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PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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### Select Poetry.

#### THE GIBBET IN THE CHURCH.

All hail! let woful parsons raise!  
Now, brethren, prostrate fall  
Before the hangman of the day,  
And crown them lords of all!

Lift up the spear! the gallows raise!  
Hear ye the New School call!  
For Juggernaut shall ride to day  
And Moloch's black cabal.

Let's smile them, hip and thigh! Spare not,  
But curse them, great and small,  
Who dare to say, "Be lenient,  
For mercy need we all!"

Sew dragon teeth, and culture hemp,  
Take wormwood, verjuice, gail,  
And mix a cup of devil's drink  
For those with'n our thrall.

Let Charity be duly gaged  
While we for blood do call,  
And mercy be forever dumb  
Upon this circling ball.

Who dares to utter "Peace on earth!"  
To Tophet let him fall!  
And those who teach "Good will to men!"  
Send them to Satan's hall.

A tow'ring scaffold let us raise—  
Erect a gibbet tall,  
And gloat in dying agonies,  
And hold death's carnival.

*[New Brunswick (N. J.) Times.]*

#### CALICO ARISTOCRACY IN MOTION.

Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, whose wealth stands him in the stead of brains, has brought forward a proposition to increase the tariff duties on all articles manufactured in this country. The object of this proposition is, not to raise revenue, but to prohibit the importation of foreign goods, so that the manufacturers in this country may have a clean monopoly, without any fear of competition from abroad. The manufacturers here, would then be enabled to charge any price that their greed might demand, because they would have the exclusive control of the home market.

This motion comes from New England, of course, and what is still more significant, is brought forward by one of the heaviest of the New England manufacturers. He knows the practical advantages of a monopoly in his trade, for it is such a monopoly that has made him one of the wealthiest men in the country. With a very small amount of brains, he has, by the manufacture of calico, accumulated wealth sufficient to purchase his way into political conspicuity, and may, from the force of his money and his political position, thus attained, be regarded as one of the chiefs of the new Calico Aristocracy. New England, by the aid of fishing bounties, paid at the expense of the South and West, first acquired the title of the Codfish Aristocracy; but this illustrious distinction is now in a fair way to be superseded by the still more resplendent Calico Aristocracy, at the head of which stands Sprague the Magnificent, and his second wife, who has the happy faculty of producing, at her initiatory acquaintance, not only a thumping young Calico Aristocrat, but a shower of greenbacks besides. The Olympian god showered gold upon his favorite; and the maternal ancestor of the new Calico Aristocracy, emulating the classic splendor and magnificence of Olympus, rains greenbacks upon the first-born of this hyemal production, and its happy mother, at the rate of five hundred thousand to the one and one hundred thousand to the other.

The country has seen the announcements, repeatedly made through the press, of the enormous profits made by the cotton and woolen mills of New England, reaching from eighty to one hundred and twenty per centum per annum upon the capital invested. This extraordinary profit is the result of our tariff laws, made for the ostensible purpose of protecting American industry, but for the real purpose of giving the manufacturers a monopoly. These laws contravene, in their practical operation, that sound maxim of political economy, which justly holds that every man, in a well regulated Government, should have the unobstructed privilege of selling where he can get the best price, and of purchasing where he can get the cheapest article. Under the crafty pretext of protecting home manufacturers, New England has so managed as to shut out competition from abroad, by levying a tax upon all foreign articles made by themselves; and thus she has for many years made the agricultural classes of the South and West tributary to her emolument. The people of these two sections of the Union are thus

made to labor for the profit of the Calico Aristocracy. By the operation of these unjust tariff laws, we are compelled to buy of New England an inferior article, when we might, in the absence of those laws, purchase a superior article, in another market, at half the price. One would think that such profits as we have mentioned, should be sufficient to satisfy the greed of even the Calico Aristocracy; but avarice is a passion that grows the more, the more it is fed. And Senator Sprague, desirous to cut off all chance or probability of foreign competition with his mills, proposes to increase the tariff tax still more, hoping to make the monopoly perpetual. And we have little doubt that he will carry his point. He has all the wealth of New England to back him, besides all her votes; and the politicians of this Congress are badly slandered, if money will not buy a measure through both Houses, with as much certainty as a traveler can buy his way through a turn-pike gate. The West and South will remain tributary to New England monopoly, just so long as her politicians can rule the country through the aid of nigger philanthropy, craft and fraud. Hitherto Sambo has been the agent through whom the common sense of the West has been emasculated, and he is far from losing his potency as such agent now, although he has been converted into a freedman. The Calico Aristocracy must now, by the aid of the West, convert him into a voter; and so they will agitate this scheme, as a cunning device to keep our people from thinking about those other shrewd Yankee plans, by which they are made tributary to New England, and are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water to the Calico Aristocracy.—*Quincy (Ill.) Herald.*

#### SHOCKING AFFAIR.

—One of the most heart-rending accidents by fire that has ever come to our notice took place on the opposite side of the river, and about two miles from Belle Plaine, on the night of Thursday last. The name of the unfortunate family was Shilock, composed of Mr. and Mrs. Shilock and five children, the oldest some eight or ten years of age. During the night Mrs. Shilock awoke and found the house in flames, when she immediately sprang from the bed, and remembering the four children in the other room, that was reached by a passage, she rushed to their rescue.

Mr. Shilock followed an instant later, but in his passage broke through the burning floor into the cellar. By a desperate effort, almost suffocated by heat and smoke, he again reached the bed which he had left, and grasping the sleeping babe, threw it through the window, which he broke out; but upon turning to see what had become of his wife, he was met by the flames, and but barely escaped by the window through which he had thrown the child. Upon reaching the outside, he heard the cries of his wife from the entry way, or narrow hall. She had been frantically endeavoring to gain the room occupied by the children, until she herself had become surrounded by fire.

Through almost superhuman exertion he succeeded in bursting in the door and rescuing her, although both were terribly burned. They now used exertions to save the children, but all to no purpose, and soon they were enabled to see the four standing together in the middle of the room, clinging to each other, with their eyes raised to Heaven, in which position they were consumed by the flames, in full sight of their agonized parents, who could lend them no aid.

What must have been their feelings! Nothing, of course, was saved, and there they were, far from assistance, left almost childless, in the manner described; themselves badly burned, and exposed to the bitter cold weather, with no protection but their night-clothes. They succeeded in reaching a neighbor's house, where they were cared for in a proper manner. The charred remains of the four children were afterwards taken from the ruins of the house.—*Shakopee (Mich.) Argus.*

Artemus Ward says shooting isn't as popular in Nevada as it once was. A few years ago they used to have a dead man for breakfast every morning. A reformed desperado told me that he supposed he had killed men enough to stock a grave-yard. "A feeling of remorse," he said, "sometimes comes over me! But I'm an altered man now. I hain't killed a man for over two weeks! What'll yer poison yerself with?" he added, dealing a resonant blow on the bar.

Why do men who are about to fight a duel generally choose a field for the place of action? For the purpose of allowing the ball to graze.

The largest almshouse in the world—the Freedman's Bureau.

#### WHY DETECTIVE BAKER WAS DEGRADED.

The notorious government detective, General L. C. Baker, ceases to be a brigadier general with this day. By the terms of an order from the War Department his commission was canceled on the 18th ult., and he is mastered out of "service." It should be borne in mind, however, that the military officers here disclaim Baker's right to recognition as of the military service proper, since he did not receive his title of brigadier general by reason of meritorious conduct in the field, nor on account of service in the army of the United States. His "promotion" to a brigadiership was the work of Stanton, upon importunities of Baker, who asked the distinction as a sort of healthy covering to hide his disreputable conduct whilst acting in the capacity of chief-thief-catcher, etc., for the government. This detective has had his day; now his trouble will commence, for he can no longer, at his own bidding, bring to his aid the strong arm of the government to protect him from the vengeance of outraged citizens who have been sufferers in person and in property from the unconstitutional and utterly illegal acts of this man.

Baker had become so impudent, and felt so entirely secure from the reach of all men save the Secretary of War, that he actually attempted to play the detective upon the President and his household some weeks ago. There is scarcely a doubt, however, that this last specimen of indecency and wonderful impudence was encouraged, if not suggested, by some of the President's "Radical friends." The "Great Detective" made an utter failure of his espionage upon the executive mansion, for it was somehow discovered by Mr. Johnson, who sent a messenger to bring Baker immediately into his presence. The detective dropped every other consideration, and repaired with all haste to the White House, totally at fault as to the purpose of his summons from the President. His name being announced, the President directed that he be at once admitted, notwithstanding the presence of several gentlemen then engaged with Mr. Johnson. The latter most unceremoniously charged Baker with his villainous espionage, and informed him that if he again heard of his presence in or prowling about the White House, or if he permitted any of his creatures to sneak around the premises, the "Great Detective" should himself lodge in some one of the dingy cells in the Old Capitol, where so many had been incarcerated upon the simple order of Baker himself, without warrant, or the semblance of law or justice.

The "Great Detective" was amazed at what he heard, and remained speechless while the President scolded him. Upon the President's command, "Go, sir," Baker hastily moved towards the door; but, before he quite arrived there, Mr. Johnson added: "Hold, one moment, sir. I desire that you now go to the Secretary of War and tell him every word I have said to you; and (shaking his finger at him) don't you ever let me see you here again."

The "Great Detective" left instantly, and has obeyed the last injunction of the President most religiously.—*Richmond Examiner.*

A DEAD HUSBAND TURNS UP.—The Reading Gazette says another case of the dead coming to life has just been brought to light in the Register's office of that county. A citizen of Reading who enlisted in the early part of the war, and from whom no information was had for some time, was given up for dead. His supposed widow, in order to draw a certain legacy, which, in the meantime became payable to the husband, took out letters of administration on his estate, drew the legacy and was again married immediately thereupon. A few weeks afterwards the husband—not dead, but living—called at the Register's office, where he was informed that letters of administration on his estate had been granted to his supposed widow, whereupon he instituted legal proceedings against his wife and her sureties to recover back, not the wife, as he alleged, but the legacy. This is the second case of a similar nature that has occurred in the Register's office of that county within the last three months.

A. T. Stewart, the dry goods millionaire, among his other possessions, owns both the St. Nicholas and the Metropolitan hotels—the sum of \$14,000 a year, as their rental, providing him with pocket money to buy cigars and peanuts. His family consists of himself and wife only, both being reputed economical in the way of personal expenses.

DEAD.—John P. Crozier, the richest man in Eastern Pennsylvania, died at Chester on Saturday.

#### DEAD DUCKS.

We seldom have occasion to copy articles from the Richmond Times, but since Gen. Grant issued his order in regard to "disloyal" papers the Times, has contained some very fine loyal reading. The following is a specimen: The President, on Thursday last, usurped one of the principles prerogatives of the learned universities, to the great delight of all respectable people. He conferred the degree of "D. D." upon Forney. Not that he declared that most unscrupulous "artful dodger" of the press a "Doctor of Divinity," but he dubbed him a "Dead Duck," and as Forney happens to be the first man ever thus solemnly proclaimed by a President of the United States to be a defunct water fowl, the epithet has made him famous. Since the publication of his celebrated letter recommending the deliberate intoxication of a certain theatrical "Star" for the purpose of extracting secrets from which he hoped would blast the honor of a defenceless woman, he has well merited the title of "D. D.," as the abbreviation of "Dirty Dog," but having been formally, upon a solemn anniversary occasion, invested with the honorary degree of "Dead Duck," by that title he will hereafter be popularly and historically known. We say "historically," for history does sometimes hang such characters in chains, as all will remember who have read of the Vicar of Bray.

The President having handed Forney down to posterity as a dead duck, the question most difficult of solution is to determine to what species of the great family of web-footed waterfowls does Forney belong. We think the mystery one of very easy solution. We entertain too profound a respect for "canvass backs," "mallard," "red necks," "sprig tails," "black backs," and teal and summer ducks, to class such a fishy, greedy bird as Forney with any of the excellent species.

Forney is a "dead didapper," and our admiration of the President's skill as a quick shot is intensified when we recollect that it is next to impossible to kill this fishiest and most artful of ducks with an ordinary gun.

Of all the family of "divers," the "didapper" is the most dexterous at dodging and turning somersaults in the water. He is a voracious and exceedingly fishy little fellow, and bears the same relation to the great family of ducks as Forney does to the editorial fraternity. He is perpetually diving, and when he goes under no one can make the slightest calculation as to the exact spot or moment when he will come to the surface. Having, in our younger days, paddled hours in pursuit of, and expended pounds of ammunition upon this wary and active diver; we cannot too much commend that splendid shot from the portico of the White House which "keeled" the political "didapper" over. As this bird can never be killed when his eye is upon the sportsman, Forney, the "didapper," undoubtedly met his fate when he was looking intently at Thad. Stevens, and did not think that "the man at the other end of the avenue" kept a gun and shot fishy ducks upon national anniversaries.

But the divings and somersaults of Forney, the faithless, are now at an end. The blind rage and insane abuse of the President which defiles the pages of the Chronicle and Press, remind us of the spasmodic flutterings of the "dying didapper" as he flaps and quivers convulsively upon the surface, with a heavy charge of Executive duck shot in his brain.

Years hence the old men of Washington will tell their grandchildren how one bright 22d of February morning, "all in the olded time," they saw Andrew Johnson shoot a foul, greedy, fishy little duck right in front of the White House, and as an ornithological hero of the nursery, the "dead didapper" will rank next to the slain "cock robin."

LOOKING FOR A BERTH.—While the boat was lying at Cincinnati, just ready to start for Louisville, a young man came on board, leading a blushing damsel by the hand, and approaching the clerk in a suppressed voice: "I say," he exclaimed, "me and my wife have just got married, and I'm looking for accommodations." "Looking for a berth?" hastily inquired the clerk—passing tickets out to another passenger. "A berth? thunder and lightning no!" gasped the young man, "we ain't but just got married! we want a place to stay all night you know, and—a bed."

On reading the President's Message to Congress, a Senator exclaimed: "Well, if a man educated on a tailor's work-bench can write such a document as that, of what use are universities and colleges."

#### A CHARGE.

The following is a portion of the charge of the Rev. Professor Cole, of Rutgers College, New Brunswick, New Jersey, to the Rev. O. H. Hazard, the pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of that city, at his recent installation; and it is worthy of a place in your paper.

"Remember, my brother, that you are a commissioned servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that the explicit language of your commission is, 'Go preach my gospel.' And remember, that the one great object of your ministry is, to secure the salvation of lost sinners. Upon you has been divinely conferred the distinguished honor of an ambassadorship for Christ. You are sent to bear just one simple message to lost men. You have no business to turn aside from it to the right or left. Every one who enters the ministry needs to be cautioned on this subject. The gospel is so simple, and the preaching of it so plain, and to proud, dark human nature so unattractive, and the preacher himself so utterly powerless to convert his hearers, and so shut up, often to the necessity of working without seeing immediate—often without seeing any fruits of his work, that in his agony of interest he is apt to be betrayed into the adoption of more human expedients to infuse more attractiveness into his pulpit services. This feeling in some preachers, together with a painful lack of religious experience in others, turns many of our sermons into moral essays and bald harangues upon specific sins. This it is which leads preachers into the selection of themes drawn from literature, science, art, and politics. This it is which creates the straining after out-of-the-way texts and startling analyses. Earth, and air, and sea, and sky are laid under contribution for material which will cater to the taste of fashionable but heartless audiences, which will tickle the ears of people who are spiritually dying for want of realization that they have souls to be lost or saved. My brother, seem to turn aside from the pure gospel of Jesus Christ. Pray to have your own soul alive with the profoundest realization of that truth that clusters round the two great central themes of sin and salvation; and then, by the grace of the Holy Ghost, let your discourses be the outpouring of this realizing experience upon your hearers."—*Presbyterian.*

THE SUIT AGAINST THE SECRETARY OF WAR.—In this case, it will be remembered, Joseph Madox, of Maryland, a short time since, commenced a suit against Secretary Stanton to recover the sum of \$100,000 damages, for injuries alleged to have been received from having been illegally imprisoned by the Secretary's orders. The Secretary among other things, makes answer to the effect that whatever arrests and imprisonment of the plaintiff were made if at all were by virtue of the orders of the President of the United States, and by virtue of his powers as Secretary of War, to arrest any one who was found giving aid and comfort to the enemy during the rebellion. Counsel for the plaintiff made motion to strike out the above parts of the answer, on the ground that they were irrelevant. On Saturday, Justice Sutherland, of the Supreme Court, denied the motion, with \$10 costs, to abide the decision of the action.—*N. Y. Sun.*

SERVANTALISM.—For a long time servant girls have been announcing an eccentric airlessness, that has caused much inconvenience to housewives, and other household articles. The climax of this airiness was reached at a Front street residence, a day or two since. Girl called for a place. Had interview with mistress of the house. Questioned mistress about amount of work to be done, size of family, wages, servants accommodations, &c., winding up by asking whether there was a piano in the house. "Then the place won't suit mum; as I allus likes tew practice on the pianner when I gets my work done." Exit servant girl in disgust. What next in this line?—*Patriot & Union.*

At a sale of furniture, which took place in a country town, among the lookers on were some Irish laborers, and upon a trunk being put up for sale, one of them said to his neighbor: "Pat, I think you would buy that trunk."

"An, what would I do with it?" asked Pat in some degree of astonishment.

"Put your clothes in it," was the reply.

"Pat gazed on with a look of surprise, and then, with that laconic eloquence, which is peculiar to a son of the Emerald Isle, exclaimed: "An, go naked!"

#### BRING BACK THE STOLEN PROPERTY.

Rev. C. C. Pinckney, of Charleston, S. C., makes the following public, for the restoration of the plate of his church that was stolen at the time of the sacking and burning of Columbia, February, 1865:

CHARLESTON, Jan. 4, 1865.

Among the calamities which have befallen many of our churches in the past year, is the entire or partial loss of our church plate. My own Church (Grace Church) had a full and handsome communion services, which was sent to Columbia for safety. It was lost in the sack of that city by Sherman's army on February 18th last. The communion plate of St. Michael's, Charleston, the gift of Queen Anne, and that of Trinity Church, Columbia, was all stolen, or destroyed in the fire on that occasion.

It has occurred to me that you might do something to aid us in the recovery of some, at least, of these vessels, endeared to us by use and by so many religious associations. They have probably been offered for sale in the larger cities of the North.—They may have fallen into the hands of some who are willing to restore them on just terms, to their rightful owners. Each piece of plate of my own Church was distinctly marked 'Grace Church, Charleston.' The others were, I presume, in like manner engraved with the names of their churches.

The record book of St. Michael's Church, more than one hundred years old, was carried off. It was seen in the hands of parties going North from Charleston. It is a very valuable book. The members of the Church will be under obligations to you, if you assist them to recover it.

Yours respectfully,  
C. C. PINCKNEY.

A "DEAR" LITTLE SLIPPER.—The latest New York fashionable sensation is the simulated slipper, which has been the Parisian sensation for at least a month. It is a gaiter, made after the old prunella pattern; but instead of prunella, it is woven silk—stocking pattern—and is beautifully worked in white and colored floss. The foxes of the gaiter is white kid, with real lace rosettes, with silver aigrettes in the centre, and high Louis XIV. heels. It is faced up at the side; otherwise it looks like a beautifully fitting kid slipper and silk stocking.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Governor Hamilton of Texas, has sent to Governor Bramlette of Kentucky, the flag of the Nineteenth Kentucky Volunteers, captured by the rebels during the Red River campaign. We hope ere long to see all the flags captured on either side returned, in like manner, to the States whose people supplied them, and no other remembrances of our recent costly and blood civil war than those which belong to history.

A GENERAL TURNS PREACHER.—Maj. General M. P. Lowry, who commanded a division of rebels at the battle of Nashville and elsewhere, and who surrendered to Sherman in North Carolina, has taken to preaching. He has two Baptist churches in Tippah county, Mississippi.

A New York clerk has been arrested for deceiving a customer by selling goods that were composed of cotton, and asserting that they were all wool. If every clerk who does that is to be arrested, our prisons will have to be enlarged.

A couple who met for the first time in a car on the New York and Erie Railroad, the other day, liked each other so well that when the train reached Elmira they got out, struck for the nearest clergyman's and were married.

THE EIGHT HOUR SYSTEM.—The New York Legislature has rejected resolutions instructing the members of Congress from that State to vote in favor of a bill to make eight hours a day's work.

MINISTER TO HONDURAS.—The President has appointed R. Rousseau, of Kentucky, minister to Honduras. Mr. Rousseau is a brother of Gen. L. H. Rousseau, member of Congress from Kentucky.

GENERAL CASS.—The health of the venerable Lewis Cass is rapidly failing. He scarcely sits up at all, and his death is daily expected.

Fanny Fern says the men, like to "pick the ladies to pieces." Prentice replies that it is certainly pleasant to take one of them apart sometimes.

The woman who rushed to a soldier's arms, has been sent to prison for having government property in her possession.