

# Clearfield Republican.

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*For the Clearfield Republican.*  
**POETRY**—BY A PORTER.  
I sat by my window one bright sunny day,  
And gave to my mind a freedom to play,  
I gave it permission to laugh and be glad—  
(In truth it loves never to be sad.)  
So I wondered what poets would see to admire,  
What magical sights would tune up their lyre  
If they sat by my window so pleasant and cool,  
Resting at ease on my low cushioned stool.  
Perhaps they'd sing of the beauty of hills  
That gently slope down to the winding rills;  
Of the dark dimples of the woodland scene,  
With its carpeting moss and mantling green.  
Of the clouds that float in the azure sky,  
Of the cliffs on the brow of the mountain high,  
And they might see beauty, they'd be by the door  
In the old grey oak, that tells of yore.  
But they don't often like to sing  
Of a common place or a common thing;  
So I thought I'd tell what beauty I see  
In the works of nature so good and so free.  
Of a common sight in a common way  
This pleasant hour of a pleasant day,  
And if they laugh I don't care a fig,  
The beauty I saw was a little black pig.

**Adventures of a Traveller in Hungary.**  
The story was told me, says a recent writer, by an Italian officer, who was serving, at the time he first learned it, with the "Grande Armee" of Napoleon. It seems to me to contain one of the most striking, most dramatic, and terrible scenes that can be conceived, and I have only to regret that I lack the talent or power of telling the tale of horror as well as it was told to me.

It was a few weeks before the termination of the short, but (for Austria) fatal campaign of 1809—that campaign which began nobly by the Austrians, and ended in their seeing Bonaparte dictate to their prostrate empire from their capital, and shortly afterwards claim as his bride the daughter of the sovereign he had so injured and humbled—that an Hungarian horse dealer left Vienna to return to his home, which was situated in an interior province of his country.

He carried with him in paper money and in gold, a very considerable sum, the product of the horses he had sold at the Austrian capital. To carry this in safety was a difficult object just at that time; for troops, French and Austrian, were scattered in every direction, and he knew by experience, that it was not always safe to fall in with small parties of soldiers, even of his own country or government (to say nothing of the French), but the Carats, and wild Hussars and Huns, and others that fought under the Austrian eagle, were seldom over-scrupulous as to "keeping their hands from picking and stealing," when an opportunity was favorable or tempting.

The dealer, however, relied on his minute knowledge of the country he had traversed so often; on the bottom and speed of his thorough-bred Hungarian horse;—and having obtained what he considered good information, as to the posts occupied by the belligerents, and the range of country most exposed by the soldiery, he set out from Vienna, which he feared would soon be in the hands of the enemy. He went alone, and on his road carefully avoided, instead of seeking the company of other travellers, for he reasonably judged, that a solitary individual, meanly dressed as he was, might escape notice, while a party of travellers would be sure to attract it.

By his good management he passed the Hungarian frontier unharmed, and continued his journey homeward by a circuitous and unfrequented route. On the third night after his departure from Vienna, he stopped at a quiet inn, situated in the suburbs of a small town. He had never been there before, but the house was comfortable, and the appearance of the people about it respectable. Having first attended to his tired horse, he sat down to supper with his host and family. During the meal, he was asked whence he came, and when he told them all were anxious to know the news. The dealer told them all he knew. The host then inquired what business had carried him to Vienna. He told them he had been there to sell some of the best horses that were ever taken to that market. When he heard this, the host cast a glance at one of the men of the family who seemed to be his son, which the dealer scarcely observed then, but which he had reason to recall afterwards.

When supper was finished, the fatigued traveller requested him to be shown to his bed. The host himself took up a light and conducted him across a little yard and back of the house to a detached building which contained two rooms, tolerably decent for a Hungarian hotel. In the inner of these two rooms was the bed, and here the host left him to himself. As the dealer threw off his jacket and loosened his girdle round his waist where his money was deposited, he thought he might as well see whether it was all safe. Accordingly he drew out an old leathern purse that contained his gold, and then a tattered parchment pocket book that enveloped the Austrian bank notes, and finding that both were quite right, he laid them under the bolster, extinguished the light, and threw himself on the bed thanking God that the saints that had carried him thus far homeward in safety. He had no misgiving as to the character of the people he had fallen amongst to hinder his repose, and the poor dealer was very soon enjoying a profound and happy sleep.

He might have been in this state of benediction an hour or two, when he was disturbed by a noise like that of an opening window, and by a sudden rush of cool night air; on raising himself on the bed, he saw peering through an open window which was almost immediately above the bed, the head and shoulders of a man, who was evidently attempting to make his ingress into the room that way. As the terrified dealer looked, the intruding figure was withdrawn, and he heard a rumbling noise, and then the voices of several men, as he thought, close under the window. The most dreadful apprehensions, the more horrible as they were so sudden, now agitated the traveller, who, scarcely knowing what he did, but utterly despairing of preserving his life, threw himself under the bed. He had scarcely done so when the hard breathing of a man was heard at the open window, and the next minute a robust fellow dropped into the room, and, after staggering across it, groped his way by the walls to the bed. Fear had almost deprived the horse dealer of his senses, but yet he perceived the intruder, whoever he might be, was drunk.—There was, however, slight comfort in this, for he might only have swallowed wine to make him the more desperate, and the traveller was convinced he had heard the voices of other men without, who were sufficiently numerous to accomplish their purpose, in case any resistance should be made. His astonishment, however, was great and reviving, when he heard the fellow throw off his jacket on the floor, and then toss himself upon the bed under which he lay. Terror, however, had taken too firm a hold of the traveller to be shaken off at once. His ideas were too confused to permit his imagining any other motive for such a midnight intrusion on an unarmed man with property about him, save that of robbery and assassination, and he lay quiet where he was, until he heard the fellow above him snoring with all the sonorosity of a drunkard. Then, indeed he would have left his hiding-place and gone to rouse the people in the inn to get another resting place instead of the bed of which he had just been dispossessed in so singular a manner, but, just as he came to this resolution he heard the door of the outer room open—then stealthily steps crossed it—then the door of the very room he was in was softly opened, and two men, one of whom was the host and the other his son, appeared on the threshold.

"Leave the light where it is," whispered the host, "or it may disturb him and give us trouble."

"There is no fear of that," said the younger man also in a whisper, "we are two to one; he has nothing but a little knife about him—he is dead asleep too, hear how he snores!"

"Do my bidding," said the old man sternly; "would you have him awake and rouse the neighborhood with his screams?"

As it was the horror-stricken dealer under the bed could hardly suppress a shriek, but he saw that the son left the light in the outer room, and then, pulling the door partially after them to screen the rays of the lamp from the bed, he saw the two murderers glide to the bed-side, and then heard a rustling motion as of arms descending on the bed-clothes, and a hissing, and then a grating sound, that turned his soul sick, for he knew it came from knives or daggers penetrating to the heart or vitals of a human being like himself, and only a few inches above his own body. This was followed by one sudden and violent start on the bed, accompanied by a moan. Then the bed, which was a low one, was bent with an increase of weight caused by one or both murderers throwing themselves upon it, until it pressed on the body of the traveller. There was an awful silence for a moment or two, and then the host said, "he is finished—I have cut him across the throat—take the money. I saw him put it under the bolster."

"I have it, here it is," said the son; "a purse and pocket book."

The traveller then was relieved from the weight that had oppressed him almost to suffocation, and the assassins, who seemed to tremble as they went, ran out of the room, took up the light and disappeared altogether, from the apartment.

No sooner were they fairly gone than the poor dealer crawled from under the bed, took one desperate leap, and escaped through the little window by which he had seen enter the unfortunate wretch who had evidently been murdered in his stead. He ran with all his speed into the town, where he told his horrid story and miraculous escape to the night-watch. The night-watch conducted him to the Burgomaster, who was soon aroused from his sleep, and acquainted with all that happened.

armed men ran to the stable door—this they opened and found within the host and his son digging a grave.

The first figure that met the eyes of the murderers was that of the traveller. The effect of this on their guilty souls was too much to be borne; they shrieked and threw themselves on the ground, and though they were immediately seized by hard gripping hands of real flesh and blood, and heard the voices of the magistrate and their friends and neighbors denouncing them as murderers, it was some minutes ere they could believe that the figure of the traveller that stood among them was other than a spirit. It was the harder villain, the father, who, on hearing the stranger's voice continuing the conversation with the magistrate, first gained sufficient command-over himself to raise his face from the earth; he saw the stranger still pale and haggard, but evidently unhurt. The murderer's head spun round confusedly, but at length rising, he said to those who held him, "let me see that stranger nearer: let me touch him—only let me touch him!" The poor horse-dealer drew back in horror and disgust.

"You may satisfy him in this," said the magistrate, "he is unarmed, and we are here to prevent his doing you harm."

On this, the traveller let the host approach him, and pass his hand over his person, which when he had done, the villain exclaimed, "I am no murderer! who says I am a murderer?"

"That shall we see anon," said the traveller, who led the way to the detached apartment, followed by the magistrate, by the two prisoners, and all the party which had collected in the stable on hearing what passed there.

Both father and son walked with considerable confidence into the room, but when they saw by the lamps the night-watch and others held over it, that there was a body covered with blood, lying upon the bed, they cried out: "How is this!—who is this?" and rushed together to the bed-side. The lights were lowered; their rays fell upon the ghastly face and bleeding throat of a young man. At the sight, the younger of the murderers turned his head and swooned in silence; but the father, uttering a shriek so loud, so awful that one of the eternally damned alone might equal its effect, threw himself on the bed and on the gashed and bloody body, and murmuring in his throat: "My son! I have killed mine own son!" also found a temporary relief from the horrors of his situation in insensibility. The next minute the wretched hostess, who was innocent of all that had passed, and who was, without knowing it, the wife of a murderer, the mother of a murderer, and the mother of a murdered son—killed by a brother and a father, ran to the apartment and would have increased tenfold its already insupportable horrors by entering there, had she not been prevented by the honest towns-people. She had been roused from her sleep by the noise made in the stable, and was now herself, shrieking and frantic, carried back into the inn by main force.

The two murderers were forthwith bound and carried to the town gaol, where, on the examination, which was made the next morning, it appeared from evidence that the person murdered was the youngest son of the landlord of the inn, and a person never suspected of any crime more serious than that of habitual drunkenness; that instead of being in bed, as his father and brother had believed him, he had stolen out of the house, and joined a party of carousers in the town; of these boon companions, all appeared in evidence and two of them deposed that the deceased, being exceedingly intoxicated, and dreading his father's wrath, should be roused the house in such a state, and at that late hour, had said to them that he would get through the window into the little detached department, and sleep there, as he had often done before, and that they two, had accompanied him, and assisted him to climb to the window. The deceased had reached the window once, and as they thought would have got safe through it, but drunk and unsteady as he was, he slipped back;—they had then some difficulty in inducing him to climb again, for in the caprice of intoxication, he said he would rather go to sleep with one of his comrades. However, he had at last effected his entrance, and they, his two comrades, had gone to their respective homes.

The wretched criminals were executed a few weeks after the commission of the crime. They had confessed everything, and restored to the horse-dealer the gold and the paper money that had led them to a deed so much more atrocious than even they had contemplated.

Every man owes it to society to become rich, for the poor man's advice is never heeded, let be ever so valuable.—Throw a doubloon on the counter, and every one will want to hear it ring.—Throw a cent down, and its voice would attract little attention as a poor relation's.—If preachers lived 'nearer to God' they could make their prayers heard without making quite so much noise.

**The Vote for Gov. from 1799 to 1854.**

1799.—Thomas McKean, democrat, 36,244. James Ross, federalist, 32,542.

1802.—Thomas McKean, democrat, 47,879. James Ross, federalist, 17,934.

1805.—Thos. McKean, dem., 43,044. Simon Snyder, dem., 38,378.—(No federal candidate, the federalists voting for McKean.)

1808.—Simon Snyder, dem., 67,675.—James Ross, fed., 29,575. John Spayd, quid can., 4,007.

1811.—Simon Snyder, dem., 52,318.—William Tigheman, fed., 2,609.

1814.—Simon Snyder, dem., 51,069.—Isaac Wayne, fed., 29,560.

1817.—William Findley, dem., 66,333. Joseph Hiester, old school republican, 52,472.

1820.—Joseph Hiester, O. S. R., 67,905. Wm. Findley, dem., 66,309.

1823.—John Andrew Shultz, dem., 89,993. Andrew Gall, fed., 64,211.

1826.—John Andrew Shultz, dem., 72,710. John Sergeant, fed., 1,475. Scattering, 1,174.

1829.—George Wolf, dem., 78,219. Joseph Ritner, anti-mason, 51,776.

1832.—George Wolf, dem., 91,355. Joseph Ritner, anti-mason, 88,155.

1835.—George Wolf, dem., 65,804. H. A. Muhlenberg, dem., 40,568. Joseph Ritner, anti-mason, 94,028.

1838.—David R. Porter, dem., 127,521. Joseph Ritner, anti-mason, 122,325.

1841.—D. R. Porter, dem., 136,504. John Banks, whig, 113,478.

1844.—Francis R. Shunk, dem., 169,322. Joseph Markle, whig, 156,040.

1847.—Francis R. Shunk, dem., 146,081. Jas. Irwin, whig, 125,748. E. C. Reigart, Native American, 11,247. J. F. Le-moyne, abolition, 1,861.

1848.—Wm. F. Johnston, whig, 169,522. Morris Langstreth, dem., 168,225.

1851.—Wm. Bigler, dem., 186,499. W. F. Johnston, whig, 178,034.

1854.—James Pollock, whig, 204,068. Wm. Bigler, dem., 167,001.

**WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY.**—The rapid strides which the science of Chemistry has made in the last few years cannot be otherwise than surprising to those unaccustomed to reading scientific papers.

Presuming that but few of our readers are practical chemists, or even acquainted with the results that have been obtained, we give them a few examples.

Candles resembling the finest wax, are now made from coal, and the Peat bogs of Ireland.

Beautiful white paper is made from straw and pine shavings.

Water can be frozen in a red hot crucible.

Gutta Percha and India Rubber, can be made of hard steel.

The offal of the street, and the washings of coal gas, re-appear carefully preserved in the lady's smelling bottle, or are used by her to flavor Blanc-manges for her friends.

Marble which rival the finest Egyptian is manufactured by a chemical process.

Copper and Iron have been detected in the human body.

The action of Nitric and Sulphuric acids on cotton produces a substance more destructive in its effects than gunpowder.

Diamonds and pearls are made by a chemical process.

**PRESIDENTIAL BELIEGION.**

It is curious that nearly one-half of the Presidents of the United States should have been of the most aristocratic and one of the least popular churches in the republic. Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler and Taylor were Episcopalians. Jefferson, John Adams, and his son J. Q. Adams, and Mr. Fillmore, were Unitarians. Mr. Van Buren was of the Dutch Reformed Church, Jackson, and Polk were Presbyterians, and the present President is a Trinitarian Congregationalist. Neither the Methodists nor the Catholics, have, as yet, given the States a President.

"We clip the following capital bit from the Waterford *Swallow*: 'If you want to keep your town from thriving, turn a cold shoulder to every young mechanic or beginner in business; look upon every new comer with a jealous scowl. Discourage all you can; if that won't do decay his work, and rather go abroad for wear of his kind, than give him your money. Last, though not least, refuse to patronize the village paper.'"

"Physicians rarely take medicine, lawyers seldom go to law, and ministers steer clear of other person's churches.—Editors, however, read all the papers they can get hold of."

**LADY PHYSICIANS.**

The corner stone of a medical college for women is laid at Richmond, Virginia. It will cost \$125,000, and will doubtless be well got up and supported. There is no other department of masculine duty which women have a better right to share than the medical. As it is, they do half the physicians work—and the better half. And then, as regards the more delicate and ailing half of the community, their services would be more welcome and efficacious than those of the men; and to this half add all the children.

The fact is, that, according to the suffrages of common sense, women would have the greater part of the medical work of the world—the women and children; and we believe this will yet be the case. Not that we would confine them entirely to these. We know very well that many of the male people, when sick, would rather have a gentle young lady doctor than a great, grave medico of the other sex. The only drawback in this case would be the increased tendency of all young gentlemen to make complaints of illness on slight occasions, and become *malades imaginaires*, like the man in the comedy.

Let women prepare to take possession of the medical department of human science; they are the fittest for it. At this moment a regiment of them, under Miss Nightingale as colonel—blessings on her soft voice and stout heart, are setting out from London, in order to tend the sick in the hospitals of Constantinople.—They will go there, and they will do more good than the surgeons and doctors.

We do not approve of ladies in the pulpit, or in trousers, or delivering lectures, except certain lectures, which are womanly things enough, and, in most instances, highly called for. But we hope to see the day when authoritative women will go about with their pills, prescriptions, and so forth, to deal with and diminish the majority of diseases that visit our households.

*Phila. Mail.*

**ATTACHMENT TO HOME.**

It has been said of Americans that they manifest less attachment to the place of their birth, and less regard to their friends of other days, than any people in the civilized world. They have their friends and their homes, and cast themselves upon the tide of uncertain, and often unpropitious adventure; but not because the society of friends has become irksome, or the home of their childhood has lost the charms of its pristine beauty. No! deep, bitter, and abiding are the sorrows that entwine the heart of a dutiful son and affectionate daughter, when, perhaps, for the last time, they look upon the form of an aged mother, whose years admonish all, that ere long the cold hand of death will consign her to a resting place forever. Who, that has ever beheld the streaming eyes of a fond and loving mother, who, with stricken heart and heaving bosom, would clasp the hand of her departing child, and, as the last maternal office point him to a faith which leads to a happy spirit land. Who, on the whole earth that has seen this, can say that an American does not love home and friends?—Thank Heaven our countrymen are industrious, enterprising and bold, though they are generally poor; and their footsteps are directed for fortune and for honor. And the home and the friends that they love are henceforth remembered in their elysian dreams of pleasures forever gone. He who does not wander back in the sweet recollection, and live again the sunny hours of times gone by, surrounded by friends whom he never can forget, is a "human icicle," and never enjoyed the society of a true friend, or knew the care of a father and the love of a mother.—Should any one ask me why home was the spot which above all others on earth we cherish undying memory of, I would answer, because it is the place where we have felt the smiles and enjoyed the love of our mothers.

**RELIGION AND POLITICS.**

The Warwick Baptist Association of N. Y. at its last meeting, administered a rebuke to the three thousand political clergy of New England, who recently assumed to themselves the authority to speak the will of the Almighty, concerning the Nebraska bill. We quote the following from a report adopted by the Association:

"We utterly repudiate all fellowship with those who impiously assume to profess in the name of Almighty God against the passage of laws for the organization of territorial governments, or other purposes, and in his name to fulminate anathemas against the representatives of the people in the discharge of their official duties. And we regard the assumption that any body of men are divinely instructed to sit in judgment upon all questions of a moral and religious nature as one which, if recognized by the people, is calculated to destroy every vestige of civil and religious freedom, and prostrate all the institutions of our land at the feet of an irresponsible and arrogant priesthood."

"The 22nd of February will be the coldest day of the coming winter."

**THE GREAT PLAGUE.**

In Dickens' child's History of England vol. two, we find the following, respecting the Great Plague that prevailed in the 17th century in the city of London:

"For this was the year and time of the Great Plague in London. During the winter of 1665, it had been whispered about that some people had died here and there of disease called the Plague in some of the unwholesome suburbs of London. News was not published at that time as it is now and some people believed these rumors and some disbelieved them, and they were soon forgotten. But in the month of May, 1665, it began to be said all over the town that the disease had burst out in St. Giles and that the people were dying in great numbers. This soon turned out to be awfully true. The roads of London were choked up by people endeavoring to escape from the infected city, and large sums were paid for any kind of conveyance. The disease spread so fast that it was necessary to shut up the houses in which people were, and to cut them off from the living. Every one of those houses were marked on the outside of the door with a red cross, and the words 'Lord have mercy on us!' The streets were all deserted, grass grew in the public ways, and there was a dreadful silence in the air. When night came on, dismal rumblings used to be heard, and those were the wheels of the death cart, attended by men with veiled faces, and holding cloths to their mouths, who rang solemn bells and cried in a loud and solemn voice—'Bring out your dead.' The corpses put into these carts were buried by torch light in great pits, no service being performed over them—all men being afraid to stay for a moment on the bank of the ghastly graves. In the general fever, children ran away from their parents, and parents from their children.

Some who were taken ill, died alone and without any help. Some were stabbed or strangled by hired nurses who robbed them of all their money and stole the very beds on which they lay. Some went mad, dropped from their windows, ran through the streets and in their pain and frenzy, threw themselves into the river.

Those were not all the horrors of the time.—The wicked and the dissolute, in wild desperation, sat in taverns, singing roaring songs, and were stricken as they sat, and went out and died. The fearful and supernatural sight—burning swords in the sky, gigantic arms and darts.—Others pretended that at night vast crowds of ghosts walked round and round the dismal pits. One madman, naked, and carrying a drizler full of burning coals upon his head, strolled through the streets, crying that he was a prophet commissioned to denounce the vengeance of the Lord on wicked London. Another also went to and fro, exclaiming:—"Yet forty days and London shall be destroyed!" A third awoke the echoes of the dismal streets, by night and by day, and made the blood of the sick run cold, by calling out incessantly, in a deep hoarse voice—"Oh the great and the dreadful God!"

Through the month of July, August and September, the Great Plague raged more and more. Great fires were lighted in the streets, in the hope of stopping the infection; but there was a plague of rain, too, that beat the fires out. At last the winds that usually rise at that time called the equinox, when day and night are of equal length all over the world, began to blow and purify the wretched town.—The deaths began to decrease, the red crosses slowly to disappear, the fugitives to return, the shops to open again, pale, frightened faces to be seen in the streets. The plague had been in every part of England; but in close and unwholesome London it had killed one hundred thousand people."

**WHAT A WOMAN SHOULD BE ALPHABETICALLY.**—A woman should be amiable, benevolent, charitable, domestic, economical, forgiving, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, kind, loving, modest, neat, obedient, pleasant, quiet, reflecting, sober, tender, urbane, virtuous, wise, x-complary, yielding, and zealous.

"You are from the country—are you not?" said a know-nothing clerk in a certain store, to a plain dressed individual who had given him some trouble. "Yes." "Well, here's an essay on the reading of calves." "That," said the customer, as he slowly turned to leave the store, "you had better present to your mother."

**WHAT WOMAN SHOULD NOT BE.**—Artful, bold, cross, deceitful, envious, fretful, groveling, hollow-hearted, idle, jealous, luxurious, lazy, morose, nonsensical, officious, proud, quarrelsome, ranting, snappish, talkative, unreasonable, vain, wrangling, x-travagant, or yawning.

"A stranger, passing through one of the mountain towns of New England, inquired, 'What can you raise here?' The answer was, 'Our land is rough and poor; we can raise but little produce, and so we build school houses, and raise men.'"

"The young lady who was 'buried in grief,' is now alive and doing well. It was a case of premature interment."