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Gen. Samuel Dale.—His Great Canoe Fight.
In 1794, when Samuel Dale was yet a boy, his father moved from Virginia, and made a settlement near the site of the present town of Greensboro, Georgia. But a few days had elapsed when the subject of our sketch—a youth of sixteen summers—found himself an orphan, and in virtue of his seniority, guardian of seven brothers and sisters. Disposing of them in the best way his limited resources would allow, he joined a company of volunteers, raised to repel the invasion of the Creeks; and here commenced that military career, which only closed when the difficulties of his country ceased. We do not propose to follow it up. Whoever is acquainted with the history of the Indian wars—with the bloody battles of Burnt Corn and Holy Ground—the terrible massacre of Fort Mims—the hazardous expeditions of Claiborne, and the Seminole campaigns of Jackson—knows enough to appreciate the iron nerve and daring intrepidity of Gen. Dale. We will only notice a few of those remarkable adventures with which his life is so replete.

His celebrated "Canoe Fight," in the Alabama river, in which he and two of his company, brained, with clubbed rifles, nine Indian warriors, in fair and open combat, is a kind of household word with our settlers. Every old crony on the river could relate to you the incidents of this bloody conflict; while her aged partner, whose head had whitened with the growing improvement of his State, would huddle down to the bank and point out the very spot in the bright waters where the two canoes met; and if, perchance the reader has ever made a trip down the river, on that beautiful boat which bears our hero's name, (Sam Dale), he has doubtless had designated to him, by the courteous captain, the time honored old beech which marks the spot, as well as the high projecting bank which had previously sheltered the nameake of his boat from the fire of the Indians.

Soon after the bloody tragedy of Fort Mims, many of the whites, urged by their defenceless condition, and the increasing hostilities of the Indians, took refuge in Fort Madison. As Gen. Claiborne was prevented from marching to their aid by the hostile movements of the enemy, about St. Stephens, Capt. Dale and Col. Carson were left in command of the Fort. As soon as the news, received at Burnt Corn, were sufficiently heated, Dale determined to change his line of conduct from defensive to offensive. With 70 men he proceeded southwardly to Brant's landing on the Alabama. Here they found two canoes, belonging to a negro named Caesar, who informed them that there were Indians above there on each side of the river. He also tendered them the use of his canoes, and proffered to act as pilot. Capt. Dale immediately placed the canoes in charge of Jeremiah Austill and six men, who were ordered to keep parallel with the party on land. Arriving at the mouth of Randle's Creek, the canoe party discovered a boat filled with Indians, who, however, immediately paddled to the shore and fled. The land party finding it impossible to continue their route on account of thick cane and vines, were ordered to cross and proceed up on the other side. While they were effecting a passage, Dale and several of his men kindled a fire a short distance from the river to prepare their day's meal. Thus engaged they were fired upon by a party of Creeks, from an ambuscade. Retreating to the river, so as to gain the cover of the projecting bank, they discovered a large flat bottomed canoe, containing eleven armed and painted warriors. The party behind them now retired, leaving Dale to choose his own course towards those in the boat. As both of his canoes were on the opposite side, Dale ordered the larger one to be manned.

Two of the warriors now left their boat and swam for shore, but a ball from the unerring rifle of John Smith perforated the skull of one, who immediately sank; the other gained the shore and escaped. Eight men, in the meantime, manned the large canoe and were approaching the Indian boat, but coming near enough to see the number of rifle-muzzles over the edge of the boat, they hastily paddled back to the shore.

Dale exasperated by this "clear back-out," as he termed it, of his men, shouted to them in a scornful tone, "to look and see three brave men do what eight cowards had shrunk from," and followed by Austill and Smith, sprang into the smaller canoe, which the faithful Caesar had just brought over. Paddling their canoe directly towards their enemies, they soon commenced the "canoe fight," proper—so celebrated in Alabama tradition.

When within twenty paces of the Indians, our heroes arose in their canoe, to give them an open broadside, but unfortunately, the priming of their guns was wet, and they failed to fire. Had not the same accident befallen the enemy, the result of the canoe fight might have been very different. Gen. Dale now ordered Caesar to bring his boat alongside the other, and hold them together. The warriors confident of their strength, and eager to grapple with three men whose guns would not fire, allowed their boat to move leisurely along with the current. As the two neared each other, the Chief arose, and with an ejaculation of defiance to "Big Sam," levelled his gun at Smith's breast; but before he could draw trigger, the latter directed a blow at him which would have proved fatal, had it not been adroitly avoided. The canoes came together with a jar, which threw Austill slightly off his balance, and ere he could regain it, a well directed blow from a war-club, prostrated him across the boat. Half a dozen powerful arms were raised to complete the work, when the heavy rifle of Dale came down upon the head of the chief, with a force which sunk it deep into the skull. Smith had not been less active, and his trusty barrel had fallen with like effect upon the head of another warrior, and the two now felt their death throes in the bottom of the canoe. Austill had, in the meantime, recovered, and added his strength in the work of destruction. The bold Caesar held the boats together with an iron grasp, and with one foot in each, our heroes fought. Two successive blows from Austill's rifle dispatched two of the enemy, one of whom fell overboard. Thinking to make sure of his foe by a second stroke, Austill leaned forward to strike, when he was again prostrated by an Indian Club. The exulting savage never forgetful of a scalp raised the war-whoop—seized his victim by the hair—the scalp knife glittered in the air, when another timely blow from Dale's clubbed rifle divided his skull.

Tradition says, that from the force of the blow the skull was split even to the vertebral column. In the meantime, Smith at the other end of the canoe, grappled with two lusty warriors. He was a powerful man; but the chances now were against him. The iron clutches of one of his assailants are upon his throat—the tomahawk of the other above his head. He sees his danger; one foot in one canoe, one in the other, with a desperate effort he gets both feet in one canoe, and draws one Indian after him, while the sudden movement separates the ends of the boats, and leaves the other behind to meet the fate of those who had already come within the range of Dale's and Austill's rifles. Smith now had the enemy in his power, and soon dispatched him. The conflict now became equal! three to three. The savages reduced in number from nine to three, now fought with the energy of despair. Light and active, they avoided many of the blows of the whites, and dealt, in return, such well directed ones, that they were beginning to tell in their favor when Dale, calling to Caesar to hold the boats firmly together, sprang upon one of the seats and dealt a blow which shivered a club which had been directed to meet it and levelled another warrior. The remaining two were left to have destruction meted to them at the hands of the victorious Dale, who, while Smith and Austill leaned upon their bloody and brain splattered rifles, despatched them at two successive blows. During the whole of this sanguinary conflict, the heroes were encouraged by the continued cheers of their comrades on either bank. Of the nine warriors, Smith killed two, Austill two, and Dale five. "Having laid them low," says Mr. Packett, "these undaunted Americans began to cast them into the bright waters of the Alabama—their native stream, now to be their grave. Every time a savage was raised up from the bottom of the canoe and slung into the river, the Americans upon the banks set up shouts loud and long, as some slight revenge for the tragedy of Fort Mims.—The Indian canoe presented a sight unusually revolting—several inches deep in savage blood—thickened with clods of brains and bunches of hair, &c.

Georgia Magazine.

The Coos Democrat pertinently inquires:—"If political sermons are to be commended, why not extend the same policy to other parts of the divine service? Have little psalms in honor of Abolitionism, and hymns of denunciation of those whose politics don't suit the priest? obligations to abuse the South, and vote against the democracy, inserted as professions of belief in the creed, and little tracts commending mobs and effigy-burning for distribution among the congregation?"

In another column of the same paper we find the following, which is entitled to a relationship with the above:—"There is now-a-days a bigoted fanaticism extant which thinks itself a living branch of Christianity, but is a mere poisonous mushroom, springing from the dead and decaying body of ancient superstition, as the ordinary toadstool sprouts from a black and rotten log."

MAJ. CASS TO BE MARRIED.—The Paris correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing under the date of May, 29, says:—"A fashionable marriage, which has been for some time an interesting subject of discussion with the beau monde is at last definitely arranged to come off in a few days. The parties are Lewis Cass, Jr., Charge d'Affaires at Rome, and the beautiful Miss Ludlum, of New York, who after spending the winter in Rome with her parents, is now stopping in Paris till the wedding."

MORAVIAN SCHOOLS.

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)
From Dickens Household Words.

Why do I look lovingly back on the two years of childhood passed in exile from all friends at home, among one or two hundred boys under the guidance of one or two dozen masters? Why do I believe, as I do firmly, that I learned precious things in that German school which suffered me to forget my little Greek, and to dandle down from a precocious bolter of Virgil to a had decliner of rex, regis; which administer its Euclid in homoeopathic doses; which taught me to write in mystic characters that had to be unlearned at home; and in which I cannot remember that I ever did a sum? Why do I believe I learned more than ever in the same time before or after, till I went as a man into the school of sorrow? For the benefit of teachers, let me try to look at that school from the boy's point of view, and find out what the lessons were by which I profited.

From several English boarding-schools through which I had been shifted with the vain hope of finding, at last, one that was a proper place of education, I went to New Unkrant on the Rhine, a very little boy; experienced in the applications of the fig, stones, nuts, whipcord in all its combinations, bumping against the corners of wall, tommy and cane, and other means of torture. I had learned to be reckless about blows, to regard a big boy or a school-master as a natural enemy, and to feel proud because there were few others so prompt to defy or insult the teacher, or to bite him while he pled the stick. I was familiar with filth and falsehood. I was ashamed to think of all that I, a very young child, had learned, and I wonder at the little incidents belonging to that time, which show how hard a struggle the good spirit that belongs to childhood had maintained in self defence, against such miserable influences. But the seven champions of Christendom defended me from a great deal of harm. I should have been undone had not the geni and the white cat, whom I nursed secretly, been on my side, and given me good counsel.

Brother Mieth it was he who met me on the pier when I first landed at New Unkrant, with my small portmanteau, and there welcomed me in broken English as no teacher had ever welcomed me before.

He took me into a school containing about one hundred and fifty boys. These were associated as close comrades in groups of twenty, formed by herding together those most nearly alike in age.—Each herd had its own rooster superintended by two brothers; one brother to take charge of the minds, the other of the bodies, of the children. The whole school dined and supped together in one hall; we all slept together in one mighty dormitory; each in the little bed that he himself had made; and we all met at chapel. In the classes that were changed from hour to hour, we were formed together in sets formed, of course, not according to our age, but our attainments. Out of doors again, all were together, often in the common playground, a large garden outside the town. Of the play-garden, be it said that there was material provided there for plenty of rough sport, and there were tents in it adorned with tablets to the memory of dead teachers who had been much loved. For incidents occurring almost daily, our imaginations were appealed to, and our hearts were touched.

That was the spirit of the school. Its power was immense. The multitude of boys, living together as a sort of federal republic, was not only maintained in perfect discipline without an act of violence, but very few went away from among us whose minds had not been, to some degree, enriched, enlarged, ennobled. During the two years that I spent there, not a blow was struck, except the few that seasoned our own boyish quarrels. They were few and enough.

We were not milkops. We braved peril in many of our sports; we were for true knights, not for recreants; we were chevaliers without fear; but also, more than is usual among communities of boys, without reproach. A spirit of truthfulness, of gentleness, of cordiality between the teachers and the taught, pervaded our whole body; punishments of the most nominal kinds sufficed for the scholastic discipline; insubordination, there was none; secret contempt of authority, there was none. Now-comers brought vices with them very often, or began their new school life in the wrong tone; the good spirit so infected them: they fell into the right harmony within a week or a month. And what was the secret of the influence, exerted over us by these gentle Moravians? They lived before us blameless lives; they had, in themselves, a child-like simplicity of mind and purpose; they were so truthful that they did not seem able to understand deceit; and, as I have said, they won our hearts by suffering the free play of our fancies.

These Moravians are said sometimes to resemble Quakers, and there is not much fancy in a Quaker perhaps. It may be said, for example, that the plan of burial used by the brotherhood is Quaker-like in its simplicity. There is a square church-

yard with a broad walk down the middle. The first brother who dies is laid in one corner, and the first sister who dies is laid in the opposite corner; the dead who follow are placed in rows, as beans are set in a field. The rows of brothers multiply on one side of the walk, the rows of sisters on the other, and no difference of rank is shown. There is but a single form for the flat stone that is laid over each grave as a lid. Formality this may be, but it did not seem formality to us.—Our hearts were moved at the aspect of a graveyard that was so much like our own dormitory with its rows of beds—a place in which all rested as equals, until the time of the awakening. It stirred our fancies more than any fancies could be stirred by the colossal tea-caddies in stone and the stone tea-urns without spouts, that indicate, in English cemeteries, where the respectable dead bodies have been placed. Concerning them, a child can only wonder why there are only urns and tea caddies,—why none of the tombs are decorated with a cup and saucer, or a spoon, or sugar-tongues—where the well executed toast rack is.

Of this Moravian churchyard, I have more to say, for it was in truth, part of our school. Not that we learnt any geography lessons among the tombs, but we did certainly learn lessons there. I am about to horrify some nervous parents. We boys used to see corpses and attend funerals.

Gentle Brother Mieth was but a young man. At one time of his life he had been to the Greenland mission; but, failing health had warned his companions to send him home to his own milder climate; so it chanced, therefore, that he ended his life as a teacher at New Unkrant. He taught and he was prompt to learn, while holding friendly talk with boys from all parts of the world, assembled in the school. There were a great many of us English—all set brags about our country; and new comers, who had not been sojourned down, went so far as to invent matter for the glory of old England in general, and of their homes in particular. I myself had not been long added to the community before I had executed a rude pen and ink sketch of a spacious turreted castle with four corner towers of such height as would enter into the mind of Mr. Barry to conceive, and had confidently displayed it to some young German and French teachers, even to Brother Mieth and a few teachers, as a sketch from memory of my native halls in Gower street, London. An English boy who had been my companion at home bore witness to the accuracy of the picture, and obtained from me, as his reward, the decision that his father's park must be about three times larger than the principality of Unkrant. Brother Mieth never doubted us, or never seemed to doubt. When, during a long walk on the allee bordered with apple trees that led from New Unkrant to Schneiderdingen, I described to Brother Mieth a domestic ceremony that I had lately witnessed at the funeral of a man, the whole mass of my startling details out of a tale in the Romance of Spanish History, the good brother manifested not a trace of doubt. He had seen strange things in Greenland; and in England things might possibly be stranger.—Against this quiet trustfulness, no child's spirit of untruth could maintain itself. I remember only one or two in our whole mass who did not become, under its influence, completely candid and trustworthy.

I seem to have wandered from the subject of the dead bodies we went to see, and yet have not wandered very far.—Brother Mieth disappeared from his desk and joined the men and children, tenanting a portion of our building called the sick-room. What pleasure we all thought it to be sick! A battered old soldier was the ministering nurse—no woman could be gentler in the office than he was,—and then, what tales of battles and the steadily perilous breach he liked to tell! We did not pity Brother Mieth for being in the sick-room, till the rumor grew among us that some best authority had said that he would die. We began then to pay him visits, and I do not think we were the worse for the short texts he used to show us in his unaffected way. We all kept albums, little boxes of loose coloured leaves on each of which a friend was to inscribe some syllables in token of his love. We went to Brother Mieth with blank leaves in our hands. It must have been solemn yet not sad work for him, sitting at his little table in the sick-room, strewn with blank leaflets, pink and blue, and white, and yellow, and crimson, and to write upon each one his farewell to a child who loved him, and whom he had loved. Oh Brother Mieth, brother Mieth! Glad am I that I have my leaflet still.

Our friend died, and they took his body as they took the body of every brother who died, to a little room in a garden, built against the garden wall, a place to which we went between the garden flowers, by a trim walk, under trellised vines. In that building, on certain days, according to the custom of the school in such cases, we were permitted (not compelled) to go and be with our friend for the last time. And with what full hearts we found the threshold of the little room, to find

Brother Mieth placidly sleeping in a pretty bed, one of his hands lying on the counterpane with roses in it. We felt no horrors at the stillness and whiteness of his face; our thoughts of Death and Heaven were allied too closely for that.

Then came the funeral. Before we journeyed to the graveyard, all met in the quiet chapel, where there was a short service, and a hymn; sung to stirring music of wind instruments, stringed instruments, and organ. The minister then opened a small paper, and read from it a brief memoir of our friend, through which we heard for the first time what had happened to him, and what work he had found time to do in all the years before his grave was ready. Knowing then, better than ever whom we followed, all the men of the brotherhood, and all the boys of the school two by two, with no pomp but the pomp of numbers, followed the bearers of a simple coffin. Arrived at the churchyard that there formed a great square that almost corresponded to the square of its four hedges. Brother Mieth was committed to the earth with blessings, and to this day I can tell by the thrill in my heart how we felt when immediately afterwards the trumpets were blown over his grave. Aided by that music, presently our funeral hymn rose from the voices of many men and boys, and spread through the silence of the country round about.

(Conclusion Next Week.)

CHOLERA.—NARROW ESCAPE OF BEING BURIED ALIVE.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal, writing under date of Manepy, Jaffna, Ceylon, April 12, furnishes the following melancholy and thrilling incidents:

I have alluded to the prevalence of cholera. The ravages of the disease in the parish of Manepy have been fearful. I never before realized the presence of death, as for some time when the pestilence was at its height. In some instances, the attack seemed to be nothing but death itself from the outset, and the victim was hurried into the grave within six hours' and even less, from the time of the first appearance of disease. The people have such a fear of having a corpse in the house, that they bury as soon as possible, after the breath has left the body, and in some cases, we have great reason to believe, even before life is extinct. Several instances of this kind have been reported, and in regard to the death of some of the native christians by this disease, we have had most painful suspicions and fears. I will mention one or two authentic cases where persons narrowly escaped being buried alive, as such instances may not be without use as warnings, even in America.—One occurred in February, in a village, Aslavory, adjoining Manepy. A person who was attacked with cholera requested his friends not to bury him at once if he died, but to wait for some time. He died within eight or nine hours, as was supposed, when his friends, without regarding his plainly expressed wish, prepared for the interment; but one of them having recalled the dying man's request, delayed the funeral three or four hours. Meanwhile the body moved, and the man asked for congee or gruel; the heat of the body regained, and the man has since regained his usual health. Again, only a few Sabbath mornings since, a teacher in the Sabbath school at this station—which school, by the way, has been entirely broken up for more than three months by the cholera, pointed out to me a little girl, a member of his class, who was supposed to die, but as it was late in the afternoon, she was wrapped in a mat—nearly all are buried here without coffins of any sort—and the corpse left till morning for the interment. During the night the poor little creature revived so much as to complain of the cold, or to ask for food, when she was cared for and has since become as well as to be able to attend the Sabbath and day schools.

UNITED STATES REVENUE.—It appears from a Washington letter in the New York Courier that the receipts from customs for the month of May, at the principal ports of the country, amounted to \$4,552,000, against \$4,179,000 in May of last year. At the port of Baltimore the receipts for May amounted to \$87,000, and for May of last year \$68,000. The receipts at this port also for the first ten days of the present month of June reached \$21,000, against \$19,000 for the number of days in last June. At New York the receipts in May amounted to \$3,175,000, against \$2,993,000, in May of last year. The increased receipts at Philadelphia reached \$30,000 and at all the other ports except New Orleans there is an increase. The total receipts from customs, lands, &c., for the fiscal year ending the 30th ult., will be about \$74,766,264, which will be an increase over last year of \$13,766,264. It is estimated that on the 30th ult., the balance in the national treasury will be \$32,000,000, or \$10,057,108 more than was on hand at the same period last year.—The amount of public debt paid off during the fiscal year now closing is about \$20,000,000. Of the entire revenue of the year the existing tariff has produced \$68,000,000, and the public lands \$7,700,000.—Daily News.

COL. JOHN W. FORNEY.

The following eloquent tribute to Col. Forney, by one of the ablest men of Pennsylvania, Governor REEDER, we clip from the proceedings of the serene given to the latter by the citizens of Easton, when informed of his appointment as Governor of Kansas:

"There is one man whom, on this occasion, and in this connection, I am sure you do not wish to overlook, and whom I cannot allow to be forgotten, where manliness and worth and nobleness of soul are appreciated. I must ask therefore, to fill for the health of a refined and exalted intellect—of untiring mental force and activity—of warm and generous impulses, of unquailing moral courage, and of self-sacrificing devotion to his friends. Faithful as fidelity itself—generous as the showers of heaven—he would make efforts and sacrifices for his friend which he never would make for himself—and confer his benefits without a moment's consideration whether they left him an uncounted hoard or an exhausted store—the very soul of honor, and faith, and pure unselfish generosity; and with this merited and introductory tribute, given in the sincerity of my heart, I propose—"

THE HEALTH OF COL. JOHN W. FORNEY.

Clerk of the National House of Representatives.

ANOTHER CURE FOR THE CHOLERA.

The following extract from the letter of a clergyman to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, presents a very simple, and, he says, effectual preventative of cholera, as well as a remedy of great power:

"The preventative is simple: a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal taken three or four times a week in a cup of coffee or liquid in the morning.

"When attacked with cholera, a mixture of an ounce of charcoal, an ounce of laudanum, and an ounce of brandy, or any other spirits, may be given as follows—after being well shaken: a teaspoonful every five minutes. In half an hour I have known it effectually to relieve and stay the disease. As the patient becomes better, the mixture may be given at long intervals.

"I have known a patient in the blue stage, and collapsed, perfectly recovered in a few hours.

"The charcoal was tried as a preventative on a large plantation in the Mauritius, and not a single individual out of eight hundred was attacked with cholera.

See a number of whig and free-soil editors at the North advocating a dissolution of the Union, and we are rather amused at their apparent idea that when they speak, the entire sentiment of the people, North, East, and West, is proclaimed; for instance, the New York Tribune and its faithful echo, the Ohio State Journal, have presumed to inform "all the world and the rest of mankind" that the idea of dismemberment of the Union is received with particular favor by all citizens of the United States north of Mason and Dixon's line. But let the Tribune but make a roll-call, and it will find that it is but a comparative few reckless spirits who are ready to answer eye to disunion. And the idea that the people of a single sovereign State would at the ballot-box say "separate" is as absurd and ridiculous as for any one to seek continued preservation by resorting to well-known destructive agents. North or South, the mass of the people of these States place a value upon the Union which will prove a never failing bar to a surrender of those blessings at the instigation of a horde of gambling, speculating, knavish, and fanatical politicians.—Wash. Union.

DANGER OF PAINTED PAILS.

The editor of the Scientific American publishes the following communication from James Manco, of New York, with the advice for all persons to avoid painted pails. A coat of varnish on the outside, in all the embellishment we ever desire to see on a water pail—

"The oxide of lead with which pails are painted, is a dangerous poison, and I know that it is productive of evil in many cases. Last week, having occasion to take a drink of water from a painted pail, which had been in use for some months, I was convinced by taste of the water, that it had taken up a portion of the paint, and having analyzed the water, I found it to contain a very minute quantity of it, sufficient, however, if a large amount of water were taken, to produce those fearful diseases peculiar to lead poisonings."

MR. BROWN TO THE TENDER HEARTED WATCHMAN.

"Watchman, spare that jug. Touch not a single drop. It has served me many a tug, and I will be its prop.—'Twas my fore-father's hand that placed it in his cot. There watchman let it stand—thy club shall harm it not. That old family jug, whose credit and renown are known to many a mug, and would'st thou smash it down? Watchman, forbear thy blow!—Break not its earth-brown clay; nor let the liquor flow. But let the old jug stay."

To keep Preserves, apply the white of an egg with a suitable brush to a single thickness of tissue paper, with which cover over the jar, overlapping the edges an inch or two. No tying is required. The whole will become when dry, as tight as a drum.