



D. W. MOORE, G. B. GOODLANDER, Editors. VOL. XXXIV.—WHOLE NO. 1766

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

CLEARFIELD, PA WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1863.

TERMS—\$1 25 per Annum, if paid in advance. NEW SERIES—VOL. IV.—NO. 3.

Select Poetry.

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

How sweet the rest that labor yields The humble and the poor...

From the Presbyterian.

A VOICE FROM A PEW.

Intended for the Ear of the Pulpit.

We have just laid down a morning paper containing a sermon, (so called,) delivered on a late Sabbath...

Not long since, with heavy heart, we visited a neighboring sanctuary, and heard a sermon from the text "I am the bread of life..."

RESTORATION OF DECOMPOSED BONES.—The human body, in so advanced a state of decomposition as to be entirely unrecognizable...

BON MOR.—The Washington Star, inspired by the recent Federal victories, indulges in the following bon mot: THE TWO BURGERS.

THE WAR NEWS.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.] The U. S. steam transport Arago, Henry A. Gadsden, commanding, from Fort Royal, S. Carolina, at 10:30 a. m., and Charleston Bar at 5 p. m., on Thursday, July 13, arrived at this port yesterday afternoon...

The intelligence by the Arago confirms the telegrams already published from retail sources respecting the second assault upon Fort Wagner, on Morris Island, by Gen. Gilmore's forces and the monitors, mortar schooners and gunboats, under Admiral Dahlgren...

The bombardment was conducted in a spirited manner, Gilmore's batteries initiating the work, and Admiral Dahlgren's five monitors, the Ironsides, two mortar schooners and three wooden gunboats, quickly joining in the engagement.

The enemy replied briskly from Fort Wagner and Battery Bee, just beyond the Cumming's Point, while bunter kept up a sharp fire from her southwestern face, among which were two rifled pieces of heavy calibre...

Soon after 4 o'clock the firing from Fort Wagner ceased. It was then known that our brave fellows had succeeded in dismounting one gun, and it was also pretty well ascertained that another of the rebel pieces had burst...

This was at dusk, and both brigades were formed in line on the beach, the regiments being disposed in columns, except the colored regiment which for some reason was given the post of extreme honor and danger in the advance...

Gen. Strong's brigade under this fire moved along the beach at a slow time for about three quarters of a mile, when the men were ordered to lie down. In this position they remained half an hour, Sumter meanwhile being joined in the cannonade by the rebels in Battery Bee...

The negroes, however, plunged on regardless of this murderous reception, and many of them crossed the ditch, although it contained four feet of water, gaining the parapet. They were dislodged, however, in a few minutes with hand grenades, and retired helter skelter, leaving more than half their number, including their colonel, dead upon the field.

The 6th Connecticut regiment, under Lieut. Col. Rodman, was next in support of the 54th, and they also suffered terribly, being compelled to retire after a stubborn contest. The 9th Maine, which was next in line was broken up by the passage of the remnant of the repulsed colored regiment through its lines, and retired in confusion, excepting three companies which nobly stood their ground.

breast of Col. Jackson's coat was torn off at the same time by a piece of shell, slightly wounding him. Neither of these brave men would lie down to escape the rain of metal, but stood unflinchingly throughout, eliciting the unbounded admiration of their men...

A little while afterwards the other brigade came up, and made up for their apparent tardiness by glorious deeds of valor, rushing impetuously up the glacis, undeterred by the fury of the enemy, whose fire was not intermitted for a second, several of the regiments succeeded in crossing the ditch, scaling the parapet and descending into the fort...

About midnight the order was given to retire, and our men fell back to the rifle pits outside of our own works, having engaged in as hotly contested a battle as has ever been fought.

Our casualties, as may reasonably be expected, were very large. The list of killed, wounded and missing foots up fifteen hundred and thirty.

Among the killed are Col. Putnam, of the Seventh New Hampshire; Col. Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts; Lieut. Col. Green, of the Forty-eighth New York; Adjutant Libby, of the Third New Hampshire.

General Seymour was wounded in the foot, while directing movements in the field.

Colonel Barton, of the Forty-eighth New York, was wounded in the thigh by a ball, which flattened against the bone.

Lt. Col. Rodman, of the 8th Conn., was seriously wounded.

Lt. Col. Bedell, of the 3d N. H., was taken prisoner.

The day after the fight, the steamers Cosmopolitan and Mary Benton were dispatched to Hilton Head with the wounded, and every house in Beaufort is occupied as a hospital.

Our dead bodies were buried on Monday, at least that portion of them that were on the field within the limits that our burying party was allowed to approach the rebel works. Those who fell on the glacis and in the ditch were interred by the enemy.

Individual instances of heroism during the contest were numerous. Among others it is mentioned that the color-bearer of the 54th Massachusetts stood nobly up on the glacis with his flag, endeavoring to rally the men...

The siege has not been suspended.—Operations are in progress which General Gilmore is confident will result in success.

The following extracts are from the corresponding of the N. Y. Tribune:

When the brigade made the assault Gen. Strong gallantly rode at its head.—When it fell back, broken, torn and bleeding, Major Plimpton, of the Third New Hampshire, was the highest commissioned officer to command it.

Gen. Strong, Col. Shaw, Col. Chatfield, Colonel Barton, Col. Green, and Col. Jackson, all had fallen. Stories are flying about that this regiment and that regiment broke and ran; that but for the frightened 54th Massachusetts (colored) we would have carried the fort; that the 9th Maine did not reflect much honor upon the gallant State she represents, and a thousand other reasons which I care not to enumerate.

It is absurd to say these men did not fight, and were not exposed to perhaps the most deadly fire of the war, when so many officers and so many of the rank and file were killed. It must be remembered, too, that this assault was made in the night—a very dark night—even the light of the stars was obscured by the blackness of a heavy thunderstorm, and the enemy could be distinguished from our own men only by the light of a bursting shell and the flash of the howitzer and the musket.

Another Assault and Repulse.—Desperate Fighting.

The 1st brigade, under the lead of Gen. Strong, failed to take the fort. It was now the turn of Col. Putnam, commanding the second brigade, composed of the 7th New Hampshire, the 62d Ohio, Col. Steele, the 67th Ohio, Col. Vorhees, and the 100th New York, Col. Danely, to make the attempt. But alas! the task was too much for him. Through the same terrible fire he led his men to, over and into the fort, and for an hour held one half of it, fighting every moment of that time with the utmost desperation, and as with the first brigade, it was not until he himself fell killed, and nearly all his officers wounded, and no reinforcements arriving, that his men fell back, and the rebel shout and cheer of victory was heard above the roar of Sumter and the guns from Cummings Point.

SOUTHERN SYMPATHY.

A lively French writer represents a Quaker saying to a dog, whose inopportune barking had disturbed his courtship, "I will not harm thee, for my religion denies revenge, but I will show thee how a Quaker can punish." He thereupon leads the animal quietly to the gate, and raises the cry of "mad dog," whereupon the passer with sticks and stones assail and destroy the unfortunate brute.

This Administration has adopted this Quaker policy towards liberty. Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike, it hopes by the catch word of "southern sympathy" to direct the honest impulses of hatred to rebellion for a dishonest use.

Without a doubt many of our men fell from our own fire. The darkness was so intense, the roar of artillery so loud, the flight of grape and canister shot so rapid and destructive, that it was absolutely impossible to preserve order in the ranks of individual companies, to say nothing of the regiments.

Closing Scenes.

The battle is over; it is midnight; the ocean beach is crowded with the dead, the dying and the wounded. It is with difficulty you can urge your horse through to Lighthouse Inlet. Faint lights are glimmering in the sand holes and rifle pits to right as you pass down to the beach.

Written at Washington City Under the Nose of Lincoln!

WHY IS HE NOT ARRESTED AND BANISHED?

Martin F. Conway, an Abolition member of Congress, from the State of Kansas, has recently written a letter dated from the city of Washington to the editor of the New York Tribune, in which he uses the following language:

Thus the war became a failure and utterly ceased to bear upon the question of the subjugation of the South in any manner whatsoever; and now, whatever may be said to the contrary, there are few reflecting minds which have not come to the conclusion that THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE SOUTH IS AN ESTABLISHED FACT!

The war for the future, therefore, becomes simply an intramural in the hands of political managers to effect the results favorable to their own personal ends.

As to the Union, I would not give a cent for it, unless it stood as guarantee for freedom for every man, woman and child within its entire jurisdiction. I consider the idea that everything must be sacrificed to the Union as utterly preposterous. What was the Union made for that we should sacrifice ourselves to it? I, for one, would beg to be excused. As things stand, I WOULD SACRIFICE THE UNION TO FREEDOM any morning before breakfast.

Very truly yours, M. F. CONWAY.

WASHINGTON, May 29, 1863.

MEANING AND USE OF BAYETS.—We have heard and read of late a great deal about bayets, and many people don't know what to make of them, nor whether they are "fish, flesh, fowl, or red herring." Some imagine them to be the vast swamps lying between the Mississippi and its tributaries, or between any river and the uplands; and but few are acquainted with the fact that they are the off-shoots of large rivers along the low and alluvial bottoms of the Southwest.

The word is French, and means a gut or channel, and many of them are as jagged and serpentine in their course as the intestines themselves, and a good deal longer in their measurement. Some of them, for example, will strike away from the parent waters and make a long voyage of discovery through the unknown interior of the country; and after visiting the most outlandish places, here and there and everywhere, bending and doubling, then curving themselves into all sorts of fantastic shapes, return once more to the bosom of their mother, often scores and even hundreds of miles from the original starting point of their wandering. They are mostly sluggish streams, not very deep nor very wide, and it was the knowledge that these bayets formed a network of communication with all the Mississippi country which suggested to the mind of Admiral Porter the idea of sending an expedition to try and reach the Yazoo river, between Yazoo City and Vicksburg, thro' one or more of these convenient channels.

Mr. Lincoln, only four years ago, wrote to a committee of Boston Republicans as follows:

"Those who deny freedom to others, deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it." How much longer then, can he, denying as he does, "freedom to others" "under a just God" expect "to retain it" himself? —Exchange.

SEIZURE OF JEFF. DAVIS' PRIVATE LIBRARY.

A correspondent of the New York Herald writes from near Jackson, Miss., July 12, as follows: "Yesterday a company of cavalry escorting a foraging train learned from a negro the whereabouts of Jeff. Davis' library. They proceeded to the house, and there found thousands of volumes of books, and several bushels of private and political papers written by traitors North and traitors South. Some of these papers were brought into camp, and served as novel literature for our officers and men.

In addition to these, several valuable gold-headed walking canes were found, one of them presented to Davis by Franklin Pierce; on another one was the inscription, "From a Soldier to a Soldier's Friend." In many of the letters the subject of secession was warmly discussed. Some of these letters date back as far as 1852. Many of the more prominent writers accept the separation of the North and the South as a foregone conclusion, but only disagree as to how and when it should be done.

Davis is alluded to as the political Moses in this measure, and the allusions to him would seem as if he was looked upon in the light of a demigod. The great wrong we reproach to the seceded States is infidelity to the Democratic faith, that truth will overcome error. Yes, the Administration which makes war upon one section of the Union for rebelling against the Constitution, is now itself in rebellion against the Constitution. It admits thus that it was originally in the right, not by principle but by accident. It compels us Democrats to oppose it in the very interests of that Constitution which we with it united to uphold.

We have not budged one inch from our position; we stand on the Constitution and refuse to abandon it, and to follow the Administration into the labyrinth it has entered. It has changed the policy in which all agreed, and finds fault with us because we refuse to follow its downward path to fresh dissolution and certain destruction. We have never lost heart one instant, but it is repeating in its civil conduct that blunder in its military conduct which held back McDowell and saved Richmond. A fear has come over it, and like all the panic stricken it does exactly what it ought not to do.—Originally strong in the common consent of the people, impregnable when it rested on the Constitution, why is it that, in two short years, this Administration has secured a powerful opposition and intensely vindictive personal enmities. The cry of "Southern sympathy" will not answer.—Where was that sympathy two years ago?—How did it manifest itself? That cry is simply the assertion of an untruth more damaging than all the other untruths which have been perpetrated or permitted. If there be a large party in the free States which holds the South justified in secession, and rejoices in its success, then the South must be in the right.—Such will be the verdict of Europe.—Then, instead of this war being a great contest for the Constitution it would simply be a repetition of the old clash factions which have hitherto convulsed republics; it would simply prove that self government is delusion. It is bad enough to have such a sentence pronounced by the enemies of freedom, it is dreadful to hear it re-echoed, but it is terrible to find the Administration certifying to its truths by repressing free discussion. There is about as much probability of a man convincing the people of these States that the South is all right and the North all wrong, as of an infant coaxing the moon from its firmament by the eager grasping of its little fingers; but if any man should be found to discuss on such a text we do not know any way so effectual to make believers in his theory as to choke his utterance or punish his attempt. It will not do for the Administration to accuse others of that indifference to duty it has so singularly manifested; it will not do to charge that faith with coldness which shudders at a blow given to the Constitution by hands sworn to protect it; it will not do for the priest who mocks at the Gown to charge others with impiety. If from humble suggestion of right it has driven the democracy into fierce denunciation of wrong; if it has made war on the Government by every means known to the Constitution and the law as essential for that party as for the Government to war upon the rebellion, it is not our fault. There is one thing dearer than Union—it is liberty. We don't intend to give up either the one or the other, and we no more think the Government will succeed in conquering our liberties than secession its independence. But if by the mingled madness and weakness which seem to rule the hour we are compelled to a choice there will not be one moment of hesitation. The moment the American

people arrive at the conclusion which Gen. Burnside has announced, that they must deposit their liberty during this war and take it out of pawn only after victory, that instant secession is a "fixed fact."—The history of the world does not show one example of liberty returned, and this people is now about to make the experiment. We all recollect the fable of the horse and the man, and stories cannot be Copperhead under his recent majesty, we think that we may safely quote from Esop: "A horse, in a contest with a wolf asked the assistance of a man, who on jumping on his back soon dispatched the enemy. The horse, with many thanks, requested the rider to dismount. "Oh, no!" was the reply; "if you do not know that you have a good master, I know that I have a good servant." Horses have been ridden since that date.

THE DEATH OF MR. CRITTENDEN.—The Hon. John J. Crittenden, who died on Sunday, at his residence in Franfort, Ky., was in the 77th year of his age, and retained his faculties to the last moment, dying without pain or struggle. Mr. Crittenden's history is too well known to be repeated here in detail. He was born in Woodford county, Kentucky, was bred to the law, established his business at Franfort, was elected to the Legislature in 1816, and to the United States Senate in 1817, where he stayed only two years. In 1835 he was again chosen Senator; resigned in 1841, and went into President Harrison's cabinet as Attorney General; He was Tylerized in the fall of that year, and at once returned to the Senate to fill the remainder of Henry Clay's term. In 1848 he resigned and was elected Governor of Kentucky by the old Whig party. President Fillmore made him again Attorney General, where he remained until President Pierce came in, when he once more returned to the Senate for the term ending in 1861. His latest political labors were devoted to the attempt to pacify the people of the South, by the celebrated compromise which is known by his name.

EXALTING THE NEGRO.—Dr. Touqueville in his celebrated work on the "Democracy of America," in speaking of the negroes, made this remark: "Whenever the whites and blacks have lived together in the same State, history has opened but two accounts between them, viz: When the whites by reason of their intellectual superiority, were stronger than the blacks, they reduced them to slavery; and when, by reason of their vast numerical superiority, the blacks rose and murdered the whites. There is no other historical account between the two."

It has been disclosed that the "Union League" of Chicago has applied to the Governor of that State, through a gentleman who occupies a seat on the bench of the Superior Court, for firearms to put into the hands of the members of the "League," and to be used by them, not against the rebels, but against the "copperheads."

The Chicago Times says, that if the Governor grants the request thus to furnish arms to a secret political party, the democracy of the city will be compelled to self-defence to provide arms for themselves at their own expense.

Life must be pretty fast in some of our cities, if we are to judge by the following item from a contemporary: "We feel bound to deny that one of our lawyers put on his door, 'gone to bury my wife, be back in half an hour.' But censor compels us to say that one of our lumbering merchants, the last sickness of his wife occurring in the busiest season, was only able to get in time for the second prayer at her funeral."

RELIEVED FROM DUTY.—Capt. James M. Cutts, of the 11th Infantry, charged with spying through the keyhole of a lady's room at the Burnett House, Cincinnati, has been relieved from duty as judge advocate of the department of Ohio, by command of General Burnside. Major Henry L. Burnett, Second Ohio Cavalry, has been appointed judge advocate in place of Cutts. —N. Y. Times.

The letters that spell debt are the initials of the sentence, "Don't Ever Pay a Trifle," and the letters that spell fraud are the initials of the sentence, "Call Regularly Every Day—It'll Trust."