

# Clearfield Republican



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**TERMS OF THE REPUBLICAN.**  
The Republican is published every Wednesday, by GEO. W. SNYDER, & CO., at \$2.00 per annum in advance. If paid within six months \$2.50, and if not paid until after the expiration of six months, \$3.00 will be charged.—The paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

**GOING IT BLIND.**  
Respectfully inscribed to Miss B. G. C. FITZ.  
You're as modest as a dove, I know it, but then, I think you're advancing on certain young men, and I judge from the manner they seek your "kind cheer," that they are quite smitten, and you are too "dear."  
When I saw more than one turn their footsteps that way, I fancied your heart had a measure to pay, that your choice of love must be filled to the brim, which so amply supplies it to Jerry and Tim.  
Yet while Tony was here, with his grace and his "grin," I noticed that "smiling ones" couldn't "come in." But when Tony was gone, then your "latch string was out."  
And you ogled some others, who "hovered about." When Jimmy came over, you listened "all ears," and you poured upon William encouraging letters.  
I laughed when I heard it, that you were so kind, and I fancied that Tony was "going it blind."  
You seem like the sun, with its orbs of "dim sight." That sleep on its disk, and that back in twilight; yet not like the sun, you bestowed a smile, which beams with a special radiance on the white.  
That brightens the features of Johnny and Ben, and throws a red lustre on others, but then, your rays re-entire, and fall on the "Jews," while Benny and Johnny are stricken with blues.  
Oh! I'm lost, in amaze, to know what you mean, and suggest that somebody is certainly "green." I laughed when I heard it, but—mum—never mind.  
Young Tony'll soon learn, he's "going it blind." A fair lady's heart is as fervid and free, as the sunshine which gladdens the bird and the bee.  
But its portals are closed to the raptures of love, save the pleasure enjoyed by the angels above, till the soul meets its magnet, concentrated in one, and responds to its feeling, "this magnet or none."  
If you would be wise, then, and worthy as wise, you'll turn from your jilting, abandon your guise.  
You'll be true to your Tony while Tony is near, and you'll think of your Tony when Tony's not here.  
O'er your friends will condemn you for being too kind.  
And Tony'll soon learn, he's been "going it blind." Jan. 24th, 1866.

**INTERESTING DIALOGUE.**  
When a—Meat—Cabbage—Potatoes—Apples—Grapes—Beets—Tomatoes—Bread—Cake—And Some Other Things—And the Boys and Girls Beside.  
SCENE—John Smith's Country Store—Time, Evening—SPEAKERS, Sunday Villagers and Farmers who have shopped in as usual.  
Mr. Smith.—Trade is very dull nowadays: I don't sell half so much as I did five years ago.  
Mr. Jones.—Good reason. Things're so high, we can't afford to buy. You charge such awful prices, Smith.  
Mr. Smith.—Can't help it. I have to pay so much more. When I sold sugar at 10 cents a pound, I made a cent a pound, and I only make a cent now on 20 cents, and this cent profit don't go so far to keep my family.  
Mr. Brown.—I buy just as much as ever. I don't see as there is much change. I used sell my 600 bushels of wheat for 75 cents a bushel, or \$450. Of this, \$250 went for family store bills, and \$200 to pay off my farm debt. Now, when I sell for \$1.50 per bushel, or \$900, it takes about \$500 for store bills, and leaves \$400 to pay off the debt. In fact, these high prices suit me. I wish Mr. McCulloch had kept out of the Treasury, for he threatens to make Greenbacks par, and knock down prices.  
Mr. Price.—I don't see as it makes much difference. If there is twice as much money going, and everybody gets twice as much for everything he raises, and pays twice as much for everything he buys, it all comes out square at the end; and there is this gain in the operation; those who save money, or make a profit, make double, as neighbor Brown explains about paying his farm debt.  
Mr. Butler.—That's so.  
Mr. Greene.—So I think.—Mr. Moore.—So do I.  
Mr. Baker.—There is a little drawback. I keep the accounts of Widow Roberts, who has the mortgage on Mr. Brown's farm, and the \$400 he pays, don't go only half so far in supporting her, and educating her children.  
Mr. Travis (the School Teacher).—Yes it does, for I only get \$30 a month for teaching Mrs. Roberts's and others' children, and I used to get \$25, with wheat at 75 cents.  
Rev. Mr. Corey.—And I only get \$600 a year, while I always had \$500 with wheat at 75 cents and sugar at 10 cents.  
Several Voices.—That ain't quite square.  
Mr. Knox, (Editor).—And you only pay me \$2 a year for my newspaper, which you thought cheap at \$1.50, five years ago, though I have now to pay three times as much for every

thing I use in making a newspaper.  
Mr. Greene.—Why don't you raise your prices, too?  
Mr. Knox.—People won't stand it. I must keep along with no profit, or even a "loss," hoping for better times, or else lose my subscribers, and let the paper go down. Why, when I raised the price from \$1.50 to \$2 a year, a good many stopped the paper—among them Mr. Brown himself, though I paid him double for his wheat.  
Mr. Brown.—I didn't stop so much for the price; I went in for paying for my farm by extra economy.  
Mr. Knox.—Yes, he followed my advice for people "to economize and pay their debts now." But let us see if Mr. Brown began at the right place. On one Saturday I published in my paper that wheat had advanced 15 cents a bushel. On Monday Mr. Brown went to market with his wheat, and sold 60 bushels at one cent advance over the old price, and thought he did well. He came home boasting about it, until he met neighbor Johnson, who got the 15 cents advance, because he read my paper, and was wide-awake. Mr. Brown's loss on 60 bushels would pay four whole years' subscription.  
Mr. Brown.—Don't say anything more about that, Mr. Knox, and put me down a subscriber for life.  
Mr. Knox.—I have heard of several other such losses by those who stopped my paper. Not to be too personal, as some of them are here. I will call them A, B, C, etc. Mr. A. paid 4 per cent more fees on \$71 taxes, because he did not see the collector's notice in my paper, and thus lost \$2.84, to save \$2. Mr. B. paid \$3.60 the same way. Mr. C. failed to bring in his claim against an estate, because he did not see in my paper the legal notice limiting the time. That cost him \$34, to save \$2 subscription. Mr. D. sold 200 pounds of wool at 62 cents, because he did not see an advertisement of Mr. Smith, right here at home, offering 70 cents. That cost him \$16, to save \$2. Mr. F's boys went down to the village every night or two, to get the news and local gossip, because they had no paper at home, and one of them fell into bad company, and is ruined. I know twenty cases where people lost money for not learning what is going on. I gather up all that is going on in business and society, and condense it into my columns. It is important for every man to know all about home matters, and I doubt if there is a man in this whole town who would not, in the course of a year, get some information, that would pay him back more than \$2 a year. And then think of a household sitting down together 365 days in a year, and having nothing to talk about, except their own affairs, and a few items of gossip, gathered up by occasional contact with other people.  
Mr. Taylor.—Let me help Editor Knox's argument. Wife read to me an item he published about a humbug, which he copied from the *American Agriculturist* of New York City. Next day one of those same humbugs came round with his article, and was so plausible that he almost persuaded her into paying \$3, for his swindling receipt; but the editor's caution kept her back.  
Mr. Knox.—Yes, and do you know that the fellow sold more than fifty of the humbug receipts hereabout, at \$3 a piece? but not to any one of my subscribers.  
Mr. Potts.—Put me down as a subscriber, Mr. Knox, here is your two dollars.  
Mr. Shaw.—And me too.  
Mr. Knox.—Thank you, gentlemen. I'll try to make a better paper than ever. Every dollar helps; a new subscriber only adds to my expense the cost of a paper. If everybody took the paper, and thus divided the cost of getting news, setting type, office rent, etc., I could double the value of the paper to each. Please talk the matter over with other neighbors and see, if it cannot be done.  
Several Voices.—We will.  
Mr. Smith.—And now while you are about it, I want to make up a club for a good New York paper.  
Mr. Brown.—We can't afford to take so many papers.  
Mr. Smith.—You just seen that you could not afford to stop your home paper; let us see if it will not pay to join our club. Mr. Rich, you have taken the *American Agriculturist* for several years. Does it pay?  
Mr. Rich.—Pay? Yes fifty times over. Why, I got two ten-acre fields ready to sow to wheat, and put in one of them. That night my *Agriculturist* came, and I read a simple recommendation about preparing seed wheat, I called John and we put 15 bushels in soak for the next day. It cost 50 cents for the materials. Well, the second field yielded 5 bushels an acre more than the other—or 50 bushels extra, and better wheat too. Pretty good

pay for \$1.50 expended for a paper. And I have got lots of other hints almost as profitable. You know I get better profits on my beef, pork and mutton, than any other man in the place. Now does this not come from any direct hint, like the wheat, but from a good many suggestions that I have picked up in reading the *Agriculturist*, and from the course of reasoning that I have been led into, by reading in it what others do, and think, and say.  
Mr. Smith.—You are another subscriber to the *Agriculturist*, Mr. West; does it pay?  
Mr. West.—Pay? Yes. You know what good cabbages and potatoes I had last season. Why, the cabbages were worth double any others in town, for market or for home use. I had 400 heads, worth 5 cents a piece, extra; and they only cost 20 cents extra for seed. My 250 bushels of potatoes are all engaged for seed at \$1.50 a bushel, when other kinds bring only 50 cents. That's \$250 clear gain, for the \$14 extra I paid for seed, and the \$1.50 I paid for the *Agriculturist*. It was through this paper that I learned about both the cabbages and potatoes. Its editor are careful, intelligent men, on the constant lookout for anything new that is really good, while the paper abounds in cautions against the poor and unprofitable.  
Mr. Smith.—What say you, Mr. Taylor? Does it pay to invest \$150 in the *Agriculturist*?  
Mr. Taylor.—Most certainly. A hint in the paper led me to look after certain insects at the proper time, and the result was, I had 100 barrels of splendid apples, which brought me a clean \$5 per barrel, and this you know was better by \$1, than the average prices here, or \$160. Then I have read so much about good and bad grapes, the method of treating them, etc., that I can beat the town in raising grapes profitably. My son, William, got a kink in his head about Tomatoes, from something the Editors said, and sent for some seed. He made more money on the crop raised in his spare hours, than was cleared by half the farmers in this town.  
Mr. Smith.—Let's hear from Mr. Crane.  
Mr. Crane.—I only read in the paper what was said about hogs—what kind paid best, how to feed them, and the like; but if you will call around and see my porkers, and my expense account, I'll bet a pipkin I can show fifty dollars more of pork for the same money than any other man here. And this comes from reading what other men think and do. But wife ought to be here to speak. She and the girls read the *Agriculturist* next to the Bible. They think the household department is worth more than all the fashion magazines in the world. They say, it is so full of good hints about all kinds of house work. All I can say is, that we do have better bread and cake; and wife says, the cake don't cost so much as it used to. She has learned from the paper how a hundred other house-keepers do their work.  
Rev. Corey.—Let me say, also, that Mrs. Crane and her daughters have added a good many beautiful but cheap home-made fixtures to their parlor and sitting rooms, which certainly make their home more attractive. They told me, the other day, they got these up from pictures and descriptions in the *Agriculturist*.  
Mr. Travis.—My salary has not allowed me to take the paper; though I must squeeze out enough to do so this year. My school boys have brought me some copies to look at, the past year or two, and I find the *Boys and Girls* department of the *Agriculturist* the best thing I ever saw. It is full of items, etc., that amuse and at the same time instruct the children. Why, I could pick out the boys and girls in my school whose parents take the *Agriculturist*, just by hearing them talk—they are so full of new and good things they have learned from the paper. The paper has many beautiful engravings.  
Rev. Corey.—As small as is my salary, I would have the paper if it cost \$5 a year, instead of \$1.50. The fact is, it helps out my salary. My little garden plot at the parsonage has yielded us almost all our table vegetables, besides many beautiful flowers. The *Agriculturist* has been my constant guide. I knew but little of gardening; but this paper is so full of information about the best things to plant and sow, when to plant, and how to cultivate—all told in so plain and practical a way, by men who seem to talk from their own experience, that I know just what to do, and how to do it well. The high moral tone of the paper, its common sense, the care it takes of all parts of the Farm, the Garden, the Orchard—the Household work, and the Children as well, with

its hundreds of beautiful and instructive engravings—make it the most valuable periodical I have ever seen. I heartily wish every one of my parish-ners would take it for himself and family. It would awaken thought and enterprise, give interest to the town and neighborhood talk, stimulate improvement, introduce new and profitable crops, animals and implements, and add to our wealth. Take my advice, and all of you try the paper a year. The \$1.50 it costs, is only three cents a week, and it is worth that any way. Why the large and beautiful engravings are worth many times that.  
Mr. Davis.—I took the *Genesee Farmer* last year, and as that has stopped, I thought I would take a new paper.  
Mr. Smith.—The "*Genesee Farmer*" was not really stopped. The Publishers of the *Agriculturist* invited Mr. Harris to join the "*Farmer*" to the *Agriculturist*, and put his whole force into the latter paper. They paid him a large price for his office, and moved it with everything connected with it to their office. So the *Agriculturist* is really two papers joined into one, and of course better. I think we better go with Mr. Harris to the *Agriculturist*, that has been published for 25 years, and has a hundred thousand circulation, which, as Mr. Knox has told us, supplies the means and facilities for giving us a great deal more for the same money. Mr. Harris carries on his large farm, and in his "*Walks and Talks on the Farm*," and other things he writes for the *Agriculturist*, he tells us a great deal about all kinds of farm work.  
Mr. Davis.—Put me down for the *Agriculturist*.  
Mr. Smith.—I am glad to do so. I know you will like it. The January number, which has just come to hand, is alone worth the cost of a year. See here, (showing it,) there are 40 pages, twice as large as the magazine pages, and there are thirty-five engravings in it, two of them full page size, and see how beautiful! Why, I'll give any man who takes the paper a year, a dollar and a half in goods out of my store, if he says at the end of a year he has not got many times his money's worth.  
Mr. Butler.—Put me in your club.  
Mr. Greene.—And me too.—Mr. Brown.—And me.  
Mr. Smith.—I have no interest in the matter, except to do a good thing for the place. You can join our club, or any one who desires can get the *Agriculturist* for all of 1866 (Volume 25,) by simply enclosing \$1.50, with his name and post-office address, and sending it to ORANGE JUDK & CO. PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY. The paper always comes prompt and regularly, and what is a good thing, it stops when your time is up, without your having to write about it. I predict that there will be plenty of others next winter, to talk as Mr. Rich, Mr. West, Mr. Crane and Parson Corey have done to night.

**AN ANECDOTE OF "THE PRESS."**  
The Press has brought out General Geary as its candidate for Governor, and has been enumerating with infinite unaction the battles in which its warrior participated. We feel it to be a kindness, therefore, to our cotemporary to furnish it with an anecdote connected with the General's history which has not yet found its way into print. There stood for many years at the junction of two streets in Harper's Ferry, an old iron cannon of revolutionary date, of the kind we see planted along our wharves. It served the purpose of a post, and as the mouth stood uppermost, it was used by the passers-by as a receptacle for cigar stumps and old quids of tobacco, which, in the course of time, became compacted into a solid mass and filled it. After the breaking out of the war, some mischievous boys at the Ferry dug up the old field-piece, mounted it on a small wagon, amused themselves by trundling it about the village streets. Soon after this time, General Geary had a skirmish with the enemy at Bolivar Heights, and after their retreat there was near the field the very cannon of which we have given the history. Somebody reported the fact to the General, who forth with announced the capture of a heavy field-piece, and in the flush of excitement incident to the victory, apprised our city authorities that he meant to donate it to Philadelphia. It never came. The fact is that when the General made the tender he had not seen his prize. When he did behold it, he directed it to be tumbled into the bed of the Potomac, where it is now snugly reposing. The city can console itself with the reflection that the process of reaming out the accumulated deposit of stumps and quids would probably have cost more than the value of the old iron in the General's trophy.—Age.

**BILL ARP'S ADDRESS TO HIS CONSTITUENTS.**  
Bill is a member of the Georgia Senate.  
RESPECTFUL PEOPLE: I address you on this occasion with a profound admiration for the great consideration and the nice discrimination which caused you to honor me by your votes with a seat in the Senate of Georgia. For two moments and inspiring weeks the Legislature have been in solemn session, one of whom I am proud to be which. For several days we were engaged as skouts, making reconnaissance to see whether Georgia were a State or Injun territory—whether we were in the old Union or out of it—whether or me and my folks and you and your folks were somebody or nobody, and lastly, but by no means leastly, whether our poor innocent children, born during the war, were all illegal, and had to born over again or not. This last pint are much unsettled, but our women are advised to be calm and serene.  
My friends, our aim has honestly been to get you all back in the folds of the glorious old Union. Like the prodigal son, we had nothing to live on, and feelin lonesome and hungry, have been bowin and scrapin and making apologies for five or six months. We have been standin afar off for weeks and weeks, but darn the calf do they kill for us. They know we've got nothin, for they eat up our substance, and as for puttin rings on our fingers, we couldn't expect it until they bring back the jewelry they carried away. I cannot say, in the language of the poet, that our labor have been a labor of love, for we had monstrous poor encouragement to be shore; but we had all set our heads toward the stars and stripes; and we justly determined that come wool come wo, sink or swim, survive or perish, thunder or listen, we'd slip back, or sneak back, or git back somehow or somehow else, or we'd stay out forever and ever amen, and be hanged to em, so-called, I golly.  
Up to this time it may have been an uphill business. The team was a good one and the gear all sound, and the wagon greased, but the roads are perhaps the roughest, rottenest corduroy in the world. It's pull up and skotch, and pull up and skotch, and and anonymous the skotch slips out and the tugs cuts around and away we go into the gully. Andy Jonsin in the driver, and he says "Go slow," and he hollers "Wo! wo!" and loses the road, and then we have to go back to the fork and wait till he blazes the way. He seems to be doin his best, but then there is Sumner and Satan and Stevens and Davis and like other gentlemen, who keep hollerin at him and cracking his whip, and confusin his ideas, so that sometimes we don't know whether he's gee-in or haw-in.  
My friends, about them fellers, I don't know what I ort to say. If you do, or if any body does, I wish they would say it. I don't encourage cussin in nobody, not at all, but if you know of a man that can't be broke of it durin' his natural life, it must be well to bin him by the year. It there is in all histry a good excuse and a proper subject, it is upon them heartless, soulless, bowless, gizzardless, fratricidal, suicidal, parasidel, sistersidel, abominabul, contemptibul, disgustibul individuals. I sometimes think of em till my brain gits sorter added, and I think of becumin a volunteer convict to the Lunatik Asylum. Charity inclines me to the opinyun that old Sumner are crazy. I think he has been gittin worse ever since he took Brooks on the brain, and it do seem like the disease have proved contagious. If they are for Peace it must be the Peace that passeth all understandin, for we cant fathom it in these regions. They foun us to free the poor nigger but didn't care for the Union. The Western boys foun us for the Union but didn't care for the nigger. By double teamin on us they licked us and we gin it up, but now the one dont want our niggers and the other dont want our Union, and its the hardest skedule to please em both that a poor vanishes pepul ever undertook. Its the most hardest war to wind up that histry records. Sumner, Satan & Company are still a fassin and famin about the everlastin nigger—want him to vote and make laws, and squat on a jewelry, and want to prohibit us rebels from doing the same thing for 30 years to cum! Jerusalem! where is the cussing man? They say its all right for a nigger not to vote in Connecticut, bekaus there aint but few of em thar; and its all wrong for em not to vote in Georgia bekaus theres a heap of em here, and they talk Logik and Rhetorik amazin to prove how it is. Wen Laint got a whole passel of sense like sun, but as shore as I'm two foot high a nigger is a nigger, I dont keer

where you smell him, and a vote is a vote I dont keer whar you drop it. I golly! they cant git over that.  
The truth is, my teller sitizens, I sometimes feel like we didnt have no Government. I felt that way sorter when Mr. Gibson appointed me a committee on the State of the Republic. When the Sekretary read out my name all mixed up with this Republic, I felt that I was obleeged to renig. Bin sin magostically to my feet, says I, "Mr. President, I beg to respectably excused sur; if you please. If thar is any Republic on this side of Jordan I cant pursue it at this time with these speks. Thar was a place in old Virginia called Port Republic, but Mr. Rebel Stonewall Jackson wiped out its contents generally in 1863, and I havent since heard of it in Northern literature. I have heard of a skrub concern over about Washington they call a Republic, but sur, it are likely to prove the grandest imposture that ever existed on a continent of freedom. I suppose, sur, it are to be moved to Boston or the infernal regions in a few days and I want nuthin to do with it. Excuse me, sur, but I must insist on being respectably discharged." I took my seat amid the most profoundest and tumultuous silence ever seed, and Mr. Gibson remarked that he wouldnt impose the Republic on the respectable man agin his wishes. He then transferred me to the Finants Committee and sed he hoped we would take immediate action, for the State had no money, as well as himself, and board was high and eat sateras frequent. This may not have been his exakult language, but is anglin toward it. I bowed my head and said "Ditto, exsep that I don't eat sateras." Forthwith I telegraphed various gentlemen for a temporary loan, but they wouldnt lend a dollar until Mr. Jenkins were norgorated, for they wanted his name to the vote. Thinks says I, there's a tap lost about the wagon. If we are a State we can borrow money in Augusty. If we aint a State, its none of our business to lorry it at all. If Andy wants to run the machine his own way, let him pay his own expenses. What in the dickens is a Provision Government for, if it aint to get up provisions and provide for a fellor generally. I made up my mind that perhaps we had been humorin Andy about long enuf. We had as much right to a Governor as Alabama or South Calina. He wants us back about as bad as we want to get back, and a little badder, perhaps; and he needent to put on so many unnecessary airs about this Senator-bussness. If he fools with us much, we won't elect any body—I golly; we'll take the studs and go back wards. I forthwith returned to the capitol, and stretchin forth one of my arms, ses I, "Mr. Gibson, sur—I'm the friend of your wife and the children; but if Mr. Jenkins aint norgorated soon the State will collapse; a bright and glorious star will be obliterated from off the striped rag, and the President will soon lose about nine supporters in the Federal Congress. I move, sur, that if we can't git our Governor at once, like a *sine qua non*, we break up in a row and depart for Mexico." It took like the small-pox, and were carryed tumultuously. These procedins were telegraphed to Washington before the ink was dry, and we received orders forthwith to norgorate our Governor and roll on our cart. Then the money came, and we voted ourselves a pocketful apiece, and took a furlo. My friends, that were a proud and glorious day. When that great and good man was makin his affectin speech, we all felt happy; and Capen Dodds, the member from Paik, remarked that he would like to die then, for he never expected to feel as heavenly agin. The tears run down his left eye like rain. His other eye wer in prison. Of course the villen were tried for it, and hung, though I haint seed no mention of it in the papers. Alas! poor Wize.  
My fellow-sitizens, let me in conclusion congratulate you on havin a Governor once more, as is a Governor. Oh! there is life in the old land yet, and by and by we'll mix up with our friends at the North, and we'll transport them Black Republicans into the African desert, and put em to teachin Hottentots the right of suffrage. More anonymous.  
BILL ARP.  
P. S.—Cousin John Thrasher ses he hav studied law a week, and will be a candydite for sum high offis when we meel agin, provided we giv him time to sell his cotton seed. I'll say this—art hav done as much for him as some of the candydites, and nature more and his cotton seed as good as I ever seed.  
A fire at Petroleum Centre, on the 31st, destroyed seven wells and 20,000 barrels of oil.