



G. B. GOODLANDER, Editor and Proprietor.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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Select Poetry.

Lines on the Death of R. S. F. At Rest and Happy.

"How blest is our brother, hereof!
Of all that could murder his mind!
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again.
No anger, henceforward, or shame,
Shalladden this innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanquish'd away.
This languishing head is at rest;
In thinking and acting are o'er;
This quiet, immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more.
The lids he an seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Now seal'd in their mortal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep!
The fountain can yield no supplies;
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see."

School Exhibition.

Mr. Editor:—Dear Sir—I had the pleasure on the 10th instant, of witnessing a public exhibition, at the Sylvan Grove School House, in this township, which was both creditable to teacher and scholars, and very interesting to their friends and spectators. The audience numbered at least three hundred and fifty persons, and a special interest seemed to pervade the assembly. Notwithstanding the crowded state of the house, perfect order prevailed during the exercises. I think that exhibitions of this kind, are beneficial to our school system, and should be encouraged, by its friends, as well as everything else, that tends to strengthen the system, and creates a sympathy for each other, between teacher and scholar, which is so requisite in popularizing the system. The exhibition was very creditable to the Teacher, Miss Nellie B. Shaw, who has become a faithful and successful instructor of the young.

Yours, MORRIS.

LOYAL TALK.—The President's speech seems to have made the Boston parsons stark, staring mad. Last Sunday evening they fell to cursing Mr. Johnson like very drabs. Here are a couple of specimens clipped from the Boston papers:

Rev. A. D. Watson, pastor of the Twenty-eight Congregational Church, delivered a sermon on the situation of the country, taking for his text the significant words to be found in Eccl. 10—16—"Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." The preacher reviewed the recent acts of President Johnson, and declared him a greater traitor than Benedict Arnold or Judas Iscariot. Iscariot, he said, was conscious of his guilt and refused to take the silver awarded him for his deed, and full of remorse and repentance, "went and hanged himself." Johnson, on the other hand, after betraying the party who placed him in his position, now glories in his shame.

The Rev. Mr. Hepworth, among other bitter and wicked things, said: "The President has hinted assassination. 'Oh, Mr. President, you will never be killed. Only the good and the great die. You will live forever!' [Applause.] He calls himself a self-made man. We can well believe it for it is no credit to have made him."

[Sensation.] If it is true that whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad, then these crazy radicals are not far off from dissolution.

THE LATE COLONEL BOWERS.—Colonel Bowers, who was run over and killed by a railroad train on the Hudson River railroad, on Tuesday, was a native of Illinois, a printer by trade, and formerly edited a Democratic newspaper in that State. He entered the army at the outbreak of the rebellion, joining General Grant during the operations against Forts Henry and Donelson. At the battle of Shiloh he was ordered on duty at Grant's headquarters, and was appointed aid de camp. In November, 1862, he was appointed major and judge advocate of the army of the Tennessee, and in September, 1863, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel and assistant Adjutant General. From that time until the surrender of General Lee he was General Grant's chief assistant adjutant general in the field, and was retained in the same position at Washington, when General Grant established his headquarters there.

"I say, Mrs. Skinner, your milk does not pay an income tax, does it?" "Why not sir?" "I don't think it is rich enough, that's all."

HIS LAST AGONY.

"When he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost."—Matt. With that last articulate cry our blessed Lord and master yielded up his mortality to the embrace of death; and as it hung over Calvary, nature answered it in the thick darkness that obscured the day, and by the earthquake that rent the veil of the temple and the rocks, and laid bare the graves; and many who had steeled their hearts against his teachings exclaimed, "Truly this was the Son of God." As in imagination we behold him there dying amid lingering agonies, alone amid a brutal multitude, no voice to whisper love and sympathy, or to pray for him in his extremity, our hearts melt in a passion of pity; yet when we recall his words, "for this end came I into the world," we realize that there amid the anguish, the horror of that closing hour, his great mission met its glorious consummation. The cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" seems wrung from the very depths of mortal agony; but faith triumphant repeats, "into Thy hands I commit my spirit;" and so to his well-earned rest in heaven the conquering soul ascended.

Though we compassionate a death so terrible, and see with amazement the fortitude and patience of the sufferer, it was but the closing scene of years of privation, exposure, toil and disappointment. Bravely was this great burden borne under scorching suns, through piercing blasts of winter, during long wanderings in a desert land, and upon stormy seas; and all these journeyings he knew so well terminated at the foot of the cross.

With this fearful vision bounding his career, closing the vista in whatever direction he might look, that which most commands our reverence and wonder is the calm, patient performance of the work given him to do. On from village to village, from city to city, by the sea shore, the wayside and in the temple, everywhere and at all times, master of himself, obedient to his Father's will, gentle, resolute, earnest, devoted, heedless of danger, intent only upon the fulfillment of his glorious mission. Many have died bravely that have failed to live greatly, but in the life and death of Jesus all his harmony. He bore uncomplainingly in his brief career all that cruelty and ingratitude could inflict; he severed without murmuring the sweet ties of home and kindred; he was content to sow seed that others must water, and whose increase might not be his on earth, and with manliness that knew no complaint, with a courage that never flinched, with a hope that was never clouded, he labored to eradicate sin, to raise the world from its moral degradation, to open to the eyes of dying men the Father's house in heaven where are many mansions. For us this overburdened life, this lingering death were permitted, and to them we owe all that is noblest and purest in our earthly lot. He swept away old rituals that did not purify the heart and bade God's worshipper to seek him in spirit and in truth. He showed how worthless is the lip service that hath no root in the soul, and said, "God cannot be mocked." He threw down the old superstitions and cleared away all fancied obstructions between man and his Maker, and called the hitherto dreaded Jehovah, of ancient days, "Our Father," which words awakened in us a throng of sacred association and a love and tenderness too great for expression.

For our higher civilization, for all that makes men more just, less revengeful and cruel, more charitable and forgiving, we are indebted to Christ; and for those loftier hopes that stretch far into eternity and take the sting from death we should lay at his feet the offering of our grateful submission, our pure love, our fervent veneration. Let it be no idle gift of words, but the deep purposes of the heart which form our obligation at his shrine. In some humble measure we will strive to walk by his light, to form our character somewhat into his likeness, that when at length we meet him face to face, he seeing the resemblance, will claim us for his own, the fruit, though imperfect, of the seed he scattered while burdened with the robes of mortality.

Thad. Stevens says the reason why he hopped out of the State Capitol window in 1858, was because Hopkins was after him!

The Democracy are certain to "climb" the Disunion Republicans this time, because their candidate is a splendid Clymer!

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him. There is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will.

JOHNSON AND TYLER.

Some of the Abolition papers think they are doing a very smart thing when they compare Andrew Johnson to John Tyler—notwithstanding the abuse which party spirit has heaped upon his name. There is, however, a singular coincidence between the positions of Tyler and Johnson, which is worthy of notice, as it shows how the trickery of "ye smart" politicians defeats itself. The old Whig politician knew very well that John Tyler had always been an anti-Bank man, and he was selected by them for that very reason, to prove to the people that the Bank question was not really an issue, but no sooner had they succeeded in electing their candidate, than they undertook to carry out their principles. Providence interfered and removed Gen. Harrison, when the trick they had played upon the people reacted upon themselves. John Tyler, of course, vetoed the Bank Bill, and "ye smart" politician set up a great howl about "traitor," &c., when the real facts of the case were, that he had been hoisted by his own petard, was all.

Just so now. Andrew Johnson was nominated at Baltimore by the 'Union party,' not the 'Republican party'—by a party which boasted it had sunk its principles for the good of the country—for the grand and glorious purpose of preserving the unity of the Republic. Johnson was selected from the South, and it was declared at the time, for the purpose of showing that the party was "national and not sectional," as had been charged. Providence again removed their President, and the Abolition leaders strove to carry out their principles just as the Whig leaders did before them, and again "ye smart" politician is kicked over by his own gun. So after all, men do not make much, in the long run, by being politically dishonest. We should suppose that when they accuse Johnson of "treason" to their principles, that the falsehood would stick in their throats, for they know very well that he was nominated simply because he was regarded as not exactly one of them. They wanted to play a trick upon the people by making them believe that they were simply fighting for the Union and not Abolition, and they have been caught, it would seem, in their own trap. No wonder they howl, but let them howl. It is good music to everybody except themselves.—Day Book.

NOVEL WAY OF TREATING PEACH TREES.—A Mr. Bolmer, of Franklin, Ohio, has invented a very novel yet apparently good way of protecting his peach trees and securing regular crops of this uncertain crop. The principal feature of Mr. Bolmer's plan is the mounding of the earth up around the trunk of the tree to a height of four or five feet, in some cases one or two feet above the fork. He applied this treatment to one tree seventeen years ago, when it was four years old, since which time it has borne thirteen crops, five or six of which were heavy. This tree was split down at the fork by a storm eleven years ago, but was afterwards braced up and the ruptured part closed in the mound. Both parts still live, and the large part is healthy and vigorous, showing no signs of decay. It bore a good crop of fruit last year, and the produce of his orchard was between six and seven thousand dollars. The operation is regarded as of great interest to horticulturists, and though extremely novel, and apparently absurd, the results are such as to command attention. Let our farmers and horticulturists try the experiment on a few trees at least. It is worthy a trial.—Rural American.

THE WILL OF DR. JAYNE.—The will of the late Dr. Jayne has just been filed in the office of the register of wills at Philadelphia. He leaves to his near relations sums varying from \$100 to \$500 per annum, and bequeaths \$15,000 for the erection of a new Baptist Church in the western part of Philadelphia. The widow is to receive \$3,000 per annum, under the terms of the marriage settlement, and, in addition, she is left the use of the house at Nineteenth and Chestnut streets. By express terms of the will, no intoxicating drinks are to be kept in the new house, except for medical or culinary purposes. The fullest directions are given concerning the residue of the estate, real and personal. The executors are instructed to set apart some \$400,000 out of the income, as a fund to rebuild in case any of his property is destroyed by fire or other accident, and also as a fund to provide a suitable settlement for each of his children as shall hereafter marry.

An editor out West says, "if time is money," he would like to exchange a little for the "bard."

MEDICAL SALVATION.

A celebrated physician, who was as remarkable for the deep interest he took in his patients, as for his skill, had been in attendance upon a very irritable old lady for some time, and had bestowed great attention on her case, and felt great anxiety to alleviate her sufferings; all the means he could think of were tried, but the effects which he sought to produce were not in his power, and he saw that she was gradually sinking. As he paid his accustomed visit one morning, he found her in a state of stupefaction, and with every alarming symptom; he thought it right to announce to her friends that her last hours were approaching.

"My dear young lady," said he to her relation, who accompanied him to the room door, "I am sorry to tell you—very sorry—but your poor old aunt can't hold out four and twenty hours."

"And pray who told you that, and how dare you say it?" said the old lady, bounding up with an effort of strength that seemed quite supernatural, and sitting bolt upright; "how dare you say it?"

She was in a violent passion, and as she vehemently held forth in the abuse of her doctor, the excitement produced all that was necessary—the abscess, which had been the cause of her illness, broke from her exertion; she got immediate relief, soon recovered, and lived for years.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL'S DEATH.—Alexander Campbell, founder of the Campbellites, who died at Bethany, on the 4th instant, was born in Scotland educated a Presbyterian, became a Baptist; left the Baptist in 1828, and argued that the Bible superseded all creeds. He was earnest in behalf of immersion, and gave singular power to that act. His followers styled themselves disciples, though the world designated them Campbellites. The sect amounted to 350,000 in 1862, chiefly located in Kentucky, Tennessee and West Virginia. He founded Bethany College in 1841, and held the presidency to his death. It sometimes had as many as two hundred undergraduates. He tried to avoid the slavery question and partly succeeded. He is said to have been a man of much original power and great energy.

A MOTHER KILLED BY GRIEF.—A few weeks since, it will be recollected, two married men ran away from Cohoes with two young women, leaving behind them virtuous and respected wives. One of the companions of these "fast men" was a mere girl, but fifteen years of age, who, until her departure from home with one of the above named men bore unsullied reputation. After the arrest of the men this young girl returned home, but was sent by her father to the house of refuge. The shame which had fallen on her daughter so affected the mother that after a short illness she was, last week, carried to the grave, a victim of sorrow and despair.—Albany Argus.

SHARP.—Of all the "smart" instances of Yankee ingenuity, perhaps the smartest is the trick played on the authorities of New Brunswick after their recent offer of \$3. for the snout of every bear killed in the colony. A large number of snouts were recently brought in, chiefly by Indians, but in the course of time it was discovered that most of the trophies were imitations only, cunningly manufactured of India rubber and gutta percha, by clever manipulators in the State of Maine, who sold them to the Indians at a half a dollar each.

A DUCK PRESENT.—Yesterday, we learn, John W. Forney Esq., received by express a box, which looked as if it contained something nice, but on opening it, he found that some considerate friend had sent him a "dead duck," not a canvass back, but an "ornary" paddle specimen.—Washington Star.

A Democratic cotemporary says there are about twenty "Republican" papers in this State which support President Johnson. Forney says there is only one, and Thad Stevens says two. But we believe more than the half will, before the dog days come in.

A rich upstart once asked a poor person if he had any idea of the advantages arising from riches, "I believe they give a rogue an advantage over an honest man," was the reply.

"Aw! how duth you like my moustache, Mith Laura?" lisped a dandy to a merry girl.

"Oh, very much. It looks like the fuzz on the back of a caterpillar!"

A young widow who edits a paper in a neighboring State, says: "We do not look as well as usual on account of the non-arrival of mails."

BRICK POMEROY TO BILL ARP.

Bill, for why do you still Arp on my daughter—so to speak? There must be something very wrong in your nature. Reckon you must have lost something or found a horse-shoe and no horse to hang it on. We believe you are a very bad Bill, and so we don't want to pass you in silence. You write as if there was something wrong with you—as if there were clouds floating over the land of magnolias and the sunny South generally. Really, Bill, we are surprised.

There never was so ungrateful a people as you southern gentlemen are, and now after all has been done for you, to see letters written by you so full of insinuations is too much.

The fault of all this lies with you. Weren't you folks most dogged wicked before this war? Honest Indian now, Bill! Didn't you get proud, and isn't pride a sin? And didn't you own niggers down there, and lard them continually to raise cotton for New England nabobs to spin—sugar to sweeten our coffee, rice to eat in our puddings and tobacco to chew and squirt over meetin house floors? Answer us, Bill. And didn't you folks stay down there to attend to business a little too close? And didn't you have better horses, better clothes, better houses, finer grounds, better furniture and more land than we had?

We are all christians in the north. We felt that all these fine things were dragging your souls down to hell. We didn't want you to rest in brimstone, being in torment, so we tried to corral you in Abraham's bosom. Abraham was a great and good man who died some time since, as we read of somewhere.

And then, Bill, you kept your niggers too fat. Our factory operatives grew jealous. And our girls went down there to teach your girls something, and fell in love with your boys, and forgot to come home. We felt that you were wicked. We didn't want to see you go to hell! All the fine things you had were leading you away from salvation, so we sent Butler and Curtis, and Banks, and Washburn, and Steele, and Hovey, and Prentiss, and Hulbert, and several of the elect of our Christian churches down there to win you out of the jaws of hell by withdrawing your fine furniture, such as pianos, books, pictures, rosewood bedsteads, marble tables, silver ware, horses, cotton, and all such plunder, to a place of safety!

You were wrong to engage in war—very wrong to do that thing. New England alone could conquer you. Why, Bill, if you had a billion of millions of dollars, and enough of nice furniture to furnish all of the houses in the country, New England could steal it in four years; and if New England Abolitionists could not, the Kansas saints and the western children of Christian Abolitionists could. Haven't we prayed for you in nearly all our churches? And haven't we told you better? You wanted to get out of the Union! Ah, Bill, States once in can never get out! That is what we always told you. All those friends of the great martyr tell you so. We want to keep you in. We fought you at Antietam, Pea Ridge, Gettysburg, Shiloh, Mobile, Fort Donelson, and the devil only knows where to keep you in the Union. And then we sent Christian missionaries down there, Bill, to rescue your valuables and remove them North for safety, you know! And we burnt down your houses and we took what food your women and children had—and we sent your cotton to market for you, you know, Bill! And we sent three million men to war to keep you downed fellers in this happy Union. God only knows how many of you folks we killed, for one northern man was always good for five southern men, to say nothing about mules, niggers, cotton and keepsakes. And, Bill, we have stepped into some little debt on your account. You see, Bill, cotton was too cheap. Tobacco was too cheap. Rice was too cheap. Sugar was too cheap. Happiness was too cheap. Our national debt was too small. It was costing too much to keep that negro boarding-house of yours, so we remedied that by killing your niggers or giving them the benefit of liberty, rags, old bones and Abolitionism. And we made your cotton more valuable. And, Bill, we enhanced the price of everything for you, and made a demand for carpenters and house builders down there. You forget how we have benefited your wicked country, Bill, or you would not Arp so continually on imaginary evils!

And we did all this to keep you in the Union. We sent old John Brown, peace to his ashes! fresh from stealing horses in Kansas, to atone for his sins by rescuing negroes from your

grasp in Virginia. And for this little pleasantry on the part of one of our martyrs—one of our illuminated title-pages to history, you never thanked us as you should. And didn't we throw some few iron into Charleston harbor? The waters of that pool will be a good tonic for years, Bill! And didn't Curtis save your cotton? Didn't Butler save your gold and protect your women? And didn't Banks save the Red River property? And didn't two hundred and eighteen Generals get rich as mud from finding things you folks had lost? And is there not houseful after houseful of keepsakes up north, picked up in the woods and on wood piles by our army chaplains, and our moral boys, while you were trying to kill those of our folks who wanted to visit you to keep your souls from hell!

Bill, you are ungrateful! And then didn't we keep this war up till the States were all back in the Union? And didn't we go to war and keep on going to war to keep your dogged States from going out of the Union? And didn't you want to get out of the Union? And didn't we act magnanimous, and as soon as the war was over, and unite in saying that you were out of the Union? Really, Bill, it seems as if you had it all your own way! This war has proved a success. A brilliant success. We were bound to push it through in ninety days, and we should but for your stubbornness. All we wanted was your niggers—and your cotton, mules, furniture, silver ware and such odd tricks which you folks could buy better than we could, for you had more money! It was wrong to keep slaves, Bill, but it was not wrong to steal. This war was to preserve the Union. Everybody said so. The Union has been preserved—so much for you. Now, brethren, let us pray.

Your States are kept out of the Union, which is still preserved! You want reconstruction. We'll reconstruct you! You folks are very wicked, Bill. God punishes wickedness. God's agents live in the North exclusively, Bill! And we'll let you back in the Union, which has been preserved, when we get ready. First, you must hunt up the balance of your property and give it to some of our great and good agents or generals. Then you must move out of your houses, that is, what are left, and let the niggers in. And you must give the niggers your plantations. And, Bill, you must give them all your property; and then support the innocent cause of the late war by manual labor. And you must let the niggers vote for they are wanted for Republican Congressmen, Senators and such. And you must ignore your personal or war debts, and not pay them even upon the basis of honor. And you must help us pay for licking you. And ere you do this, you must have your property taken from you, so it will be easy. We are a just and a magnanimous people in the North! We are liberal and brotherly! We want peace and harmony! We don't want you folks to go to hell, nor do we want you to dress better than we do. Personally we know but little of this country. In eighteen hundred and sixty-three we left your country immediately in advance of a bayonet for saying that some of our folks were stealing from some of your folks and for writing naughty letters to the La Crosse Democrat, charging some of our generals with stealing and cowardice. And we have had a very pleasant time of it at home for thinking much as you think, but now we are convinced that the war for the Union was a splendid success—that the country is better off—that the negroes are happier—that people are in better circumstances, especially the thieves and robbers who have fattened upon the blood and stolen their enemies poor—that the way to make one section of country love another is to fight, rob, steal and desolate them into happiness—that our taxes are lighter—that republican retrenchment and reform is a good thing for poor people and tax-payers—that the sure way to national greatness is to quarrel with sections continually—that a people are apt to love their persecutors—that it is honorable and an evidence of manly Christianity to hammer a man after he is down—that it is a blessing for poor men to pay interest on bonds the rich hold not taxable—that the negroes are better off in rags, sickness and shallow graves than at contented labor—that it is unchristian to resent insults, and that you folks down South, and especially you, Bill Arp, so-called, are an ungrateful people not to admire the present state of affairs in the Union, so-called. Indignantly yours, "BRICK" POMEROY.

To kill aunts—bit your uncle's wife on the head with a hammer.