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PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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Select Poetry.

NO IRISH NEED APPLY.

The other day as I walked out Upon a wild goose chase, I saw an advertisement About a decent place. I knew well that the place would suit, But I can't tell you why, The lady said, did you not read, "No Irish need apply!"

THE ARREST OF CIVILIANS.

What, would the people of England have thought, said, or done under the following circumstances, supposing it to have been possible they could have occurred? John Bright, an able, clear-headed, logical speaker, and an earnest advocate of peace, addressed the people of Rochdale, in the year 1854, on the subject of the war in the Crimea. So high is his reputation for eloquence, as well as for courage and patriotism, that not only his immediate neighbors and friends, but multitudes of people from all the contiguous districts, gathered to listen to his voice and cheer the noble expression of his sentiments. He denounced the war as wrong in principle, erroneous in policy, unjust and iniquitous in itself, and more dangerous in its continuance to the liberty and prosperity of the British people than to the stability of the Russian empire. He declares that Lord Aberdeen is little better than an old woman; that Lord Panmure thinks too much of "Dowb" and too little of his duty to the country to be a safe or an efficient Minister in a time of national danger; that speculation and peculation, jobbery and robbery, pervade every department of the public service; and that war, always deplorable and wicked, is particularly horrible and unchristian when waged in defence of such a rotten and effete institution as the Turkish empire, which maintains slavery, and is therefore no fit member of the comity of nations. He is not aware, when speaking, that two officers of the Grenadier Guards, disguised in citizen's attire, have been sent to the meeting by the War office to take notes of his speech, and having ended his oration, amid the enthusiastic applause of his audience, goes home to supper. A few nights afterwards, thinking no evil, and believing himself to be a citizen of a free country, he retires quietly to bed as usual. But his sleep is not permitted to be of long duration. Shortly after midnight he is aroused by a violent knocking at the outer door. He springs to his feet, thinking the house is on fire, and rings the fire alarm accordingly. His wife, children and household gather in great alarm, in their night clothes on the stairs and passages. The outer door is battered in, and a company of soldiers enter, the captain with his sword in his hand, and each man presents a bayonet at the breast of the bewildered legislator. The ladies and children scream or faint, while Mr. Bright is told to dress immediately and consider himself a prisoner. Mr. Bright dresses himself, but objects to go to prison. The generous blood of a true-hearted Englishman rushes to his face, and he declares that he will rather die defending his life than yield to his lawless and brutal captors. His words are vain. He is violently seized and hurried through the streets to the railway station, where a special train is in waiting to convey him to Birmingham. On arrival he is locked up in a military prison. Next morning he is brought before a court martial, composed of one brigadier general, one colonel, one lieutenant colonel, three majors and two captains, and put on trial on a charge of sedition and treason. He declines to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the court, and demands as a British subject to be tried before a civil judge and a jury of his countrymen. His demand is haughtily and summarily rejected, and the trial proceeds. The officers and "gentlemen" who condescend to act the part of spies for the Government detail and somewhat pervert the expressions which he used in denunciation of the war and the conduct of the Administration; and after an investigation that lasts two days, Mr. Bright is committed to prison until the judges agree upon their verdict, and decide whether he shall be incarcerated till the war is over, banished to Russia to live for the future among the friends with whom he sympathizes, or is summarily shot or hung.—Would the British people tamely submit to such a wrong inflicted even upon a much humbler person than John Bright? Would not the newspapers of all shades of political opinion unite in expressing their indignant displeasure? And would not the House of Commons and the House of Lords also ring with denunciation of the act? And, if these bodies were not in session, would not every city and town in the kingdom hold immense public meetings to call upon the Queen to dismiss from her councils the unworthy Ministry who so degraded their function and so grievously imperilled the public peace? Every honest Englishman who values the inestimable right of free discussion and the supremacy of law will reply in the affirmative. Substitute the name of Clement Laird Vallandigham for that of John Bright, and the war against the South for the war against Russia; lay the scene in Ohio, in 1863 instead of in England in 1854, and the imaginary story becomes true; and every incident related is a literal fact. And what, it may be asked in England, have Americans done under the circumstances? They have done nothing. The leading newspapers are silent. The leading people are so busily engaged in making money that they have neither time nor inclination to attend to such a trivial matter. A meeting of Democrats held to protest against the matter is but thinly attended. Several clergymen publicly from the pulpit approve the "vigor" displayed by the Government, and rabid politicians in petitions express their unfeigned joy at the arrest of so distinguished a "Copperhead," and hope he will be hanged or shot, as a warning to other evil-doers who dare to speak of peace. It may be objected to the comparison between the imaginary case of Mr. Bright and the actual case of Mr. Vallandigham that in the one it is a foreign war which is in question, and in the other a civil war. The distinction may be admitted without damage to the inference. If a man be the free citizen of a constitutional Government he has

JUDICIAL SUBSERVIENCY.

If there is any one thing more than another calculated to excite melancholy in the present alarming condition of our country, it is the base, truckling subservience of the judiciary, with here and there honorable exceptions, to the despotism that rules us. The sagacity which can not be misled by sophistry; the integrity which nothing can shake or bribe; the courage that can wither despotic authority at a glance, that are all looked for in an American Judiciary, seem gone; and in their stead have come, cringing cowardice, presumptuous ignorance, and time-serving corruption. As we read the judicial decisions since the issuing of Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation, one is reminded of those corrupt Judges who gave judgment for the crown in the matter of ship money, in the reign of the first Charles. They vied with each other, who could be the most servile. Said Justice Cawley, of the Common Pleas: "The law knows no king-yoking policy. The law itself is an old and trusty follower of the king's; it is his instrument by which he governs the people.—I never heard that law was *res*; but it is common and most true that *res* is *lex*."—Vernon, another disgrace to the ermine that covered his shoulders, gave his opinion in these degrading words: "The King may, *pro bono publico*, charge his subjects for the safety and defense of the kingdom, notwithstanding any act of Parliament, and the King may dispense with laws in case of necessity." Nothing is more certain than this fact, that a nation, where any spirit is left, soon becomes revolutionary, where the judicial power is subservient to the Government, to carry out its decrees. When the streams of justice are troubled at the fountain head, the waters that flow from them over the land soon become a curse instead of a blessing. The people become ardent, and if there be any virtue left, it will not be long before they assert their inalienable rights, and amid the throes of revolution, liberty will be born again, or else perish in the travail.—The servility of a venal judiciary upon this question of ship money was soon followed by the infamous outrages of the Star Chamber, which soon stirred up the flames of a civil war, in which the King and his corrupt judges quickly perished. Hitherto, since the formation of our Government the political horizon has been comparatively calm. There have been some threatening clouds now and then, but no destroying tempest. In the main, the fundamental rights of men have been scrupulously respected, and the laws duly observed and administered. A learned bench and an upright bar quietly preserved the order of the system. But a reverse has come. Two years of civil war have upturned the old foundations. Power, tending to augmentation, as in all such convulsions, has gone on step by step in its usurpation, until it has assumed the form of a despotism. Instead of resisting its encroachments, we find the judiciary almost everywhere encouraging and countenancing them. The decision of Judge Betts and Cadwalader, make manifest how basely these men are bowing to the storm. They are but imitators of the servile judges of the first Charles; in fact they are worse, because the case before the twelve judges involved simply a question in reference to the regularities of the King—the questions now to be decided involve not only the personal liberty of the subject, but the life of the nation. If, amid all the arbitrary principles and arbitrary measures of the Executive, he is to find his most devoted and unquestioning supporters among the judges of the land, then, indeed, are the liberties of this people hopelessly gone. We suppose soon we shall have the issue of orders from Lincoln, to his judges, similar to those once given by James the I: "You must check the advocates who presume to argue against my prerogative. The popular lawyers have ever been the men, since my accession, who have in all parliaments trodden it under foot. Remember the law can never be respected unless the King is revered." When the monarch uttered these words, the twelve judges fell upon their knees and acknowledged their grievous error. These men prostituted their integrity and their name, through fear of losing their offices and of incurring the unmerciful and ruinous penalties of the Star Chamber. From the specimens we have had of the judicial independence in our day, we doubt whether they would do any better. They seem to have as exalted an opinion of Mr. Lincoln's prerogative as the servile judges under James, for they actually held: "That there was a kind of paramount sovereignty in the king, which they denominated his absolute power, incident," as they say, "to the abstract nature of sovereignty, and arising out of its primary office of saving the State from destruction."—If this is not Mr. Lincoln's war power, and the power under which all his acts are justified, we shall be happy to learn wherein it differs.

THE GOSPEL OF PEACE.

If any man has watched closely the course of some of the clergy in this city, he must have been astounded at the want of knowledge of the world they display, and the little regard they have for the character of their profession. Some wag once said, "that candidates for holy orders are often times persons claiming authority to show their fellow-creatures the way to Heaven, because they have been unable to make their own way on earth." Mere cloister men, with very little knowledge of the world or the world's ways, they no sooner mount a pulpit, than they conceive they are then to instruct men in politics as well as religion. Their intemperate meddling with the former, aided very materially in bringing on this present fearful civil war. Who can ever forget the scathing rebuke that Mr. Douglas administered to the three thousand clergymen who desired to instruct him in his political course? Who can forget the intemperate language and the vile abuse that have characterized the debates in religious conventions upon the subject of slavery? All serving to intensify and embitter the feelings of the South? Who will ever forget the insane appeals that have been made from many pulpits in the North, where the ministers of the meek and lowly one of Nazareth, "whose feet should be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," come into the sacred desk with the battle-light upon their countenances, and garments rolled in blood, such men as Tyng, Cheever, Beecher, and many others who might be named, have clearly mistaken their calling, and upon their souls must rest the fearful responsibility, both here and hereafter, of doing what Pilate did: "mingling blood with their sacrifices." They have been foremost among those who "have made haste to shed blood." They have used every effort to excite the minds of their congregations to hatred, revenge and bitterness, instead of to love, peace and good will. If they minded their true mission they would discover that they had nothing to do with the sword of steel that pierces the body, but only with "the sword of the spirit which is the word of God." If they must elevate a shield, let it only be "the shield of faith, wherewith they shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." These men seem to be ashamed of the gospel of Peace, of Him who is King of Salem, that is King of Peace. They appear to love the testimony of men rather than the testimony of the Lord. The effect of their conduct has been to drive many well-meaning men from the sanctuary, shocked at the glaring inconsistencies and contradictions in the lives and examples of those who minister therein. Never was infidelity and irreligion so rife in the land as now, and the cause of it is to be found in the mad inconsistencies of the clergy. Let our clergy remember what Chaucer says, in his Canterbury Tales, of the Person: "His preaching such, but more his practice wrought— A living sermon of the truths he taught, For this, by rules severe his life he squared, That all might see the doctrines which they heard. The gold of heaven, who bear the God impressed; But when the precious coin is kept unclean, The sovereign image is no longer seen. If they be foul, on whom the people trust, Well may the baser brass contract rust." —N. Y. Daily News.

COTTON PLANTING EXPERIMENT.

The following extract from a letter to the Chicago Tribune discloses that the cotton planting experiment in Southern Illinois has proved a failure: The failure of the cotton planting experiment in Illinois, though resulting from a frost, which is extraordinary for its extent and severity at so early a day, will at any rate save the people from the temptation to make similar experiments in the future. A very favorable season would have lured them into most expensive enterprises, in future years, which could not be otherwise than disastrous. It is surprising that intelligent men should have encouraged the farmers of Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, to attempt cotton planting, when the fact is notorious that the plant is never cultivated, except on a very small scale, in North Carolina and Tennessee, north of the 36th parallel of latitude. Not one of the northern counties in these States raises cotton to any considerable extent, in future years, which is surprising that intelligent men should have encouraged the farmers of Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, to attempt cotton planting, when the fact is notorious that the plant is never cultivated, except on a very small scale, in North Carolina and Tennessee, north of the 36th parallel of latitude. Not one of the northern counties in these States raises cotton to any considerable extent, in future years, which is surprising that intelligent men should have encouraged the farmers of Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, to attempt cotton planting, when the fact is notorious that the plant is never cultivated, except on a very small scale, in North Carolina and Tennessee, north of the 36th parallel of latitude. Not one of the northern counties in these States raises cotton to any considerable extent, in future years, which is surprising that intelligent men should have encouraged the farmers of Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, to attempt cotton planting, when the fact is notorious that the plant is never cultivated, except on a very small scale, in North Carolina and Tennessee, north of the 36th parallel of latitude.

FIVE YEARS A WIFE, AND NINETEEN YEARS A WIDOW.

A WANDERER RETURNED.

Romantic stories occasionally find their way into newspapers, in the form of local items. They are not always to be relied upon. The state of the local market is sometimes the key to their credibility, and when a dearth of items prevails, that fact should receive a fair degree of allowance. But it is not always the most improbable story that has the least foundation in fact. Truth is stranger than fiction.—Our informant prefixed that remark to his own revelation, which is about as follows—and we are not suffering under an item-famine, we must bespeak the reader's credulity for the case in hand: Twenty-four years ago this blessed October, a young gentleman and lady, who shall be nameless, living then in Old England, met like Rachel and Jacob, at a well-curb, and exchanged healths and vows.—It was love at first sight; at second sight they were married. They moved to America, and begat sons and daughters.—Five years of wedded life elapsed, and one fine morning the affectionate and devoted husband, who was never before known to forego the slightest conjugal or paternal obligations, was missing. Nineteen years passed by, in which the absent husband was mourned as mysteriously deceased, and quite forgotten by widow and children. They had moved from their original residence in pursuit of a better fortune, and they came to Rochester, where they have for some time resided. Last week, while the widow was sighing in loneliness at the protracted absence of her eldest son, somebody knocked at the door, which was opened, and lo, the husband appeared! The renegade took a chair, and said he had come back to take care of his family. He had been like Sinbad, the sailor, wandering over the earth and sea, sometimes throwing beefsteaks into the diamond valley and making heavy profits on recovering them from the cormorants that picked 'em up; he had been to Lilliput and Brobdingnag, engineering huge caravans across Sahara, traced the sources of the Nile, slept in the grottoes of Monte Cristo, made a phenological chart of the Sphinx, revelled in the halls of the Aztecs, eaten mud pies with the Hotentots, and turned the cold shoulder on the Esquimaux. In short, he was narrating his experience at length, when his oldest daughter moved that he adjourn *sine die*, as they all supposed that he had, long ago. A vote was taken on the proposition by the family circle, and although the wife and mother only sustained the negative, she maintained that she was in the majority; that the erring husband should remain; that poverty was his best recommendation, and if he could not take care of his family, she would take care of him, according to the original tenor of their agreement, "till death do them part." Comment is superfluous.—Rochester Democrat.

DEFEAT OF ROSECRANS.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune gives a long and particular account of the late battle between Rosecrans and Bragg, and acknowledges it to have resulted in a disastrous defeat of the Union army. He says: "A week ago, no prouder, mightier, trustier host than the Army of the Cumberland was marshalled under the flag of the Union. Alas for the uncertainties of war! To-day it is more than decimated—bleeding—shattered—vanquished!" And, after describing the plan of the battle and the operations resulting in our defeat, he concludes as follows: "While the struggle of Saturday ended in a drawn battle, that of Sunday resulted in a disastrous defeat. The failure of the first day was partly due to the greater numerical strength of the enemy, and partly to the deficient formation of battle. That of the second is justly ascribed to improper tactics on the battle field, and above all to the absence of command. The inspiring example set and influence exercised by the Commander-in-Chief at Stone River were wanting—he having been compelled to leave the field and return to Chattanooga before the action was over." Our losses are great. That in killed, wounded and missing, will probably reach 10,000. Our artillery, we are less some fifty pieces, mostly lost on Sunday. Of wagons, loaded with ammunition and supplies, ambulances, etc., we have also lost a great number. They were abandoned in the retreat on Sunday. We have purposely refrained, thus far, from making any allusion, editorially, to the defeat of Rosecrans. The hopes of the people are low enough, and we hoped that the disaster might not be so complete and overwhelming as it at first seemed to be. But despite all the attempts of the telegraph and press to break the sad news gradually and to keep back the worst, the truth has come out at last. It would have been far better to have let the people know the real condition of affairs from the first. But it seems as if the powers that be will never learn to trust the masses.—Valley Spirit and Times.

GENERALS IN THE NEXT CONGRESS.

The following-named officers will leave the army on the 1st of December to take their seats in the United States House of Representatives: Gen. Robert C. Schenk, third district, Ohio; Gen. John A. Garfield, nineteenth district, Ohio; Gen. Ebenezer Dumont, sixth district, Indiana; Gen. Green Clay Smith, sixth district, Kentucky; Gen. Ben. F. Loan, seventh district, Missouri; Gen. Francis P. Blair, first district, Missouri.

A Scrap of History.

If HUME, the historian, lived now-a-days the radicals would pronounce him a Copperhead, because of the following passage in his history of England. Speaking of a certain passage in the reign of Henry VIII., (Hume; vol. iii, chap. xxxii): "The Parliament having thus resigned all their religious liberties, proceeded to an entire surrender of their civil; and, without scruple or deliberation, they made by one act a fatal subversion of the English Constitution. They gave to the King's proclamation the same force as to a statute enacted by Parliament, and to render the matter worse, if possible, they framed this law as if it was only declaratory, and were intended to explain the natural extent of royal authority. "The preamble contains that the King had formerly set forth several proclamations which froward persons had wilfully contemned, not considering what a king by his royal power may do; that this license might encourage offenders not only to disobey the laws of Almighty God, but also to dishonor the king's most royal majesty, who may full ill bear it; that sudden emergencies often occur which require speedy remedial, and cannot await the slow assembling and deliberations of Parliament. "For these reasons the Parliament that they might remove all occasion of doubt, ascertained by statute this prerogative of the crown, and enable his majesty, with the advice of his council, to set forth proclamations, enjoining obedience under whatever pains and penalties they should think proper; and these proclamations were to have the force of perpetual laws." One of the principal objections to Hume's great history is his well-known sympathy with the kingly prerogative; yet even he regarded the giving of the king's proclamation the power of a statute enacted by Parliament as a fatal blow to all civil liberty, and a subversion of a free constitution. Yet to-day a large party in this country believe that a proclamation by the President of the United States has all the binding force of law, although it ignores municipal, state, and congressional enactments, time and again re-enacted, and rendered sacred by judicial decisions. Mr. Lincoln himself, in his recent letter, seems to take it for granted that his proclamation is as good as any law passed by Congress, and will be held with as much reverence by the people as any law of the land. It is to be feared that "the people" are not so wise as they are credited to be, and that they are not so much attached to the principles of a free government as they are represented to be. It is to be feared that they are not so much attached to the principles of a free government as they are represented to be. It is to be feared that they are not so much attached to the principles of a free government as they are represented to be.

STARTLING CONTRAST.

Personal matters, and the argument ad hominem, have rarely much weight in the proper decision of grave public questions. Nor, indeed, should they. Yet, there are incidents of this description which are devoid from time to time so *apropos*—so illustrative by their parallelism or antithesis, or so demonstrative of motive, character, object, or purposed results—that it were unwise and illogical to overlook them. The following startling contrast strikes us as falling within the above category. We clip from an exchange paper this paragraph: "EXTRAVAGANCE.—Miss Kate, daughter of Secretary Chase, has recently imported a shawl worth \$3,000." From a city paper issued a few days since, we learn that the most shocking cases of destitution have been discovered by our street missionaries among the families of the soldiers in Bedford and other small streets. One woman was sick and almost naked, her last dress having been taken by a neighbor to use while going out for a necessary purpose, and clothing other than this dress she had none for a long time. The missionary was obliged to take his dressing gown to cover her while removing her to a proper place. Another was destitute, starving—dying on the pavement where she lay, unwept, uncared for, and unknown.—This one was sent to the almshouse and her life saved. From the public asylum she was afterward withdrawn and restored to her husband, who subsequently "returned from the war."—These are two cases only. But they are types, accurate—too accurate types—of a myriad of similar ones.—It may be throughout the land "two hundred thousand more."

This startling contrast shows what the policy of the present administration does for the two classes of our people—the shoddy lords who plan and direct the course of blunder and of crime, and the wretched masses who only suffer.—Age.

A PLEASED HUSBAND.—In a quiet town in Maine, a few Sabbaths since, there occurred an incident in the Methodist Church which it will perhaps do no harm to relate. A friend of the settled minister having officiated during the morning, as is customary, some of the members took occasion after the discourse to exhort the brethren or say a word of encouragement. Among others was the pastor's wife, who stated substantially that she believed her days were numbered—that she should soon be "home," and at rest with those who had gone before, whom she should soon meet, &c. Her husband, who occupied the pulpit during these remarks, sat rubbing his hands, apparently with great satisfaction, and shouting "Amen!" "Glory to God!" A broad smile was seen on the face of that congregation.

Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, has published a scathing reply to the protest of Bishop Potter and other abolition clergymen of Philadelphia. We shall endeavor to find room for it in our next issue.

A JEWISH PROVERB.

A Jewish proverb is to the effect that he who is not bred to a trade is bred to the gallows.

WHY IS A MAN THAT HAS BEEN KNOCKED DOWN LIKE A NEWLY FINISHED HOUSE?

Because he has been floored.

WHY IS A WHITE CRAB?

Because he is not more illuminative of brains than a black one.

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