

# Clearfield



# Republican

D. W. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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## Original Poetry.

### LIFE IS BUT A FLEETING THING.

BY W. W. WASHBURN.

As day was fleeting from my sight,  
I drew the shades of twilight near;  
A preface to the darksome night,  
That follows sunset year by year;  
Yet lingering 'till 'till faint would stay—  
Oh! loath to leave these towering heights;  
A rapture of departing day  
Still lit the scene with golden lights.

I sat and looked out on the scene  
That nature pictured to my gaze;  
Calm, thoughtful, silent and serene;  
But musing fanned my mind a blaze.  
The sight of grandeur tore my view,  
Enhanced the thoughts which filled my  
brain—  
Those days which childhood led me through,  
Was waited back to me again.

Bright faces teeming with sweet smiles,  
That laughed with me in days gone by,  
When youthful joys no care beguiled—  
Nor grief obscured the sunlit sky.  
Alas! what fancy's mind may roam—  
What forms can memory bring to view,  
Like Phantoms from that mystic span  
Of life that years of childhood know.

Dark visions strode thro' memory's hall,  
Of playmates in my younger years,  
Who have obeyed the trumpet call,  
And fled beyond this vale of tears;  
I traced their winding path thro' life,  
And marked the course ambition led;  
Some boldly braved the toil of strife;  
Some sought a life that sweeter sped.

Honor some aspired to gain;  
Some wealth and glittering treasure sought;  
Among the throng of worldly men,  
Some looked for ease, yet found it not;  
Others drank at the fountain of vice,  
And revelled at Pleasure's fuming shrine;  
They, hearkening to her wild entice,  
Sipped misery from a cup of wine.

I saw one as he grasped for fame,  
While she sailed within his view;  
Elding, as she went and came,  
Ambition bade him still pursue.  
She allured him from a fruitful home,  
Into the fields of blighting war;  
And now he fills a soldier's tomb,  
Upon Potomac's grave-lined shore.

Another yearned for wealth and sought;  
To stake his burning thirst for gold  
On eastern plains. This toll seemed naught.  
The grave does now his form enfold.  
I find whatever course we take  
Thro' life, we fill a fated doom;  
Ambitions feeble strength will break  
Our zeal, but leads us to the tomb.  
GLEX HOPE, Sept. 24, 1864.

## MASSACHUSETTS WHITE SLAVE TRADE.

BOINGS OF RECRUITING AGENTS IN BELGIUM—STARTLING REVELATIONS.

The *Courier des Etats Unis* of the 21st contains astounding revelations and indisputable testimony, showing the manner in which New England has inaugurated the "White Slave Trade." It prints the following letter, which we translate, in order to place on record the means employed by Massachusetts to fill her quotas of men due to the Federal Government. The letter speaks for itself:

New York, Sept. 20, 1862.

To the Editor of the *Courier des Etats Unis*: At the solicitation of a certain Louis Dochez, emigrant agent for the United States in Brussels, who acts by authority of Federal Consuls, we embarked on board the ship Peter Godfrey, for Boston. We enclose you the prospectus in French and Flemish, which was handed to us and which contains the false promises under which we embarked. Not a single one of these promises has been fulfilled. On board we have been treated like dogs. They made us sell our clothing in Belgium, under pretext that they would give us other clothing, but they have done nothing of the sort. Several among us arrived in Boston literally naked. They only gave us one meal per day, and such food!

In Boston they gave us first a shirt, then they wanted us to sign a paper written in English. Fortunately, several emigrant victims who had preceded us, had written upon the walls in French and Flemish the words "Don't sign." Hundreds of us, however, fearing the worst, resigned themselves to their fate, and signed; immediately the police took them along, and they were soldiers. Others, among whom we are, refused to obey, as we came here to work, and not to fight. At last we succeeded in being transported to New York, and after giving us seven dollars, they left us to our fate in this, to us, strange city.

We should like these facts to be made public, so as to prevent our countrymen from falling into the trap which has been set for them. Unfortunately, it is too late for those who are already on the route to this country in several other vessels.

(Signed)

ANTOINE STAS.  
JEAN BAPTISTE DEWITTE.  
J. B. AVART.  
MAGLOIRE DELATTE.

The following is a translation of the prospectus distributed by the Federal Agents among Belgium workmen:

TO ALL THOSE WILLING TO RESIDE IN THE U. S. OF AMERICA.

WANTED, single men from 21 to 49 years, to migrate to the United States.

CONDITIONS.

The engagement is contracted for three years, to date from the time they arrived in the United States. Traveling expenses and food from the place of residence in Europe to the place of destination furnished gratis to emigrants. On their arrival in the United States they receive a bonus of one hundred dollars equivalent to five hundred francs. Their monthly salary is \$12, equivalent to sixty francs, and besides they will be fed, clothed, and lodged during three years. For further information address Louis A. Dochez, emigration bureau No. 2 Rue de Brabant, Brussels.

This prospectus is printed on paper containing the Belgium stamp. The *Courier* asks, "can fraud be pushed further than this?" Has ever a despotic government tolerated a more oppressive iniquity?

(Published by request)

LETTER FROM THE ARMY.

CAMP NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., August 28, 1864.

Dear Parents: I received your letter in due time, and was very glad to hear that you were all enjoying good health. My health is not any of the best, I am troubled a great deal with a pain in my side.

The Fifth Corps made an advance on the Weldon railroad. We fought two severe battles, and repulsed the Johnnies both times. We took a great many prisoners, but we lost 3,000 in prisoners. On Sunday, the 21st, the rebels charged on our breastworks, and we repulsed them handsomely. They fought like demons, but we were too much for them. I took the 16th Mississippi's colors. I have been in the company three weeks, and have been in three battles—that is one week.

The weather is very warm here. It has rained every day for the last two weeks. If it had not, I do not know what we would have done, for the water is very scarce. We have no water but surface water. But the sanitary condition of the Army is better than a person could expect.

The cannon are booming on all sides, and I presume we will have another row before long. I wish we could take Petersburg, but it will be a long time before that is done.

If the Democrats nominate a good man for President, and one that will go in for making peace in some honorable way, GIVE HIM YOUR SUPPORT FOR GOD'S SAKE; for this war will never be settled under the present Administration. I have given that up as a hopeless strife. I do not believe that Old Abe and his crew want the war to end; they are making too good a thing out of it. But do not vote for a man who wants to settle it on any terms; for we have lost too many brave men for that. But this war can be settled honorably—at least I believe so.

The 18th, with most of his regiment. Of the regiment formed out of the re-enlisted men of the old bucktails, &c., there are not more than thirty left. They are pretty well used up. We are in the same brigade with them now.

This is a very beautiful morning. How I wish I was in Wisconsin! I think I could enjoy it a great deal better. I might stand some chance of getting something to help my side there; but here in the Army a man has to go until he is three days dead before they will believe he is sick.

Day after to-morrow is muster-day. I will then have six months' pay and fifty dollars bounty due me.

From your son,  
HORACE.

**A SCENE IN THE CARS.**

The *New York Express* of Thursday relates the following:

Yesterday afternoon there occurred an exciting incident on one of the Third Avenue cars on an up-town trip. Two gentlemen of opposite politics—Lincoln and McClellan—who were passengers, were seated side by side, and were discussing the affairs of the day—the war particularly—in a warm but friendly manner. The latter was candid in his hopes that McClellan would be elected, the war cease and the Union be restored. The former like Old Abe, could see nothing bright in the future until slavery was abolished or the whole South exterminated. If it took the last man and the last dollar, said he, the war must go on to the bitter end. He was extremely violent in his manner, gestures and looks. By his side sat a plainly dressed, respectable-looking woman, who showed considerable agitation while the Lincoln fanatic thus raved. She had watched him closely from the beginning, and her ears evidently drunk in every word he uttered. But when he claimed that every man must suffer in the cause of the negro, she sprang from her seat as quickly as a tigress, and dealt him a blow upon the face and nose, created by the extraordinary act, caused great excitement among the passengers, among whom were many ladies.

The conductor was thunderstruck, and scarcely knew what to do. First he started for the belligerent female; then he halted, and pulled the strap to ring the bell; and finally he made a dash for the belligerent female, who kept punishing the offending Republican, exclaiming once in a while, "You want war; you have it right here at home," and then followed a severer blow still. Finally she was drawn off, and the sufferer, with his pocket handkerchief to his bleeding nose, beat a retreat, and reaching the sidewalk, performed miracles in the way he footed it down the Third Avenue.

After quiet was restored, and the car was proceeding up town, the assailant excused herself for her unwarrantable conduct by saying that she had already lost her husband and one son in this war, and that she had still two sons in the army, and she felt that no one must intimate before her that the other two must sacrifice their lives also, and leave her alone in the world to satisfy the fanaticism of the hour.

"Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical question as to terms of intercourse is upon you." So spoke Abraham Lincoln at the commencement of his administration.

McClellan and Pendleton forever.

## LATE NEWS FROM GEN. SHERIDAN.

(OFFICIAL BULLETIN.)

WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington, Sept. 20—Maj. Gen. Dix, New York:—Dispatches from Gen. Sheridan, dated 11 o'clock, Saturday night, six miles south of New Market have been received. He had driven the enemy from Mount Jackson without being able to bring on an engagement, and he had no cavalry present to hold them.

Gen. Torbert, Sheridan's cavalry commander, had attacked Wickham's force at Luray and captured a number of prisoners.

Gen. Sheridan found rebel hospitals in all the towns from Winchester to New Market, and he was eighty miles from Martinsburg.

Twenty pieces of artillery were captured at Fisher's Hill, with eleven hundred prisoners, a very large amount of ammunition, caissons, lumber, etc., a large amount of entrenching tools, small arms and debris.

No list of captured material had yet been received.

The small towns through the valley have a great many of the enemy's wounded.

Gen. Stevenson reports the arrival at Harper's Ferry of a train of our wounded, twenty captured guns and eighty additional captured officers.

Gen. Breckinridge has gone to take command of the rebel department of the southwest.

A dispatch received this morning from Gen. Sherman's command states that Gen. Hood appears to be moving towards the Alabama line. A strong force of rebel raiders were reported to be operating against Gen. Sherman's communications, and had captured Athens, Alabama. Vigorous exertions were being made to overtake or destroy this force.

Jefferson Davis is reported to be at Macon, Georgia.

Reports have also been received from Maj. Gen. Canby. Gen. Steele has been strongly reinforced and has taken the offensive.

Dispatches from Lt. Gen. Grant dated at ten o'clock last night, report no military operations.

Information proper for publication received to the present date, by this department.

E. M. STANTON,  
Secretary of War.

**AN OUTRAGE COMMITTED BY NEGROES.**—About 6 o'clock, on Sunday morning, a party of negroes went to a dwelling occupied by Mrs. Edmunds, on St. Aubin street, between Fort Lafayette, and effected a forcible entrance. They conducted themselves in a most riotous manner, attempted a crime to horrible to mention, and threatened to shoot any person who would interfere with them or offer resistance to their operations. A gentleman who was in the house tried to drive them off, when they fired several shots at him, none of which, fortunately, took effect. After frightening the inmates of the house so that one of them fainted, they left, but threatened to come back and fully accomplish their intended crime. This is one of the most horrible outrages that has been perpetrated in this city for many a day. The negroes in the Tenth Ward have become so lawless that many citizens live in absolute terror of them. This is but one of their many acts of violence. Breaking into private houses and attempting to outrage unprotected females should call down summary vengeance upon the heads of the perpetrators. There is talk of the citizens of the ward organizing themselves against these desperadoes.—*Detroit Press.*

**A POLITICAL MEETING ATTACKED.**—Loss of Life.—A few evenings ago the friends of General McClellan held a meeting in the Methodist church at Troy, Lincoln county, Missouri, which was attended by melancholy circumstances. The St. Louis *Republican* says:

Before the meeting was organized several soldiers entered the church, and one of the number accosted the first man he met—an old gray-headed citizen—and desired to know "whether this was a conservative meeting." The old gentleman replied that it was, and was immediately struck over the head. Several of his friends interfered, and the soldiers then began to discharge their fire arms promiscuously at the crowd. Col. Aleck Reed, an estimable young man, was shot dead. His brother, Capt. James Reed, was seriously wounded, Milton Sanford was also wounded—losing an arm. At the beginning of the rebellion in north Missouri, these gentlemen were among the first to take a firm and decided stand for the Union, and all belonged to the early militia organizations. As soon as the soldiers had discharged their fire arms they got away and made their escape out of town.

**THE WAY KENTUCKY IS GOVERNED.**—From one single number of the Lincoln organ in Kentucky, the *Louisville Press*, we select the following paragraphs:

James F. Hite was politely requested to go North yesterday, and he went.

Mrs. Anecdote and two children were received at the Female Military Prison yesterday.

GONE TO MEMPHIS.—The following persons have been sent to Memphis by order of General Barbridge, with a request to the commandant there to send them through the lines.

Thomas J. Bronston, Milo Baxter, Squire Turner, and Wm. Marshall.

Lieutenant Sage, of the 112th Illinois Infantry, an able and efficient officer, has the prisoners in charge.

Hurrah for the land of the free and the home of the brave! where all power over life, liberty and property is concentrated in one man! This is the kind of government Lincoln wants to establish in all the States.

## THE REPUBLICAN.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1864.

TERMS:—\$1 50 Per Annum, if paid in advance.

**A Splendid Fizzle.**

The great outpouring of the Abolitionists in this place on last Wednesday night was the most splendid abortion ever witnessed. The meeting was large; so was their procession—numbering, according to the highest count, just 192 voters—their 52 wagons, buggies, &c., being filled with women and children.

But of their speakers. Ah! here was the grandest part of the fizzle. Carl Shurz, of some part of Germany—perhaps that part where the Hessians came from—and John Cessna—squeaking John—whom the Democrats declined to nominate for Governor a year ago, were blazoned forth on their handbills as the "great guns" that were to shake the eternal hills of Clearfield with their re-echoing discharges. It was these names that brought the crowd. They were promised to hear such peals of eloquence and such thunders of invective as never before escaped the lips of man. And come they did. Every old stager in the county, who had been steadily arrayed against the Democracy for the last twenty-five years—from old George Atchison, the patriarch of Abolitionism in this county, down to black Johnson—and every Abolitionist within a circuit of ten miles, were on hand. They made a clean sweep of it. As one of them was heard to say, "not a d—d man who could be either coaxed or hired to come, was left at home."

But the great guns were not forthcoming. In their stead, however, there came a live yankee, straight from Massachusetts, (how fitting!) was announced. His name was Woodward, Woodruff, or something of the sort. He was very full of patriotism. To hear him, one would suppose that he had lost at least half a dozen lives in the service of the country. But when his hearers learned from his cracked voice and nasal twang, as well as from other circumstances, that those horrible sacrifices were endured at a salary of \$1,200 or \$1,800 a year as Chaplain, the grand fizzle was acknowledged on every hand, and the mortification of our Abolition friends was enough to excite the pity of the hardest hearted "Copperhead" in the crowd. Of all the political speeches we ever heard from one who pretended to speak, this was, without exception, the complete failure. It was highly amusing to see the agitation of the leaders who were responsible, and who had promised their followers so different an entertainment. Our kind friend Ben, nearly kicked the boots off his feet; and Bucher timed the fellow by a close inspection of his watch, about every ten minutes. But it was of no use. On he went, until he became so hoarse that it was painful to hear him. Nothing but the delusion that he was still in the Army and was about converting a whole camp to the refined doctrines of New England Puritanism—including "free love," miscegenation, &c., &c.—could have caused such effort. He was lost to all other emotions. The fellow hadn't an idea that he hadn't stolen from the newspapers, and most of them he spoiled. Like all those who followed him, we had gained nothing but victories since the beginning of the war. There have been no reverses—no failures; all was success. To show the sort of argument adduced, we will give a single sample, and in his own words as near as we can remember. In refuting the charge of extravagance and corruption urged by the Democrats against Mr. Lincoln's Administration, he said:

"This reminds me of a circumstance that happened up North. A conductor on one of our railroads was suspected of cheating the company that employed him, and on being called to an account by one of the officers, after hearing the charge, he says: 'That's all true enough. But look here, my friend, you had better reflect a little on this subject before turning me off. You see I have a splendid gold watch, breast-pin, finger-rings, together with a house and lot and splendid establishment in the city, and am satisfied. I want nothing more. But if you discharge me, the man you get in my place will have to go through the same process, and your company will have to suffer to the same extent, which you can save by keeping me.'"

Here, then, this Chaplain very candidly admits that the wholesale charges of robbery and corruption charged against the present Administration ARE TRUE, and his argument is, that, because they have stolen until they are satisfied, that therefore the people ought to keep them in power. And he appeared simple enough to think that the people were so dishonest as to

endorse his idea. When will our kind Abolition friends honor us with another Massachusetts yankee? What a pity they had not also procured a South Carolina disunionist. Before the war, almost all the disunionists in the country were in Massachusetts and South Carolina; and this day the worst enemies to a restored Union are to be found in those two States. But let us return to other speakers.

Gen. Patton, Ex-Congressman and President of the "First National Bank of Curwensville," was the first speaker. We did not hear it. But we learn that the General almost surpassed himself—which would be doing a great deal—in the extravagance and unscrupulousness of his assertions. He was evidently on a full blow—a perfect "buster." Wonderful to relate, he is going to "follow up" Gov. BIGLER. But how, whether through the district, with his greenbacks, or to the United States Senate, he did not explain. He was extremely severe on Gen. McClellan, and upon all soldiers who were his friends—asserting that every returned soldier who had an honorable discharge, was for Lincoln. This is nothing less than a dirty insult to every Democratic soldier in our out of the service. But what else could be expected of a party that will make war, and then get Democrats to do the fighting? Such declarations admonish us as to the kind of fair play Democrats—soldiers as well as civilians—are to get this fall, where men of his class have power. But they will find that the day for brow beating men in this way has passed—never to return.

Bucher Swoope, laying aside his regiments and also his clerical robes, after the manner of his brother, the yankee Chaplain, followed. It was a heavy drag at first, for he evidently meant to keep his no go. He could neither amuse nor interest his hearers. Even his obscure stories about bulls and cows, told in the presence of a large number of ladies, failed to "stir up" the animals. Swoope could not get along until he descended to his original element of detraction and falsehood. His points were few and far between. He, too, could see nothing but victories. The rebellion was in its last dying agonies, and thirty days were all he asked to clean it out. Thirty days! Hear ye that, ye conceits? Thirty days carries us past the October election. In the meantime, the votes of all who can be gulled by this stale lie can be secured, and then they can "run the machine" four years longer, and thus keep up the war as long as they please. But this game is played out, Mr. Swoope. Your masters and your party have lied to the people so often on this subject, that they have lost their reputation for "truth and veracity." Their testimony would not be taken in any court of justice, because it could be successfully impeached. And old liars are not to be believed, even when they do tell the truth. At first only "sixty," then "ninety," then again "sixty" days were required to crush the rebellion. But you are now in the fourth year, and you know in your heart that the strength and the power of the rebellion are to-day stronger, relatively, than they were at the beginning. Talk about ending the war in thirty days? It is an insult to the understanding of your hearers.

Mr. Swoope also referred to the Congressional contest. Mr. Scofield was an exceedingly great man—had more influence than almost any other man in Congress. But he forgot to tell us that this same Scofield acted with the Democrats on the present conscription law, and that the only vote he could influence was that of his own. An influential man, truly. Of Mr. BIGLER he had little to say. His course in the U. S. Senate during the latter part of Mr. Buchanan's Administration, he said, was such as ought to be rebuked by every voter at the polls. How widely Mr. Swoope differs from the venerable CRITTENDEN, BIGLER, together with Mr. CRITTENDEN, and other such patriots, were striving to adjust the difficulties without war, without blood; and as a last resort, BIGLER appealed to the Abolitionists to consent to a submission of the question to the people of the whole country in the selection of delegates to a Convention of all the States. And for this Mr. Swoope asks that "he be rebuked at the polls." The Abolitionists were afraid of the people. They knew the people would settle peaceably, and thus war would be averted, and their grand opportunity for spoils and robbery be past forever. Mr. S. also had something to say about a "free fight," as promised by the Democrats in case they are not permitted a "fair ballot." He was very valiant. But then he can afford to be. He carries his exemption papers in his pockets.

No attempt was made by either of the

speakers to answer any of the arguments used or charges made by the Democratic speakers of the evening previous, although Mr. Witte over and over again invited and dared them to do it.

Mr. McNally followed, but what he said, or what was thought of what he did say, we do not know; as we left the grand fizzle before he took the stand.

## THE DEMOCRATIC MEETINGS.

The meeting of the Democracy on Tuesday evening of last week was creditable in every respect. But little effort was made to get up a crowd. Handbills had been printed the Thursday previous, but, by a singular accident they were not distributed; yet in the number of sturdy men—voters—it greatly surpassed the gathering of Abolitionists the following evening.

The meeting was held at the eastern front of the Mansion House, and was organized by Walter Barrett, Esq., moving the selection of the following officers:—D. W. Moore, President; Hugh Orr, Philip Long, Maj.; Jacob Willhelm, W. K. Wrigley, Geo. Dimeling, Dan'l Goodlander, Francis Coudriet, B. D. Hall, John M. Cummings, Joseph H. Jones, Cyrenus Howe, Hon. James Bloom, David T. Sharp, Vice Presidents; G. B. Goodlander, J. R. McMurray, Dr. Jno. Potter, J. R. Caldwell, Secretaries.

After a few remarks from the President, Mr. BLAKELY, of Elk county, spoke for a few moments, when Senator LAWFA, of Westmoreland, who had been spending a few days with his friend Senator WALLACE in this place was called for. Mr. L.'s speech, though brief, was full of sound sense and solid reason, and delivered with an eloquence and fervor that marked him as a man of a high order of talents, and of the highest moral character. He was next introduced to the audience. It would be idle even to attempt the faintest sketch of this splendid address. It occupied almost two hours. But the air was perfectly calm and pleasant, and the vast crowd observed the most perfect attention during the whole time, save when they would give way to their irrepressible demonstrations of applause. Mr. Witte is one of the best public speakers in this or any other State. He never fails to win universal applause. But he seemed to feel especially at home in Clearfield. He told his hearers at the outset that he meant to keep within the record—that he meant neither to misrepresent nor to exaggerate any fact or any act of our political opponents; and that if any one of them present thought they could controvert any charge he made against their party or its acts, he offered them the opportunity, and invited them upon the stand to do so. It is not necessary to add that the offer was not accepted. He made no charges that he did not clearly substantiate, and his warning against the fearful consequences of the re-election of Lincoln; and the blessings he showed must follow the election of McClellan, sunk deep into the hearts of his hearers, Republicans as well as Democrats.

Senator WALLACE followed Mr. WITTE in one of his happiest strains, eliciting the most unbounded applause.

When Mr. WALLACE closed, Dr. BOTER, being loudly called for, appeared upon the stand. He referred to the lateness of the hour, and begged to be excused. But it was no go, and he had to "wade in," which he did in his usual happy style, eliciting the greatest applause.

The most perfect order prevailed throughout, and about 11 o'clock the meeting adjourned to meet in the Court-house on Thursday evening.

## MEETING ON THURSDAY EVENING.

Court having adjourned, and the day and evening being exceeding wet, but few people from the country were in town. Yet the court-house was tolerably well filled—a number of ladies gracing the occasion with their presence. John H. Seyler, of Brady, and C. D. Watson, of Clearfield, were added to the list of Vice-Presidents; and George Newson, of Clearfield, and Wm. Watson, of Lawrence, Secretaries.

Addresses were delivered respectively by R. J. Wallace, Wm. M. McCullough, Israel Test, and T. J. McCullough, Esqrs.

GENERAL CASE.—The Abolition papers have extensively circulated the story that the venerable General Case was dissatisfied with the Chicago Convention, and opposed to General McClellan's election. A gentleman who conversed with General Case a day or two ago, informs us that the above story is without foundation, and that the General advises every body to vote for McClellan, and to do all in their power to change the Administration at Washington.—*Albany Atlas.*

The Abolition Treasury agents is in another 91. 0000.