



SELECT POETRY.

"Jefferson and Liberty."

[In compliance with request we publish the glorious old Democratic song of "Jefferson and Liberty." This song was sung for years at Democratic meetings. From that time to the close of Madison's administration; and it is felt, now that the people are overthrowing a more tyrannical and dangerous party than that which passed the Alien and Sedition Laws, that its reproduction at this time would be peculiarly significant and appropriate.]

Governor Curtin.

The special friends of Governor Curtin, claim credit for him because of the interest which he is alleged to have shown in the organization equipment and care of the State volunteers. We are not disposed to under value his services, or to detract from any merit to which he may be fairly entitled, and we admit that he has sometimes shown, and often declared, his desire to promote the comfort and efficiency of our soldiers. His advocates, however, must be cautious of claiming too much, for they thus compel painful reminiscence of his conduct on several occasions, which they themselves, condemned as infamous. For instance: the equipment of the three months' men was so imperfect and inefficient, that the general voice denounced the culpable carelessness everywhere apparent, and the gross corruption partially proved, which sent our troops into the field clothed in rotten shoddy, with blankets like paper, shoes with soles glued on, and, in all respects, ill provided for the unaccustomed hardship and exposure which they were compelled to encounter. So extreme was this error or so gross this crime, that the Attorney General, Mr. Purviance, felt it due to his character to resign his office and disclaim all connection with the Governor, or responsibility for his conduct, or complicity with the criminal who crowded the Capitol. The newspapers, now prominent in Governor Curtin's support, then denounced him with a relentless ferocity so excessive, as to excite our sympathy, and to induce us to defend him by declaring that the devil was not half so black as he was painted. The Philadelphia Inquirer, now the Governor's special organ, in the summer of 1861, devoted column on column, day after day, to detailed disclosures of the incompetency, meanness, and corruption which were boldly charged as treason to the State and cruelty to her soldiers. When our troops arrived at Washington, and contrasted themselves with those from other States, which had made due provision for their comfort, health and efficiency, their just indignation was boundless. The result was soon apparent—sickness appeared to an alarming extent, deaths were numerous, universal disgust prevailed. In a month our men were half naked, and large numbers of them physically incompetent for the performance of duty. Chiefly in consequence of this, General Patterson's ragged and barefoot regiments were unable or unwilling to remain in service beyond their period of enlistment. This prevented General Johnston's being attacked or held in check, and he was allowed to join Beauregard at Bull Run, at the critical moment when the rebels were half beaten and about to be crushed by M. Dowell's army. Instantly these fresh troops attacked our exhausted forces and changed the fortune of the day; and what is transcendently more important, changed the character of the contest, gave the rebels position before the world, and immediate recognition as belligerents. If we had beaten them at Bull Run they could never have borrowed a dollar, they could never have raised an army, their leaders could not have controlled the people, and probably South Carolina would soon have stood alone in resistance to Federal authority. The defeat at Bull Run expended a partial insurrection into a general rebellion, and has thus cost unnumbered thousands of lives and millions of treasure. In war, small causes often produce great results.—But the failure to attack Johnston did not arise from a small cause. It was an enormous wrong that the brave volunteers of the rich and powerful State of Pennsylvania should have been sent like paupers to the field—that wanton suffering should have been inflicted on them—that their powers should have been paralyzed when every energy was needed—and that, thus, the honor of the State was sullied, and the vital interests of the Nation sacrificed. It is said, in defense of Governor Curtin, that he had no direct concern in the purchases made for the volunteers, and that the business was novel and done in haste, that he fell into the hands of speculators, legislative borers, Jew peddlars, needy adventurers and unscrupulous politicians, and that this gang of miscreants betrayed his confidence and cheated the public. We give to him the benefit of these statements which amount, in effect, to a verdict of guilty and recommendation to mercy. It is not as a private gentleman, who has right to be foolish, but as Governor, bound to be wise, that he is on trial, and it might be unjust to join the Republicans of Allegheny and other counties in charging their candidate with having soiled his hands with personal plunder. It is

enough to say, that the man whose conduct has disgraced the commonwealth and largely contributed to ruin the Republic, has proved himself unfit for the great trust in which is involved the happiness, safety and prosperity of millions. The inefficiency which he thus exhibited at the commencement of the contest, pervaded his entire administration, and was consistently conspicuous in the last fatal error—when he sumpily stood by and permitted the rebels to ravage Pennsylvania. But to this we shall call attention hereafter, and we think we can prove that Gov. Curtin is as responsible for the State invasion, as for the disaster at Bull Run.

The Pennsylvania Germans.

The following is an extract from an address delivered by Hon. GEORGE W. WOODWARD, on the occasion of laying the corner stone of a monument in honor of SHUNK, at the Trappe, in Montgomery county, soon after the death of that honored patriot. It contains a well merited tribute to the Germans of Pennsylvania and we make room for it with pleasure: "Here, too let the monument of this man be built. To carry out its expression and appropriate associations, this is the place for it. The monument to the Swiss who fell at Paris defending the King in 1790, is in the very heart of the land whose children they were, and in which their faithfulness was taught and cherished. It is cut out of their native crags, in the midst of their beloved mountains. The same law of association locates Shunk's monument here. While its shadows fall softly on his grave, let it mark also the place of his nativity, and where he imbued those noble sentiments and affections which so strikingly illustrated and adorned his life.

Undoubtedly Governor Shunk's German blood and language helped his advancement in public favor. Germans, attracted at an early day by the fame of Penn, came in great numbers from the father land and settled in Pennsylvania, and have already formed a large and most respectable portion of our population. Though mixed with people of different habits of thought and action, who have displayed in Pennsylvania all the activity energy and enterprise that belong to the Scotch, Irish and Yankees, yet the Germans have maintained their ascendancy both in wealth and in social and political influence. Love of country—patient industry—sound judgement, and inflexible integrity are characteristics of the people and how these qualities have impressed the people of other extraction in Pennsylvania may be seen in the fact that our chief executive office has been entrusted to a German for more than half the time since the adoption of the Constitution of 1790. Snyder, Hooper, Shultz, Wolf, Ritner and Shunk were all Germans, and so is that estimable man recently nominated by acclamation, Col. William Bigler. In our Legislative halls and in governmental departments the Germans have always had a large representation. In the development of the agricultural resources of Pennsylvania, they have led the way, and done more to demonstrate the wisdom and profitability of good farming than any other class of our people. They love good land and they know how to make good use of it. Where on our continent—where in our world, will you find more independence, contentment and solid comfort than in the German families of our limestone valleys? It is a pleasant thought that a race of Governors has been nurtured amid the rich luxuriance and the exemplary virtues of these valleys—a pleasing thought it is too, that we have come at length, to erect in the bosom of one of the loveliest of these valleys, a monument to one of the noblest of these German Governors. The people may well love Shunk and honor his memory, for he was an exponent—an embodied expression of the characteristics of his race—and they may look on this monument as peculiarly theirs—as a memorial of what they have done for Pennsylvania—a concrete tribute to the virtues, the manly independence, and the stern republicanism of Pennsylvania Germans."

A HABEAS CORPUS FROM THE SUPREME COURT.—The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, sitting at Pittsburg, issued a writ of habeas corpus last week upon the Provoct Marshal, to produce the body of a drafted man who had been exempted by the Examining Board and a certificate to that effect given him, but who afterwards had been arrested, examined and pronounced fit for duty the allegation being error in the first examination. On a partial hearing the District Attorney obtained leave to amend the return in order to put in a plea against the jurisdiction of the Court, contending that the State Courts had no jurisdiction over questions arising under the new conscription law. On the subsequent hearing that plea was abandoned, and the argument was confined to the point above stated. After a full hearing Chief Justice Lowrie ordered the discharge of the man, holding that, from all that appeared by the return, the Board had exhausted their power when the certificate of exemption was granted, and that they had no further control over the prisoner.

Mr. Buckalew's Letter To the Meeting at Hughesville, Eastern Lycoming, August 22d, 1863.

GENTLEMEN OF LYCOMING:—You are to be commended for assembling yourselves as men opposed to the Administrations at Harrisburg and Washington, and I am glad to contribute to your proceedings the expression of some few earnest words. An issue between Power and Liberty is distinctly presented as by the policy of our rulers, and if we stand indifferent to it, or acquiesce in its decision according to the pleasure of those who aspire to be our masters, what shame will be ours! what loss and injury! what degradation and eternal disgrace! By liberty I do not mean license, but that regulated freedom established by our ancestors which we have enjoyed hitherto without question, and the example of which we have held forth proudly before other nations as the reproof of their systems and the glory of our own.

By power I do not mean legitimate authority, but authority usurped and lawless, pursuing its own ends over a broken Constitution and through the baleful flames of civil war. Between these—between power and liberty—can you hesitate in your choice? Will you hold up a balance and weigh, doubtfully, the arguments which sustain liberty against those which oppose it? Necessity—Safety—are these the magical words by which despotism is to be changed in character and made fit for our adoption? Shall the plea of tyrants be accepted as our standard of public rule? Shall we concede force, and justice, and wisdom, to one of the most impudent, false and injurious doctrines ever intruded into the discussion of public affairs?

But there is a necessity (quite different from that asserted on behalf of power) which we must now admit as most evident and urgent—a necessity that we rid ourselves of those who plead necessity as the justification of their misdeeds. Those who cannot govern lawfully and justly are not to govern at all, but to give place to others. For it is monstrous to say that the incapable and vicious shall lord it over their fellows. The rulers who say they cannot govern by law and according to right, stand self-condemned. Judged out of their own mouths, they are unfit for rule and should be voted out of power.

Gentlemen; the greatest son of New England spent most of his life and won his great fame in this Commonwealth. We are proud that he became a Pennsylvanian and took rank in our history with the founder of this State—with the illustrious man who established it "in deeds of peace." Let us try the logic of tyranny by the judgment of that great man. Let us invite the apologist of arbitrary power and advocate of "strong government," who fills our ears with impassioned discourse upon public safety, and national life, and necessity, to go with us to our great commercial metropolis and there stand with us beside the modest slab which marks the resting place of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin. Oh! how mean, and pitiful, and low, and utterly false and detestable will there sound all these apologies for wrong—all these pretenses for stealing away or taking away from the people, the rights and liberties achieved for them by the great men of former times! We will hear the voice of Franklin sounding in our ears those memorable words of wisdom and warning which should be written up or hung up in great letters wherever the people meet for consultation in times of public danger;—"THOSE WHO WOULD GIVE UP ESSENTIAL LIBERTY TO PURCHASE A LITTLE TEMPORARY SAFETY, DESERVE NEITHER LIBERTY NOR SAFETY!" Gentlemen; Your political opponents think that patriotism should be called loyalty, and made to consist in unconditional, unquestioning devotion to an administration of the government. I believe you will agree with me that this great virtue requires no new name borrowed from the literature of monarchy; that it shows in devotion to the Constitutions and laws of the United States and of the several States, and that the true patriot regards public officials with a respect precisely proportioned to their observance of law, justice and right, and to their skill, wisdom and honesty in the performance of their public duties.

Judge your public men fairly but freely. Let no man put a padlock upon your lips, nor impose upon you any of the false and pernicious sophisms of arbitrary power. An important election approaches in this commonwealth, and another important one succeeds it next year. At these, you are required to judge those who have ruled or misruled you since 1860, and to

determine, as far as your votes will go, the policy of the future. You need no labored exhortation from me to inspire you with zeal, courage, determination and fidelity in the discharge of your electoral duties. Behold! the evils which afflict the nation and the dangers which threaten it! These exhort you, beyond art of mine, to right action, and justify that opinion which we hold in common, that upon Democratic success in the elections just mentioned, depend the existence of free, liberal and just government in this country; a restoration of Union founded in consent; the avoidance of future wars, and the preservation and growth of that material prosperity which results from good government when vouchsafed to an united, industrious and virtuous people. I am, your fellow-citizen, and obed. servant, C. R. BUCKALEW.

Speech of Major Bradford.

Below we publish the speech of Major Bradford, Provost Marshall of the Lycoming and Susquehanna District. Read it. GENTLEMEN: I did not come out here to make a speech, as I never made a speech in public in my life; but I want to make a few remarks of what I have done during this war. Before this war commenced I was a Democrat; now I am a Republican. Gentleman, I was a Democrat until the Democrats took the wrong track. I have been a soldier for the last twelve years. I was in the Mexican war and have fought the Indians, and am now engaged fighting rebels for the last two years. I enlisted as captain, and after a battle in Tennessee (the Major had forgotten the name of the battle) and another battle fought in Kentucky, (he had forgotten the name of this, too)—after these great battles I was promoted to Major—I was stationed at a place in Kentucky with twenty men, when there came marching upon us 2,000 rebels—not saying that I fought the 2,000, but I gave orders to fall back, and we ran up a big hill and saved ourselves; but the rebels came upon us with such force I was taken prisoner by Col. Johnson. He says Major I will trouble you for your horse; but I told him I was lame and had the rheumatism and would like the horse to ride. He allowed me to ride my horse. He then asked me for my side arms. I said Colonel, I have side arms I generally carry along, and handed out a d—d big bottle of rye whiskey, and the Colonel took a d—d big drink and handed the bottle back. They took me to their hotel. Some of the Colonel's staff rode by and asked him if he had any live Yankees; then he says yes, I have got one. So they all come in and run all through the house, hunting for the live Yankee. I was sitting there, but they did not take me to be a Yankee. After I heard what they were about, I went up to them and told them I was the live Yankee they were looking for. I told them I was not a Yankee, but an honest Pennsylvania Dutchman. One of them asked me—were you a Pennsylvania Dutchman? I told him I was an honest Pennsylvania Dutchman. He said he thought by my looks I was a Kentuckian. No sir, I am an honest Pennsylvania Dutchman. One of them said I don't care a dam what you are, come up and take a drink. They treated me like a gentleman. After I was exchanged I was sent North, the first man I met was a woman, he was a blacksmith, he knew how to carry on this war, he said if he was President he would fix things in a different shape. He blamed the President and whole administration. I traveled further North and the next man I met was a woman and he was a carpenter, he knew how to carry on the war; he said if he was President this war would have ceased long ago. So you see every body knows how to carry on this war, but gentlemen, you have got to leave it to the President and Administration, for they know the best way to carry on this war.

The Ends of Justice Defeated.

In the report of the proceedings of Court, last week, we published the fact that Joseph Oliver and Joseph O-terstock had been convicted of assault and battery and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment in the county jail. The case, from the evidence, was a clear one, and the sentence in conformity with the aggravated nature of the assault. With these facts in view it can readily be perceived how the senses of the order-loving and law abiding citizens were shocked when they learned that almost before the ink was dry with which the sentence was recorded, a pardon for the convicted was produced. What representations were made to the Governor to induce him to act thus hastily we are not prepared to say; but we know, and his friends will find out, that if political capital was the incentive, they have over-shot the mark. This is almost equal to the pardon by the same Governor, of a party in Northumberland county, in 1861, who were convicted for beating and maltreating a man upwards of 60 years of age. We will only add, by way of illustration, that in both cases the convicted were Republicans and the assaulted Democrats. Yet this same Governor Curtin calls himself a no-party man, and unblushingly asks Democrats to vote for him and keep him in the position he thus disgraces. Easton Sentinel.

THE CONTRABAND SYSTEM.—A letter to the Chicago Times, dated Helena, Ark., Aug. 13th, tells a pitiful story, as follows:

Emancipation in this part of the country has already proved a sorry thing for the poor contrabands. They have come within our lines, some voluntarily, some by force of armed guards sent to bring them, and then left to starve and die of every disease to which indolence and exposure render them liable. They have not had enough of the plainest necessities to support them in health, and, when sick, no medical attendance whatever has been furnished.—As a result, during and since the administration of Gen. Curtis, eight thousand contrabands have died at Helena.

RESISTANCE TO THE DRAFT.—In one of the Philadelphia barracks are confined two Quaker conscripts, coming from a wealthy family of Quakers named Smedley, who reside at West Chester, Pa.—These men contend that they have conscientious scruples as to going to the war; they will not fire a musket or draw human blood, nor pay the commutation money nor furnish a substitute, because, in their opinion, it would be making an acknowledgment not consistent with the views of the Society to which they belong. And yet, if we are not mistaken, the Quakers generally have no scruples of conscience against encouraging others to fight for the abolition of slavery.

He who shuns the sunlight away from his heart must expect to die in darkness.

The way to divide the Union was to defeat the Democratic party. The way to restore it is to give them the victory.

War Christian's Thanksgiving.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE WAR SOLDIER. Oh, God of battles! once again. With dinner, trumpet and drum. And garments in Thy wine-press dyed. To give Thee thanks, we come. No goats or bullocks garlanded. Unto Thine altars go; With brothers' blood, by brothers shed. Our glad libations flow. From peak-house, and from dungeon foul. Where, maimed and torn they die; From gory trench and charnel house. Where, heep on heep they lie; In every groan that yields a soul. Each shriek a heart that ails. With every breath of tainted air. Our homage, Lord, ascends. We thank Thee for the Sabre's gash. The Cannon's horrow wail; We bless Thee for the widow's tears. The Want that starves her child; We give Thee praise that Thou hast lit The torch, and fanned the flame; That lost and rapine took her prey. Kind Father, in Thy name! That for the songs of idle joy False angles sang of yore, Thou sendest War on Earth; it will To men, forever more! We know that wisdom, truth, and right To us and ours are given. That Thou hast clothed us with a wealth To do the work of Heaven; We know that plains and cities waste Are plumed in Thine eyes— Thou lovest at a hearthstone desolate, Thou lovest a mourner's cries. Let not our weakness fall below The measure of Thy will, And while the press has wine to bleed, Or, tread it, with us still! Teach us to hate—as Jesus taught Fond fools, of yore, to love— Give us Thy vengeance as our own— Thy Plty, hide above! Teach us to turn, with reeking hands, The pages of Thy word, And learn the blessed curses there. On them that sheathe the sword. Where'er we tread, may deserts spring. Till none are left to slay. And when the last red drop is shed, We'll kneel again—and pray!

Artemus on the Draft.

[Artemus Ward (Mr. Chas. F. Browne), sent us the following "Circular;"] CIRCULAR No. 78. As the undersigned has been led to fear that the law regulating the draft was not wholly understood, notwithstanding the numerous explanatory circulars that have issued from the National Capital, of late, he hereby issues a Circular of his own; and if he shall succeed in making this favorite measure more clear to a discerning public, he will feel that he has not lived in vain: I. A young man who is drafted and inadvertently goes to Canada, where he becomes embroiled with a robust English party, who knocks him around so as to disable him for life, the same recurring in a licensed bar-room on British soil, such young men can not receive a pension on account of said injuries from the United States Government, nor can his heirs or creditors. II. No drafted man in going to the appointed rendezvous will be permitted to go round by way of Canada on account of the roads being better that way, or because his "uncle William" lives there: III. Any gentleman living in Ireland, who was never in this country, is not liable to the draft, nor are our forefathers. This latter statement is made for the benefit of those enrolling officers who have acted on the supposition that the able-bodied male population of a place included dead gentlemen in the cemeteries. IV. The term of enlistment is for three years, but any man who may have been drafted in two places has a right to go for six years, whether the war lasts that length of time or not—a right this department hopes he will insist on. V. The only sons of a poor widow, whose husband is in California, are not exempt; but the man who owns stock in the Vermont-Central Railroad is. So, also, are incessant lunatics, habitual leechers, persons who were born with wood-legged or false teeth, blind men (unless they will acknowledge that they "can see it") and people who deliberately voted for John Tyler. VI. No drafted man can claim exemption on the ground that he has several children whom he supports and who do not bear his name, or live in the same house with him, and who have never been introduced to his wife, but who on the contrary, are endowed with various mothers, and "live round." A.W.

The Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, the ancestor of all the Stoddards,—and a troop they are of worthy sons of a worthy sire—had a black boy in his employ who was like most of black boys, full of fun and mischief and always up to a joke, no matter at whose expense. He went with the parson's horse every morning to drive the cows to pasture. It was a piece of table-land some little distance from the village; and here, out of sight, the neighbors boys were wont to meet him and "race horses" every Sunday morning. Parson Stoddard heard of it and resolved to catch them at it and put an end to the sport. Next Sunday morning he told Bill he would ride the mare to pasture with the cows and he (Bill) might stay at home.—Bill knew what was in the wind, and taking a short cut across the lots, was up to the pasture away ahead of the Parson.—The boys were there with their horses, only waiting for Bill and his master's mare. He told the boys to be ready, and as soon as the old gentleman arrived, to give the word, "Go." Bill hid himself at the other end of the field where the race always ended. The parson came jogging along and the boys sat demurely on their steeds, as if waiting for "service to begin." But as the good old man rode into line they cried "Go!" and away went the mare with the reverend rider sticking fast like John Gilpin, but there was no stop to her or him. Away ahead of all the rest, he went like the wind; and at the end of the field, Bill jumped up from under the fence, and sang out, "I know'd you beat, Massa! I know'd you'd beat!"

A young man stepped into a bookstore and said he wanted to get a "Young Man's Companion."

"Well sir," said the bookseller, "here's my daughter."

What two animals had the least luggage in the ark?

The fox and the cock, for they only had a brush and comb between them.

The tune of the conscripts.—We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred dollars more.

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred dollars more.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT. BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A. Saturday, September 5, 1863

A Much-needed Reform.

General Meade has issued an order giving full freedom of choice to the army in the selection of newspapers. It is ordered that any officer or enlisted man wishing to purchase any daily or weekly journal, not now furnished by the agent appointed under the provisions of the circular of June 2, may give notice thereof to the provost marshal of the command to which he belongs, who shall forward the same through the provost marshal of his corps to the Provost Marshall General who shall instruct said agent to furnish the same without delay, and a neglect on his part to comply with such instructions shall be held sufficient cause for vacating his appointment. We congratulate our Democratic soldiers upon this reform in the system of supplying newspapers to the army, which has been heretofore the subject of much complaint, a monopoly of the trade having been secured by certain abolition journals, to the exclusion of those of Democratic and Conservative principles. It is suggested, with the appearance of probability, that, as the Administration could be no gainer by interfering with the Kentucky election, Burnsides was merely taking the occasion to practise his subordinates a little in the unaccustomed work of military interference in elections, before making his grand campaign to prevent the election of Vallandigham in Ohio. The junior edition of the Independent Phenix, printed at Phoenixville, Penn., has found a ten cent piece. He thus describes it:—"Upon one side there is a beautiful young lady, with a handkerchief to her eyes—weeping to think she has no mate, and a nightcap on a pole, as a sign of distress."