



B. GOODLANDER, Editor and Proprietor.

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CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1866.

NEW SERIES—VOL. VI.—NO. 37.

Business Directory.

DRISCOLL & ALEXANDER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

M. McCullough, Attorney at Law, Office on Market Street, one door east of the Clearfield County Jail.

JOHN L. CUTLER, Attorney at Law and Real Estate Agent, CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

CYRENIUS HOWE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, For DECATUR Township.

JOSEPH H. BRETHER, Justice of the Peace, and Licensed Conveyancer, New Washington, Clearfield county, Pa.

McMurray & Mitchell, Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Merchanidies, Lumber, Grain, &c. New Washington, Clearfield county, Pa.

MRS. B. J. BERRY, Piano and Organ Tuning, and Music Instruction.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD, M.D., Surgeon of the 8th Regiment, Penn'a Volunteers, having returned from the Army.

J. BLAKE WALTERS, Scrivener and Conveyancer, Clearfield, Penn'a.

C. KRATZER & SON, MERCHANTS, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Cutlery, Queensware, Groceries, Shingles, and Provisions.

J. P. KRATZER, MERCHANT, and dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c.

CLEARFIELD NURSERY—ESCORRAZE HOUSE INCORPORATED, The undersigned having established a Nursery, on a fine tract of land.

GEORGE FALK takes this method of informing the watermen of Clearfield county that he has retired and reopened the hotel formerly kept by E. Schreiner.

FLOREST HOUSE—Bloom township, GAINER P. BLOOM, Proprietor.

1866. PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD.—This great line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie on Lake Erie.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD, PENNA. RAIL ROAD COMPANY, Time of Passenger Trains at Exponent.

Clearfield and Clearfield Rail Road, Fall Arrangement. LEAVE EASTWARD, STATIONS, TIME.

THE POOR BLACKS IN GEORGIA.

From the New York [Presbyterian] Observer. THE POOR BLACKS IN GEORGIA. ATHENS, Georgia Jan. 25, 1865.

Messrs. Editors: I see that the Rev. Mr. French, who has spent some time in Georgia, and has mingled much among the freed people—who has seen and heard a great deal about them in the past, and as they now are—is reported as stating in the Fulton street daily prayer meeting, "that unless something was done immediately for their relief, thirty thousand would probably die of starvation before spring."

Probably most of those who listened to his statements, and this gloomy prediction, fondly fancied that the picture was overdrawn; that the speaker, fresh from the land of confusion doubly confounded, was needlessly alarmed. They will say, "it cannot be, that these people, now blessed with freedom, and whose services are needed in the country where they are—where they were born and raised, and are known, are going to perish for want of food."

Now I do not wonder that people living far away from us—people who have never known, as we of the South know, the peculiarities of the colored race; people who have never been among us since this race, so long in bondage, were suddenly set free, should take this view of the subject.

How easy and how cheap it is to say, "Be ye warmed, and be ye filled." What does it cost? Nothing. What did it cost Wendell Phillips, a few weeks, or months ago, after listening to the truthful statements of my friend, Mr. W. K., of Georgia—statements, facts, which I would have supposed would have moved and softened hearts of adamant, (made in a public meeting in Boston.)—to get up and say, "Well, sir, tell us, will you let the negroes vote? Mr. K. replied, very properly, "Unless you do something speedily for the negroes, there will be few or none to vote." Mr. K. had just stated in that meeting that, of fifteen hundred negroes attached to five plantations on the Ogeechee, including his own—more than one fourth had died under the boon of freedom, within six months ending in September. The negroes, who had belonged to Mr. K., (a very humane, kind man,) had the sense to remain for the time where they were. There were two hundred of them. Of these, only five had died. Of two hundred and fifty on one plantation, about eighty-seven had died. Of two hundred on another, sixty-four had died. What did Mr. Phillips, or others of kindred spirit, care about all this mortality among the *dear negroes*? Nothing, so far as we can judge. "Will you let the negroes vote?" What a noble philanthropist! "Be ye warmed, and be ye filled!" Well has it been said, that, "with the talents of an angel," (shall we say a fallen angel?) "a man may be a fool."

Where is humanity? Where is that boasting love for the poor negroes? Where is pity and compassion from human woes and sorrows? Where is the Spirit of Him, who, when on earth, "went about doing good"? But, thanks be to God, there are those in Boston of a very different spirit from Mr. Phillips. I received letters from there recently, breathing the kindliest spirit toward the sufferers of the South, whether white or black. God bless the writers!

But to return to Rev. Mr. French; I do not wonder that he should have spoken as he did. He has been here. He has seen, with his own eyes, tens of thousands of poor, homeless, homeless, bewildered wanderers, who, up to this day, have no correct idea of what freedom is. After all that has been said or done by those sensible gentlemen, Gen. Howard, and Gen. Tillson, and others, to remove from the minds of the negroes the idea of a division of property on Christmas, probably more than one million of them are to this day hugging and cherishing that ridiculous delusion. An old and sensible colored man said to me, a few days ago, that "the negroes, in reference to that point, were the greatest fools that ever lived; that they would not believe the truth if an angel from Heaven were to come and declare it to them." As "Uncle Tom" (for so he is called) said this he raised both his hands! Who cannot see that while these deluded creatures cling to this idea they will make few or no exertions to provide for themselves? Winter is at our doors with all its solemn realities, and who shall provide food, or clothing, and firewood, and shelter for the poor, indigent, deluded creatures, who think that freedom implies and insures a home and all things necessary to live at one's ease? Who? Will Mr. Phillips answer? No doubt, should he see this question, "Well, sir, will you let the negroes vote?" How kind, how benevolent, how devoted to the welfare of the poor freed people!

Hear him: "I learn that you are in a most miserable, destitute, suffering condition; that many of your old and sickly people, and many of your orphan children, whose parents are in their graves, and whose former masters are reduced to poverty so they cannot provide for these helpless, innocent children, are in imminent danger of starving to death. I am sorry for you. But cheer up, my good friends! You are free! you are free! And then again, we are laboring hard to secure to you the privilege of voting at least once before you die. Is not that enough to allay the cravings of hunger? What more do you want? Poor old Uncle Billy, perhaps 75 or 80 years old, and in rags, is just now passing. He shall answer for the crowd: "Massa Wendell Phillips, it be mighty hard on dis poor old nigger to live widout someting to eat. I be hungry half my time since you big folks set us free. I goes to dat house and sez, 'Please to give old Billy some bread, some meat, for I hungry.' De good lady says, 'Billy, I am poor, too. I can't help you. I do not know where to get bread for my children.' I goes to anoder house, and it's de same ting. Now, Massa Phillips, never mind de voting. Dat will not give us bread to eat, nor rament to wear, nor shoes for our feet. But please put your hand into your pocket, and take out some money—\$5, or \$10, or \$20 or \$100—and send it to Massa Rev. Lyman Abbott, No. 14 Bible House, New York, telling him to send it our old Dr. here and I will get it sartin; and it will cheer up de spirit of dis old nigger so much dat he will pray for you till he die. De, Massa Phillips, Farewell. Remember dis old nigger. Your humble servant, "OLD HUNGRY BILLY IN RAGS, "Speaker for dis crowd," PER N. H.

EMIGRATION FROM THE SOUTH. We take from the Mobile Register and Advertiser the annexed article, which is evidently from the pen of its able and accomplished editor, the Hon. John Forsyth, formerly Minister to Mexico: We understand that thirty persons reached this city yesterday, from the interior en route to Mexico, as colonists. We are receiving frequent letters from Georgia and Alabama, making inquiries touching matters in that country which it is useful to an emigrant to know. There is something alarming to us in the spread of emigration to the South. It has been greatly intensified by recent developments at Washington. The Radicals are driving the flower of our population from the land. It is not the needy, the broken-down and the adventurous who constitute the migrating class—a class heretofore unknown to the South—but it is the intelligent, the spirited, the high-toned, the brave, who, born and bred in an atmosphere of freedom, fly from the homes of their childhood and the graves of their fathers, because they feel that the halo of liberty has departed from the land. It is well known that we have steadily set our faces against the wisdom of this despondent judgment of our country's future. But we cannot but respect the nobility of soul that disdains to wear fetters for one syllable of time. We appreciate the heart-sickness which comes of turning one's eyes to the daily proceedings of the Congress of the United States, where thoughts and passions are rife that were once believed to be impossible in American society, and under the shadow of American institutions. But should not the spectacle inspire a disdain to fly the ordeal of duty imposed by the country's needs?

LIFE'S END—DEATH. Death is the cessation of life. When by a wound, concussion, or mental shock the action of the heart is destroyed, the brain ceases to live at once, because the life-giving blood ceases to be sent to the brain, and it dies, as a fish dies without water. It is desirable to know in all cases that death has taken place, to avoid the horrible fate of being buried alive, which, perhaps has not occurred a dozen times since the world began; perhaps not once, unless by deliberate design, as a murder or execution.

The credulous Fontenelle, who died a hundred years old in 1757, gathered from all history only a hundred cases, without any proof of their truthfulness. It is true that persons disinterred have been found ever in their coffins, their grave-clothes disarranged and even torn. Sounds have come from coffins while being let down into the grave, or soon after, but no authenticated account has ever come to the writer's notice of a person coming to life after the coffin has been screwed down; and yet coffins have been found burst open, and appearances have been observed which would naturally be exhibited after some desperate struggle. But it is the nature of all dead bodies to swell; this process commences on the instant of life's cessation, because decomposition begins preparatory to the corruption which precedes our return to that dust from which we came. This decomposition generates gases, which keep on expanding until they compel an outlet. There is a well authenticated case (and very similar instances,) where a body, after being laid on a desecating table, was suddenly heaved up and thrown on the floor in the presence of the young medical students; it was by the force of the exploding gas which had been generated within the body, which had been "found drowned."

Persons may have been put in a coffin before they were perfectly dead, but it is absurd to suppose that life is possible after an interval of perfect seclusion from fresh air from the time of fastening the lid until the coffin reaches its last resting place. The action of the gas in the cadaver will naturally and sufficiently explain all the appearances observed on occasions of opening the coffin after burial. The description which Hippocrates, the "Father of Medicine," gave of death over two thousand years ago, has never been improved upon. "The forehead wrinkled and dry; the eye sunken; the nose pointed, and bordered with a violet or black circle; the lips hanging down; the cheeks sunken; the chin wrinkled and hard; the color of the skin leaden or violet; the hairs of the nose and eyelashes sprinkled with a yellowish white dust." This is as to the face; and when all observed, we may know that that face can never be lighted up to life again. But

there are other proofs which do not leave the shadow of a doubt, as when the heart ceases to beat; the skin is pale and cold; a film is over the eye; the joints, first rigid, have become flexible; and a dark greenish color begins to form about the skin of the abdomen, the infallible sign of beginning corruption. But as we would have it done to us as the last request, let us with the utmost willingness allow the poor, helpless, unresisting frame to remain at least forty-eight hours under the unfastened lid after the surest proof of all has been noticed, the cessation of all movement of the chest and abdomen, for then the breath of life has gone out forever. The moments immediately preceding death from disease are probably those of utter insensibility to all pain, or of a delightful passivity, from that universal relaxation of everything which pertains to the physical condition. Hence Louis XIV. is reported to have died, saying, "I thought dying had been more difficult." The greatest surgeon of all ages, William Hunter, while dying said, "If this be dying, it is a pleasant thing to die." Dear reader, may you and I solve that, in the practice of bodily temperances and moral purities, death may be to us the gate of endless joy and sinless bliss.—Rural American.

NEW BOOKS. THE ORIGIN OF THE LATE WAR:—Traced from the close of the Revolution to the commencement of the late civil strife. By GEORGE LUNT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. 500 pages.

THE AUTHOR OF THIS WORK IS NO literary vagrant, seeking to replenish his purse, by strategy. He has not produced a work upon the principle that a Merchant selects his goods—to suit the market—like the innumerable literary humbugs thrown upon the market, entitled "A History of the Rebellion." He labors to place the efforts of men of all parties and creeds, who have labored for half a century, to prevent the late conflict, in their true light. Mr. Lunt is an able and forcible writer, and has done a work that thousands will thank him for, and if properly studied must convince the most skeptical upon this subject. The reader will find couched in this book, upon this subject, the information scattered through fifty volumes. We produce an extract from the preface of his book; by which to illustrate the author's design. "Beyond question, popular information on this whole subject is indistinct and incomplete, both in the United States and in Europe. Its important bearings upon the future may render an effort to afford the public mind some light in regard to it both justifiable and valuable. Ordinarily, it is thought, the story of recent events cannot be written with entire regard to impartiality, nor a just estimate be formed of their results by contemporary judgments. On the other hand, not a little of the uncertainty of history is due to the want of contemporary narration. Much of the present volume, however, will relate to a period some time past, and we have not yet reached absolute results. These, whether for good or ill, will depend very much upon the deductions we make from the character of events already transacted; and so be of any real service, now is the time for the history of those events to be written." The Publishers, like the Author, have done their work, in the very best style of the art, and altogether, have produced a book that should find its way into every household.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES:—By Benson J. Lossing. Illustrated by many hundred engravings. Published by George W. Childs, 628 and 30 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. In three or more volumes 8vo., 600 pp. each. Price \$5. Library \$6. per vol. We are in receipt of 25 pages of this

conservative masses of the North, we flew to arms. We come, stronger for the lesson of blood and war, for it has written in flaming colors the true character of the fanatical teachings and purposes of the party that drove us to a desperate measure, and so written that its hideous mien is visible to every liberty-loving man from Maine to Texas. It has made allies for us, wherever a Democratic throb is felt, wherever the intelligence exists to know that, in our Government, "consolidation is despotism, and confederation the only hope of liberty." Let it not be forgotten that it is not in the South only where the shock of war has fallen upon us with its terrific power, that the late unparalleled revolution has been felt.

The tinklings of the Cabinet Secretary's bell that consigned a northern man (not in rebellion) to a fortress prison, have awakened emotions in northern minds, whose echoes are yet to be heard. Freedom is alarmed in the North, as it has been prostrated at the South; for every man of sense knows these States cannot live long under two governments at Washington—one Republican, the other despotic. The gangrene of usurped power must spread, and all the States become reduced to the rule of a single idea. These ideas are smouldering in the minds of the freemen of this country, in New York and Ohio, as well as in Virginia and Alabama. They will burst forth with the certainty of cause and effect. It is impossible that the American people who fattened upon liberty, and drank it in with every respiration of their existence, can tamely consent to yield it, upon the demand of a thin-blooded hypocrite like Charles Sumner, or a ferocious dogmatist like Thaddeus Stevens. This battle will be fought, and the friends of the old Constitution will be victorious, and thus the American government will date its regeneration from the war for Confederate independence. The political sins of the nation called for this baptism of blood.

NEW BOOKS. THE OLD GUARD—A monthly Magazine, devoted to Literature, Science and Arts, and the Political Principles of 1776 and 1787. C. Chauncy Burr, editor. Published by Van Nostrand, Horton & Co., 162 Nassau st., N. Y. Terms: one copy \$3., or ten for \$20. The April number of this Magazine, is again upon our table. It opens with a fine steel portrait of the Confederate Gen. Beauregard. The leading article is entitled "The Federal Government a Compact," which betrays great research; and the "Irrepressible Conflict," by Dr. Van Erie, is worthy of perusal. We think the article entitled the "Political History of Wm. H. Seward," by Henry Clay Dean, of Iowa, to be the most searching review of any public man now upon the stage. The Democratic party should patronize this publication. Specimen numbers 20 cents.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.—Published in numbers, by Harper & Bro., Franklin Square, New York. Price 20 cents. Mailed to any address, on receipt of the price. We have before us No. 15, of this truly great work. Each number contains 24 large double pages, beautifully illustrated, and contains within itself, matter equivalent to a small volume. This number contains the full history of the Peninsula Campaign under Gen. McClellan; but not having had time to give it a perusal, we cannot speak of its contents, except the mechanical part, which is without doubt, the finest executed "Rebellion" yet out. We would advise our readers to send for this number, which costs only 30 cents, and examine the style of the work, for themselves. The Historical part of the book we will speak of hereafter.

A Volunteer company at Bangor, Me., whose time had expired, have voted their military clothes to the "freedmen." Loyal to the core, or perhaps the clothes were worthless, and having occurred in Maine we cannot tell which way to decide.

It is said that General Scott, has written a letter from New Orleans, endorsing the President's veto, and his speech on the 22d of February.