

Horrors of European Dungeons.

The Radical newspapers have published the following letter extensively. It is done on the "step child" principle, and for the purpose of attracting attention from the crimes committed at home to those of Europe.

CLEARFIELD



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Miscellaneous.

CHEAP FURNITURE.

JOHN GULICH.

BUREAUS AND SIDE-BOARDS.

COFFINS OF EVERY KIND.

MARBLE WORKS.

HATCHETS.

DRESS-MAKING.

Attention, Soldiers.

EQUALIZATION OF BOUNTY.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.

LIVERY STABLE.

Silver Wash Powder.

SOLDIERS' BOUNTIES.

WANTED—\$300.000 Long Shingles.

The Amendatory Reconstruction Bill.

The following is a copy of the amendatory reconstruction bill as reported by the conference committee, and which passed both houses of Congress over the President's veto:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That it is hereby declared to have been the true intent and meaning of the act of 2d day of March, 1867, entitled an act to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States, and of the acts supplementary thereto, passed on the 23d day of March, 1867, that the governments then existing in the rebel States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Florida, Texas and Arkansas were not legal State governments, and that thereafter said governments, if continued, were continued subject in all respects to the military commanders of the respective districts, and the paramount authority of Congress.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That the commander of any district named in said act shall have power, subject to the disapproval of the general of the army of the United States, and to have effect until disapproved, whenever in the opinion of such commander the proper administration of said act shall require it, to suspend or remove from office, or from the performance of official duties, any officer or person holding or exercising, or professing to hold or exercise, any civil or military office or duty in such district under any power, election, appointment, or authority derived from, or granted by, or claimed under, any so-called State or the government thereof, or any municipal or other division thereof, and upon such suspension or removal such commander, subject to the disapproval of the general as aforesaid, shall have power to provide from time to time for the performance of said duties of such officer or person so suspended or removed, by the detail of some competent officer or soldier of the army, or by the appointment of some other person to perform the same, and to fill vacancies occasioned by death, resignation or otherwise.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That the general of the armies of the United States shall be invested with all the powers of suspension, removal, appointment, and detail granted in the preceding section to district commanders.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That the acts of the officers of the army already done in removing in said districts persons exercising the functions of civil officers and appointing others in their stead are hereby confirmed. Provided, that any person heretofore or hereafter appointed by any district commander to exercise the functions of any civil officer may be removed either by the military officer in command of the district or by the general of the army.

Sec. 5. And be it further enacted, That the boards of registration provided for in the act entitled "An act supplementary to an act entitled 'An act to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States,' passed March 23, 1867, shall have power, and it shall be their duty before allowing the registration of any person, to ascertain, upon such facts or information as they can obtain, whether such person is entitled to be registered under said act, and the oath required by said act shall not be conclusive on such question, and no person shall be registered unless such board shall decide that he is entitled thereto, and such board shall also have power to examine under oath to be administered by any member of such board any one touching the qualification of any person claiming registration; but in every case of refusal by the board to register an applicant, and in every case of striking his name from the list as hereinafter provided, the board shall make a note or memorandum, which shall be returned with the registration list to the commanding general of the district, setting forth the ground of such refusal or such striking from the list. Provided, that no person shall be disqualified as a member of any board of registration by reason of race or color.

Sec. 6. And be it further enacted, That the true intent and meaning of the oath prescribed in said supplementary act is (among other things) that no person who has been a member of the Legislature of any State, or who has held any executive or judicial office in any State, whether he has taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States or not, and whether he was holding such office at the commencement of the rebellion or had held it before, and who has afterwards engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof, is entitled to be registered or to vote, and the words "executive or judicial officer in any State" in said oath mentioned, shall be construed to include all civil offices created by law for the administration of justice, or for the keeping of public peace.

Sec. 7. And be it further enacted, That the time for completing the original registration provided for in said act may, in the discretion of the commander of any district, be extended to the first day of October, 1867, and the boards of registration shall have power, and it shall be their duty, commencing fourteen days prior to any election under said act, and upon reasonable public notice of the time and place thereof, to revise, for a period of five days, the registration

The Dead at Antietam.

The following article, copied from the Hagerstown (Md.) Free Press, gives a detailed statement of the number of Federal dead buried in the Antietam National Cemetery. The official reports of the Division Commander, after the close of the battle, set down the whole number killed at about 2,900, and all the Rebelion historians give the number about the same. Now, one of two things is certain: Either those who have the contract for burying the dead soldiers are robbing the Treasury, or the official reports of the Division Commander were false. It is well known that hundreds of the dead have been removed by their friends—which ought to reduce the number at this time to not more than 1,500 or 1,600; instead of this, the burial corps runs it up to 3,800! There is a screw loose somewhere!

A WICKED WASTE OF LIFE.

On the 17th of next September, it is proposed to dedicate with great pomp and ceremony the Antietam National Cemetery, located on the battle-field, near Sharpsburg. According to the report of A. A. Briggs, Esq., President of the Board of Trustees of the Antietam National Cemetery, which has just been published, we learn that the number of dead from the different States, removed to the cemetery, on the 22d of last month is as follows:

Table with columns: Officers, Priv. Total. Rows include Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana, Connecticut, Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Delaware, Michigan, Wisconsin, Maryland, Iowa, West Virginia, Regular Army, Unknown.

The Superintendent of the Burial Corps gives it as his opinion that the bodies yet to be exhumed will increase the number to five thousand. Add to this the number of bodies already removed by friends, the large number scattered through the country whose last resting place will forever remain undiscovered, and also the hundreds who were taken away wounded, and subsequently died, and it will perhaps equal the number who will find sepulture in the cemetery; thus making a grand total of ten thousand lives laid down for the avowed purpose of restoring the Union. And this is but a tithe of those who were elsewhere offered up a sacrifice on the altar of their country's unity.

And why is not the Union restored? Let Radicals answer.

A wicked waste of human life you must admit it has proved. How many of those who now sleep their last sleep in this city of the dead would be there now, could they have but peered into futurity—could they have but divined that their patriotic sacrifice was to be made for nought—that the Union, for which they nobly fighting fell was never intended to be re-joined and restored? But few—very few, it may well be imagined.

And who is responsible that this terrible sacrifice of life has proved unavailing for the Restoration of the Union? Ask these thousands of lifeless forms, and from their dark prison houses will come up the answer: "Upon our heads rests not the responsibility. In our death we have conquered and to conquer was to restore." But it is needless to disturb the repose of a single sleeper in this city of the dead in quest of an answer, for a Radical Congress has recorded it in characters so legible and unmistakable that the veriest simpleton cannot err in determining when and with whom rests the responsibility of a still divided and unrestored Union. They have for partisan purposes prevented the consummation of the end for which these thousands laid down their lives. Upon their heads must rest the blood of these heroes slain in vain, and for the wicked waste of life the people intend to hold them to account.

THE STORY OF A WIDOW.—A young widow of Quincy, Ill., met a stranger on the street, and asked him the way; he asked her if she was not a widow; she said she was; he said he was a widower, a doctor from Palmyra, Mo., and proposed matrimony on the spot; she blushed and hesitated; wouldn't he come home to see her friends about it; the interview was satisfactory, the marriage was arranged for next morning, the widow's cash (\$40) got into the doctor's pocket, he went to get shaved and has never returned. He even left her, cruel man, standing in the public square while he "just run over to the barbers." There was no such doctor in Palmyra, and the curtain drops on a woman in tears.—Cairo Democrat.

Michael Angelo, the famous painter, painting in Pope Clement's chapel the parable of hell and damned souls, made one of the damned souls so like a cardinal that was his enemy, that every body knew it at first sight. The cardinal complained to the Pope, and asked that it be defaced. The Pope said to him: "Why, you know very well that I have power to deface or a soul out of purgatory, but not out of hell."

Many of the handsome bridal presents exhibited at so called fashionable wedding receptions in New York, are hired of a dealer, who makes quite a living out of it.

A Western paper naively remarks that Fort Scott requires but two things to make it one of the largest cities in the world, and those are buildings and population.

Here We Come.

There was a wedding in a church in a village near Chicago, recently, which was attended by a crowd of people, the bride being the famous belle in that section, and the bridegroom an ex-volunteer captain. There is a story about him that was revived with great effect at the wedding. He was in the frontier service, and one day (so the story goes) he went out to hunt a bear. He had been away from camp a few hours, when his voice was heard faintly in the distance exclaiming—

"Here we come!"

In a little while the same cry was heard again, but nearer; then it was repeated at intervals, nearer and louder; when finally the bold captain emerged from a bit of woods near the camp, running at the top of his speed, without a hat, coat or gun. In he came to camp, shouting "Here we come!"

"Here who come?" inquired a brother officer.

"Why, me and the game," gasped the captain, pointing to a big bear who showed himself at the edge of the woods, took a long look at the camp, and then with a growl at missing his expected meal of the captain, disappeared in the woods again.

"But why didn't you shoot the bear, and then bring him in," inquired one.

"What's the use in shooting your game," said the captain, testily, "when you can bring him alive as I did?"

The story got home before the captain did, and was in everybody's mouth. The other night, as the bold captain led his intended bride into the church, with the pride and grace so readily inspired by the occasion, some wicked wag sang out from the gallery—

"Here we come!"

Which was followed by such a shout of laughter as that old church never heard before.

In Demand—Long credit exemptions from taxation, false calves and gin cocktails.

Dear—A pretty wife, her "love of a bonnet," good whiskey and piety.

Cheap—Good advice, lip salve and promises.

Generally observed—Tilting skirts, waterfalls and other people's business.

Josh Billings is speculating on floods. He arrives at this conclusion: That ain't no doubt in my mind but that the flood was a perfect success, and I have thought that another such a one would pay well now in some sections of the country.

"Ah, Pat," exclaimed a discontented hod-carrier, "don't take up [his] profession, it's an uneven mode of life. It has too many ups and downs in it, to make much progress, or to become respectable."

"When was Rome built?" inquired a school inspector: "In the night, sir," was the ready reply. "In the night," said he, "how do you make that out?" "Why, sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day."

A female school teacher, in her advertisement, stated that she was "complete mistress of her own tongue." "If that's the case," said a caustic old bachelor, "she can't ask too much for her services."

A man in New Hampshire attempted to enforce his argument on religion with a hoe handle, and nearly beat out the brains of his antagonist. He was evidently a Radical.

What kind of extracts do ladies prefer their ice cream flavored with? Man-illa or coarsé.

The original meaning of chignon is cabbage. Heads of cabbage—oh, ladies!

A Fair Burglar.

A Dresden correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer thus writes of what happened to him on awakening in the morning after a night's sleep in private quarters:

You can imagine my terror when, upon early day, our door was opened and a female form slowly and carefully glided into our room, and coming to the head of my bed, took off from the bed post my vest. I saw it all with one eye partially opened; but what could I say? I dared not make a noise, for I could not be understood if I spoke. She felt for my watch, and drew it out carefully, disengaging the chain hook from the button hole. A cold chill came over me, but I remained as quiet as a stone. She laid the watch upon the table; next she took my coat, in which was my little stamps, circular notes, bills of exchange, memorandum book, passport, etc. These she gracefully drew out and placed upon the table. Next came my pants from close beside my bed. These she took. Next my overcoat, which hung upon the rack. Then she proceeded to the opposite side of the room, and performed like ceremony with the apparel of my companion, when with all this load of integuments, together with our boots, she disappeared from the room. As she closed the door we both arose upright in bed, and wondered what all that meant. We had each observed the operation with a single eye, and equally fearful of making an alarm. Then I was sorry that I had not found some method to tie my camel. Here we are, two poor, blind, miserable fellows, many thousand miles from home, and not a thread to put on. I thought of my family and my neighbors' families, how they had clothing and to spare, but—well a thought occurred to me that perhaps this was the way they got so many statues for their public parks and museums and buildings. Perhaps they take just such specimens as we are and set them up.

The perspiration ran down my back, and I was in a cold sweat. I felt bad. If she had left my watch and my money, what good is all this without wearing apparel? I have been in places where I wanted food, and had plenty of money, but I could not buy a mouthful. Now I am in a place with money and no clothing. After these horrid forebodings had perplexed my soul for half an hour, the door again opened, and the same female entered, with all our wearing apparel nicely brushed and cleaned, and our boots with the glossiest kind of a black. It is a custom of the country, that's all, and I feel better now.

"What brought you to prison my colored friend?" "Two constables, sah."

"Yes, but I mean had interperence anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah, dey was bofe of 'em drunk."

We cannot censure a man in business who does not advertise if he has nothing worth advertising.