear him,
And the nation soon will hear him
Shout aloud our victory.

Chorus.
With his brave Whig soldiers,
With his brave Whig soldiers,
With his brave Whig soldiers,
Naught can stay his proud career.
Then, with his banner streaming,
And our bucklers proudly gleaming,
We hail the bright day beaming,
With a heart-felt shout and cheer.

Lo! the hosts e'en now are rallying,
From every hill-top rallying;
They no longer can be dallying
With a foeman such as Pierce.

Chorus.
For these brave Whig soldiers,
For these brave Whig soldiers,
For these brave Whig soldiers,
Will sweep him from the field.

Then three cheers for Scott and Graham,
For the Locos must obey them,
And true Whig hearts will never fail them,
While our conqueror's in the field.

And with his brave Whig soldiers,
And with his brave Whig soldiers,
And with his brave Whig soldiers,
Naught can stay his proud career.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!!!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!!!
Like our good old sires before us,
We will shout aloud the chorus,
'Till the heaven's arc o'er us
Shall rebound the loud hurra.

J. R. Blodgett has been expelled from the Mashingum Lodge, of Odd Fellows, Zanesville, Ohio, on a charge of embezzling \$2,200.