

President Lincoln and Hon. Alexander H. Stephens.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEORGE B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor. PRINCIPLES—NOT MEN. TERMS—\$2 per annum, in Advance. VOL. 38—WHOLE NO. 2011. CLEARFIELD, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1867. NEW SERIES—VOL. 7, NO. 34.

Only a Crier... The young lady who was driven to destruction...

From Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Stephens. SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 30, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR: I have read in the newspapers your speech recently delivered (I think) before the Georgia Legislature...

Yours most respectfully, A. H. STEPHENS.

Hon. A. H. Stephens.

From Mr. Stephens to Mr. Lincoln. CRAWFORDSVILLE, Dec. 14, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR: Your alert and polite note of the 30th ult., asking for a revised copy of the speech to which you refer, &c., was not received until last night...

Yours, very truly, A. LINCOLN.

Mr. Stephens to Mr. Lincoln. CRAWFORDSVILLE, Dec. 30, 1866.

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 22d instant was received two days ago. I hold it and appreciate it as you intended.

Yours, very truly, A. LINCOLN.

From Mr. Stephens to Mr. Lincoln. CRAWFORDSVILLE, Dec. 30, 1866.

Excuse me for giving you these views. Excuse the strong language used. Nothing but the deep interest I feel in prospect of the most alarming dangers now threatening our common country...

Yours, respectfully, ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

Hon. A. Lincoln, Springfield, Ill.

A good joke came to light the other evening in Washington, in relation to a certain member, noted for his gallantry...

Talk with a Soldier.

"Good morning, Johnny!" "Good morning!" "You went to war, I believe?" "Yes, and I got home again alive, and that is more than some of us did."

"Well I enlisted to save the Union—Consul Paul enlisted under a later call to secure the bounty and escape the draft, for he was a poor man."

The Presidential Succession.

The House of Representatives on Saturday passed the following bill: Be it enacted, &c., That in case of the removal, death, resignation, or inability both of the President and Vice President of the United States...

Return of a Missing Man.

Truth Stranger than Fiction—A Man Lost Six Years Turns up Again. From an Eastern exchange we copy the following singular history of a missing man:

Art and Humbug.

Rothermel's "Court of Lincoln."

Rothermel's picture of what (with a kind of grim facetiousness) is called "The Republican Court in the Days of Lincoln," was exhibited last evening to a numerous party of gentlemen associated in some way with art and literature.

Has She a Call to be a Wife?

Has she a call to be a wife who thinks more of her silk dress than her children, and visits her nursery no oftener than once a day?

Has she a call to be a wife who sits reading the last novel while her husband stands before the glass vainly trying to pin together a buttonless shirt bosom?

Has she a call to be a wife who cries for a cashmere shawl when her husband's notes are being protested?

Has she a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoky tea, and watery potatoes, six days out of seven?

Has she a call to be a wife who flirts with every man she meets, and reserves her frowns for the home fireside?

Has she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in abominable curl papers, assorted dressing gown, and shoes down at the heel?

Has she a call to be a wife who bores her husband, when he comes into the house, with the history of a broken teacup, or the possible whereabouts of a missing broom handle?

Has she a call to be a wife whose husband's love weighs naught in the balance with her next-door neighbor's damask curtain or velvet carpet?

An Indian chief said he often heard the voices of deceased warriors of his almost extinct tribe mourning in the tree-tops when the wind shook the branches, and saw the tears of the women and children in the rain drops glistening among the leaves.

Where there is love there is jealousy; and that which meets the eye is the measure of the other.

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