

Clearfield Republican

D. W. MOORE,
G. B. GOODLANDER, Editors

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

VOL. XXXIV.—WHOLE NO. 1773.

CLEARFIELD, PA WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1863.

TERMS—\$1 25 per Annum, if paid in advance.

NEWS SERIES—VOL. IV.—NO. 10.

[For the Republican.]
BECCARIA TOWNSHIP, Sept. 8, 1863.
Messrs. Editors:

A few days ago a tall, wampy-jawed Buckeye, passed through the streets of Washington, doubtless on his road to bedlam; but his long, lank and "knee-knocking" legs, by-the-by, carried him straight to the Executive Mansion, where he stood gazing at the beautiful building, (gaping like a frightened ape,) musing and wondering, until he was accosted by Lincoln's "celebrated" who asked him if he wanted to see the President, "yes," replied the demagogue, "I want to get an office." "Go and ring for admittance." This was a severe task. At first he could not find the bell-knob. After being shown that instrument, he could not ring the bell. He then exclaimed, in accents of mingled dismay and—what else—poetry. "Oh! difficulty, why standest thou in my way? Get thee hence, detestable drudge—don't wound my pride!" At this critical juncture, he wheeled around to thrust his spleen upon these horrible incubi, by which he imagined he was surrounded, and, in the exertion, rang the bell.

A servant soon appeared at the door, and he was, by the impulse of attraction, drawn into the presence of that mighty and august potentate, Abraham Lincoln. After a formal reception, the President directed the apparent stranger to a seat. Here a long and deep silence ensued. "Abe" took a pinch of snuff, and peered at the man with all the force of optics that he could bring to bear; long and anxiously "Abe" surveyed him, first taking a squint at his cranium, then at his nose, (more like an Elephant's proboscis, than the olfactory organ of a human being);—his dull organs of vision was next the object of "Abe's" glances; next his arms and shoulders; and then his eyes fell upon the man's thighs, legs and feet; indeed, he took a regular coup d'oeil view of him. Lincoln continued his scrutiny until a bright flash of recollection suddenly broke the darkness caused by a long absence, and separation, he thought that the man who sat before him was an old acquaintance. He harbored a doubt in his mind, but determined to pry into the mystery, so he exclaimed, "is your name Ben?" "The man looked up, startled, stupefied and trembling, and said "yes, sir." "Where are you from?" was again asked "Le-Roy, Illinois," was the response. All doubt was now removed, and an animated conversation was begun and kept up for some time, but I cannot narrate the whole of it. It was a chat of peculiar non-sense. When they before met I cannot tell. Perhaps they had "split rails" together; or, perhaps, they had passed a night in drunkenness, in some unoccupied pig-sty, or goose-pen. (Pud enough to have either disgraced by them.) But where am I going? Surely my pen is running away with me! Ben made known his business, and Lincoln said:

Well, I don't know whether I can give you an office or not. I must ask you a few questions! I don't know your genealogy, so I will begin thus:
Lincoln.—What was the political character of your great grand-father?
Ben.—Tradition says he was a tory of the revolutionary times.

Lin.—What was the name of your grand-father?
Ben.—He was a Connecticut blue-light man.

Lin.—What did your father ever do for his country?
Ben.—He hoped that the Mexicans would "welcome our soldiers with bloody hands to hospital graves." I can mind that well.

Lin.—(Taking a pinch of snuff and peering in his eyes)—What have you done to merit my confidence?
Ben.—I argue that our constitution is a "covenant with death, and an agreement with hell;" and I advise the authorities to import Robespierre's great guillotine to behead its abettors.

Lin.—(Smiling). What do you think I am doing with the ship of State? How am I steering her?
Ben.—Overhauling her, painting her hull green, and her deck red (with blood,) and your steering straight to ruin.

Lin.—What else am I doing with her?
Ben.—Destroying her best sailors.

Lin.—I like to ask you questions—you answer so well. What set is she now sailing in?
Ben.—In the glorious sea of disunion.

Lin.—Who made what the Democrats call our government?
Ben.—A band of traitors, led by Washington, King of treason.

Lin.—For what was it erected?
Ben.—To give universal suffrage to all classes of white men.

Lin.—Was that consistent with humanity?
Ben.—No, sir. They did not worship the immortal nigger.

Lin.—Do you love this government?
Ben.—I love nothing but the nigger.

Lin.—Can you command a nigger regiment?
Ben.—Can't command even my own manners.

Lin.—What can you do if I employ you?
Ben.—Rob, steal, lie and murder.

Lin.—What do your friends think of you?
Ben.—Have not got any. Some people call me a mean, ignorant, drunken scoundrel.

Lin.—Do you hate the copperheads?
Ben.—With heart, soul, mind and strength.

Lin.—Why?
Ben.—Because they want the whole country, and its constitution preserved.

Lin.—What is Congress?
Ben.—A deliberative body submissive to the will of the President.

Lin.—Would you risk your life on the battlefield?
Ben.—No, no, no,—(beginning to cry, and move towards the door.)
Stay! stay! said Lincoln, I'll ask you nothing more—you've answered well.—You shall have an office forthwith. I will look around immediately, and if there

is no vacancy I will make one, if I can find a copperhead official, if not I will establish a new department. A man of your principles must be compensated for his loyalty, and remunerated for his trouble of coming to Washington to express those principles. Lincoln, I thank you. I can't express my gratitude. Oh! Abe take my hand, I shall labor to promote the general welfare of your party, and I'll forever adhere to my sacred principles, and those of my grandfathers, spoke Ben. I will execute my office to the best of my ability, and when that is exhausted I will go to Greeley—his knowledge box is open, go ye and draw therefrom. Poetry again.

Well, now let me meditate. I hardly know what I have done. Wait a little till I reflect. Yes—now I've got it at it: I've written a long *hydroglo* of fiction, that nobody believes, and that is the sequel of all fictitious writings. They are tossed and fumbled about by the unmerciful hands of the public, until, at last, like the cotyledon they perish, and decompose, and then the germ, the imperishable germ springs up, propagates and grows, and what kind of a plant have we got?—The plant of Disbelief. What! did I call it a plant? It is no plant. It is a monster animal which takes the author by the nose, and chews him up, and spits him out a mass of disrepute. But now let me reflect again. Let me see if this story is built entirely out of fiction. In the first place, Lincoln is made to ask what Ben's great grand-father was, and Ben is made to say, he was a tory. Now, had we not tories in the times spoken of? And were they not the ancestors of the leaders of the Abolition party? Trace back their genealogy and you will find it so. In the second place, I find Ben is asked about his grand-father. Well, he answers he was a "blue light man."

Now, I have only to point you to the action of the Federalists at New London, Connecticut. When Stephen Decatur's fleet lay blockaded in the harbor. I only recollect the facts, and you can consult history for the rest. I'll take the third question, "What did your father do?" How will my answer correspond with his (Ben's) own? We'll see: When our brave soldiers marched into Mexico to avenge an insulted flag, Tom Corwin, the avowed champion of the Free-Soilers, in a speech, made use of the following language, "I hope the Mexicans may welcome our soldiers with bloody hands to hospital graves." What a glorious reception! And yet it is just such a one as was wished by an American Citizen; and it appeared to be contagious, for every newspaper that was not Democratic caught the words, and heralded them throughout the land; every man who did not adhere to Democratic principles caught them as they fell from his lips and shouted them so loud that they are still reverberating between the hills and mountains of America.

Then Lincoln propounds another question: "What have you done to merit my confidence?" It is answered in the language of W. Lloyd Garrison, who said, "The Union is a lie! The American Union is an imposture! A covenant with death, and an agreement with hell!" I am for its overthrow!" Garrison is the biggest tory in the Abolition puddle. He has said more than "old Abe" himself. I could go further in my review, but it is not necessary. I only intended to show you that fictitious tales sometimes contain a great deal of truth—which is "stranger than fiction" itself.

Garrison thinks our Constitution is a "covenant with death, and an agreement with hell;" and Lincoln thinks it is *nothing at all*. He has set it aside, and swears it ain't worth a curse—only a piece of sheepskin parchment, &c. Now, didn't he go it hot and strong after he took his seat? I think he did. He twirled his cane in the air (towards Charleston,) threw down his over-coat, laid aside his gloves, took off his hat, (put his spectacle on it,) seized his pen, and went to work writing proclamations for Greeley, Lovejoy, Sumner and Wade—all shining names. By a little alteration they would make as good a set of scare-crows as ever was set up in a cornfield. Where have they dragged our country? Why, to ruin! We are now crawling on our backs in the mad dust and dust of tyranny; and the unhappy mortal who should perchance look above him, would see Ireland—the hitherto laughing stock of the world—looking down upon us in pity, and laughing at us; while, if we would look to England, France, and other civilized nations, they would seem so far above us that our eyes would be dazzled by yawning their reluctance and glory. Like glittering stars they continue to shine, while America—once the brightest star among them—has fallen into degradation. And what makes the matter still worse, we are digging and probing, with our swords and bayonets, to deepen and widen the miserable hole that we are now in, and Lincoln and his minions have, by their guilty works, destroyed the noblest country that was ever reared by the hands of man.

Reader, let me ask you one question, and I will conclude, for I have drawn this tale out to a length that I had no intention of when I began. Perhaps it will give my worthy friends, the editors, so much that they will not print it; but what I write, they will not have to write, and I'll ask the question anyway: Which is the greatest traitor, Lincoln or Jeff Davis?—the first destroying the whole country, the second trying to save a portion of it. That is my question. Now, draw your inferences, and make your answer. Here is mine. If I was to take the place of Pluto, and these men would appear on trial before me, and that question would arise, I would decide in favor of Jeff. I'd send Lincoln to Tartarus, and Jeff to Elysium. Now my paper is full, and I will close.

Yours, Messrs. Editors, with respect,
Yours, Messrs.

WHAT IS LOYALTY?

(From the Philadelphia Age.)
Editors Philadelphia Age:—This is one of the greatest puzzles of the day. It is true we have a definition of the word "loyalty" in all the English dictionaries; but the object of our anxious solicitude is to know what Greeley, Forney, and some other political philosophers of our times, understand by that term. The word is extremely well handled; it is used to an almost unlimited extent by the Administration men in their public speeches, private conversations and newspaper paragraphs, and yet the meaning of the word, as hinted above, continues to be a profound mystery. It is pretty certain, however, that "loyalty" does not mean "patriotism;" and it does not mean "a loyal citizen;" most necessarily be a good Unionist or a supporter of the Constitution, or a consistent friend of the Federal Government, or even a steadfast adherent of the present Administration. All this will appear, plainly enough, if it is hoped, as we proceed with our present inquiry.

The meaning of the word "loyalty"—if the term expresses anything that an American freeman ought to love and admire—must have changed considerably within the last eighty years. In the times of our revolutionary fathers, the term "loyalist" was synonymous with tory or traitor; and to boast of loyalty then was to acknowledge a preference for arbitrary power, and a contempt for free institutions and the rights of the people. On referring to a dictionary which now happens to be at our elbow, we find that loyalty signifies general acquiescence, constant faithfulness, submission. From the same authority we learn that a loyalist is "one who adheres to his king; one who professes great loyalty."

The legitimate definition of loyalty, therefore, in the first place, is adherence to a prince or potentate. All who adhered to that royal scoundrel Charles I. the traitor king who endeavored to deprive the English people of all their cherished rights, gave proof of their loyalty. All who submitted to the tyrannous exactions of King John, were loyalists. All who were faithful and obedient to that capricious, blood-thirsty monster, Henry VIII, were loyal. All who assisted George III to harass, persecute and slaughter the American patriots of '76, were "loyal citizens," according to the genuine signification of the phrase.

But what application has this precious word "loyalty" in the United States at the present time? We know of no prince or potentate in what are called the "loyal States," unless Abraham Lincoln is the representative of royal authority. We, for our part, do not wish to institute any comparison between "Honest Abe" and King John, Henry VIII, Charles I, or George III, though a certain Philadelphia paper lately attempted to prove that the only difference between an American President and an English monarch is that the former is elected to office, while the latter obtains his official position by birthright. This, indeed, is one difference, and a very great one; but it is not by any means the only difference between the Chief Magistrate of this Republic and the sovereign of England. An American President is directly responsible to the people—he is not only elected by them, but holds his office under their supervision; and, if he does not fulfill his obligations to the people, the Constitution provides for his election from office without any resort to revolutionary measures. The President, being accountable to the people, and subject to their authority, is truly the "people's servant," and not their master. With a monarch, (the case is essentially different,) whatever may be his malfeasance in office, he cannot be ejected from his position, except by revolutionary movement.

If there is nothing like *cousty* in these States, there can be no loyalty; for there can be no adherence to a prince or potentate if there is no prince or potentate to adhere to. Some of our "loyal-tellow citizens" are so anxious to be and remain loyal, that they are willing to make a regular potentate of Mr. Abraham Lincoln, or somebody else, in order to have a proper foundation for their loyalty.

We have said above that the loyalty of our day is not always patriotism. We have "loyal citizens" in abundance who are engaged, as hard as they can, in sucking the life-blood of the sick in public, exhausting by their embezzlements and their robberies, all the resources on which the very existence of the nation depends. Some of the most zealous loyalists (editorial ones, among others) have attained princely fortunes, since the commencement of the war, by speculating in Government contracts, and other nefarious transactions, which, as the Hon. John P. Hale, (a Republican Senator) acknowledged, are more damaging to the cause of the Union than the operation of all its enemies in the field. These contract-mongers and speculators in the blood and tears of their countrymen, may be loyalists, perhaps; but they certainly are not patriots.

We are prepared to prove, if any proof is necessary, that the men who now make the loudest boasts of their loyalty were at the very head and front of the disunion movement; we have documentary evidence to show that it began with them, and that it owes all its success to their insidious manœuvring. In short, it may be proved that loyalists, in many cases, are disunionists of the worst sort.

And, finally, to cap the climax of deceit and false pretension, the chief loyalists are not even "faithful and obedient" to the Lincoln Administration. Instead of obeying their legal lord, they compel him to obey them. They often treat him as unceremoniously and disrespectfully as Zep's frogs treated their wooden world.

THE DRAFT.

WHY IT BECAME NECESSARY.
In the winter of 1862, Fessenden, Republican Senator from Maine, in a speech in the Senate, said:
"In every State of the Union there are men who are paid from month to month, not called into the field, absolutely for the reason that the Government has not occasion to use them, and yet no step is taken to discharge these men. Why not discharge them? We have 250,000 more than we ever intended to have. It is extravagance of the most wanton kind. I offered a proposition to stop all enlistments."
Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, said:
"I have ever and over again been in the War Office, and urged upon the Department to stop recruiting in every part of the country. We have had the promise that it should be done. I believe we have today 150,000 more men under the pay of the Government than we need or can well use. I think the Department ought to issue peremptory orders forbidding the enlistment of another soldier into the volunteer force."
These complaints about too many volunteers were made while the President had still a little regard for the Constitution, and before his Emancipation Proclamation changed the war from a pretended effort to restore the Union into an armed conflict for the freedom of the Southern negroes. Then, abolition Governors were denouncing the policy upon which the war was being waged, and Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts, was promising that the roads from the little "pest hole" over which he ruled, would swarm with abolitionists rushing to arms, if a negro proclamation should be issued. Since the change in the war policy, the roads from Massachusetts have been not more thronged than they were before.

THE CONSCRIPT.

In speaking of the conscripts which passed through that city from this Depot, the Patterson *Guardian* says:
Mark the change. Instead of the rollicking, joyous, free-hearted volunteers, clustering on the passing trains and making the welkin ring with laugh and song, what do we find? We find the sad and sullen conscripts, with doors locked and armed sentinels on guard to prevent the desperate attempt to escape from the iron grasp of the Provost Marshals and the crushing conscript act. Their names have been drawn from the fatal wheel, in the terrible lottery of life, and their children are weeping, and their wives have already the chilling sense of the widow's weeds upon their hearts. The ear loads of these drafted men torn from their homes and guarded like—we dare not make comparison!—passed through this place on the Erie Railroad yesterday morning. Who can estimate the crushing weight of misery hardening those ears? How many souls darkened and oppressed with the crushing and stifling sense of wrong were there, instead of noble, willing, chivalric men anxious to do their utmost and wish for life only to save and serve their country?

But President Lincoln says this is not the time for further experimenting in volunteering, and it is his will and policy, and such a policy—to have the army filled with such men as those cars contained yesterday morning, guarded and cribbed like—well, we have sympathized with black men on the slave deck, and wept for them, and the rude liberty they had been torn from in their native Africa. They were human and had the bonds of their affections rudely broken by the slave trader, but those men guarded by bayonets and locked up in cars were white men, American citizens, who had shouted themselves hoarse on the anniversaries of American independence, and who had been taught to believe they lived in the freest and noblest country on the globe.

A WOMAN SHOT.—One of the Deputy Provost Marshals in Jefferson county shot a woman, the other night, perhaps in mistake for her husband.—We were told that the Marshal had taken a deserter, who escaped from him on pretence of getting dinner.—The Marshal took a posse, went to the house of the deserter, and sent the posse in rear of the house until he should alarm them of the presence of the prisoner by firing his pistol, when they should assist him. In a minute he fired and when the posse came round to the door they were horror-stricken at the sight of a female in the agonies of death, the ball having passed through her breast.—We have not learned whether the official was arrested or not. If so, it is probable that the writ of "habeas corpus" will be suspended in his case. It may be that the case is not so aggravated a form as to require more than the report of a Committee of inquiry as accidental. We will give the true particulars when we get them.—*Clarion Dem.*

GEN. LEE'S ESTATE.—A contemporary says that some writers have erred in speaking of the Arlington Estate, near Washington, as having once belonged to Gen. Washington. It was the property of the Custis family, and when Washington married the widow Custis he had charge of it in trust for her son, and afterward for her grandson, the late G. W. P. Custis, to whom it reverted. Mr. Custis married a daughter of William Fitzhugh, of Chatham, (who had married a Miss Randolph,) and they left one child, a daughter, who married Robert E. Lee, now at the head of the Confederate army in Virginia.

A young lady of sweet sixteen, with blue eyes and dark hair, advertises in the Louisville *Courier*, for a husband. She speaks French and plays the piano. A young man who is handsome and agreeable is all she wants. Money is no object, as she desires to live on love altogether.

What is the largest jewel in the world? The Emerald Isle.

UNITED STATES LOTTERY.

Some factious gentleman has perpetrated the following: The points need no explanation:
United States Lottery, Grand inducement!!! Brilliant Schemes!!!—All prizes and no Blanks!!! Tickets for this Lottery for either Classes I or II distributed gratis.
No Internal Revenue Stamps required.
The drawing of a prize number will entitle the fortunate holder to:
1 bran new highly finished musket;
1 bran new suit of clothes;
1 pair of shoes and stockings;
1 elegant blanket;
1 nice haversack and knapsack;
1 nice cartridge box with 60 rounds of ammunition;
1 nice tin-plate, tin-cup, knife, fork and spoon;

In addition to this, the holder of the lucky number will have a regular income of \$15 per month, and when this cruel war is over, will receive a capital prize of \$100.

With such inducements, the manager hopes to be largely patronized by an appreciating public. This is no humbug, catch penny institution, but a genuine lottery, in which the managers will fulfill all they promise.

Legalized by act of Congress, approved March 3d, 1863.

211 prizes cashed by the Provost Marshals of the different districts.

Time of drawing a prize will be duly announced, and any one drawing a prize will be immediately notified of the fact.

Col. J. B. FRY, Manager.

Tax Disunionists.—On the 1st of February, 1863, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, now a "loyalist," presented to the Senate of the United States, two petitions from citizens of Pennsylvania, praying that "some plan might be devised for the dissolution of the American Union."
Every Republican Senator voted for the petitions. Mark the names of the traitors:
John P. Hale, of Massachusetts;
William H. Seward, of New York;
Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio.
In the House, on the 25th of the same month, the petitions were presented by Joshua R. Giddings, now an officer under Lincoln's Union Administration. Every Republican Representative voted for the petitions to wit:
Chas. Allen, of Massachusetts;
Charles Durkee, of Wisconsin;
Joshua K. Giddings, of Ohio;
Rufus K. Goodnow, of Maine.
—*Lawyer Eric Pres.*

IMPORTANT TO DESERTED MEN.—The following important opinion of Judge Holt has been issued by the Provost Marshal General:

"Under the thirtieth section of the enrollment act, it is clear that a party drafted and wishing to furnish a substitute or pay the commutation, must do so on or before the day fixed for his appearance. The privilege expires with that day. If he fails to report himself and is arrested as a deserter, he has still the right to go before the board of enrollment and prove that he is not liable to do military duty; but if, on the hearing his claim to exemption, he is to be held liable, he cannot escape personal service. He is also, under such circumstances, subject to be proceeded against as a deserter."

The negroes who had deserted from the military service in Massachusetts, were arrested a few days since. As the guards were taking them down to the wharf in Boston, heavily handcuffed, on their way to Fort Warren, one of them held up his manacled hands and exclaimed, "Dis am Massa Linkum's proclamation!"

We ask our Republican friends to recollect that the attacks on Governor Curtin are all from their own party. The Democratic press has not originated and has but imperfectly repeated the most serious charges made against him.

Tom Ford, who lost us Harper's Ferry, with 10,000 men, and hoops of arms and ammunition, is on the stump in Ohio denouncing the "Copperheads." No Copperhead has ever so faithfully served the rebel as he did.

Blessed are the peacemakers, says the Good Book. If the vice versa of blessed is in store for those who stir up strife and invoke bloodshed, woe old Nick have a glorious time trying Republicanism!

An eminent divine once preached from the text: "Ye are children of the devil;" and afterward, by a funny coincidence, from the words, "children obey your parents."

A Western editor has married a girl named Church—and says he has felt happier since he joined the Church than he ever did before.

Which is the queen of roses in the garden? The rose of the watering pot, for it rains over all others.

The man who courted an investigation says that it isn't half as good as courting an affectionate girl.

Gen. Cass is said to be so feeble that he cannot live much longer. He is in his 81st year.

The man who would try to stab a ghost would stick at nothing.

THE FATE OF LIEUT. COL. BRODERICK AND MAJOR SHELLEMEYER.

Official information has been received in regard to the fate of Lieutenant Colonel Broderick and Major Shellemeier, First New Jersey Cavalry, in the cavalry fight at Brandy Station, on June 9th. They were both killed in the charge upon the Rebel General Stuart's headquarters.—Broderick fell at the very entrance of General Stuart's tent.

THE REPORTED "RETIREMENT" OF GEN. McCLELLAN.—Inquiries respecting the reported retirement of Gen. McClellan "retired pay," have developed the fact that an act of Congress provides that when an army officer shall have remained unemployed for six months, all allowances for servants and horses shall cease. The basis of this law is Gen. McClellan which he shares with Gen. Fremont, Gen. Butler, Gen. Buell and others.