

Clearfield Republican.

A WEEKLY PAPER: PUBLISHED IN CLEARFIELD, BY D. W. MOORE AND CLARK WILSON; DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

TERMS.—\$1.00 a year in advance, \$1.25 if paid within three months, \$1.50 if paid within six months, \$1.75, if paid within nine months, and if not paid until the expiration of the year \$2.00 will be charged.

VOLUME 5.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 2, 1854.

NUMBER 26.

THE PRINTER'S SECRET.

FROM THE DAIRY OF A JOURN. PRINTER.

"You can take this case," said the foreman; "there is a stick—there is some copy and if you would like a quiet and steady partner, you will find this gentleman still enough in all conscience."

The "partner" more fully looked up and faintly smiled in acknowledgement of the foreman's compliment, and kept on with his work; while the foreman turned away to attend to something else.

We worked on steadily until dinner, as we were in a hurry to get the paper up, without exchanging a word or even a look. In the afternoon I had more leisure to study the physiognomy of my neighbor. He was a young man of about three or four and twenty, with handsome features and a rather intellectual cast of countenance. His face was quite pale, and the raven darkness of his hair, eyebrows and eyes, made me immediately come to the conclusion, after thoughtfully studying his physiognomy, that he was a hard student during his leisure hours, or that, depriving himself of the recreation of books, or other sources of enjoyment, he spent all his waking hours at the case. The latter supposition time proved correct.

As day after day passed by, I became more acquainted with him; and I found him to be a singular character. Beneath his staid he had constructed a kind of closet, which contained a spirit lamp, a mattress with bedding, a few cooking utensils, and a small stock of the plainest kind of food. When the hours for meals arrived, he would light his lamp, and putting some food over it to cook, would work until the rest of the hands had left the office, when he would sit down to his frugal repast. He worked incessantly during working hours, hardly leaving the office, unless to purchase food or upon some errand of that kind. Morning, noon and night, when I returned from meals, I invariably found him at the case, working away with all his might, as if some great issue depended upon the improvement of every minute.

I suppose he slept upon the cot which he kept in his closet; but as he was always at work when I left at night and when I returned in the morning, I could not positively assert that he did so. I am not very glib, especially when employed at the case, and as he would not first address me, I would not speak to him; so while the fun and jokes were passing round the other cases, we were silent as the grave. I was not long in discovering that there was some mystery connected with him, and that his intense application to labor was not prompted merely by a desire to make money; for if there is anything in phrenology, judging from the formation of his head, he was the very one whom I would have selected from a score for a speed-trial. Occasionally his cheek would flush, his eyes light up, and a heavy smile overspread his countenance; then the smile would go away, his eyes would fill with tears, while expressions of sadness—almost despair—would seat itself on his countenance. I have been tempted a thousand times to ask him the cause of this, but as he appeared so cold and isolated, I refrained from doing so, as it is not pleasant proffering sympathy unasked.

"Well how do you like your neighbor?" asked one of the journeymen one evening, as we were descending the stairs one evening.

"I can hardly make him out," said I.

"He appears to be a strange sort of being. You are better acquainted with him than I; how do you like him?"

"For my part I hate him, and what is more he has not a friend in the whole office. That fellow has been here for three months and he has hardly spoken to any one. A man who makes such bills as he does, and hoards up his money like a miser, I have very little friendship for. We wouldn't any of us care so much if he would be a little sociable and spend a dollar or even a dime occasionally; but no, every five-cent piece he gets he hangs on to as if he was afraid the eagle on it would spread his wings and fly away with it, doing him out of a five-cent piece. But he can't stay here long. We have insulted him a dozen of times; and he has less spirit than I think he has if he don't resent it some day. We'll get him into a quarrel then, and have him discharged."

"But," said I, "do you know anything about his history? He may have some all-absorbing end to accomplish, which is the cause of his untiring assiduity. You should have a little charity for the poor fellow, and taking Crockett's motto 'be sure you're right before you go ahead.'"

"No, we know nothing of him; and if circumstances are as you suppose, it will be his own fault, if they are discovered too late, for we have tried often enough to scrape an acquaintance with him. You had better not take up on his side if you do not wish to incur the displeasure of the whole office. Good night."

I had some charity for the fellow, and was resolved to see him righted should he get into difficulty. I soon saw that he was very unpopular, and that I, as I felt rather disposed to make allowances for him, was considered his friend. Many were the jokes cracked at our expense: Whenever the "Quaker corner," (as the place occupied

by us had been dubbed,) was mentioned an universal titter ran round the office. These little things irritated me some, but as I was not the principal object at whom these arrows were aimed, I resolved to forbear, and let him be the first one to speak.

"I say, fellows," said a rowdy-looking customer, who went by the name of Zeke, "do Quakers ever have camp-meetings?"

"You," answered another, "they have a camp-meeting over there in Quaker corner every night. That fellow camps out upon the floor every nap he takes."

"Well," said another, "I've heard of boarding at the market house and sleeping on the bridge, but I never saw an illustration of it before."

"Wonder if they wouldn't take in boarders?" asked the first speaker; "I'll see if they don't want the rules and regulations of the house printed; if they do I'll board out the bill."

I glanced at my neighbor to see how he bore this ridicule. His face was flushed and his lips firmly compressed, as if to choke down the rising indignation. But he said not a word; I fancied however, that he picked up the types faster than usual.

Things could not go on in this way much longer, for as god-like a quality as forbearance is, it cannot hold out against everything. I saw that the storm was gathering, and prepared to act my part as a man when it burst forth.

It was Saturday afternoon; the hands were ranged round the 'stone,' with their bills in their hands, waiting to be paid off. "Quaker happened to be at one end of the 'stone,' and immediately opposite him stood Zeke." As usual the Quaker was the 'observed of all observers,' and sly whispers, which were answered by a titter or a nudge of the elbow, passed round the group. As the foreman paid Quaker the amount due him, he gave him a new quarter dollar to make out the change. This did not escape Zeke's eye, and he said with a tone to be heard by all—

"If the eagle on that quarter had life and I were a State prison convict, I would not swap places with it, for my confinement would be far preferable to being squeezed to death."

This was the hair that broke the camel's back. With the exclamation "you scoundrel!" he made one bound, and with a stinging blow brought Zeke to the floor. Then jerking off his coat and placing himself in a fighting attitude, he turned to the astonished group with "come on you cowardly ruffians. If you cannot let alone peacefully, I will make you do it by force. I have borne your insults long enough, and if you have any more to offer, come on with them!"

This challenge was sufficient. Coats were rolled up and sleeves were rolled up in a minute. I saw my friend would be apt to get the worst of the fight, and forcing him into a corner, I exclaimed—

"Gentlemen, one word if you please!—It would be cowardly for you all to attack this man; I will not see it done. And if you will attempt it I have something here (tapping my breast significantly) that will stop it. He is not to blame; he has only resented an insult which any one of you would have done. You have all insulted him because he has conducted himself strangely; let him explain his conduct, and perhaps we can make up our quarrel. He owes you an explanation—if not to you, he certainly does to me. And now, sir," said I turning to him, "I demand it of you as a right."

He hesitated a moment. "Come, my friend," said I, "let us have it, whatever it is, and at once put an end to this quarrel."

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I am not disposed to lay my private affairs open to public gaze, but I suppose I must do it for once. You must know, then, that from my earnings, I must not only support myself, but my mother, two sisters and three small brothers, who reside in a distant State. I could earn enough at home to support them well, but my reason for coming here is this: One of my sisters, who is now a beautiful girl of sixteen, and the pet of the family, has been blind from birth. We had no hope of her ever acquiring the faculty of sight, and were content to abide by what we thought a dispensation of Providence. But recently I have seen a similar case to hers—a young man—who was restored to sight by an eminent physician in Paris. I have corresponded with that physician, and he has hopes that in my sister's case he can effect a cure. This, gentlemen, is what I have been laboring for since I have been here—to raise funds sufficient to take her to Paris. I love that sister as I do my own life; I have labored day and night—have deprived myself of many comforts; and borne your taunts and jeers for her sake. But I can bear it no longer. If you are men you will assist; if you are not, I warn you to beware of the consequences!"

Zeke had risen to his feet and heard all my friend had said. As he listened to "Quaker," I could see the moisture coming to his eyes, and when he had finished he stepped forth, and grasping Quaker's hand, while the tears trickled down his face, he said, in a voice quivering with emotion—

"My noble fellow we have wronged you, deeply, and I for one ask your forgiveness."

Had you but told us what your object was, we would not have placed a single obstacle in your way."

"I forgive you freely, sir—I forgive you all," said Quaker.

"And how much have you to raise yet?" I asked, before you will have the requisite sum?"

"About one hundred and fifty dollars. If I have my health, and continue to make good bills, I shall be ready to start for Europe in about two months."

"You won't have to wait that long," said Zeke, laying the money he held in his hand upon the stone, "if my week's wages, every cent of which you are welcome to, will help you along any. Come boys," he added, "how many of you will follow suite?"

"Well, there's mine," said Jim, laying an X upon the pile, "and mine," and mine, and mine," said a dozen voices, as each had deposited an equal amount, until they had made quite a pile of bank bills.

"There, stranger, take that, and may God prosper you," said Zeke, tendering him the money.

"No gentlemen," answered Quaker, "I thank you for your liberality, but I cannot take your money. I am no beggar; all I ask is that I may be allowed to do my work without being disturbed."

"But you must take it," urged Zeke, growing warm; "we owe it to you, and you shall take it. We've done you a great wrong—we've abused you—and we have no other way of making amends. Besides, if you don't take it, it will be spent before Monday morning, and I know that for my part it will be much pleasanter to commence the week with the consciousness of having appropriated my money in a sensible way than with the tatty head, aching limbs, and empty pockets, which always follow a 'free and easy.'"

Still the stranger hesitated.

"Take it—take it for your sister's sake," said two or three voices.

"I accept it, gentlemen," said Quaker, as you say, 'for my sister's sake, and I hope to be able some day to return it, principal and interest.'"

"Quaker" left Paris shortly after; and in a few months he had the satisfaction of knowing that his sister was completely restored to sight, and that they were on their way home.

I have heard from him several times since. His lines have been drawn in pleasant places, and he is now a judicial functionary in a neighboring State.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

There is many a life scene more touching—more worthy of immortality than the deeds of conquerors or the heroes of history. The following from the St. Louis Republican, is one:

We saw, says the editor, last evening, an apt illustration of the affection of woman. A poor inebriated wretch had been sent to the calaboose. His conduct in the street, and after he was placed in the cell, was of such a violent character that it became necessary to handcuff him. The demon rum had possession of his soul, and he gave vent to his ravings in curses so profane as to shock the senses of his fellow prisoners, one of whom, in the same cell, at his own solicitation, was placed in a separate apartment. A woman appeared at the grating, and in her hands she had a rude tray, upon which were placed some slices of bread, fresh from the hearthstone, and other little delicacies, for her erring husband. She stood at the bar gazing intently into the thick gloom, where her manacled companion wildly raved. Her voice was low and soft, and, as she called his name, its utterance was as plaintive as the melody of a fond and crushed spirit.

The tears streamed from her eyes, and there in the dark house, the abode of the most wretched and depraved, the tones of her voice found their way into that wicked man's heart, and he knelt in sorrow and in silence before his young and injured wife, whilst his heart found relief in tears such only as a man can weep.

Though the iron still bound his wrist, he placed his hands, with their heavy insignia of degradation, confidently and affectionately upon the brow of his fair companion, and exclaimed, "Katy, I will try and be a better man." There, upon a rude seat, she had spread the meal which she had prepared with her own hands, and after he had finished she rose to depart, bidding him be calm and resigned for her sake, with the assurance that she would bring a friend to go on his bond, and that she would return and take him home. And she left him, a strong man, with his head drooping upon his breast, a very coward, humiliated before the weak and tender being whose presence and affection had stilled the angry passions of his soul. True to the instincts of her love and promise, she did return with one who went on his bond for his appearance next morning—with his hand clasped in that of his lovely wife, she led him away a penitent, and we trust, a better man.—There were those who laughed, as that pale, meek woman bore off her erring husband, but she heeded them not, and her self-sacrificing heart knew or cared for nothing in its holy and heaven-born instincts, but to preserve and protect him whom she loved with the devotion of a wife and a woman.

CHALLENGE TO SHOOT.

Sam. Saydam, of New York, offers a wager of \$2,000 or more, one half forfeit, that Capt. Edmund W. Paul, of St. Louis, cannot hit the ordinary size target of an iron man, (in a room) at 10 paces (30 ft.) oftener than he (Saydam) can party to shoot with a pistol, one hundred shots, at the word "one;" either party shooting after the word "one" to be considered as having missed the mark; the word to be given in one second.

This offer is understood to be an acceptance of a challenge put forward by Capt. Paul. John Travis also accepts the same challenge. So Mr. Paul will have his hands full.

That Paul has confidence in his own abilities with the pistol, witness the propositions:

1. I will fit a dollar to the end of a twig, two inches long, and while a second person will hold the other end in his mouth, so as to bring the coin within an inch and a half of his face, I engage to strike the dollar three times out of five at a distance of ten paces or thirty feet. I will add in explanation that there are several persons willing and ready to hold the twig or stick as described above when required.
2. I will hit a dollar tossed in the air, or any other object of the same size, three times out of five, on a wheel and fire.
3. At the word I will split three balls out of five on a knife-blade, placed at the distance of thirty feet.
4. I will hit three birds out of five, sprung from a trap, standing thirty feet from the trap when shooting.
5. I will break, at a word, five common clay pipe stems out of seven, at the distance of thirty feet.
6. I engage to prove by a faithful trial that no pistol shot can be produced who will shoot an apple off a man's head at the distance of thirty feet oftener than I can. Moreover, I will produce two willing and ready to hold the apples on their heads for me, when required to do so.
7. I will wager, lastly, that no person in the United States can be produced who will hit a quarter of a dollar at the distance of thirty feet oftener than I can, on a wheel and fire.

We know a young fellow who is so rampant a native that he won't eat 'Irish potatoes.'"

Gen. Jackson and Gen. Miller.

The following from the Buffalo Commercial, is so characteristic of Gen. Jackson, that we are sure it will be read with interest by every one:

On the accession of Gen. Jackson, the small clique of intriguers who clustered around the Boston Statesman, assuming to be the Democratic party of Massachusetts, had apportioned the federal offices in that State among themselves. To one of their number was assigned the Collectorship of Salem. The war worm Miller was proscribed without hesitation, or compunction. The selections made by the Statesman clique were accepted by General Miller's successor who was nominated to the Senate. When the nomination came to be acted upon, Col. Benton interposed and asked that it might lay over. He was sure that the President would not intentionally remove the incumbent—there must be some mistake about it, and desired to bring the facts of the case to his consideration. The request was complied with, as a matter of course. Col. Benton immediately waited upon Gen. Jackson, and the interview is said to have been of high interest. A gentleman who was intimate at the White House, used to describe it somewhat in the following style:

"General Jackson, do you know, sir, who is collector at the port of Salem, Massachusetts, sir?"

"I can't think of his name, Colonel, although I've just sent it up to the Senate. But he is a good man, I know, and a good democrat, too, for Green and Henshaw both told me so."

"But, sir," rejoined Col. B., "I beg to inquire whether you know who the present incumbent is, sir—the officer whom you intended to remove, sir?"

"No—I can't remember his name—but I know he is a d—d New England Hartford Convention Federalist, for Green and Henshaw both told me so."

"Sir, the present collector of the port of Salem is Gen. Miller, sir, who fought with so much distinction on the northern frontier, in the war with Great Britain, sir."

"Not the brave Col. Miller, who said, 'I'll try!' when asked if he could take that d—d British entrenchment at Bridge-water?"

"Yes, sir," said Col. Benton, "he is the same man, sir."

"The d—d he is. Where's Donaldson?"

A sharp pull at the bell was followed by the prompt appearance of a servant.

"Tell Col. Donaldson I want to see him—quick."

Mr. Donaldson entered.

"Donaldson, I want the name of the fellow nominated for Collector at Salem withdrawn instantly. By the eternal! these politicians are the most remorseless scoundrels alive. Write a letter to Gen. Miller and tell him he shall hold the office as long as Andrew Jackson lives. Stay I'll write myself—the assurance will be more gratifying as coming from a brother soldier."

SCENE ON THE OHIO.—Our boat stopped to take in wood. On the shore, among a crowd, was a remarkably stupid fellow, with his hands in his pockets and his upper lip hanging down. A dandy, ripe for a scrape, tipped nods and winks all about, saying, "now I'll have some fun; I'll frighten the greenhorn." He jumped ashore with a drawn bowie, brandishing it in the face of the "green 'un," exclaiming, "now I'll punish you, I've been looking for you a week." The fellow stared stupidly at the assailant. He evidently had not sense enough to be scared; but as the bowie knife came near his face, one of his huge fists suddenly vacated his pocket and fell hard and heavily between dandy's eyes, and the poor fellow was floundered in the Ohio. Greeny jumped on board our boat, put his hands in his pockets and looked around. "May be," said he, "there's somebody else here that's been looking for me a week."

SELPHINESS.—Live to some purpose in the world. Act your part well. Fill up the measure of duty to others. Conduct yourself so that you shall be missed with sorrow when you are gone. Multitudes of our species are living in such a selfish manner that they are not likely to be remembered after their disappearance. They leave behind them scarcely any traces of their existence, but are forgotten almost as though they had never been.—They are, while they live, like one pebble lying unobserved amongst a million on the shore; and when they die they are like that same pebble thrown into the sea, which just ruffles the surface, sinks, and is forgotten, without being missed from the beach.

FRACAS IN WASHINGTON.—An exciting scene occurred in a room in the Census Bureau, at Washington, on Friday afternoon, in consequence of a young lady attempting to shoot one of the clerks by the name of Keyser of Kersey. Mr. K. escaped unhurt from the room, but the lady expressed a determination to do the deed and redress her grievances, and waited near the building until all the clerks had left.—She alleges that matters connected with her honor caused the attack.

A GEM.—We love to see a woman treading the high and holy path of duty, unblinded by sunshine, unscared by the storm. There are hundreds who do so from the cradle to the grave, heroines of endurance, of whom the world has never heard, but whose names will be brighter hereafter, even besides the brightest angel.

The gloomiest knell that rings over the fall of virtue, must be to hear of the lost esteem of those we love.

SERPENT FASCINATION.

A Missouri journal tells a snake story, the awful character of which is enhanced by the apparent authenticity of the details. A man named O'Mara, living at Copperas creek, had a little daughter 12 years of age; and about nine months ago, the family noticed that she grew thin and acceded to pine away without any apparent cause of sickness. She wasted away to a skeleton in the fall of the year; but when the winter set in, she seemed to recover somewhat. When the spring came round, she showed a great reluctance to eat anything at home, but would take her bread and butter, a piece of meat, or whatever was given, and go way to the edge of the creek to eat it. The family noticed that she always went to the same place, where she would sit for a long time and then go home, generally complaining that she had not got enough; and whenever she got any more, going back again to the same spot.

This conduct appeared so strange, especially in connection with the emaciated appearance of the child, giving no evidence of the food she was supposed to have eaten, that the neighbors noticed it, and finally induced her father to follow her to the creek and watch her. She had been sitting there the entire part of one forenoon, and then returned to the house for something to eat. Having got it, she went back, and her father saw her sit down with the appearance of one expecting something. At last, to his horror, he saw a large black snake creep up from the creek and laying his head in the child's lap, take the slice of bread and butter from her hands—bissing whenever she did not feed him with promptness. The poor man uttered an exclamation which alarmed the snake, and sent the girl running home in fear of her father's anger. He did not know what to do, but his friends advised him to let the child go to the creek on the following day, and to follow secretly and shoot the reptile.

The girl went next day to the creek, according to her usual habit, and the snake came up as before; whereupon the horrified man, stepping hastily forward, and shot it through the head. The child swooned from fright, and the snake withered a good deal before it died; but when the girl recovered from her fainting fit, she was seized with spasms resembling, they said, the contortions of the snake; and both the reptile and the child seemed to die at the same moment. This is a strange narrative.

IMPROVEMENT, IRON MANUFACTURE.—The *Miners' Journal* gives a long account of an improvement in rolling railroad bars made by William Hains, of Pottsville, who is a practicable iron manufacturer. By the present plan each pair of rolls has nine separate grooves, through which the heated mass from the furnace is successively passed, until it is delivered from the last in the shape of a railroad bar. By the new process instead of the one set of roll, containing the nine grooves, there are nine separate pairs of rolls, each having but one groove—arranged in one continuous line, with close ducts or boxes between; so that the "pile" (the hot ball of metal) is fed in at one end, and comes out of the other a railroad bar! The principal advantages claimed are economy of time and saving of manual labor.

SUCH AS THE CHOLERA CALLS FOR.—A family of Germans, who resided on the Chicago road, within fifteen minutes walk from the City Hall, and had been supported at public expense for the last 8 weeks, has been swept away by the cholera.—First, the father was taken, then the two children, and lastly the mother, in whose underskirt was found two thousand five hundred dollars in gold. They have lived amid reeking filth, foul stench, and health-destroying vapors for weeks, and had imposed upon the public charity; but their avarice has availed them nothing; they are rotting in untimely graves of their own seeking, and the country is sole heir to their concealed wealth.

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

A story is told of an old Dutchman, for many years the keeper of a ferry at Oil Creek, who was one day crossing with a large load of passengers, who with one exception, addressed each other as colonel, major, captain, judge, etc. When the fare came to be paid he charged the titled man one shilling each. "What is my fare?" said the gentleman who had no title, after the rest had all paid: "Your fare!" said the Dutchman, "your fare ish chest nodding—you ish de first high private Yankee ever carried over dis creek, and you ish velcom."

A GEM.—We love to see a woman treading the high and holy path of duty, unblinded by sunshine, unscared by the storm. There are hundreds who do so from the cradle to the grave, heroines of endurance, of whom the world has never heard, but whose names will be brighter hereafter, even besides the brightest angel.

The gloomiest knell that rings over the fall of virtue, must be to hear of the lost esteem of those we love.

CONGRESS ADJOURNS ON THE 4TH INST.