

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, MONDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1854.

NUMBER 46.

THE SONGS OF LIFE.

This life of ours is like the flow
Of music through the air,
Which breathes of happiness or woe,
Of confidence or care;
The blending notes, through changeful years,
Swells with a varying tone,
And trembling oft in smiles and tears
Make melody or moan.
To chords within each human life
Attunes its answering lay,
As o'er the world's disturbing strife
Our heart-strings float away;
Joy's trilling tones, on soaring wings,
Rise warbling to the sun,
While the sad strains which sorrow sings
Through minor measures run.
Sometimes the gentle murmurs go
In quiet humble song,
As where the stream's mellifluous flow
Sounds peacefully along;
Sometimes the music rises high,
Majestic and profound,
And rolls beneath the echoing sky
In tones of lofty sound.
The universe with natal songs,
Thrilled through its vast expanse,
And still the melody prolongs
While listening years advance;
One choral chord combines the strains
In firm yet sweet control,
As o'er those star-illumined plains
The heavenly peans roll.
Earth-songs, though varied, all will float
Responsive to the skies,
If but one deep resolving note
Their music underlies;
Oft in this harmony sublime
Strains loud and lowly bend,
And in ascending tone and time
Exultingly ascend.
Alas! that o'er this concert fair
Some jarring sounds we hear,
Disturbing all the vocal air,
And every tuneful ear;
Our songs, imperfect, yield too oft
Notes of discordant strain,
Which, 'mid their cadence so soft,
Wake interludes of pain.
Solitary, whose murmuring plains
Come sighing from their strings,
Breathes sounds sympathetic in the strains
Which nature's anthem rings;
Nor should we sorrow through sad and low
Our life-long songs arise;
So they but move, through all their flow
In concert with the skies.

TERRIBLE REVENGE.

A late Parisian newspaper tells the following story of a wealthy Englishman, who may constantly be seen at the Grand Opera, and the Italian Opera, and who enjoys a reputation, not only for music but as being a great amateur of painting.—How the reputation was acquired, you will presently see.
He was one of those Bedouin Englishmen, who live alternately in the European capitals, except when they are on an occasional jaunt to Egypt, or to China, or to India, or the Holy Land. He never traveled alone; his wife was with him—his bona fide wife—for, notwithstanding his errant life, "so apt to weaken one's morals," he had all the English respect for the sex, and a true Englishman's love for his wife. She was a beautiful woman, one of those keep-sake beauties, that once seen, make a man dream forever.—Her social success was very great in all the cities they visited.
In Rome, after being married some years, they became acquainted with a German artist, of a good reputation, who, to his art, joined the learning of a Benedictine, and knew the city of Rome as well as Winkelmann or Nisconti. The German volunteered to be their cicero in the Eternal City—they gladly accepted the offer. Many were the hours they passed in the museum of the capital, in the Vatican, in St. Peter's, and in the delightful excursions they made in the environs of Rome.
This artist became in love with the English lady; she reciprocated his affection. The husband was a long time in seeing the stain upon his honor. Several months passed away before he perceived it, for he was very much pleased with the artist, and they had long been on the most intimate footing. Although stung to the quick by such base faithlessness and gross violation of the laws of hospitality and friendship, he said nothing; he disliked scenes. He was nevertheless determined upon a complete revenge, and he appealed to cooler reflection to furnish a suitable punishment, as the passions are bad counselors.
He left Italy, and retired with his wife to England, saying nothing but *au revoir* to the artist. When he reached England, he told his wife of the discovery he had made, and gave her back to her father's hands.
He then returned to the continent alone, and visited Germany, Russia, and France, where he purchased a great many paintings. He then went to Italy; meanwhile continued to purchase paintings, and at last—two years had now passed away since their last meeting—he called on the German painter, who still lived in Rome, and demanded satisfaction from him.
His challenge was accepted, and the Englishman, according to the European custom, being the offended party, selected the weapons; he chose pistols. During the past two years he practised daily for several hours, and his known address with the pistol had become an unerring certainty of shot. He sent the shot to whatever point he wished it to go.
The parties went to the ground; they were placed at thirty paces apart, with the privilege of advancing ten paces before firing. The signal was given—
"One! two! fire!"

The last word was hardly out of the second's mouth when the Englishman fired without moving. His antagonist's pistol fell from his hand, and was discharged by the fall, the ball burying itself in the ground. The Englishman's ball shattered the artist's wrist; an amputation was necessary—his career of artist was ended—and forever.

A few days after the amputation, the Englishman called on him, and without noticing the angry reception he met, said to the suffering artist:

"If you think that my vengeance is satisfied with your shattered hand, and the wreck of your artist's career, you strangely underrate the agony of a deceived, dishonored husband. I have condemned you to a life of vain regrets, to a never-ending series of impotent sighs, to a total oblivion by all amateurs and historians of art."

"O no, sir," interrupted the artist, his face beaming with a ray of hope; "the last you cannot do. My Madonna at St. Petersburg; my Luther, at Berlin; my Flight into Egypt, at Paris; my—"

The Englishman interrupted him in turn:

"Spare me," said he, "the masses of your works; but look over this catalogue, and see if I have not the exact list of them all!"

"Yes, they are all here, even the painting I finished the day before the duel."

"So I am persuaded. All the paintings in this catalogue are my property. I do with them what I please, and I burn them—aye, I burn every one of them, that your name shall be effaced from the glorious roll of artists. In two hours from this time, your toil, your conceptions, your skill, will be as completely effaced from this world as the lines which the urchin traces in the sand are effaced by the rising tide. Fire is as destructive as water."

In vain the poor artist begged for mercy. The wronged husband was insensible to his supplication; and in two hours the servant brought to his artists room a large earthen vessel, commonly used to contain oil, filled with ashes. It was all that remained of the artist's paintings.

ELOQUENCE.—A distinguished doctor of divinity is responsible for the following specimen of western eloquence, which ought to be embalmed in print:

"Who discovered the North Pole? Our own illustrious Franklin. Who hung the star spangled banner on the heaven piercing summit of the Andes? The immortal Jefferson. Who discovered the route to Cappadocia by the way of Cape Cod? That peerless Moorish navigator Paganini. Let us then with the microscope in one hand and Magna Charta in the other, plunge boldly upon the raging billows of the Mississippi, and leave no land untried until we shall have united Tripoli and Grotto Green with the rock of Gibraltar. Then shall be brought to light Tarantula that long lost isle of bliss which Plato reasoned and Galileo sung!"

GIVE YOUR CHILD A PAPER.—A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads the names of things that are very familiar, and will make progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with advancement. The mother of a family, being herself one of the heads and having a more immediate charge of the children should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children aroused by reading or study, are of course more considerate and more easily governed.

FIRE KINDLERS.—We have seen an article made from the following receipt, tried and pronounced excellent for kindling wood-fires, but it is of little use where coal is used—at least we have never been able to "make it work" without the usual amount of kindling:

"Take a quart of tar and three lbs of rosin, melt them, bring to a cooling temperature, mix with as much saw dust, with a little charcoal added, as can be worked in; spread out while hot upon a board; when cold break up into lumps of the size of a large hickory nut, and you have at a small expense, kindling material enough for a household for one year. They will easily ignite from a match, and burn with a strong blaze, long enough to start any wood that is fit to burn. Try it."

ONIONS FOR FOWLS.—Scarcely too much can be said in praise of Onions for fowls. They seem to be a preventative and remedy for various diseases to which domestic poultry is liable. Having frequently tested their excellence we can speak unhesitatingly. For gapes, and inflammation of the throat, eyes and head, onions are almost a specific. We should recommend feeding fowls, and especially young chicks, with as many as they will eat, as often as twice or three times a week. They should be finely chopped. A small addition of corn meal is an improvement.—*Farming Mirror.*

TECUMSEH'S HONOR.

AN INDIAN'S WORD AND GRATITUDE.
A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press, gives the following interesting anecdote of the great Indian warrior and prophet, Tecumseh:

While the enemy was in full possession of the country around Monroe and Detroit, Tecumseh, with a large band of his warriors, visited the River Raisin. The inhabitants along the river had been stripped of subsistence. Old Mr. Rivard, a Frenchman, who was lame, and unable to procure a living for himself and family, had contrived to keep out of sight of the wandering bands of savages a pair of oxen, with which his son was able to procure a scanty support for the family. It so happened, that while at labor with the oxen, Tecumseh, who had come over from Malden, met him in the road, and walking up to him, said:

"My friend, we must have those oxen. My young men are very hungry, and they have nothing to eat. We must have the oxen."

Young Rivard remonstrated. He told the chief that if he took the oxen his father would starve.

"Well," said Tecumseh, "we are the conquerors, and everything we want is ours. I must have the oxen; my people must not starve—but I will not be so mean as to rob you of them. I will pay you one hundred dollars for them, and that is far more than they are worth; but we must have them."

Tecumseh got a white man to write an order on the British Indian Agent, Colonel Elliot, who was on the river some distance below, for the money.

The oxen were killed, large fires built, and the forest warriors were soon feasting on their flesh.

Young Rivard took the order to Col. Elliot, who promptly refused to pay it, saying:—"We are entitled to our support from the country we have conquered. I will not pay it."

The young man, with a sorrowful heart returned with the answer to Tecumseh, who said, "To-morrow we will go and see."

In the morning he took young Rivard and went to see the Colonel. On meeting him, he said:

"Do you refuse to pay for the oxen I bought?"

"Yes," said the Colonel, and he reiterated the reason for refusal.

"I bought them," said the chief, "for my young men, who were very hungry. I promised to pay for them, and they shall be paid for. I have always heard that white nations went to war with each other and not with peaceful individuals; that they did not rob and plunder poor people. I will not."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I will not pay for them."

"You can do as you please," said the chief; "but before Tecumseh and his warriors came to fight the battles of the great King, they had enough to eat, for which they had only to thank the Master of Life and their good rifles. Their hunting grounds supplied them with food enough; and to them they can return."

This threat produced a sudden change in the Colonel's mind. The disaffection of the great chief, he well knew, would immediately withdraw all the nations of the red men from the British service; and without them they were nearly powerless on the frontier.

"Well," said the Colonel, "If I must pay, I will."

"Give me hard money," said Tecumseh, "not rag money,"—(army bills.)

The Colonel then counted out a hundred dollars in coin, and gave them to him. The chief handed the money to young Rivard, and then said to the Col.

"Give me one dollar more." It was given, and handing that also to Rivard, he said,—"Take that; it will pay you for the time you have lost in getting your money."

A GOOD ADVICE.—Lay by something every day, if but a penny, it is better than nothing; infinitely better than running in debt a penny a day, or a penny a week. If he can earn one dollar a day, let him try fairly and faithfully the experiment of living on ninety cents a day. He will like it.

"The people will laugh." Let them laugh. "They will call me stingy."—Better call you stingy than say you do not pay your debts. "They will wonder why I do not have better furniture, live in a finer house, and attend concerts and the playhouse." Let them wonder for awhile—it won't hurt you. By-and-by you can have a fine house and furniture of your own, and they will wonder again, and come billing and cooing around you like so many pleased fools. Try the experiment. Live within your means.

The Dunkirk Journal of a recent date says that a marine monster was lately seen in the bay at that place. It was of serpentine form, from thirty to forty feet in length, and was distinctly seen to move about in the water with an agility equal to that of the most expert of the finny tribe.

THE BOY AT THE DYKE.

It is said that a little boy in Holland was returning one night from a village to which he had been sent by his father on an errand, when he noticed the water trickling through a narrow opening in the dyke. He stopped and thought what the consequences would be if the hole was not closed. He knew, for he had often heard his father tell, the sad disasters which had happened from small beginnings; how, in a few hours the opening would become bigger and bigger, and let in the mighty mass of waters pressing on the dyke, until the whole defence being washed away, the rolling, dashing, angry waters would sweep on to the next village, destroying life, and property, and everything in its way. Should he run home and alarm the villagers, it would be dark before they could arrive, and the hole even then might be so large as to defy all attempts to close it.

Prompted by these thoughts, he seated himself on the bank of the canal, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently awaited the approach of villagers. But no one came. Hour after hour rolled slowly by, yet there sat the heroic boy, in cold and darkness, shivering, wet, and tired, but stoutly pressing his hands against the dangerous breach. All night he stayed at his post. At last the morning broke. A clergyman, walking up the canal, heard a groan and looked around to see where it came from. "Why are you there, my child?" he asked, seeing the boy, and surprised at his strange position. "I am keeping back the water, sir, and saving the village from being drowned," answered the child, with lips so benumbed with cold that he could scarcely speak. The astonished minister relieved the boy. The dyke was closed, and the danger which threatened hundreds of lives was in this manner prevented.

"Heroic boy! What a noble spirit of self-devotion he showed!" every one will exclaim. A heroic boy indeed he was; and what was it that sustained him through the lonesome night? Why, when his teeth chattered, his limbs trembled, and his heart was wrung with anxiety, did he not fly to his safe and warm home? What thought bound him to his post? Was it not the responsibility of his position? Did he not determine to brave all the fatigue, the danger, the darkness, and the cold, in thinking what the consequences would be, if he should forsake it? His mind pictured the quiet homes and beautiful farms of the people inundated by the flood of water, and he determined to stay at his post or to die.

Now, there is a sense in which every person, every boy and girl, occupies a position of far weightier responsibility than that of the little Hollander on that dark and lonesome night; for, by the good or bad influence which you do and shall exert, you may be the means of turning a tide of wretchedness and ruin, or a pure stream of goodness and gladness on the world. God has given you somewhere a post of duty to occupy, and you cannot get above or below your obligations to be faithful in it. You are responsible for leaving your work undone, as well as having it badly done. You cannot excuse yourself by saying, "I am nobody—I don't exert any influence;" for there is nobody so mean or obscure that he has not some influence; and you have it whether you will or no, and you are responsible for the consequences of that influence, whatever it is.

HYDROPHOBIA AMONG THE CATTLE.—We learn from the Advertiser that within the last two weeks, a number of cattle and swine in Lower Heidelberg and Spring townships, have been seized with madness, and killed by their owners. Widow Hannah Adams lost a large fat hog; Peter D. Ludwig a cow and bullock; John Mengel a bull and cow; and David Matz a large sow. The animals, it seems, were all bitten by a mad dog that was running about the neighborhood some ten days previously. The dog belonged to Mr. John Binkley, of the Swamp, Lancaster county, one of whose children was also badly bitten. He immediately applied the celebrated Stoy's Cure, and so far the child has shown no symptoms of hydrophobia. The dog also bit, as far as known, some twenty-five other dogs in this vicinity, all of whom, except two, have been killed.—*Reading Gazette.*

PRETTY GOOD.—An Irish boy who was trying hard to get a place, denied that he was Irish. "I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman who was hiring him, "but this I know, you were born in Ireland." "Och your honor, if that's all," said the boy, "small blame to that. Supposed your old cat has kittens in the oven, would they be loaves of bread?" The boy got the place.

"Why don't you hold up your head as I do?" asked an aristocratic lawyer of a sterling old farmer. "Squire," was the reply, "look at that field of grain.—You see all the valuable heads are bowed down, while those that have nothing in them stand upright."

THE FIRST FEELING OF WINTER.

How delightful the first feeling of winter comes on the mind! What a throng of tranquilizing and affectionate thoughts accompany its first bright fires, and the sound, out of doors, of its first chilling winds. Oh, when the leaves are driven in troops through the streets, at nightfall, and the figures of the passers-by hurry on cloaked and stooping with the cold, is there a pleasanter feeling in the world than to enter the closed and carpeted room, with its shaded lamps, and its genial warmth, and its cheerful faces about the evening table? I hope that I speak your own sentiment, dear reader, when I prefer to every place and time in the whole calendar of pleasure, a winter evening at home—the "sweet, sweet home" of childhood with its unreserved love and its unchanged and unmeasured endearments. We need not love gaily the less. The less light and music and beauty of the dance will always breed a floating delight in the brain that has not grown dull to life's finer influences; yet the pleasures of home though severer are deeper, and I am sure that the world may be searched over in vain for a scene of joy so even and unmingled. It is a beautiful trait of Providence that the balance is kept so truly between our many and different blessings.

It was a melancholy thing to see the summer depart with its superb beauty, if the heart did not freshen as it turned in from its decay to brood upon his own treasures. The affections wander under the enticement of all the outward loveliness of nature, and it is necessary to unwind the spell, that their rich kindness may not become visionary. I have a passion for these simple theories, which I trust will be forgiven. I indulge in them as people run. They are too shadowy logic, it is true—like the wings of the glendower, in Kehama, gauze like and flimsy but flying high withal. You may not grow learned, but you will surely grow potent upon them. I would as leave be praised by a blockhead as be asked the reason.

HIS OPINION.

A western editor thinks all our troubles take their rise in follies, fast horses, and extravagance. Listen to him.

"Recklessness and gross heedlessness in business matters, have taken the place of carefulness. Credit instead of being used with caution, is given and taken with a perfect looseness, and a man failing today, settles at thirty cents to-morrow, and is in the field the day after as good as new. This is the definition of a good merchant of the modern school, no matter if he has saved something, no enquiries are made, no surprise expressed if he buys a house at five thousand dollars cash, a month after his settlement—it's all in keeping with the times.

The tone taken by society in the matter of fraud indifference with which it looks upon frauds, swindles, seductions, and other great crimes at the present hour, will have a beautiful effect upon the present generation in the moral way; and if it retrogrades as rapidly the next twenty years as it has the last, the rain spoken of in the scriptures, which destroyed a couple of cities, will be well deserved by us, whether we get it or not.

High moral tone, we believe infused into business, will make individual and general prosperity of course with ordinary sagacity united. If Peter strives hard to pay Paul, the latter individual can go on with his obligations, but one rascally Peter will, like the individual brick at the end of a row, oversteering itself will overturn a thousand.

LADIES IN HAVANA.—You encounter a lady whom you have never seen before, coming from her own house, from a church or a shop, and about to step into her volante; you dash your hat, present your hand, conduct her to a seat, she thanks you graciously, and both of you go your ways, feeling the happier for the service rendered and the acknowledgement made. A lady in Havana takes every proffered courtesy kindly, and thanks you for it.—She does not stalk up to your seat in public places, silently demand that you should give up to her what you have paid for and secured and after you have given it, take no more notice of you that if you were a cur which had been driven from her path. She does not, if you offer your arm to assist her, shrink within herself, and look at you as if you were a leper or a branded felon, because you have never been "introduced." If she be pretty and you tell her so, she thanks you for admiring her, and I have yet to learn that this disposition on her part lessens her pleasure in receiving attention and admiration, or yours, in giving it.

A young man was detected the other day in Dye's banking office, Cincinnati, with his hand in another man's pocket. His excuse was that the crowd was so dense, that in attempting to get a plug of tobacco out of his own pocket, he had by mistake run his finger into another man's pocket. He was taken to the rogues' drawing-room.

A Story of a Faithful Dog.

PREMONITORY WARNING.
The following story is said, by the Portsmouth Chronicle, to be derived, as to all its facts from a most respectable Quaker family, whose veracity cannot be doubted:

Some fifteen years ago, in the western part of the state of New York, lived a lonely widow named Mozher. Her husband had been dead many years, and her only daughter was grown up and married, living at the distance of a mile or two from the family mansion.

"And thus the old lady lived alone in her house day and night. Yet in her conscious innocence and trust in Providence she felt safe and cheerful—did her work quietly during the daylight, and at eventide slept sweetly."

One morning, however, she awoke with an extraordinary and unwonted gloom upon her mind, which was impressed with the apprehension that something strange was about to happen to her or hers. So full was she of this thought that she could not stay at home that day, but must go abroad to give vent to it, by unobscuring herself to her friends, especially to her daughter. With her she spent the greater part of the day, and to her she several times repeated the recital of her apprehensions. The daughter as often repeated the assurances that the good mother had never done injury to any person, and added, "I cannot think any one would hurt you, for you have not an enemy in the world."

"As the day was declining, Mrs. Mozher sought her home, but expressed the same feelings as she left her daughter's house.

"On her way home she called on a neighbor, who lived in the last house before she reached her own. Here she again made known her continued apprehensions, which had nearly ripened into fear, and from the lady of the mansion she received answers similar to those of her daughter.

"You have harmed no one in your whole lifetime, surely no one will molest you.—'Go home in quiet, and Rover shall go with you.' 'Here Rover,' said she to a stout watch-dog that lay on the floor, 'here Rover, go home with Mrs. Mozher, and take care of her.' Perver did as he was told. The widow went home, milked her cows, took care of everything out of doors, and went to bed as usual. Rover had not left her for an instant. When she was fairly in bed, he laid himself down upon the outside of the bed, and as the widow relied on his fidelity, and perhaps chid herself for needless fear, she fell asleep.—Sometime in the night she awoke, being startled, probably, by a slight noise outside the house. It was so slight, however, that she was not aware of being startled at all, but heard as soon as she awoke a sound like the raising of a window near her bed, which was in a room on the ground floor.

"The dog neither barked nor moved. Next there was another sound, as if some one was in the room and stepped cautiously on the floor. The woman saw nothing but now for the first time felt the dog move, as he made a violent spring from the bed, and at the same moment something fell on the floor sounding like a heavy log. Then followed other noises, like the pawing of a dog's feet; but soon all was still again and the dog resumed his place on the bed without having barked or growled at all.

"This time the widow did not go to sleep immediately, but lay awake wondering, yet not deeming it best to get up.—But at last she dropped asleep, and when she awoke the sun was shining. She hastily stepped out of bed, and there lay the body of a man extended on the floor, dead, with a large knife in his hand which was even now extended. The dog had seized him by the throat with a grasp of death, and neither man nor dog could utter a sound till all was over. This man was the widow's son-in-law, the husband of her only daughter; he coveted her little store of wealth, her house, her cattle, and her land; and instigated by this sordid impudence, he could not wait for the decay of nature to give her property up to him and his, as the only heirs apparent, but made this stealthy visit to do a deed of darkness in the gloom of the night. A fearful retribution waited for him. The widow's apprehensions communicated to her mind and impressed upon her nerves, by what unseen power we know not, the sympathy of the woman who loathed the dog, and the silent but certain watch of the dog himself formed a chain of ever's which brought the murderer's blood upon his own head and which are difficult to be explained without reference to that Providence or overruling Power which numbers the hairs of our heads, watches the sparrow's fall and slays our deeds, rough hew them as we will."

A CLOSE VOTE.—By referring to the vote polled at the recent election for Wm. Bigler for Governor, and Jeremiah S. Black for Judge of the Supreme Court, it will be seen that there is a difference of but 9 votes between them. Considering the number of votes polled and the attendant circumstances, it is certainly very remarkable.

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