Clearfield Republican.

J. W. MOORE, G. B. GOODLANDER } Editors.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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Select Poetry.

THE CRISIS.

While financial storms are brewing,
Speculators have their day;
Go who will to ruin-and-ruin,
Rack-and-smasher men are they.
Up goes flour—with store and warehouse
Crammed to bursting read the same—
Yards are full, but prices scare us,
Coal merchants, in mercy save us!
Add not fuel to the flame.

Meanwhile Government contractors
Flay us—much too mild is fleece;
Factors!—call them *satisfactors*—
May they by the rope decrease.
Men grown pursy with fat jobbing,
Elbow honest sons of trade:
Golden calves made rich by robbing,
To whom empty heads are bobbing;
Dross—in honor's balance weighed.

Very patient are the masses
Humbugged upon every hand,
Issachars—we won't say asses—
See them addst their burdens stand.
Is't not sad, that speculation,
Fraud, and ignorance should wrong
A great, generous, trustful nation,
Laboring hard for self-salvation,
Battling for it well and long?

Such a People, O ye rulers!
Worthy are of kindest care;
They're no fretful, thin-skinned pulers,
Like true men they dare and bear.
But they're shrewd, they take the papers,
Po Smith, Jenkins, Brown and Jones;
Well they know that idle vapors
Are the schemes of mere red-lapers,
Aye they "feel it in their bones."

Vanity Fair.

THE RIGHTS OF FREEMEN!—The Constitution of New Hampshire says "The liberty of the press is essential to the security of freedom, and ought to be inviolably preserved."

Massachusetts says: "The liberty of the press is essential to the security of freedom, and it ought not therefore to be restrained by this Commonwealth."

Connecticut says: "No law shall ever be passed to curtail or restrain the liberty of speech or of the press."

New York says: "Every citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects, and no law shall to passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press."

New Jersey, in the same words, asserts the full liberty of speech and of the press, and that no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge those sacred rights.

Pennsylvania says: "The printing press shall be free to any person who undertakes to examine the proceedings of any branch of the Government, and no law shall ever be made to restrain the right thereof.—The free communication of thought and opinions is one of the inevitable rights of man."

Ohio says: "Every citizen may freely speak and publish his sentiments, and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press."

Indiana says: "No law shall be passed restraining or restricting the right to speak, write or print freely on any subject whatever."

And so say the Constitution of every State in the Union, guarding only against libels, but in the fullest manner defending and securing to every citizen the freeman's right to the fullest liberty of speech and liberty of the press—a sacred right, never questioned but by tyrants, or crushed down except in the most degraded despotisms.

THE CELESTIAL STATE.—Old Rickets was a man of labor, and had little or no time to devote to speculations of the future.—He was, withal, rather uncouth in the use of language.

One day, while engaged in stopping hog-holes about his place, he was approached by a colporteur and presented with a tract.

'What is all this about?' demanded Rickets.

'That, sir, is a book describing the celestial state,' was the reply.

'Celestial State!' said Rickets. 'And where the deuce is that?'

'My worthy friend, I fear that you have not—'

'Well, never mind,' interrupted old Rickets, 'I do not want to hear about any better state than old Pennsylvania. I intend to live and die right here, if I can only keep them darned tormenting hogs out."

☞ "I say landlord, that's a dirty towel to wipe on!" Landlord with a look of amazement replied: "Well, I swan, you're mighty particular, sixty or seventy of my boarders have wiped on that towel this morning, and you are the first one to find fault with it"

☞ A young lady was thrown from a carriage, and being asked where she was injured the most, very innocently replied: "down at the surprise party the other night, when Joe Skillman went home with Kate Jones'

☞ "Sam, how many sticks have you sawed?" "Why, dad, when I get this and three other ones done, I'll have sawed four."

McCLELLAN'S REMOVAL.

His Address to the Army of the Potomac—His Farewell Visit to the Different Corps—Gen. Burnside's Address to the Army—Parting of Gen. McClellan with the Officers and Men.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, WARRENTON, Nov. 10, 1862.

Gen. McClellan was to have left yesterday for the North; but the transferring of a command like this could not be accomplished in a day, and he was, therefore, compelled to remain.

At nine o'clock last evening all the officers belonging to headquarters assembled at the General's tent to bid him farewell. The only toast given was by Gen. McClellan:

"The army of the Potomac."

Gen. McClellan and staff, accompanied by Gen. Burnside, to-day bade farewell to this army, visiting in succession several army corps. As the General rode through the ranks, the torn and tattered banners of the veteran regiments were dipped to greet him, while the thousands of soldiers gave vent in continuous sounds of cheers and applause to their feelings.

The General and staff will leave by special train to-morrow for the North.

GEN. BURNSIDE'S ADDRESS ON ASSUMING COMMAND.

The following order was issued by Gen. Burnside on taking command of the army:

In accordance with General Orders No. 183, issued by the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. Patriotism and the exercise of my every energy in the direction of this army, aided by the full and hearty cooperation of its officers and men, will, I hope, under the blessing of God, ensure its success.

Having been a sharer of the privations and a witness of the bravery of the Army of the Potomac in the Maryland campaign, and fully identified with them in their feeling of respect and esteem for Gen. McClellan, entertained through a long and most friendly association with him, I feel it is not as a stranger I assume command.

To the Ninth Army corps, so long and intimately associated with me, I need say nothing. Our histories are identical.

With diffidence for myself, but with a proud confidence in the unwavering loyalty and determination of the gallant army now entrusted to my care, I accept its control, with the steadfast assurance that the just cause must prevail.

A. E. BURNSIDE,
Major General Commanding.

Special Order No. 333.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJ'T GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, Nov. 10, 1862.

All officers, of whatever grade, belonging to the Army of the Potomac, will proceed to join their respective commands within twenty-four hours. The penalty for disobedience of this order will be dismissal from service. By command of

Major General HALLECK,
E. D. TOWNSEND, Ass't Adj't Gen.

LETTER FROM GEN. HALLECK TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

The Grounds for General McClellan's Removal.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.

The following important correspondence will perhaps give some of the reasons actuating our War Department in recommending the President to make a change in the command of the Army of the Potomac:

LETTER FROM GEN. HALLECK.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, Washington, Oct. 28, 1862.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—SIR: In reply to the general interrogatories contained in your letter of yesterday, I have the honor to report:

First: That requisitions for supplies to the army under Gen. McClellan are made by his staff officers on the Chiefs of Bureaus here; that is, the Quartermaster applies by his Chief Quartermaster on Quartermaster General; for commissary supplies by his Chief Commissary on Commissary General, &c.

No such requisitions have been, to my knowledge, made upon the Secretary of War, and none upon the General-in-Chief.

Second. On several occasions, Gen. McClellan has telegraphed me that his army was deficient in certain supplies. All those telegrams were immediately referred to the heads of bureaus, with orders to report. It was ascertained that in every instance the requisitions have been immediately filled, except where the Quartermaster General had been obliged to send from Philadelphia certain articles of clothing, tents, etc., not having a full supply here.

There has not been, so far as I could ascertain, any neglect or delay, in any department or bureau, in issuing all the supplies asked for by General McClellan, or by the officers of his staff.

Delays have occasionally occurred in forwarding supplies by railroad on account of the crowded condition of the railroad depots, or of a want of a sufficient number of cars; but, whenever notified of this fact, agents have been sent out to remove the difficulty under the excellent superintendence of Gen. Haupt. I think these delays have been less frequent and of shorter duration than is usually the case with freight trains. An army of the size of that under General McClellan will frequently be for some days without the supplies it has asked for, on account of a neglect in making timely requisitions for them, and unavoidable delays in forwarding them and distributing them to the different brigades and regiments.

From all the information that I can obtain, I am of the opinion that the requisitions from that army have been filled more promptly, and that the men, as a general rule, have been better supplied, than in the case of armies operating in the West. The latter have operated at much greater distances from the sources of supplies, and have had far less facilities for transportation. In fine, I believe that no armies in the world in campaigning have been more promptly or better supplied than ours.

Third. Soon after the battle of Antietam, General McClellan was urged to give the information of his intended movements, in order that it be moved between the enemy and Washington the reinforcements could be sent from this place. On the first of October, finding that he purposed to operate from Harper's Ferry, I urged him to cross the river at once and give battle to the enemy, pointing out to him the disadvantageous delaying till the autumn rains had swollen the Potomac and impaired the roads. On the 6th of October he was [illegible] the Potomac and give battle to the enemy, evading his South. I said to him: "I ask only what you think best for your army, while the roads are in good condition." It will be observed that three weeks have elapsed since that order was given.

Fourth. In my opinion, *there has been no work short of supplies to the army under Gen. McClellan as to prevent his crossing it with any orders he may have upon the enemy.*

Had he moved his army to the south side of the Potomac, he could have received his supplies almost as readily as by remaining on the north side.

Fifth. On the seventh of October, in a telegram in regard to his intended movements, Gen. McClellan stated that he would require at least three days to supply the first, fifth and sixth corps; that they needed shoes and other indispensable articles of clothing, as well as shelter tents. No complaint was made to me that his army requisitions had not been filled, and it was inferred from his language that he was only waiting for the distribution of his supplies.

On the 11th of October he telegraphed to me that a portion of his supplies sent by railroad had been delayed. As already stated, agents were immediately sent from here to investigate this complaint, and they reported that everything had gone forward on the same date, the 11th.

General McClellan spoke of many of his horses being broken down by fatigue. On the 12th of October he complained that the rate of supply was only one hundred and fifty horses per week for his entire army there and in front of Washington.

I immediately directed the Quartermaster General to inquire into this matter, and report why a larger supply was not furnished to General McClellan.

Gen. Meigs reported to me, on the 13th of October, that the average issue of horses to Gen. McClellan's army in the field and in front of Washington, for the previous six weeks, had been 1,459 per week, or 8,754 in all.

In addition, he reported to me that a large number of mules had been supplied, and that the number of these animals with General McClellan's army on the Upper Potomac was over 5,400.

He also reported to me that he was then sending that army all the horses he could procure.

On the 15th of October, Gen. McClellan stated, in regard to Gen. Meigs' report, that he had filled every requisition for shoes and clothing: "Gen. Meigs may have ordered these articles to be forwarded; but they might as well remain in New York or Philadelphia, so far as my army is concerned." I immediately called Gen. Meigs' attention to this apparent neglect of his department.

On the 25th of October, he reported as the result of his investigation, that 4,800 pairs of boots and shoes had been received by the quartermaster of McClellan's army at Harper's Ferry, Frederick and Hagerstown. Twenty thousand pairs were at Harper's Ferry depot on the 21st, and that ten thousand more were on their way, and fifteen thousand more had been ordered.

Col. Ingalls, aid-de-camp and chief of staff to General McClellan, telegraphed on the 25th as follows: "The suffering for want of clothing is exaggerated, I think, and certainly might have been avoided by timely requisitions by the regimental and brigade commanders." On the 24th of October he telegraphed to Quartermaster General Meigs that the clothing was not detained in the cars at the depots.—"Such complaints are groundless. The fact is the clothing arrives and is issued, but more is still wanted. *I have ordered more than would seem necessary from my data furnished me*, and I beg to remind you that you have always very promptly met my requisitions. As far as clothing is concerned, our department is not at fault.—It provides as soon as due notice is given. I can foresee no time when an army of over 100,000 men will not call for clothing and other articles."

In regard to General McClellan's means of promptly communicating the wants of his army to me, or to the proper bureaus of the War Department, I report that in addition to the ordinary mails, *he has been in hourly communication with Washington by telegraph.*

It is due to Gen. Meigs that I should submit herewith a copy of a telegram received by him from General McClellan.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief.

FROM M'CLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS—TO GEN. MEIGS.

Your dispatch of this date is received. I have never intended, in any letter or dispatch, to make any accusation against yourself or your Department for not furnishing or forwarding clothing as rapidly as it was possible for you to do so. *I believe every [illegible] done that could be done in this respect.* The idea that I have tried to convey was that certain portions of the command were without clothing, and that the army would not move until it was supplied.

G. B. McCLELLAN,
Major General.

JOE PARSONS, OR HARTFORD.—Joe enlisted in the 1st Maryland Regiment, and was plainly a rough originally. As we passed along the hall we first saw him crouched near an open window, lustily singing,

"I'm a bold soldier boy,"

and observing the broad bandage over his eyes, I said, "What's your name, my good fellow?"

'Joe, sir,' he said, 'Joe Parsons.'

'And what is the matter with you?'

'Blind, sir—blind as a bat.'

'In battle?'

'Yes—at Antietam. Both eyes shot out at one clip.'

Poor Joe was in the front, at Antietam Creek, and a Minie ball had passed directly through his eyes, across his face, destroying his sight forever. He was but twenty years old, but he was as happy as a lark.

'It is dreadful,' I said.

'I'm very thankful I alive, sir. It might have been worse, yer see,' he continued. And then he told us his story.

'I was hit,' he said, 'and it knocked me down. I lay there all night, and next day the fight was renewed. I could stand the pain, yer see, but the balls was flyin' all round, and I wanted to get away. I couldn'tee nothin', though. So I waited and listened; and at last I heard a feller groanin' beyond me. 'Hello!' says I.—'Hello, yourself,' says he. 'Who *be* yer?' says I—'a rebel?' 'Your'e a Yankee,' says he. 'So I am,' says I. 'What's the matter with yer?' 'My leg's smashed,' says he. 'Can't yer walk?' 'No.' 'Can yer see?' 'Yes.' 'Well,' says I, 'you're a d—d liel, but will yer do me a *little favor?*' 'I will,' says he, 'ef I ken.' Then says I, 'Well, ole butternut, I can't see nothin'. My eye is knocked out; but I ken walk. Come over yere. Let's git out o' this.—You git out the way, an' I'll tote yer off the field on my back.' 'Bully for you,' says he. And so we managed to git together. We shook hands on it. I took a wink outer his canteen, and he got on my shoulders. I did the walkin' for both, an' he did the navigatin'. An' ef he didn't make me carry him straight into a Rebel Colonel's tent, a mile away, I'm a liar! howsever, the Colonel came up, an' says he, 'Wher d'yer come from? who be yer?' I told him. He said I was done for, and couldn't do no more shootin'; an' he sent me over to our lines. So, after three days, I came down here with the wounded boys, where we're doing pretty well, all things considered.'

'But you will never see the light again, my poor fellow,' I suggested, sympathetically.

'That's so,' he answered, glibly; 'but I can't help it, you notice. I did my duty—got shot, pop in the eye—an' that's my misfort'n, not my fault—as the old man said of his horse. But—

"I'm a bold soldier boy,"

he continued, cheerily renewing his song; and we left him in his singular merriment. Poor, sightless, unlucky, but stout-hearted Joe Parsons.—*Alexandria Correspondence Boston Traveller.*

For the Clearfield Republican.

Messrs. Editors:—I am most happy to be able to drop you a few lines at the present time, informing you and your readers of the condition of the "Clearfield bucktails." Your humble servant is quite well, and has been ever since we went into service, with but slight exceptions; and the same may be said of the Company, as such.—There are exceptions, of course, but they are not more numerous than may be found in all Companies composed of volunteers from the country. Men who are accustomed to breathing the pure mountain air of Clearfield, feel themselves injured by the change of climate—for the impure breeze that arises from a populous city, when, too, its thoroughfares and vicinity are crowded with a careless and indifferent community, is not to be compared to the refreshing and healthful air that floats over homes amid the mountains. But men of philosophical minds do not complain of our situation, but are rather surprised that it is no worse.

When we enlisted, we all expected to have had some *military* experiences long ere this, that would have been of some interest to you and honor to us. But we need not be impatient, for, when we look back to the history of the glorious "Reserves" we can see them lying in camp almost a year before they were engaged in a battle; yet they have proved themselves worthy of all honor and praise from the hearts of a free and independent people—and may not the new "bucktails" be equally successful? Let us rest in the hope that they may—if the war continues—while I presume to make a few remarks upon an anonymous communication that appeared in your paper of the 29th ult.

We were not a little suprised on receiving your paper yesterday to see that our company had such hard living. The truth is, Messrs. Editors, that was the first intimation we had of imitating the fare of the Rocky Mountain explorer that was some six years ago so notorious for "mule soup" and "grasshopper porpoise." "soapfat fattened pork," and "soap-suds rising bread," is about as near an approach to "mule soup" as we may ever expect in the District of Columbia. So, if the chances of the author are not good now for the Presidential chair, I fear he will never get there. Fremont ran a tremendously large vote in '56 on the strength of "mule soup," and I shouldn't be surprised if "soap-suds bread" would be a powerful agency in the next Presidential contest. But not to be too severe on the production of a brother soldier, I will attempt to explain how the literary world happened to be favored with such a highly important production.

Our company seems to be composed of three distinct kinds of characters. The first are a set of growlers, who, I really believe, would complain if they were to be hung. This class have growled, and complained, and worried, until they have got their spirits forty degrees below zero, and consequently have lost their health. Soldiering has become a song, sung to death, and their first causeless complaints have resulted in real ones. Home-sickness took the place of discontent; which was itself succeeded by physical ailings, which resulted in disgust for everything connected with a soldier's life. Thus they have passed from one degree to another until they have become confirmed growlers, and I can't find any other name to give them.

The second class are a well-disposed set of fellows, who left their homes in haste, and their business in an unsettled condition—whose hearts are full of patriotism and love of country, yet too impatient to await the action of the regular authorities in the conduct of the war. This class, too, are disposed to complain about our condition. But their complaints, to some extent, are excusable, so we will pass to the third class,

Who are full of fun and frolic—
Full of life and glee;
Who never get the cholic,
And from the gripes are free.

This class is by far the most numerous, and if you, Messrs. Editors, could see them passing their leisure hours at dominos, dice, or checkers; or hear them make the barracks tremble with peals of laughter, at some trick played off by one of the more mischievous, you would soon be led to say "the soldier's life's a happy one."

But to return to the lover of "f.'s. pan cakes:" I am at a loss to decide which class he belongs to. His anxiety to do something to put the rebellion down would induce us to put him in the second class; but his immoderate complaints about our fare most unquestionably place him to the first. Yet we will withhold our decision in the premises until we discover his identity. But in the meantime you must excuse our long letter while we make a correction in respect to the rigor of our discipline. And first, if I were to make a complaint about it I would say it was not rigid enough. Our officers have been too indulgent with us to have us come near up to the regulations; yet they are gradually tightening the reins that bind us, not to slavery, but to duty. Some persons are apt to complain of an officer for rigor, when he only performs his duty; and that was the case with the circumstance alluded to by the writer before mentioned—though I will first add that Capt. McCULLOUGH was absent at the time and did not compel the "tight Irishman" to toe the mark; but if I remember correctly he liberated the aged martyr immediately on his arrival in camp. For the benefit of those who are not conversant with military affairs I will just state that the officers have their duties marked down as explicitly in the "Army Regulations," as the privates have, and they are just as much, and even more, responsible for neglect of duty, as the private soldier; consequently we should be considerate about accusing them of severity—for in most cases we will find that they are only discharging their duty, and that, too, often a most disagreeable one.

Capt. McCULLOUGH has proved himself to be a kind, indulgent, and affectionate officer, ever watchful of the interests of his Company, earnest and devoted in his endeavors to discharge his duty, he has gained the confidence and respect of his men; and if you Clearfield friends don't believe me we will convince you of the fact when an opportunity arises to show how cheerfully we will stand by his side in battle. Why, Messrs. Editors, if it was true that we were living on "soap-suds bread" our Captain would be one of our most profound sympathisers, and would quickly set to work to remedy the evil.

Having now trespassed on your patience much farther than I had intended at the first, I will bring my communication to a close—demanding, however, its insertion in your paper in justice to our Company, our officers, and our friends.

Most respectfully your humble servant,
WM. CAHIL.

Company E, 149th Reg. P. V.
Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C., Nov. 5, 1862.

IT IS FINISHED!—Amid the awful hush of stricken nature, and breathless men, the announcement, "*It is finished!*" thrilled the universe. The hand that lay in the manger is stiffened on the cross. The blood for which Herod panted has been shed by Pilate. The Deliverer is a captive the Redeemer a corpse!

Thus strange are divine purposes.—"Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." In order to embrace life, you must embrace death!—Every seed must become a corpse ere it cleave the soil, and wave its head in beauty and fruit. The resurrection idea is everywhere characteristic of productive nature. God is about to plant a life tree in the world, and Christ is the Seed; the Seed dies, but will grow by Divine power into a glorious manifestation, and from its branches man may pluck the leaves which are for the "healing of the nations."—There is no cause for alarm in winding that corpse. Did we know the realities of God, we should sing hymns over the lifeless frame. And yet we weep! We weep as though God had been thwarted and his purpose foiled! Ignorance is a murmurer. Wisdom, indeed, weeps—her tears are jewels of joy.

DO NOT DESPISE THE SHOP.

The importance of mechanical training and of habits of regularity and method, cannot be over-estimated in their various bearings upon the relations of life, and we would say to those young men who are at this moment struggling through details which appear to be hard, useless and full of weariness, to hold on! their utility may not be apparent at present, but the day is sure to come when they will reap the benefit of such discipline and routine. Hold on! don't give up; in our country no social prejudices prevail which prevent the humble dyer from becoming the learned and skillful chemist; no barriers exist which deprive those whom the chances of life made rude and unlettered, from becoming shining lights in the world of science. Most great inventors have sprung from the ranks of the brave daily workers, and the field is still a wide one expanding every day; therefore we say "hold on" to the training of the shop, improve your spare hours in mental culture, and reward is certain.