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BURY ME IN THE MORNING.

Bury me in the morning, mother,
Oh! let me have the night,
On my bright day on my grave, mother,
You have no more with the night,
Alone in the night of the grave, mother—
To a thought of a terrible fear—
And you will be here alone, mother,
And stars will be shining above,
Do bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the night,
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
And I am alone with night.

You tell me of the star's love, mother—
I feel it in my heart,
But oh! from this beautiful world, mother,
Do bury me in the morning,
Forever to part, which bears, mother,
The soul in vain desire.

For the grave is deep and dark, mother,
And heaven is far away,
Do bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the night,
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
And I am alone with night.

Never thinking, my love, mother,
I feel it in my heart,
Let me have the night, mother,
I feel it in my heart,
The love divine—oh! love, mother,
Above the beams of day,
And there an angel's mother,
To smile in heaven,
Do bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the night,
For death is the rest of the soul,
And leads to light on high.

THE BEST TIME TO PLANT TREES.

So much has been said and written on this subject, that there seems to be little left to say or write. I have nothing new to offer, but am at least a "fresh" interest to a twice told tale.

The readers of the Telegraph will not, I am sure, consider the information very original, that of the numerous trees annually planted, great numbers die; but I am not sure that they would not attribute the deaths to very opposite causes. Yet the facts of the "millions of cases" lie in a nutshell. I will explain.

At the outset let it not be forgotten, that to the roots of plants, small rootlets or fibres are attached; and that all holds for the support of the plant have to be chiefly received through these fibres.

When a tree is transplanted many of the fibres are broken or damaged, and, if it has never been transplanted before most of the fibres being at the end of the principal roots, far away from the base of the tree, will be left in the ground, and very few come away with it. If the operation is performed late in the spring, the buds burst and the leaves unfold, they ask for moisture, and if the roots have an abundance of fibres, they get a fair supply; if they have few or none, they wither or wilt, and no matter how carefully planned, no matter how carefully pruned, mulched, or watered afterwards, nothing but very extraordinary skill indeed, can save them.

This is speaking of trees generally.—Some trees have very spongy wood, in which moisture is stored or accumulated; on this moisture they can subsist until the tree has had time to form fibres. To this class belong the alantus, paulownia, catalpa, some poplars and willows. Others have half-fleshy roots, and can draw a small amount of moisture from these for a time. The horse-chestnut, ash, lindens, many maples, and some evergreens, are of this kind. These do not suffer so certainly from the want of fibres, as the majority of trees comprising the numerous varieties of oak, hickory, birch, beech, chestnut, &c.

Now, as the roots of a tree are continually forming fibres, except when actually enveloped in frozen soil, it directly follows that the longer time we give a tree before the bursting of its buds, in which to establish itself for transplanting, the better able will it be to meet the demands of the foliage for moisture when the warm weather comes; and this brings me at once to the pith of the subject—the advantage of autumn planting. A tree planted as soon after the fall of the leaf as possible, will begin to form fibres at once, and continue to do so till spring calls the foliage into action, when the roots will be able to meet any ordinary demand made on them; at any rate it has a better chance than the same tree would have if planted in the spring.

I do not deny that spring planting has many favorable points of view. I have freely granted this, and I would here even go so far as its advocates as to admit that in some cases, and in skillful hands, trees can be made to do better when planted early in the spring than in the fall; but as a general rule, and in general hands, and for the reasons I have given, autumn is the safest, and in many cases the only safe time in which to remove trees.

I am aware that advice from a nurseryman often loses much of its weight, tho' his being supposed to be interested, and in the present case I am free to confess that I have an interest in the advice I have given. It is unpleasant to have one's customers come when the trees are actually in leaf, with "we bought some trees of—last season, but they died; we want to see if yours will do any better." Is it not enough to make any man look "wide awake," when his business reputation hangs on such slender threads; and he blush to avow interested motives in taking every opportunity to diffuse sound practical information!—*Germanstown, Pa.*

JOHN MENEFFEE.

—OR— THE FIGHTING DOCTOR.

The hero of the following sketch was a native of Kentucky. His father was a farmer of moderate circumstances residing a few miles from Louisville, who managed, by great labor and scrupulous economy, to give his favorite and first born an excellent education, embracing the degree of a Dr. of medicine. Young Meneffee was remarkable, from the earliest period of his intellectual developments, for an intense and burning ambition, such as could brook no rival in whatever he undertook, while the glorious gift of a magnificent brain and mighty physical constitution, seemed to furnish the surest guarantees for the ultimate reality of his every hope. By prodigious efforts, day and night, he stood at the head of all his classes at College, and graduated with an eulogium that obscured the name of competitors; so that, had the rising star of his genius met with no adverse fortune to hurl it away from its appropriate and radiant orbit, imagination can scarcely assign a limit to the splendor it might have attained. But unfortunately in hostile collision of the very commencement of his career, served to arouse the sleeping volcano of his darkest passion, and propel the course of his ambition at a dangerous tangent from the circle of a peaceful life.

He had a young and beautiful sister who was seduced and betrayed by a fashionable villain in Louisville, one James Murray, a lawyer, and universally regarded as the most desperately brave duellist that Kentucky—the land too prodigal of heroes—ever produced.

While the father and mother of the ruined girl were weeping tears of bitter despair, John, then only twenty years of age, armed himself and proceeded in search of his enemy.

He found him at the Court House, immediately after an adjournment, and, without uttering a word, attacked and belabored him dreadfully with a cow hide. Murray on his part, fought like a lion, but in vain, the fiery desperation of fierce and concentrated wrath appeared to have given young Meneffee the strength of a dozen men. He blinded his enemy with quick and countless blows, dashed from his hand every pistol the other succeeded in drawing from his pocket, and flogged him until he was literally covered with blood.

A challenge was the consequence. Meneffee accepted on these conditions: Three pistols were to be loaded—each foe should take one and fire by turns at a mark, ten paces distant. Whoever hit nearest the centre, should then have the remaining pistol and shoot at his adversary's head. If he missed the other should be entitled to a shot, and soon, by alternation, till one of them should fall dead. These ferocious terms were mutually settled, and the principles and seconds met, accordingly, on the banks of the Ohio river, six miles below the falls.

The seconds measured off ten paces, and then made a black spot with moistened gunpowder, about as high as a man's heart on a slender oak tree. They then loaded three pistols, handed one to each principal and retained the third to be given to the successful marksman.

The antagonists then cut a pack of cards for the first shot. Murray drew the queen of diamonds; Meneffee the ace of spades, and so won the first fire. He immediately took his stand, turned his right side to the tree, let the hand which grasped the weapon, run at full cock, fall until the dark muzzle reached below his knee, fixed his flashing blue eye steadily a moment on the mark, and then, swift as thought, raised and pulled the trigger. Unfortunately, the pistol "hung fire," as it is called in the backwoods, that is the flash in the pan was seen first, and then the explosion of the lead in the barrel, sounding long like a double report. Under such circumstances most persons would have missed the tree; but, as it was, Meneffee's bullet barely cut the upper edge of the mark, an excellent shot.

Murray now took his position. He was a famous level shooter, having previously slain three men in as many shots, sending the ball directly through their brain. He raised slowly, poised deliberate aim, stood firm and motionless as the tree at which the muzzle of his pistol was pointed, and fired. The crack was short and sharp, like the peal of a bell, and when the blue wreaths of smoke cleared away, the spot on the oak was not to be seen—the white bullet hole bored into the splintered wood occupied its place.

The second then gave Murray the third pistol, and he stationed himself ten paces from his unarmed adversary, who, in the meantime, seemed calm and fearless, as an unconcerned spectator, without the slightest symptoms of either alarm or surprise. According to the terms stipulated Murray might choose his own time, after the elevation of the weapon, to fire; and the thought appeared to cross his soul to torture his antagonist by a cruel and unnecessary delay. He raised his arm gradually, and fixed a mortal aim at Meneffee's head, in which posture he continued for more than two minutes. But Meneffee

still betrayed no emotion. Not a nerve shook; his face paled not a shade. A bitter smile of scorn written on his purple lip, and his gleamy blue eyes gazing fiercely into that of his deadly foe, seemed to the wondering mind like a ball of fire, so intense and revengeful was its glare. At length he called out, in a voice as piercing and shrill as the shriek of a trumpet:—"Murray, you d—dearward, why don't you shoot! are you afraid to shoot?"

Whether it was the position of Murray's arm, so long extended, or that he became excited by the mocking taunt, or surprised at the terrible tones of his enemy's voice or quailed, with preternatural dread, before the lightning of his burning blue eye it is impossible to say; but at last, whatever might be the cause, a remarkable change came over him. He grew pallid—his lip quivered—his hand shook. He fired. The ball merely grazed Meneffee's left temple, without injury.

The seconds reloaded the pistol, and placed it in the hands of Meneffee; and the parties again assumed their proper stations. The youthful avenger of his sister's shame waited not an instant. He was in too great a hurry to finish his work for suspense. Quick as the flash of a sunbeam he elevated his weapon and fired. With the roar of the explosion—without a sigh or a groan—Murray dropped dead in his tracks. His right eye had been shot out.

Meneffee fled the country, and settled in Conway county, Arkansas. Henceforth, the whole current of his thoughts and passions appeared to be changed. The earthquake of mortal wrath, which had burst upon the profound abysses of his soul, had plowed out a new passage for the march of ambition—a passage stained with ineffable blood. Before, his heart had burned with unquenchable enthusiasm to excel in knowledge—in variety, depth, and extent of attainment; now, he coveted superiority only in desperate deeds—the bloody achievements of brute bravery. Nor, to say the truth, could he have selected a more appropriate field in the wide world, for belligerent purposes, than Arkansas then afforded. Political strife raged with incredible fury. No man could be a leader either in the parties of the State or in those of a County, unless he stood ready at all times, to defend his principles at the point of the bowie or the muzzle of the pistol.

To enumerate all the duels fought by opposing chiefs of the different factions during that sanguinary era, would stagger belief. A faint idea of the barbarous state of things, may be conceived from the fact that Arkansas has never, to this day, had a senator or representative in the councils of the nation who has not once, if not more, perilled his life on the so-called "field of honor." Honorable duels, however, formed scarcely a titling of the combats waged. Riots, affrays, and deadly encounters by chance medly, were of weekly and sometimes daily occurrence. Mr. Meneffee took a hand in all, and escaped from each without a scar, till his very name grew to be a thing of terror, at the sound of which even brave men trembled. And thus he had reached the fate of his own false, and, at last, fatal ambition. As a famous fighter, he was universally acknowledged to be without a second; and that, too, in a country abounding with bold spirits from every quarter of the Union.—The Rectors, the Deshas, Wilson Conway, the most redoubtable heroes,—dreaded his ferocious blue eye.

It would have been a curious inquiry to analyze the motives and feelings of the terrible duelist at this period. He does not seem to have been actuated by absolute and sheer cruelty. He did not wield the bowie-knife for the purpose of inflicting pain; it was only the instrument with which he cleaved his way to notoriety.—He fought, not so much to avenge insults as to achieve popularity. To excel, ascend, culminate, formed the goal of thoughts and wishes; and to do this in his present sphere, but a single path lay open—the path marked by fire and blood. He became a monomaniac—hopelessly diseased in the organ of destructiveness. He lived only in a state of ecstatic dreams of bravery—dreams overflowing with the consciousness of surpassing power—the power to make all eyes and all hearts tremble. He devised extraordinary methods of displaying his courage and contempt of death. He was known on several occasions, without uttering a word, to approach and spit in the face of notorious bullies, and with whom he had no cause of a quarrel, and for the sole purpose of provoking a fight. One personal advantage resulted from this excessive desperation. No other physique could be found hardy enough to settle in Conway, where such a foe reigned, and, as a matter of course, Meneffee got all the practice. He even attended his own wounded; he would cut a man open with his bowie-knife in the morning, and, if called upon, sew him up in the evening with his needle.

The old proverb says "there must be an end to everything;" and an end came at last to the reign of the "Fighting Doctor," as he was christened, in blood, throughout Arkansas. He had a neighbor named Phillips, peaceable, inoffensive man, who had previously been engaged in no diffi-

culty with a human being; and hence, in that region went by the name of a coward. From some cause or other, which never publicly transpired, feelings of hostility arose between the two, and Meneffee sought an early opportunity to cowhide the other in the streets at Lewisburg. Phillips bore the chastisement without so much as an effort at resistance. Indeed, at the time, he had no other alternative; for he was altogether unarmed, while his enemy had a pistol cocked at his breast.

Immediately afterwards, however, Phillips went and literally covered himself with murderous weapons, and returned to meet his foe on more equal terms. They encountered in the public square, while the court was in session. Never did the sun of heaven shine on a more obstinate combat. First of all, they fired two rounds with pistols; and in the second round, Phillips was wounded in the loins. But this, instead of checking his furious ardor, only tended to inflame and madden him the more. He unsheathed his knife and bounded upon his enemy, who received his thrusts with a like deadly blade.

With clenched teeth, foam on their livid lips, panting chests and blazing eyes, they fought like maniacs till both were bathed in blood. At length Phillips ventured a desperate manœuvre. He dropped his own knife, and seized the naked blade of his antagonist; snatched it in two by main strength, cutting, at the same time, his own fingers to the bone. He then drew from beneath his vest another knife, and made a plunge at Meneffee, but Meneffee, in turn, caught the sharp blade in his hand and broke off the point, when Phillips produced a third bowie-knife, considerably larger than the others, and plunged it up to the hilt in his enemy's side, who fell to rise no more. Meneffee, as he lay upon the gory ground, looked up with a smile, and gasped, in a dying voice:—"Phillips, you are king of Conway now for you have killed the Fighting Doctor."

[Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.]
HOW THE BRITISH TALK ABOUT US.
LONDON, July 18, 1854.

The union of England and France is now a theme on which Englishmen love to expatiate. It seems to be regarded by them as an everlasting union, and that henceforth all the world must be careful how they carry themselves. A few days since, an American was speaking with an Englishman, relative of one of the leading members of the British cabinet, respecting Cuba, and its annexation to the Union.

"England will never permit that," was the reply of the Englishman.

"We have not found out on the other side of the water," says the American, "that England has anything to do with the matter."

"Your object will be to perpetuate slavery,"

"I am not sure that the perpetuation of slavery, had as it is, is worse than the perpetuation of the opium traffic in China. I have a perverse habit of calling to mind the English war forcing opium upon China whenever an Englishman falls to discouraging an American slavery."

The Englishman then gave a new, and, to the American, a perfect original, version of the opium war, showing that England was only contending for her rights.—As a contest on that topic would only have been a trial of the power of assertion, the American did not enter upon it.

"You would not go to war with England and France united?" said Mr. Bull, complacently.

"I think we should a little sooner than before the union," was the reply.

"Why so?"

"On the same principle that a fine-spirited boy, when he fights, wishes to fight one of his size."

The mirth of the company prevented a reply on the part of the English speaker, who relaxed somewhat from his gravity.

"We shall have Cuba without fighting for it," said the Yankee; "John Bull wants money now, and will want it more before he gets through with Nicholas. Spain owes John a good deal of money. If Jonathan hands over a couple of millions to Spain, John will hold out his hand to Spain and put part of the money in one pocket and his philanthropy in the other. Cuba will belong to the United States."

"Suppose," said a very intelligent merchant present, "there should be war growing out of the Cuba question; the northern States would not go into it; you would be divided."

"The United States will be divided when London is divided by a line run through its centre, and when separate governments are set up on each side of that line. When you see that done, you may look for a division of the Union, and not before."

"But you have anti-slavery men at the North. We are assured that the time will come when the North will cease to yield to the South. A war with England would bring on that crisis."

"You get your facts and opinions from Garrison, Phillips, & Co., who hate Christianity and the Union worse than they hate slavery. Allow me to say, you are completely deceived by them."

"Whom art we to believe

"The mass of ministers and professing Christians and conservative citizens of the North, who love liberty and hate slavery more intensely than Englishmen can."

This implied impeachment of John's love of liberty and hatred of slavery caused a pause in the conversation.

"Do you approve of the Nebraska bill?" said one.

"I spoke and wrote against it when in the United States."

"I am assured it will not be obeyed at the North!"

"It would require more than Yankee invention to find out a method of disobeying it there."

A gentleman then claimed and received an explanation of the nature and provisions of the Nebraska bill, and its possible and probable workings. This led to an explanation of the relation of the constitution to slavery, and the fact that by the constitution the power of the federal government is wielded by the South.

"Very well," said the speaker, quoted at large above, "if you of the North thus let the South govern you, we shall treat with the South. They are aristocratic, and so are we."

"You have no objection, then, to treating with slave-holders, provided they are aristocratic and it is for your interest to do so? Do we not well to suspect British philanthropy, at least, where American slavery is concerned?"

"It was felt desirable to give the conversation a turn."

"Do you mean to say," said one, "that the union of the North and South is so strong that nothing can separate it, that even a war growing out of slavery would unite the whole nation in its support?"

"I do mean to say that the first gun fired under the stars and stripes would unite the whole power of the country to cause the flag to triumph. Believe the abolitionists if you will, it is nevertheless true that so intense a feeling of nationality as exists in the United States does not exist elsewhere on the face of the earth."

I have given you the substance, and, to a good degree, the words of the conversation, as it illustrates the state of knowledge and of feeling prevalent in the more intelligent and liberal classes here with respect to the United States.

The English are fond of regarding themselves as the conservators of the liberties and the morals of the world.

In a circle of merchants not long since one remarked to me, when speaking of the union of France and England, we shall now let France do what she pleases in the Pacific."

"To permit her to force Popery and French brandy on the Protestant islands, and overthrow the work of the missionaries, is not in my view a very praiseworthy act—not a great deal better than permitting slavery," was the reply.

John defended his country by saying that when the French made their aggressions on the isles of the Pacific years ago, the United States did not come up to the support of England in resisting those aggressions. Therefore it is right for England now to let France do what she pleases there! However, it is not polite, when under John's roof, to criticize his logic too severely.

On another occasion, an alderman intimated that the United States were somewhat in danger from the North as well as the South—"You have Canada on your North."

"Yes, we may annex them at some future time, when they get sufficiently enlightened."

As the remark was uttered in a grave tone, he did not perceive its pleasantry.

"Annexing!" said he, "what went you annex?"

"Well, we talk of annexing Great Britain; it is not quite large enough for a good-sized State, but the principal objection is Ireland; we have plenty of that already."

"It is amusing to notice the annoyance which such remarks give John, though he is conscious of his immense superiority to Jonathan in every respect!"

The more I become acquainted with England, the less I think of her superiority in those respects in which I have been accustomed to regard her as possessing the superiority. I have of late made some careful inquiries into her educational systems, and the result, when more accurately digested and verified, I may give to your readers. Of this I am convinced, that our system, from the primary to the close of the academical course, is the best. As to professional schools, in theology we are superior; as to medicine and law, I have not the means of judging.

I think I mentioned in the last, that a bill had passed the House of Commons opening Oxford University to dissenters, so far as to allow them to take the degree of A. B. The bishops support the bill in the House of Lords, and so do Lord Brougham and some other distinguished peers. It will, contrary to the expectation of the conservators, probably become a law. It merely permits dissenters to go to Oxford, study there, and take the degrees of A. B. without subscribing to the thirty-nine articles. They cannot take the degree of A. M. without thus subscribing. I

do not deem the passage of the bill a matter of the slightest moment to the course of education, or of religious liberty.

There is now in progress in this city an "Educational Institution." The exhibition consists of a collection of maps, school apparatus, models of school-houses, &c., and each day there is a lecture on some topic connected with education. Dr. Whewell, master of Trinity College, Cambridge, gave the introductory lecture.—His subject was, "Material Helps of Education." He was followed the next day by Professor De Morgan, in "The Relation of Mathematics and Logic to other branches of Education." Neither lecturer had much Yankee energy and point.—They are to be followed by a large number from distinguished men. The exhibition does not, as yet, attract much attention. Yours, &c., JUSTUS.

Q.—The following curious colloquy took place not a hundred miles from Fitchburg, the other day, between the commonwealth's counsel and a reluctant witness in a liquor case:

Counsel. Have you, prior to July 10th last past, purchased any intoxicating liquor of defendant?

Witness. Not that I remember.

Counsel. Will you try to recollect—bear in mind that you are under oath?

Witness. I am trying. (A pause.)

Counsel. Well, witness, what do you say now?

Witness. I haven't made any discoveries yet.

Counsel. Have you not told persons within a week that you have bought liquor of defendant?

Witness. Not that I remember.

Counsel. Did you not tell me yesterday that you had bought spirits of defendant?

Witness. Yes sir.

Counsel. You did—ah! When you told me that, did you lie or tell the truth?

Witness. I told the truth.

Counsel. Well, sir, then you have bought spirits of defendant.

Witness. Yes sir.

Counsel. What did you mean by swearing you could not remember?

Witness. I meant that I couldn't.

Counsel. Did you pay defendant for the spirits?

Witness. Yes sir.

Counsel. How much?

Witness. Twelve and one-half cents.

Counsel. What kind of spirits did you buy?

Witness. Spirits of turpentine.

AN ILLINOIS ORATOR.—They have orators out in Illinois, if we may trust the description of a certain military one, furnished by a correspondent of that State:

It was dog-days, and a great hue and cry had been raised about mad dogs; although no person could be found who had seen one, excitement still grew by the rumors it was fed on. A meeting of the citizens was called for the purpose of devising plans for the extermination, not only of mad dogs, but to make safety doubly safe; of dogs in general. The "Brigadier" was appointed chairman. After stating the object of the meeting, in not a very parliamentary manner, instead of taking his seat, and allowing others to make some suggestions, he launched forth in a speech of some half-hour length, of which the following burst of forensic splendor is "sample."

"Feller Citizens: The time has come when the o'er charged feelin's of aggravated human nature are no longer to be stood. Mad dogs are 'midst us. Their stricken yelp and fomy track can be heard and seen on our prairies. Death follars in their wake; shall we set here, like cowards, while our lives and our neighbors' lives are in danger from their dreadful borashus hidrofores caninety? No; it musn't be! 'Een now my Bozom is torn with the confidin' feelin's of rash and wengence; a funeral-pyre of wild-cats is burnin in me! I have horses and cattle; I have sheep and pigs; and have a wife and children; and (rising higher as the importance of the subject deepened in his estimation) I have money out at interest, all in danger of bein' bit by the cussol mad dogs!"

COOL.—A young man named Gardner, alias Davis, left his boarding-house the other day, in Boston, carrying with him some \$50 bank notes, two watches, and some jewelry, belonging to some inmates of the house. While the officers were searching for him, he called on the lady he had thus robbed, and in the coolest manner imaginable, desired her to have some articles of clothing washed for him at once, as on the next day he was to dine with a party of gentlemen at Parkers—at the same time he pulled out of his pocket part of the very roll of bills he had stolen from the house, and paid for some arrears of board that he owed, and also for the washing he was to have done, and said he would call again for the clothes. A gentleman belonging to the house happened to come in at this time, and Davis was arrested and held to bail.

Q.—How careful you should be while in the freshness of your days less a bright fall on you forever.