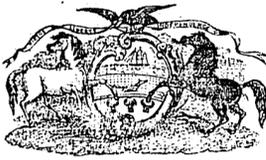


# Clearfield Republican.



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*From the Luscious Union.*  
"Speak not to him a bitter word."  
Wouldst thou a wanderer reclaim,  
A wild and restless spirit tame—  
Check the warm flow of youthful blood,  
And lead a lost one back to God?  
Pause, if thy spirit will be stirred,  
Speak not to him a bitter word.  
Speak not—that bitter word may be  
The stamp that seals his destiny.  
If widely he has gone astray,  
And dark excess has marked his way,  
The spoiler—his yet howling  
Reform must come from kindly care.  
Forbid thy parting lips to move,  
But in the gentle tones of love.  
Though sadly his young heart hath erred,  
Speak not to him a bitter word.

The loving from he will not bear,  
The venom'd chidings will not bear.  
The stern rebukes that thickly lay  
Around his swifly deviating way—  
So shalt thou win him, call him back  
From pleasure's smooth, seductive track,  
And warnings, thou hast mildly given,  
May guide the wanderer up to Heaven.  
So kindly to him, make him feel  
Your heart yearns deeply for his weal.  
Tell him the dangers that thickly lay  
Around his swifly deviating way—  
So shalt thou win him, call him back  
From pleasure's smooth, seductive track,  
And warnings, thou hast mildly given,  
May guide the wanderer up to Heaven.

*How Softly on the Bruised Heart.*  
How softly on the bruised heart,  
A word of kindness falls,  
And to the dry and parched soil,  
The moistening dew drops calls.  
Oh, what a life of love be lost?  
Oh, what a life of love be lost?  
Oh, what the heaven that waits upon  
This brief and mortal span?

*The Silky Hunter.*  
The ensuing narrative is strictly historical and truthful. We are indebted to the pen of the hunter-naturalist—Webber—for it.

Shortly before the American war of Independence, there arrived in New England an orphan boy called Billy Smith. Some friends of his parents took an active interest in him, and apprenticed him—though only eight years of age—to an old farmer in North Carolina. The indentures stipulated that he was to have, besides sufficient food and clothing, reasonable opportunities of education; but Saunders, the yeoman, thought it folly; and all Bill learned was in spite of his prejudices. There was a little daughter of the farmer's however—Mattie, a blue eyed child with gold ringlets and dimpled face—who took a fancy to instruct the young alien who had come under her father's roof. He learned to read and write, and soon became so proficient in both, that he began, in turn to teach his tutor.

This pleasant exchange of mutual kindness went on till the children grew up, and Mattie was unconsciously betrothed in the springtime of her life to the orphan youth who had been perpetually at her side. The farmer discovered this, and immediately began to punish Smith by a series of abominable persecutions. He made him sleep in a barn, on a pile of hay, with only one tattered blanket to cover him, and cut him off from all consolations of little Mattie's love. He was rich, and hated any one who appeared to aim at being the heir to his fortune. He jealously watched his daughter and tortured poor Bill by every kind of cruelty, till his behaviour became notorious, and some humane persons resolved to summon him before a court of justice for barbarity and neglect of duty.

Before this was known, however, the orphan boy had formed a plan of running away. He made up his little bundle, and one night creeping into Mattie's room through the window, bid her a gentle good-bye. He embraced and kissed her, and told her he would come back a great man, and make her his wife; and she said, "I'll wait for you." He ran all night along the highway, and came next morning to Raleigh. There he lived for some time, and he prowled about the kitchen by day, subsisting on the scraps which some kind-hearted slaves bestowed upon him, and when it was night he crawled into some shed to sleep.

It happened that Judge Campbell, a very humane man, then was presiding in the circuit court. He found Bill Smith one morning among his horses and cattle, half dead with hunger and cold. He took him into his house, fed him, learned his story, and began to consider how his inhuman master might be punished. Great therefore was his surprise when looking over the list of causes to be tried before him in that circuit the very first was "Commonwealth vs. Samuel Saunders, for abducting, murdering or otherwise unlawfully making away with an indentured male child, known as William Smith." The trial came on. Judge Campbell compelled the strictest scrutiny into the

facts. His counsel was startled, cowed and almost hopeless. The winding up was near. All felt the verdict must be "guilty."  
Suddenly there was a commotion in Court. Carriage wheels were heard near the place. The sheriff got out and with him was the boy, still attenuated from suffering, but neatly clothed, and with the bloom of life reviving on his cheek. Old Saunders was carried from the dock in convulsions—the shrieks being heard till the prison doors were closed upon him.—He was acquitted, but compelled to give security for the maintenance and education of Bill Smith till the age of eighteen.

This was the first public scene in Bill Smith's career. The next was when, as an eloquent, vivacious, bold young lawyer he pleaded his first case at the bar. He gained many after it, and gradually rose to great honors, wealth and prosperity. Mattie became his wife, and their home was blessed with sons and daughters, till when the Declaration of Independence was made, men knew no happier family than that of William Smith. He was generous, and he was charitable, but nevertheless one of the most opulent men in the province, for he was prudent and economical.

When, however the war of liberty broke out, his treasures flowed like water to support Washington in his tremendous campaigns. Mattie did not repine when she saw their riches melting away in the fever of that glorious cause. "Let the gold go," she said; and the gold did go, and when America was free it was all gone, and William Smith found himself a beggar! But he was not sorrowful; for over the Allegheny mountains was the country of Kentucky—beautiful soil and timber, and water, and game abounding. There they might settle, and thither were many going, many who had lost their possessions in the terrible but sacred war.

In the spring of 1784, fifty emigrants assembled at Powell's on the frontiers of the colony. They were to journey in company over the mountains, for mutual defence, for the swarthy tribes of Indians still hovered over the regions, revenge on the white men that long line of calamities which had fallen on their race.

The caravan went forward. It passed through a wild territory among mountains and defiles with the shaggy forest still throwing their primeval shadows over the slopes. At a distance there was known to be a settlement where provisions might be obtained. Smith with a small party went in advance to bring back supplies for the rest; he was six days away. The remainder had promised to wait his return in a quest for the valley. To that came with his companions. These were traces of the camp, and marks of the conflict, but no living being stirred there—no voice could be heard, no welcome of the deer could he lead. A contended and broken trail showed that the emigrants were in full retreat for Clinch river to gain the more populous district they had quitted. Smith hurried after them.

"Where is my wife—where are my children?" he asked of the first stranger he came to. "You will find them where you left them. Ask the Shawnees; they will tell you the rest."

"You have neglected your trust—they are murdered," said Smith, in a stern and deliberate yet trembling voice. "And yet you are retreating, you cowards!" he added, and struck the man to the ground.—Then turned back, rode alone to the abandoned camp in the valley, and there in the evening he found looking with tearless eyes, but a countenance more mournful than weeping could make it, on the lost and loved—Mattie and her children.

Smith with his own hands dug their graves—with his own hand laid them side by side; his first-born on the mother's right hand, his youngest on her bosom, where it had lain and nestled so long. And then he stood for a few moments looking upon this last couch for their earthly rest, and filled the grave, and bade adieu, forever to mark the spot, and bade adieu, forever to love in which his heart had made its home. His comrades were spreading around in silence. They expected that when he had finished he would follow them. But he walked about the site of the camp, and found where the Indians had come and gone. Then he shouldered his rifle, waved his hand solemnly, and speaking no farwell, disappeared on the trail of the Shawnees.

From that hour a strange mystery sprang among the mountains. There was known to dwell on them a lonely hunter—a white man—who was seen occasionally by the Indians or some solitary trapper, always with a rifle in his hand, but perpetually silent, never speaking a word to any one; if he was addressed he turned and retreated into the woods. Gradually he was lost sight of altogether, except to Daniel Boone, that far-famed hunter, whose name is familiar over the whole continent of America. Daniel Boone was believed to have frequent interviews with him, and to supply him with powder and ball, but he never spoke of him, and only replied to questions by shaking his head and touching his brow with his

This had went on for two years, and times covering miles of ground in the southern part of Kentucky and portions of Tennessee. The people who used this curious mode of sepulture are now extinct. They existed long before the Indian nation—long before the red skins hunted through those woods and savannas. Their graves are not, on an average more than three feet in length. Some have imagined that these were the graves of the children of the Aztec nation. In this case, they must have died by thousands when they were about three feet high, and the older people must have been buried secretly.

In one of these curious sepulchres the body of Bill Smith was discovered. It was a sarcophagus sunk into the earth, almost eighteen inches by the same in width. The explorers examined the grave—they even disturbed the remains, but laid them again in their place at rest, and left no more to his solitary repose the Silent Hunter of the Green River Hills.

What a mournful story! How strange and checked a life! It was the faith of this man to his early love, and the affection of his heart for his children, that led him to the terrible, silent, remorseless way that he afterwards became. But he was not in nature a wicked man. During the latter part of his life his mind was shaken by remembrance of that melancholy day, when Mattie and her little ones had been buried by his own hands in the "Valley of Pines."

*YOUNG AMERICA.*  
We undoubtedly are a peculiar people. Our statesmen, poets and politicians are peculiar—"the bone and sinew of the land" are peculiar—our children are peculiar, but most peculiar is very Young America. We attend no legislative halls, or taking part in political assiduosities, but to a still younger boy, who, having donned his swaddling clothes, has just donned his casimere pants, a dress coat, standing collar and high top boots. Look at the mignon! He is perhaps between fourteen and seventeen years of age. He can swear like a trooper—play cards like a gambler, and chew as much tobacco and drink as much rum as most children of superior growth.

Perhaps he aspires to statesmanship. He learns to talk of governmental affairs, and how acutely he criticises the productions of our public men. He gives us to us that "Alec Hamilton and Tom Jefferson were greatly over rated," and that "Dan Webster, Hon Clay and Jack Calhoun, were men of some ability, but entirely too slow for this progressive age." "No! Everett," he greets, "knows something of Latin and Greek, but is without enlarged and liberal views, and should devote himself to teaching school and preaching to the Unitarians."

Bryant, Longfellow, and Hallack are thought by Young America to be "rather clever poets," while Cooper, Irwin, and Elmer write tolerably well, all things considered.

At fifteen years of age, Young America falls in love, and of course, "sighs like a farmer." We have somewhere met with something like the following: "I say, Bob, Lucy Fairfield is a monstrous fine girl; wonder she don't marry!" "Yes, she's rather handsome, but falling very fast; you should have seen her three years ago, when she was about twelve years old; then she was a beauty. Lucy loves me, but I'm engaged; then her father hasn't the Consumption, and may enjoy his wealth for twenty years. Poor girl, I pity her!" "My child," said good Israel Muggins to his interesting son, "I think of associating you with me in business; what shall be the style of the firm?" "Why, what should it be but Israel Muggins, Jr., & Father?" replied his promising boy.

Another illustration, and we close.—Little Dick, aged fourteen, cigar in mouth, asks his grandfather—a gentleman who has seen eighty summers—if he will have "a weed." "A what?" replies the "old fog." "A weed, grandpa, that is, a cigar." "No, sir, I never smoked a cigar in all my life." "Well, grandpa, at your age, I believe I wouldn't advise you to begin."

So much for Young America. He is a boy of rare parts. At twelve he knows more than his parents; at fourteen he is a poet, politician, and critic; as well as master of all the vices of the day; and at sixteen he grows tired of youthful amusements, thinks of a rich wife, a residence in the country, blooming children, and pleasures attendant on matrimony.

Verily, this is a great country, and we are a great people. We are either infants at the breast, or by assumption and manner, full grown bipeds, with all the self-confidence and importance characteristic of inflated and presuming men.

Gratitude is the fairest bloom which springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant. While its opponent, ingratitude, is a deadly weed; not only poisonous in itself, but impregnating the atmosphere in which it grows with fetid vapors.

*Gen. Cass on Self-Government.*  
The following letter of this great American Statesman, in reply to an invitation of the Democratic Philadelphia to participate with them in the commemoration of the late National Anniversary in Independence Square is replete with sound national and patriotic sentiments. Whose counsels upon this great principle are more worthy of consideration than those of this truly great man. The Washington Union in alluding to this letter, says:—"Nothing has fallen from the luminous pen of Cass for many a day which has been characterized by so much beauty of conception, felicity of expression, and excellence of sentiment," as this letter. "He writes and feels as a National Democrat should write and feel—not a democrat who is national only in name, but one whose heart as well as his judgment, is thoroughly imbued with that noble sentiment which knows no North, no South, no East, no West, except as North, South, East and West constitutes one glorious unit."

WASHINGTON, July 3, 1854.  
Sir: Though I am compelled to decline your invitation to join the democracy of the city of Philadelphia in their time-honored observance of assembling on the anniversary of the birth-day of our nation, upon the spot where independence was first proclaimed, to hear read that great declaration of principles which asserted and justified it, yet I am not the less obliged to you for this mark of attention; and, though absent, I shall fully participate in all those patriotic feelings which inspire the place and the occasion to inspire. The whole history of man presents no more wonderful contrast than is furnished by the position we occupy, when we look round upon what we are, and compare it with what we were when that deed was done which will make the day we celebrate immortal. Your fathers were witnesses of the act; and hallowed forever will be the scene of its occurrence. And to their sons is committed its custody, and to them also more, perhaps, than to the people of any other single State is committed, not indeed the custody of our institutions—that belongs equally to all—but a peculiar influence in their maintenance and preservation. Our arch, we may well hope, will resist all pressure while its keystone is safe; and the character of Pennsylvania as a sufficient guarantee that, now and hereafter, it will be undisturbed, whatever trials we may be destined to encounter.

Ever true to the principles of our party, appearances indicate that the democracy of Pennsylvania may be soon called upon again to prove their devotion to its duties by strenuous exertions, and by a unity of counsel and of action, which disregarding all other differences, will find at once its triumph and its reward in the maintenance of the great political doctrines which we believe essential to the prosperity of our country, and to the permanence of our confederation. And I cannot but express the hope that when the great American principle—the great human principle, indeed—the right of all men to legislate for themselves upon every question of internal administration—is assailed and condemned on this side of the Atlantic, that the democracy of Pennsylvania will march to its support as firmly and unitedly as did their revolutionary fathers when a similar effort was made on the other side of the Atlantic, and England sought to rule her colonies by the same pretences, claiming that her Parliament had the right of legislation, in all cases whatsoever, over distant regions, as it is now claimed that Congress has the same right of oppression over our fellow-citizens living in remote Territories. As to pretences to justify acts of arbitrary assumption, the world is full of them; but whether they come in the guise of philanthropy, or in any other shape which the love is fertile in assuming, they are equally to be condemned and repudiated.

The only safe principle is the principle of self-government. Give to those to whom belong the rights and the responsibility, the power to provide for them. To vary the language, but retain the sentiment of Mr. Jefferson, we may well ask, if men in territories are unfit to govern themselves, have they found angels in Congress in the shape of men to govern them? It cannot be that such an assumption, so contrary to all we have done and claimed, can be sanctioned by the people of this country. Far from the democracy be such an act of tyranny and political suicide. I am, sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
LEWIS CASS.

*N. E. BLOWNE, Esq.,*  
Ch'mn. of Com. of Invitation.  
How to TELL a "Good Egg."—If you desire to be certain that your eggs are good and fresh put them in water. If they lay flat on their side, they are good beyond doubt. If the bus turn up they are not fresh. This is an infallible rule to distinguish a "good" from a "bad egg."

*PEACH TREES.*—Plum trees around the roots of peach trees. The peach worms will not trouble them afterwards.

*During the month of June there arrived at New York from California, gold dust to the amount of \$4,648,143.*

*A nosegay is easily obtained.—*Four branby toddlers a day for a couple of months will put you in the way of one that will astonish all of your friends.

*THE DARK SIDE.*  
There are some people who are always looking on the "dark side," of life. They seem to see the world through "colored glass," and thus everything bright, beautiful and glorious, takes a sombre tint from the medium through which they gaze.—They have not strength and courage to struggle with the actual ills of existence, for these are wasted with grappling with imaginary evils. If in the spring-time they sow amid the budding loveliness of nature, they do not believe that, when autumn comes their fields will be filled with "plumy sheaves," and plenty will sit smiling at the household hearth. They think of the devastating march of the tornado, and the withering breath of the forest king, rather than the crystal dew-drop, the refreshing shower and the cheering sunlight that shall ripen the fruit and give a golden hue to the waving grain. When the harvest has been gathered in, amid the merry songs of the reapers, they do not offer a prayer of thanksgiving for these mercies. On the contrary, they borrow trouble concerning the winter, and I fear that during her long and dreary reign, want shall chase abundance from their dwelling. If they have white-winged vessels floating in far-off seas, they listen to every rising breeze, as if it were the herald of a coming doom, and fancy their vessel a thousand times wrecked. Do they possess richly stored coffers? they are in continual fear of burglars and assassins. Friendship they do not trust, because there is a possibility that a smile may conceal a deceitful heart, and kind words be used to lure another to ruin, they visit homes that seem to them like emblems of Eden. Peace, and joy, and love throw over them a halo of light, but even there a shadow floats up from the murky atmosphere which enshrouds the distrustful soul. They wonder if this apparent happiness is not assumed in order to make an impression, and give them an idea of domestic bliss. There are those to whom they are bound by a thousand ties, but instead of enjoying their society they spend the hours in gloomy forebodings of death and misery. Dear reader, you have seen just such persons, so have we, and marked how they not only rendered themselves wretched, but cast a dismal spell over all with whom they came in contact. It is well to look upon life as it is, to realize that it has sorrows and sufferings and prepare for them; but it is vain and sinful to look continually on the dark side. If want falls to your lot, remember that He who sent the ravens to feed his servant, will not forget his trusting children.

True there are thousands of wretched, fallen, guilty beings; but there are also hearts, that throbb nobly with their wealth of pure and generous impulses. It is a pernicious doctrine, which too many are teaching, when they portray friendship as "only of name," and truth but the fair resemblance of what she ought to be. Death may sever us from those to whom we have clung with yearning fondness; but we must not refine, in every hour of trial and suffering, we must remember that there is one guiding the affairs and destinies of the world, and that "He doeth all things well."

*Olive Branch.*  
A witty clergyman had been lecturing one evening in a country village, on the subject of temperance, and, as usual, after the lecture the pledge was passed round for signatures.

"Pass it along that way," said the lecturer, pointing towards a gang of bloated and red nosed loafers near the door. "Pass it along, perhaps some of those gentlemen would like to join our cause."

"We don't bite at a bare hook, gruffly muttered one of the rummies; "Well," replied the ready clergyman, "I believe there is a kind of fish called suckers that do not bite."

*The New York Times* gives the following portrait of fashionable society in this city as a sham from beginning to end.—It is utterly unsound, depraved and unnatural—a deceptive piece of rotten wood, made to look shiny with French polish, and glittering with the phosphorescent light of corruption—a copper cent trying its very best to look like a five franc piece, and what is worse, in nine cases out of ten succeeding.

*MAD DOGS AT EASTON.*—On Monday of last week, a mad dog made his appearance in the western part of Easton, and before he could be captured he succeeded in biting a number of persons living in the vicinity. The dog belonged to a Prussian by the name of Francis Mayonko, whose wife and two children were severely bitten.—He also bit a Mrs. Tolan, a man named Philip Bower, and two children of Mr. Robert Neff.

*ONE OF THE HINTS.*—A school-boy, lately, who thought his pocket money came rather seldom, thus addressed his father. "Please, papa I tell me if the words, E Pluribus Unum, are still on our quarter dollars?" "Of course they are you stupid boy," said papa, "but why do you ask that?" "Because," replied the young hopeful, "it is now such a long time since I had one, that I almost forgot."