

Clearfield Republican.

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THE BRIDAL.

Not a laugh, nor a joyful note,
As our friend to the bridal was hurrying,
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,
As the bachelor went to be married.

We married him quickly to save his fright,
Our heads from the sad sight turning;
And we sighted as we stood by the lamp's gleam light,
To think him not more discerning.

To think that a bachelor free and bright,
And shy of the sex as we found him,
Should there at the altar, at dead of night,
Be caught in the snare that bound him.

Few and short were the words we said,
Though of wine and cake partaking;
We escorted him home from the scene of dread,
While his knees were awfully shaking.

Slowly and sadly we marched away,
From the first to the foremost story,
We never have heard from or seen the poor man
Whom we left alone in his glory.

A HOLLOW SONG.

I stood beneath a hollow tree—
The best it hollow blew—
I thought upon the hollow world
And all its hollow crew;
Ambition and its hollow schemes,
The hollow hopes we follow,
Imagination's hollow dreams,
All hollow, hollow, hollow!

A crown it is a hollow thing,
And hollow heads of wear it;
The hollow title of a king,
What hollow hearts of bear it!
No hollow wiles, or honeyed smiles
Of ladies fair I follow;
But beauty sweet still hides deceit,
The hollow, hollow, hollow!

The hollow leader but betrays
The hollow dupes who heed him;
The hollow critic vents his praise
To hollow friends who feel him;
The hollow friend who takes your hand
Is but a summer swallow;
Whatever I see is like this tree,
All hollow, hollow, hollow!

A MODEL CHANGE.

The following amusing incident transpired at the Spring term of the Circuit Court of St. Croix county, Wisconsin:

The Judge of the Circuit Court, lately in session at Hudson, Wis., gave a charge to the jury on a certain article tried before him, which excited considerable merriment in the Court at the time.

The action was to recover the value of certain liquors sent from below and consigned for sale to the defendant. Evidence was given on the part of the defendant to show that the brandies, &c., were made of forty-cent whiskey, and dugged at that; whereas the Judge was very indignant, and charged the jury very nearly as follows:

"Gentleman of the Jury: Pure, unadulterated liquor is a wholesome and pleasant beverage, and as far as the experience of the Court extends, conduces to health and longevity; but a bad article of liquor, gentleman, or what is worse, a drugged article, cannot be tolerated, and if dealers from below will send up into this beautiful country, so blessed with smiles of a benign Creator, such a miserable quality of liquors as the proof shows this to be, in this Court, gentleman of the Jury, they cannot recover."

"Gentleman of the Jury: You will now take the case, and when you return, you are invited to follow the Court to Bill Bell's where the Court knows 'em all get a drink of what the Court knows is good liquor!"

Snake Story.—A little girl about four years of age, residing in Bridgton, Me., having been apparently out of health for some time and troubled with a bad cough, her mother gave her a tincture of snake, soon after she vomited up a black snake. A physician was called, and the child is now doing well. The snake was covered with a scaly substance, was about as large as a lady's little finger, and 18 inches in length. It was alive when ejected. How long it had been in the stomach, is unknown, but probably was swallowed in water when it was very small, as for some time past the child's health had been wasting away.

A Change Anticipated.—A young lady in a class studying physiology made answer to a question put, that in six years a human body became entirely changed; so that not a particle which was in it at the commencement of the period would remain at the close of it. "Then, Miss L.," said a young tutor, "in six years you will cease to be Miss L." "Why, yes, sir, I suppose so," said she, very modestly looking at the floor.

A Poser.—On Sunday a lady called to her little boy, who was tossing marbles on the side walk, to come into the house. "Don't you know you should not be out there, my son? Go into the back-yard if you want to play marbles. It is Sunday." "Well, yes, but ain't it Sunday in the back-yard, mother?"

"I would advise you to put your head in a dyetub, it's rather red," said a joker to a sandy girl. "I would advise you to put yours in an oven, it's rather soft," said Nancy.

"A gentle heart is like a ripe fruit, which bends so low that it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach."

Good Advice.—A man was about preparing to go to Europe—the best disposition, perhaps, short of Judas's final determination; that he could make of him.

THE ROCK OF SOLIFA. A LEGEND OF PROVENCE.

BY J. ST. JOHN.

Upon the shores of the Mediterranean not far from the city of Nice, lay the rock of Solifa. Rising far on high its leafy, fortress-crowned summit, and almost precipitous sides presented insuperable obstacles to an attacking foe. About its summit the eagles had made their nests; at its base the waves of the sea dashed, breaking with the noise of thunder and casting the snow white foam wrathfully upwards.

"There is the fortress and rock of Solifa!" said the old Count Wildebrand de Clous-Noir, to the young knight Bertram de Morelli, as from the upper battlements of his castle he pointed to the towering precipices.

"Solifa! That, then, is the great robber hold of which I have heard so much?" "It is."

"And the Tiger, as he calls himself, can he not be dislodged?" "Who?—the robber chief—the Tiger? No, never. From the lofty summit of his rock he hurled defiance down upon me and other surrounding nobles. All our efforts to dislodge him are entirely vain."

"Can you not overpower him by numbers?" "No."

"Why not?" "How can numbers avail, when the narrow path which leads to the summit is so exposed that rocks from above could crush every man before he had arrived half way up?"

"Is it so dangerous?" "It is. Three or four men could prevent an army from ascending."

"Then my prospects are not encouraging."

"No, my young friend; but you know faint heart never won fair lady."

"And I must lead the Tiger to the feet of the lovely Matilda." "Such are the conditions."

"A hundred knights have thought so—They hoped to win my daughter and my broad estates by a handsome score. No, no. She, as well as I, would scorn the man who cannot earn her by bravery."

"Not for your broad lands, Count Hildebrand, but for your daughter do I undertake this."

"I believe you."

"You will find me resolved to win her or die."

"For that resolution, I respect you."

"Have you in your vaults rich wines, Count Hildebrand?"

"As much as an army might need."

"Can you spare me seven asses' loads of the wine?"

"Seven asses' loads! Of course, but in the name of the Holy Saints what do you want of so much?"

"It is necessary for my purpose."

"Ha, ha! You are rather inclined to seek after the wine's influence, are you? Well that is a laudible thing; but, by the toe of St. Peter, seven asses' loads would kill the Spanish giant Mistolano."

"They are necessary to my purpose. If you will order them to be taken to the foot of the hill behind those trees, I shall be forever grateful."

"It shall be done."

"Let the wine, noble Count, be of the strongest, and oldest in your cellars."

"Yes, it shall be, I promise you. Conrad, Jacques, Jenn, ho! Load seven asses with fourteen flasks of the oldest vintage, and take them to the foot of the hill."

The servants ran to obey his orders.

"Count Hildebrand, be ready with all your retainers early to-morrow morning. Go to the foot of the rock. Be there surely—at dawn. If you see my banner flying then, hurry up. If not, then esteem me dead."

Old Hildebrand started in surprise.

"You are determined to finish your business soon. But I will do what you wish."

And they left the battlement terrace.

Towards the close of the same day, seven asses laden with flasks of wine, walked slowly along the path, which led to the rock of Solifa. A man who, by his long robes and bent form, might have been taken for a person of great age, led them on their way. He was arrayed in monkish garments; a long white beard flowing down to his girdle. The cowl of his cloak was pulled forward so as almost entirely to conceal his face. At times he cried out in a feeble voice to his animals.

Suddenly as he led them towards a sharply projecting rock, a loud shout was heard, six or eight men armed complete, rushed from behind it and stood before him.

"Monk where are you taking these animals?" "Oh, your lordship! Oh your worship, I'm—"

"None of your lamentations; Where are you going?"

"To the monastery of St. Simon."

"To the monastery, and pray what may the monks want with so much wine?"

"For the Holy—"

"Bah! Holy indeed! I think the 'free soldiers' of the Tiger—the 'lamb' of Solifa—are in greater need of wine than all the monks of all the monasteries in the world."

"Oh, hear me, hear me! take not my wine," cried the monk.

"Oh no, we will not," cried they sneeringly. "Come along, fool of a monk; follow us. You must strive us. 'Tis long since a monk has visited our quarters."

So saying they drove the asses before them. The monk was led along by two of them, and thus proceeded up the road which led to the robbers' hold. The way was long and steep and narrow. The eyes of the monk glanced piercingly around as they led him on up to the summit.

"Hulloa!" cried a loud voice from the fortress, as they entered the courtyard.

"What success to-day my cubs?"

The speaker came bounding from a low parapet, and ran toward them. He was a man of gigantic stature, armed in the manner of those days.

"What success! fourteen flasks of wine, such as the saints might sigh for."

"Fourteen! By St. Cuthbert! and is it good? But who is this?"

"An old fool of a monk who quins the asses?"

"He shall be our guest. He shall live with us. My cubs, prepare a grand feast, as quick as possible. To-night shall he given to revelry."

Darkness had settled down over the wide country when the preparations were finished, and great had been the preparations. A large hall in the centre of the fortress had been decorated; long tables had been spread out and loaded with viands; massive jars filled with the new gorton wine were placed there, and seats for all the men were arranged. No watch would be kept that night. The robbers felt secure.

The festivities began. Twenty-four—the whole number of the brigades—sat around the table. With laughter and merriment they led in the monk and compelled him to bless the repast. Then the rioting began.

"By the Holy sons of the Temple!" cried the Tiger; "never has such wine as this been tasted at Solifa before. 'Twill be a long time before you have such wine again."

The drinking increased. All drained the huge goblets over again. Then arose a wild confusion of tongues of men disputing—of wild, discordant laughter, and fiercer songs, expressing the joys of a robber's life.

Amidst the confusion, which increased as it grew later, the Tiger alone seemed to preserve his senses.

From the Providence Journal, June 6. A Furious Elephant at Large.

Three Horses Killed—Numerous Wagons Demolished—A number of Persons badly Injured.

The large Elephant, Hannibal, attached to the Broadway Menagerie, which was on exhibition at Pawtucket, on the 3d instant, got loose from his keeper on the way from Pawtucket to Fall River, early yesterday morning. Before starting, his keeper made him lift the hinder part of a wagon loaded with 3,500 pounds, for the purpose of getting it in to line. It is supposed that this, although not unusual, might have suggested to him the mode of attack which he adopted afterwards. When about seven miles from Pawtucket he became furious, turned upon his keeper, who had to fly for his life and take refuge in a house, got free, and rushed along the road, destroying everything in his way. Meeting a horse and wagon belonging to Mr. Stafford Short, he thrust his trunk into the horse and lifted the horse, rider and wagon into the air. He nuzzled the horse terribly and carried him about fifty feet and threw the dead body into a pond. The wagon was broken to pieces, and Mr. Short considerably hurt. The elephant broke one of his enormous tusks in this encounter. A mile farther the elephant, now grown more furious attacked in the same manner a horse and wagon, with Mr. Thomas W. Peck and his son. He broke the wagon and wounded the horse, which ran away. Mr. Peck was pretty badly hurt in the hip.

While the keepers were engaged in securing the smaller elephant, who had not however, manifested any signs of insubordination, the larger one got off from them, and went through Barneyville, when Mr. Mason Barney and another man mounted their horses and kept on his track as near to him as was prudent, giving warning of the danger to the passengers whom they met on their way. The elephant would occasionally turn to look at them, but did not attempt to molest them.

The next man in the path was Mr. Pearce, who was riding with his little son in a one-horse wagon. He was coming towards the elephant, and being warned by Mr. Barney, turned around and put the horse to his speed, but the elephant overtook him, and seizing the wagon, threw it into the air, dashing it to pieces, and breaking the collar bone and arm of Mr. Pearce. The horse disengaged from the wagon, escaped with the fore wheels, and the elephant gave chase for eight miles, but did not catch him. The elephant came back on his unsuccessful pursuit, and took up his march again on the main road, where he next encountered Mr. J. Eddy, with a horse and wagon. He threw up the whole establishment in the same way as before, smashed the wagon, killed the horse, and wounded Mr. Eddy. He threw the horse twenty feet over a fence into the adjoining lot, then broke down the fence, went over and picked up the dead horse and deposited him in the road, where he had first met him. He killed one other horse, and pursued another, who fled to a barn; the elephant followed, but at the door was met by a fierce bull-dog, which bit his leg and drove him off. Once on the route, the keeper being ahead of him, saw him plunge over a wall and make for a house. The keeper got into the house first, hurried the frightened people within to the upper story, and providing himself with an axe, succeeded in driving off the furious beast. The elephant finally exhausted his strength, and laid himself down in the bushes, about two miles from Slade's Ferry. Here he was secured with chains and carried over the ferry to Fall River. A part of the time he ran at the rate of a mile in three minutes.

APHORISMS OF LORD BACON.—Virtue is nothing else than inward beauty; and beauty nothing else than an inward virtue. Riches are a good hand maid; but the worst mistress.

It is a great blessing to enjoy happiness; but to have the power to confer it on others is far greater.

The stairs to honor are steep, the standing slippery, the regress a downfall.

The praise is an honor which comes from voices freely conferred.

What is a good man to do with the dull approbation of the vulgar?

I should sooner believe the fabulous wonders of any religion than this universal frame was built without a Deity.

He that delights in blood is either a wild beast or a Fury.

Though Justice cannot extirpate vice, yet it represseth it from doing hurt.

He that is a prodigal of his own life will not spare the life of another.

CAPITAL.—The Portsmouth Tribune thinks a "wife and a child or two," the safest and best capital a man can start business on. We once knew a man who started business in this way, and he came out twelve children ahead. Still the theory looks as if it might work.

A GREAT LAKE.

Nearly due north of Quebec, one hundred and eight miles as the bird flies, and probably one hundred and thirty by a constructed road, lies a magnificent lake, covering an area of 600 miles, and abounding with a variety of fish. It is fed by numerous rivers, some of them navigable for a considerable distance to schooners and batteaux; it is the lake of St. John—from its stream the "Great Discharge" or main stream of the Saguenay river, as far down as Chicoutimi, a few miles beyond which the river is navigable to ships of the heaviest tonnage. On either bank of this river may be seen a flourishing settlement; the soil is a rich and loamy nature, producing wheat, corn, fruit, etc., equal in quality and quantity to any raised in Upper Canada, and although 1 1/2 degrees further north than Quebec, yet from the peculiarity of its geographical position, its climate is milder in winter than that of Montreal. For many miles, on both banks of the river, are thousands of acres of the finest lands, covered with a noble forest.

FIELD BRAYS.—In our own experience we have found no crops more profitable, than the common white bean. It requires little more care than corn; on the right kind of soil it is quite productive; and most always finds a ready market price. There is no product of the soil which contains so much nourishment, pound for pound, as this. The straw makes excellent winter feed for sheep. We have found the smaller kinds to be superior to those of a larger size.

Beans require a dry, warm soil. We have raised them where it was so dry and sandy that scarcely anything else would grow. Our best bean crops have been from a thin sandy soil, so filled with stones that it was exceedingly difficult to plough it at all; and where the earth over the limestone rocks was nowhere more than four inches deep. One acre of such ground we planted with common white beans for ten years successively, and never failed of getting a remunerative crop, and often had a very profitable one. This plot was ploughed, planted, and hoed, at odd spells, when it was so wet that no other ground could be worked. —*American Agriculturalist.*

A VALUABLE DIAMOND FOUND.—On Thursday, a man in the employ of M. James Fisher, Jr., at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., while engaged in throwing up a quantity of earth, discovered among it a sparkling substance which he threw aside as of no value. Mr. Moore, another workman, took it up, and upon examination, was so much impressed with the singularity of its appearance that he determined to keep it. He submitted it to several jewelers, all of whom said that it must be either diamond or topaz. Subsequently he took it to Professor Dewey, who immediately pronounced it a diamond—a gem of the purest water and of exquisite beauty weighing nineteen carats—the largest ever discovered in North America. Prof. D. supposed it to have been washed to the spot where it was discovered.

As the season is coming on for the depredations of birds, I beg to report my experience of last year, when I saved my cherries by hanging up several pieces of tin with strong thread in the different trees, two pieces being hung near enough together to clash with the wind, which sound, with the bright reflection of the tin in the sun, certainly frightened them away, and had my dear share of the fruit, which the preceding year, I was obliged to resign them. —*As says a New Jersey Farmer.*

About the 1st of June, says S. A. Merton, in the Ohio Cultivator, I planted a few hills of cucumbers in an old straw pile; the half rotted straw covered the ground about one foot deep. I dug down through the straw to the ground and planted the seeds in the earth. The straw kept the ground moist, and prevented the weeds from growing, consequently they needed no cultivation; but the vines grew unusually fast, and have become exceedingly large, and their fruitfulness is almost beyond credulity.

"SEE MY way in the constitution; I cannot in a compromise. A compromise is but an act of Congress. It may be secured at any time. It gives us no security. But the constitution is stable. It is a rock. On it we stand, and on it we can meet our friends from the non-slave holding States. It is a firm and stable ground, on which we can better stand in opposition to fanaticism than on the shifting sands of compromise. Let us be done with compromises. Let us go back and stand upon the constitution."

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

A Western Editor says that if you want to feel as nice as a hymn-book in a red cover and a gold clasp, all you have to do is to run and pick a pretty girl up when you see her fall down in the street. He tried the experiment the other day, and has felt full of sunshine, and four-story happiness ever since.

Adversity—A Test Of Character.

The rugged metal of the mine
Most soon before the surface shine
We, some weeks since, offered a few remarks in relation to the influence of Prosperity in the development of character. Adversity is another test, and with many its fiery ordeal is suited to elicit all the energies of the human mind and soul, to call forth qualities which, but for misfortune, would have remained dormant, and to indicate faculties of a high and enabling nature. Its influence is least tempting and seductive; it is calculated to stimulate and to nerve, to revive the faith of our nature in Providence, and induce the proper-minded to dwell with Philosophy upon the trials of this life, and with hope and confidence, not only upon the future with regard to things of time merely, but with reference to those of the dim and distant period which commences with the close of our mortal being. How many of the eminent by intellect and patriotism, would have remained in comparative obscurity, had they been surrounded by all the superfluities of fortune, had no necessity existed for exertion, had their minds become torpid, indifferent to patriotic impulses, and the welfare of their fellow-man! What more glorious to the eye of true philosophy, than a virtuous and godlike mind, conscious of rectitude of purpose, but struggling on, year after year, amidst the clouds of darkness and Adversity! To be satisfied and joyous where all smile around us, satisfied with ourselves and with others, grateful to God and kindly toward our fellow creatures, is comparatively easy. But to pursue the right path through every vicissitude, to resist when fortune lowers most darkly, to turn aside from temptation when hunger knows a friend's grow cold, to listen amidst every difficulty and danger to the still small voice of conscience, and to be governed by its dictates, indicates true greatness, real self-denial, and unbounded faith in the ways of God to man. But what moral strength is required, what a resolute and self-poised spirit, to stand up firmly and resolutely as waves after waves of sorrow and affliction is dashed against us, as friend after friend grows cold or becomes false, as hope after hope fades away, and we feel that life and strength are also drawing to a close! How many sink under the ordeal, how the weakness of man's nature is seen in these trials! How many perish in body and in soul, and go down to the grave unmourned, unhonored and unsung? Look through our country at the present moment. Victims may be met in every street, men who were once prosperous, but who, struck down by some sudden blow of misfortune, or by a series of vicissitudes, have in vain endeavored to rally their energies, and are every hour becoming more degraded in body and in mind. The contrast between their hour of fortune and their hour of trouble is indeed strong. Then too many of them were proud and haughty, and careless alike of their duties to God and man—Now abject in spirit they cringe and falter and are lost to that glorious principle, which teaches that a human being, whether rich or poor, whether prosperous or otherwise, if he be honest and upright, is entitled to respect and esteem. But there are others again, who when the world went well with them, were generous and benevolent. Their fault was liberality.—They expended beyond their means—they had too much confidence in friend and neighbor, and they became victims. These are indeed entitled to sympathy and kindness; and their early friends should not forget them in this their day of gloom—their spirits should be cheered, their hope brightened. Momentary adversity, however, should not be permitted to overwhelm any man. It is the destiny of most of us to meet with some serious and frightful reverse, at some period of life. Who can not single out from among his friends, individuals who a few years back were apparently crushed and prostrate, but with the indomitable spirit of hope and enterprise, still toiled and struggled on, and finally succeeded! It should be remembered that the most chances against us that have been experienced, the better the prospect for the future. No one should despair. In a country like this, new expedients and chances are constantly presenting themselves. While health and life remain, hope should not be abandoned.—We know not ourselves, indeed, until we have been truly tried. Many a man has been driven into a new occupation by necessity and has triumphed fully, who a few years ago would have pronounced himself utterly unfit for such a sphere. Adversity not only tests the truth of friendship, but it tests our own nature. It proves either the weakness or the strength of the human character. It forces us to depend on our energies, and to make many an effort which under other circumstances would never be attempted. Its uses are sweet and beneficial, for they show in a distinct and palpable form the utter insignificance of man, the utter mutability of human affairs, and the necessity, at all times and seasons, of looking to the great source and centre of all that is good and perfect.