THE REPUBLICAN

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Clearfield Republican.

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

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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, PRINTED IN THE VERY BEST STYLE, AND ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE, AT THE OFFICE OF THE "CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN."

A PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

My text this morning is contained in these few words:—

How solveless is woman!
How tender is woman!
How loving is woman!
How child-like is woman!

My hearers—sure enough, how solveless is woman! She is an unguessable riddle, a most intricate enigma, a flower which in analyzing, no one can tell to a certainty whether it be poisonous or innoxious—not always. She has been with man from the beginning, and he hasn't found her out yet. She is comparatively an unexplored country—an alphabet of hieroglyphics—a magic mystery. Nobody knows what her heart contains.—Sometimes it seems stuffed with love, tenderness and sympathy; and at others, filled with nothing but grit and gravel. It won't answer to shake her: you cause the acids and alkalies to come in contact, and then such an effervescence takes place, as might lower the ambition of pearl ash and cider.

Like the month of April, she is all sunshine and showers. Many a tear-drop evaporates in the warm light of a smile, ere it has a chance to fall; and many a bright smile is suddenly quenched by a sprinkle of some passing cloud of sorrow about the size of a blanket.

Griefs bubble up from her bosom, to burst in an atmosphere of joy, like autumnal flowers; spring from the warm bed of her heart, to be cut down by the sudden frost of grief. A queer compound is woman! She is made of modesty, boldness, beauty, silks and satins, jealousy, love, hatred, horse-hair, whalebone, piety, paint, gayety, gum-elastic, bear's grease, sympathy, tears, smiles, affections and kindness. She talks with her tongue, speaks with her eyes, is eloquent in her actions, and yet I cannot understand it.

My friends how tender is woman! She is as tender as a chicken, and as tough as an old gobbler. She must be screened from the hot summer's sun, sheltered from the cold blast of winter; and yet, if she makes up her mind to do it, she can outsweat the sun, face a northeaster, and can be a match for the devil. But inwardly, she is as tender as the mercies of heaven; her heart is as much softer than a man's as bees-wax is softer than a brick-bat.—Her sympathies are as delicate as down on angel's wings, and her love appears as fresh and unfading amid the sorrows of adversity, as the evergreen wreath that encircled the brow of old winter. Her tenderness is too tough to be destroyed by whatever chance, fortune, or time may bring—as tough as tripe, and twice as common.

My hearers, how loving is woman! Aye, she is amazingly sick in her attachments. She will cling to the chosen object of her heart like a possum to a gum tree, and you can't separate her without snapping the strings that no art can mend, and leaving a portion of her soul upon the upper leather of her affections. She will sometimes see some things to love where others can discover nothing to admire, and when her fondness is once fastened on a fellow, it sticks like glue and molasses in a bushy head of hair.

My hearers, how child-like is woman! A plaything herself, she is fond of every plaything in the world's great toy shop. Her home is the realm of fancy, her existence is very ideal reality, her very miseries are mingled with a pleasing romance—her present is always bright, and her future still brighter. Would that I were a woman, to be pleased with every poesy that pops its head above the weeds of a wicked world, and have no thorns to molest me, whilst gathering the wild flowers of imagination. Child-like woman is very happy. Tickled with the straw of flattery, delighted with every rainbow-tinted bubble that floats upon the wave of time—as antic as a young coon is by moonlight, and as a cricket, she dances in the sunlight of joy, and seems to use every endeavor to coax us male, moody mortals into brighter and happier paths. So mote it be!

THE DARKNESS GONE.—M. A. Townsend writing from New Brighton, Pa., under date of June 27, says: "A little boy *blind* from birth, aged about four years, died in this village a few days ago with scarletina. About an hour before the little sufferer departed, he exclaimed: "*Pa! I see now. Darkness is all gone.—Day is come!*" His father inferred from the incident that he was better, and would probably recover. But an hour passed, and he was with the angels.

HORRID MURDER.—A man in Ulster county, N. Y., named George A. Wentworth, on Friday last, had a dispute with his wife, when he seized her by the hair, and drawing her back, deliberately cut her throat with a razor from ear to ear, nearly severing the head from the body. Their daughter who ran to the aid of her mother was severely cut about the arms. He was arrested.

☞ Counterfeit dollars and half dollars, difficult to detect, are said to be in circulation in Wheeling. They ring as clearly as the genuine coin.

BEING SOMEBODY.

BY ELIZA A. CHASE

"Come, William, you will go with us this afternoon," said James Gray to his cousin.

"No, James; and I have already given you my reasons for refusing," was the reply.

"A fig for such reasons! You can't afford the time! Why, man—or boy rather, for you will never be a man—what is one afternoon that you are so afraid of spending it."

"Much, very much, James. I have a difficult plan almost completed, and wish to finish it while the idea is fresh in my mind."

"That everlasting plea again. Some old machinery, enough to puzzle the brain of Archimedes himself. Are you going to invent a perpetual motion? I do declare, you are enough to provoke the patience of a saint. Forever moping over plans, diagrams, and models, and heathenish machinery, that would make one think your room a pagan temple. I expect you will apply for a patent for an improvement in the car of Juggernaut. But it is of no use to talk to you, for you are 'joined to you idols.'"

"I would try to be somebody," he pettishly continued, as he turned towards the door.

"Would you, James?" was the quite reply of William. "Well, I *am trying* to be somebody."

"You take a strange way for it, though. Here you are shut up in this dismal room, night after night, never enjoying a harmless trick with the rest of us, or giving yourself any of the endulgences that made life pleasant. Even a holiday makes no difference with you. One would think that you loved the very sight of tools and workshop, for you have them forever with you."

"Don't get excited, James," said William, smiling. "Come, be serious now. Do I neglect any of my duties? Do I not perform as much labor and succeed as well in my trade as any of you? And as for enjoyments, no one loves pleasure better than I do. I should enjoy a sail with you this afternoon very much, but I cannot indulge myself, for my means of improvement are limited, and but little of my time can I call my own."

"James, we are machinists, causing gross material substances to assume shapes of beauty and fitness under the mysterious supremacy of our wills. Some call this a low, a common business, a mechanical operation; but it is not so. There is a mental power to which matter must bow, and there is nothing higher than to elevate and ennoble our conceptions so as to make this plastic matter subservient to the best interests of man. It is thus improvements are made. First, the ideal, then the corresponding outward form. Now, in my mind there is shadowed forth, though but dimly——"

"Save me from such learned inflictions," exclaimed James. "I have no taste for what I cannot understand. Well William, be a dreamer if you please. I am for active life and its pleasures. Hurrah for our sail, and good-by to the second Fulton!"

"Poor James! A mere hewer of wood and drawer of water," said William, as he closed the door and resumed his employment.

"Where's Will?" cried several vocies, as James joined his comrades in the street.

"O, in his room of course, calculating how much beetle power it will take to draw an acorn up an ant-hill."

"Couldn't you prevail on him to come. He is one of the best rowers we have."

"Prevail on him? No, you might as well try to prevail on an oyster to leave his shall? I was really vexed and gave him a short piece of my mind. I told him, at length, I would try to be somebody," said James, lighting his cigar and twirling his cane after the most approved fashion.

"Good!" said Harry Gilbert, "I am glad you showed your spirit. William is a good-hearted fellow, if he is so full of oddities, and it may perhaps start him from his burrow. But what did he say?"

"O, after arguing the matter awhile, he went off into a learned dissertation, in the midst of which I made my escape. His 'conceptions' and 'ideals' were to much for me. He will never be anybody in the world, that's the long and short of it."

James and Will Gray were cousins, and were both apprentices in a machine shop, where verious kinds of machinery were made. James, as may be inferred by the foregoing conversation, looked upon his employment as a necessary evil.—To him it was mere manual labor, a given number of blows, a requisite degree of heat a certain expenditure of strength—in a word, it was toil in its most literal sense.

William, on the contrary, viewed it with the eye of an artist. There was not merely the rough iron to be moulded into some uncared for machine, but, as he had told James, a plastic material, assuming beauty by the will of man. He studied, therefore not only the machinacle part of trade, but his inventive genius was excited. Curiosity led him to examine the uses and peculiar adaptation of the machinery he made, till at length his active mind suggested warious improvements.

All his leisure time was employed in the construction of models, and his room might have been taken for a miniature patent office. The last year of his apprenticeship was nearly at a close, and William had not only improved, but had invented several useful designs.

Looking over the paper one day, he read an offer of a prize of a thousand dollars for the best model for a peculiar kind of machinery to be used in a cotton factory.

"Why should I not try?" said William. He understood what was wanted, and day after day did he study intensely on the subject. At length he grasped the idea, and it was the model of this upon which he was at work when James urged him to join the sailing party.

Late at night his cousin returned, weary with pleasure, and found him sitting at the table, a sealed package before him, his cheeks flushed, an unusual brightness in his eye, and a peculiar expression on his countenance.

About a week after this, a gentleman knocked at the door. It was opened by James who was then alone.

"I wish to see Mr. Gray," said the stranger, glancing with a smile at the peculiar decoration of the room.

"My name is Gray," returned James, placing a chair for the guest.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your success, Mr. Gray," said the gentleman, pointing to a counterpart of the model which stood upon the table.

"My success! I do not understand you, sir," said James.

"Are you not Mr. Gray, the inventor of this delicate and important machinery?"

"I am Mr. Gray, but I am not the inventor of anything," returned James somewhat bitterly. "Here is the fortunate person, my cousin, William Gray," he continued, as William entered.

"I rejoice in your success, young man," said the stranger to William. "Your plan has met the entire approbation of the committee of which I am one. My name is Wilson, and I am authorized to pay you the thousand dollars on condition that you superintend the erection of the works to be established."

William was astonished, overwhelmed, and after expressing his thanks, added, "I am yet an apprentice, and my time will not expire within some three months. After that I will accept your offer, if you will wait till then."

"An apprentice!" said Mr. Wilson.—"How, then, let me ask you, have you obtained such a knowledge of mechanics?"

"By saving my leisure moments, joined to a love of my business as involving some of the best interests of man."

Six months from that time saw William in a responsible office, with a high salary, and the patentee of several useful inventions, while James was a journeyman laborer with twenty-five dollars a month.

"Well James," said Harry Gilbert, a short time after, "William is *somebody*, after all."

"Yes," returned James, "I think we have judged him wrongly once. I would give all I have in the world to live over my apprantice life. These leisure moments are what makes the man, after all, Harry!"

THE TOMB OF FRANKLIN

A dilapidated dark slab of stone, at the southwest corner of Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, marke (or did a few years ago) the spot where rests the remains of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin; but you cannot see their grave nor read the inscription without scaling a high brick wall, in violation of the law, or securing a good opportunity and the favor of the sexton, each of which is said to be attended with difficulty. So well hidden is this grave, and so little frequented, that we have known many native Philadelphians, of men's and women's estate, who could not direct one to the locality where it may be found. Yet Franklin was a man whose equal is not the product of every century—a patriot whom his country should forever revere—a philosopher whose name will live so long as science shall endure; and the wife of his heart was to him more than the woman always proves to the husband of her love—a companion, counseller, and self sacrificing friend. They should forever repose beneath the old gray stone that cannopies their bed—a monument beautiful in its appropriate simplicity; but around them should be constructed a beautiful iron fence, through which we might behold their quiet abode; and the choicest of flowers and evergreens should richly adorn it.

☞ Mrs. Partington thinks the pillars of liberty are stuffed with the feathers of the American eagle. The superintendents of the United States Mint are investigating the matter.

☞ A Young Preacher out west, in describing heaven, says its a world of bliss fenced in with girls. Where's the man that wont repent now?

☞ Three things to Love—Courage, gentleness, affectionateness.

SUSQUEHANNA SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

JULY 5, 1853.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I am authorized to request you to publish the following:

J. H. REED.

MONDAY, JULY 4TH.—The Sabbath Schools of this place, met according to arrangement, at the School House near Thos. Campbell, sen.'s, in order to celebrate the 77th Anniversary of our National Independence.

The following officers were appointed: Marshal of the day, J. F. Lee, Esq.; President, John McManus; Vice Presidents, Rev. James McGhee and Wm. Martin; Secretary, John H. Reed.

The Sabbath School procession, and a large concourse of citizens and ladies, were escorted from the place of meeting to the grove, by the Pennsylvania Guards, Capt. Odell, accompanied by a well trained Martial Band, whose shrill notes and merry beats lit up the smiles of joy in the bright countenances of the children; stirred up the youth to a lively participation in the public rejoicing; and to the aged sire brought back the fond recollection of bygone days, when they met to celebrate the same memorable event in earlier years.

The grove selected is a delightful spot—where grow the evergreen pine and the sturdy oak, beneath whose shade we happily spent the day in the following order:

Prayer, by Rev. Jas. McGhee; after which we were entertained by the reading of the Declaration of Independence by J. McManus; also an address to the Sunday School, by the Rev. Jas. McGhee, and an appropriate address by Wm. Martin, Esq. Wm. T. Gilbert, Jas. A. Campbell and John Brickel were appointed a committee to draft general toasts. We now partook of a most sumptuous dinner, prepared by the ladies of the vicinity, for the benefit of the Sunday School in this place. After this refreshing repast, the following toasts were presented, and answered by hearty cheers.

GENERAL TOASTS.

1. The day we celebrate—May it continue to be celebrated until the evening star of Time shall set, and the morning star of Eternity arise.

2. The memory of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

3. The Patriots and Soldiers of the Revolution—Their services will be remembered and appreciated by every patriot heart for ages to come.

4. Gen. George Washington—His public life and example are worthy of imitation.

5. Thomas Jefferson—The author of that invaluable document, the Declaration of Independence; his name will be eulogized and venerated by all who can appreciate true liberty.

6. The Flag of the Union—Acknowledged and respected in every sea, and in every port, by every civilized nation under Heaven.

7. The President of the United States—May he always bear in mind, that his powers are only trust powers, to be exercised to the strict benefit of those who created them—namely, the people.

8. The Army and Navy of the United States—Brave, honorable, and humane; their conquest in Mexico is a brilliant example of their powers.

9. Pennsylvania—The Key Stone of the Federal Arch.

10. The Congress of the U. S.—May they keep a steady eye on the Constitution: and, like the Polar Star to the mariner, it will be a sure guide.

11. Sunday Schools and Common Schools—The guardians of our civil and religious institutions; may they receive able and efficient support and encouragement.

12. Liberty and Union, one and inseparable.

13. The Fair Sex—The joy of our youth, our helpmates in prosperity, our companions and consolers in adversity.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By N. B. McMurray—The Sabbath Schools: May this blest institution ever prosper, and the name of Robert Rakes, its founder, ever be remembered.

By J. D. Kime—The mutual Pledge of Fidelity: May it ever be remembered, and Charles Carroll of Carrolton, the last signer and surviver of the Declaration of Independence; where they pledged to each other their Lives, their Fortunes, and their Sacred Honors, for the grand cause of liberty.

By Abraham Breath, jr.—The American Soldier of Freedom: May he not want in time; and when he has finished his warfare on earth, may he pitch his tent in Elysian Fields, there to receive his reward from the right hand of the God of Battles.

By A. S, Martin—Women: The beauty and pride of America.

By Henry Nealy—The Fair Sex: The only true aristocracy—who elect without vote, govern without law, and decide without appeal, and are never in the wrong.

By A. L. Smith—Here's to the tree of Liberty: Merry sons of America, cultivate it until its branches extend over the entire globe.

To the Penna. Guards, by an Officer.—May the same spirit of friendship still continue to exist amongst the members of our Company, as has been manifested in times past.

By Wm. Martin, sen.—The humiliation of tyranny and oppression in all their multiplicity of forms, and the exaltation of liberty and independence all over the world.

By J. H. Reed—To the ladies who furnished the entertainment: May their lives be long, happy and useful; their abundance never fail them—but a never failing ratio of increase of all good attend them and theirs.

By one of the Guards—The cartridge box, the ballot box, and the band box; the external, internal, and eternal preservatives of republicanism.

By Wm. T. Gilbert—Gov. Bigler: The true friend of Pennsylvania's interests.

By H. A. Bathurst—The tree of Liberty: May its leaves never wither nor its roots decay.

Anonymous—Great Britain: The Goliah of '76. The United States: The David who slung a stone and brake his skull.

Good order was a characteristic of the day, and we hope that each succeeding 4th of July will find the people more and more temperate, intelligent and good.

WHERE WAS THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WRITTEN.—This is a question which has excited much discussion. The following letter from Mr. Jefferson settles the question. The house he designates is at the corner of Seventh and High (or Market) streets, Philadelphia, the lower story of which is now occupied as a clothing store, and the upper stories as a printing office:—

MONTICELLO, Sept. 26, 1825.

To Dr. James Mease, Philadelphia:

Dear Sir:—It is not for me to estimate the importance of the circumstances concerning which your letter of the 8th makes inquiry. They prove, even in this minuteness, the sacred attachments of our fellow citizens to the event of which the paper of July 4, 1776, was but the declaration, the genuine effusion of the soul of our country at that time. Small things may, perhaps, like the relics of saints, help to norish our devotion in this holy bond of our Union, and keep it longer alive and warm in our affections. This effect may give importance to circumstances, however small. At the time of writing that instrument, I lodged in the house of a Mr. Graaf, a now brick house, three stories high, of which I rented the second floor, consisting of a parlor and a bed room, ready furnished. In that parlor I wrote habitually, and in it wrote this paper, particularly. So far I state from written proofs in my possession. The proprietor, Graaf, was a young man, son of a German, and then newly married. I think he was a brick-layer, and that his house was on the south side of Market street, probably between Seventh and Eighth streets, and if not the only house on that side of the street, I am sure there were few others near it. I have some idea that it was a corner house, but no other recollections throwing light on the question or worth communication. I am ill, therefore only add assurance of my great respect and esteem.

MRS. STOWE IN PARIS.

Mrs. Stowe seems to have failed entirely to produce a sensation in Paris. The French are either too busily engaged by some more attractive object of public concern, or they feel no particular interest in meddling in our domestic affairs; and in this point of view they exhibit a striking contrast with the English nobility. We presume the secret of this contrast is this: the English have cherished for years the *philanthropic* scheme of stirring up the abolition excitement in our country with the hope of setting the slaves free. But the French are less *philanthropic*, and are willing to permit us to manage our own domestic affairs in our own way. Hence Mrs. Stowe's arrival in England produces a profound sensation, whilst she visits Paris, and, besides the perfect of policy, scarcely any one knows at what hotel she has stopped. A corespondent of the New York Express says but one journal in Paris has noticed her arrival, and he gives the following translation of the notice:

"I have just seen at little stall the portrait of the authoress of 'Uncle Tom,' done after nature, in Paris. This portrait must resemble very much, seeing that it is designed by Adolph, whose superior talent everybody recognises. But in spite of all that, this portrait has profoundly afflicted us on Mrs. Beecher Stowe's account. This lithograph proves to us that the celebrated American has been several days in France without producing the least sensation. Oh vanity of glory! Oh nothingness of humanitarian romances!"

☞ The Dutch Government are about sending a war steamer to New York, with contributions to the Crystal Palace.

☞ Counterfeit $50 and $10 bills on the Buffalo City Bank are said to be in circulation.

☞ "Pete, are you into them sweetmeats again." "No, marm, them sweetmeats is into me!"

AN AMERICAN TRADITION

One of the most interesting incidents in the early history of New England, is the deliverence of the frontier town of Hadley from an attack of a barbarous native tribe. The Indian war of King Philip—the saddest page in the annals of the colonies had just commenced: and the inhabitants of Hadley, alarmed by the threatening aspect of the times, had on the first of September, 1675, assembled in their humble place of worship to implore the aid of the Almighty, and to humble themselves before Him in a solemn fast. All at once the terrible war-whoop was heard, and the church surrounded by a blood-thirsty band of savages; while the infant, the aged, the bedridden—all who had been unable to attend service, were at the mercy of the tomahawk and scalping knife. At that period so uncertain were the movements of the Indians that it was customary for a select number of the stoutest and bravest among the dwellers in the frontier towns to carry their weapons with them, to the house of prayer, and now, in consternation and confusion; these armed men of Hadley sallied forth to defend themselves and families. But unfortunately, the attack had been too sudden and well planned: the Indians had partly gained possession of the town before they surrounded the church and posted on every spot of vantage ground their bullets told with fatal effect upon the bewildered and disheartened colonists. At this crisis, there suddenly appeared among them a man, tall and erect of stature, calm and venerable in aspect with long grey hair falling on his shoulders. Rallying the retreating townsmen he issued brief and distinct orders in a commanding voice, and with cool and soldierly precision. The powerful influence which in moments of peril and difficulty, a master mind assumes over his less gifted fellows, was well exemplified on the occasion. The stranger's commands were implicitly obeyed by men who, until that instant, had never see him. He divided the colonists into two bodies, placing one in the most advantageous and sheltered position, to return the fire of the enemy, and hold them in check, while the other, by a circuituous route, he led, under cover of the smoke, to a desperate charge on the Indian rear.

The red men, thus surprised, in turn, and placed between two fires, were immediately defeated and put to flight leaving many of their painted warriors dead upon the field; and the town of Hadley was saved from conflagration, and its inhabitants from massacre. The first moments after the unexpected victory were passed in anxious inquiries, affectionate meetings and heartfelt congratulations; then followed thanks and praises to God, and the deliverer was eagerly sought for.

Where was he? All had seen him an instant before, but now he had disappeared; nor was he ever seen again. One or two among the people could have told who he was, but they prudently held their peace.

Amid the dense forest and mighty rivers of America, the stern piety of the Puritans had acquired an imaginative cast almost unknown to the mother country: and thus, unable to account for the sudden advent and disappearance of the delivering stranger, the people of Hadley believed he was an angel sent from God, in answer to their prayer, to rescue them from the heathen enemy. With the traditions of the Indian war of 1675, this belief has been handed down to our own day; and it was only a few years ago, on the banks of the Kennebec, that a fair descendant of the redoubtable Church, related to the writer the foregoing legend as an indisputable instance of a supernatural dispensation of Providence.

The story, however, is a historical fact, and latterly has embellished more than one popular fiction. Sir Walter Scott, who allowed little to escape him, alludes to it in "Peveril of the Peak;" Cooper has made use of it in "The Borderers," and "Oliver Newman," the last poem of Southey, is partly founded on the eventful history of William Goffe, the delivering angel of the inhabitants of Hadley.

☞ Gen. Jackson, when President, refused to remove Gen. Solomon Van Rensselear, from the Albany Post Office, because he was wounded in his country's service, and had an unextracted ball in his body. A wag speaking of this, writes that Jackson made up his official programme as the foreman of a newspaper does his daily form—*leaded* articles first.

☞ The wool crop of Mercer county, Pa., for the present year, is estimated at two hundred thousand pounds, which, at the prices which have been obtained, will be worth about ninety thousand dollars.—Prices have varied from 42 to 48 cents averaging 45.

☞ The Hollidaysburg Standard says the crops of Blair county are unusually good—"the only complaints being a scarcity of hands, as most of the Germans have turned their attention to harvesting the huckleberry crops."

☞ A Negro undergoing examination at Northampton, Mass., when asked if his master was a christian, replied, "No, sir, he's a member of Congress."