

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 28, 1854.

NUMBER 40.

The Song of Goodfellow.
I sing of goodfellows,
Of every degree,
By land or by water,
On shore or at sea.
In dress-coats or petticoats,
Bonnets or hats,
In halcks, or in sheep-skins,
In blankets or mats;
Whoever in all things
Right bravely agrees,
For such are good fellows,
Wherever they be.
I sing of good fellows,
Whoever their lives,
As monks or as milliners,
Captains or wives;
Of the good and true-hearted
Who laugh at the world,
Who are happy, wherever
By destiny hurl'd;
Who enjoy all its follies,
Yet from it are free,
And such are good fellows,
Wherever they be.
I sing of good fellows,
And this is their sign;
They rail not at laughter,
Love, music, or wine;
And fear not lost pleasure,
Should sweep them below,
Or that those who are merry
Must overlook go.
Yet who moderate in all things,
And temperate we see;
And such are good fellows,
Wherever they be.
I sing of good fellows,
Who hold to their word,
Who are true as the eed,
And fast as the cord;
Who think what they speak,
Speak not all that they think;
Who are honest and candid,
And from slander will shrink;
Who from lying or trembling,
Or shifting, are free;
And such are good fellows,
Wherever they be.
I sing of good fellows,
Kind-hearted are they;
Not spiteful or cruel,
Or wounding "in play";
But regarding the feelings
Of all as their own,
Ne'er draw from the soul-chorde,
A dissonant tone;
What are gentle and courteous,
While gallant and free;
And such are good fellows,
Wherever they be.
I sing of good fellows,
God send us some more;
The earth hath not many,
Though Heaven hath store;
Sincere-hearted companions,
Well-burkled in pride,
Who flinch at no trifles,
Whatever be;
Who twist honor and goodness
No difference see;
And such are good fellows,
Wherever they be.
I sing of good fellows;
Oh, could there be found
A land of delight,
Where good fellows abound,
A gentleman's heaven,
Below or above,
And govern'd by Courtesy,
Honor and Love;
To Elysium or Eden,
I never would fly.
But the land of Good Fellows,
Wherever it be.

"Now can you not find me a supper! You boast of your housekeeping, you know; and yet I'll venture we are almost as good cooks on board. At any rate, we are a little more hospitable when we see a visitor who has come miles to meet us, and walked all the way."
He said this in a playful tone, and the girl immediately hastened to set the supper table. His eyes followed her graceful movements, and they conversed together, as lovers only converse, during the half hour in which the preparations for the meal were going on. At length the other members of the family came in, and the conversation became general.
It was yet early, however, when the young man rose to go. The girl followed him out of the door.
"Why so soon?" said she.
"It is high time, and I have already overstay'd my time," he said. "But in a few days I shall be back, and it may be, I will be so successful that there will be no necessity for going again."
"God grant it may be so," she said fervently. "I feel a presentiment of some danger impending over you. There is Hogan, the refugee—"
"He owes me ill will, I know," said the lover, "ever since you preferred me to him. But he has left this part of the country, and I should never hear him in a fair fight."
"But he was always stealthy and mean and would attack you secretly."
"Oh! but there is no fear of him," gaily said the lover. "Believe me I shall be back in two weeks, and then—"
He pressed the loving girl to his bosom—kissed her again and again, then with a hurried embrace tore himself away. When he had crossed the road and was just entering the woods, he turned and waved his hat. The girl was still standing on the watch. She kissed her hand to him, and the next instant he had vanished from her sight.
But for many minutes she continued to gaze on the spot where he had disappeared; and so intent was the reverie into which she fell that she did not notice the approach of a young man of the neighborhood, whom popular rumour declared to be one of her suitors.
"Good evening, Ellen," he said. "You are late out here to-night."
"Ah! is it you, James! Good evening," and she frankly extended her hand.— "Will you walk in?"
"No, I thank you—I haven't but a minute to stay." There was a short silence, when he added, "Have you seen Hogan lately? He has come back I suppose you know."
"No—I did not know it," said Ellen heart beating violently.
"I believe he and Briggs are great friends—Hogan swears he will have revenge on him, though I do not know for what. Do you?"
Ellen read the man's heart in those words. He was a rejected suitor, and suspecting her love for Briggs, had visited her expressly to torture her by this intelligence.
"How know you this," she said effecting as much calmness as possible. "Have you seen Hogan lately?"
"He was about this morning, but has gone down the river to his old place.— They say he has a dozen men there, refugees, may be, like himself. Bye the bye have you seen Briggs to-day? I heard he sailed with the morning."
Ellen turned pale at this intelligence, for her woman's quick wit perceived at once, by the meaning tone of her visitor, that Hogan had determined to waylay her lover, and that her informant, from a feeling of base revenge, had come to apprise her of it after he thought it would be too late for any notice of the attack to be conveyed to Briggs. She had the presence of mind not to show her agitation, nor did she undecieve the speaker as to the time when her lover sailed. She adroitly turned the conversation.
"Won't you walk in?" she said; "the nights are getting chilly. Father and mother are yet up, I believe."
"No, thank you," said the young man moving off, "I must be going. Good bye."
Ellen watched him with a fluttering heart until he disappeared in the darkness, when she burst into tears. But suddenly dashing them away with her hand she entered the house, and cautiously approached the door of her little room.
The family had all retired. Taking a pen and ink she wrote, with some agitation, a few lines, and placed them where they would be seen the first thing in the morning.
"This will tell them where I have gone," she said, still weeping. "It would not do to wake them or they would not let me go. But how can I stay here, when he is in danger?" She paused and mused. "Yes! it is too late to overtake him at the wharf. I must go down the river and intercept him; God will be my protector."
With these words she hastened to attire herself in her bonnet and cloak, and then kneeling down she prayed for a few moments silently, after which she rose, wiped the tears from her eyes, and set forth unattended on her long and perilous walk.

More than once she started, as she wound her way through the solitary forest, at the cry of a night bird; and now and then some unknown noise, or a distant shadow assuming suddenly the appearance of a human being, would cause her knees to totter, but after leaning for a space against a tree and summoning aid from on high by a hasty prayer, she would recover confidence and go on.
At length she reached the shore of the river, after more than an hour's travel.— She recognized the place at once, and following the bank soon arrived at a solitary farm house. All was still around, and she did not wake the inhabitants, for they were suspected of being unfriendly to the whigs, so she merely unlocked a boat which she found lying by the water-side, and entering it, waited breathlessly for the appearance of her lover's sloop.
A quarter of an hour had passed, which seemed an age, and yet no signs of the vessel were visible.
"Surely it cannot have passed," she said anxiously. "Yet, the wind is fair, and the tide strong."
Another interval elapsed which her alarm magnified into an hour; and at last she burst into tears.
"He has passed, and I never shall see him again," she sobbed. "Oh! God of mercy spare his life!" and clasping her hands convulsively she looked to heaven.
Suddenly a sound met her ear which she mistook for the creaking of a block.— She started up in the boat, every feature of her face radiant with hope, and looked eagerly towards the bend of the river shore. But she was doomed to disappointment. For five minutes she gazed in vain.
"It was only the sinking of the wind," she sobbed, again overcome by tears.— "Oh! what shall I do?—what can I do?" she said piteously wringing her hands.
All at once the apparent sound of the sheets traversing their iron guide broke the stillness, and this time she was not mistaken. Brushing the tears hurriedly from her eyes she was able to discern the shadowy form of a sloop rounding the point in the river above.
"It is him—it is him," she exclaimed agitatedly, and falling on her knees, with glad tears, she returned thanks to God.— Then hurriedly, and nervously taking the oars, she pushed off into the stream, and suffered the boat to drop down with the tide. As she expected, the sloop soon overtook her.
"Pont-a-hoy!" cried a well known voice, that made her heart leap as the stout vessel came surging down towards her.
"James—don't you know me?" she articulated faintly, all the modesty of her nature suddenly aroused at perceiving now for the first time, the apparent indelicacy of her behavior.
"Ellen!" cried the voice from the ship, in a tone of surprise, and immediately the vessel was rounded to, and the athletic arms of her lover lifted her on deck; for overcome with shame, she could neither stand nor look up.
"What is the matter, dearest?" said her lover, as he held her in his arms; has anything happened at home? Speak—you don't know how you alarm me."
His anxious tone recovered for Ellen her confidence, and she hastened to tell him what she had heard.
"I could not," she said, with her face hidden on his broad chest, "stay at home, and leave you to this peril. Father is old, and I was afraid he could not be here in time."
"God in heaven bless you. How can I ever repay you? But I must find some shelter for you in the cabin, for no time is to be lost. We are already in sight of Hogan's place, and it is too late to retreat. Even if we anchor they will come after us; but, now that I know their intention there is nothing to fear, and our best course, therefore, is to disarm suspicion by going on."
Ellen would have remonstrated, but, at that instant, the moon broke forth, and a large boat was seen pulling out into the stream some distance down the river. She suffered herself, therefore, to be led into the cabin, where she waited with a breathless heart, the termination of the contest.
Tradition tells how, in a few words, their leader informed the crew of the approaching attack, and of the vigorous measures taken to defeat it. The sloop's course was retarded as much as possible, while the wood, which formed a part of the cargo, was hastily arranged in piles around the quarter-deck as well as forward, so as completely to barricade every side of the vessel. Fortunately, there was a double supply of muskets on board, and these were all loaded and ready for use. In the critical hour the hand and the voice of Briggs were every where. He felt that not only his life, but that what was dearer even than that, depended on success in the present struggle.
For some time the refugees, who continued pulling lazily up the river, as if not caring to excite suspicion, did not see the movements on board the sloop; but when the preparation for defence became visible in the growing bulwark on every side of the vessel, they gave a loud cheer and began to pull lustily toward her.

"They are coming now," said Briggs, placing the last armful of wood on the pile along the quarter deck. "Take your muskets, lads, and be ready for a volley—the bloody refugees."
Quick and sharp came the rollicking of the oars to their ears, and even those many hearts beat faster as they counted the fearful odds against them, and recognized the burly figure of Hogan, and one or two of his more desperate associates.
"Pull away—around to stern, my lads," shouted the refugee leader rocking in the stern sheets with the motion of the boat.
"Now's your time," said Briggs, energetically. "Pick your men. I'll take Hogan."
The muskets were raised, a breathless instant ensued.
"Are you ready?" whispered their leader.
"Aye!" was the prompt, stern answer.
"Then fire!"
The volley was not a moment to soon. Three of the men in the boat fell, but, almost immediately she struck the side of the vessel, and her crew began to scramble over the barricade erected between them and her defenders. Firing was now impossible: the conflict was hand to hand. It was then that Briggs remembered Ellen with each blow of his sturdy arm. Clutching his musket, he met the assailants at every point, cheering and animating his scanty band even more by his example than his voice. Short, but terrible was the conflict. Most of the outlaws never reached the deck of the sloop, but fell back wounded or dead into their boat, while the few who gained at least a foothold on the vessel, sank finally before the athletic arms and indomitable courage of the defenders. In less than five minutes after the attack began the refugees were repulsed at every point, their leader killed, and the few who remained alive in full flight for the shore.
Two of their number remained prisoners in the hands of Briggs, and subsequently met the deserved fate of their crimes.
No sooner had the enemy left the vessel than Briggs hastened to the cabin.— Ellen was already ascending to the gangway, alarmed by the cessation of his voice, which, throughout the strife, had risen over the noise of the conflict, and sustained her during its terrible suspense.
"Their meeting we shall not attempt to describe. It is sufficient to say that long after, they were accustomed to refer to it as the happiest moment of their lives."
"But now, dearest," he said at length, "I must see you safe at your father's house ere I proceed. Let me hope for still more."

Briggs accompanied Ellen home, and ere he returned to his vessel he had pressed her to his bosom as his wife.
For many a long year the old musket, with its battered stock, used on that memorable day by the hero of our story, was wont to be exhibited to the visitors of the happy household that grew up around Ellen. It may still be in existence, a treasured relic among grand children.
WHO IS A COWARD?—The man who attacks another by surprise or with a weapon when the other has none, is a coward.
The man who carries a deadly weapon on or about his person in his intercourse with an unarmed society, is a coward.
The man who associates with him, and so goes with numbers to overpower an individual or a smaller or feebler number—is a coward.
The man, who challenged to a duel is so much afraid of public sentiment that he dares not refuse it, is a coward.
In general that man is a coward who shapes his course of action by his fears; and he alone is a man of courage who always dares to do right.
SMITH O'BRIEN.—The Liverpool Times says that Smith O'Brien came home a passenger by the Norma, having received the Queen's pardon. It is not able to say whether he came direct to England, but an Austrian letter of the day before the sailing of the packet announces that such was his destination.
"Mr. Jones, have you got a match?"
"Yes, Sir—a match for the devil; there she is, mixing up dough." Jones pointed to his wife, and put for the front yard.— The last we saw of him he was putting down the road, closely pursued by a distern-pole and a red-headed lady.
BOGUS BANKS.—The Washington Star cautions the public against receiving the bills of the "Arlington Banks" and the "Farmers and Merchants Banks," purporting to be located by Washington.— There are no such banks there.
It is stated that a great revival is in progress among the Episcopalians in England, and that a Rev. Mr. Atkin, formerly a Wesleyan preacher, now ranked as a high Church man, is the principal agent in this work.
Accounts from all sections represent the incoming potato crop as being abundant and fruitful, and the prices in all vicinities must necessarily come down within a very short period.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.
One evening last week we took our place at the supper table of a Cincinnati and Louisville packet. Supper and conversation had progressed some before we were seated. An animated discourse was going on 'twixt an exceedingly sober-faced lady, no less than thirty years old, on the subject of temperance.
"Oh!" exclaimed she, with horror depicted on her thin lips, "I do despise the whiskey drinker."
The gentleman dropped his knife and fork, seized her hand and giving her a hearty shake, we thought tears were going to drop from his twinkling eyes.
"Madam," said he, "I respect your sentiments and the heart that dictated them. I permit no person to go beyond me in despising the whiskey drinker. I have been disgusted on this very boat, and I say it now before our worthy captain's face.— What, I ask you, can be more disgusting than to see well dressed, respectable, eye, virtuous looking young men, whose mothers are even now praying that the tender instructions by which their youth was illuminated, may bring forth precious fruit in their maturity. I say, to see such young men step up to the bar of this boat, and without fear of observing eyes, or the condemnation of enlightened opinion, brazenly ask for old Bourbon or Rye, or Monongahela whiskey, when in that bar they know there is the very best of Old Cognac Brandy."—N. Y. Drunkenman.
"THE DRUNKARD."—The Charlottesville Jeffersonian of Thursday publishes the following:
Died in this town on Saturday last, of delirium tremens, Mr. Samuel Johnston. He was a member of the theatrical company that visited this place last winter; he performed the principal character in "The Drunkard," and always received great applause from his audience for the faithful manner in which he acted his part.
It is stated that the editor of the N. Y. Herald paid the captain of the pilot boat who brought the news of the loss of the Arctic, \$500; and after getting him in the office, locked the doors of the building, not allowing any one to pass out or in until 5 o'clock, when the papers were worked off. The other morning journals went off in the same mail with the Herald, ignorant of the awful calamity.
Judge Harper of Maryland in speaking of camp meetings, expresses the opinion of himself and brethren, that for social enjoyment these meetings take the first rank, but their usefulness for religious improvement, and for the conversion of sinners, has become less and less for many years past.
The peach originally was a poisonous almond. Its fleshy parts were used to poison arrows, and was for this purpose introduced into Persia. Transportation and cultivation have not only removed its poisonous qualities, but produced the delicious fruit we now enjoy.
Billy Bowlegs, has made up his mind not to leave Florida. He says he will behave himself if the Government will behave itself, and leave him and his 200 Braves alone. If it does not he is determined to "fight it out."
Hair is an excellent manure. Perhaps this explains its application of late, in the shape of moustaches, to "cabbage heads" and "turnip tops." It is to be hoped a plentiful crop of brains will be the result.
The elections in Ohio and Indiana have gone against us by unusually large majorities; indicating a very unusual fog in the political atmosphere! Never mind, boys, the sun will shine bright one of these days! storms seldom last long.
The largest sturgeon of the season was harpooned at the Trenton Falls on Saturday morning, by John B. Nevius.— After the removal of the hide, bone and oil, it weighed one hundred and twenty pounds.
Powder mill explosions are becoming fashionable. One in Hartford the other day—100 kegs blew up. Wish they had been under the election on Tuesday. Couldn't have blew us up any worse than the underground claps did.
The Courier and Enquirer says that since the 1st of January last, eighty new blasfurnaces have been put into operation in Pennsylvania.
Why is a young lady just from boarding school, like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.
The Know Nothings stirred up the terrified with a long pole on the 10th. We'll give em fits next time.
The suspension bridge across the Mississippi river, at St. Anthony's Fall, is nearly completed.
The State of Connecticut is out of debt, and has money loaned out at interest.
The Milwaukee Wisconsin says the potato crop of that State is large and excellent.
The Arctic made forty-five trips prior to the recent disaster.

THE REFUGEE.
A Tale of the American Revolution.
During the war of the revolution, the lower counties of New Jersey were infested by a set of desperadoes, passing under the name of refugees, who in the absence of the whigs in camp, plundered and insulted their defenceless families. A band of these men became particularly notorious on the shores of Egg Harbor river, and that section of the country is yet rife with legends of their misdeeds. A party equally numerous and even more lawless, for a long time devastated the settlements along the Maurice river. Our story relates to this latter.

It was at the close of a beautiful day, in the early part of October, that an athletic young man, whose frank and good humored countenance was a passport to the acquaintance of strangers of all classes, approached a clearing not far from the present decayed village of Dorchester.— The house was but of one story, built of thick-hewn timber, and surrounded by beauty fields in which the stumps of the original forest trees were yet visible. But everything about the place had an air of neatness, which was increased, when pushing open the door, he entered the large comfortable kitchen, with its nicely scoured floor, and its dresser on which were arrayed in bright rows the pewter plates.— His footsteps had scarcely sounded on the floor before a light figure sprang to meet him, and the next instant was locked in his arms.
"God bless you, Mary," he said, as he parted his hair fondly from her forehead and stooped to kiss her fair brow.
The girl looked into his face, and said, half inquiringly, half positively—
"You have come to stay have you not. Do now, give up running your sloop until things become more settled. You will be captured yet," she continued, as his lover shook her head, "and then if thrown into those prison ships at New York, you will never get back."
Notwithstanding the improving manner in which she spoke, her lover still shook his head.
"Nay, dearest, your woman's fears alarm you without cause. There is no danger. No English ships have left the Delaware, and I must make the old sloop pay me now, for your sake, Mary."
She buried her face in his bosom to hide her blushes at this allusion. He continued cheerfully:

"Now can you not find me a supper! You boast of your housekeeping, you know; and yet I'll venture we are almost as good cooks on board. At any rate, we are a little more hospitable when we see a visitor who has come miles to meet us, and walked all the way."
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"I believe he and Briggs are great friends—Hogan swears he will have revenge on him, though I do not know for what. Do you?"
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With these words she hastened to attire herself in her bonnet and cloak, and then kneeling down she prayed for a few moments silently, after which she rose, wiped the tears from her eyes, and set forth unattended on her long and perilous walk.

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR.
This is a text on which eloquence may dwell, and argument, sound and serious, be deduced. It is a fact lamentably true—too true we fear for the good of the country—that there is a feeling continually on the increase, that manual labor is ignoble, and worthy only of a slave.— Gentlemen too frequently are judged by the texture of the coat they have on their back, by the delicacy of their hands, and the fairness of their skin; while in truth it is the heart that constitutes the true gentleman, and the raiment a man wears is no more a test of his gentility than the beard is an index of manhood. The meaning of the word "gentleman," is a meek man, being composed of the adjective gentle, and noun man. Society has so corrupted this word that its definition now depends upon the tastes of those defining it. Labor and gentility are not antagonistic. The connection between them, in its true significations, is so strong that they are almost inseparable. Every man who labors is not a gentleman, but no man can be a gentleman without labor in some way, though the spheres in which men labor are as various as the human face. Some of the greatest men were the hardest workers. It is by this means that they become great. Who would think of having fruitful crops without labor? The soil must be cultivated or it will not produce. So great men are not a spontaneous production of nature, but they are formed by the severest toil, the strictest self-denial and the most active energy. Mechanics, laborers and farmers are often snarled at because their hands are horny and their clothes soiled; but do these men reflect that it is those very mechanics, laborers and farmers who mainly contribute to sustain the Government? It is upon them that our safety or honor rests; they are the strong arm of the State, and the fortifications of the Republic. The man who sneers at them because of their calling in life, and derides manual labor and toil, is no honor to the race of humanity—a mere popinjay, whose mind is cramped by the foolish whims and caprices of fashion. Has one of these mock-gentlemen ever contributed his mite to the support of the great mass of humanity? Is the world benefited by his existence, or is he a burden and a curse to it? All must come to the latter conclusion.
Labor is one of the first commands of God! Idleness is deprecated in Holy Writ—the one is honorable, and the other dishonorable. Labor strengthens the physical constitution; it gives power to the mind, it ennobles the feelings, and makes great men and good citizens. Idleness on the contrary, impairs the body, enervates the mind, destroys natural integrity, promotes dissipation, and is a source of incalculable evil. It will, on examination, be found to be the root of intemperance and debauchery, and in many instances of crime. It wrecks the physical system, debases the mental faculties, fills our prisons and poor-houses, and cumber the earth with a race of beings who live upon the sweat of others' brows, and pass off the stage of life without benefiting others or developing themselves. Is not labor then more genteel than idleness?

THE KANSAS SEAL.—Robert Lovett, of this city, has engraved the Seal of the Territory of Kansas, according to the design of Gov. Reeder. It consists of a shield with two supporters, and surmounted by a scroll motto, and is emblematic of the life of the pioneer and agriculturist. The lower compartment of the shield contains the implements of agriculture. The left hand supporter is a pioneer, with his smock frock, leggings, rifle, and tomahawk, while on the right is the Golden Ceres, with her sheaf, and at their feet and between them lies a fallen tree and axe.— The motto is a beautiful and striking allusion to the principle on which the territory was organized, and consists of "Populi voce natum"—translated, "Born of the popular will." The whole design is well devised, highly suggestive, and in excellent taste.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A MOST SINGULAR AFFAIR.—A Mrs. Magee, of Pittsfield, Mass., was lying up on a sofa, at night, waiting the incoming of some domestics. About midnight her son-in-law, John A. Walker, hearing a noise, went below and found Mrs. Magee dead on the floor, the outside door open, and hearing some one running from the house.—A gold watch which Mrs. Magee had upon her neck when Mr. W. retired, and two silver goblets which Mrs. M. carried in her pocket, were on the table.— The supposition is that thieves entered the house, and compelled Mrs. Magee, a very timid woman, to take off her watch, and open the cupboard, and get the goblets, and that the fright caused her death, and the thieves becoming frightened thereat, fled without delay.
Eldred township, Monroe county, gave Governor Bigler, and the entire Democratic ticket 156 votes, and none for the opposition candidates, at the recent election. A sound township! that.
A judicious system of advertising is acknowledged to be the lever of business.