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The Hurricane.—A Tale of the Backwoods.

At the foot of the Ozark mountains, where the rocky slopes extend far into the elevated settlements, and at no great distance from the banks of the Mulberry, which foamed and roared against the sharp edges of ice with which the extraordinary winter threatened to imprison it, a white hunter walked, wrapped in his blankets, along the stream, and seemed to be looking for a place where they would cross to the other side.

They were two powerful looking fellows, they walked on with their rifles on their shoulders, and the elegantly fringed leggings, the closely fitting and carefully smoothed, showed that they had assumed the habits of the woods and were not those "land hunters" who, especially at that day, had begun traversing the western parts of our State, in order to find out most favorably situated districts to purchase, or at least lay claim to them.

"Bill," one of them at last said, as he stopped, "our searching is of no use—no use I was right; the stream is here too deep for us to find a tree lying across it, and if I really went to work with my little mahawk, and felled one of the nearest trees, it would not be long enough, besides, a heavy storm is gathering behind me, and I think we should not do wrong here to make arrangements for passing this night better than the last; it will be bitterly cold."

"It's very annoying, though," Bill answered his brother, "crossly, that we could not reach the ravine over there to-night, for, in the first place, we should find quarters in one of the numerous caves, and then, besides, I should have liked to look for bears; there are sure to be some there. The water's too cold for us to swim across, and the storm will not be a trifling one; so then, to work; here are old trees enough lying about, and a sharp rock can be easily made."

"There are almost too many trees lying about," Tom replied, looking all round him, "and those still standing look rotten and ready to fall. I do not much like the thought of camping here, for you know the story father told us once about such a place."

"Nonsense!" Bill said, laughing. "Can we find a better camping place? The little stream runs along at our feet, there's plenty of wood handy, the young trees will furnish famous poles, and the bark there is first rate for a roof."

Tom made no further objections; the spot looked too inviting, and they were soon engaged in raising a rough shelter for that night, at least, which could afford them refuge against the collecting storm. Under such good hands the work was easily accomplished, and the next half hour found both under their quickly erected roof watching the pieces of meat boiling on the fire.

"It's strange how cold it has suddenly turned," Tom at length broke the silence; "only look, the water in the tin pan is frozen quite hard, and the wind has chopped round to the northeast; it blows confoundedly sharp, too."

"Let it blow," Bill yawned, as he wrapped himself closely in the folds of his blanket; "I am tired, and want to sleep, Tom. Lay a couple of boughs on the fire before you turn in, and the first awake to-morrow must rouse the other."

Midnight was past, and the fire had nearly expired, but the two brothers slept firmly, and the icy north wind that howled over the snow clad hills into the valley could not disturb their slumber. Heavy masses of clouds, had however collected together from various quarters, darkly threatening, they brooded over the rustling forest, and the stately trees shook and trembled their leafless branches, as if in timorous foreboding of an approaching storm.

A bright flash of lightning suddenly burst from the black heavens, and a terrific peal of thunder almost instantaneously followed the messenger of destruction. One of the terrible winter storms was impending, and the unchained hurricane howled and tore through the narrow mountain ravines.

"Bill!" cried Tom, springing up in horror—"Bill get up; we dare not lie down; see how the old trees quiver; and do you hear, there's one of them cracking!"

"Hallo!" Bill replied, as he quickly threw off his blanket, "has it caught us? Hallo! Tom, lay hold of the roof; I'm blessed if the confounded northwester won't take it along with it!"

His fear was not entirely unfounded, for at the same instant such a furious blast burst from the opposite valley that it half uncovered their resting place in a second, and burning ashes and sparks were carried far away into the gloom of night. A lightning flash again burst forth from the clouds, and the thunder deafened the sound of the howling storm. Then it suddenly seemed as if the whole earth were torn from its foundations; far, far away, on it came; at first indistinctly, with a hollow sound like the crash of a thousand cannons, then nearer and nearer it roared, spreading wild and terrible overthrow and harrowing desolation all around.

"Almighty God! a hurricane!" Tom cried, starting up in terror, "for at that same moment the storm reached them. The giant trunks, which had withstood centuries, bowed like thin twigs, and with one blow, that struck terror to the hearts of the listeners, the whole forest was mown down level with the earth, by the hand of the Almighty. The hurricane raged further and further, with frightful velocity; for miles around it overthrew the tall oaks, and hurled them like logs to the ground; for miles it marked its path with desolation and destruction; but silence, grave-like silence, followed in its track and reached over the widely scattered trees; not a breath was stirring, and the calmness of death after this horrid outbreak of the elements, affected the poor heart of a mortal with more agonizing shudder, than it had felt even in the most terrible fury.

"Bill had miraculously escaped without even the slightest injury. Clinging tightly

to an immense tree, that had previously fallen, another oak that fell across it only served to save him, and it guarded him from the other continually falling branches and smaller trees; but now, as soon as the first most pressing danger was passed, he jumped up and cried, filled with terror to his brother:

"Tom—brother Tom—do answer, Tom. Great God! has such a terrible end fallen to your share?"

"No! it would have been well for him if that had been his lot; he still lived, and his weak voice, at no great distance, struck the hunter's attentive ear.

"All merciful Heavens!" the latter cried, when he had quickly leaped over a couple of trees lying in the way, and with a blazing pine torch in his hand stood before him he sought.

"All merciful Heavens!" he repeated, in almost maddening agony, and covered his face with his hands, for close to him, pale as a corpse, with both thighs buried beneath an immense oak, which was shattered from top to bottom, lay his Tom, his brother, the playmate of his youth and the darling of his heart.

"It's very cold," the unhappy man whispered, and looked up imploringly to the hunter, who, apparently incapable of any further movement stood near him as if hewn out of stone—"is very cold Bill, can't you bring me a little fire?"

These words broke the charm which possessed his half unconscious brother.

"Tom, Tom!" he cried, as he threw himself with groans on the mutilated body of his dearest companion.

"You hurt me, Bill," the latter entreated, "my arm pains me, and it is so cold."

"Wait, you shall have fire—in a few seconds, Bill now cried, as he sprang forward; lie there a minute longer, and I'll fetch some ashes, and then help you up; only a moment's patience; and in wild haste he flew back to the still burning camp fire. Ah! he did not notice the weak, painful smile which stole over the features of the unhappy man, as he begged him to have patience. He hurriedly collected all the ashes and burning wood his arms would hold—the flames scorched his hunting shirt and hands—he did not notice it, and flew back to his brother's side;—a plenty of drift-wood lay around, and in a few moments a bright, cheering fire glared by the side of the tree, under whose giant weight the poor fellow lay buried alive.

Bill now regarded with a shudder the terrible scene, and madly threw himself on the tree, which a hundred men could not have raised, and tried his utmost strength on an impossibility.

"Bill!" Tom gently begged him, "come here, come—give me your hand—that's right. And now, Bill—do you really love me?"

A convulsive grasp of his brother's hand answered this question; speak he could not, for the tears he had suppressed with difficulty suffocated every sound.

"Will you do me a service? Tom implored, drawing the unresisting man closer to him.

"A service! Bill whispered, "a service! What can you ask that I would not do for you, if it were in my power?"

"You promise to do it?"

"What is it?" the hunter asked in terror.

"Take your rifle," Tom begged, "and put an end to my sufferings."

"Tom!" the other cried, as he sprang up in horror.

"Put an end to my sufferings," the unhappy man entreated. "Bill! brother! if you ever loved me prove it now. Do not let me perish here slowly and horribly."

"What did you lately do to Nestor, when the bear had tore him so terribly?"

"I shot him."

"He was your favorite dog?"

Bill only answered with sobs.

"And you loved him more than me?"

Tom now asked, almost reproachfully.

"Oh! why did I not heed your warning when we last evening reached this unhappy spot? why did I not avoid the decayed trees, that threatened us on all sides—why?"

"Bill!" the unhappy man interrupted him, "do you mean to free me from my tortures?"

"I will!" the poor fellow sobbed on his brother's neck.

He held one another in close embrace for a long while, but when Tom tried to unloose his hold, his brother only held him the tighter. Day at length broke in the east, and the sun shone on the chaos of wildly scattered trees around.

"Let us part, Bill," Tom whispered, "be a man!"

He quietly pushed his brother back, and he at length stood up.

"Well then, be it so," he said. "I see you are right—it is impossible to save you. I know that, I should have asked the same of you in a similar case; and you would not have refused me. Pray to God for the last time, and pray too, for me, that he may forgive me the murder of my brother."

Bill tottered away to fetch his rifle, but returned in a few moments with a firm and steady step. With his gun in his left hand, he swung himself, and soon stood once again by the side of his brother, who looked affectionately in his face.

"I am ready," the latter said with a smile, "do not tremble, and God reward you for your kindness—good by!"

He offered his hand as he turned his face away.

"Brother!" the tortured hunter cried, in agony, and threw himself again on his breast. Once again they held each other in a close embrace, till Tom retreated gently.

"Do not delay any longer."

With a hasty bound the hunter stood on his feet, raised his rifle to his cheek, and lay the next moment unconscious by the side of the brother he had shot.

What more have I to tell? Shall I describe how he awoke and piled branch on branch upon his brother's corpse, so that wolf and panther might not fasten their greedy teeth in the beloved remains—how he tottered away and wrestled with death for months in the wild dreams of fever, carefully nursed by friends? Not enough of this sorrowful tale. His brother's blood-covered face did not long trouble him in his nightly dreams, or cause him to spring in terror from his bed and try to fly—on an expedition against some plundering Creeks, a compassionate bullet put an end to his life, and his friends buried him where he fell. But his memory has been still retained in that neighborhood, and when a hunter camps at night and turns an inquiring glance towards the giant trunks which menacingly surround him, then a gentle prayer parts the lips of even the roughest of the band, and he whispers, "God preserve me from poor Tom's fate!"

REASON FOR PROLONGING WAR.—The Knickerbocker tells the following story which is far from being incredible:

Among the number of gallant spirits from Indiana who volunteered during the war with Mexico, was a Capt. B. He was in Gen. Scott's line, and was made Quartermaster at a port in Mexico, where he was discharging his duty to himself, and preparing to come home a richer, if not a better man. The intelligence that Clifford had arrived to open negotiations for peace, found him dismayed, in the midst of his lucrative operations, at the prospect of seeing speedy termination, and did see him.

"I hear," said he, "Mr. Clifford, that you are sent out to conclude a treaty of peace. I am a poor man, sir, and have a large family at home, but I'm a good Democrat, sir; I'm as good a Democrat, sir, as any before me. Now Mr. Clifford, I'm the U. S. Distributing agent here, and I'm making a power of money while this war lasts—just you hold on a spell, won't you?"

Isn't it barely possible that some such motive prolegs, if it does not assist to create, wars of conquest?

Touching Reminiscence of Washington.

The revolution was over. Eight years' conflict had ceased, and the warriors were now to separate for ever, turning their weapons into plough-shares and their camps into workshops. The spectacle, though a sublime and glorious one, was yet attended with sorrowful feelings; for alas! in the remains of that gallant army of patriotic soldiers now about to disband without pay, without support, galled by poverty and disease, the country had not the means to be grateful.

The details of the condition of many of the officers and soldiers of that period, according to history and oral tradition were melancholy in the extreme. Possessing no means of paternal inheritance to fall back upon—thrown out of even the porous support of a soldier at the commencement of winter, and hardly fit for any other duty than that of the camp—any situation can better be imagined than described.

A single instance, as a sample of the situation of many of the officers, as related to the conduct of Baron Steuben, may not be amiss. When the main body of the army was disbanded at Newburg, and the veteran soldiers were bidding a parting to each other, Lieut. Col. Cochran, an aged soldier of the New Hampshire line, remarked with tears in his eyes as he shook hands with the baron:

"For myself I could stand it; but my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern, and I have no means of removing them."

"Come, come," said the baron, "don't give way thus. I will pay my respects to Mrs. Cochran and her daughters."

When the good old soldier left them their countenances were warm with gratitude—for he left them all he had.

In one of the Rhode Island regiments were several companies of black troops, who had served through the whole war, and their bravery and discipline were unsurpassed. The baron observed one of those poor negroes on the wharf at Newburg, apparently in great distress.

"What is the matter, brother soldier?"

"Why, Master Baron, I want a dollar to get home with, now that Congress has no further use for me."

The baron was absent for a few moments, and then returned with a silver dollar, which he had borrowed.

"There it's all I could get. Take it."

"The negro took it with joy, hailed the sloop which was passing down the river to New York, and as he reached the deck, took off his hat and said—

"God bless you Master Baron!"

These are only single illustrations of the army at the close of the war. Indeed Washington had this view at the close of his farewell address to the army at Rocky Hill, in November, 1793. "And now be- lieve me to conclude these his last public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character and to bid a final adieu to the armies he has so long had the honor to command, he can only again offer, in their behalf his recommendations to their country, and his prayer to the God of armies."

"May ample justice be done them here, and may the choicest of heavens favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others."

"With these wishes and this benediction, the Commander-in-Chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scenes to him will be closed forever."

The closing of the "military scenes," I am about to relate:

New York had been occupied by Washington on the 25th of November. A few days afterwards he notified the President of Congress, which body was then in session at Annapolis, in Maryland,—that as the war was now closed, he should consider it his duty to proceed thence and surrender to that body the commission he had received from them seven years before.

The morning of the 5th of December, 1793, was a sad and heavy one to the remnant of the American army in the city of New York. The noon of that day was to witness the farewell of Washington,—he was to bid adieu to his military comrades forever. The officers who had been with him in solemn council, the privates who had fought and bled in the "heavy fight," under his orders,—were to hear his commands no longer.—The manly form and dignified countenance of a "great captain" was henceforth to live in their memories.

As the hour of noon approached, the whole garrison, at the request of Washington himself, was put in motion, and marched down Broad street to Francis's tavern, his head-quarters. He wished to take leave of private soldiers alike with officers, and bid them all adieu. His favorite light infantry were drawn up in line facing inwards, through Pearl street at the foot of Whitehall, where a barge was in readiness to convey him to Powell's Hook.

Within the dining room of the tavern were gathered the generals and field-officers to take their farewell.

Assembled there were Knox, Greene, Clinton, Steuben, Gates and others, who had served with him faithfully in the "tent field"; but alas! where were others that had entered the war with him seven years before? Their bones crumbled in the soil from Canada to Georgia. Montgomery had yielded up his life at Quebec, Wooster fell at Danbury, Woodhull was barbarously murdered while a prisoner at the battle of Long Island, and Mercer fell morally wounded at Princeton; the brave and chivalric Laurens, after displaying the most heroic courage in the trenches of Yorktown, died in a trifling skirmish in South Carolina; the brave but eccentric Lee was no longer living, and Putnam, like a helpless child was stretched upon the bed of sickness. Indeed the battle-field and time had thinned the ranks which entered with him on the conflict of Independence.

Washington entered the room—the hour of separation had come. As he raised his eye and glanced on the faces of those assembled, a tear coursed down his cheek, and his voice was tremulous as he saluted them. Nor was he alone.—Men, "albeit unused to the melting mood," stood around him, whose hands uplifted to cover their brows, told that the tears which they in vain attempted to conceal, bespoke the anguish they could not hide.

After a moment's conversation, Washington called for a glass of wine. It was brought to him. Turning to the officers, he thus addressed them:

"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my final leave of you, and I most devoutly wish your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. He then raised the glass to his lips, and added, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each of you will take me by the hand."

General Knox, who stood nearest, burst into tears and advanced incapable of utterance. Washington grasped him by the hand, and embraced him. The officers came up successively, and took an affectionate leave. No words were spoken, but all was the "silent elegance of tears."

What were mere words at such a scene? Nothing. It was the feeling of the heart—thrilling though unspoken.

When the last officer had embraced him Washington left the room, followed by his comrades, and passed through the line of light infantry. His step was slow and measured, his head uncovered, and tears flowing thick and fast, as he looked from side to side at the veterans to whom he now bade adieu forever. Shortly an event occurred more touching than all the rest. A gigantic soldier who had stood by his side at Trenton, stepped forth from the ranks, and extended his hand.

"Farewell, my beloved General, Farewell."

Washington grasped his hand, in convulsive emotion, in both of his. All discipline was now at an end. The officers could not restrain the men as they rushed forward to take Washington by the hand, and the violent sobs and tears of the soldiers told how deeply engraved upon their affections was the love of their commander.

At length Washington reached the barge at Whitehall, and entered it. At the first stroke of the oars he rose, and turning to the companions of his glory, by waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu. Their answer was only in tears; and the officers and men, with glistening eyes, watched the receding boat till the form of their noble commander was lost sight of in the distance.—N. Y. Jour. of Com.

NAPOLEON'S HEART.

When Bonaparte died at St. Helena it is well known that his heart was extracted by a design being preserved. The British physician who had deposited it in a silver basin, among water, retired to rest leaving two papers beside it in the chamber. He often confessed to his friends while narrating the particulars, he felt nervously anxious as to the custody of such a deposit, and although he reclined, he did not sleep. While lying awake, he heard during the silence of the night, first a rustling noise, then a plunge among the water in the basin, and then the sound of an object falling with the quickness of a floor—all occurring with the quickness of thought. Dr. A. sprung from his repose on the cause of the intrusion on his part, dragging the heart of Napoleon to his side. A few moments more, and that which before had been too vast in its ambition to be satisfied with the sovereignty of Continental Europe would have been found even in a more degrading position than the dust of Caesar stopping a beer barrel—it would have been devoured as the supper of a rat.

It is charitable to suppose that many of those who go to church merely to enjoy a quiet nap, are like the old woman, who prepared for a comfortable snooze directly after coming to church, having perfect confidence in the minister, and being fully satisfied that he would preach the right doctrine.

I Don't Recognize her—She's a Working Girl.

Such was the exclamation of a port young miss, dressed in silks and fine linens; as she brushed by an old school day acquaintance, compelled to labor diligently to support herself and kind mother.—We happened to be close at hand and furthermore, possess a slight knowledge of the persons in question. Thus informed, we were astonished at the remark, and with difficulty restrained an expression which the heart dictated at that moment.

The author of the language which heads this sketch, is by no means wealthy; on the contrary, her mother (for she is a half orphan,) an industrious, worthy lady, who we will not particularize—suffice it to say it is honorable. "The daughter has been allowed her own way in life, and by association has acquired habits which we must despise in any individual. She affects to be what she is not; she flirts with the ease and grace of an adept, and treats hearts as idle baubles, fit only for sportive fancies. She scorns poverty; and turns up her natal organ at the poor working girl, as unworthy of recognition by her ladyship. She visits concerts and public places to attract attention, and to gain this enviable notoriety, resorts to certain devices which always succeed. She is in fact an "Irish young woman"—to use a homely phrase and deserves to be censured most severely for her conduct.

The poor working girl, whom she would not recognize, is likewise half orphaned, and, by force of circumstances, labors ten hours daily to support herself and mother. She passes our office daily, on her way to and from her work, and always seems to be happy and contented. She is not ashamed to acknowledge her condition in life, and never feels half so merry as when at her engagements. She is a dutiful, and loving daughter, affectionate and generous to her co-laborers, and generally respected by them. She is in short, a high minded, intelligent and respectable working girl—than whom, not one can be found more worthy the approbation of her associates. And yet, she is not recognized by "Miss Impudence," because she's a working girl. We would rather have that working girl for a companion through life, than our would-be-great lady for a day.—The one is to be loved the other to be detested. This is no fancy sketch drawn from imagination. It is a true scene from every day life.—*Albany Transcript.*

STOP MY PAPER.—The following remarks are too good to be thrown to one side, without at least a passing notice. They are true to the letter, and suitable to all localities. We are of opinion that the weakest capacity cannot fail to understand them:

It is astonishing what exalted notions persons have of their own importance; they seem to imagine they are altogether necessary to the onward roll of our little world, and that if by any means, they should be shoved out of the way, the screws would be so loose that the old machine would no longer hold together, and of course, if such important personages only say to an editor—"stop my paper," the whole establishment must go to pot in a twinkling. We have often laughed in our sleeve—though outwardly we looked grave as an owl—when one of those regulators of the world has marched into our editorial sanctum, and it always does us good to see how the starch is taken out of him while the editor smilingly replies, "Certainly sir, with the greatest pleasure; just as soon as I have entered a hundred or more names which will do you no harm, the mighty man wills down like the narrative of a whipped spaniel, and he shrinks away muttering to himself: "Well, I'm afraid that stopping my paper has not ruined him after all."

These swells who stop their paper on account of some miff which has found its way in their cranium, are sure to watch the time of the next issue, thinking that another number will hardly make its appearance; and they are sure to borrow their neighbor's copy to see if it does not contain the editor's farewell address to his readers.

THE NORTHERN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC. Governor Stevens, in a letter dated Olympia, December 5th, states as the result of his exploration, that the success of the party in finding a good route, was not less than he had anticipated, the country throughout being well wooded and watered, admirably adapted to settlement and cultivation, furnishing inexhaustible supplies of wood and stone, for building materials, and the rivers and streams being such as to be easily bridged. His party discovered in each of the mountain ranges two passes presenting no serious obstructions, and through which a railroad may easily be constructed. He adds that the amount of tunnelling would be small, not probably exceeding two miles in the whole route.

LOSS OF LIFE BY SHIPWRECK.—A statement prepared for the N. Y. Daily Times makes an aggregate of 1899 human lives lost at sea, during the year 1853, by the wreck of 33 vessels. The largest losses were 340 persons on the ship *Nesoro*, 300 on the ship *Annie Jane*, 204 on the ship *Lady Evelyn*, 150 on the steamship *San Francisco*, the same number on the screw steamship *Marshall*, 129 on the steamship *Independence*, 140 on the ship *Staffordshire*, and 102 on a Dutch stamer in the *Zuyder Zee*. The whole number of vessels lost during the year, according to this statement, was 110; besides 20 fishing smacks, making in all 130. In the loss of life, as given above, the loss on board coasting vessels is not included.—These, it is thought, would raise the total to 1924.

Mr. David Freed, of Huntingdon, has invented a machine for pulling of breeders. The most ingenious contrivance we ever saw to jerk a man out of his cor-duroy's was a pretty little piece of calico.