

THE BALANCES OF LIFE
From the Pennsylvania Inquirer we take the following suggestive article:

We have often thought in examining calmly and carefully into the various phases of human existence, in analysing the bills of morality, and comparing the changes and chances that occur in the fortunes of the rich and the poor, the proud and the humble, that despite the broad contrasts that appear on the surface of things—despite the fact that many seem miserably and the few happily, comparatively speaking, the enjoyments of this world are nicely balanced, more wisely and equitably divided, than the superficial eye is apt to imagine. We now speak in a general sense, and not with reference to individual cases. The position, too, as it seems to us, is national. Why should the few be favored at the expense of the many? Why should a handful of human beings be selected as the recipients of the high favors of fortune, of health and of happiness, to the neglect of the millions? Why should the rich by inheritance, or by some sudden turn of prosperity be eminently contented in mind, and exempt from the ordinary cares to which flesh is heir, and the multitude, actually upright, intelligent and virtuous, be subjected to every species of anxiety and anguish? It is not so. Such a law would conflict with the beneficent principles of the Author of our being, and ruler of the World. It would chill the heart of philanthropy, and deaden the impulses to virtue. It would discourage the lover of his kind, and retard the onward march of humanity. But, we repeat, it is not so. The enjoyments of life are nicely distributed and wisely balanced. However desirable wealth may be, however power and place may be coveted, it by no means follows that dillier is inevitably associated with happiness. And assuredly not; when the means of attainment have been tortuous, unfair, unmanly or dishonest.

We are among those who believe that while virtue has its own reward, vice is sure to be accompanied or followed by an adequate punishment. And thus, we hold the doctrine that, however dizzy the elevation, or however Ceres-like the wealth, there cannot be ease of mind, calm of spirit and repose of conscience, if fraud and treachery and crime have formed the rungs of the ladder, through which the elevation has been attained. Nay, in the very supposed hour of enjoyment and triumph, some unseen, some unexpected calamity will be sure to track the footsteps of the ambitious and the avaricious. Sickness will come with its debilitating and paralyzing influence, the loved ones of the soul will be borne away in the arms of death, a sudden expose will darken and overshadow reputation, and thus life, although apparently golden and glittering, will be hollow, empty and vain. On the other hand, the moderate in circumstances, but the pure in heart, the individual who is of a cheerful and contented spirit, who is in the full enjoyment of health, and of all his faculties, who is regular in his habits, and exact in his social discipline, who has no gnawing adder of remorse eating away his conscience, whose sleep is deep and tranquil, and whose waking moments are free from self-reproach—surely such a person, and there are thousands and tens of thousands of such in all the walks of humble life, comparatively speaking, is happy and an envied being. He appreciates his position, is grateful for the blessings he enjoys, and while prompted by a laudible desire to attain an independent position, he does not fret his soul away in bitter jealousy at the success of others, and would not for the mines of Golconda, would not for the malice of a neighbor, would not for a fellow creature, or darken his memory in ill-thought, or come, by the perpetration of any base or unworthy act.

True, he may live for years, and only live. He may find it difficult to save anything for a rainy day, and at times, for such is the cash lot, he may have his trials, his temptations, his anxieties and his pains. But, with a due reliance upon himself and upon Providence, with a consciousness that all is not right within, with the broad satisfaction that if the grave should claim him to-morrow, he would pass away without a dark spot upon his character, a perpetual sunshine may be said to play around his heart, to etherealize his mind and spirit, and to rob even the pains of his brow. It is thus, we contend, that the hopes and pleasures of life are nicely and wisely balanced. On the other hand, how many temptations is wealth subjected to, from which poverty is exempt; temptations in a thousand forms, and which the affluent themselves do not realize until too late. There is no greater curse in this world than idleness—there is no more miserable man than an idler. He is either a victim of bad habits, or the prey of morbid fancies. His imagination is quick and active, he becomes miserable, and he scarcely knows why. The subject is a frightful one, and capable of many illustrations. The true philosophy is to appreciate and enjoy the comforts we possess, the blessings that are vouchsafed to us, and not to wander after forbidden fruits, covet our neighbors' property, or aspire beyond

Clearfield Republican.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Volume 3. Clearfield, Pa., September 3, 1852. Number 38.

Price of Advertising—(without proof)

1 square, 1 insertion, 10 cents	1 square, 2 insertions, 18 cents	1 square, 3 insertions, 25 cents	1 square, 4 insertions, 32 cents	1 square, 5 insertions, 40 cents
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reasonable bounds. If we look around us, we will find that there are others far less favorable circumstances than ourselves, and who yet are cheerful, contented and grateful. There are certain laws which govern human society, either of which, if violated constantly and habitually, will be attended with bitter consequences. This all should remember when examining their own cases, and complaining of their misfortunes. Thus, he who is habitually tracherous or false, cannot look for confidence and respect on the part of his friends and associates. And thus again, he who is idle and dissolute, will be sure sooner or later, to pay the adequate penalties. And so too he who is careless and neglectful, may look for carelessness and neglect, with regard to his family, his friends, his business and his fortune. Each should act according to his position, his means and his responsibilities, and with reference, not only to self and to time, but to society, and a higher, holier and happier condition in the life to come.

Act well your part,
There all the honor lies.

THE WIFE OF WASHINGTON IN CAMP.
We quoted, says the *New York Organ*, some time ago from a correspondent of the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, an interesting account of Gen. Washington, while he was with the army at Morristown, N. J. The same writer furnishes the following respecting Mrs. Washington, which he obtained from an old family in Whippany, N. J., named Vail. Mrs. Vail's first husband's mother, Mrs. Tuttle, was a sensible and agreeable woman, whose company was much sought, even by those who, owing to their wealth, moved in more fashionable circles. Among other frequent visitors was Mrs. Troupe, the lady of a half-pay captain in the British navy. She is described as a lady of affable manners and of intelligence, and much esteemed.

One day she visited Mrs. Tuttle, and the usual compliments were hardly passed, before she said:
"Well, what do you think, Mrs. T., I have been to see Lady Washington?"
"Have you indeed? Then tell me all about how you found her ladyship, how she appeared, and what she said."
"Well, I will honestly tell you," answered Mrs. Troupe. "I never was so ashamed in all my life. You see Madam—, and Madam—, and Madam—, and myself, thought we would visit Lady Washington, and as she was said to be so grand a lady, and we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and were introduced to her ladyship. And don't you think we found her knitting with a speckled (check) apron on!" She received us graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were, without a stitch of work, and sitting in state, but General Washington's lady, with her own hands, was knitting stockings for herself and dear husband!"

"And that was not all. In the afternoon her ladyship took occasion to say, in a way that we could not be offended, that at that time it was very important that American ladies should be patterns of industry to their countrywomen, because the separation from the mother country will dry up the sources whence many of our comforts are received. We must become independent by our determination to do without what we cannot make ourselves. Whilst our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we must be patterns of industry!"

According to Mrs. Troupe's story Mrs. Washington gave to her visitors some excellent advice, the meanwhile adding force to her words by actions, and withal, in such a way that they could not take offence. In this she proved herself more worthy to occupy her distinguished position than she could have done by all the graceful and elegant accomplishments which are often found in princesses and queens. In the relations she occupied, her knitting work and check apron were queenly ornaments and we may be proud to know that such a woman as Martha Washington set an admirable example to her countrywomen.

APRIL'S FOREBODERS.—Our sculptors must dig their marble from Pontine marshes; our poets must be judged by the British Laureate's standard; our essayists make bad grammar, like Carlyle; or cliché-makers bad grammar, like Maconly; our lawyers must cling to tooth and nails; our old English common law, striving ever and anon, to put life into bones drier than even those of Ezekiel's vision; in fine, as a nation, we must remain continually in leading-strings, swayed by such grotesque traditions and dogmas, that an intelligent foreigner might be led to deem us afflicted with a sort of king's evil, only to be cured by the imposition of a royal hands.

Trimbale county la., is the place for "anxious mothers" to migrate to. Within six months seven married ladies out there have added seventeen to the population.

When the winds of applause blow strong, then steer with a steady hand.

THE DARK HOUR.
BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.
CHAPTER I.
A woman, still in the bloom of youth, sat alone in a humble apartment. Alone—and yet not alone; for although there were none with whom she could exchange a thought, the basket cradle at her foot sheltered a little being which made Mary Irwine feel, that whatever the world might think, still she was not alone. Nor was she companionless; what mother is! To the stranger and indifferent, the infant may seem, if not a cipher, a trouble, and a wearisome charge. But she whose own blood flows in its veins, never forgets, and never waver.

We have said Mary was still in the bloom of youth. But the blossom was sadly faded. Care, suffering, want, had blanched the rose on her cheeks. A few days before, you might have discerned feverish anxiety there, but now, all that had passed. The expression of her face was thoughtful; but still it spoke rest. She had drunk of the cup of bitterness to its very dregs; but she who hears the sorrowful sighing of the wretched, had comforted her. The crisis had passed, and she felt that the natural composure which steals on the soul, when all is done, and all is suffered—the rest with which Heaven rewards the patient and the dutiful.

Her story was not a remarkable one, if by remarkable we mean to say unusual. The appearance of the house indicated something of it; for we imagine that there is always a significance in the aspect of a dwelling which one of the late inmates had just left, to go to the "narrow house." Mary's husband had been consigned to the grave. The neighbors and friends who had aided in the melancholy bustle of the last offices, had returned to their homes, and Mary sat with her babe in the silent room.

The husband whom she had buried out of her sight was her choice,—her willful choice, made in spite of the remonstrances, the objections, and forebodings of her relatives. For a short time after her union, it seemed as if his life and prosperity were to prove her triumphant answer to their objections. All was sunny, cheerful, promising. And the very friends who had warned and expostulated with her, were willing to believe that they had been wrong, and Mary right; and that affection had not unerringly pointed out to her, excellencies of character which they had not perceived. As if willing to atone for past enmity by warm friendship, they crowded advantages and facilities upon him, and liberally opened the way to wealth. For a time, all succeeded that he undertook, and no young man in the city seemed more certainly assured of competence than he. And Mary, how happy she was! We can pardon her short period of exultation, for she bitterly suffered for it.

Some men cannot bear prosperity; and Henry Irwine was one of these. Give them discouragements to meet, and unpropitious circumstances to combat, and they heave their way with a silent pride and resolute perseverance which conquers all obstacles. But let the sun shine on them, then pride soon finds outrageous utterance, and their resolution degenerates into opinionated obstinacy. They take pleasure in contemning good advice, and will do wilfully wrong, and against their own conviction, to mark their independence. Henry Irwine took early occasion to retaliate upon his wife's friends for what he affected to regard as their unwarrantable opposition. He accused them, while they were in no small degree the authors of his prosperity, as being drawn to him by it; and intimated that selfishness was the origin of their former enmity.

Mary was a true wife. She saw the injustice of her husband, and declined to acknowledge it, even to herself. At length, the coolness became more and more chilling, until it resulted in irreparable estrangement between Irwine and the friends of his wife. He gloried in what he considered complete, and endeavored to persuade himself that it was a righteous revenge. He made his former opponents suitors for his friendship, and proudly spurned them. Such was his impression. There was that they had overlooked the disagreeable character of their favorite's husband, and striven to befriend him; but that, true to his natural low instincts, he had refused. Neither party was entirely right. When the breach became final, Mary Irwine deserted father and mother, and kindred, for her husband, and identified herself with him, so far as lingering first affections would permit. But, if her heart yearned over the dear first friends of her youth, she never suffered her conduct to betray what she accounted a weakness; but clung to her husband with a madness of affection, which deserved a better return than she received.

end of such a course is easily prophesied. He fell among thieves; and for the wounds of friends exchanged the selfish flattery of knaves. Plucked of money, and bankrupt in credit and character, he awoke at last to find himself a ruined man; with a meek, uncomplaining wife dependent on him, and feeling twice as keenly as he did, all his ruin and degradation. The temptation which has ruined many, cannot in to complete his destruction. He sought oblivion of his degradation in the wine-cup, and there lost the last redeeming trace of hope of manhood. It is a fearful fall, when the appetites triumph, and the reason is dethroned; when the man wakes only to misery, and rushes back to inebriation again, in the vain hope to forget himself.

A lower depth still remained; and Henry Irwine found even that. His jaundiced thoughts dared to suspect her who, for love of him, had surrendered friends, home, happiness, hope. Because she did not, and could not rail against her own, as he did; because she was meek, and quiet, and uncomplaining, he quarrelled with her also. He charged that she hated him, and regretted that her fate was coupled with his. The last she could not deny; the first he saw in his own heart, and judged that it must be in hers also. It is their own fancied concealed reflection in the good, that the wicked hate.

And he dared, moreover, to accuse his wife as the cause of all his misfortunes. He said she triumphed in them! Can we wonder that she did not say that she did not? It might have been that she thought such a charge too wickedly preposterous to answer; or, it might have been that she was wearied into hate at last, and not displeased to find that there was one mode in which she could inflict pain on one who had heaped so many wrongs on her. Mary was drawing near her DARK HOUR.

CHAPTER II.
There is in most, if not all, careers, a moment—the crisis of life; an hour upon which all the future hangs. That crisis came to Mary Irwine.

Her house, robbed of many comforts, was not yet quite desolate. She clung, while a glimmer of hope remained, to her faith in her husband. She believed that all who knew him did not know his degradation. She thought that she had concealed it from many; and, fondly simpleton, imagined that men did not see through the hollowing of her smile when she spoke of her husband.

CHAPTER III.
Henry Irwine awoke to consciousness in a burning fever. It was not merely that which invariably follows debauch, nor was it that terrific delirium consequent upon long indulgence in intoxication, for his fall had been rapid, and the time of his error short. But disappointment, excess, and exposure, had made him, in a short space, a perfect wreck. He obeyed her guidance like a child, and she conducted him to his bed, and then, despatched the following note to an old friend:

He concealed it and followed the wife, with kind words, as an equal, and not as a patron, to the bed-side of her husband. For a moment he stood regarding the sad picture; then, gently taking the debauchee's hand, proceeded mechanically to count his pulse.

"Oh, Doctor!" cried the sufferer turning away, "this is the cruelty of kindness!" A dark shade came over his face. "No!" he shouted in a husky voice, "it is the keenness of insult!" He rose to spring forward; but his face became deadly pale, and he sank exhausted and powerless.

The Doctor sighed and turned away. He sat down and pencilled a prescription, and said, "I will call again."

"Will you, indeed?" said Mary, her face brightening up.

"Poor child!" said the old gentleman. "You are pleased to find that I admit that something ails him beside intemperance. Strange—strange—but very natural."—And he hurried out.

Henry lay some hours, weak but conscious. Feilfully, but painfully did his wife attend upon him; for while the necessity of attention and promptings of her heart called her to his side, she grieved to see that the sight of her face disturbed him; that he almost to distraction. And who can wonder?

GEN. PIERCE AND THE RELIGIOUS TEST.
In giving place to the following article, the *Washington Union* says:

"The whig leaders, actuated by the worst motives, and reckless of the consequences might ensue, have attempted to bring religion into party politics. They have appealed to our Catholic citizens, and attempted to array them against General Pierce because of the disability clause in the constitution of New Hampshire, to which he is opposed. The *Truth Teller* is one of the leading Catholic journals in the United States, and the article which we take from its columns gives assurance that the dangerous course of the whig leaders is fully understood, and that our Catholic citizens repudiate the efforts which have been made to induce them to come as a religious body into the arena of politics."

From the N. Y. *Truth Teller*, Aug. 21.
THE PRESBYTERY.—Efforts of a peculiarly mean, insidious and unscrupulous character are being made by agents of the whig party to catch Irish votes for the whig candidate for the presidency. The deep and well-grounded antipathy of Irishmen to the English government is made use of, and they are asked to vote for Scott, because, as is alleged, he carries "British lead" about some portion of his body.—The shrewd name of religion is also used, and Irishmen are asked to vote for Scott because a daughter of his has had the grace to become a Catholic. We allude to these despicable efforts and the silly arguments by which they are sustained, because we conceive that the parties who use them insult the understandings of Irishmen and Catholics in the United States. We do not deny—no one can—to Gen. Scott the merit of being a good soldier, but it may be worth while to inquire on what occasion he received this dose of "British lead" about which so much is said. It was at one of the battles of the war of 1812—a war declared and carried on by a democratic administration, and opposed in its inception and its progress by that whig party of which Gen. Scott is now the standard-bearer. Had that whig party in power in 1812 no war would have been declared in England, Scott would have won no laurels, and the United States would have been humiliated and disgraced. During the war with Scott, then a junior officer, obeyed the orders which he received from his superiors, and fought gallantly; but to the party which originated the war is due the thanks of all true Americans and of every enemy of English insolence. No matter what Scott's personal merits may be, he is now, and would be, if by accident, he should be elected, a tool in the hands of that party which, on every occasion since the foundation of the government, has lent itself to the designs of the British government—that party with whom originated the alien and sedition laws of John Adams and whose most prominent leaders, even of the present day, are tainted with the spirit of native-Americanism—that party who opposed every proposition for the extension, by purchase or negotiation, of the limits of the republic, by which from year to year new fields have been opened in the West and South for the labor of our oppressed countrymen—that party who have commissioned Abbot Lawrence to the Court of St. James, to beseech with his praise the tyrant aristocracy of England, and who, within the last two years, have signified their rule by the betrayal of the republics of Central America, and the most slavish submission to English aggression. Out with the cant of "British lead." We oppose Gen. Scott because he is the tool of a party whose sympathies are British, and whose policy has invariably tended to invite British aggression.

With reference to the religious cry, we would simply ask by whom has it been raised? By the avowed guardians of the Catholic religion in the United States—No! By zealous adherents or even open professors of that faith? No, such thing; but by men who belong to other religious persuasions, and who, if they be sincere, can have no sympathy with the Catholic religion. It is not, then, a love for the Catholic religion which actuates these parties, but a desire to make political capital out of the religious feelings of Irishmen. The attempt is not more reprehensible in the parties who make it than it would be disgraceful in any Irishman to allow himself for a moment to be influenced by such unworthy appeals. What matters it to any Catholic in America what religion Scott's daughter professes? What matters it even what religion Scott himself may profess? Here, in this free land, there is no State church, but all creeds are, by the terms of the constitution, placed on an equal footing before the State. To introduce, therefore, the question of religion into the arena of party politics is unequalled, is wicked. The man who does so, is not the friend of religion, nor of the peace and happiness of the United States. In Ireland the case would be different, for there the government is the enemy of the people's religion; here it is not so—never can be so, unless such parties as those to whom we have referred should be allowed to make of the religion of a numerous section

WHAT I HAVE NOTICED.
I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead, and that tombstones are all marked with the epitaphs of "good and virtuous." Is there any particular cemetery where the bad men are buried?

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is "forgive us our debts," but makes every body pay who owes him to the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue, is certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbors, surrender the razor to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the wise man's ambition, and the idol of all.

I have noticed that merit is always measured in the world by its success.

I have noticed that where newspapers are taken by a family, the children are always intelligent.

I have noticed that where a person makes justice his ruling motto, reward is certain.

Be mindful that the present time alone is ours, the past is dead, and the future yet unborn.