

Clearfield Republican.

A WEEKLY PAPER: PUBLISHED IN CLEARFIELD, BY D. W. MOORE AND CLARK WILSON; DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

TERMS.—\$1 00 a year in advance, \$1 25 if paid within three months, \$1 50 if paid within six months, \$1 75, if paid within nine months, and if not paid until the expiration of the year \$2 00 will be charged.

VOLUME 5.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1854.

NUMBER 23.

THE TIDE OF DEATH.

BY HON. ROBERT M. CHARLTON.
The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on—
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasures from our hearts,
The loved ones from our side—
That brings afflictions to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's unruffled brow
The charms that lingered there.

The tide rolls on: waves after waves,
Its swelling waters flow;
Before it all is bright and fair,
Behind it all is woe!
The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that resistless tide.

The tide rolls on: the soldier's eye
Grows dim beneath its swell;
The scholar shuns the mystic lore
That he hath loved so well;
The monarch puts the crown aside,
And laborer's weary slave
Rejoices that his limbs will know
The quiet of the grave.

The tide rolls on: like summer brook,
It glideth to the sea;
But, like dark winter's angry tide,
It rushes to the sea.
From kindly hall and lowly cot,
From battle-field and hearth,
It sweeps into oblivion's sea
The dwellers on the earth.

Hill on, thou dark and turbid wave!
Thou canst not bear away
The record of the good and brave,
That knoweth not decay;
Though fierce may rush thy billow's strife
Through deep thy current be,
Still faith shall lift thy beacon high,
And guide us through the sea.

LOGAN, THE INDIAN CHIEF.

One of the most remarkable chiefs of North American Indians was the celebrated Logan, a Cayuga, the acknowledged head of the Six-Nations, who flourished in the decade in 1777-80. In a work on Indian biography, published a number of years ago at New York, there is an account of this individual, and the fate to which he was exposed by the encroaching policy of the whites.

Logan was the second son of Shikellimus, a respectable chief of the Six-Nations, who resided at Shamokin, (Pennsylvania,) as an agent to transact business between them and the government of the state. Logan's father was a shrewd and sober man, not addicted to drinking, like most of his countrymen. Indeed, he built his house on pillars, for security against the drunken Indians, and used to enconce himself within it on all occasions of riot and outrage. He died in 1719, attended in his last moments by a good Moravian bishop.

Logan inherited the talents of his father, but not his prosperity. Nor was this altogether his own fault. He took no part except that of peace making in the French and English war of 1760, and was ever before and afterwards looked upon as emphatically the friend of the white man. But never was kindness rewarded like this. In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder occurred in some of the white settlements of the Ohio, which were charged to the Indians, though perhaps not justly; for it is well known that a large number of civilized adventurers were traversing the frontiers at this time, who sometimes disguised themselves as Indians, and who thought little more of killing one of their people than shooting a buffalo. A party of these men, hand jobbers and others, undertook to punish the outrage in this case according to their custom, as Mr. Jefferson expresses it, in a summary way.

Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much-injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the Kanawha in quest of vengeance. Unfortunately a canoe of women and children, with one man only was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarméd, and not at all suspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one blow, killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan.

It was not long after this that another massacre took place, under "still" more aggravated circumstances, not far from the present site of Wheeling, Virginia—a considerable party of the Indians being decoyed by the whites, and all murdered, with the exception of a little girl. Among those who were a brother of Logan and a sister, and the delicate situation of the latter increased a thousand fold both the barbarity of the crime, and the rage of the survivors of the family.

The vengeance of the chieftain was provoked beyond endurance, and he accordingly distinguished himself by his daring and bloody exploits in the war which now ensued between the Virginians on the one side, and a combination mainly of Shawnee, Delaware, and Delawares, on the other. The former of these tribes were particularly exterminated by the unprovoked murder of one of their favorite chiefs, Silver-Hoels, who had in the kindest manner undertaken to escort several white traders across the woods from Ohio to Albany, a distance of nearly 200 miles.

The civilized party, as usual, were not in the battle, which was fought upon the 10th of October, of the year, last named, on Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, in West Virginia, between the

confederates, commanded by Logan, and 1000 Virginia riflemen, constituting the left wing of an army led by Governor Dunmore against the Indians of the north west. This engagement has by some annalists—who, however, have rarely given the particulars of it—been called the most obstinate ever contested with the natives.

The Virginians lost in this action two of their colonels, four captains, many subordinate officers, and about fifty privates killed, besides a much larger number wounded. The governor himself was not engaged in the battle, being at the head of the right wing of the same army—a force of 1500 men, who were at this time on their expedition against the towns of some of the hostile tribes in the northwest.

It was at the treaty ensuing upon this battle, that the following speech was delivered, sufficient to render the name of Logan famous for many a century. It came by the hand of a messenger, sent (as Mr. Jefferson states,) that the sincerity of the negotiation might not be distrusted on account of the absence of so distinguished a warrior as himself.

"I appeal to any white man to say, if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said: 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children.—There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

Of this powerful address, Mr. Jefferson says: "I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes, Cicero, and of more eminent orators, to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan;" and an American statesman and scholar scarcely less illustrious than the author of this noble eulogium has expressed his readiness to subscribe to it. It is of course unnecessary for any humbler authority to enlarge upon its merits; indeed, they require no exposition—they strike home to the soul.

The melancholy history of Logan must be dismissed with no relief to his gloomy colors. He was himself a victim to the same ferocious cruelty which had already rendered him a desolate man. Not long after the treaty, a party of whites murdered him as he was returning from Detroit to his own country. It grieves us to add, that towards the close of his life, misery made him intemperate. No security and no solace to Logan was the orator's genius or the warrior's glory. Such was the melancholy fate of Logan. "The fire water" of the white trader claimed him as a victim. He sank into an ignominious grave!

ANDREW JACKSON'S MOTHER.

The Rev. Dr. Hawks recently delivered a lecture before the Historical Society of N. Y., when he related the following story illustrative of female heroism.

"Among those (he observed) who formed a part of the settlement during the revolutionary war struggle, was a poor widow, who, having buried her husband, was left in poverty with the task upon her hands of raising three sons. Of these, the two eldest, ere long, fell in the cause of their country, and she struggled on with the youngest as best she could. After the fall of Charleston and the disastrous defeat of Col. Buford, of the State of Virginia, by Tarleton, permission was given to some four or five American females to carry necessary and provisions, and administer some relief to the prisoners on board the prison ship and in the jails at Charleston. This widow was one of the volunteers upon this errand of mercy. She was admitted within the city and braving the horrors of pestilence, employed herself to the extent of her humble means in alleviating the deplorable sufferings of her countrymen. She knew what she had to encounter; but notwithstanding she went bravely on. Her mission of humanity being fulfilled, she left Charleston on her return—but alas! her exposure to the pestilential atmosphere she had been obliged to breathe, had planted in her system the seeds of a fatal disease; and ere she reached her home, she sank under an attack of prison fever, a brave martyr to the cause of humanity and patriotism. The dying mother, who now rests in an unknown grave, thus left her only son, the sole survivor of her family to the world's charity; but little did she dream as death closed her eyes, the future of that orphan boy.—That son became President of this free Republic; for that widow was the mother of Andrew Jackson."

From Dickens' Household Words.— MORAVIAN SCHOOLS.

(Concluded from our last.)

Of course English teachers cannot bury one another for the edification of school-boys. It is obvious that I am not here recommending any rule of practice for adoption; I suggest only a principle. I had been used at English schools to strictness of rule with laxity of principle; at New Unkrant we had strictness of principle with laxity of rule. At New Unkrant the discipline was (in consequence) beyond comparison the most real and complete. I had been taught in England to stick by my slate and dictionary, to keep my collar clean on Sunday, and to learn the collect. I was taught at New Unkrant to give free play to all my faculties; the heart was stirred, the soul was roused, and satisfied, no check was set upon the tongue, and we were abundantly provided with material for voluntary exercise of thought. What if we did learn little algebra and little Greek! Every one of us was being humanised in the best way, and trained to become a thinker and a student for himself thereafter. Scarcely a boy was there who had not his case of butterfiles and beetles, diligently chased over hill and dale, or the reward of much exploring upon trees, among herbs, and under sunny bits of rocks, or in the pools under the mountains. Our fancy worked in all our play. We spent many a summer afternoon in craggy dell, acting robber tales that we created for ourselves. Half way up a rock, some of us found a little nook approached through thick bushes by an obscure path, which had been used once by a hermit. We made a secret of it, and created it into a robbers' rendezvous; a band of gens d'armes was formed, while others volunteered to play the part of travellers and wander through the wood, which was a very real wood. We had attacks, rescues, searches, captures, and stored up a great body of varied incident, until our career was stopped by the fall of a bold robber down a rock which he had scaled to rescue a companion. The rock was then forbidden, and as it overhung the place of rendezvous the game was spoiled.

It was a great check on the play of our imaginations that the pious Moravians forbade novels and plays as reading, and restricted us to edifying stories about Easter eggs and other holy things. Shakespeare, being a play writer was taken away from any English boy by whom he was imported, and restored at his departure. We still found, however, many fanciful books and there was no reason why we should not contribute to each other all we knew concerning Schinderhannes, Eulenspiegel, and such worthies. We were encouraged to tell tales of wonder to each other. I had not been long in the school before I committed what would have been in England the enormous offence of filling a copy-book given to me for school uses, with a story about a green huntsman, who went up a hill through a wood, and heard a mysterious shot, and of what followed. Brother Renching found the book and took it to his desk. Had he been a woe to my skin! Brother Renching smoked a pipe over the crude, childish composition, and in the next playtime offered to read to the room Damon's story. Straightway he began to deliver it from the book in German, either much embellished by translation, or to the most complaisant of audiences; and instead of a thrashing, Damon has for doing what was surely a fair self-imposed exercise, the reward of popular applause.

Then James Damon had a Rudolf Pythias in a pale young German, called the Baron, because he always wore a fine black velvet frock. Damon and Pythias were inseparable; their desks were side by side, and they went far ahead or lagged far behind in the school walks, their usual occupation being the exchange of wonderful stories out of memory till memory was exhausted, and then out of recombinations and invention: A stray companion attached himself to us sometimes, and then another, until at last we lost our privacy, and came to be appointed joint story-tellers and poets laureate in rooms to which we belonged, with a reputation that extended over the rooms next above and below us. We had to produce verses on birth-days and school fairs, and to tell stories to order. A committee would try its skill in setting us the hardest wonder-subjects. In one case, for example, an appointed hero was to escape from a tower wall three hundred feet above the ground and three hundred feet below it, and without doors and windows; he was to have his clothes stolen from his back in daytime, while he was awake, yet without being aware of theft; he was to swim through a river without being wet, and to do other such things. To Brother Renching, who fell in so pleasantly with all the humors, it must have been amusing enough to hear the decisions of the jury that accepted, or refused as possible or impossible, the solutions we worked out for all such problems. A liberal notion of the possible and impossible in magic, of what is not fit and proper for the business of the marvel-monger, must furnish stuff for pleasant study to thoughtful men.

Then we had festivals that did us in a few days lexicon loads of good. We always went out in the warm spring weather at Whitsuntide, for a long—perhaps, week long—ramble from hill to hill and town to town: now mounted upon donkeys, now, rumbling in country-carts, now floating down the river in flat bottomed boats, but always proudest and best pleased when we were a-foot. How intense was our enjoyment of those walks! We slept where we halted for the night: in barns in kitchens; once in an old ruin—commonly on straw; one night only, in a town hotel on feathers, which we hated. It vexed us to have to tell our friends, who had gone in other directions, that we had been supping in a common hotel, like milkshops, and sleeping through one of our nights on feather beds. Some amends were made to us on the succeeding night, when it appeared that a few of our party would be put to sleep in a huge oven. The glorious possibility of being forgotten, and of the housewife's coming in the mornings, a half sleepy, to set light to the straw, was a sublime thought to dismiss ourselves to sleep upon. We always preferred the tallow place where we got the blackest bread; and we thought a farmhouse on a mountain, where the water was almost as expensive as wine, incomparably a better hostelry than the Blue Angel, at Wesbaden. Among towns, we liked best the fortresses in which we had prisoners to see, and in which there were men at work with iron balls chained to their legs; next to the fortresses we liked the towns that had grand churches in them; it delighted us to scramble to the organ-loft and get a grizzly and good-natured organist to play for us, and let us sound with our own finger the vox humana, most beloved of steps. There was one cathedral, I remember, in which there were by the altar twelve apostolical seats, like huge gilt ottomans; we came away possessed with the idea that they were twelve huge masses of gold—for we knew nothing of the world's gold-leaf and veneer.

The festival of festivals was Christmas. The joy of it extended over half the year: three months were happily spent in preparation for it; three in recollection of its glories. We prepared for this festival by writing lists of articles that we describe as presents within reasonable bounds, of which we never felt the limit. The school gave to each of us at Christmas, what his beylsh heart desired. Such gifts, doubtless, were set down in the bill sent home; but, inasmuch as that bill was a moderate one, such extras nobly filled the place of what we, in England, call accomplishments on the usual terms. There, we were taught music and modern languages and all such matters, as things of course.—We had these gifts to expect, with doses of sweetmeat and wax tapers, had also our own Christmas decorations to prepare.

No manager, engaged in mounting a grand opera or fair-price, can be busier than we were, or conceited ourselves to be, in preparation for the Christmas festival. Pocket-money was diverted from its usual channels; and, instead of milk, eggs, chocolate, and cider we bought colored wax-tapers, colored cardboards, colored paper, and colored pictures. The pictures and papers were sold by the drawing master. The world was then in a ferment on the subject of the gallant Poles and we liked nothing so well for Christmas ornaments as gay pictures of Polish lancers dashing down into the thick of the battle. Such scenes, and the Siege of Antwerp, very rich in reds and yellows, and, next to these, pictures of horses, we conceived to be at the head of Fine Arts, and sought accordingly; for, during the Christmas week, our rooms were to be picture-galleries.—That was not all. Every desk was to be illuminated with the greatest attainable blaze of little tapers; and there was a rivalry among us, each attempting to outshine his neighbors. That was not all. We devoted our leisure to construct works, erect stables and mangiers, cottages, palaces, and cathedrals of cardboard; cut out elaborately ornamented windows, and filled them with bits of colored paper oil to represent stained glass. Into our stables, cottages, palaces and cathedrals, we put tapers, and made the whole school a complete maze of tapers, pictures, and transparencies, combined with a useful and liberal display of sugar-ornaments, apples, walnuts, and presents generally, among the leading articles. The good people of the town, whom we saw only then, and at our school parties, came round to wonder at our fairy-land; a very fairy-land it was to us, whatever they in wisdom may have thought about it. For weeks afterwards we played at marbles for our walnuts, and so great was the glut of them that one successful speculator, who was master of the bottom draw of a chest, was commonly supposed to have filled that drawer with his winnings.

When the year was on the point of departure, we sat up and went to chapel soon after eleven o'clock. Then, when the worthy preacher, on the stroke of midnight, was balancing a sentence on his two extended fingers, the clock would chime, and our dear friends, the trumpets, would dash in with a sudden crash, and smash

the discourse in an instant without mercy; down sat the preacher and up rose the people with a stirring hymn, accompanied by the pealing organ, and the flutes, and horns, and fiddles.

So we began the year with a stir at our hearts and quickened fancy; so we carried it through. The faculties that made us happiest, and that were given for wise purposes in special strength to children, were called into full play.

We kept all birthdays in a room. If there were twenty boys and two brothers, there were twenty-two birthdays a year to keep. Each boy received on his anniversary, little love-tokens from his comrades, and contributed in return a scrap of pocket-money towards the establishment of a small feast on the next half holiday: a feast of cakes and cider in a country orchard, when the season favored: or, in cold weather, of chocolate and cakes at home. The birthday of either of the two brothers would be kept more solemnly. Before he came down in the morning, a little table before his desk would be covered with a snowy napkin, and upon the napkin would be placed our offerings. Always, there was a pipe with cunningly worked stem and splendid bowl. Every working brother possessed a cupboard full of such pipes, and was glad to be so richly stocked, as any English lady is when she is mistress of a wardrobe full of dresses. If it were not so, we thought so, and were never interrupted in such thinking. To the pipe, we added any other trifles that we imagined likely to give pleasure, and some articles contributed by individuals out of their own possessions. We put a mighty nose-gay in the background; and tricked out with flowers all our sacrifice. Then, when the good brother came down, of course we said many a kind thing to him, and had many a kind thing said to us. And in the afternoon we were repaid with perhaps a sail down the broad river to some celestial inn among the mountains and vines, where we had real Malaga wine instead of cider, and cakes only fit to be eaten with such nectar.

Very puerile, perhaps, all this was, but therefore, as a Dominie would say, most fit for pueri. I only know that under such discipline our hearts were softened; that we were, not in this instance only, but by the hundred and uniformly, tractable and loving, while the simple piety of the good brothers was so well recommended to us, that although they taught no other doctrine than the principles of Christian uprightness and charity, we learned as much of truth from them as could have been communicated even by any catechism I know—or don't know.

I was a little rascal when I first went to New Unkrant, because my puerility had been, at other schools, discouraged and repressed; the instincts with which I was created, had been stupidly opposed, I was diverted into a condition for which the Creator never destined me. The liberty of growth encouraged at New Unkrant may have been extreme. I think it was not, but I will not presume to decide upon the point. This only I have a right to testify, that from the work-days of the world whenever energies were called for, troubles grew thick, or temper came to be tried, I have always looked back with a strong affection to New Unkrant as the place in which I had learned the lesson that would help me best.

Yes, that those lessons have been my best helpers, I am, in my grateful manhood, sure. When blight was gathering about the budding faculties, those true-hearted Moravians blew the blight away; and wretched indeed might have been the blossom but for them. You pedagogues, who cut and trim your children into shape, you know well enough that if you mend a rosebud with your pen-knives, you destroy that upon which you cut your mark. Water the roots, let the wind blow, and sun shine, and the rains fall; remove all that is hurtful, enrich the soil by which the plant is fed, but let the laws of nature take their course. If you know well, that you must act so by a rosebud which you wish to rear into a healthy blossom, why do you act with less care in your treatment of the budding mind and soul.

An exchange contains the following lively report from the neighborhood of Kansas. It was taken on the ground as late as June 13th:

The country is swarming with emigrants. Men on horseback, with cup and skillet, and ham, flour, and coffee, tied on behind, and with axes shouldered, are facing westward; while gentlemen and ladies are driving furiously to and fro in carriages, printers writing, lawyers speaking, doctors gallanting ladies and selecting sites for residences, companies with flags waving, staking out the vast prairies, trees falling, tents stretching, cabins going up, everything alive, and everything wide awake. Hurrah for Kansas! Westward the star of empire takes its way!

The weather in New Orleans on the 29th is said to have been the hottest ever known there; the thermometer reaching 100 deg in the shade: Eight cases of sun-stroke occurred.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

The Jersey Blue has the following affecting story:

During the latter part of our career in the Philadelphia post-office, we became acquainted, among the mass of human beings whose faces appeared daily at the "General Delivery Window" where we were stationed, was an intelligent, happy-looking Englishman of about forty-five years of age, who came frequently to inquire for letters from home. He was a man of pleasing manners, and evidently been well educated and accustomed to the refinements and elegancies of really good society. Being a stranger on our shores, he was glad to avail himself of an opportunity of conversing with us, and spoke freely of his hopes for the future. He had come over to Philadelphia, bringing with him a little son apparently about twelve years of age, to select a residence for the rest of his family which he had left in England, and to make all the necessary arrangements for their comfort when they should arrive. He had accomplished this—had taken and furnished a house in Philadelphia, and was expecting letters from his wife, informing him of her sailing with their other children in the steamer City of Manchester.

We handed him a letter—it spoke of her expectation to sail in that steamer, and went away with such glad anticipations as might be supposed to fill the heart of a husband and father long absent from the wife and children whom he soon expected to meet and embrace again. A few days passed, and another foreign mail arrived and with it a letter to our friend from his wife, saying that she had not been able to make her arrangements in time to sail in the Manchester, but that she should certainly sail in the Glasgow. Some time after this, letters came, which she had mailed at the time of embarking in this ship, and now he was unexpectantly happy with the almost certainty of seeing his wife and children in a very few days, for the New York mail steamers generally make the passage but a few days sooner than our screw steamers. Soon he, with many others, commenced going down every day to Queen street wharf to look for the incoming steamer.

But who shall speak of the horrors to come? Day after day did he, with the many others that sad walk, go down to the wharf and strain his vision to descry among the numerous vessels down the river the anxiously expected steamer.

We saw him when the vessel had been some thirty days out, and were started at his appearance. The plump happy seeming face of one month before was haggard as the face of death, the eyes that so shortly before we had seen dance in the light of inward joy, were bloodshot, wild and glaring upon us with a maniac expression. He walked mopingly away, but his face haunted us still. A few days after this, a steamer arrived bringing the report that the Glasgow had been seen off the Bahamas; this report brought him to us again. Oh, how that false hope had brightened his countenance! His eyes had regained their expression of intelligence, and he clung to this baseless hope as a drowning man to a straw.

We left the post-office a few days after this. Yesterday we inquired concerning this wretched man, and was told that he had been for some time in the lunatic asylum, a raving maniac. May God reward him in eternity.

Another Survivor of the Revolution. We have been favored by a friend with the information there resides in Pleasant Mount Borough, this county, a Mrs. Benjamin, in her one hundred and tenth year, with prospects of living many years longer, equally fair before her. She occasionally spins stocking yarn of the finest quality, not excelled by that of her younger neighbors. She is quite intelligent, seems to retain her memory remarkably well, and evinces a clearness of mind of the present, and a mind, as you find impressed with the scenes of the past.

She had been married three times; her first two husbands were killed in the Revolution, and her last one, named Benjamin, died about 30 years ago. At the time she was employed at West Point cooking for the army, and was present at one of the battles with Burgoyne, and assisted in distributing ammunition to those of the soldiers who were nearest destitute. She was also with the army when it was disbanded at Newburg, by General Washington; and at which occasion the General asked her if she was not afraid of the bullets, when she replied: "Oh! the sword never robs the halter."—Wayne County Herald.

A singular matrimonial mistake—the blushing bride having been married to the gentleman who acted as "father" on the occasion—took place at Worly recently. The mistake was rectified by the clergyman performing the ceremony over again next day.

Francis Jordan, Esq., has been nominated by the Whigs of Bedford county as the Whig candidate for State Senator in that district.