Political.

ORDER of GENERAL McCLELLAN ON the EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE CIVIL AND MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, CAMP NEAR SHARPSBURG, Md., Oct, 7.

GENERAL ORDER 163.

The attention of the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac is called to General Orders No. 139, War Department, Sept. 24th, 1852, publishing to the army the President's proclamation of Sept. 22d. A proclamation of such grave moment to the nation officially communicated to the army, affords to the General Commanding an opportunity of defining specifically to the officers and soldiers the relation borne by all persons in the military service of the United States towards the civil authorities of the Government.

The Constitution confides to the civil authorities, legislative, judicial and executive, the power and duty of making, expounding, and executing the federal laws. Armed forces are raised and supported simply to sustain the civil authorities, and are to be held in strict subordination thereto in all respects. This fundamental rule of our political system is essential to the security of our republican institutions, and should be thoroughly understood and observed by every soldier.

The principles upon which, and the objects for which armies shall be employed in suppressing the rebellion, must be determined and declared by the civil authorities; and the Chief Executive, who is charged with the administration of the national affairs, is the proper and only source through which the views and orders of the Government can be made known to the arimes of the nation.

Discussion by officers and soldiers concerning public measures determined upon and declared by the Government, when carried at all beyond the ordinary temperate and respectful expression of opinion, tend greatly to impair and destroy the discipline and efficiency of troops by substituting the spirit of political action for that firm, steady, and earnest support of the authority of the Government, which is the highest duty of the American soldier. The remedy for polititical errors, if any are committed, is to be found onlyin the action of the people at the polls.

In thus calling the attention of this army to the true position between the soldiers and the government, the General Commanding merely adverts to an evil against which it has been thought advisable during our whole history to guard the armies of the Republic, and in so doing, he will be considered by every right minded person as casting no reflection upon that loyalty, and good conduct which has been so fully illustrated upon so many battle-fields. In carrying out all measures of public policy this army will of course be guided by the same rules of mercy and Christianity that have ever controlled its duct toward the defenceless.

By Command of Major General McClellan.

JAMES A. HARDEN,
Lieut.-Colonel, Aid de-Camp, and A. A. A. G.

WHERE ARE THE ARMED MEN!

Greeley, Andrew, Blair, of Michigan, and other Abolitionists, promised the President a Million of Men if he would issue his Emancipation Proclamation. In vain did Lincoln protest--in vain did he cite the stories of the Pope who issued a Bull against the Comet, and the slave who told his master that his calling a pig's tail a leg, would not make it so. He was assured that if he would but spread his edict before the People, armed men would spring out of the earth at the stamp of his foot.

The Proclamation has been issued, and—where are the Abolition Warriors?—President Lincoln, alas! "but can't see them;"—but on the other hand, the Confederate Congress and the papers of the South are using the Proclamation at a Magic Wand with which to strike new enthusiasm into the hearts of their people. They need something to revive their drooping spirits, and it is supplied to them by this Emancipation programme. It has kindled a new fire in the South, and its effect will soon be apparant in the swelling of the Rebel ranks, and the increased desperation with which they will rush to the conflict.

OLD ABE'S LAST.—Somebody—some inquisitive Yankee, likely as not—asked the President "What number of men have the enemy in the field?" Old Abe looked serious, and replied, "Twelve hundred thousand, according to the best authority." The interrogater blanched in the face and ejaculated "My God!" The President continued:—"Yes, sir, twelve hundred thousand men—no doubt of it. You see, all of our generals, when they get whipped, say the enemy outnumbered them from three to five to one, and I must believe them. We have four hundred thousand men in the field; three times four make twelve. Don't you see it?" "Can't see it!" said the bore, as he brightened up and started for his hat.

☞ The negro is now better than the white trash. No taxes to pay—no musket to shoulder—no caucases to attend—no risk of life to run—no politics to trouble them.—They are now the happy sons of earth, and we poor white nonsense can fight for them—and pay taxes for a hundred years on their account. A white man is not as good as a negro now!

☞ We have too many generals in this war. If we are not out-generaled we are over generaled.

☞ A number of the western papers are pushing General Harney forward for a command.

☞ A small town is a place where there are many tongues to talk, and but few heads to think.

Wise and Otherwise.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

In Lowell, at a lecture a few evenings since, a gentleman, the most modest man of his sex, and no less polite than modest, was sitting in a pew rather remote from the light. A pretty lady sat next to him. Looking on the floor during the lecture, he espied what he thought was the lady's handkerchief, the lace trimmed edge just visible from under her dress. Turning to his pew-mate, he gallantly whispered, "You've dropped your handkerchief madam!" and before she could reply he proceeded to pick it up. Horror! he had seized the edge of her pet—skirt, and did not discover his mistake until the top of a gaiter boot stared him in the face, and the faint sound of a laugh, just nipped in the bud by the application of a red handkerchief, warned him of his mistake.

Moral—Don't attempt to pick up anything with lace to it before you know what it is.

RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.

A young lady in one of our "rural districts" was once escorted home from an evening party by a young man to whom she was not particularly partial. On taking his leave he remarked:—"I guess I'll come and see you next Sunday night," "Well, Bill Smith," replied the lady, "you can come as a friend, but not as a 'feller.'" Bill didn't go either way.

A good story is told of a rustic youth and a country girl, who sat facing each other at a husking party. The youth, smitten with the beautiful maiden, only ventured his sly looks, and then touching Patty's foot under the table. The girl determining to make the youth express what he appeared so warmly to feel, bore with these advances a little while in silence, when she cried out.—"Look here, if you love me, why don't you say so; but don't dirty my new stockings."

AN EDITOR.

If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mullet. If he does, he is a rattlehead, lacking stability.—If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrongs and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he exposes a public man, he does it to gratify spite—is the tool of a clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities he is a blackguard; if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

Doesticks thus describes a bashful young man. "First calls—bell rings—enter bashful young man—evidently his first attempt at a fashionable visit—came in with his hat in his hand—put it behind him to make a bow—dropped it—tried to pick it up—stepped in it—put his foot through it—fell over it—and, in his frantic struggles to recover himself, bursts his coat, fractures his pantaloons, untied his cravat, demolished his shirt collar, and was finally borne to the hall by his sympathizing friends, minus his patent moustaehe, one half of which was found in Laura Matilda's scrap book, and the rest discovered in a coal scuttle."

THE BOY'S SPEECH.

Neighbor Smith had a party at his residence a few evenings since, and the "dear boy" Charles, a five-year-old, was favored with permission to be seen in the parlor.—"Pa" is somewhat proud of his boy, and Charles was, of course, elaborately got up for so great an occasion. Among other extras, the little fellow's hair was treated to a liberal supply of Eau de Cologne, to his huge glorification. As he entered the parlor and made his bow to the ladies and gentlemen: "Look here," said he proudly, "if any of you smells a smell, that's me!" The effect was decided, and Charles became the hero of the evening.

THE MISSILES AT ANTIETAM.

I have been credibly informed that broken railroad iron and blacksmiths' tools, hammers, chisels, &c., were fired at us from rebel cannon. Some of these missiles made a peculiar noise, resembling "which away, which away," by which our men came to distinguish them from regular shot and shell, and as they heard them approaching, would cry "turkey! turkey coming!" and fall flat to avoid them. An artillerist, a German, when he saw the tools falling around him, exclaimed, "My Got!" we shall have the blacksmith's shop to come next!"

THE WHEEL.—"Darn me, if I dont believe the world's a wheelbarrow," said a jolly inebriate as he rolled along the pavement, "and I'm the wheel revolving on the haxes.—Now I'm in the mud," said he as he fell headlong in the gutter, "and now I'm on dry land," as he fetched up on the curbstone.—His concluding remark, as his boots followed his head down an open celler way was, "now the wheel is broken and the vehicle is out of repair."

☞ "In my time, miss," said a stern aunt, "the men looked at the women's faces instead of their ancles." "Ah! my dear aunt," retorted the young lady, "you see the world has improved, and is more civilized than it used to be. It looks more to the understanding."

☞ Prentice says: "A chap sometimes comes in our office and sits hour after hour without telling one word of truth during the whole time. He can outsit a hen, outlie the devil." He must be one of the telegraph reporters for the Associated Press

DEL. LACK. & WESTERN RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME

ON and after Monday, November 25th 1861, Trains will run as follows:

EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAINS

Leave Great Bend at	7:20	A. M.
New Milford	7:39	"
Montrose	8:00	"
Hopbottom	8:23	"
Nicholson	8:40	"
Factoryville	9 04	"
Abington	9:20	"
SCRANTON	10:00	"
Moscow	10:41	"
Gouldsboro	11:07	"
Tobyhanna	11:20	"
Stroudsburg	12.32	P. M.
Water Gap	12:46	"
Columbia	1:00	"
Delaware	1:25	"
Hope (Philadelphia connection)	1:35	"
Oxford	1:53	"
Washington	2:10	"
Junction	2:32	"
Arrive at New York	5:30	"
Philadelphia	6:50	"

MOVING NORTH.

Leave New York from foot of Courtland Street	8:00	A. M.
Pier No. 2, North River,	7:00	"
Philadelphia, from Kensington Depot	7:10	"
Leave Junction	11:15	"
Washington	11:33	"
Oxford	11:50	"
Hope (Philadelphia connection)	12:14	P. M.
Delaware	12:43	"
Columbia	1:00	"
Water Gap	1:16	"
Stroudsburg	1:30	"
Tobyhanna	2:42	"
Gouldsboro	2:55	"
Moscow	3.17	"
SCRANTON	4:10	"
Abington	4:40	"
Factoryville	4:56	"
Nicholson	5:16	"
Hopbottom	5:38	"
Montrose	6:00	"
New Milford	6:21	"
Arrive at Great Bend	6:40	"

☞ These Trains connect at Great Bend with the Night Express Trains both East and West on the New York and Erie, and at Scranton with Trains on Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad, for Pittston, Kingston and Wilkesbarre; and the Train moving South connects at Junction with Trains for Bethlehem, Mauch Chunk, Reading and Harrisburg.

Passengers to and from New York change cars a Junction. To and From Philadelphia, via. B. D. R. R., leave or take cars at Hope.

For Pittston, Kingston and Wilkes-Barre, take L. & B. R. R. cars at Scranton.

For Jessup, Archbald and Carbondale, take Omnibus at Scranton.

ACCOMODATION TRAIN.

MOVING NORTH

Leaves Scranton	9:50	"
Abington	10:35	"
Factoryville	11:00	"
Nicholson	11:30	"
Hopbottom	12:05	P. M
Montrose	12:45	"
New Milford	1:20	"
Arrives at Great Bend	1.45	"

MOVING SOUTH

Leaves Great Bend	2:10	P. M.
New Milford	2:35	"
Montrosem	3:05	"
Hopbotto	3:45	"
Nicholson	4:15	"
Factoryville	5:13	"
Abington	5:40	"
Arrives at Scranton	6:30	"

This Train leaves Scranton after the arrival of the Train from Kingston, and connects at Great Bend with the Day Express Trains both East and West on New York and Erie.

JOHN BRISBIN, Sup't.

Superintendent's Office, Scranton, Nov. 25, 1861.