



D. W. MOORE,
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CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

Clearfield Republican

1864 FOR 1864.

Be composed every thought, and each violent motion,
That enmeshes my mind in life's treacherous snares.
'Tis the hour that urges my pen to devotion,
To glance at the dying year's gladness and cares.
How darkened the late smiling face of creation!
Time's wheels almost halt in their fleeting career,
As viewing the scenes of their own desolation
Glimpse behind, with a start, on the grave of the year.

On the last solemn reign of this day of reflection,
A madness seized hold on the chief of our land,
And the patriot's eye shed the tear of dejection,
At a nation's dishonor, and war's bloody hand.
Laden, with many, life's hopes have soon ended,
Within the dark cover surrounding the bier—
Or to death's lonely halls, in slaughter descended,
And in blood made their beds with the grave of the year.

Then our flag proudly floating, with its blue-crimson flashing
Was nobly defended by hearts true as steel
But the negro's black banner their hopes quickly dashing,
Chilled those patriots' ardor and dampened their zeal.
For the Union, they thought, they so bravely were fighting,
And to punish the rebels, who, it might then, defied,
Their mistake they discovered, their fondest hope blighting,
Found mixed races their mission—Abolition their guide.

Still defending that banner with a Spartan devotion,
They in heaps pile their bodies on Gettysburg plain,
And the capture of Vicksburg swelled with proudest emotion
The hearts of those heroes who had bled in vain.
Though the frenzy of madmen they viewed with alarm,
Yet they gallantly fought for America's name;
They spurned their base teachings so pregnant with harm,
While they added fresh laurels to their garland of fame.

The flag of our Old Democracy—
Our faith, our hope, our trust:
The oft-tried shields of freeman's rights
Now meekly sweeps the dust.

The Keystone state has recreant proved
To this, her former faith,
While others following in her wake
Embraced her partial death.
New Jersey, placed by Freedom's voice
Our views now to proclaim,
Deserves, as she shall soon receive,
The merit due to fame.

The home of gallant "Little Mac,"
The Mecca of the patriot's heart,
Though the tempests burst upon her soil,
Could not be moved by fear or art.

But freemen's sons will ne'er consent
To calmly lose their blood-bought rights—
Free speech, Free press their proudest boast
In fertile vales, on mountain heights.

They will not see their father's graves
Trodden down by armed slaves
Rushing on like maddened waves
Red with human gore,
They will not see our banner bright,
Torn and trampled in the fight
By the foes of truth and right,
Torn to wave no more.

No! the boon those fathers won,
Led by glorious Washington,
Shall descend from sire to son,
Ages yet untold.
God will nerve the patriot's arm
To withstand the gathering storm—
Freemen's hearts are yet too warm,
To be bought with gold.

But Clearfield. My beloved home!
As my mind roves back o'er
The year that has passed
Never to return, I blush for thee!
The pup of a whiffet:—the tool of
A dirty dog called "Forney" (the same
John of Forrest memory, who doth delight
In gobbling up the sweet tit-bits
That fall from the table of his master,
The "great joker") hath been among your
Pine clad hills. By the aid of "wealth"
"Intelligence" and "beauty"—articles recently imported—
He hath discovered that your sons are
"Steeped in profound ignorance."
They know naught of the cultivated art
Of eating soup with a fork. The
Dainty napkin glides not o'er their honest,
Toil-bronzed features. Upon their mahogany
Sideboards glisten not quaintly carved
Bottles, nor sparkling glasses, fragrant
With the perfume of the grape of sunny France,
Or the banks of the Rhine. They have not been
Initiated into the mysteries of *fans*,
Monte, *loo* and other elements of knowledge [genius].
Peculiar to "recent settlers" of "wealth and intelli-
Oh, men of Clearfield! seek ye this
Knight of the quill,—this hireling *black-and-white* pedlar,
That he point you to these gentlemen
Of "wealth and intelligence?" Seek of them
Knowledge, and you will find it
In an empty pocket-book.

My song is o'er. My tale is done.
My oil is out. My money gone.
To dun my patrons is no sin,
Then go to the Devil—he wants your tin.
THE CARRIER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Clearfield Republican.
RECCARIA TOWNSHIP, DEC. 19th, 1863.
MESSRS. EDITORS:

"There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of Justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must."
Shakespeare.

Obstinacy, if it may be called a vice, is that
For which I plead. 'Tis not because 'tis right,
Nor because I love to advance into another's cause
Without he asks my aid. But since 'tis known
That man, within his breast, sustains
A quality which, perhaps, is not so gross,
Yet still too vile to adorn a Christian's heart,
I take the side of Obstinacy, when 'tis against
Cruel man's oppressions hurled.

Oh! how the brain rocks to and fro when
We get the unwelcome tidings, "man is wronged."
Does it not wring all our tender affections
And elicit our sympathies, with love so warm
That we, even lovers of law, could leap away
From the radiant joys of home, that beams
Rich with a modest pride, and rush,
With indignation kindled, and burning within
Our breasts, to avenge a liberty outraged,
And freemen deprived of Humanity's brightest,
Noblest gem.

Then harken! friends of right, a case is now
Before us, in its blackest, meanest form.
And demands our utter, hearty scorn.

When ministers of God's word are from
The pulpit driven, and forced to cease
To look for pecuniary aid from those
Who have "through the purest motives" joined
The "Disciplined Church of God" to find
The path that leads to grace divine,
Because they would not their souls degrade
In clamoring politics, to engender feelings ill,
And desecrate the sacred sanctuaries
Of Him, who despite the Devil's power
To foster tyranny, cherished in our minds
The hope, that Liberty would survive
The brutal blows she has received
By despotic hands.

Can we wonder, then, since these misdeeds
Of Fanaticism's vilest votaries, beaming
With sordid pride, in our faces flash,
That Obstinacy will arise towering above
The misty realms of a cringing heart
And feeble mind, to check
The encroaching strides of selfish, proud,
Power-loving man, upon the immunities
Of Christian ministers.

Who would, being gifted with the mind
Of manhood, o'er bow, in timorous dread,
At the "beck and nod" of haughty foes
Of human liberty—sacrificing his every claim
To freemen's abode in the society of noble men—
Sacrificing all the finer qualities that charm
The soul, that adorns the mind, and gives
Grace and religious firmness to the heart.

There is the eloquent, the high-minded
And learned *Jaffris*, he is the man,
If man he be, whom fanatics, of our time,
Adore. "They, to contribute, do not refuse,
But empty their coffers in his purse.
And why? Is it because he merits your esteem
By preaching the glad tidings of salvation
Among the followers of the Cross? Not so!
'Tis because he, the voice of Christ unheeds,
And will, their fiendish minds to gratify,
Preach war and blood; and invoke
The curse of God upon the men
And women of the South, and will, for gold,
Barter the soul of men to fight against
The Constitution of his country—to annul
Its sacred laws; serving the Devil, robed
With the "livery of Heaven," and devoting a life
In the cause of sin, wrapped in the cloak
Of Religion, he thinks to hide his glaring crimes.

Him they reward and honor, and why
Do they not reward, esteem and honor those
Who will not

"Play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep?"

'Tis because in opinion, they differ with you
Fanatics and irreligious Demagogues,
Nothing else! They love their God and
Their "neighbour as themselves."

But I am tired of writing in blank verse, and think it time to
close; yet allow me to state that the action of the abolitionized
vampires who disgrace the community and assemble at the Oak
Grove school-house, and who are sucking away at the life-blood
of the nation, are known, and deserve the contempt of every lover
of human liberty in the land.

Rare bigots! Democrats can sustain their own ministers who
teach the doctrines which Christ inculcated in the Sermon on the
Mount.
Yours as ever, YOUNG NESTOR.

A countryman walking along New York, found his pro-
gress stopped by a barricade of lumber, and asked what it was for.
"Oh that's to stop the yellow fever," was the reply.
"Aye, I have often heard of the board of health, but I never
saw one before."

When a young lady offers to hem a cambric handkerchief
for a rich bachelor, she means to sow in order to reap.

A man may smile and be a villain still.

THE SECOND CONSCRIPTION! SHALL WE HAVE A THIRD?

The second Conscription will soon be
upon us. Those of our citizens over the
age of twenty and under that of forty-five,
who have not been blessed by fortune
with the three hundred dollars which is
to secure them from a forcible conscrip-
tion, are already trembling lest fortune's
fickle wheel may turn up their names
and thus force them into the army to do
battle, not against a foreign foe, but
their own countrymen.

We were promised peace within sixty
days after the war commenced—then the
time was prolonged to ninety—then to six
months, and then within a year it would
certainly close. Enlistments then were
made for three years or the war, and to
fill the more than thrice decimated ranks
of these three years, or the war men, the
first draft was had, and now we are soon
to have the second of the series. These
new conscripts are to serve for three years,
unless the war sooner close, and if Abolition
holds rule, and contractors have their
way, he who enlists or is drafted for the
war, will die of old age, if he escape death
in other forms, long before peace is re-
stored. The thirty years' war in Europe
will find a parallel in the more than thirty-
years war in America, and the child as
yet unborn will be liable to the draft, if
others than those who make fortunes by
the war do not step in and close it by re-
storing peace to our distracted country.

Those who wish to put an end to this
state of things, to bring back peace with all
its blessings to the country are denounced
as Copperheads—as secess in their feel-
ings, and as traitors in their hearts, by
the very men who are engaged in plun-
dering the soldier of his hard earned pay,
and in swindling the Government by his
shoddy contracts, and who now urge on a
conscription which separates from his wife
and little ones the husband, who has not
the Government price paid to free each
negro in the District of Columbia, to pay
for his freedom from a forced draft to serve
in the army.

The second draft will soon be upon us.
The names of all liable to serve, are now
in the hands of the Provost Marshal and
his colleagues, and wives tremble lest
their only support and that of their chil-
dren be rudely taken from them, and
they confined, like criminals, in an island
fortress, until, surrounded by a guard,
they are sent South to do battle and offer
their lives that some General may get
glory, and some Abolition contractor make
money out of their blood and their
services. As sure as the day of the sec-
ond draft arrives, so will the third, and
the fourth, and the fifth, be upon us, un-
less others than those now in power save
the country from ruin and the people
from slaughter. It can be done by the
people demanding in thunder tones an
honorable peace, for they would submit
to none other.

The war has now raged with violence
for near three years. In that time what
what has been accomplished? Mr. Lin-
coln said, at its commencement, there
was a Union feeling in all the Southern
States; now the South is more united
than was the people of the United States
during the Revolution, which gave us a
place among the nations of the earth.—
Much as we may boast of our victories over
the South, the Southern men can boast
with equal truth of their victories over us.
In all our boast and in all our pride, the
great fact that, at the close of the thirty-
three months of war, with the largest
armies the world has ever seen since the
days of Xerxes, supplied and paid at an
estimated cost of three million dollars per
day, the great capitol of the Republic is
still in danger from the Southern Army,
and that not at a single moment has it
been deemed entirely safe from capture,
admonishes us that the war has been far
from a success, and that the hundreds of
thousands of brave men who sleep on the
many battle-fields or lie in ditches in the
hospital graveyards, have spilled their
blood and offered up their lives in vain.
This day, as the war is now conducted,
it seems fatter from a close than the day
President Lincoln called to the field ser-
venty-five thousand men to crush the Re-
bellion. Then it was a war to repossess
the forts and other property of the nation,
now it is conducted to devastate the South
and to free the negro.

Why then not put a stop to it? Because
it does not suit the purposes of the party
in power. All the efforts made have been
rendered abortive by the Administration
and by the Abolition pressure which con-
trols it. Close the war and government
contracts must close, and colonels, gener-
als, quartermasters, commissaries and sut-
tlers go back to private life without fur-

ther power to draw pay for servants they
never had, forage for ideal horses, or to
plunder the soldiers by state food, or the
government by contracts given to friends,
who generally divide the spoils. The
war at an end, "Othello's occupation
gone," and men who never earned a dol-
lar by honest labor, but who have made
fortunes by the toil and death of others
will find their proper level in the de-
served contempt and scorn of all honest men.
It is to support men such as these we
have named—to continue power in the
hands of misprudent ambitious men of the
Abolition persuasion, who would rather
rule half of a republic drenched in blood,
than live in a Union cemented by brotherly
affection—that the war has been contin-
ued. To do this, it is necessary to have
more soldiers, and hence the draft is to be
put into execution, and men who believe
the war might with honor have been
avoided, are to be forced from their dis-
tricted and suffering families, and made
to march where blood and carnage, sick-
ness and death, are things of every day's
occurrence. But a few months will elapse
before the decimated ranks must again be
filled up, and another and another draft
will follow as sure as night follows the day,
unless our rulers and their advisers are
given to understand that the war must at
once be brought to an honorable close. This
will not be done by those hybrid politicians
calling themselves "War Democrats," for
too many of them have a feeling and an
interest in common with the ultra Abolition-
ists of the present day—the Abolitionists
will not do it, for their interest
and their ambition points in a different
direction, but the People, the men of all
parties, who love the Republic and its in-
stitutions, must take the matter in their
own hands and form a great Peace party
of the country, who will save us and them-
selves from another conscription, by sav-
ing the country from further peril, and
restoring it to peace.

For the sins of our rulers, the people,
we think, have been punished sufficiently,
and it now remains for the people to re-
move this punishment from their shoulders.
If they do not this soon, they will
find the war, like the Old Man of the Sea
on the back of Sinbad, fastened so effec-
tually as to make it an impossibility,
without forcible means, to shake it off.—
The evil is upon them, and they must ap-
ply the corrective. If done soon it will
spare future trouble, and it may spare
them, too, the full realization of that
greatest and most heart-rending of all
curse—a repentance that comes too late!

WHO PAYS?

"Two car loads of contrabands number-
ing about a hundred and fifty, one-half
of them men, arrived here to-day from
Baltimore, to which city they were sent
from Prince George's county, Maryland.
The men not being fit for military service,
are to be employed at the Chesboro Cavalry
camps, and the women and children
domiciled at Freedom's Village, in this
vicinity."—Washington Col.

What a comforting thought it must be
to the loyal workingman, as he counts his
pay on a Saturday night, to think, that it
is diminished about thirty per cent, which
thirty per cent, goes to feed and clothe
the contrabands, who, before he became
so philanthropic, were clothed and fed at
somebody else's expense. He will say to
his wife: "You cannot have the trout,
warm dress I promised you for this win-
ter, and mind you no meat except twice
a week, I cannot afford it. I have got to
feed and clothe the colored people." He
will say to his child, "no ride for you in
the cars to-day, my child,—that five cents
has gone to some little wooly heads."—
What a glow of universal love will thrill
his heart when he sees his own sufferer in
order that the poor black may be made
happy. He will say to himself: How
lovely is freedom! Three short years ago,
these immortal souls were in bondage.—
They were no care to me, I never felt for
them, I never thought of them, I had not
to deprive myself of a single thing for
their benefit. Now, thank God, they are
free, and they are the objects of my dearest
solicitude, and I have the pleasure of
supporting them. True, my own chil-
dren suffer for it—but still it is a great
privilege, and I ought to be very thank-
ful.

The only interruption that he might
suffer to this self-satisfying train of
thought might be the suggestion of some
disloyal, traitorous, venomous Democrat,
who might say to him: "But you are
free too, and nobody supports you. You
have to work hard enough for your week's
wages, no one docks off thirty per cent
from their wages to keep you in idleness."
To which the loyal workingman would natu-
rally reply: "Ah, you secessionist!—you
Southern sympathizer!" To this argu-
ment, of course, there can be no reply,
and nothing is left for the cowed traitor
to do but retire gracefully, singing the
new song of "I'd be a contraband."—
Phila. Age.

WHAT DEMOCRACY WOULD DO.

Were the Abolition fanatics and the pa-
per mongers outside from the throne
which they so unworthily occupy, the
question is asked what would be the po-
sitive action of their opponents on a sub-
stitution of a plain Democratic seat for the
elevated diron of the monarch who now
rules the country? The answer is easy.

There would be an immediate return to
an obedience to the dictates of every sec-
tion of the constitution, under the strict-
est rules of construction; there would be
no tyrannical invasion of personal liberty;
no government hostilities; no imprisonment
on suspicion of what citizens might do;—
no suppression of freedom of speech; no
military interference with the elective
franchise; no suspension of the habeas
corpus.

These are the disabilities from which
the States, once independent, would be
relieved by the substitution of a Demo-
cratic administration for the present im-
becility at the head of authority, and the
corruption ruling its weakness. A Demo-
cratic administration not being infected
with the "albo-negro" appetite for "spilling
a little blood," would not have precipi-
tated this war into the murderous conflicts
that have slaughtered so many of our best
citizens, and devastated so vast an extent
of the most fertile regions of the country.
The principle of conciliation, suggested at
a timely period and supported by the De-
mocracy, would have prevented all the
mischiefs of ruinous warfare, its worst con-
sequence—an irreconcilable feeling of ani-
mosity between the North and the South.
Under a Democratic administration we
should have a return to the Union as it
was, and the Constitution in its purity.—
Washington Const. Union.

"If the country shall be saved, the
Union restored, and the Federal Constitu-
tion preserved, the work must be done by
the Democratic party—Democrats are not
alone in this belief and the expression of
it. Go where you may, sentiments like
the above greet you, and they are fre-
quently uttered by men who never voted
a Democratic ticket. Such sentiments are
fast spreading, and the number who be-
lieve them is daily increasing."—Uniontown
Genius of Liberty.

The Bedford Gazette, speaking of
the President's late Proclamation, well
says:

"He now argues, thus: To restore the
Union is to save negro slavery; therefore,
I, Abraham Lincoln, preferring the free-
dom of the negro to the restoration of the
Union, will impose such conditions upon
those persons in the revolted States who
may be willing to return to their allegi-
ance, as will send them back into the arms
of secession."

LINCOLN'S MESSAGE.—Part of the Repub-
lican press commend the President's Pro-
clamation because it does not endorse the
doctrine of State suicide, and the other
portion because it does. This reminds us
of the man who had an animal on exhibi-
tion, and being asked by one who had
never seen such an animal before what it
was, replied: "You pay your ransom—
you want him bear, you have him bear;
you want him wolf, you have him wolf."

The President wants the South to
swear to support his abolition and eman-
cipation proclamation as a condition for
coming back into the Union, and the war
is to be waged until they are forced to do
it. If they would swear to support the
Constitution they could not come. Now
what is the war for?—Chilton Democrat.

An editor having read in another
paper that there is tobacco which, if a man
smoke or chew it, he will forget that he
owes a dollar in the world," innocently
concludes that many of his subscribers
have been furnished with the article!

The most direct method of deter-
mining horse power: Stand behind him
and tickle his legs with a briar.

H. S. Tyrell, a Connecticut coun-
tyrman, was lately robbed of \$4,000 in
New York, by female thieves.

Substitutes are growing scarce in
New York. It is difficult to procure them
for \$300, except in rare cases.

To smile at the jest which plants a
thorn in another's breast, is to become a
principal in the mischief.

Rear Admiral Farragut visited the
Russian ships in New York on the 5th of
December last.

Miss Bateman, the actress, is an-
nounced for "Deborah," at the Adelphi,
in London.

Some of the Green Mountains are
whitened with snow.

John B. Adams, an actor, lately
died in Boston.