Clearfield Republican.

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PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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Select Poetry.

RISE! FREEMEN, RISE!

From the Crisis, [Ohio.]

Freemen, arise, if still one drop
Of patriotic blood flows in your veins;
If still one spark of freedom's fire,
Upon your altars yet remain.
Will ye stand tamely by and see
Your brothers wear a tyrant's chain?
If such things in our land may be
Then have our fathers died in vain!

Alas! for freedom, if her sons
Must linger in a felon's cell,
For daring to assert the rights
For which our fathers fought and fell.
And have they taught our Eagle's wings
To sweep thro' heaven's broad arch in vain,
Before some mighty power to bring
Those heroes from their graves again?

How would each traitor's spirit grieve,
How would each coward's eye grow dim,
If echoing on the sudden gale
There came the living voice of him
Whose banner waved o'er Bunker's height
Whose voice rang free on Monmouth plains,
O! that his spirit, power and might,
Might guide our nation's helm again

Is this the noble Old's reward,
Is this the garden of the free,
Long months of weary silent toil,
A life of hopless slavery?
Beneath our country's flag of light,
If such must be the patriot's doom,
Blot out each star of glory bright,
And chain her Eagle to the tomb.

If from the Democrat's fair ranks,
Her noblest sons must thus be torn,
Soon shall the last desparing cry
Of freedom on the winds be borne,
And we shall see a despot's flag,
Waving above our father's bones,
And need a revolution's fire,
To purify our fallen thrones!

A Happy Woman.—Is she not the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smiles even the coldest sprinkle of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talents, or style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log cabin, the fire leaps up on its humble hearth becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers in an Alladin palace. Were the steam of life so dark and unpropitious that the sunshine of a happy face falling on the turbin tide would not awaken an answering gleam. Why, these joyous tempered people don't know half the good they do.

☞A country girl desirous of matrimony received from her mistress a $20 bill as her marriage gift. Her mistress desired to see the object of Susan's favor, and a diminuitive fellow, swarthy as a Moor and as ugly as an ape, made his apeasance.

"Oh, Susan!" said her mistress, "how small! what a strange choice you have made!"

"La, ma'am!" answered Sue, "in such hard times as these, when all the tall and handsome fellows are off to the war, what more than this could you expect for twenty dollars."

☞A wretched editor, who hasn't a wife to take care of him, went the other night to a ladies' fair. He says he saw there 'an article which he fain would call his own but it was not for sale.' He declares that since that night he has been 'wrapturously wretched.' As the article was bound in hoop, the supposition is that it was either a girl or a keg of whiskey.

☞Dean Swift was once called upon to deliver a charity sermon. Taking the pulpit, he delivered the following, and sat down: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "If you like the security, down with the dust." The result was an unprecedented subscription.

☞A Dublin journal observes that a handbill announcing a public meeting in that city, states, with boundless liberality, that the ladies without distinction of sex, are invited to attend.

☞What a good lesson the old matron taught to children, when she said—"Children, you may have anything you want, but you musn't want anything you can't have."

☞Some ardent devotees of trade would go to hell itself if they could get bargains there. There first salutation on meeting with the devil would be, "Well old boy, how's sulpher?"

☞An old sailor finding a corked bottle floating on the sea, opened it, with the soliloquy, 'Rum I hope; gin I think; tracts, by jingo!' and threw it back into the water.

☞If every word men utter fell to the ground and grew up a blade of grass, most public speeches would be worth ten times as much as they now are.

☞Promissory notes—Tuning the fiddle before the performance begins.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Horrors of the Convalescent Camp.

Washington, Saturday Eve, Dec. 13.

I have just returned from the so-called Convalescent Camp at Alexandria, having spent the day in search of sick Pennsylvania soldiers. More than ever do I realize something of 'man's inhumanity to man.' You may have heard a good deal about the abuses in that camp; but the half has not been told you. The treatment and condition of *some* of its inmates some of its victims—is positively shocking.

Going out from Alexandria, I passed the notrious slave pen of 'Price, Birch & Co., dealers in Slaves.' I conjured up all sorts of horrors inside of those high brick walls in days gone by. I imagined, or tried to, something of the crushed spirts and bleeding hearts and the physical torture of the thousands of human beings, old and young, knocked off to the highest bidder in the souls and bodies of men, women and children in that dark, dirty prison place. But coming back by it after one day's visit to that camp in the mud, after looking into the wan, spiritless, pitiful faces of the thousands there, who have hoped against hope, till all courage is lost, and seeing where they eat, and sleep, and live, or rather die by inches, in the filth, and vermin, and mire of that place provokingly nicknamed a '*Convalescent* Camp,' I concluded that the old slave pen of so many actual and imaginary horrors, would be a coveted luxury to many of the brave, good-hearted fellows on the hill. And so it would.

In the first place the whole bleak, barren hill on which the camp is located is this day covered in many places with sticky mud, when we have had no rain for a week. In stormy times one can't fail to go in ankle deep at every step.—The Sibley tents are huddled together without floors or straw. Ditch the soil as you will and it is damp if not soaking wet. This is the convalescent's bed. If he has a blanket, which isn't always the case, that is his covering. His fuel he brings on his back two or three miles, having to take the limbs cut last winter at that point. I saw at least a dozen carrying their bundles of sticks thus to day, like the old man in the child story, who was met by death on the way. And yet I saw at least twenty cords of good dry wood piled up in camp! I asked one in charge why they did this, and he thought they didn't—thought it wasn't necessary—yet I saw it, and it is done every day. The papers have said that several men froze to death in one cold night while thus engaged.—He said but one had died by his pile of sticks, and they thought he was murdered; one was found in the privy, but they didn't think he froze to death! Heavenly consolation to his friends that will be, won't it? I asked the boys why they had to back wood when there was wood in camp? They said they got part of a stick from some under officer to cook their food sometimes, and sometimes they did'nt:—never half enough for cold weather. I asked why they dit'nt cut a clump of timber standing half a mile or more from camp. They said that it was guarded, and the guards had orders to fire on a trespasser—that a few of them got some rails one cold night and a guard of soldiers cocked their guns and compelled us to abandon them.

I saw two men washing their shirts in a creek two miles away—the nearest good washing place. I asked them if they belonged to the convalescent camp. One replied 'no; we belong to the *Death* camp'—and I believe him! I heard an assistant surgeon say that a young soldier of his ward was then lying in his tent on the ground, with a raging fever and had been for twenty four hours, because he had no vacant bed in the hospital. I remarked that such a state of things ought to be exposed. He replied, 'you can't say too much against the abuses here, or make them as bad as they are. But we (the Assistants) are not to blame; we do all we can; we have no power.' I tried to have passes issued to a few friends who have been there since July, to be examined. He couldn't do it—said more passes were out then than could be examined in three days. He and other Assistants had been prohibited from examining and a special board of three had been appointed.—On their door was written, 'No business done to-day—nor till Monday'—by which time a dozen cases or more will have passed into the other world for examination! They were probably off to Washington having a good time; they never work but three or four hours a day. I heard a gentleman telling a member of Congress from Ohio who was there, that he had just found two men from that State who were never mustered in! They enlisted, but were rejected on examination and went home. Subsequently they were arrested as deserters, put in there and can't get out.

Col. Belknap, who was in command, seemed willing and anxious to mend matters. He said he would shrink from no responsibility or duty, but he had not full control; he was interfered with; he could not compel the surgeons to act; and two of them were at loggerheads, each claiming to be chief. His requisitions were not promptly filled, and if he sent to the Quartermaster General for teams, he was told they had such a number and that was enough; while the fact was, many of those charged to him had been captured by the rebels some time ago.

The trouble, I think, begins with the doctors. Nothing can be done without an official examination, and they don't examine a quarter fast enough. There should be half a dozen examining boards. Yet slow as they are, the papers will be gone two or three weeks to Washington for approval. They should examine every man at once; if he is down sick, send him to a hospital; if well, to his regiment; if incurable, discharge him. Send them off somewhere, anywhere, but for God's sake, don't keep them there to die by inches.—Hundreds of lives, I doubt not, have been uselessly, recklessly sacrificed there already, and hundreds more will be, unless Congress applies the remedy, for the Medical Department won't, or it could have done so long ago.

Then, I mistrust, there are a set of thieving, shiftless middle men and under officials, who oppress the soldier by their petty power and filch his food. If he wants to sell some articles for others his sickly appetite will relish, which is according to army regulations the rations are stopped. The presumption is that when soldiers are short, in such a place as Alexandria, there is a gross neglect of official duty or thieving officials somewhere, for the Government is not at fault. No soldiers were ever more bountifully furnished as ours are now. And there is not one particle of necessity or excuse for suffering, or even hard fare in this or any other camp so easy of access, if officials do their duty as the men will do theirs.

It is pitiful enough to see so many poor, broken-spirited, crippled fellows gather around a man who comes in to look up a friend, and plead with tears and offers of all their four, or six, or eight months' back pay, for many of them havn't had a cent in six months, if he would only help them out. They have asked, and looked and waited, month after month to be examined. They think if they have some member of Congress, or influential friend, to give in their names, they will receive attention; and so they will. But alone and unaided they look upon all effort as useless. If they make complaint of abuses, they say they are gruffly repulsed and told to mind their own business. This for men living perhaps in luxury at home, and quite superior in position and worth to many of their petty tyrants, comes a little tough on true, freeborn American citizens. And thus the brave, high spirited, enthusiastic young men who patriotically left friends and luxuries, and all the heart calls a home, with a glowing enthusiasm to carry the old flag bravely through the battle storm, or die beneath its starry folds, becomes the spiritless, dejected, ruined objects of pity, caring little whether he lives or dies. Sir it is one of the saddest sights of my life. And the remedy is with the press and the people. Let them set their Congressmen at work, for they can reform these abuses if they will.

Remakable Works of Human Lobor.

Ninevah was 14 miles long, 8 wide and 46 miles round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 100 feet high, with brazen gates. The temple of Dianah at Ephesus was 520 feet to support the roof. It was 100 years in building. The largest of the pyramids was 481 feet high, and 653 feet on the sides; the base covered eleven acres.—The stones are about 60 feet in length and the layers are 208. It employed 330,000 men in building. The labyrinth in Egypt presents ruins 17 miles round, and 100 gates. Carthage was 29 miles round.—Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 359,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of 50,000,000, and Nero carried away from it two hundred statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round."

We find the above paragraph going the rounds of the papers, and stop it for the purpose of correcting some of its errors. It is an unfortunate fact that a vast deal of the history and information which is given to general readers who do not study authorities is of the class contained in this paragraph—grossly untrue, and made up by some sensation lecturer or pennyaliner. Perhaps no better illustration can be given than by referring to a common error taught in many books and most Sunday Schools, that Titus, the Royal Imperial conqueror of Jerusalem, plowed up the site of the city and sowed it with salt. This ridiculous story originated within the present century, and is without the slightest foundation in fact. The stones in Jerusalem that remain in their ancient sites to-day show the utter impossibility of the occurrence, which was never heard of by any historian or writer of earlier times.

We find repeated in the above paragraph a very common story about the size of the stones of the pyramids of Egypt. They are commonly reported to be of great size. The writer above named makes them sixty feet long! The size of the stones forms no part of the wonder of the pyramids. There are many structures in the world containing much larger monoliths, and modern architects frequently use stones larger and heavier than any in the pyramids. The largest course of stones in Cheops are only four feet ten inches in thickness, and the stones vary in length from four to eight feet. There are some stones in the interior, roofing the passages and chambers, which are larger, but these are not much heavier than the slabs we frequently see carried along Broadway and placed on the sidewalks in front of new buildings as pavement, and also roofing for the vaults under the street. The wonder of the great pyramids is that such a vast mass of stones should be piled up, but it is not to be doubted if any one cared to spend a few million dollars in America, a fac-simile of the pyramid of Cheops could be erected here to-day.

Much greater wonders are found in the Monolithic statues of Egypt, and in the columns of the great hall of Karnak.—Still the paragraph that we quote is again in gross error when it describes the ruins of Thebes as twenty-seven miles in circumference, and the story of a hundred gates but a passage from ancient poetry. The ruins of Thebes are but few in number and lie in detached places two miles or so apart on one side of the hill and about the same on the other side. The monolithic statues, one of which lives in tradition as the vocal Memnon, are indeed wonderful remains of the grandeur of ancient art, and so are nearly all the Theban ruins. No architect of modern times would undertake to build one column of the tweive great columns of Karnak.—Each of these is a column tweve feet in diameter and nearly ninety feet high—made of sections of stones piled one on the other.

The great stones of ancient art are found at Baalbeck in Syaria. The Roman ruins there overlie the remains of a Cyclopean age. History and tradition are silent as to the men who hewed those grandest remaining memories of the days of giants. Ten stones in one course, side by side, are each about thirty feet long, thirteen feet high, and ten feet six inches thick. At right angles with this course is another of six similar stones about the same size as the former, and on these six stones lie the three great monoliths of ancient workmanship. These three stones measure in gross 180 feet in length—each being 63 feet long, 13 feet high and about the same thickness. No man knows who hewed them and laid them there. A fourth stone of the same general dimensions, lies in a quarry a mille distant, whence it never was removed, doubtless it has lain there more than three thousand years.

We might correct other errors in the paragraph we have copied. The siege of Ninevah and that of Babylon are merely conjectural. The story of the Egyptian labrynth is from the father of historians, and some profane people have regarded Herodotus as a father of falsehood too, though, it is not to be denied that modern discoveries are doing much to establish the credit of the old Greek.

[*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*]

☞"I am glad this coffee dont owe me anything," said Brown, a boarder at the breakfast table.

"Why?" said Smith.

"Because," said Brown, "I dont believe it would ever settle!"

☞Two kinds of eggs are used in making 'Tom and Jerry,' namely, hen's eggs and nutm-eggs.

☞Why is a lady who has bought a sable cape at half price, like an officer absent on leave? Because she's got her fur-low

☞Why is a kiss like a sermon? It requires two heads and an application.

[From the New Hampshire Patriot.]

How Richmond was not Taken.

When Gen. McClellan went to Yorktown last spring he had the promise of certain forces for the capture of Richmond. Upon his arrival before the rebel works at Yorktown he was informed by the Washington authorities that a large portion of those forces (McDowell's corps and Franklin's division, some 60,000,) would not be allowed to join him; but McDowell's 40,000 were sent to rest in idleness at Fredericksburg. This interference with his plans and diminution of his forces not only prevented him from "bagging" the rebel army at Yorktown, and thus securing the capture of Richmond, but caused all the terrible losses and sufferings of the subsequent campaign.

Afterwards, in May, when Gen. Porter's corps marched to Hanover Court House, 20 miles north of Richmond towards Fredericksburg, if McDowell then had been permitted to join him there, Richmond would have been taken, and all the losses and sufferings of Pope's retreat and the Maryland campaign would have been avoided.

These are now facts of history, substantiated as conclusively as such facts can ever be proved. Such is the testimony of Gen. McClellan, recently given in a Court Martial at Washington in the case of Gen. McDowell. In that testimony he said:

"I have no doubt said, for it has ever been my opinion, that *the Army of the Potomac would have taken Richmond had not the corps of Gen. McDowell been separated from it.* It is also my opinion that had the command of Gen. McDowell joined the Army of the Potomac in May, by way of Hanover Court House from Fredericksburg, *we should have had Richmond within a week after the junction.* I do not hold Gen. McDowell responsible, in my mind, for the failure to join me on either occasion."

He also testified that the troops for the defense of Washington numbered about 70,000, exclusive of McDowell's corps.

"Gen. McClellan, in answer to certain questions of the Court, gave his opinion that Jackson's movement against General Banks was to prevent reinforcements being sent to the army of the Potomac, and he expressed that opinion to the President in a telegram within a day of the time he (McClellan) received information of Jackson's movement. If McDowell had moved direct upon Hanover Court House instead of in the direction of Front Royal, Jackson would have rapidly retraced his steps to join the main rebel army at Richmond. With a strong army of our own in the vicinity, and threatening it, McClellan did not think the rebels would have detached a sufficient force to seriously endanger the safety of Washington."

Here is the opinion of the ablest military commander of the country, that but for the withdrawal of McDowell's corps, Richmond would have been taken. Here is also his opinion that if McDowell had been permitted to join him in May, Richmond would have been taken within a week. But this does not rest upon his opinion alone. Such was McDowell's opinion and that of the ablest commanders of the Army of the Potomac. Such is the recorded opinion of the Prince de Joinville who was with the army; and *such was the opinion and expectation of the people of Richmond at the time.* This latter fact is stated by Mr. W. H. Herbert, who was then a prisoner there and had favorable opportunities of learning their views and fears.

Now it is an established and admitted fact that Abraham Lincoln alone is responsible for this wicked interference with Gen. McClellan's plans and for defeating his success; and it is thereby proved that *the capture of Richmond was twice defeated*, in the space of two months, by him. This cannot now be denied. It was Abraham Lincoln who divided the Army of the Potomac, and gave Gen. McDowell a separate command. It was he who refused to allow McDowell to join McClellan, afterwards, when McDowell wrote to him that Little Mac had reached Hanover Court House, and added, "For God's sake, Mr. President, let me join him at this critical moment." It was he who ordered McDowell's retreat, even after Secretary Stanton, bitter as he was against McClellan, had given him permission to advance. In his testimony before the Court Martial, Gen. McClellan said—"*The President assumed the responsibility of the change in McDowell's destination.*" He wanted McDowell to defend Washington, "although the force in and around Washington," says McClellan, "was double that deemed necessary by the officers." *It is the President* who has, in every instance, yielded to the political pressure for interference with McClellan's plans. And why did he thus wiltully, as it seems, defeat this great purpose? As the Providence *Post* says, "we had Richmond at our fingers' end, *but the prize was snatched away by Abraham Lincoln!* Was McDowell needed to defend Washington? NO! Nobody believes it. *We do not think Abraham Lincoln believed it at the time!* The truth is, it was deemed better that *we* should lose a thousand chances of capturing Richmond, than that George B. McClellan should capture it!"

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

DESPATCH FROM GEN. BURNSIDE TO GEN. HALLECK.

Particulars of the Engagement.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, December 19.

To Major General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief U. S. A., Washington:

General:—I have the honor to offer the following reasons for moving the Army of the Potomac across the Rappahannock sooner than was anticipated by the President, Secretary of War or yourself, and for crossing at a point different from the one indicated to you at our last meeting at the President's:

During my preparations for crossing at the place I had first selected, I discovered that the enemy had thrown a large portion of his force down the river and elsewhere, thus weakening his defences in front; and I also thought I discovered that he did not anticipate the crossing of our whole force at Fredericksburg, and hoped by rapidly throwing the whole command over at that place to seperate, by a vigorous attack, the forces of the enemy on the river below from the forces behind and on the crest, and in the rear of the town, in which case we could fight him with great advantage in our favor. To do this we had to gain a height on the extreme right of the crest, which height commanded a new road lately made by the enemy for the purpose of more rapid communication along his lines, which point gained, his position along the crest would have been scarcely tenable, and he could have been driven from them easily by an attack on his front in connection with a movement in the rear of the crest.

How near we came to accomplishing our object future reports will show. But for the fog and unexpected and unavoidable delay of building the bridges, which gave the enemy twenty-four hours more to concentrate his forces in his strong positions, we could certainly have succeeded, in which case the battle would have been, in my opinion, far more decisive than if we had crossed at the place selected; as it was, we came very near success.

Failing in accomplishing the main object, we remained in order of battle two days, long enough to decide that the enemy would not come out of his strongholds to fight us with his infantry, after which we recrossed to this side of the river unmolested, without the loss of men or property.

As the day broke our long lines of troops were seen marching to their different positions as if going on parade.—Not the least demoralization or disorganization existed.

To the brave officers and soldiers who accomplished the feat of thus recrossing in the face of the enemy, I owe everything. For the failure in the attack I am responsible, as the extreme gallantry, courage and endurance shown by them was never excelled, and would have carried the points had it been possible.

To the families and friends of the dead I can only offer my heartfelt sympathy, but for the wounded I can offer my earnest prayers for their comfort and final recovery.

The fact that I decided to move from Washington on to this line rather against the opinion of the President, Secretary, and yourself, and that you have left the whole movement in my hands, without giving me orders, makes me the more responsible.

I will visit you very soon and give you more definite information, and hereby will send you my detailed report, in which a special acknowledgment will be made of the services of the different grand divisions, corps, and my general and personal staff departments of the Army of the Potomac, to whom I am much indebted for their support and hearty co-operation.

I will add here that the movement was made earlier than you expected, and after the President, Secretary and yourself requested me not to be in haste, for the reason that we were supplied much sooner by the different staff departments than was anticipated when I last saw you.

Our killed amount to 1,152, our wounded about 9,000, our prisoners about 900, which have been paroled and exchanged for about the same number taken by us.

The wounded were all removed to this side of the river before the evacuation, and are being well cared for. The dead were all buried under a flag of truce.

The surgeons report a much more larger proportion of slight wounds, 1,637 only being treated in the hospitals.

I am glad to represent the army at the present time in good condition, thanking the government for that entire support and confidence which I have always received from them.

I remain, General, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
A. E. BURNSIDE,
Maj. Gen. Com'g. Army of the Potomac.