

COLUMBIA AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.



AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, EDITOR.

"TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'er THE DARKENED EARTH."

TERMS: \$2 00 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 18.—NO. 43.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1864.

VOLUME 28

The High Cattle Powder.

It is warranted to be the most powerful agent for the stomach and blood of Cattle, horses, sheep, in promoting digestion, cleansing the system and restoring the purified animal fluid in flesh, fat, and hair, and establishing health and vigor.

It is the only medicine legally patented in France, England, Switzerland and the United States, and is the only one of its kind in the world, and is the only one of its kind in the world, and is the only one of its kind in the world.

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Select Poetry.

[From the Wilkes-Barre Record of the Times.] Some months ago the following ballad was sent to us by a lady, with a request that it should be published in this paper. We promised it after election. It had been preserved in a slip of the Wilkes-Barre Advocate, of March 20, 1830, and give the introduction contained in that paper. The ballad was originally published in the Gleaner of June 10, 1815, a volume of which paper is on our table. It has had its days of popularity among ballad singers, and many of our readers, natives of Luzerne, will recognize it as an early favorite, and for their gratification we give it room.

In opening the volume of the Gleaner, we find several sheets of manuscript by the author, of recent date, giving some account of Bird. He did not attempt to desert the service, but, tired of quiet on Lake Erie, he wanted to join Perry, his old commander who had been transferred to a Frigate on the Ocean.

The author of the ballad, now eighty-five years old, will read it with some surprise, and we hope with pleasure:

JAMES BIRD.

No one in the Valley has forgotten the fate of him whose name heads this paragraph. The first time we remember to have seen the following stanzas and historical ballad, was in the Barre Independent, of Dec. 18, 1830, published by William Crothers, somewhere about if memory is not treacherous, 1830.

At that time the paper was brought to the home of the writer by a neighbor who attended Friends' Meeting at Berwick, and he remembers that the poetry was committed to memory on the evening of Sabbath on which it was received. It remains in the storehouse of remembrance yet, and we could repeat it, perhaps, as fluently as its original author.

The ballad has been read and sung by thousands, and is still in the mouths of many, whose hair now wears the silver of accumulating years, have been pleased and edified alternately by the patriotic and successful stanza.

Some alterations have been made from the original by the author, and it is published at the request of several who wished to revive the recollection of the poet.

To an inhabitant of Wyoming it is hardly necessary to say that CHARLES SMITH is the author, whose pen now, as it was then, is never idle when it can be usefully or gratefully employed.

Some of Freedom, listen to me,
And ye daughters, give your ear;
You are and immortal glory
As we ever shall bear.

But, you know, his troops were led,
And on the field of battle,
The soldiers were all
The soldiers were all.

Among the troops that marched to fight,
The soldiers were all
The soldiers were all
The soldiers were all.

Some they came where bold Perry
Had assembled his fleet,
There the gallant Bird valiant,
"Hoping soon the foe to meet."

Where is Bird? the sailor cried,
Is he in the straits or no?
Now the cannon roar around us—
Aye, he meets the haughty foe!

Aye, behold him there with Perry,
In the self same ship that fought;
That his men's hearts he cheered,
Nothing can his soul be proud!

But behold, a bill struck him,
Saw the cannon current flow,
"Leave the deck," exclaimed brave Perry,
"So," cried Bird, "I will not go!"

"Here on deck I took my station—
Bird was with his colors flying;
"I'll stand by you, gallant Captain,
Till we conquer or we die!"

But he fought, the faint and bleeding,
Till our stars and stripes arose;
Victory having crowned our efforts,
All triumphant o'er our foes!

And did Bird receive a pension?
Was he to his friends restored?
No, nor never to his bosom
Clasped the maid his heart adored!

ADDRESS.

To the Democratic Citizens of Pennsylvania:— I have but waited the tardy movements of our public authorities in collecting the result of the election held on the 8th ult., in order to discharge the incumbent duty of calling your attention to the means by which a majority of 20,081 votes, (as I now learn from official circles) has been recorded against us. This majority is made up from all the votes stated to have been given in the districts at home, including those by proxy, and all those given in the armies—negro votes and all—in every form of returns, lawful or otherwise.

There have been at least two palpable forms of fraud practiced by the supporters of Abraham Lincoln, in order to make up this majority, and thus secure him the electoral vote of the State. Fictitious ballots have been placed in the ballot boxes, answering to false registries, the same as has been repeatedly proven to have been the case in our elections heretofore; and, secondly, the suffrages of the volunteer soldiers have not only been over-rated and perverted by corrupt partisan officials, but the returns themselves, in many cases, have been tampered with and transformed.

In reference to fictitious votes, who believes that the city of Philadelphia has to-day, or even had, 100,000 voters legally and properly registered in her various wards and precincts? And yet that number of votes has been counted as this resident—giving near 12,000 Abolition majority in a city that not many years since burnt an Abolition hall in open day, as a public nuisance!

The late attempt to exercise the right of suffrage on the part of the volunteer soldiers, has proven a signal failure—FRANCIS I would call it, but for its various melancholy concomitants. The doubts entertained by many as to the wisdom and propriety of this measure, prior to its adoption would seem to have been fully realized.

It is impossible ever to secure a fair and full distribution of tickets, so as to allow a free choice to the voters in any service. The expenses of the attempts made to do so, are almost beyond belief. Of the part of State, they will reach at least \$30,000; and the two political organizations expended fully as much more. The system will always be liable to great abuses, and must ever be unequal in its operation, and unfair in its results.

Certain it is, that the privilege of voting given to the soldier is a mockery, when the very man against whom perhaps, he would like to vote, has the most despotic control over those who rule that soldiers' every movement, and could send him at a word to the front of battle and to death if he refused compliance with their behests. Until the war soldier have the power of choosing their own officers, the right of suffrage for other purposes can never be properly carried into effect in the army—Had they been fairly and freely left to their own preferences, can any sane man doubt, but that there would have been about the same proportionate division of sentiment expressed by the soldier in the elections that was manifested by their fathers and brothers at home?

It is this army vote, (not to speak of the other frauds) which has given our opponents their recent beggarly triumph in Pennsylvania. Beggary indeed—when it is recollected that it shows a falling off from forty or fifty thousand in their majority, within the last four years! Such a victory, and so obtained, betokens a speedy downfall as a party, to the advocates of negro equality in our staunch old Commonwealth. *Revolutions never go backward.* It is worthy of remark here also, that a change of twenty-five thousand votes properly divided amongst the larger States, would have defeated Mr. Lincoln altogether.

It was our duty, fellow-citizens, to have secured the constitution at the late elections, if we could. The effort was gallant, but unsuccessfully made. And now, in view of all that must inevitably transpire within the next four years, I feel honestly, more like congratulating you as a political party, on having escaped a fearful responsibility, than offering explanations and condolence over a defeat. After contemplating a weight of suffering upon this country, from which nothing but the most radical measures can ever relieve it; after having forced into operation a financial system, which is but the mask of ruin in that regard; after so mis-managing the unfortunate civil war now upon their hands, as to leave scarcely a hope of saving the Union—it is but right that the Abolitionists, and their instrument Abraham

Lincoln, should remain in a position to feel the first fruits of their own wickedness and folly, and meet the curses and condemnation of an outraged and suffering people, when the impending clouds shall mature into storm and darkness.

Our plain duty, fellow-citizens, both as a party and patriots, is to maintain our noble organization in all its power and activity. It now comprises upwards of two hundred and seventy-six thousand freemen—the bone, sinew and brains of the Commonwealth. Every hope of an ultimate reunion of the States, and of restoring the Government and laws to their original purity and vigor, lies in the progress and ultimate triumph of the Democracy. We must still continue to act as the sentinels of freedom, and vindicate our time honored principles before the people. Instead of abandoning our claims and associations, let us increase their number and inspire their action. Hold, at least, monthly meetings. Gather, if possible, and organize a Democratic association in every school district, and boldly canvass on all proper occasions, the measures of our corrupt and imbecile rulers. Expose the secret leagues and baneful gatherings of opponents; and hold up to merited scorn those who, in midnight assemblies, and under kindled darkness conspire to rob and ruin our country, and at the same time to degrade our people by plotting affiliation with the negro race. Let us, as a party, march steadily on our accustomed paths, employing neither stealth nor security; they are unworthy of freedom, who are afraid to defend it in open day.

Allow me, in this connection, to add a word, also, in behalf of the Democratic press of Pennsylvania. Always but too justly rewarded, now when nearly all public patronage is in the hands of the fanatics, and the expenses of printing greatly increased, it becomes the manifest duty of every faithful Democrat to support and strengthen his best paper, and to discriminate in his patronage, if compelled to do so at all, in favor of the Democratic press of our own State. There is a culpable carelessness in this respect, in many of our public men, which is a very proper subject of reprehension, as well as a reasonable one to those who suffer from it.

Under ordinary circumstances, fellow-citizens, I would deem the present duty of my place fully discharged in this hasty reference to the late elections, and the sequel suggestions which I have ventured upon. And to what I further undertake at this time, it is possible I may be charged with traveling somewhat out of the sphere of my appointment, and with entering upon a field of inquiry that is beyond its usual limits. But as my purpose is mainly and upright, and I may add patriotic—if I may safely rely in these times, that the spirit of liberty will secure me at least your indulgence.

On, or about the 13th day of September last, forty-four substantial and reputable citizens of Columbia and Luzerne counties, in the State, were seized by military authority and hurried with indecent haste, at the bayonet's point, into the depths of a distant and disused military fortress, as a place of confinement. One of them in a letter to his relatives, in simple words that must touch every honest heart, thus describes their imprisonment:

"Our treatment was inhuman. When first taken and incarcerated in this cell, not a stool or bench to rest our weary limbs on; not a cup, or knife, or fork, or plate; and these few indispensable articles were purchased at exorbitant prices, attended with vexatious delay. Forty-four of us in one cell, without even a separate place to attend to the calls of nature, it is no wonder that one of our number was soon laid in his last resting place, and many others prostrated by disease."

Four of their number have recently been brought to trial before a military commission, and three of them sentenced to heavy fines and imprisonment, upon charges clearly recognizable in the Civil Courts of the State and of the United States. With the question of the guilt or innocence of these men, (and I believe them truly innocent of any deliberate infraction of law.) I have in this place, nothing to do: It is the startling fact that forty-four men, of good repute in their respective neighborhoods, some of whom had held places of high public trust and honor, should be seized by soldiery in the heart of this peaceful and loyal State, dragged off to a wretched military dungeon, and there kept for months, without being confronted by an accuser:—one of them in the mean time dying, as is believed, from suffering thus; another becoming blind from his confinement, while most of the others still continue, shut up in Fort Mifflin—a damp, island fort, constructed more with a view of

resisting a bombardment, than anything else! A brave old name desecrated; a fortress associated with many proud recollections and memories of our forefathers' struggle for freedom, turned into a battle for the uses of modern tyranny!

This is not all, nor in my view the worst of the case—if it is to be established as a precedent: These men are being drawn out, one by one, to be tried before a tribunal unknown to the Constitution—called a *Court Martial*, in which they are denied the privilege—priceless in a free man's estimate—of a trial by a jury of their peers, and of the vicinage!

I should impliedly impugn your intelligence and love of freedom, fellow citizens, by offering here, any elaborate discussion of this sacred right of trial by jury. No work of tyranny so stirs the inmost depth of every freeman's heart, as any attempt at infringement of this precious principle of liberty, which has come down to us untrammelled and unimpaired from the days of *Magna Charta* to the present moment—The very idea of a *Military Commission* sitting in the heart of our faithful law-abiding old Commonwealth, to try anything but simple breaches of military law and regulations, is monstrous and unbearable. Our legislature fairly humbled itself to subservience, in passing laws punishing any resistance, by word or deed, to the conscription laws of Congress; and congress in its turn has pledged enactment on enactment—now endorsing our gracious President's proclamations of martial law, and then restraining them—but all the while pointing to the *Civil Courts* as the proper tribunal to try the class of offences newly announced—shall I say, created, by both President and Congress—Lord and Masters of a submissive people!

I submit, fellow-citizens, whether it is not the duty of the two hundred and seventy-six thousand Democrats of Pennsylvania, to inquire into this alarming violation of those great principles of human rights, which even no monarch on the throne of our English ancestors since the date of *Magna Charta*, ever yet invaded with impunity; and no administration of our Government ever before dared to infringe, even in the slightest degree? The fate to day of these men of Columbia County, if successful, may be ours to-morrow. Besides, if it really has come to pass, that the old laws of the land require enforcement by bayonets, and the new ones introduced, and about to be introduced, need the same illustration and support, it must at least be interesting to the people to know it, and be prepared to yield up gracefully all those cherished principles of civil freedom baptized in the blood of our fathers of the revolution, and bequeathed to us as their inestimable legacy!

Truth, we had the boastful announcement of the Secretary of State at Washington, that the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* placed every independent heart in the land under his generalship; and we had also the practice of Secretary Stanton's straps in various places in other States choosing the same gross estimate of his powers; but that military commissions and *so-called trials*, WITHOUT JURIES, were to be substituted for proceedings in Civil Courts of the country, in cases clearly defined by statute law as belonging exclusively to their jurisdiction, is a state of things which could not have been fully contemplated by the people of Pennsylvania at the late election. We really seem to be fast reaching the condition of the German Barron of olden time, who, in order to provide the means for maintaining his castle against assailants, mortgaged it to some neighboring Shylocks, who seized and appropriated it themselves before the Baron's defenses were contemplated. Or, in plainer words, in conducting what appeared at the outset to be a proper struggle to sustain the powers of the Constitution, and the supremacy of the laws over the Southern States—we are now sinking the same vital principles head and heels.

Who is responsible for the position of affairs so far as our State is concerned? The new Military Commander of this Division, with his own fair record to preserve, and a bright ancestral fame in memory, cannot be acting a voluntary part in them. The Governor of Pennsylvania disavows all prior knowledge of the original proceedings against the Columbia county prisoners, and all responsibility in the premises. The Judiciary, if applied to, would probably be disinclined to enter into a conflict with the military authorities, in which the President and his Cabinet ministers are the Lords paramount of our destinies, both civil and military!

The people can allow—can *perpetrate*, this position of our liberties if they desire. They have the power—the awful power to prove recalcitrant to themselves; to become the executioners of their own rights—their own happiness, and their own glory illustrated in the past. Yes; if they so elect as a people, they may, in cowardly supineness, allow themselves to be covered with the pall of a DESPOTISM as dark and dismal as ever shrouded any of its victims in the old world; and finally fill the latest of those ignoble graves of National freedom, that lie in dreadful warning along down the great pathway of time!

In behalf of the Democratic State Central Committee of Pennsylvania.

C. L. WARD, Chairman.

Towards, Pa., Dec 5th, 1864.

Patriotic Sentiments.

We cut the following noble words from the Bedford Gazette:— There are some narrow-minded partisans who think that Democrats, above all things desire the failure of the present administration in its professed efforts to re-establish the Union and restore peace.— This is a great mistake. For our part, notwithstanding the insults and outrages which the administration has heaped upon the Democracy, we wish most heartily it may succeed in restoring an early peace upon the basis of the Union. We are in the hands of Abraham Lincoln and his party; for the present, and we hope and pray that they may very soon accomplish what they have made the people believe they have been trying to do for the last four years, viz: restore the Union and give us a permanent peace. We believe that they do not pursue the proper plan in order to secure the much desired end.— We think they have deceived their followers, and that they will deceive them again. Nevertheless, we hope that their policy will bring forth good instead of evil. The grand desideratum is Peace—Peace with our civil institutions unimpaired. God grant that Abraham Lincoln may soon be able to give this blessed boon to a law-abiding people, and this wish will ever be uppermost in our hearts, no matter how many poisoned arrows of the partisan indignity of the adherents of the administration may level at our head.

Letter from a Southern Lady to Gen. Hunter, U. S. A. [From the Richmond Examiner.] Shepherdstown, Va., July 20, 1864. GENERAL HUNTER:—Yesterday your underling, Captain Martindale, of the 1st New York Veteran Cavalry, executed your infamous order, and burned my house.— You have had the satisfaction ere this of receiving from him the information that your orders were fulfilled to the letter, the dwelling and every outbuilding, even in number, with their contents, being burned. I therefore, a helpless woman whom you have cruelly wronged, address you, a Major General of the United States Army, and demand why this was done.— What was my offense.

My husband was absent an exile. He has never been a politician or in any way engaged in the struggle now going on—his age preventing. This fact David Strother, your chief of staff, could have told you. The house was built by my father, a Revolutionary soldier, who served the whole seven years for your independence. There was I born; there the sacred dead repose; it was my house and my home; and there has your niece who lived among us all this horrid war up to the present moment, met all kindness and be pithily at my hands.

Was it for this that you turned me, my young daughter and little son upon the world without a shelter? Or was it because my husband is the grandson of the Revolutionary patriot and rebel, Richard Henry Lee, and the near kinsman of the noblest of Christian warriors, the greatest of generals, Robert E. Lee? Heaven's blessings be upon him forever! You and your Government have failed to conquer, subdue, or match him; and disappointed rage and malice find vent upon the helpless and innocent.

Hyena like, you have torn my heart to pieces; for all hallowed memories clustered around that homestead; and demand like you have done it without even the pretext of revenge; for I never saw or harmed you. Your office is not to lead like a brave man and a soldier your men to fight in the ranks of war, but your work has been to separate yourself from all danger, and with your incendiary hand steal unawares upon helpless women and children to insult and destroy. Two fair homes did you yesterday ruthlessly lay in ashes, giving not a moment's warning to the startled inmates of your wicked purpose; turning mothers and children out of doors; your very name execrated by your own men for the cruel work you have given them to do.

In the case of Mr. A. R. Betler, both father and mother were far away. Any heart that of Captain Martindale (and yours) would have been touched by that little circle, comprising a widowed daughter, just risen from her bed of illness, her three little fatherless babes—the eldest not five years old—and her heroic sister. I repeat, any man would have been touched at that sight. But in Captain Martindale—one might as well hope to find mercy and feeling in the heart of a wolf, bent on his prey of young lambs, as to find such qualities in his bosom. You have chosen well your man for such deeds; doubtless you will promote him.

A colonel of the Federal army has stated that you deprived forty of your officers of their commands because they refused to carry out your malignant mischief. All honor to their names for this, at least they are men. They have human hearts, and blush for such a commander. I ask, who that does not wish infamy and disgrace attached to him forever, would serve under you? Your name will stand on history's page as the Hunter of weak women and innocent children; the Hunter to destroy defenseless villages and to find and beautiful homes; to torture afresh the agonized hearts of suffering widows; the Hunter of Africa's poor sons and daughters, to lure them to ruin and death of soul and body; the Hunter with the relentless heart of a wild beast, the face of a fiend, and the form of a man. Oh, Earth, behold the monster.

"Can I say, 'God forgive you!' No prayer can be offered for you. Were it possible for human lips to raise your name heavenward, angels would thrust the foul thing back again, and demand claim their own. The curses of thousands, the scorn of the manly and upright, and hatred of the true and honorable, will follow you and yours through all time, and brand your name—infamy! infamy!

Again I demand why you have burned my house? Answer, as you must answer before the Searcher of all hearts; why have you added this cruel, wicked deed to your many crimes!

The New York Herald says that some persons, who were in a rain and circumstances before they got their fingers into matters connected with "Soldiers' Fairs," now keep their consciences alive in style. It is also said that some of the philanthropic managers of Sanitary Fairs, the Christian Commission and other charitable enterprises developed by the war, are "making a good thing" out of their devoted labors. It is believed that the larger proportion of the money collected to aid these objects is absorbed in "expenses."

Courage is a power which strengthens in proportion the jeopardy, as the tree root clings in the swaying hurricane.

A hundred weddings are to take place in Richmond about Christmas.— Hurra for Union!

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Was it for this that you turned me, my young daughter and little son upon the world without a shelter? Or was it because my husband is the grandson of the Revolutionary patriot and rebel, Richard Henry Lee, and the near kinsman of the noblest of Christian warriors, the greatest of generals, Robert E. Lee? Heaven's blessings be upon him forever! You and your Government have failed to conquer, subdue, or match him; and disappointed rage and malice find vent upon the helpless and innocent.

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Was it for this that you turned me, my young daughter and little son upon the world without a shelter? Or was it because my husband is the grandson of the Revolutionary patriot and rebel, Richard Henry Lee, and the near kinsman of the noblest of Christian warriors, the greatest of generals, Robert E. Lee? Heaven's blessings be upon him forever! You and your Government have failed to conquer, subdue, or match him; and disappointed rage and malice find vent upon the helpless and innocent.

Hyena like, you have torn my heart to pieces; for all hallowed memories clustered around that homestead; and demand like you have done it without even the pretext of revenge; for I never saw or harmed you. Your office is not to lead like a brave man and a soldier your men to fight in the ranks of war, but your work has been to separate yourself from all danger, and with your incendiary hand steal unawares upon helpless women and children to insult and destroy. Two fair homes did you yesterday ruthlessly lay in ashes, giving not a moment's warning to the startled inmates of your wicked purpose; turning mothers and children out of doors; your very name execrated by your own men for the cruel work you have given them to do.

In the case of Mr. A. R. Betler, both father and mother were far away. Any heart that of Captain Martindale (and yours) would have been touched by that little circle, comprising a widowed daughter, just risen from her bed of illness, her three little fatherless babes—the eldest not five years old—and her heroic sister. I repeat, any man would have been touched at that sight. But in Captain Martindale—one might as well hope to find mercy and feeling in the heart of a wolf, bent on his prey of young lambs, as to find such qualities in his bosom. You have chosen well your man for such deeds; doubtless you will promote him.

A colonel of the Federal army has stated that you deprived forty of your officers of their commands because they refused to carry out your malignant mischief. All honor to their names for this, at least they are men. They have human hearts, and blush for such a commander. I ask, who that does not wish infamy and disgrace attached to him forever, would serve under you? Your name will stand on history's page as the Hunter of weak women and innocent children; the Hunter to destroy defenseless villages and to find and beautiful homes; to torture afresh the agonized hearts of suffering widows; the Hunter of Africa's poor sons and daughters, to lure them to ruin and death of soul and body; the Hunter with the relentless heart of a wild beast, the face of a fiend, and the form of a man. Oh, Earth, behold the monster.

"Can I say, 'God forgive you!' No prayer can be offered for you. Were it possible for human lips to raise your name heavenward, angels would thrust the foul thing back again, and demand claim their own. The curses of thousands, the scorn of the manly and upright, and hatred of the true and honorable, will follow you and yours through all time, and brand your name—infamy! infamy!

Again I demand why you have burned my house? Answer, as you must answer before the Searcher of all hearts; why have you added this cruel, wicked deed to your many crimes!

The New York Herald says that some persons, who were in a rain and circumstances before they got their fingers into matters connected with "Soldiers' Fairs," now keep their consciences alive in style. It is also said that some of the philanthropic managers of Sanitary Fairs, the Christian Commission and other charitable enterprises developed by the war, are "making a good thing" out of their devoted labors. It is believed that the larger proportion of the money collected to aid these objects is absorbed in "expenses."

Courage is a power which strengthens in proportion the jeopardy, as the tree root clings in the swaying hurricane.

A hundred weddings are to take place in Richmond about Christmas.— Hurra for Union!

Letter from a Southern Lady to Gen. Hunter, U. S. A. [From the Richmond Examiner.] Shepherdstown, Va., July 20, 1864. GENERAL HUNTER:—Yesterday your underling, Captain Martindale, of the 1st New York Veteran Cavalry, executed your infamous order, and burned my house.— You have had the satisfaction ere this of receiving from him the information that your orders were fulfilled to the letter, the dwelling and every outbuilding, even in number, with their contents, being burned. I therefore, a helpless woman whom you have cruelly wronged, address you, a Major General of the United States Army, and demand why this was done.— What was my offense.