

Clearfield Republican



B. GOODLANDER, Editor and Proprietor. PRINCIPLES, not MEN. TERMS:—\$2 00 Per Annum, if paid in advance. VOL. XXXVIII.—WHOLE NO. 1917. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1866. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI.—NO. 52.

Professional & Business Cards.
W. A. WALLACE, WM. D. BIGLER, FRANK FELDING, WALLACE, BIGLER & FELDING, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa.

THOMAS J. M'ULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Office on Market at Opposite the Jail.

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

M. M'ULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Office on Market at Opposite the Jail.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Desires to inform his patrons that his professional business continues in his office all the time.

BLAKE WALTERS, Notary Public and Conveyancer, Office with Hon. Wm. A. Wallace.

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

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J. R. M'URRAY, SAMUEL MITCHELL, Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Lumber, Grain, &c.

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

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Wardle, Bond & Co., WHOLESALE GROCERS, Tobacco, Tea, Spices, &c., &c., N. E. cor. 6th & Market Sts., Feb. 14, 1866-Gm. PHILADELPHIA.

CYRILUS HOWE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, For DECATUR Township, will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

LIFE INSURANCE AT HOME! Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co. OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.

H. B. SWOOPÉ, Agent, Clearfield, Penn'a., Assets Liable for Losses \$1,500,000 Receipts for 1865 357,013

SPRING GOODS. FROM NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA. As Cheap as the Cheapest, AND AS GOOD AS THE BEST.

C. Kratzer & Son, Have just received, and are opening, at their Old Stand on Front Street, above the Academy, a large and well selected assortment of SEASONABLE GOODS,

For the Ladies. Special pains have been taken in the selection of Ladies Dress Goods, white Goods, Embroideries, Millinery Goods, Prints, Kerchiefs, Nubles, Gloves, &c.

FOR GENTLEMEN. Always on hand Black Cloth, Fanny and Black Casimeres, Satinets, etc., Ready Made Clothing of all kinds.

BOOTS AND SHOES. Hats, Caps, NECKTIES, and a variety of other articles, which they will sell at a small advance on cost.

Household Goods. Particular attention is invited to their stock of Carpets, Cottage, common Ingrain, superfine English Ingrain and Brussels, Floor and Table Oil Cloths, Window shades and Wall papers, etc.

FLOUR, BACON, Fish Salt, Plaster, Apples, Peaches and Prunes kept constantly on hand.

Something New. G. SUMMERFIELD FLEGAL, Manufacturer of Tin and Sheet Iron ware, Philipsburg, Penn'a.

Stoves of all sizes and shapes, for burning either Wood or Coal. I would call particular attention to that well tried and popular Cooking Stove called, very appropriately, the IRON SIDES.

Stove Pipe which I will sell as low as it can be had, and I also keep constantly on hand shovels, carriage bolts, grates, firebrick, stove linings, sled zoles, Waffle Irons, Sheet Zinc, Sad Irons, Brass and Porcelain Kettles, together with a variety of wares too numerous to mention.

Spouting. I am prepared to fill all orders in this line on short notice, and manufactured out of the best material.

PEACE PROCLAIMED. THE WAR OVER IN CLEARFIELD. KNOX TOWNSHIP QUIET. NEARLY ALL THE CONTRABANDS GOING BACK TO THEIR OLD MASTERS.

RUT NARY ONE GOING BACK TO OLD MASSACHUSETTS, WHERE THEY WERE LOVED SO LONG AND SO WELL.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—D. M'GAUGHEY, having purchased the Photograph establishment formerly conducted by H. Bridges, would respectfully announce to the citizens of Clearfield and adjoining counties, that he has recently made additional improvements to both sky-light and apparatus, and he flatters himself that he can satisfy the most fastidious taste in a rural and hillside likeness.

Coal, Whale and Lined Oils, Family Dy, varnishes and paints of all kinds ground in oil for sale by H. & L.

FRESH ARRIVALS, AT THE CHEAP STORE OF ROYNTON, SHOWERS & GRAHAM.

Spring Goods, NEW And Very Cheap!! ROYNTON, SHOWERS & GRAHAM.

FALL GOODS, At the old stand in Graham's new building which they offer to sell at astonishingly low prices, (considering their cost!) for cash or approved county produce.

DRY GOODS CANNOT BE SURPASSED! Customers can there find CALICOES WITH FAST COLORS! MUSLINS! DELAINES! LAWNS! CLOTHS! CASSIMERS! VESTINGS! LADIES' SHAWLS! GENTS' SHAWLS HATS & CAPS! BOOTS & SHOES CARPETS & OIL-CLOTHS!

FANCY GOODS IS UNEXAMPLED IN STYLE AND VARIETY, embracing NOTIONS! NOTIONS! NOTIONS Scarfs! Head-Nets! Neck-Ties Satchels! Port Monnaies! Brushes Photographic Albums! PIPES, TOBACCO & SEGARS! PERFUMERY OF ALL KINDS!

HARD-WARE! Queensware, GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS!

HARLEY & SONS FOUNDERS, Clearfield, Penn'a.

Either WOOD OR COAL Salamander's, Number 4, Base Stoves, Number 3 and 4, Wash Kettles, 16 and 20 gallons, Fire Grates 20 and 28 inches, FARM DINNER BELLS TWO SIZES, Flows and Pipe Castings.

Threshing Machines. Persons in want of anything in our line would do well by giving us a call.

A NEW FIRM. HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Druggists, Clearfield, Penn'a.

Drugs and Chemicals, Also, Patent Medicines of all kinds, Oils, Glass, Putty, Dye Stuffs, Stationary, Tobacco and Segars, Confectionary, Spices, and a larger stock of varieties ever offered in this place, and warranted to be of the best the Market affords.

NEW STORE. HAVING BOUGHT OUT THE ENTIRE Stock of Goods of James E. Watson.

I AM PREPARED TO SELL Goods of all description, Cheaper than THE CHEAPEST.

Buffalo Robes, Kose and Horse Blankets at Nov. 15, '64. MERRILL & BIGLER'S.

EDUCATIONAL. The following communication was received the week after the School Directors' Convention, from a citizen of Galich township, but was mis-laid; hence its appearance at this time is no fault of the writer.

The election of County Superintendent of Common Schools in Clearfield county is now among the important events of the past, not to be acted over again until three more years have come and gone.

So people will think on the doings of the first of May. It is to be feared that their cogitations will not all lead to the same result; for, as before, so now, some will be for Paul, some for Apollus, and some for Cephas.

One party is of the opinion that the very best man was elected; others affirm that the best man was nearly elected; while a few, at least, think that the best man was left far in the rear.

Be this as it may, we acquiesce in the decision of our masters, with great cheerfulness. "There is a balm for every wound, a cordial for every fear."

The one may thank his stars that he was elected to that important position. The other may congratulate himself upon the respectable vote he received, and the good opinion entertained of him by his numerous friends.

The third may console himself with the reflection that if there had been another ballot, the result would perhaps have been different.

And the fourth may consider himself lucky in having effected a safe retreat. Whether the contest is over, we know not. Certain it is, that the writer has no disposition to prolong it.

It is to be hoped that all parties will try to feel satisfied with the choice of the convention, and that the newly-elected superintendent, after he is fully commissioned by State authority, will go forth in the prompt discharge of his duties, and prove himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him.

If he is the right kind of a man, he will meet with friends all over this extensive county. If he neglects his duties, we will remind him of them occasionally.

Heretofore our great timidity and extreme modesty have deterred us from even alluding to our grievances in public, and we have patiently submitted to what we considered great neglect.

We, in this distant township, consider ourselves as important as any people in the county, those in the centre not excepted. We love the cause of education; as a proof of which we appeal to our school-houses, our schools, and our children, and challenge a comparison of these with any rural district.

We cheerfully pay our taxes, State and county, as all good citizens are bound to do. And we consider, therefore, that there is no good reason why we should not be treated as well as our neighbors are.

Let the County Superintendent come up here, and perform the legitimate duties of his office among us, as he does in the centre of the county, and he will find us all friendly. The directors, the teachers, the children, and the citizens generally, will be pleased to see him; and the more so as they have never yet seen a superintendent of common schools in this region of country.

But if he continues to mete out to us the treatment to which we have been accustomed for three or four years past, we will all be down on him tremendously. Of this we give him timely notice, and hope that he will take the well meant hint.

good grace, thankful that the prospect of the hardest winter of his life, if the next winter had found him in that office, is past and gone; for he had made up his mind to work, and to review the languishing cause of education. If the successful candidate does what the defeated candidate intended to do, our schools will fare better.

A Political General's Soliloquy. Whirr-rr! How like a rocket I went up, terrifying the innocent.

Spit! How like a stick falling in the mud did I come down.

When the late rebellion began, I did not amount to enough to add up and give one to carry. I was a sort of second-rate loafer, begging tobacco, standing around saloons and bar rooms, waiting to be treated by liberal strangers.

I had no clean stockings—no neat home—no money saved—no credit—no fine food, and but little coarse "But suddenly a star arose!" Brave men were wanted. I had peddled whiskey at the polls to elect men on the God-and-morality, retrenchment-and-reform ticket—I could tell a bigger lie and stick it closer than any hungry politician in the country, and the late administration—no noble administration—gave me rich reward.

I was made a captain, and like a blue-tailed bottle-fly, I strutted about my native town.

Guess I wasn't old style, in white gloves and stripes up my legs. Guess I didn't strip up the government. Reckon I didn't get trusted to little things at stores, and when a man wouldn't trust me, guess I wouldn't invite mobs on such Copperheads.

And I was put in command of a hundred men. Egad! that was a joke. Why, Lord bless you, I didn't know as much about war as a dog knows of his grandfather—but I had political influence—could absorb vast quantities of whiskey and could steal a nigger! Or like John Brown. Or like Ben. Butler. Or like any other house robber.

And I went to war. And I hired correspondents to mention my brave exploits in Republican papers. And I stole wines from hospitals, and treated my friends. And I read the army letters which I hired written, and which poor fools printed to political friends.

And I kept out of the way of bullets and such—and I stole piles of household goods, from rat traps to pianoes, from silk elastic to linen intended for infants yet unborn, and so in the eyes of the late administration proved my fitness for higher position.

And I was made brigadier-general. Big thing. Nearly every fool in the army was a brigadier-general. While brave men fought, I stole spoons and such. While other men were at war, I was punishing Democrats, issuing petty orders, "taking toll" from Union farmers, and sending chairs, tables, beds and bedding, pictures, books, spoons, knives and forks, nut crackers, glass and silver-ware, mirrors, sideboards, parlor ornaments, lace, silks and ladies' underclothes stolen from private drawers, trunks, and bureaus, up North at government expense, to let people know that I was saving my salary to beautify my home.

Cunning cuss! And I denounced Democrats, thereby winning promotion and good opinions from Republican papers. And I spent my salary for whiskey, except what went for—nothing now, not much at first! And I went on raids, capturing imaginary bands of enemies reported by the papers as real. And being an unscrupulous knave, intent only on money, I was hired by the administration of the late lamented to go up and down the land stumping for and in behalf of niggers and Abolitionists.—par nobile fratum.

And I sent Democrats to the front, and they were shot down like dogs or dragged back wounded to die in hospitals, or swear allegiance to Abraham. And I stuffed election returns, and I stole cotton wherever it could be found, mules ditto, corn ditto, government stores ditto, and other things ditto, till I became rich. And what a lot of men there were who believed we were fighting to subdue the rebellion. 'Twas merely a pleasant little murderous crusade for cotton and niggers—the cotton for the rich, the niggers for the poor tax-payers to support.

The war was a Godsend to me. It took me from the gutter, or a stool in some saloon, and made a great man of me. It lifted me by the waistbands right up alongside of great men. And didn't I strut? And didn't I fall back upon my dignity? And didn't I snub those whose servant I was—and win the contempt of every sensible man in the land. And didn't nigger wenchies fall in love with me, and didn't I keep abandoned women at headquarters on money I stole from my blood-

ing country? To be sure I did. That was the acme of "loyalty." That was known as Lincoln patriotism. That was the style that paid. That styled me popular with the Abolitionists at home. And didn't I drive Southern roosters from watching the nest, and didn't I go into that business for them? And didn't I go into the patent bleaching business on joint account, half for myself and half for the government?

There were some good men in the army—some fine officers—some gentlemanly, patriotic officers, but they were in hard luck, and took lower seats. And didn't I get promoted for being caught out nights, roaming over the country—poaching on some nigger or white man's domain, in behalf of my government?

And wasn't I sorry when we had stolen the South poor, and were obliged to close the war? The occupation of Othello was gone. I returned home. People did not make speeches and welcome me back as they did when I left. I strutted around with my blue-tailed plumage till it looked slumpy, and the people began to take in clothes from the lines in my neighborhood, when it became known that I was a political general, whose best holt was stealing and endorsing Abolitionism.

No one cares for me now. A good hunting dog is more petted. A buck nigger is of more account in the eyes of Congress and the people. People whisper strange things about that Stonevial Jackson song of "Whose pin here?" etc. I am not half so popular as I was when in the army. In fact, I believe I am about played out. Why can't we have another war? Lots of fellows have come out of State prisons since the war ended, and there is plenty material for more of these political army officers, who could draw bear better than blood. Never mind, I'll put the money I stole in government bonds—there is no taxes to pay on them—'ll sit around and draw my interest on them—live in idleness and be supported by the poor fools who have no bonds, but who pay taxes while I do not, and who pay me for being a thief and living in idleness.

You see I am one of the supporters of this government. I can put my money in bonds—somebody pays the taxes of the country, and pay my interest, but it is not us bondholders. Oh dear! Suppose the people should REDEEM these bonds, as they surely will if they are not taxed—what will become of me? I'll have to work the same as other men, or go to the poor house with liberated niggers, for tax-paying white men to support.—Brick Pomroy.

Exposing each other's Rascality—How the Government has been Robbed. The terrific fight now going on in the Republican discussion ranks is unearthing many secrets. In their assaults upon each other these political gamblers prove to the satisfaction of everybody that a more incorrigible set of swindlers and knaves never had existence outside the dominions of the Prince of Darkness. A few days ago, Mr. Conkling, disunion member of Congress from New York, held up Provost Marshal General Fry as the greatest swindler this country ever produced, and with dates and figures, proved that he had charged the Government with bounty for tens of thousands of men who had never been put into the army. According to Conkling's showing, this man Fry fleeced the Government to the tune of ten or twelve million dollars!

Fry replies to Conkling, in a letter to a friend, and in doing so alleges that Conkling is in a bad humor because he (Fry) would not permit him to steal as much as he desired; that he (Conkling) did steal some two hundred thousand dollars, when he was stopped by Fry, who considered that the New York Congressman had his full share of plunder. It is quite evident, judging by the statements of Fry and Conkling, that both became immensely wealthy very suddenly. They had helped themselves liberally to the people's money, and all in the name of "loyalty." Altogether the quarrel between these two "loyal" gentlemen is rich, rare and interesting.

Those who bellowed loudest for "loyalty" and who were ever ready to denounce all men as "traitors" who refused to worship Abraham Lincoln and to speak of him as "the Government," were the very fellows who were helping themselves liberally from Uncle Sam's money bags.—Exchange.

DISMISSED THE SERVICE.—Captain Philip R. Forney, of the 14th Regular Infantry, son of Col. Jno. W. Forney, has been dismissed the service for disobedience of orders and conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

President Johnson is expected at Cape May during the season.