

# 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, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1854.

NUMBER 38.

## TO A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

My husband, 'twas for thee I left  
My own my happy home;  
For thee I left my cottage bowers,  
With thee in joy to roam,  
And where are all the holy vows,  
The truth, the love, the trust,  
That won my heart—all scattered now  
And trampled in the dust.  
I loved thee with a love untold,  
And when I stood beside  
Thy noble form, I joyed to think  
I was thy chosen bride,  
They told me ere I was thine own,  
How sad my lot would be;  
I thought not of the future then—  
I only thought of thee.  
I left my home, my happy home,  
A sunny heated thing,  
Forgetting that my happiness  
A shadowing cloud might bring,  
The sunny side of life is gone,  
It's shadows only mine,  
And thorns are springing in my heart,  
Where blossoms used to twine.  
I do not blame thee for my lot,  
I only pray for thee,  
That thou may'st from the tempter's power  
O joyful thought—be free  
That thou may'st bend above my grave  
With penitence sincere,  
And for the sinner heard one  
Let fall a broken tear.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

## CONFORMITY TO THE WORLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Shaw and Mr. Graveman were members of a certain denomination which can boast of as many worthy and truly pious members as any other sect of Christians, and of quite as many "black sheep." They were both engaged in the wholesale grocery and flour business. One of them, Mr. Graveman, held an official station called a class leader, and feeling the importance of his station, assumed what to him seemed a necessary sanctimonious exterior. He was very scrupulously plain in his own dress, and strictly required his family to abstain from all vanities of this wicked world.

As a member of the church, among members of the church, Mr. Graveman stood high. As a business man, among business men, he was known as one of the closest bargain-makers—too close to be always an observer of the golden rule.—Proverbial on the one side for exemplary piety, he was proverbial on the other for a selfish love of gain. He did not take his religion into the world, for he could not see that it had any business there. Religion was for the Sabbath, and had relation only to acts of worship. The faith must be sound, the external observance rigid; these attended to and the man was a perfect Christian, he could do no wrong.

Mr. Shaw, on the other hand, while he was in a degree blinded to the want of true charity as exhibited in Graveman's ordinary business intercourse with society, by the glare of his piety, was himself a very different man. Conscious of the hereditary evils of his nature, too many of which actual life had confirmed almost into habit, and sincerely desirous to rise above them, he was really what the other pretended to be—humble minded. And yet there was no external parade of humility. He rarely took an active part in the affairs of his church, though anxious for her prosperity, and ever ready to devote to her his worldly goods or his time when called upon to do so.

In his family he acted the part of a wise husband and father. While Mr. Graveman assumed an austerity of manner, and nipped with the frost of rebuke every little blossom that began to open its leaves on the tender plants that were springing up around him, Mr. Shaw warmed them into life and beauty by his sunny smile. To one there was sin in a bright ribbon, a beautiful dress, a bow or flower; the other saw in all external loveliness whether in forms or colors, the good things of God, and he used them, and permitted his family to use them, with grateful acknowledgments to the Giver of all natural as well as spiritual blessings. He discriminated between the use and the abuse; and while the use was made primary, the tendency to abuse was carefully restrained.

"Brother Shaw," said Mr. Graveman, one day, with an abrupt manner and a captious voice, "you will ruin your girls."

"I hope not. What is the matter?"

"You dress them too gaily."

"I let my wife attend to all that. She knows better than I do what is suited to them."

"Your wife! Would you let your wife throw them into the dock if she thought it suited them? I am a plain-spoken man, Mr. Shaw, as you know, and my position in the church requires me to speak plainly; and I warn you now, as in duty bound, to warn an erring brother, that if you do not look better to your children, they will grow up and become carnal minded instead of lovers of truth. They will go out into the world and be lost; the enemy of mankind will claim them as his own."

"You are very serious Mr. Graveman; but for my life I can see no danger."

"No danger? Bless me! is there no danger in dressing up a child in flowers and ribbons and all sorts of gew-gaws to turn her head and make a fool of her?"

"A thing which I do not do."

"Although you permit your wife to do it."

"No—nor does my wife do it. My chil-

dren are not dressed up in flowers and ribbons and all sorts of gew-gaws."

"Why, Mr. Shaw, I met two of your little girls, a minute ago, trickled out like butter-fies."

"How were they dressed?"

"With gay frocks and gay shoes, and ribbons and flowers all over."

"Think again. What color was their frocks?"

"What color? They were—they were—yes, they were white."

"Nature's own sweet emblem of innocence—the color of the virgin lily. May their minds be ever as pure. I see no harm in a white frock for a child, but good. I always like to see children dressed in white."

"It's more than I do, Mr. Shaw. Not one of my girls ever had or ever shall have on a flashy white frock to make her proud. But this wasn't all. They were bedizened, as I said before, all over with ribbons and flowers."

"How many ribbons did you see? Think again, Mr. Graveman."

"There were gay red ribbons tied round their waists, with ends streaming off some yard or two behind."

"You do not see correctly. Each of the little things had a pale blossom colored ribbon around her waist, the ends not over a quarter of a yard in length. In each of their little hats was a cluster of three budding roses and a few green leaves. Do you see anything evil in flowers?"

"I do, when in children's hats."

"God made the flowers beautiful, and gave them to us, I thank Him for the gift. Oh! if my dear babes were as pure and lovely as the flowers, how my heart would rejoice. I keep flower-vases in my house and growing flowers in my garden; and that my children may love them more and more, I let them use flowers as ornaments."

"The evil one is blinding your mind, brother Shaw; he is leading you away from truth by his devices. You must not conform to the world. Only worldly minded people dress up their children with ribbons and flowers."

"And they eat and drink, also. Because worldly people eat fruit and pleasant food, shall we use only what is coarse and unpalatable? I do not think so. Every creature of God is good, and I will use all his gifts in a thankful spirit, and then I will be in no danger of abusing them."

Mr. Graveman expostulated still further, but without effect.

"I am seriously concerned about brother Shaw," he said to another church member. "I am afraid he still lingers on the flesh-pots of Egypt—that the worldly spirit is taking possession of him. Have you noticed how gaily all his family dress?"

"Not particularly."

"They don't look like church people at all."

"Mr. Shaw is an excellent man. In all the business I have had with him I have found him strictly honorable. He is one of the few who are willing to live and let live. As to the way in which he dresses his family, that is altogether a matter of taste."

"Oh, no, not at all; it is a matter of sin. It is wicked for any one to put ribbons and flowers on children. But I shall do my duty as far as I am concerned. His daughter Ellen is a member of my class. The very next time she comes I shall speak my mind to her plainly about the way she dresses. It is scandalous! Is it any wonder that religion is brought into disgrace when its professors indulge in such pride and vanity?"

Ellen Shaw to whom allusion has just been made, had, from her earliest childhood, exhibited a sweetness of temper too rarely seen. The current of her feelings and thoughts had always been religious. The consequence was that she became a member of the church and joined a class-meeting when only fourteen years of age. For two years, Mr. Graveman had been her class-leader. She saw him intimately only in the class-room, and his deep piety and professed love of all the holy things of the church caused her pure heart to invest him with every Christian grace and virtue, and to bear towards him, on this account, a deep spiritual regard. To her he seemed faultless.

Educated at home, in a school less rigid than that in which Graveman was a teacher, Ellen had not imbibed the holy horror of what was lovely in external forms that possessed her spiritual guide, and she under the eye of her mother used with taste and moderation those ornaments which expressed her love of the beautiful. Her hair was dressed plainly sometimes, and sometimes it was allowed to fall about her young face in graceful ringlets. Her bonnet was ornamented with a flower, if it pleased her taste; and she chose the style of her bonnet in accordance with the same rule. Taste was her guide in dress.

All this was noticed by her class-leader, and it stirred within his heart a feeling which, little as he dreamed, if closely analyzed, would have been seen to be—anger. He called it a pious indignation at sin. It was not so—it was of the old man, Adam. Often he had determined to speak to Ellen on the subject in class-meeting, but thus far he had only remotely alluded to the sin of conformity to the world, which his innocent pupil understood to mean a conformity to selfish maxims and evil purposes. She did not dream that he meant her ribbons, her curls, or the modest bunch of flowers in her bonnet.

The day after that on which the conversation given above took place between Mr. Graveman and Mr. Shaw, was the one on which the former held his class-meeting. The hour was four o'clock in the afternoon. About ten o'clock in the forenoon, business called Graveman to the wharves.

"How much flour have you?" asked a merchant into whose store he went for the transaction of some business.

"Five hundred barrels," was replied.

"Then you are two hundred and fifty dollars richer than you were an hour ago."

"Indeed! How?" eagerly asked Graveman.

"Private advices have been received from New York, announcing a rise of fifty cents on the barrel," replied the merchant.

"First-rate, isn't it?" and Graveman rubbed his hands together with unaffected delight.

"It is pleasant news, certainly, to all who have flour on hand."

"Have you much in store?"

"A few hundred barrels."

"Capital! You are like me a lucky dog. But, good morning—good morning; I must be going. I have a good deal of business to do on the wharf."

Graveman left the store abruptly. A sudden thought had struck him. Instead of transacting the business which he pretended required his attention, he walked hurriedly to the Exchange, jumped into an omnibus, and rode some six or eight squares. Then, getting out, he walked at a very leisurely pace for about half a square further. This brought him to the store of Mr. Shaw, which he entered.

"Brother Shaw, how do you do this morning?" he said, with a sweet, Christian smile, as he took the hand of his fellow church member.

"Quite well. How are you?"

"Very well, thank you. Have you been out this morning?"

"No—is there any news stirring?"

"Nothing of consequence—business rather dull."

"How is flour going to be, brother Shaw? Do you think there will be a rise?"

"I am sure I cannot tell. I should rather think not. At any rate, I will be very willing to sell at eight and seven-eighths."

"How much have you in store?"

"Three or four hundred barrels."

Mr. Graveman cast his eyes to the flour thoughtfully, and mused for some moments.

"I have an idea that it will advance a trifle in the course of a few weeks."

"More likely to fall."

"Don't think so."

"Why?"

"Oh! it's a mere idea of mine. The market has been firm for some time. If you really wish to sell I feel half inclined to buy. I have money lying idle."

"It is more than I have. If you want my flour you may have it in welcome at eight and seven-eighths."

"Couldn't you say eight eighty-five for all you have?"

"No, I am not anxious to sell. If you choose to take it at the prevailing rates, you can do so."

"Very well. What is the quantity in store?"

"I can ascertain in a moment," and Mr. Shaw referred to his ledger. "Three hundred and eighty barrels."

"All right; make out the bill, and I will draw you a check."

The bill was made out, and a check for the amount filled up and handed to Mr. Shaw. The two men shook hands in a very brotherly manner, and Graveman departed full of selfish delight at the consciousness of having made an operation that would net him at least two hundred dollars. To him it was a fair business transaction—all right in trade. The moral of the act was a thing of which he had no conception. If he was wider awake than his neighbor, he could see no reason why he ought not to profit by his acuteness.

On the afternoon of the day on which Mr. Graveman had increased his gains by an operation of such questionable morality he put on his most sanctimonious face and clothed his spirit in a robe of factitious piety, to meet and instruct in heavenly things some fifteen or twenty young persons, who were sincerely desirous of knowing the truth, that they might bring its precepts into life. On his way to the class-room, he dismissed from the mind with an effort some thoughts that were not the most pleasant in the world—they referred to the business transaction of the morning—and began to think about the different members of his class, and what should he say of each. Among the first about whom he thought was Ellen Shaw.

"I shall speak my mind to sister Shaw very plainly," he said, as he walked along, with his eyes upon the pavement.

"If she's lost the sin shall not lie at my door. I will clear the skirts of my garments. Carls and flowers and ribbons! Beau-catchers and heart-breakers! All devices of Satan. Silly child! to sell her soul for head-gear and gay-dresses. No wonder that she mourns over her want of faith, and is ever complaining that she makes little or no progress onward. I am sick, sick of this. Not a bright face do I meet; not a cheerful experience do I hear. It is lameness of soul, and doubt, and fear and complaint. But no wonder; the carnal mind is enemy against God, and they are all drawn away from faith by love of the world. I have a duty to perform, and it shall be done."

In this frame of mind Mr. Graveman went to meet his class. The room in which it was held was the back parlor of a member. When the leader came in he found about twelve females present. They were seated, each apart from the rest, with grave almost solemn faces, and eyes cast upon the floor. Scarcely a head was raised as he came in. Graveman spoke to no one, but walked to a table at the side of the room with a slow, measured step, and seating himself, crossed his hands upon his face, and remained for nearly a minute in silent prayer. The stillness of death reigned around. With a deep sigh that had four or five responses, the leader at length withdrew his hands, raised his head and took up a hymn book, from which he selected a hymn and read it over aloud. Then repeating the two first lines of the first verse, he raised a tune in which all joined and sung them over. Two more lines were read, and the singing resumed, and thus the whole hymn was sung two lines at a time. After the two last lines were repeated all knelt down, and the leader prayed a long, loud and fervent prayer. Then the leading commenced. The first sister was asked to relate his experience for the week, which was done, and the leader gave her such advice, encouragement, consolation or admonition as he deemed most useful. The next and the next were called upon, and suitable instruction imparted to each. Occasionally a verse of some appropriate hymn was sung. The whole scene was deeply impressive, and calculated to inspire the most solemn thoughts.

At length young sister Shaw was asked to tell what had been her exercises through the week. In a low, timid, but clear voice Ellen made her statement. She complained of shortcomings, of the tendency of her heart to lead her away from spiritual things, of her want of faith, yet expressed an earnest desire to be conformed in all things by the renewing of her mind to the pure precepts of the Gospel. On taking her seat, a deep silence followed.—Then her leader said in a severe voice.

"Sister Ellen Shaw, you complain of coldness and want of faith. You have complained thus ever since you joined my class. And no wonder! Heretofore I have not spoken to you as freely as I should have done; but, by the help of God, I will now do my duty. You will never be anything but a drooping, way-side professor, until you come out and renounce the world and all lying vanities; until you make a whole sacrifice; until every foolish and vain desire be laid upon the altar. Do you think this will be admitted into the kingdom of Heaven?"

(As he said this he stooped down and took a long, beautiful ringlet of hair in his fingers, and held it up.) "No, child; all this must fall before you can pass through the narrow gate. These ribbons and flowers—and he touched roughly her bonnet—will not go with you beyond the grave. Death will pale the colors in this gay dress. Ah, sister Shaw, if you wish to be a Christian, you must give up all these; you must give up the world; you must let the curls and ribbons and flowers go. It is a vain effort child; you cannot serve two masters."

This and much more was said in a cruel way. Poor Ellen burst into tears, and wept bitterly. In the innocence of her pure young heart, she feared that all this might be true, and her distress was most poignant. On returning home, her mother saw that she was much distressed, and asked the reason. Ellen related with overflowing eyes, what her leader had said.

"Do not let it make you feel so bad, dear," Mrs. Shaw said tenderly. "If you do not set your heart on your dress, there is no harm in it."

"But Mr. Graveman says it is conforming to the world, and he, you know, is such a good man."

"Yes, I know he is a pious man; but for all that he may be mistaken in some things. God looks at the heart, Ellen, and if that is right all that flows from it is right to Him. A mere sanctimonious exterior is nothing if the heart is not true in its love. If you curl your hair with an evil intention, or wear a ribbon or a flower to do harm, then it is a sin; but if because you love what is bright and beautiful, the precious gifts of Heaven, you adorn your person modestly, be sure that there is in it no harm. I think a woman should adorn herself, not in gaudy, flaunting colors, to attract admiration, but tastefully, that she may throw around herself everything to

make her lovely, and thus to increase her power of influencing all for good. A woman, Ellen, is born to be loved, and to love; let everything in her mind and person be lovely, and she will bring blessings to all."

But Ellen's spiritual instructor had taught a different lesson. How should she decide? She had great confidence in her mother, because she knew her well, and loved her only as a child can love a consistent, wise and good mother; but Mr. Graveman, whose piety and knowledge of the doctrines which lead the way to Heaven, she had never heard questioned, had said that it was sin to adorn the person.

When Mr. Shaw came home that evening, he asked for Ellen.

"She has been in her room since she came home from class-meeting, this afternoon, in great distress of mind."

"How so?" Mr. Shaw's brows contracted.

"Mr. Graveman has been talking very harshly to her, I think."

"He has? What did he say?"

"He rebuked her before the whole class for curling her hair and wearing flowers in her bonnet; and the poor child is distressed to death lest in doing so she is sinning against God."

"Oh, dear! I am afraid Graveman is an arrant hypocrite."

"Why, Mr. Shaw? you must not say so; that is very uncharitable."

"I don't know. But ask Ellen to come down."

"She is so much disturbed in mind that I think you had better not see her now."

"I wish to put her mind at ease, and I think I can do it."

Ellen was called down. She met her father with a forced smile on a sad face.

"I have heard from your mother, Ellen, what has occurred," the father said, taking his child tenderly by the hand, and drawing her down into a chair by his side; "but do not let it disturb you—you have done no wrong. Have I not always taught you that God looks only at the heart? A sweet fountain cannot send forth bitter waters. If you do not have an evil end in view, your act cannot be evil in the sight of Heaven. Never forget this. Are flowers the offspring of that curse which doomed the ground to bring forth thorns and thistles? No, Ellen; they do not correspond to vile and wicked affections that curse, but to pure and good affections that bless the ground.—Still use them, Ellen, and do not fear; they are good gifts.—Only see that you do not love the flower for some base end. See that you do not use ornaments for a selfish purpose."

"But Mr. Graveman is such a good man, father, he ought to know."

A deep shadow passed over the face of Mr. Shaw. He was disturbed; but his feelings calmed, and he replied, in a low, steady, but earnest voice, "My child, I have, until now, thought as you do, and therefore, was always glad that you felt like remaining a member of his class-meeting; but something has occurred to-day that has opened my eyes. I do not believe him to be an honest man."

"Oh, father, do not say so!" A shade of anguish rested on the countenance of the girl.

"I fear that it is alas! too true. He took advantage of my ignorance to wrong me out of two hundred dollars."

"My father?"

"I have tried every way to satisfy myself that there was no evil intent on his part, but every inquiry has only tended to prove that he took a deliberate advantage of me—in fact, cheated me! That is the right way to call it."

What the reader already knows was then briefly related. Mr. Shaw had discovered, a short time after he sold his flour, the rise in price. At first he could not believe that Graveman knew at the time that the price had risen; but when he reached, through ignorance, he could no longer doubt.

"Do you call that honest dealing, Ellen?" Mr. Shaw asked, after telling all.

"No, father," was firmly replied.

"Could he be in heart an honest man who would do so?—a lover of the brethren?"

"No, father."

"Right, my child; he could not. And think further. Is a man so thoroughly selfish in feeling likely to perceive clearly spiritual truths that are above and out of the sphere of self? You see, then, how little reliance you should place on the cant of Mr. Graveman, whose class-room you will not, I am sure again enter. Ellen, you know your father and mother better; they tell you to keep your heart unspotted, to see that there is in it no conformity to the selfish maxims of the world; to use, with grateful thanks to the Giver of all blessings, the good things that are presented to your hand. But while you adorn your body, be sure that the green leaves and bright flowers and warm colors are around your heart. Be sure that your thoughts and affections are right, and then all things corresponding to these you may freely use."

Ellen's mind discriminated clearly. She

was deeply pained, but the truth was so clear that she could not see beyond it. She never again entered the class-meeting of Mr. Graveman, who took every opportunity to allude to it, and gave as a reason that he had done his duty, but that the truth was too plain for her vain, proud heart.

THE HARVEST IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The harvest in Great Britain is reported to be unusually abundant. All the leading journals are full of glowing accounts in relation to it. The subject indeed, is one of universal rejoicing. The London Times states that the difference in the price of wheat, compared with that of the previous year will be at least 20s. a quarter in favor of the public, which on the whole consumption will amount to a boon of \$25,000,000 to that public on wheat alone, besides a corresponding relief on other grain.

Col. Webb, of the New York Courier, who is now in London, also writes:

"I have never before visited the rural districts of England during harvest time, and I have arrived at the conclusion from all I can learn from the oldest inhabitants that the wheat crop, now being rapidly secured, without the slightest injury from the occasional showers which have fallen in several districts and slightly retarded the work, is not only the greatest in extent, but the most productive per acre that has ever been produced in the United Kingdom. February, March and April were the driest months remembered to have occurred in this country, and during this period more acres were sown with wheat, and it was altogether better sown and got in, than any previous year. A good growing season followed, and now there are thousands of acres lying contiguous to each other which will yield upwards of sixty bushels to the acre. This greatly astonished me, but in certain districts this is not an unusual yield here.—It is unusual, however, that this great yield should cover so great an extent of country as it does this year. The average per acre this year is estimated at thirty-three bushels and upwards for England."

ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.—The eccentric H. H. Breckenridge, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, when a young man, was challenged to fight a duel by an English officer, whom he answered as follows:

"I have objections to this duel matter—the one is best I should hurt you; and the other is best you should hurt me. I don't see any good it would be to me, to put a ball through your body. I could make no use of you when dead for any culinary purposes as I would a rabbit or turkey.—I am no cannibal to feed upon the flesh of men. Why then shoot down a human creature, of whom I could make no use? A buffalo would make better meat. For though your flesh might be delicate and tender, yet, it wants the firmness and consistency, which take and retain salt. At any rate, it would not do for a long sea voyage."

"You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or possum, but people are not in the habit of barbecuing anything that is human now. And as to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being but a little better than a two year old coat! So much for you. As to myself, I do not like to stand in the way of anything that is hurtful. I am under the impression that you might hit me.—This being the case, I think it most advisable to stay in the distance. If you mean to try your pistols, take some object, a tree or a barn door about my dimensions. If you hit that send me word, and I will acknowledge that I had been in the same place, you might also have hit me."

INFORMATION WANTED.—Of either Elijah, Stephen, Wyman, or Alven Towns, by their brother Joseph Towns, of Russelltown, Canada East. The above four brothers supposed by their brother Joseph to be in Illinois, or some other of the Western States, and he has not heard from them for more than forty years.—Should this meet the eye of any of them or their descendants, he would be much gratified to receive a letter from any of them.

Publishers of Newspapers will confer a favor on the writer by giving these lines an insertion in their paper.

Address: Russelltown, Meningsville, Canada East.

THISTLES FOR CATTLE.—The Agricultural Society of Clermont (Ohio) recommend thistles as a good substitute for green food, especially for milk cows. It states that before being given for food, the thistles ought to be washed. And then placed in heaps until they heat which generally takes place in twenty-four or thirty hours, and has the effect of softening them and causing the prickly portion to be no longer troublesome. Oxen eat the thistles with great appetite when in this state. If the vegetation of the thistles be somewhat advanced, they should be chopped, scalded, and given as a sort of mash.

Let a man do his best, and the world may do its worst.