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THE HOMESTEAD.

BY LADY SPENCER.

It is not as it used to be,
When you and I were young,
When round each elm and maple tree,
The honeysuckles clung;
But still I love the cottage where
I passed my early years,
Though not a single face is there
That memory endears.
It is not as it used to be!
The moss is on the roof,
And from their nests beneath the eaves,
The swallows keep aloof.
The robins how they used to sing!
When you and I were young;
And how did fit the wild bee's wing
The opening flowers among!
It is not as it used to be!
The voices loved of yore,
And the forms that we were wont to see,
We see and hear no more.
No more! Alas, we look in vain
For those to whom we cling,
And love as we can love but once,
When you and I were young.

RULES OF HOME EDUCATION.

"Home, thy passing joys are lovely—
Joy's no stranger heart can tell."

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and being placed in a conspicuous place in every household.

1. From your children's earliest infancy you must inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness.—Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are sure you can give them what you promise.
4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish when in anger.
6. Never let them see that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a great one should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden under the like circumstances at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little rituals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale bearing.

Who Dies.—The editor of the Saratoga Republican having lost his appetite and got the blues, comes out as follows:

Printing Establishment for Sale.—Having made precisely money enough at the printing business, the subscriber is satisfied to give up and retire to the poor house. Under these circumstances he is induced to offer the Saratoga Republican for sale. The paper has a circulation of about one thousand, one-fourth of which may be called paying, and the other three-fourths non-paying patrons. The office has a good variety of job type and a fair run of work of this description, provided the work is done at the reduced New York prices, and the printer will take "cats and dogs" for pay. This village is one of the prettiest places in the world for a newspaper publisher. Everybody will find fault, do the best you can, and the editor who pleases himself will stand but a slim chance of pleasing anybody else. The subscription list and good will of the office will be thrown in if the purchaser will take the type, presses and materials for what they are worth, and pay for them, so that there will be no probability of the present proprietor being obliged to take the establishment back and return to the business.

It is said that the origin of the cholera in Columbia, Pennsylvania, has been traced to the reservoir water. Several citizens proceeded to the river and opened the sluices that threw the water into the feeder. On opening them a number of carcasses of sheep were found lodged there, which had been thrown into the river at various times by parties who had been freighting on the Pennsylvania railroad. Of course the use of the reservoir water has ceased since the discovery.

Perhaps there is no set of men less punctual than mechanics. Do you want an upholsterer? He rarely comes when he agrees. So with carpenters, painters, and nearly all others. Tailors and shoemakers often do not have their articles home in time. The consequence is that thousands remain poor all their lives, who, if they were more faithful in their word, would secure a large run of custom, and so make their fortunes. Be punctual, if you would succeed.

Flour is declining in price.

THE SPECTRE OF WINDERMERE;

Or Wat Robinson, the Bully Butcher.

The story I am about to tell I had from an old aunt of mine who has long been gathered to her kindred dust. Naturally of a strong and vigorous mind, my aunt did not herself believe in supernatural agencies; but they amused her, and she told these stories so well, that she never tired her auditors. It is one of the tales that I am about to relate. She had the facts from my grandfather, who was himself personally acquainted with Mr. Lethwaite, one of the actors in the drama.

About a hundred years ago there lived in the town of Kendal, Westmoreland, England, a man of gigantic stature and great strength, who followed the trade of a butcher. The person who was called Wat Robinson, was noted for his quarrelsome ruffianly disposition, which won for him the appellation of Bully Robinson, the big butcher of Kendal. Foremost in the scenes of riot and dissipation, he was universally feared and hated.

This man was very fond of practical jokes. But his jokes were like himself, and originated in the cruelty and malice of his mind. The pain he inflicted upon others afforded him the greatest pleasure.—The grating tones of his coarse brutal laugh inflicted a deeper wound than the most bitter of his biting jests.

There was a lonely cross country road in the vicinity of Kendal, which formed a short cut to the beautiful lake of Windermere. The path was rocky and narrow, and seldom frequented by any pedestrian or equestrian travellers. For some months previous to the period of which I am now writing, this road had got the character of being haunted. A hideous apparition in the form of a hairy monster, with horns and hoofs, obstructed the passage of travellers through the lane, chasing them back with dreadful howlings and other diabolical noises.

Many persons had been frightened into fits by the spectre; and one feeble old man had lost his reason, by unexpectedly encountering the demon in one of the most lonely turnings on the rocky road.

This frightful phantom had been seen by so many respectable persons in the town and its vicinity, whose veracity, from the well-known integrity of their characters, the most sceptical could scarcely doubt, that the public mind became greatly agitated by the nightly recurrence of such startling facts. People were no longer laughed at for their credulity, in believing that which so many respectable witnesses declared to be true.

The Windermere ghost became the general theme of conversation; and the road was abandoned by all who were acquainted with the tale, and could reach the lake by a more public thoroughfare.

One night a large party assembled in a public-house in the suburbs of Kendal, to drink their ale and discuss the news of the day. These were chiefly farmers and sheep-graziers from the moors and fells, who had disposed of the fallings of their flocks at the market, and were returning in a body to their lonely homes among the hills. The centre of this group, and a man of no small importance among them, was the big butcher of Kendal. He had been a large purchaser; and the jolly yeomen had flung back a few shillings from the money they had received, to furnish a general treat—big Wat himself placed in the chair, as the great man of the company.

This was an honor the bully butcher never failed to abuse. As the fumes of the ale began to ascend into his head he grew loud and quarrelsome, engrossing all the conversation to himself while his blustering manner and ill-natured jokes so disgusted his companions, that one by one they silently rose to depart, dreading by word or action to rouse into active operation the mischievous disposition of the man.

The guests at the "Holly-Tree" had all dropped away, until the butcher and one young man, who had been a silent spectator of the scene, alone occupied the chimney-corner. This person, who was vastly superior in his appearance to the men who had lately filled the table, and was dressed in the grey home-spun cloth of the country, and looked like a wealthy yeoman of the middle class. To Robinson he was a stranger, and that worthy continued to eye him with a sinister glance of curiosity and inquiry.

The landlord entered to throw on a fresh blizzard of wood, for it was winter, and the night was very cold.

"Is the moon up, Lowther?" said the yeoman, rising to his feet, and buttoning his great-coat to the chin. "It is time I was on the road."

"Yes, Mr. Lethwaite, she has been up some time, but, sir, if I were in your place, I would never travel that road at midnight."

"Why, what the deuce is the matter with the road? Are you troubled with robbers in these parts?"

"No, sir, the road is haunted."

"Haunted!" exclaimed the yeoman, bursting into a merry laugh.

"Yes, sir, haunted, and by the devil, sir! I saw him with my own eyes, and

you know, sir, the old saying, seeing is believing."

"Humph! and what was the devil like?"

"Like, sir? why, nothing human. He was as hairy as a buffalo, with huge white horns, a long whisking tail, and colven feet."

"Oh, ho! the old story. I never saw the devil, and have no great wish to make his acquaintance to-night; but it is not an idle woman's tale that will prevent me from taking the nearest road home. Pray order your man to saddle my horse quickly, for I have overstayed my time, already."

The landlord hastened to give the necessary orders, and Robinson, who had been listening to the yeoman with half a sneer, now turning hastily round addressed him abruptly and without ceremony.

"You wish us to think you a very brave man, Mr. Lethwaite, if that is your name."

"That is to me a matter of perfect indifference," returned Lethwaite, laughingly, and surveying the bully butcher with a stern glance; "the man who has faith in himself cares little for the opinions of others."

"No offence," said Robinson, who did not like the fiery glance of his companion's eye; "but if you are determined upon returning to Windermere by the cross road, it is the duty of a friend to warn you of your danger."

"Danger! what the idle tale I have just heard; none but a coward would turn from his path for a gossip's fable."

"Men as brave as you can be have sallied forth at nightfall, to bid defiance, as they said to all the powers of darkness, and have returned to this house at midnight as pale as the sheeted dead. There is not a man in Kendal," cried the excited butcher, striking his huge fist on the oak table, until the glass upon it chattered and rang again, "that dare travel that road to-night."

"I am sorry to think that the descendants of bold Kendal archers can have degenerated into such a flock of geese," said the yeoman. "I have lived too long among the hills to be frightened by shadows. My horse is at the door; good night, sir."

"You are stark, staring mad," cried the butcher, placing his huge person in the doorway, "to attempt that road to-night—you will return to the 'Holly-Tree' before morning, half-dead with fright."

The young man smiled incredulously.

"Sir, do you disbelieve me?"

"I think you very credulous."

"Fellow, do you take me for a coward!" cried the butcher, the red blood rushing into his bloated face. "You had better mind what you say. With one blow I could annihilate a puny chap like you."

"Real courage cannot be tested by mere animal strength," said Lethwaite calmly. "David was a dwarf to Goliath, but mental courage and the fear of God conquered his gigantic foe. I do not wish to quarrel with you, sir. You believe in ghosts;—I do not. Good night."

"Ah!" quoth the butcher, shaking his huge fist after him, "the Windermere ghost shall punish you for your disbelief."

Lethwaite's foot was in the stirrup, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him:—"I am not afraid of ghosts, Lowther; but I have money about me; the Windermere demon may be a poor devil, whom the love of plunder may tempt to do a deed of violence. It will be as well to examine the loading of my pistols."

He returned with the landlord to the house, and both were not a little pleased to find the butcher gone. Lethwaite continued chatting some time with the landlord.

"I do not like this ghost story of yours," he said. "If such a spectre has really been seen, depend upon it that it is some deep contrivance to hide a worse danger. I wish, for the good of the community, that I may be lucky enough to fall in with the ghost."

"Ah! Mr. Lethwaite, sir you are only tempting Providence when you talk in that careless way. The ghost is a real ghost; for though it has frightened many, and myself among the rest, I never heard of any person being robbed. Old Dodson, the lame beggar, lost his senses; but then he was always a half-witted creature, and a man's reason is not his money. Did I not see the horrid thing myself—I, who, God forgive me! had made game of it, just as you do at this moment—I saw the monster with my own eyes; and how I escaped from it I never could tell. I ran so fast that I never felt the ground under my feet, while it pursued me with the most frightful yells. I kept my bed for a week after, and have taken good care never to tread the road by night again."

"It is strange!" said Lethwaite, musing; "some truth must be mingled with this fantastic error! What time of night does this spectre generally appear?"

"I know the place," said Lethwaite.—"Yes, 'tis a frightful gloomy spot, with high steep banks, and high rocks on either side. Dark almost at noon-day, but doubly dark at noon of night."

Then, whistling an old border song, to keep up his courage, the yeoman dashed the spurs into his fine horse, and rode off at a quick pace; and in a few minutes was out of sight. The landlord listened for a few minutes to the clicking of his horse's hoofs, striking against the frozen ground, and, thinking him a confounded fool, closed the door, and went to bed.

Lethwaite sped merrily along. The moon shone bright and high above him in the cloudless sky, and the sharp old wintry winds whistled in his hair, and chilled his manly cheek. An hour's riding brought him to the brow of the steep crooked hill, which had been pointed out to him as the favorite haunt of the ghost.

At the foot of this hill, the road took an abrupt turn, and the high rocks projecting on either side hid the open space, and presented to the traveller the appearance of a huge cavern, until he reached the bottom of the glen, when the delusion vanished.

Stunted holly-trees had sprung up among the crevices of the rocks, and their close dark foliage cast a sepulchral gloom into the deep hollow below.

"It is an ugly spot," thought Lethwaite, as he checked his horse to tread at footfall the steep descent. "Murder may have been committed here in the olden time, but pooh, pooh, there are no such things as ghosts; but if ever there was a spot more capable of inspiring such a dread than another, it is surely this."

The side of the road to his left was in deep shadow. The very Spirit of Darkness seemed to brood over the gloomy recess, while the moon gilded with a wan and spectral light the opposite wall of rock. Lethwaite, in spite of his boasted courage, felt a sudden chill creep through him as he approached the fatal spot.

"God of heaven!" he murmured, in a tone below his breath, "what can that be!" as a horrid shape slowly and distinctly rose before him, and became stationary in the centre of his path.

It was not the form of a man, and certainly it was not a beast, but appeared a shocking compound of both. Imagine a creature upwards of six feet high, covered with shaggy black hair, the head that of a bull, with huge, white, widely extended horns. The snowy bare arms of a man extending above this ghastly head, grasping a burning brand, which emitted a thin cloud of pale blue smoke. The lower part of the body was so enveloped in shade that it only presented a dark, undefined shapeless mass.

Lethwaite, who had never expected to behold a real edition of the Windermere ghost, felt his hair stiffen, and his teeth slightly chatter, as he suddenly reigned in his horse, and forced himself to look steadily upon the ghastly phantom.

The horse possessing less self-reliance than his master, plunged, snorted, and reared, as with a hideous yell the apparition advanced, brandishing his fiery weapon in a threatening manner.

"Steady, boy—steady," cried his master, in a soothing tone, shamed out of his own fears by the terror of his steed. "If this be the devil, stand still, and let thy master face him like a man."

Reassured by the well-known voice, and the earnest of the well-known hand, the noble animal did as he was commanded; but he shook and shivered in every limb.

Lethwaite had by this time drawn a pistol from his belt; and riding towards the spectre he cried out in a stern voice, "Miserable impostor! throw off your disguise, or you are a dead man; for by the God that made me, I will see if your body is proof against a leaden ball!"

A wild unearthly yell was the only answer he got to his threat; and the demon was now within ten paces of his horse.—The sharp report of Lethwaite's pistol woke up all the lonely echoes of the place, and the huge hairy monster fell heavily to the earth with a smothered curse; and the yeoman yielding for a moment to uncontrollable fear, turned the head of his terrified steed, and never slackened his speed till he reached the door of the public house.

After a few minutes of breathless suspense, his loud hurried knock was answered by the landlord, who, thrusting his head out of the garret window, demanded, in no very gentle tone, the cause of such an unreasonable attack upon his door.

"It is I, Lowther—it is Richard Lethwaite; get up and let me in directly."

"Ah, ah! I thought how it would end," said the landlord, as he descended to unlock the door; and he called up the groom to relieve his guest of his tired horse.

"The ghost has driven you back faster than you went. This is to disbelieve the word of honest folks. Why, man, what have you seen?—you look like one just risen from the dead."

"I fear I have sent one to dwell with the dead a little before his time," said Lethwaite, drinking of the glass of brandy proffered to him by his host, at a draught. "I have shot the ghost—whether man or

devil, it was not proof against powder and ball. I am more distressed at this event than if I had encountered all the hosts of hell, with Satan himself to back them.—Call up your people; for I can no longer go alone to that infernal spot—and let us examine and identify the corpse."

It was daylight before Lowther could persuade any of his servants or neighbors to accompany him; and Mr. Lethwaite to the lane. They believed that the latter had seen the ghost; but as to killing it, that was a sort of waking nightmare—something too incredible even for the supernatural wonders of a dream.

Many were the questions put to Lethwaite by the little band of men; but he walked on silently and thoughtfully, without speaking a word to any.

"Why did you not call up the big butcher, Lowther," said one of the party. "In any case of danger that man is a host in himself."

"I have great doubts as to his courage," said Lowther, dryly. "He is a great bully, and these wordy men are all froth;—they make a great noise, but are very slow in action. If Mr. Lethwaite has killed the ghost, big Wat would be of small service to us, as the danger is already past."

"Killed the ghost?" said the first speaker, with a sneer: "who ever heard of mortal man killing a ghost!—It is not in flesh and blood to do that."

"But suppose the ghost was a man," said Lethwaite—"suppose that it was the big butcher of Kendal himself."

"Now, God forbid!" said several voices at once: "the man is a devil, but not bad enough to turn ghost."

"We shall soon know," said Lethwaite; at the bottom of this hill the riddle will be solved."

They had now reached the brow of the steep hill. The sun had just risen above the distant mountains; and his first beams glanced upon the tree-tops, without penetrating the gloomy recesses which still barred the dense shadow.

Slowly, and with evident signs of fear, the little party wound down the hill. One man tried to hum a tune, another to whistle; while a third talked very loudly about his own courage—in reality, possessing very little; but all endeavored to dissipate the fear to which they involuntarily became the prey, as they approached the dreaded spot.

Lethwaite, who had lingered behind, now walked briskly forward and headed the party. A dark indistinct mass lay huddled up in the centre of the narrow road. Al drew back: Lethwaite stepped up to it and remained stationary, beckoning with his hand for the others to advance. They did so, but what was the surprise and astonishment of all, to find, in the supposed spectre, the dead and bleeding form of Wat Robinson, wrapped up in the hide of a bull; his naked arms bare, and a club smeared with phosphorous still grasped in his stiffened hand.

"He deserved his death," said Lowther, as he looked down upon the ghastly corpse. "It was a cruel thing of him to adopt this hideous disguise, in order to frighten his friends and neighbors."

"It was just like the man," said another: "he was so full of spite and malice, he could not bear to see others happy."

"He has paid a heavy price for his folly," said Lethwaite. "His melancholy fate should be a solemn warning to all persons who engage in such wicked jokes. Come, my friends, let us carry him hence; I am sorry that he got his death by my hand."

FLOUR.

One of the most singular features in the eastern markets, in view of the remarkable season of drouth, is the decline in the price of breadstuffs. Flour, during the past week, in New York, declined about fifty cents a barrel. The result is attributed by some to the fresh supplies received from mills that have started since the late rains; others, with more reason, attribute the change to the limited demand of flour for export, in consequence of good crops on the Continent. In Ireland, we learn from a gentleman who is recently travelled through most of the counties, the potato crop is excellent, and has suffered but little from the blight. There is thus some reason to believe that we will have no scarcity of provisions in this country during the present year. It is to be hoped this calculation will not prove delusive.

Pittsburgh Union.

At the celebration of the recent anniversary of Independence, in a town in California, an Irishman offered the following toast: "Here's til the Harp of old Ireland, the Thistle of Scotland, and the Lion of England, who laid his paw on the swate flag of Ameriky, and—was glad to take it off again!"

You rarely, if ever, see a politician with smooth hair, a great scholar with fine hair, an artist with red hair, a top with red hair, a minister with long hair, or an editor whose hair is carefully adjusted.

The Millerites have now fixed upon the 19th of May, 1855, as the day when the world will positively come to an end.

IS IT TRUE?

The Harrisburg Platform says it is rumored that Judge Pollock intends to wait until within eight or ten days of the election, when he will come out and deny all connection with the secret organization called "Know Nothings," and this denial will be printed in handbills and in the Whig papers, and circulated among the faithful and unfaithful in all parts of the Commonwealth. If Judge Pollock has no connection with this order, let him say so now. The Democratic party is ready to prove his membership, and it does not wish to wait until within a few days of the election, when the effect of the denial cannot be counteracted by proof of its falsity. We ask Democratic editors in all parts of the State to watch this game, and apprise their readers of it. The hardy sons of Pennsylvania wish to know now whether it is possible for a candidate for Governor in this great State, to join a secret political organization for the paltry purpose of getting votes, more especially when that order teaches him to regard its laws as paramount to the Constitution and laws of the State.

FROM NEBRASKA.—The following is extracted from a letter dated "Omaha City, Nebraska Territory, August 20th."

There are in this vicinity about twenty-five or thirty families, and single families and residents, and single residents, and more daily arriving, to settle and make permanent homes in Nebraska. From Capitol Hill can be seen several commodious and respectable frame buildings.

I have finished the survey of Omaha City. The lots are 66 by 132 feet, and alleys 20 feet. The Capitol Square contains 81 acres. Many buildings are in contemplation to be constructed in Omaha City this fall. A house suitable for a first Capital has partially been contracted for, and certainly will be reared this season, as the bricks are now being made on this side of the river for that purpose. I think at least twenty buildings will be constructed here during this fall. There appears to be but little doubt respecting its being the capitol, for a time at least.

The presumption is that an election will be held in the Territory—probably in October—and a session be held next winter; and, therefore, those who are now on the ground are anxious to have the country settled as rapidly as practicable.

The Omaha City Arrow, a weekly paper, is now published at our town at two dollars a year, and is a well-conducted sheet, filled with Nebraska news of every description.

There has been no cholera at Council Bluffs this season, nor any other generally prevailing epidemic, and comparatively but a small amount of any sickness, but few deaths occurring this season; in other words, the country has been unusually healthy.

Bayless & Davis are putting up a steam saw and grist mill in Omaha City, and everything begins to denote a healthy and lively fall in our young city.

THE KANE EXPEDITION.—Nearly a year and a half has elapsed since the Arctic expedition, under the command of our townsman, Dr. Kane, set sail from New York. More than a twelvemonth has passed since the last intelligence from the adventurous explorers was received. The whole of the season now terminating has been peculiarly favorable for their researches, so that their return may not be unreasonably expected at an early period in the present autumn. Rarely before was the Atlantic so full of drifting ice as during the past spring. It seemed, as veteran navigators said, as if the frozen barriers which had heretofore guarded the pole had at last broken completely away, opening an egress—for the first time, probably, within the memory of man—to the daring expeditionists. We look for great results, in consequence, from the enterprise of Dr. Kane. The extraordinary conjunction of a favorable season and a singularly able leader cannot but be fruitful of important discoveries. The existence or non-existence of a vast polar ocean is almost certain to be demonstrated. It is to be hoped, however, that the ardor of discovery has not tempted Dr. Kane too far, so as to prevent his return this year. It is enough to lose a Franklin. To sacrifice, also, a Kane in the same generation would be paying too high a penalty even for Arctic explorations.—N. Y. Paper.

VALUABLE APPLICATION.—For wounds received from old nails, or cuts occasioned by broken glass, peach tree leaves, well steeped, and applied to the wound, will give immediate relief. By thickening the liquid from which the leaves have been taken, it will keep moist hours. In case the leaves cannot be obtained, a tea made of twigs of peach tree thickened, will do as well.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE DEBT.—The Philadelphia Ledger of Saturday says it learns semi-officially that during the past year, Cov. Bigler has paid off, by the judicious administration of the affairs of the Commonwealth, nearly one million of dollars of the State debt.