Clearfield Republican.

D. W. MOORE, G. B. GOODLANDER, } Editors.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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Poetry.

THE "COPPERHEAD."

An unknown friend sends us the following poetical effusion, clipped from a "down east" newspaper, with a request to give it a place in our columns. We do not know who is the author, but it is a fine tribute to "copperheadism."

Do you uphold the Nation's cause,
And think—as Daniel Webster thought—
The Constitution and the Laws
With Union's life inwrought?
Does then your soul, indignant, swell
With scorn for the foul fiend, who said
"Your Magna Charta is from Hell?"
You are a "Copperhead!"

Do you revere our chartered rights?
And thus prove traitor—as they say
Those Ethiopian Zoophytes
Who now hold sway—
Do you despise the vulture horde,
Upon the country's vitals fed,
Who serve corruption as their Lord?
You are a "Copperhead!"

Do you revert to former days,
The days of glory and renown,
When patriots won the statesman's bays,
And wore the mural crown?
When no! the place could make the man,
But aye, the man the place instead;
Where honor proudly led the van?
You are a "Copperhead!"

Do you o'er pray that strife may cease,
That war may stay his crimson hand,
And that the broad white wings of peace
May brood the Land?
If such your prayer, for one, I say,
God's blessings rest upon your head!
Come, share with me the "sourbriquet"
Of traitor! "Copperhead!"

MOTHER, IS THE BATTLE OVER?

Mother, is the battle over?
Thousands have been killed, they say!
Is my father coming? tell me,
Have our soldiers gained the day?

Is he well, or is he wounded?
Mother, do you think he's slain?
If you know, I pray you tell me,
Will my father come again?

Mother, dear, you're always sighing
Since you last the paper read;
Tell me why you now are crying,
Why that cap is on your head?

Oh! I see you cannot tell me,
Father's one among the slain;
Oh! he loved us all so dearly,
He will never come again.

Plain Questions for Home Consumption.

Have you ever known a Democrat to justify a violation of the Constitution?

Have you ever known a stamp act enacted under a Democratic Administration?

Have you ever known a Democratic President to suspend the writ of habeas corpus?

Have you ever known a Conscription Law to be passed under a Democratic Administration?

Have you ever known a Confiscation Law to be passed by a Democratic Administration?

Have you ever known a Democratic Administration to form a new State in violation of the plain provisions of the Constitution?

Have you ever known a time, except the present, when a citizen could be incarcerated in a dungeon, without authority of law.

Have you ever known a Democratic Administration to compel the people of a State or the District of Columbia to sell their property, whether willing or not?

Have you ever known any Administration except Abraham's, to create a National debt of $3,000,000,000 in a short period of three years?

Have you ever known a citizen to be sent into banishment and exile, under Democratic rule?

Have you ever known a time under Democratic rule when the greatest crimes and outrages have been committed by our rulers under a plea of "military necessity" or "reasons of State?"

Have you, before this, known a time when the military was made superior to the civil power?

Have you ever known a Democratic Administration to tax the people of the whole country to buy the negroes of the Border States?

Have you ever known a Democratic Administration to tax the people to pay the expenses of teaching and educating the negro slaves of the Southern States?

Have you ever known a Democratic Administration to ignore the rights of States?

Have you ever known an Administration, in opposition to the Democracy, to leave the affairs of the country in as flourishing a condition as it found them?—*Bergen (N. J.) Democrat.*

☞In one column the N. Y. Times says that nothing is more absurd than war In another he urges enlistments. "Oh! Consistency thou art a jewel."

☞He must be an unmitigated villain who would counterfeit greenbacks, when they are fifty per cent. below par.

☞To all our patrons we wish a Happy New Year.

Up jumped our devil in a rage,
To set two lines to fill this page

RELIGIOUS.

Selected for the Republican.

THE BIBLE.

A nation must be truly blessed if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book. It is so complete a system, that nothing can be added to it or taken from it; it contains everything needful to be known or done; it affords a copy for a king, and a rule for a subject; it gives instruction and counsel to a senate, authority and direction for a magistrate; it cautions a witness; requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence. It sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table; tells him how to rule, and her how to manage. It entails honor on parents, and enjoins obedience on children. It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler, and the authority of the master; commands the subject to honor, and the servant to obey, and promises the blessing and protection of its Author to all that walk by its rules.—It gives directions for weddings and for burials: it promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both; it points out a faithful and eternal guardian to the departing husband and father, tells him to whom to leave his fatherless children, and in whom his widow is to trust, and promises a father to the former and a husband to the latter. It teaches a man how to set his house in order and how to make his will. It appoints a dowry for the wife, and entails the right of the first born, and shows how the younger branches shall be left. It defends the rights of all, and reveals vengeance to every defrauder, over-reacher and oppresser. It is the first book, the best book, and the oldest book, in all the world. It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instruction, and affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that ever was revealed. It contains the best laws and profoundest misteries that ever were penned. It brings the best tidings, and affords the best of comfort to the enquiring and disconsolate. It exhibits life and immortality, and shows the way to everlasting glory. It is a brief recital of all that has past, and a certain prediction of all that has to come. It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples. It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to Him, and sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them, and of all that trust in them. In short, it is a book of laws to show right and wrong; a book of wisdom, that condemns all folly, and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth, that detects all lies, and confutes all errors; and a book of life, that shows the way from everlasting death.—It is the most compendious book in all the world; the most authentic, and the most entertaining history that ever was published. It contains the most early antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, unparalleled wars. It describes the celestial, terrestrial and infernal worlds, and the origin of the angelic myriads, human tribes and infernal legions. It will instruct the most accomplished mechanic and the profoundest artist; it will teach the best rhetorician, and exercise every power of the most skillful arithmetician, puzzle the wisest anatomist, and exercise the nicest critic. It corrects the vain philosopher, and guides the wise astronomer; it exposes the subtle sophist, and makes divines mad. It is a complete code of laws, a perfect book of divinity, an unequalled narrative; a book of lives, a book of travels, a book of voyages. It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on, the best deed that ever was sealed, the best evidence that ever was produced, the best will that ever was made, and the best testament that ever was signed. To understand it, is to be wise indeed; to be ignorant of it, is to be destitute of wisdom.—It is the king's best copy, the magistrate's best rule, the housewife's best guide, the servant's best directory, and the young man's best companion. It is the schoolboy's spelling book, and the learned man's masterpiece; it contains a choice grammer for a novice, and a profound treatise for a sage; it is the ignorant man's dictionary and the wise man's directory. It affords knowledge of witty inventions for the ingenious, and dark sayings for the grave, and it is its own interpreter. It encourages the wise, the warrier, the racer, the overcomer, and promises an eternal reward to the conqueror. And that which crowns all is, that the Author is without partiality and without hypocrisy, for in him is no variableness nor shadow of turning.

OLD AUTHOR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Republican.

EXLINE'S DREAM.

Mr. Brinder:—

I yused to nod beleeve in dreems, witchkraft and spiridualism. I yused to dink da wer all humbuck; bud I have found oud dat Masachooset was ride in burning wimmen for riding on broomsticks trew de are—and in branding de sheeks and boring de tungs of de Gwakers, and afterwards hanging dem for breaching de Gosple; and in banishing Rotsher Williams for not beleeving mit dem. De Bay Stait dun wot us wants to dew now mit de Kopperheds, bekause da will nod beleeve dat de Negaro is dare equal. If us had de bower (witch us all hope and bray for) us wood banish all de beeples from de Kuntrey wot deny dat Abraham Linggon is de old Governmend and his son Roberd is de young Governmend; and brand draider on every ones sheek dat wood dare read de peese sarmon breached on Mound Olives 1800 years ago.

Wen Kayness Raynor asserded dat us must have an American Bible and American Releegon I tot he ment de Mormon Bible and Joe Smith's Releegon; bud wen Burlinggame deklared dat us must have an anty-Slavery Gott, an anty-Slavery Bible, an anty-Slavery Releegon, and an anty-Slavery Konstitooshun my eyes wer opened den. I found oud dat dis gott is de gottas sot up in Paris by de Shakobin Klub of France; de Bible is de footprints of anoder world, ritten by Roberd Dale Owen; de Releegon is de one lade down by Andrew Shackson Davis, in his grade Harmonia—its sheef abosdle is Shudge Edmunds—and Linggon and Sewart wer his first konverts dat wer men of note.

De Konstitooshun is de Sheekago Blatform.

Wen de grade men in de land subskribe tew dese dings wy shood nod dreems be realized. Now here ish my

DREEM,

Witch I ask you to brint, for tew enliten de beeples.

I looks up and behold I sees won man; he wos aboud dree-score and den yeers old—he wos more aktive den wen he wos dwenty won yeers of age; all de men on de globe he cood wip. Dere wer a grade menny darters born onto him; and da all had families mit menny shildren. Dis old fello wos very rich; dere wos nod a seebord but wot his shibs did ender; in each commercial town he had an agent; he had plenty land of de best qwality—on it he had gold and silver mines and led ore—he had solt lakes and springs—he bilt Ralerodes and Delegrafs for tew sousands of miles. His darters wer also very rich. Da and dere shildren wer all extremely happy; some made dere living by manufacturing—some by digging and selling stone kole, making iron and so fort—some by farming corn, raising and butchering hogs, selling cattle, and oders by raising mools—farming hemp and tobacko, and some by farming shugar and cotton. Dese different dings da solt and bartered to won anoder.

De old man bilt himself a demple; on won of de fore korner stones he engrafed, *freedom of de person mit de habias korpus;* on won, *de milidary bower must be ruled by de sivil law;* on won, *equal and exact shustice mit all men of all Relegeous secks oder political bartees from all my darters faulees*—and on de oder, *all men shall be deemed innosent undil proven gilty by a shury impartially selected.*

Above de olter he had ritten on a black bord—human legisladors cannod legislade de world free of sin—dat shob must be left for de shusch and de lyseum. On a card stuck up above de door were his family wend in wos ritten, mit a free press and free speech reeson can combat error. On de oder laid an instrumend of riting—de covenand between his darters, stading dat da shood leeve all dere shildren worship in dere own manner, and regulate all dere domestic konserns as da saw fit.

Above de demple hovered a spirid all drest in wite—ids garmend wos mitoud a stain—id wos dewine, derefore id wos perfect—id never shanged. Id wos de Grade Teecher of mankind—wot id towt to-day id had proklaimed sentaries ago.—Menny beeples professed tew beleef ids teachings, bud few folloed ids advise.—Beneeth id stood anoder spirid dat seemed to be de old man's garden angel—by ids advise de old man bilt de grade demple—id wos de Arkiteck dereof: unlike de oder spirid id wos human; konseqwently id wos perfect, derefore id wos progressif—id tended to de old man's worldly affairs, while de oder dun his heavenly work.—Each spirid had a grade mishun to perform, but da wer separate. All noble-minded beeples revered both dese spirids; bud de enwious, selfish and avorishus beeples sekredly hated dem both with grade bitterness, and yet wer loudest in shouting dere praise.

Dere were oder spirids dat tried tew roole de old man—won did govern him ad first, bud id became so narrow-minded and tyranikal he shrust id from his konfidens. Den dere wos anoder spirid begotten by won of his grand-sons; de only ding id wos noded for wos dat id tried mit all ids mite tew take de blace of de old man's garden angel; id wos of shord durashun—ids fader became enfeebled; mit him ids stenght deklined—wen he wolked mit tottering footsteps, id trembled—grim deth karied him off tew aneder world, den id perished.

In a distance from de demple stood tew spirids kontending mit won anoder; da had been engaged in menny a kombat, sumdimes de won wipt, and sumdimes de oder; de won wos de perdicular friend of de demple—de oder wos ids sworn enemy. De demple's enemy rased up tew spirids; de won tew win de effecksbuns of de old man, and den perswade him tew shrust beeple from his sosiety on account of dere berth and releegon. In dis id hardly succeeded, and kommensed tew undermine de foundashun of de demple. De old man's garden angel arested id in ids destrucktive kareer; ids desiples forsook id and hung dere heds mit shame; and had id nod been dat dere garmends had been singed mit de fire dat burned de unholy offerings da offered up to de enemy of de demple, da wood have denied having enything tew do mit it. De demple's foe rased a black kloud in de East and oud of id kame a spirid, small and insignifikant ad first, bud id grew larger and larger. Ad first de old man and his garden angel treeted id mit kontemt. Dis dark spirid of de demple, for id foresaw dat by proper management dis now small spirid wood be able tew destroy de demple. De sworn enemy of de demple labored day and nite tew gain influence for his dark spirid.—He appealed tew de pregudises of de old man's darters until he gained sum of dere affeckshuns for id, when he set up de docktrine dat de wite spirid and de garden angel were spirids dat were oud of date. Dis da partly made de old man beleef.—De garden angel made all onerable effords to destroy dere influence. De feend of de demple told de old man and his darters tew shun dis dark spirid of de East as da wood a bestilense, bud ids good kounsel was in vain; de enemy had gained dere affeckshuns in an onfortunate ower. De old man agreed in a few months tew have no more tew dew mit his garden angel; dis he put in riten, and wen he signed id pard of de demple gave way. De wite spirid wos bathed mit teers bekause de enemy of de demple got de dark spirid tew deklare dat de wite spirid went in for war, and ids docktrine wos dat of hate and revenge. Dis id ment for ironee, but de old man took id for ernest. Tew set him rite de wite spirid told him ids mission wos "peese and good will towards all men." De old man bid id tew begone, as he had no more use for id; for de dark spirid cood dew both ids work and dat of his garden angel.

For dis grade krime all de beeples of his household wer changed into *snakes*, namely: blownadders, raddlesnake and kopperheds. De dark spirid made a lean, lank, blownadder, king. To dis de raddlesnakes obgected, and made a king of dere own. De old man set de blownadder king over his family as chief steward; he let him sleep in his bed, eat from his plate, and drink wine from his cup.—Dis king called oder blownadders around him as assisdent stewards and kounsels; da made de old man beleef dat de instroomend of riting dat lade on de olter kompelled dem tew make war on de raddlesnakes, and de old man sed "go ahed."—Den blownadders and kopperheds marched agenst de raddlesnakes, but da traveld back fasder den da advansed. Den de dark spirid perswaded de old man dat his own preserwashun demanded dat he shood permid de blownadder king tew treet de instroument of riting on de olter as so much waste paper. Id told him dat unless he wood make dis king's will de law of de land, de raddlesnakes wood kill him; in his fright he konsented tew all dis. De dark spirid drugged de old man's wine, and wen his darters drank derefrom da bekame drunk; den de blownadder easly enslaved dem. Wen dere fader sipped id he fell asleep. Den dis king mit his fangs poisend him, and he soon bekame a korps. Den all de blownadders made merry mit fidling and dansing; de raddlesnakes made rejoysing ad de blownadder king, for well da new dat id added tew dere numbers, and embewed dem mit strength.

Wen de kopperheds beheld de lifeless korps of de old man, da wept bidderly.—Wen all wer dus konfused, de dark spirid by de ade of ids favoride king demolished de demple. Wen dis kame tew de ears of de kopperheds dere wos no bounds tew dere greef. Wen da beheld de wonst proud darters of de old man—de bells of all de world—bound mit schains, dere greef gave way tew rage. De kopperheds tried tew snap dese schains; da undertook tew restore de old man tew life, and rebilt de demple. For dis hie krime de blownadder king banished sum and oders he kaged in holes enkast mit stone. I awoke and found id wos all a dreem.

A Royal, Loyal Legue Demokrat,

DETRICK EXLINE.

LETTER FROM THE ARMY.

CAMP AMONG THE PINES, TWO MILES SOUTH OF KELLY'S FORD, VA.
DECEMBER 17th, 1863.

Messrs Editors: Not knowing what day the mail leaves for Salt River, I just concluded to write you a few lines this rainy day for pastime. We have here a very pretty camp, plenty of wood and water, and comfortable shanties to live in. Most of the army are in the winter quarters built by the Rebs during their short stay along the Rappahannock. These shanties are well built of round logs and covered with clapboards, like those of the first settlers of our dear old county, having weight poles to keep the wind from blowing them off. They are all of the same size and plan and are arranged for a certain number of men; where ours are of all designs, shapes and capacities. A person can easily distinguish between a Yankee "shebang" and a Rebel barrack; ours are mostly covered with shelter tents or gum-blankets, which turn the rain very well, but are not susceptible of retaining the heat, so as soon as the fire is out the house is cold Most of the dwelling houses in this neighborhood have been torn down by the officers and soldiers promiscuously to arrange their quarters as comfortable as possible. Our camp is just on the bank of Mountain Run, and the Picola Mills, near by, furnished a good quantity of lumber for the same purpose. The timber here consists of yellow pine, linn, black walnut and white oak. As usual, most of the land has been at one time under cultivation, but has been permitted to grow up wild again by the carelessness of the inhobitants. The soil is very good here, being from eight to sixteen inches deep, and those portions of it under cultivation must have been very productive. The central depot from whence we get our supplies is at Brandy stonon, some eight miles from the Rappahannock. I have not heard from any of the wild Rebs that are said to be roaming through this country in the character of bushwhackers, or guerillas, since I have returned to camp. I found the boys all well when I got back, and found about six hundred substitutes and conscripts in our regiment, which swells our ranks to almost the regulation number; but I am sorry to see so much antipathy and prejudice existing between them and the old boys—however that will wear off in course of time. I just got here in time to bid our old Captain farewell. He has resigned, or was rather forced to leave us, through physical disability. Not every man makes as good an officer as he did—he was kind, humane and impartial to his men, and I trust he will live long to enjoy the bliss of civil life as the reward of having done his duty to his country and his conscience. I take this occasion to bid him a heartfelt adieu as captrin of Company E.

Messrs Editors, when you make your mail up to the boys who are now in the *salt* business just tell them their old friend is with them in *sympathy*—like Abolitionists are with the army—and heartily pities them in their briny situation; but at the same time assure them that it is not much worse to live in an atmosphere impregnated with salt, than it is in land covered with lice, such as this sacred Virginia soil is. Whether these "greybacks" as the boys call them, are native, or imported into the country by Abolition officers, I don't know; but they are here nevertheless.

We have read and discussed the President's Message, and concluded that he at last has got up to the right point in regard to peace—not from the terms proposed in his proclamation, *but from the intimation that those were not the only terms which might be entertained.* This looks well on his part. But how is his practice on the subject? It was rumored in the army papers (*i. e.*, Republican papers) that A. H. Stephens, with five other commissioners, came to Fortress Monroe under a flag of truce, but our Administration would not receive them as commissioners, but as citizens, which condition they would not accept. Well, if I remember rightly, last summer, during the correspondence between Wood, of N. York, and "Old Abe," the latter said he had received no proposition of a peaceful character from the Confederate authorities, and although the citizens of the South might desire a peace, yet, he could do nothing until he got something from them officially. Now, if I am right in this, and I think my mind serves me correctly, he proves himself inconsistent, hypocritical and mean in his doings with the Southern people. But I have found out that there is no use in trying to confine our Administration to any regular course of action. Men having dishonest and unjust motives will always expose their real designs by accidental inconsistencies.

They have carried on this crusade against the South for the purpose of enriching their party, and now, having plunged the nation into irretrievable ruin, they wish to press the South on still further until the whole property of the Southern States be confiscated to cancel our national obligations, and restore our credit, which has been sacrified to replenish the pockets of shoddy contractors and zealous Republicans.

But there is no use in me trying to entertain my old friends by writing on political matters. We have exchanged sentiments often heretofore, both by correspondence and on the stump, and all know our situation. While you were poling your boats up Salt River, I had to return to help Father Abraham finish his "little job," and serve out the balance of my enlistment. But that is all right, I helped to put him in power and I ought to sustain him. I feel, though, that I have done my duty to my State, by trying to hurl from power those who either become usurpers, or miserable parasites of usurpers; and after serving another year under Old Abe I hope to do the same with him; then I will consider I have done my duty to my country. It is human to err, but disgraceful to refuse to correct an error, as far as possible.

I will now take my leave of those friends who received me so kindly during the late campaign in Clearfield, and while wishing you a happy sojourn in that land of the disconsolate—

I subscribe myself,
your obedient servant,
WILLIAM CARR.

P. S.—We had a very sad accident in our regiment day before yesterday. While a member of Company C was cleaning his gun which had been turned in for some months, it was accidentally discharged and the ball struck one of his mess-mates, passing through his right arm, breast and lungs, and lodged nar his backbone, from whence it was extracted by the surgeon who was quickly on the ground; but the ball being so long in the gun it had gotten quite rusty, and the wound from that cause is very dangerous as well as painful.

Lt. Jones, of our company, is lying very sick at Washington with the fever, and I hear that his recovery is extremely doubtful.

Yours, &c. W. C.

☞An ingenious personage has discovered a most economical way of lighting cities, and proposes to apply it to Paris.—Balloons, from the cars of which are to emanate an electric light, are to be fixed at certain stations, and hover over the city, at the proportion of one balloon to 80,000 persons; the city would be lighter at night than it often is in winter by day.

☞The *World* suggests that at the annual New England dinner to be celebrated on the 22d inst. Secretary Seward, who made the memorable prediction, in 1860, that the difficulties with the South were not of serious importance, and would disappear in sixty days from that time, be invited and allowed another chance to prophecy.

☞The "loyal" citizens of Allegheny county, which gave Curtin over seven thousand majority, furnished at the last draft 135 soldiers to "fight for the Union." All the rest of the draft, 4,068, were exempted! What a commentary on abolition "loyalty!"—*Chambersburg Spirit.*

HOW TO WALK.—In walking, always turn your toes out and your thoughts inward. The former will prevent your falling into cellars, the latter from falling into iniquity.

☞Mr. Forney, in his war *Press* says that "the President's Message should be printed in letters of gold." All very well, Mr. Forney, but where is the *gold*.

COMING.—The Holidays and draft No. 2—the former much to the delight of the juveniles, and the latter much to the regret of children of larger growth.

☞The wife of Ex-President Franklin Pierce, died, week before last, at Andover, Mass.