

An Address to Irishmen and Friends of Ireland from the Convention of Delegates of the F. B. of Philadelphia.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN AND BROTHERS:—At a Convention of Delegates from the respective Circles of F. B. of Philadelphia, it was resolved to address you on the stirring events through which we have passed, that by reviewing the events you may be inspired with renewed hope and confidence in the future operations of our movement—believing as we do that, from your energy, numbers and wealth, you should occupy the foreground in a cause that has for its aim the restoration of the long lost rights of your beloved country.

Remember that God's truth and providence are always in truth and harmony, and the right has never been delegated by Divine authority to the English government to exterminate a whole people. No! it is God's providence that the Irish race shall live; the "hand writing is on the wall;" nor will the eloquent inconsistency put forth by the crafty tools of that government save her of the blood stained robe, from the vengeance of a long-suffering, a brave and heroic people.

Countrymen and brothers, we know this will not be. We appeal to you in sincerity. We feel that we have a claim on your confidence. Our past efforts and their results prove the strength of our position and point the true road to liberty. We cannot too strongly impress on you the duties of the hour and the necessity of meeting these duties promptly.

Countrymen and brothers, gather in your cities, towns, and hamlets—be up and doing—take council for the safety of your country—wipe away the death sweat from her brow—present her to the nations of the earth clothed in the robes of liberty, woven by your bravery; and when she sits down to the feast of freedom, she will remember with dying love, the devotion and self-sacrifice of her exiled children far away.

CLEARFIELD



REPUBLICAN.

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor.

PRINCIPLES—NOT MEN.

TERMS—\$2 per annum, in Advance.

VOL. 38—WHOLE NO. 1997. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, DEC. 5, 1866. NEW SERIES—VOL. 7, NO. 21.

through England, Scotland, and Australia, what is to prevent you perfecting the glorious work, so gloriously begun? Yes, countrymen, when the news of O'Neill's victory flashed over the wires, not the Fenian Brotherhood only, but the whole Irish race, from Canada to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the golden shores of the Pacific, felt the shock, and, with one impulse, joined the grand army of Liberator, and will never falter till the independence of Ireland is achieved.

In the face of these accomplished facts, we would say to our countrymen in Ireland, have nothing to do with the English Parliament; turn your face from that pest house of inquiry, whose breath is worse than poison, whose smile is the sting of the serpent. Trust not your enemy in a new dress. She may come to you with the old palaver of *Parliament Reform*; but the woe, the ruin, the desolation of your country, is an evidence that the voice of the stranger prevailed in your councils, and reformed us out of Ireland.

Remember that God's truth and providence are always in truth and harmony, and the right has never been delegated by Divine authority to the English government to exterminate a whole people.

Countrymen and brothers, we know this will not be. We appeal to you in sincerity. We feel that we have a claim on your confidence.

Countrymen and brothers, gather in your cities, towns, and hamlets—be up and doing—take council for the safety of your country—wipe away the death sweat from her brow—present her to the nations of the earth clothed in the robes of liberty, woven by your bravery.

A sick man was telling his symptoms— which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful—to a medical friend, who, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed, "Charming! Delightful! Pray go on!" and, when he had finished, the doctor said, with the utmost pleasure, "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct?" After a little explanation from the Doctor he got better.

SEIT AGAINST GENERAL BUTLER.—A suit has been commenced before the Supreme Court in New York, by John H. Luster, against General Butler, charging him with false imprisonment and with fraudulent conversion of property. The damages are laid at one hundred thousand dollars for the latter. It is alleged that Mr. Luster received a free pass from Secretary Stanton during the war to bring his family North. The Beast disregarded the permit and imprisoned him.

At Valley Falls, near Providence, R. I., on Tuesday evening, Rufus W. Cowden, a young man who had parted from his wife, called at her residence, and after an effort to induce her to enter a carriage, attempted to cut her throat with a razor. She struggled desperately and successfully for her life, although terribly wounded in the face, arms and breast, until her grandfather came and drove off the murderers wretch with a club. The surgeon who attended the woman was compelled to sew up the gashes made by the weapon. The husband eluded arrest until this forenoon, when he appeared near his father's residence, and cut his throat so thoroughly that he will probably die. He was partially intoxicated.

A young lad named Deadham shot and killed a Mr. Shepperd, in Franklin county, Iowa, a few days since. The boy called Mr. Shepperd a liar, in a dispute. Mr. Shepperd attempted to punish him, when the lad leveled his gun and fired.

A white man named Schulz was murdered last week in Detroit by two negroes, at the instigation of the wife of the victim, she being desirous of marrying one of his murderers. The negroes and the wife are in custody, and all confess their guilt.

During the night of the 10th ultimo two large cases of black bees and other valuable imported goods, valued at \$5,000, consigned to Messrs. Rice & Goldenberg, of No. 391 Broadway, were stolen in some mysterious manner from the Hamburg line of steamships at Jersey City.

The Yankee members of Congress are great on temperance! They want to tax distilled spirits high, so as to discourage their use! Therefore they tax the rum made in New England only fifty cents a gallon, while the whisky made from Western corn is taxed two dollars a gallon.

Countrymen and brothers, gather in your cities, towns, and hamlets—be up and doing—take council for the safety of your country—wipe away the death sweat from her brow—present her to the nations of the earth clothed in the robes of liberty, woven by your bravery.

A sick man was telling his symptoms— which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful—to a medical friend, who, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed, "Charming! Delightful! Pray go on!" and, when he had finished, the doctor said, with the utmost pleasure, "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct?"

Progress of the Greeley Reformation.

How the Bureau works.

A female school teacher of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., recently whipped a little child of Mr. J. Blair until it was hardly able to stand, because the little fellow would not sit beside a darkey.

A young lad named Deadham shot and killed a Mr. Shepperd, in Franklin county, Iowa, a few days since. The boy called Mr. Shepperd a liar, in a dispute.

The Yankee members of Congress are great on temperance! They want to tax distilled spirits high, so as to discourage their use!

Countrymen and brothers, gather in your cities, towns, and hamlets—be up and doing—take council for the safety of your country—wipe away the death sweat from her brow—present her to the nations of the earth clothed in the robes of liberty, woven by your bravery.

A sick man was telling his symptoms— which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful—to a medical friend, who, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed, "Charming! Delightful! Pray go on!" and, when he had finished, the doctor said, with the utmost pleasure, "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct?"

THE SETTING SUN.

How beautiful the quiet hour Which closing daylight brings! When o'er the earth a golden shower The golden sunset tings!

Written for the Clearfield Republican.

A Peep into a Bachelor's Cell.

By Mrs. Bachelorette.

I have always had a strong propensity for peeping into other folks' domestic, and don't know whether it arises from idle curiosity, or a desire to know if everybody is so happy as myself.

Well, (as Mrs. Partington sometimes says), the most attractive piece of furniture in the hall is the dear, old bachelor himself; and, of course, a description of him follows my impatient peep.

MARRIAGE.—Voltaire said: "The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and wise.

The United States Army.—The President has completed his appointments for the new regiments, and they are now being recruited to the minimum strength.

CONVICTED.—We cannot but express the satisfaction of the community that yesterday in court the jury pronounced a verdict of guilty in the case of Mrs. Morton.

SEIT AGAINST GENERAL BUTLER.—A suit has been commenced before the Supreme Court in New York, by John H. Luster, against General Butler, charging him with false imprisonment and with fraudulent conversion of property.

weddings, (if he, in his prolific selfishness, attends any), and the very stool, I fear, he will sit on at his own! Not far from this, his necessary piece of upholstery, is the only comfort of his sad life—a rocking-chair, in which he has recently ensconced himself, (and who so unwilling as to wish to deprive him of it, although, if I were inside rocking, instead of outside peeping, I would feel more comfortable, though "dear at home," must be confessed.

I see a superannuated stand propped up in one corner, a chair here, and an old writing desk there. I wonder if he writes! and if he does, I'll venture to say, that same desk has proved to be more a curse than a blessing to his heart and life.

On one side of the room (I must not forget it is denominated a hall) is a dilapidated cupboard; the door has long since lost its hinges and spring; and leather ones seem to be all the substitutes he can think of having.

The robbers are described as men of medium height, with very black mustaches, and the appearance of laboring men.

Senator Wright of New Jersey, too, it seems, died of paralysis. Wright's disease of the kidneys is a malady consequent from the drafts of the energies of men who lead sedentary lives.

A Western paper tells a story of a distressed agriculturist:—A farmer dropped in here on Wednesday last to pay his rent, putting on a long face to correspond with the times.

"Is there any person you would particularly wish me to marry?" said a widow expectant to her dying spouse who had been some what of a tyrant in his day.

A Radical editor asks, "shall we kill the fatted calf?" That fellow evidently contemplates suicide.