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Clearfield Republican.

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

Volume 3. Clearfield, Pa., November 19, 1852. Number 47.

Rates of Advertising.

1 square,	1 insertion,	$1 50	2 squares	3 months,		6 00
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From Eliza Cook's Journal.

TALES OF THE SLAVE SQUADRON.

THE REVENGE.

Lieutenant Armstrong was commander (acting) of the Curlew for months after the occurrence of the incidents related in a former paper; and a more zealous or successful officer has never, in my belief, been engaged in the hazardous and difficult service on the slave coast. In four months, we had made three captures—irrespective of the Fair Rosamond—the name of one of which El Reyna, a clipper brig that had long eluded the vigilance and outstripped the speed of our cruisers, as well as the ingenious mode by which she was finally made captive, and must have attracted the notice of many newspaper readers in those days. But although a first-rate seaman and dashing officer, there was a defect—perhaps I should say an exaggeration of character—in Lieutenant Armstrong, which, in a considerable degree, marred his high qualities, and gave a tone of harshness to his demeanor, under certain circumstances, quite foreign, I am sure to his real disposition. He was in a word—as I believe I have previously hinted—an iron disciplinarian, and this entirely from a conviction that only by the stern, relentless application of the maritime code of punishment could the supremacy of the navy be permanently attained. Peremptory, irresponsible power, such as then existed in the service, is pretty sure, at one time or the other, to lead an officer who indulges in it to the commission of serious wrongs and injustice. This, at all events, was once the case, during his professional life, with Lieutenant Armstrong, and the consequences of that grave error were, by a remarkable fatality, visited upon him and others, at a time and in a manner equally unexpected and terrible. This omitted but instructive passage in our naval history I am now about to place before the reader.

We took El Reyna into Sierra Leone, and while there, news was brought that Le Requin, (The Shark) a fitly-named, notorious, and successful slaver, was off the coast. This vessel, the property of a French Brazilian Creole, was commanded by a skilful and active desperado of the English name of Harrison, and once a petty officer in the royal navy. His assumed designation, however, was borrowed from the fine craft he commanded—Captain Le Requin—and he was reported to have under his orders a motly crew of some of the most reckless ruffians that could be picked out of the refuse of half a dozen civilized nations. It was, moreover, well known that Le Requin, when the "black" market was slack, overstocked, or more than usually hazardous, did a little in the way of ordinary, *admitted* piracy; and stringent orders had consequently been issued to the officers of the squadron to use their utmost efforts to sink or capture so daring and unscrupulous a rover.

It was manifest that Lieutenant Armstrong listened to the many rumors afloat relative to the probable whereabouts of Le Requin with a far deeper than merely professional interest. His inquiries as to the appearance of the vessel, and the haunts she chiefly frequented, were earnest and incessant; and it was whispered among us that Harrison had served in the same ship with the commander of Curlew, and that circumstances of an unusual character had occurred in connection with them both.—However this might be, there was evidently some strong private motive at the bottom of the Lieut's desperate anxiety to get away in search of the piratical slaver, and so quickly did he dispatch his official business relative to the Curlew's last important capture, that we were at sea again in half the time we had reckoned on remaining at Sierra Leone. Our course was to the south and east, and as the winds proved favorable, the Curlew rapidly swept the African sea-board from Sierra Leone to the Bight of Biafra, looking as we passed into every inlet that might afford shelter or concealment to the object of our search. A sharp, wearying look out was at length rewarded by a passing gleam of success. We were in about thirty Leagues of Cape Lopez, when the look out at the mast-head announced first one and then two sails on the weather-brow. They rose quickly out of the water, and no wonder, for they had a gale of wind on the quarter, and it was not long before we could guess very accurately at the character of both. The headmost was a square-rigged-ship of about four hundred tons burthen, pursued by an armed schooner of half that tonnage, coming up with her hand over hand. Commander Armstrong immediately pronounced the schooner to be Le Requin, an opinion confirmed by several old salts who had obtained a passing glimpse of the celebrated craft upon one or two occasions. As the Curlew, in anticipation of a dirty night, had been made very snug, and did not show much top hamper, it was hoped she might not be seen until Le Requin was within reach of her guns. For upwards of an hour this appeared likely enough;—but at last the anxious men, whose eyes swept the horizon in all directions from the merchantman's decks, caught sight of us, and unable to restrain their exultation at the glad vision of a man-of-war creeping up to the rescue, instantly let off a piece of pop-gun artillery, ran up the union-jack, and set up a tiny shout in derision of the pursuer, which the direction of the wind just enabled us to hear and echo with sundry very hearty maledictions on their stupid throats. Le Requin quickly hauled her wind, and at once recognizing the character of her new customer, got, with all possible speed, upon the same track as ourselves, and being a remarkably fine weatherly vessel, went off full half a point closer to the wind than the Curlew, thus showing from the first moment the well nigh hopeless aspect of the chase.

Night fell—Black as the inside of a tar-barrel—with a gale of wind that by midnight had increased to a tempest, accompanied by flashes of lightning and peals of thunder which those acquainted only with the electrical phenomena of the temperate regions can form but a faint conception of. Frequently, during the night, a more than usually brilliant corruscation showed us Le Requin upon the white crest of a huge wave, far away to windward; but when the cold gray morning dawned, the schooner had utterly disappeared, leaving us miserably cold, wet, disappointed and savage. One thing at all events, our night's chase had taught us—that the Curlew was no match for Le Requin in point of speed, and that if we ever should succeed in putting salt upon his tail, it must be by some cleverer expedient than that of running him at the rate of five feet to his six.

Captain Armstrong looked considerably bluer than the bluest of us, and did not reappear on the deck till five or six hours after the ascertained disappearance of the schooner. He then ordered the Curlew's course to be changed to the north-west till further orders. The further orders were not issued till about noon on the morrow, when the sloop's head was pointed nearly due south; and whilst cracking under a stiff breeze in that direction, the commander's new "dodge" for entrapping the coveted prey developed upon itself. The broad white ribbon along the gun line was painted black; our No. 1 man-of-war canvass was exchanged for some worn, and here and there patched, merchant sails, fished up from the hold; the shiny brass fittings of the deck, and the glittering figure-head, were smudged brown; the brass swivil-gun amid-ships was unshipped and sent below; the carpenter and his crew manufactured a lot of wooden gun muzzles, (Quakers,) and these, when painted, were protruded from the port holes in the place of the real barkers, which were carefully concealed beneath tarpaulin sails, hen-coops, gratings, and other lumber; and so ostentatiously warlike were the 'Quakers' fashioned, that their harmless character could be detected by half an eye at half a league's distance. Many other minor changes and disguises were effected, and the Curlew's transmogrification was complete.

We now gradually edged away to the eastward, and as soon as we reached about nine degrees south latitude and five degrees east longitude, the Curlew's bows once more pointed northward, and we crept slowly enough along in the day, whilst during the night we generally lay to, in order not to get on too rapidly. By the commander's orders all the officers—himself included—replaced their epauletted and laced uniforms and cocked hats by round jackets and hats, and not more than twenty men were allowed to be on deck in daylight. All these twigs being carefully limed, we made way at an avarage rate of not more than three or four knots an hour, and in as lubberly a fashion—considering the but recent practice of the crew in that line—as could be expected. Time crept on as lazily as we did, and doubts whether our Captain's clever contrivance would not end in smoke were beginning to be entertained, when we spoke a brig bound for the Cape, a little north of the equator, which gave us the pleasant information that a large barque she had fallen in with, laden with ivory, palm oil and gold dust, had been plundered the previous evening by a practical schooner, supposed to be Le Requin. The crew, it was farther stated had not been personally maltreated, and the barque had proceeded on her course.

This was great news, and so well did it sharpen the optics of many of us, that an almost simultaneous hail, from a half a dozen voices, at day break the next morning, announced a strange sail, hull down astern, and steering westward. Every glass in the sloop was quickly directed towards the stranger, whose white sails—unmistakeably those of a schooner—glanced brilliantly in the newly-risen, unclouded sun. Every body felt, or affected to be sure, it was Le Requin; and when the schooner—which did not for some time appear to see us—turned her bowsprit towards the Curlew and crowded sail evidently in pursuit, the last lingering doubt vanished, and we, of course zealously busied ourselves with ostentatious efforts to effect our escape from the suspicious looking craft.

But spite of all we could do, so miserably was our ship handled and steered—terror-stricken men could do nothing well; that we could hardly get five knots out of her; and the ferocious schooner would, it was quite certain, be up with us in less than no time. The commander's face was deathly pale from over-excitement, I supposed; and as for the crew, they were in an ecstacy of uncontrollable mirth. The notion of a sloop-of-war running away from, and being chased by, a slaver or pirate, was a joke so exquisite as to defy all ordinary modes of expression; and the astounding capers the men cut—the grimly comical squints and winks, and quiet grins (silence being strictly enforced) they exchanged with each other and the advancing schooner, was irresistably droll. Once it was feared that a misgiving as to whom it was he was so eagerly pursuing, had seized our friend, for which not more than half a league astern, he suddenly luffed, and stood across our wake, apparently in keen scrutinizing observation. His hesitation was but momentary—the fierce aspect of the "Quakers," I think, re-assured him—and the chase was resumed. In about half an hour he ranged fiercely up our weather-beam, and as the red flash and white smoke which heralded a shot across Curlew's bows broke out of the schooner's side, a hoarse powerful voice roared thro' a trumpet from the after part of the deck—"Heave to or I'll sink you?"

The commander of the Curlew leaped upon a gun-carriage, lifted his round glazed hat, and rejoined, in as loud and fierce, but mocking tone—"That will we, Captain Le Rquin, and in a hurry too." At the same instant the seamen concealed about the deck sprang to their feet, the rest of the crew tumbled with loud shouts up the hatchways, the "Quakers" were shoved overboard, and before the astounded captors well apprehended what had happened, they were confronted by the frowning double-shotted battery of the Curlew, and flight or resistance was out of the question. As soon, however, as the wild, confused yell of rage and terror arose from the motly crowd that crowded the slave pirate's deck had sufficiently subsided to permit of her captain's voice being heard, a desperate, but of course futile effort to escape, was made. We were in no trim or humor for another chase, and at a wave from Captain Armstong's hand, gun after gun, belched forth its iron shower upon the ill-starred schooner, and with such a terrible havoc to her spars and rigging, that in a few minutes she was a helpless log upon the water.

The pirate carried no colors, but in this strait some of the crew ran up a Brazilian flag, and instantly hauled it down again in token of surrender. The fire at once ceased, and the schooner was hailed to send her captain on board the Curlew, immediately. In a minute or so, it was replied that the captain had been carried below, mortally wounded, was rapidly bleeding to death, and could not therefore be removed. I was standing close by Commander Armstrong at the moment; and noticed that a hot, swarthy flush passed over his pale, exciting features. After a moment's thought, he said, hastily, "Sutcliffe, have a boat alongside, manned and armed as quickly as you can. I must see this fellow myself, and without delay, it seems. So saying he left the deck. By the time the boat was ready he re-appeared in full uniform, and was swiftly rowed on board the prize.

After briefly directing the men to disarm and secure the crew, he hurried below, motioning as he did so, that I should accompany him. The captain of Le Requin—a tall, gaunt, but not, I should think, originally ill-looking man—was unquestionably dying. His right leg had been carried away above the knee by a round shot, and although a rude torniquet had been applied, the loss of blood had previously been so great that life, as we entered, fluttered but feebly in his veins, and there was scant breath left, it struck me, in the mutilated, panting frame, to answer much questioning if that were, as I supposed, Liutenant Armstrong's purpose there. This was my first impression; but the ferociously-triumphant scowl that broke from his darkening eyes at the sound of his visitor's voice, (he had not seemed to recognize him by sight) testified to the still untamed energy of *will* which could thus force back retreating life to the citadel it had but finally abandoned. He partially raised himself, and glared at the Lieutenant, as if in fearful doubt that his failing eye-sight and hearing had deceived him. "*You* here—Lieutenant Armstrong *here!*" he hoarsely gasped as he fell back—"then is death welcome as a bird!"

"I am sorry to see you thus, Harrison," said the Lieutenant, in a compassionate tone, "I would much rather have met you alive and well."

"You could never have *captured* me alive," retorted Harrison. "That I am always provided against. And sorry, are you?" he went on, relapsing into feebleness. "The time is past when that might have availed. You have been my rock ahead through life—always. El Reyna and her dusty cargo were partly mine—and now, Le Requin's gone. Yes, ever my triumphant foe—oppressor. But," he said again with kindling ferocity, "the *last* stake, the crowning one, and that, *that*—Lieutenant Armstrong—*I* win."

"I once give you grievious wrong, Harrison," replied the Lieutenant, heedless of this menace—unintentionally so. It was a mistake—a blunder which I regret—although—"

"It was a murder!" screamed the dying seaman—"murder of soul and body. For another's fault—not mine—you lacerated my flesh and brutified my spirit, I was a lost man from that hour! I, gently born to be—but no matter. Well, I ran, was caught—again flayed by your order; yet I escaped at last, and now—now!"

The savagely exultant tones of these words not only startled me, but also for a moment the steel-nerved commander of the Curlew. It seemed a vain alarm.—There was no other person in the cabin save a colored lad about nine years of age. Harrison himself was lying helplessly upon a locker in front of his opening sleeping-berth, in which hung a short bell-pull, the tassel of which his right hand fingers clutched convulsively; but what help could he summon? The crew, we know from the quiet overhead had been secured. He was, no doubt, I concluded, partly delirious, and fancied himself still in command of the Le Requin. The lad, whose bright, glistening eyes had been intently fixed upon us, (he was Harrison's son) handed his father a cordial of some sort. It greatly revived him, and the expiring lamp of life played up with momentary brightness in the socket.

"You well know, Harrison," urged the commander of the Curlew, "what I wish to be informed—assured of."

"Ay, to be sure I do. Did the beautiful Bermudan Creole live, die or marry? To be sure. Ay, and I will tell you," added Harrison, quickly, as if suddenly warned that but a few moments remained for him. "You *alone*—in no one else' hearing—Johny," he went on rapidly addressing his son, "I dropped a pocket-book near the fore hatchway—the *fore* hatchway mind: fetch it to me at once. And, you sir!"—He looked at me. Lieutenant Armstrong nodded affirmatively, and I followed the lad up the companion-stairs. The boy went forward, but I, prompted by my curiosity, remained about midships, where, unobserved myself, could discern through the the long open, sky-light, what was going on at the furthest end of the cabin, and pretty well hear what passed. I missed some words; either of anger or remonstrance, they seemed, and then Lieutenant Armstrong exclaimed passionately—

"Will you answer me or not? Say yes or no!"

"Yes, yes," shouted Harrison, fiercely grasping what I had taken for a bell-rope. "This—this, atrocious tyrant—this is my answer!"

A terrible volume of bright flame, accompanied by the roar as if of a thousand thunders suddenly burst forth. I felt caught and whirled into the air by a fiery whirlwind, and I remembered nothing more till several days afterwards, when I awoke to returning consciousness in an hospital at Cape Coat Castle. I had been frightfully bruised and burnt, and fever had supervened; but the loss of two left-hand fingers was the only permanent injury I sustained. The lad Johny had also been picked up, scarcely hurt; and from him and others of the Le Requin's crew, the mode by which the explosion, which blew the after-part of the schooner into fragments, had been effected, was pretty accurately asbertained. It was Harrison's fixed resolve—especially after he had added piracy to his less hazardous trade of man stealing—never to be taken alive. With this view, a barrel of gunpowder was placed beneath his cabin floor, into which, when about to engage in any perilous enterprise, a flint gunlock was inserted, the trigger of which was attached to the bell-rope hanging in his sleeping berth. Both himself and Lieutenant Armstrong must have been blown to atoms—a sad fate to befall so zealous and promising an officer, more especially as the well earned honors and rewards of his profession were then within his reach, and time had begun to sensibly mellow and soften an unfortunate rigidity of temperament to which, as we have seen, the sudden melancholy catastrophe is mainly owing.

THE SEASONS OF ICELAND.—From the 16th or 18th of June till the end of the month there is no night. The sun disappears for a short time behind the hills, but twilight and dawn are blended together, and the rays of the evening have not faded from the sky before the morning light breaks forth with renewed brilliancy. I was in Iceland from the 15th of May to the 29th of July, and although I never went to bed before eleven o'clock, I did not once require the light of a candle. In May, as well as towards the end of July, the twilight lasted about two hours, but it was never dark. Even at the time of my departure I could see to read till half past eleven. At first it seemed very strange to go to bed in broad daylight; but I soon got used to it, and no sunshine was bright enough to keep me awake till after eleven o'clock. It often struck me as very ridiculous, however, to go out for an evening stroll about ten, and myself in the full light of day, instead of the soft glimmering of the moon and stars.—*Baird.*

The Lost Daughter—A Thrilling Incident.

A letter dated Detroit, Oct. 14th, in the Cleveland Plaindealer, says:

An incident occurred on last Thursday afternoon which filled the town with much excitement, and which called forth many a legend of the kind remembered by the oldest inhabitants.

A few boys, who had been out on a hunting excursion, called at one of their neighbor's and began shooting at a mark. A little girl about eight years old, who had formerly had an illness that had affected her head, got alarmed at the firing, and ran into the woods.

In a short time she was missed, and it was remembered that she had been running toward the woods, and consequently a search began, btu night came on, and with it rain, which rendered further search for her that night impossible. Morning came, and yet the little wanderer had not returned. Its frantic parents, with one other child, made further search till the sun had passed the hour of twelve, and yet no tidings of the lost one were had.—The neighborhood was alarmed, and dogs, horns, and every instrument of the rustic kind, were marshalled, for the search, but again night, with its Egyptian horrors, set in, without restoring the little cherished one. Minutes seemed hours, with its distracted mother.

At length the long wished for morning came, and with it a hundred men and boys, who, notwithstanding the still continued storm, went forth into the depths of the woods, in search of the child, with an eagerness that was commendable beyond the compass of words to express; and yet again night set in and still the lost was not found. What the agonies of the mother were, as the marshalled force returned without her little charge, tears, shrieks, groans, incoherent ejaculations, and a picture of despair, can only portray, words are inadequate. Another dreadful night was passed. An increased force was raised, who marshalled themselves with the dawn of the Sabbath, before the door of the bereaved parents.—Prayers were offered to Almighty God, and the aid of heaven invoked to direct in the search. The preliminaries, being arranged, a long line was formed upon the section lines, and the march renewed.—Hour after hour passed, and not a vestige of the missing was discovered.

Every tree, stump and log, possessing a suspicious cavity, underwent the closest scrutiny; every bush and thicket, thickly foliaged, every fir and credle knoll was visited as the band pressed onward. Long and ardent was the search, and many fears for the lost little one were entertained. The sun had far passed the zenith, and was hastening behind the Western hill, when an elderly man and his son, partly discouraged, as well as wearied with the search, were drawn as by the hand of an invisible pilot, in an opposite direction, far from the band, and while standing and discoursing upon the propriety of abandoning further search, a distant sound broke upon their ear. They hastened in the direction from which the sound proceeded, and having travelled as far as practicable, they halted and listened for a few minnies very intently: again that sound was heard, and turning a few steps in another direction, what was their surprise to behold the little object of their search sitting upon the ground, having just awakened and arisen from a bed of leaves, which it had collected by the side of an old log. There the little innocent sat, in her tattered dress, sobs and sighs heaved her little bosom, and large tears rolled down her swollen cheeks.

As she caught the first glimpse of her deliverers, she asked for something to eat, "Oh," said she, "I have been obliged to go to bed nights without my supper; please to give me something to eat." They took up the little sufferer, and started for home, which was about four miles distant.—While passing through a snarl of tall grass, they asked her if she had passed thro' any such grass. "Oh, yes," said she, "I have travelled a great way through much taller grass than this, and I would call for my father to come and get me, but he would not; I would call for my mother to come and get me, but she would not, then I would call for my little brother, and he would not come after me. So I travelled on." On being then asked if she slept warm at nights, she said "yes, but the first night my little brother went to bed with me, and in the night he pulled off all the clothes, so I got cold." Arrived in sight of the house, the distracted mother rushed forth, her haggard countenance now irradiated with the gratitude of heaven for the deliverence of her child, and as she received and pressed the little wanderer to her breast, exclaimed, "my daughter is safe."

☞ An author of a love story, in describing his heroine, says: "Innocence dwells in the rich clusters of her dark hair." A waggish editor suggests that a fine tooth comb would bring it out.

☞ When a Tennessee girl is slyly kissed, she puts on a frown and says, "Now, put that article back, sir, where you stole it from.

GREAT MEN NEVER DIE.

In the oration delivered by Webster in Faneuil Hall, in 1826, on the death of Adams and Jefferson, he thus tells us, and his words have now full application to himself, that great and good men never die.

Adams and Jefferson, I have said are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as on subsequent periods, the heads of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there, of the great and good, which can die. To their country they yet live, and live, and live forever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions; in the offspring of their intellect; in the deep engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example, and they live, emphatically, and will live in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world. A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning bright for a while and then expiring, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radient light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire from the potent contact of its own spirit. Bacon died; but the human understanding, roused by the touch of his miraculous wand, to a perception of the true philosophy, and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course, successfully and gloriously. Newton died; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on, in their orbits which he saw, and described for them, in the infinity of space.

Of the Population of the Globe.

The population of the globe is supposed to be a thousand millions; or, according to Mr. Hassel, 937,856,000. If, then, says a French writer, all mankind were collected in one place, every four individuals occupying a square metre, the whole might be contained in a field ten miles square. Thus, generally speaking, the population of a country might be packed without much squeezing, in its capital—But the mean idea this gives us of the number of the human race, is counterbalanced by its capability of extension.—The new world is said to contain of productive land 4,000,000 square miles of middling quality, each capable of supporting two hundred inhabitants; and 6,000,000 of a better quality, capable of supporting five hundred persons. According to this calculation, the population of the new world, as peace and civilization advance, may attain to the extent of 4,000,000,000. If we suppose the surface of the old world to be double that of America, (and notwithstanding the comparative poverty of the land, this calculation may be accepted, if we say nothing of Australia and the various archipelagoes,) it would support 8,000,000,000; and thus the aggregate population of the entire globe might amount to 12,000,000,000, or twelve times the present number.

SAM AND HIS MASTER.—A good story is told of a southern gentleman in one of the southern States, who being very ill, proposed that an aged slave, who had been very faithful to him, should be called in to his room. Sam soon made his appearance, and with a joyful face drew near to his master, expected that he was about to pronounce to him his purpose of leaving him free.

You know, said the master, you have always been a faithful servent to me, Sam.

Yes massa, he replied.

Poor Sam expected the next sentence contained his freedom.

But, said his master, you know, Sam, I always treated you kindly.

Sam was now all anxiety to hear, and looked gracefully into the face of his dying master, and waited to hear the charming word Freedom? But what was Sam's disappointment when he said:—

In consideration of your long and faithful services, I have directed in my will that when you die you shall be buried by my side.

After a long pause, Sam replied—

Me no like dat, massa.

Why don't you like it? It will be an honor to you.

Me no like it, indeed, massa, for some dark night de Debil come look for massa, and mistake and take poor Sam.

☞ An old maid, in speaking of marriage, says it is like any other disease—while there's life, there's hope.

Gerritt Smith the ultra abolitionist has been elected to Congress in the Oswego district, N. Y.