

Clearfield Republican.

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NUMBER 39.

Let's sit down and talk together.
Let's sit down and talk together,
Of the things of olden days,
When we, like lambskins loosed from tether,
Gaily tripped along the way.
Time has touched us both with lightness,
Leaving furrows here and there,
And tingling with peculiar brightness,
Silver threads among our hair.

Let's sit down and talk together;
Many years away have passed,
And fair and foul has been the weather.
Since we saw each other last,
Many whom we loved are living
In a better world than this;
And some among us still are giving
Toll and thought for present bliss.

Let's sit down and talk together;
Though the flowers of youth are dead,
The ferns still grow among the heather,
And for as their fragrance shed,
Life has a thousand blessings in it
Even for the aged man;
And God has hid in every minute
Something we may wisely scan.

Let's sit down and talk together;
Boys we were—we now are men;
We meet awhile, but know not whether
We shall meet again.
Parting time has come—how fleetly
Speed the moments when their wings
Are fanned by breathings issuing sweetly
From a tongue that never stings!

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?
Do they miss me at home? Do they miss me?
I would be an assurance most dear,
To know at this moment, some lone one
Was saying "I wish he were here."
To know that the group at the fire-side,
Were thinking of me as I come!
Oh yes! I would be joy without measure,
To know that they miss me at home.

When twilight approaches the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name o'er,
And sigh that it tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music
That's missed when my voice is away?
And a chord in each heart that awakens
Regret at my venturesome stay?

Do they place me a chair at the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
And lamps are lit in the parlor,
And stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the "good night" are re-echoed,
And each lays him down to sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and wait me
A whispered "good night" o'er the deep?

Do they miss me at home? Do they miss me,
At morning, at noon, and at night?
And lingers one glossy shade round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcomed,
And pleasures less hallo'd than before,
Because one is missed from the circle—
Because I am with them no more.

TALKING OF SUPPERS.

Cookery has become a trade. Like the rest of the simple pleasures which nature has bestowed on man, civilization has elevated it to new importance. It has been cultivated with great assiduity by all enlightened nations. It has been moulded into extraordinary shapes, and hunted down into subtle refinements. Earth, air and sea are ransacked for discoveries by which new combinations may be effected. The sciences descend from their widest flights to minister to their wants and vary its perfection, and it branches out into such innumerable ramifications, as in many instances, to seem the sole, and often the fatal object of man's existence. The suppers of Heliogabalus, the Roman emperor, were said to have cost thirty thousand dollars every night, and Mark Anthony expended three hundred thousand dollars in an entertainment given to Cleopatra. *Supper*, the famous Roman tragedian, had upon his table a single dish valued at four thousand dollars, filled, we are told, with speaking and singing birds, some of which cost two hundred and fifty dollars. His son dissolved pearls for his guests to drink—a piece of silly extravagance not uncommon among the ancients; and the King of Wurtemberg, who preceded the present monarch, is reported to have gladdened his brutish appetite with a hash composed of the tongues of nightingales.

N. Y. Dutchman.

Suspect men and women who affect softness of manner, and unrolled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he has no sinister motive cannot submit to drill himself. The most successful knaves are sharp, and smooth as razors dipped in oil. They affect the innocence of the dove to hide the cunning of the serpent.

When the domestic virtues display themselves in the midst of privations, and sufferings, and anxieties, they then shine most conspicuously. They are like the snow-drops and crocuses, which unexpectedly peep out of the frost-bound soil; to diversify the depth and ad dreariness of winter, and give as a cheerful taste of the coming spring.

A very modest lady sent her very modest daughter, a pretty young damsel, out one morning for some articles. Among the many, she informed the clerk in one of our stores, that her mother wanted to get three yards of cloth, "for primitive triangular appendages for her infant."

A country schoolmaster began one morning the duties of the day with prayer, he went up and asked a little boy why he hadn't shut his eyes during the prayer, when the boy sharply responded, "we are commanded in the Bible to watch as well as pray."

There is a certain kind of vice that some persons will shun if they are ever so bad. It is ad vice.

THE PRIMITIVE MAN.

I hold it to be morally impossible for God to have created, in the beginning, such men and woman as we find the human race, in their physical condition, now to be. Examine the book of Genesis, which contains the earliest annals of the human family. As is commonly supposed, it comprises the first 2,369 years of human history. With a child-like simplicity, this book describes the infancy of man-kind. Unlike modern histories, it details the minutest circumstances of social and individual life. Indeed it is rather a series of biographies than a history. The false delicacy of modern times did not forbid the mention of whatever was done or suffered. And yet over all that expanse of time—for more than one-third part of the duration of the human race—not a single instance is recorded of a child born blind, or deaf, or dumb, or idiotic, or malformed in any way! During the whole period, not a single case of natural death in infancy, or childhood, or early manhood, or even of middle manhood, is to be found. Not one man or woman died of disease. The simple record is "and he died," or, he died "in a good old age, and full of years," or he was "old and full of days." No epidemic, nor even endemic disease prevailed, showing that they died the natural death of healthy men, and not the unnatural death of disordered ones. Through all this time, (except in the single case of Job, in his age, and then only for a day or two before his death) it does not appear that any man was ill, or that any old lady or young lady ever fainted. Bodily pain from disease is nowhere mentioned. No cholera infantum, scarlatina, measles, small pox—not even a toothache! So extraordinary a thing was it for a son to die before his father, that an instance of it is deemed worthy of special notice; and this first case of the reversal of nature's law was 2000 years after the creation of Adam. See how this reversal of nature's law has for us become the law; for how rare is it now for all the children of a family to survive the parents. Rachel died at the birth of Benjamin; but this is the only case of perpetual death mentioned in the first 2,400 years of the sacred history; and even this happened during the fatigues of a patriarchal journey, when passengers were not wafted along in the saloons of rail car or steamboat. Had Adam, think you, tubercular lungs? Was Eve flat-chested, or did she cultivate the serpentine line of grace in a curved spine? Did not Nimrod get up in the morning with a furrowed tongue, or was he tormented with the dyspepsia? Had Esau the gout or hepatitis? Imagine how the tough old Patriarchs would look at being asked to subscribe for a lying-in hospital, or an hospital, or an asylum for lunatics, or an eye and ear infirmary, or a school for idiots or deaf mutes. What would their eagle vision and swift-footedness have said to the project of a blind asylum or an orthopedic establishment! Did they suffer any of these reverses of nature against civilization? No! Man came from the hand of God so perfect in his bodily organs, so deficient of cold and heat, of drought and humidity, so recharged with vital force, that it took more than two thousand years of the combined abominations of appetite and ignorance; it took successive ages of outrageous excess and debauchery, to drain off his electric energies and make him even accessible to disease; and then it took ages more to breed all these vile distempers which now nestle, like vermin in every organ and fibre of our bodies!

During all this time, however the fatal causes were at work, which wore away and finally exhausted the glorious and abounding vigor of the pristine race. At least as early as the third generation from Adam, polygamy began. Intermarriages were all along the order of the day. Even Adam married his half-sister. The basest harlotry was not beneath one of the Patriarchs. Whole people, like the Moabites and Amorites, were the direct fruit of combined drunkenness and incest between father and daughters. The highest pleasures and forces of the races gradually narrowed down to appetite and continence. At length, its history became almost too shocking to be referred to. In its greatest men, its wisest men, its God-favored men, like David, could be guilty of murder for the sake of adultery, or, like Solomon, could keep a seraglio of a thousand wives and concubines, what blackness could be black enough to paint the portraits of the people they ruled, and the children they begot!

After the Exodus, excesses rapidly developed into diseases. First came cutaneous distempers—leprosy, boils, elephantiasis, &c.—the common effort of nature to throw visceral impurities to the surface. As early as King Assa, that royal malady, the gout, had been invented. Then came consumptions and the burning ague, and disorders of the visceral organs, and pestilences, or, as the Bible expressed it, "great plagues and of long continuance; until in the time of Christ, we see how diseases of all kinds had become the common lot of mankind, by the crowds that flocked to him to be healed. And so

frightfully, so disgracefully numerous have diseases now become, that if we were to write down their names, in the smallest legible hand, on the smallest bit of paper, there would not be room enough on the human body to paste the labels.

HORACE MANN.

THAT WORD—NO.

No!—This is a very short word. It has a very short meaning sometimes. It often blasts fond anticipations; it may change the whole tenor of a life. In matrimonial matters it would be better that it should be oftener said than it is, for many of that sex say No when they mean Yes, and should use the shorter word when they do not.

One Sunday evening, not many nights ago the Rev. Mr. Thompson performed a marriage ceremony at the Tabernacle—both parties said Yes at the proper time, and the reverend gentleman said amen. "I want you to perform the same thing for me," said a well-dressed, youngish man, to Mr. Thompson.

"When?"
"Now—right off—to-night."
"Can't you put it off a little? It will make it rather late."
"No—the lady says now or never, and I am anxious. Will you go?"
"Yes; where is it?"
"Close by—only a few steps west of the Park. We are all ready, and will not detain you but a few minutes on your way home."

Mr. T. went to the place, which was a respectable boarding-house, and everything evinced decorum. The lady, young and pretty, neatly dressed and altogether a desirable partner for the gentleman was presented, and a short prayer, as usual upon such occasions, offered and then hands joined.

"You, with a full sense of the obligations you assume, do promise, here in the presence of God and these witnesses, that you will take this woman, whose right hand you clasp in yours, to be your lawful wedded wife, and as such you will love and cherish her forever?"
"I do."
"And you, Miss, on your part, will you take this man to be your lawful, wedded husband?"
"No!"

We have heard in times past, when showers were fashionable, some pretty heavy claps of thunder; but none that ever rattled about the tympanum of that bridegroom was quite so loud as that stunning little monosyllable.

"No, I never will!" said she most emphatically, and walked away proudly to her seat, leaving her almost-husband looking and probably feeling just the least trifle in the world foolish.

Mr. Thompson remonstrated—not to induce her to change that No for Yes, but for trifling with him in a solemn duty of his calling, and asked for an explanation.

"I meant no disrespect to you, sir, or to trifle with your duty, or the solemn obligation you were called upon to ratify; but I had no other way to vindicate my character. I came to this city a poor sewing girl. I worked for this man. He made proposals of marriage to me, but from other circumstances I doubted his sincerity, and left his employment and went back to the country for a while. When I returned, I found that the door of my former boarding house was closed against me, and this lady, whom I had esteemed as a kind friend, cold, and quite indispensed to renew my acquaintance, and I insisted upon knowing the reason. I learned that this man had blackened my character, denied his proposals of marriage, and said I was—no matter what. I said to the lady, 'let me come back, and I will prove my innocence. Will you believe what I say, if he will now marry me?'"

"Yes; I certainly will, and so will all who know you."
"I renewed the acquaintance—he renewed his proposals—I accepted and said Yes, get the minister at once. He slandered me—I deceived him. I proved my words true, and his false. It was the only way a poor helpless girl had to avenge herself upon a man who had proved himself unworthy to be her husband. It was only, at the right time, to say one word—one little word. I have said it. I hope it will be a lesson to men, and an example to other girls, and that in many other and different circumstances they will learn to say No."
"If I was angry for a single moment," said Mr. Thompson, "I carried none of it over the threshold. It was a severe lesson, but well applied. I went home pondering upon the value of that word—No."
N. Y. Tribune.

FROM THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER. SONG OF THE FARMER.

BY THE "PEASANT BARD."
Give to the lord his palace grand,
And halls of splendid pride;
A fig for all his dignities,
And all his pomp beside!
Give me the Farmer's peaceful home,
Beneath the maples high,
Where Nature's warblers wake the song,
The waters patting nigh.

The citizen may love the town,
And Fashion's gaudy show;
The brilliant jaquetry of Art,
May please the eye, I know;
But Nature's charms delight the heart,
All simple though they be;
The acres broad, the streamy vales,
The lowing herds for me!

What though the bronze is on our cheek,
Toll-coloured is our hand,
With honest pride we stand erect,
The nobles of the land;
For "patriot Truth," that spirit bright,
In this wide world so rare,
Points proudly to the Farmer's home,
And cries—my way is there!

POOR DEVIL.

The poor devil is a character by himself. The poor devil is his own living millstone. By permitting his own energies and brains to run to seed, he impairs also the energies and brains of all around him. Perceiving and growing ashamed of his utter want of capacity for the business into which he has plunged so recklessly, growing gradually sensitive to the sneering glances of his workmen, whom his two-penny talent has rendered as two-penny as himself, and afraid to face the dunning of his creditors, he shrinks away from his business to the store or office of some other two-penny flunkey like himself, and wastes long hours, which a decent degree of energy might render valuable, in drowsy conversation, till it is time to close up. He then retires, and assumes on his way long the air of a man who has done his day's work. He meets his wife with a stolid air, mechanically receives and returns the caresses of his children, who little fancy what a rich, what a complete, what a superlatively fine, what a thoroughly ingrained "poor devil" they have for a father. When the poor creature lays himself on his pillow, he wants the light put out at once—because he can think better in the dark! In the stillness of the night, he wonders not how he can rouse up his energies and drive his business to a successful head, but—how long it will be ere he shall have reached the end of his rope! He has a suspicion that it will not be very long, and he wonders if his wife—his patient, trusting, hopeful wife—dreams what a royal clown, what a matchless drone is lying by her side. He is perfectly conscious that his business neighbors regard him with contempt, and that his hungry creditors look upon him as little less than half a knave, and more than half a fool; and he half—yes, more than half, believes that they have measured him with unerring correctness. As he is about to yield himself to the drowsy god, an idea rises up in the horizon of his dark and muzzy mind. Does he talk in his sleep? If so, does he betray his business weakness? That's the rub. If he does, then good bye to the only consideration and respect, which now greet him at all, for having forfeited, by his total want of prudence, energy, punctuality and firmness, his claims to consideration and respect in the little sphere in which he moves and does business, to be looked upon with the same contempt by his very household is not to be borne without a burning sense of humiliation and shame. He solaces himself with the hope that he don't talk in his sleep, and quietly yields himself to slumber, innocently unconscious of the fact that the fair being lying so still and quiet by his side is glaring at him in the dark, reading with unerring accuracy his very thoughts, and silently wondering how she ever came to look upon him with love, and ally herself for life to so small, paltry, and contemptible a carcass! Where could her wits have been—where those of her friends—to permit her to throw herself away upon so transparent, so disgusting a mass of insane imbecility.

N. Y. Dutchman.

ARM HEN.—Our farmers should aim higher. When we see the prices which first quality goods sell for it is really wonderful that any person should ever think of raising inferior fabrics. At the late fair, we saw a pair of small Suffolk pigs four months old, sell for \$250. This is as much as a score of ordinary hogs would come to, and yet the expense of feeding a Suffolk hog, is no greater than is required to give development to the "racer breed of Ohio." At the same fair, we saw calves sell for \$100, and chickens for \$12 a pair. These are the prices which birds and animals of unquestionable excellence bring. Every farmer can have birds and animals of this class. Why do they not have them? That's just the question we were about asking, who'll answer it!—N. Y. Dut'n.

A lady of San Francisco, being invited to send in a toast to be read at the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, furnished this. It is spicy enough to flavor half a dozen anniversary dinners:

"The 'Pilgrim Fathers,' forsooth!—What had they to endure, in comparison with the Pilgrim Mothers? It is true they had hunger, and cold, and sickness, and danger—foes without and foes within. But the unfortunate Pilgrim Mothers, they had not only these to endure, but they had the Pilgrim Fathers also; and yet their names are never mentioned.—Who ever gave a dinner in honor of them? Who ever writes songs, drinks toasts, and makes speeches in recollection of them? This self-sufficiency on the part of the men is beyond endurance. One would naturally suppose that New England had been colonized by men, and posterity provided by special act of Providence! Only Mrs. Hemans has volunteered to insinuate that there ever was a woman in the case, that the Mayflower ever brought anything but men across the Atlantic. I assure you, my dear friends, that I am perfectly disgusted with the self-conceit of men. They appropriate everything to themselves, even the settlement of a colony, and the peopling of a whole continent. I did hope that there was one prerogative they would leave to women.—We have submitted quietly to their inventions in superseding us in many things, we will not tamely submit to be deprived of this one privilege; we will not ourselves be deluded into belief that New England was settled and peopled entirely by Pilgrim Fathers. How could they have been fathers, if there had been no mothers? And I hope, dear captain, I have succeeded in convincing you that you will be lending yourself to an act of injustice towards us, if you do not propose for your toast 'The Pilgrim Mothers!'"

SUPERB GRAIN.—The California Farmers say: "The other morning, a splendid sheaf of four kinds of grain, forming a superb pyramid, was brought to us from Alameda county. The center of the sheaf was of oats; the second formation, a cascade of Australian wheat; the third, Chili barley; and the fourth, Chili spring wheat; the wheat forming one of the finest sheaves of grain we have ever seen made. It has been estimated that the oats will yield one hundred bushels per acre; the Chili wheat fifty bushels; the barley seventy-five bushels; and the Australian wheat, forty bushels."

Look out for a regular "philanthropist." If he don't swindle your confidence, drain your pockets, cut up some shine with your female friends, or lug off your hat, good name, and umbrella, then think yourself a lucky fellow. Professional philanthropy and "chequered" conduct go together as naturally as a heavy head and foolish conscience the morning after a late champagne supper, with its four horse wrinkles.

"Do you love me, Simon?"
"Do I love you—ask the sun if it loves the flowers—ask a cold kitten if she loves a warm brick. Love you, Melissa Jane! the gods know I do. Love you—show me the man what says I don't, and I'll cave his head with a cistern-pole."

Because man and wife sometimes quarrel, is no sign they do not love each other. The sweetest of flowers have the bitterest of buds. Try a quart and disseminate.

Thin spare women are very apt to be made of cross grained material. Therefore young men in making selections for the parson and census-taker, should avoid such, and get something in the round plump programme.

The greatest rake, it is said, makes the best husband—on the principle we suppose, that the greatest drunkard makes the best temperance lecturer.

If you don't wish to take the consumption you must learn to take flannel shirts and thick boots. For preventing coughs and catarrhs, one cobbler is worth all the doctors in christendom.

"I am going to the Post Office, Bob, shall I inquire for you?" "Well, yes, if you have a mind to, but I don't think you will find me there."

A justice of the peace at Lafayette, Indiana, refuses to perform the marriage ceremony when the thermometer is above 90, on the ground of unconstitutionality.

The saying that 'there is more pleasure in giving than receiving,' is supposed chiefly to apply to kicks, medicine, and advice.

Never dispute with a man who is more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor any enthusiast.

When does a lady wish to win more than seven beaus at once? When she tries to fascinate (fasten eight).
From the little gratitude shown now-a-days, you would imagine no one ever did an act of kindness.
The last case of jealousy is that of a lady who discarded her lover, because in speaking of his voyages, he said he hugged the shore.

THE DEVIL.

Start not, most timid reader, at the name of this thine old acquaintance; for why should'st thou be frightened at the name of so familiar and popular a character! Thou has known him from thy youth up—a good looking and courteous personage, who could tell thee, of many a forgotten reminiscence of thee and thine and who is, withal, one of the blandest and most affable creatures in the world.

He moves in the best society, is rigidly scrupulous of his outward appearance, and prides himself no little on his knowledge of the human heart. Polite to a fault, with a voice of the richest tone, and an eye of the brightest glance; bewitching by his smile, and entrancing by his eloquence; with a mind laden with knowledge and overflowing with light, he has ever been one of the most popular and influential characters of the day. Full often has he taken thee by the hand, and led thee into green pastures, and by the side of still waters, whilst thou, poor deluded soul, imagined thyself in the society of one of 'Heaven's elect.'

And yet thou tremblest at the mention of his name—and the very idea of contact with him blanches thy warm cheek, and fills thee with terror. Mistaken soul!—on the pages of the primer, and on the tablet of thy mind, this gentlemanly and accomplished Devil is painted, perhaps, as a poor fleshless body, gaunt and grim, having eyes of fire and feet that are cloven; with horns growing from his head, and barbed arrows from his mouth; with a long tail of many folds behind, and a long arm with many claws before, in short,

"A monster of such frightful mien,
To be hated needs but to be seen."

I tell thee, reader, such a picture is a gross slander on the personal appearance of the Dark Prince. He is "black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, or the curtains of Solomon."

Herein, thou should'st know, is the secret of his power—the charm of his life. Deformity has no attractions. Men are not drawn into any snare by repulsive and sickening leaders. They will not—unless barbarians indeed—worship at the shrines of any monster. No. He who would lead them captive must array himself in purple and fine linen. So at least thinks the personage in question, and he acts accordingly.

1. He comes in the gilded habiliments of pleasure. With smiling face and lightesome step he trips along, followed by a gay and thoughtless host, who sing and dance along the road to ruin, unconscious of their danger, and careless of all immediate and palpable enjoyment.

Lured on, step by step from innocent recreation to unlawful indulgence; from unlawful indulgence to gross licentiousness; from gross licentiousness to loss of self respect and utter recklessness; with besotted mind, and broken heart, and withered body; their polite and fascinating conductor leaves them at the portals of the grave, where a press of other business obliges him to bid them a polite and affectionate good bye, promising—the only promise the deceitful wretch keeps—to meet them on the other side of the grave!

2. He comes in the flowing *disabille* of the filler. With a jaunty air, a mind at peace with all the world, an enviable indifference to all the storms and calms of life, an unwrinkled brow and a spotless hand—he allures many sons and daughters of industry from their toil and soon teaches them to look upon work as a burden, and industry as a disgrace. Cunning and crafty, art thou, indeed, oh Devil, with thy oily tongue and bland address, and thou dost truly erect the busiest workshop in the brain of the idle man.

3. The devil comes also in the "sober black" of hypocrisy. Gentlemanly, indeed, is he in this favorite character. In cowl and gown, with smooth face and smoother speech, he walks cautiously before the people, and gathers into his dark fold many a wandering sheep. Sympathizing with all sorrow, subduing all passion, regular in attendance upon Church, loquacious in exhortation and longest in prayer, he soon wins upon the heart of the credulous, and ingratiates him into his black art. The name of his followers is legion. It needs not, oh reader, that we describe them to thee; for thou knowest them too well already. Neither is it necessary that we should show up the too fascinating Devil in any other suit from his many colored wardrobe.

In conclusion, see to it, oh ye people, that ye look not for his majesty as a horned and blotted monster, but rather a blooming and accomplished courtisan.—Not in rage, not in deformity, but in purple and fine linen, works he about all thy paths, and looks he about all thy haunts.
H. CLAPP, JR.

Ellis Buffington and William England, Cherokee Indians, recently met each other on Grand river, in the Cherokee nation, and in a fight with pistols and bowie-knives, both were killed.
Why is a lady walking in front of a gentleman like the latest news? Because she's in advance of the males.