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POETRY.

For the Clearfield Republican.

NOTHING IN VAIN.

Nothing was formed in vain,
Though ever so minute,
The land, the mighty main,
Man, insect, fowl and brute.

Yea, who can think of aught,
Though simple, high or low,
And not perceive 'tis fraught
With something good to know.

A word or look will oft
Subdue, where naught else can
Raise hope, check wrath, make soft,
The hardest heart of man.

One kind approving smile
Oft prompts a noble deed,
Disperses care awhile
And comforts those in need

Printing has changed the world—
Changed darkness into light;
O! may it soon have hurled
All error out of sight.

The Bible—but for it
Mankind were left in gloom;
But Providence saw fit
To send light in its room.

Our country—happy land!
The hope of the oppressed!
Thy mission here is grand,
And by the world confessed.

'Tis thine to teach the world
To RULE and to OBEY;
Thy Banner is unfurled,
And NONE can check its sway. R.

THE DEFORMED GIRL.

Poor Amy! We never thought of her without an emotion of pity, and yet she always seemed happy. The only daughter of a widowed mother, who, with a true mother's holy love, drew her little one only the more closely to her own heart, because she might not find a home in the hearts of others; with that constant changeless love ever beaming like sunlight around her, how could she be otherwise? Yes, Amy was very happy. It seemed as if the first years of her life were all sunshine; and then there came a dark cloud, and all was shadowed.

"Why, Amy dear, what *is* the matter?" said her mother anxiously as the poor child stole noiselessly to her side, on her return from school one summer afternoon, and laid her hand almost timidly upon hers.

Amy did not speak, but the large tears were trembling in her dark eyes; and her mother's heart grew sad, as she folded her arms around her, and drew her to her bosom. They sat in silence for some time, but at last the child raised her head, and asked, in a low hurried tone, "What does *deformed* mean mother?"

"Why do you ask that question, Amy?" said her mother, surprised and startled by the inquiry.

"Because, mother," and it was only by a painful effort that she suppressed the rising sobs, as she answered, "because mother, Ann Edwards was vexed at me to-day, because I would not go down to the bridge with her at noon and she called me a little, ugly, deformed creature, and said she would not play with me any more. And then some of the other girls laughed, and Ann bent over, and said she would show me how I walked, and she went limping along with one shoulder higher than the other; and the girls all laughed again—all but Lucy Ellerton. She told them they were very wicked, and came and asked me to walk with her; and when she saw that I was crying, she kissed me, and told me it was not my fault if I was deformed, that she loved me just as well as if I was like the other girls. Mother, what is it to be deformed?"

Poor Mrs. Wilson! she had passed through many a stern trial in her brief life, but never before through one like this. Yet she did not shrink from her painful duty that now devolved upon her. She felt that the time to which she had so often looked forward with so much solicitude had arrived, that the blest unconsciousness which had so long encircled her unfortunate little one, could surround her no longer, and she nerved herself to the task of replying to the question, which had been proffered with so much earnestness. With the child's hands clasped in hers, and her head resting on her bosom, she slowly and gently unfolded the whole meaning of the sad word deformed, and Amy listened silently, with her earnest eyes fixed upon her mother's face, until she comprehended it fully.

"And shall I always be so, mother?" was her eager inquiry, when her mother paused speaking; "shall I not grow better as I grow older?"

How many Christian mothers would have answered truly as Mrs. Wilson did? "Fear not my child; I see no reason to think that you will." She was prepared for a passionate burst of sorrow, but not for the few calm words that followed her reply. "Then, mother, I wish that I was dead."

"That is a wicked wish, Amy," she said mildly, but very sorrowfully.

"I know it mother," said the child, as her eyes again filled with tears; I know it, mother, but I do wish so."

"It is a selfish wish, Amy; think how lonely I would be without my little daughter. Would you wish to leave me all alone in the world?" The child made no reply. Her mother went on. "It is an ungrateful wish, Amy. God has placed you in this beautiful world, and surrounded you with blessings. He has given you eyes to see the light, and ears to hear the music that is all around you; there are many who can neither see nor hear. He has given you a mind to examine and endeavor to understand his works; there are many who cannot do this. He has given you a heart to love all the kind friends who have done so much to make you happy; and because he has not given you a form like others, you forget all his kindness, and murmur at his will. Does my little daughter expect to go to heaven with such feelings as these?"

The child raished her head from her mother's bosom, while a smile played over her face still wet with recent tears, and exclaimed, "I shall not be deformed in heaven, mother! I shall not be deformed in heaven, shall I mother?"

"No my dear child, there is no deformity in heaven. But, Amy, the soul may be deformed as well as the body. Sin produces the same effect upon the soul that disease does upon the body. We must be free from sin before we can enter heaven."

Amy nestled more closely in her mothers arms, as she said, "Was you thinking of my wicked wish mother? I do not wish so now."

"I hope you never will wish so again, Amy."

"I hope I never shall," said the child, earnestly. "I am sorry; I do not wish to do wrong, mother."

"I hope not my child. But there is one thing more, Amy, that I am afraid you do not feel quite right about. Was you vexed with the girls when they laughed at you?"

"No, mother, said Amy, looking up with child like simplicity into her mother's face. "It made me feel very badly, and I cried, but I was not vexed. If I had been, you know, mother, I should not have cried."

Mrs. Wilson could scarcely suppress a smile at the remak. Amy's anger was generally expressed by a contemptuous silence.

"I am very glad if it did not make you angry, dear," she said kissing her fondly as she spoke. "It was very wrong for Ann to speak as she did, and for the other girls to laugh at her remarks; but it was probably done thoughtlessly, without any intention of injuring your feelings. Even if it was not, you ought to forgive it. Can you do this Amy!

"Oh yes; that is very easy. I hope, though, they will not do so again;" and Amy's face grew so very anxious at the thought.

"I presume they will not, Amy. But see, here is Kitty wondering why her little mistress is not ready to play with her."—And Amy slid gently down from her mother's arms, and was soon busily engaged with her frolicksome little pet in the garden. But the impression produced upon her mind did not pass away. At school, she mingled less freely and less joyously with her playmates than before; at home, she shrank timidly from the notice of strangers and more than once during the remaining months of summer, did she steal, with tearful eyes and quivering lips, to her mother's side, to say "Oh, mother, that wicked wish has come again; it will not stay away." At such times her mother strove to soothe her, while her own heart thrilled with agony. She spoke to her of the kindness of her heavenly Father, and endeavored to impress upon her mind the duty of perfect resignation to his will; and she had the satisfaction of feeling that her admonitions were not lost, and of seeing the poor child become gradually more and more reconciled to her. A bitter lot, indeed, it is for the young and sensitive to endure—a lot of isolation, of solitude, of comparative estrangement from the pleasant ties of social intercourse, and social enjoyment. It may be borne more easily in after life, when the mind is better qualified to rely upon itself, when the stores of learning and the gems of art are collected to enrich its treasury, and the first pencil of fancy portrays scenes to delight its vision. Yet, even then, when self-culture and self-discipline have done much to fortify the mind, the head often sinks in despondency, weighed down by the loneliness of its destiny. And is it to be wondered at, that the delicate spirit of childhood should sometimes bow beneath the burden which the strength of after years is scarcely adequate to sustain? Surely not. But Amy's heart did sink, at times, for many years; and often did she whisper to herself the words of childish trust that brought such light to her spirit in the first dark hour of sorrow, "I shall not be deformed in heaven; I shall not be deformed in heaven!"

* * * * * * *

Years passed away, and our gentle Amy rose from the little child to the quiet, thoughtful maiden. Her mother's fears had proved but too prophetic of the future. Her deformity had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength. But it was evident to any who looked upon her placid face, that the spirit shared not the imperfections of its shrine—that the fragile, ungraceful form was no index of the mind of its possessor. Amy's face was not beautiful—a stranger might have called it even comely: and yet there was a charm about it that often detained the eye of the stranger. There was, when in repose, a peacefulness of expression that told of a spirit at rest; and when lighted up by pleasurable excitement, the sudden flash of the dark eyes and the flush on the usually pallid cheek made it seem almost beautiful. Her voice in conversation was low and musical; and her songs were like the mild bird's melody, gushing forth, in gladness of grief, unbidden; and almost unconsciously from her heart. Led by her extreme sensitiveness to seclude herself almost entirely from society, she had naturally sought in books companions for her solitude. She had read much and thought deeply. Communion with the gifted had awakened the latent powers of her own mind, and the book was sometimes laid aside for the pen. Timidly, and almost when the feeling of one who had committed an offence, her first brief attempts to clothe her thoughts in words was laid before her mother. That mother approved and encouraged her; and, cheered by her approval, Amy continued to note down, from time to time, the thoughts that peopled her heart in its hours of loneliness. Many who saw those records after the hand that traced them had passed away from the earth, wondered at the genius that had dwelt, unnoticed, and unknown, in a tenement so unworthy of its inmate. And so time glided on; and Amy, happy in her mother's love, happy in her literary pursuits, happy in her own little circle of chosen friends, scarcely heeded its flight. But there came a change; a rainbow followed by a storm.

"Mother, dear mother, I am so happy!" And Amy laid her head as she was wont to do when a little child upon her mother's bosom, and softly whispered the cause of her happiness. The light of loved had dawned, like the morning of a new existence upon her heart. She loved, and she knew that she was beloved in return, by one whom the most gifted and the most beautiful might have been proud to claim as a friend. "How could he love *me*, mother?" said Amy; and her eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

Amy was not the only one who wondered that Charles Malcom, the wealthy, the talented, the noble hearted, should seek as his bride one not only beneath him in station, but far very far from possessing these external advantages, which the world prizes so highly. Happy Amy! her dark eyes grew more brilliant, and her pale cheek assumed a hue almost like that of health—a light and rose-hue borrowed from the still, deep gladness of the heart. "Mother, dear mother, I am so happy," was uttered more than once during the few months of that blissful dream. Poor Amy! A sad awakening came soon.

Charles Malcom had parents—proud and wealthy parents. He had brothers and sisters too who heard of his choice, at first with incredulity, and afterwards with undisguised contempt and anger; and Amy learned from others, what she never would have learned from him, that duty to his parents or love to her must be sacrificed. When they met again, she requested him to confirm or refute the statement she had heard. Slowly and reluctantly he gave the dreaded confirmation, adding an earnest request, that she would not suffer herself to be in the least influenced by it.—Her reply was calm, but decided. "We must not meet again, Charles," she said; "I know that I am not worthy to be your wife. It is strange that I should have dreamed of it, even for a moment. The dream has been a happy one; but it is over now. We must part." His earnest appeals were made in vain. "If *you* could so far forget your duty to your parents," she said, "as to act in direct opposition to their wishes in this matter—I could not enter a family in which I should not meet free and cordial welcome. Forgive me that I have been so forgetful of what was due to you and to myself; and let us part as friends, never to meet again till we meet in heaven." And then came the pleasant thought, "I shall not be deformed in heaven;" and her pale features were illumined with a spiritual light, as she relinquished, calmly and without a murmur, her dearest earthly hope.

Half an hour afterwards, Amy was weeping, in all the bitterness of uncontrolled sorrow, in her mother's arms. "You have done *right*, my child," said that mother, in a low faltering voice. "May God forgive those who have so cruelly crushed your young heart."

* * * * * * *

Months passed away—long months—how much longer than those that had preceded them! The time of falling leaves and drooping flowers had come; and your gentle Amy was, like them, fading—fading! Day by day, her wan cheek grew paler and her dark eye more bright; day by day, her step grew more feeble and her sweet voice more faint and tremulous; and day by day too, her spirit grew stronger and purer—more meet to join the blest dwellers in that land to which she was hastening.

"My life has been a happy one, dear mother," she whispered as her mother sat beside her couch, the evening before she died. "I was very happy when I was a little child—when you used to hold me in your arms and tell me of the love of Jesus for little children. And, mother, when the first day of my life came—you remember it, mother—the day when I learned, for the first time, the meaning of that sad word *deformed*, I was very happy then, and often afterwards, in thinking of being free from deformity in another world. I was happy, too, years after, with my books and my pen; and with your love, worth more than the whole world beside. And then came that bright dream dear mother—I see now it is well that it was a dream—and that made me happy, happier than I ever was before. And after it passed away—when I know that my life was passing slowly and gently—I was happy in the consciousness of having performed my duty. And I am happier than ever to-night, dear mother, with your hand in mine, and your sweet face beside me. I feel as if the peace of heaven were all around me." It was around her soon.—"Is it sunset, mother?" she inquired, a few minutes after.

"Not quite, Amy," was the reply.

"Will you raise the curtain, mother?" I should like to see the sun set once more." The curtain was raised; and the rich light of an autumnal sky poured into a small apartment. "How beautiful!" exclaimed the dying girl as she raised her head from her pillow, and gazed for the last time on the richly tinted west. Slowly as the sun sank beneath the verge of the horizon, those bright clouds faded, one by one, and soon the evening star beamed forth from the deep blue sky. Amy's eyes rested upon it for a moment, and then she said with a smile, "I must rest now, mother. Perhaps I shall dream of that bright star."—She lay in silence for a few minutes; then, suddenly opening her eyes, she whispered, "Mother, dear mother." Her mother bent over her. There was a sweet smile on her pale lips, as she whispered, "Mother, dear mother, I shall not be deformed in heaven; I am going now."

A moment more, and the pure spirit was free from its earthly shrine. They laid her in a sunny spot, in the quiet village churchyard; and her mother's hand taught the flowers she had loved the best to cluster around her grave. That mother is peacefully slumbering beside her now.

A MAN OF "GREAT STEAKS."

A person has recently died in N. Y., who probably comes as near to Mr. Webster's idea of a man of "great steaks," as any other individual in this country.

John Schafer, of Montgomery county, N. Y., who died a few days ago, aged sixty, is described as follows, by Rev. Mr. Rinehart:—"The deceased was the largest man that we ever saw. The coffin was sufficiently large to contain five men of ordinary size—measuring in width three feet four inches in the clear, and three feet in height. Three men could have worked in it at the same time, with convenience. It required six men to take him from the bed on which he expired. This was done by raising a platform, removing the head board of the bedstead, and taking him out endwise. They could not get the coffin into the house; but by taking off the door-facing of an old vacated house that stood in the yard, they got it into that, and carried the corpse thither on three empty bags. A wagon and four horses stood prepared, and ten men placed the coffin and its contents upon it. In letting the coffin down into the grave they had two lines doubled, one at each end, and one large well-rope in the middle, and seventeen men to let down this great sprinkle of mortality into its last home on earth. His weight was unknown."

INDUSTRY.—Every young man should remember that the world always has and always will honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler whose energies of mind and body are rusting for the want of exercise, the mistaken being who pursues amusement as relief to his enervated muscles, or engages in exercise that produces no useful end, may look with scorn on the laborer engaged in his toil; but his scorn is praise; his contempt is honor. Honest industry will secure the respect of the wise and the good among men, and yield the rich fruit of an easy conscience, and give that hearty self respect which is above all price. Toil on, then, young men and young women. Be diligent in business.—Improve the heart and mind, and you will find "the well spring of enjoyment in your own souls," and secure the confidence and respect of all those whose respect is worth an effort to obtain.

☞ Close thine ears against those that open their mouths against others.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

The following address to Gen. St. Clair's Brigade at Ticonderoga, when the enemy was hourly expected, October 20, 1776, was delivered by the Rev. David Jones, an eminent Baptist clergyman, who was Wayne's chaplain, and with him at the time of the massacre. He was then past eighty years of age. We take it from the Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution:

"*My Countrymen, Fellow-citizens and Friends:*—"I am sorry that during this campaign I have been favored with so few opportunities of addressing you on subjects of the greatest importance both with respect to this life and that which is to come; but what is past cannot be recalled and now time will not admit an enlargement; and we have the greatest reason to expect an advancement of our enemies as speedily as heaven will permit. (The wind blew to the north, strongly.) Therefore at present, let it suffice to bring to your remembrance some necessary truths.

"It is our *common faith*, and a very just one too, that all events on earth are under the notice of that God in whom we live, move, and have our being; therefore, we must believe that, in this important struggle with the worst of enemies, he has assigned us our post here at Ticonderoga. Our situation is such that if properly defended, we shall give our enemies a fatal blow, and in a great measure prove the *means* of the *salva ion* of North America.

"Such is our present case, that we are fighting for all that is near and *dear* to us while our enemies are engaged in the worst of causes, their design being to subjugate, plunder, and enslave a free people that have done no harm. Their tyrannical views are so glaring, their cause so horribly bad that there still remain too much goodness and humanity in Great Britain to engage unanimously against us, therefore they have been obliged (and at a most amazing expense, too) to hire the assistance of a barbarous, mercenary people, that would cut your throat for the small reward of a sixpence. No doubt these have hopes of being our task-mastets, and would rejoice at our calamities.

"Look, oh! look, therefore, at your espective States, and anticipate the consequence if these vussals are suffered to enter! It would fail the most fruitful imagination to represent, in a proper light what anguish, what horror, what distress would spread over the whole! See, oh! see the dear wives of your bosoms forced from their peaceful habitations, and perhaps used with such indecency that modesty would forbid the description. Behold the fair virgins of your land, whose benevolent souls are now filled with a thousand good wishes and hopes of seeing their *admirers* return home crowned with victory, would not only meet with a doleful disappointment, but also with such insults and abuses that would induce their tender hearts to pray for the shades of death.—See your children exposed as vagabonds to all the calamities of this life! Then, oh! then adieu to all felicity this side the grave!

"Now all these calamities may be prevented if our God be for us—and who can doubt of this who observes the point in which the wind now blows—if you will only acquit yourselves like men, and with firmness of mind go forth against your enemies, resolving either to return with victory or to die gloriously. Every one that may fall in this dispute will be justly esteemed a *martyr* to liberty, and his name will be held in precious *memory* while the love of freedom remains in the breast of men. All whom God will favor to see a glorious victory, will return to their respective States with every mark of honor, and be received with joy and gladness of heart by all friends to liberty and lovers of mankind.

"As our present case is singular, I hope therefore, that all the candid will excuse me, if I now conclude with an uncommon address, in substance principally extracted from the writings of the servants of God in the Old Testament; though at the same time, it is freely acknowledged that I am not possessed of any similar power either of blessing or cursing.

"1. Blessed be that man who is possessed of true love of liberty; and let all the people say *Amen*.

"Blessed be that man who is a friend to the common rights of mankind; and let all the people say *Amen*.

"3. Blessed be that man who is a friend to the United States of America; and let all the people say, *Amen*.

"4. Blessed be that man who will use his utmost endeavor to oppose the tyranny of Great Britain, and to vanquish all her forces invading North America; and let all the people say *Amen*.

"5. Blessed be that man who is resolved never to submit to Great Britain; and let all the people say *Amen*.

"6. Blessed be that man who in the present dispute esteems not his life too good to fall a sacrifice in defence of his country; let his posterity if any he has be blessed with riches, honor, virtue, and true religion, and let all the people say *Amen*.

"Now, on the other hand, as far as is consistent with the Holy scriptures, let all these blessings be turned into curses to him who deserts the noble cause in which we are engaged, and turns his back to the enemy before he receives proper orders to retreat; and let all the people say, *Amen*.

"Let him be abhorred by the United States of America.

"Let faintness of heart and fear never forsake him on earth.

"Let him be a *mager missabib*, a terror to himself and all around him.

"Let him be accursed in his outgoings and cursed in his incomings, cursed in lying down, and cursed in uprising; cursed in his basket and cursed in his store.

"Let him be cursed in all his connections, till his *wretched* head with dishonor is laid down in the dust; and let all the soldiers say, *Amen*.

"And may the God of all grace, in whom we live, enable us in defence of our county, to acquit ourselves like men, to his honor and praise *Amen* and *Amen*."

GOING TO LAW.

"Lawing" is pretty well shown up in the following anecdote of two Dutchmen, who built and used in common a small bridge over a small stream which ran through their farms. It seems they had a dispute concerning certain repairs which it required, after a time, one of them declining to bear any portion of the expense necessary to the purchase of two or three new plank. Finally the aggrieved party went to the neighboring lawyer, and placing ten dollars in his hand, said, "I'll give you all dis monies, if you make Hans do justice mit de bridge."

"How much will it cost to repair the bridge?" asked the honest counsellor of the determined litigant.

"Well, den not more as five dollars," replied the Dutchman.

"Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of his notes and giving him the other, "take this and go and get the bridge repaired; its the best course you can take."

"Yaas," said the Dutchman, slowly, "y-a-a-s, dat more better as to quarrel mit Hans."

As he went along home, he shook his head frequently, as if unable, after all, quite clearly to see how he had gained anything by going to law.

THE NATURAL BOUNDARIES OF THE U. S.—A story in print wants the manner, tone, and life-like humor of the narrator, yet, at the risk of injustice to Lieutenant M., we venture to publish that which he told at the dinner of the chamber of Commerce.

Soon after Texes was annexed, an officer named Royle, commanding an American vessel in the Mediterranean, touched at Gibraltar; was invited to dine with Spofford, commander of the English vessel then at that place. When dinner was over, and the wine flowed freely, the subject of the annexation was introduced.

"And so," says Spofford, "I see you of the United States have annexed Texas."

"Yes, we have," says Royle.

"Well, you are a pecular people,"

"Yes, we do every thing in a pecular way."

"Do you intend to go on annexing?"

"Certainly."

"And when do you mean to stope?"

"Stope! when we get the natural boundaries of the United States."

"The *natural* boundaries of the United States! and what are they?" says Spofford.

"The equator and the Aurora Borealis," replied Royle.

The narrator saith not whether the dialogue ended here, but the hearers seemed to consider it a good stopping place, and so did we.

☞ If you wish to be a favorite of the girl's, generally, attend to their wants, that is, give them rides, candy and raisins; talk and laugh about love affairs; and keep on the off-side, that is, don't commit yourself to any one in particular, and you will be lionized to your heart's content until you become an old bachelor.

☞ A countryman entering one of the western hotels, wrote after his name, "P. O. P. A. S. F. C." "Pray, my dear," asked a bystander, "what do those letters stand for?" "Stand for! Why, that's my title!" "Yes, sir; but what is your title?" "Why Professor of Paslmody and Schoolmaster from Connecticut."

☞ If you should see a man digging in a snow drift with the expectation of finding valuable ore, or planting on the rolling billows, you would say at once that he was beside himself. But in what respect does this man differ from you while you sow the seeds of idleness and dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of age will be a good, constitution, elevated affections, and holy principles.

☞ Men pay the most to lawyers, less to docters, and least to the clergy; valuing property before health, and the health of their bodies more than the cure of their souls.

☞ Set a watch over thy mouth, and keep the door of thy lips; for a tale-bearer is worse than a thief.—*Scripture.*