

Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

VOL. IX.—NO. 26.

The Republican.

Select Poetry.

Los Diablos Arules.

There are moments of sadness,
When the mind wanders back
In a search for lost treasures,
Over Life's dusty track;
When it looks for some token
Of a joy that had birth—
Of a joy that has perished
Like the flowers of earth!

In the dim, misty distance,
As we gaze through our tears,
We can see but the fragments
That have gone with the years—
All the flowers have faded.
And their perfume is gone;
In their beauty they perished,
Leaving ashes, alone!

In these moments of sadness
E'en our future grows dark,
And we move as in midnight
Moves a compassless bark;
We are blind to Hope's beacon,
Though it glitters on high,
For we gaze upon nothing
But the clouds in the sky.

From the True Press.
By the Way.

I might have died when I was young
Had God but pleased to call me hence;
Died ere heart, or ere my tongue
Knew anything but innocence.
But why he spared me through my pain,
And kept my eyes from growing dim,
Or why health went, and came again,
Are only known to Him.

He is all wisdom—I am frail—
He is all goodness—I am sin—
No matter on what seas I sail,
Knows the port I'll anchor in,
As I have tried by faith to please,
He hath repaid by giving more.
Till I can trust through days like these
The hand that kept thro' day before.

J. K. H.

Miscellaneous.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY JOHN PHENIX.*

George Washington was one of the most distinguished movers in the American Revolution.

He was born of poor, but honest parents at Genoa, in the year 1492. His mother was called the mother of Washington.—

He married, early in life, a single widow lady, Mrs. Martha Custis, whom Prescott describes as the custodian prettiest woman south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Young Washington commenced business as a country surveyor, and was present in that character at a sham fight under General Padlock, where so many guns were fired

that the whole body of militia were stunned by the explosion, and sat down to supper unable to hear a word that was said.

This supper was afterwards alluded to as Bradlock's deaf eat, and the simile "dead as Bradlock," subsequently vulgarized into "dead as a haddock," had its rise from that circumstance.

Washington commanded several troops during the Revolutionary war, and distinguished himself by crossing the Delaware river on ice of very inadequate thickness, to visit

the family of Hessians of his acquaintance.

He was passionately fond of green peas and string beans; and his favorite motto was: "Time of peas prepare for war."

Washington's most intimate friend was a French gentleman, named Marcus Lee who from his constant habits of visibility, was nicknamed "laugh yet." His greatest victory was achieved at Germantown, where coming upon the British in the night, he completely surrounded them with a wall of cotton bales, from which he opened a destructive but terrific fire, which soon caused the enemy to capitulate. The cotton bales being perforated with musket balls, were much increased in weight, and consequently in value; and the expression playfully used, "What is the price of cotton?" was much in vogue after that battle.

During the action, Washington might have been seen driving up and down the lines, exposed in a small Concord wagon, drawn by a bobtail grey horse. He celebrated despatch, "Veni, vidi, vici," or, I came and saw in a Concord wagon, has reference to this circumstance.

Washington has been called the "Father of his country: (an unapt title, more properly belonging to the late Mr. McCloskey, parent of the celebrated pugilist;) the child has grown, however, to that extent its own father would not know it.

Gen. Walker (William Walker) is also called the "Father of Nicaragua," and

we have no doubt, in case of his demise,

his children, the native Nicaraguan would

erect a suitable monument over his remains, with the inscription, "Go, father and fare worse."

Washington was a member of the know-

nothing order, and directed that none but Americans should be put on guard, which greatly annoyed the Americans, their comfort being entirely destroyed by perpetual turns of guard duty.

He was twice elected President of the United States by the combined whig and

abolitionists voting against him; and

served out his time with great credit to

himself and the country—drawing his salary with a regularity and precision

worthy all commendation.

Although, for the time in which he

lived, a very distinguished man, the ignorance of Washington is something perfectly incredible. He never traveled on a steamboat; never saw a railroad, or

a locomotive engine; was perfectly igno-

"EXCELSIOR."

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1860.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V.—NO. 13.

TERMS \$1.25 per Annum

rant of the principle of the magnetic telegraph; never had a daguerreotype, Colt's pistol, Sharpe's rifle, or used a friction match. He ate his meals with an iron fork, never used postage stamps on his letters, and knew nothing of the application of chloroform to alleviate suffering, or the use of gas for illumination.—Such a man as this could hardly be elected President of the United States in these times, although it must be confessed, we occasionally have a candidate who proves not much better informed about matters in general.

Woman will be pure if man will be true. Young men, this great result abides with you. If you could but see how beautiful a flower grows upon the stock of self-denial, you would give this plant the honor it deserves. It it seems hard and homely, despise it not, for in it sleeps the beauty of heaven and the breath of angels. If you do not witness the glory of its blossoming during the day of life, its petals will open when the night of death comes, and gladden your closing eyes with their marvellous loveliness, and fill your soul with their grateful perfume.

Paddy's Coon Hunting.

An Irishman of our acquaintance named Michael O'Roder, who settled in this part of the country some years ago, lately received an unexpected visit from his brother Pat, who was direct from the sod. Mike heartily welcomed his brother and resolved to do everything in his power to make his visit an agreeable one.

Upon the whole, Gen. George Washington was a very excellent man; though unfamiliar with Scott's Infantry Tactics.

He was a tolerable officer: though he married a widow, he was a fond husband;—and though he did not know the Beecher family, he was a sincere Christian.

A monument has been commenced in the city of Washington to his memory,

which is to be five hundred feet in height

and it should be the wish of every true-

hearted American that his virtues may

not be forgotten before it is completed;

in which case their remembrance will prob-

ably endure forever.

*John Phoenix—one of the best humorists in this country—is a lieutenant in the U. S. Army. This burlesque biography of Washington is a hit at the mistakes made by many writers in quoting important events from history. It would be difficult to crowd more humor into so small a space.

A Short and good Sermon.

BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

The universal fact based on universal experience, is that there is nothing in the world that makes so poor a return for its cost, as sensual pleasures.

No man ever traded extensively in this line without becoming a bankrupt in his happiness.—

It does not pay, and cannot be made to pay, and every man should see and understand this if he would keep an account of his receipts and expenditures.

Let me help you to open a book of this kind. Credit sensual pleasure for a spree—a night of hilarity, produced by drinking and feasting, and then turn to the other side of the account, and debit it with the solemn details of cost—money enough to furnish bread for a hundred hungry mouths—a day of languor, pain and indolence—a damaged reputation, which may interfere with the projects and prospects of a whole life—loss of self-respect and a deadening of moral sensibility—a reduction of the capacity of enjoyment and of the stock of vitality—the sullen pangs of a reprobate conscience—the tears of a mother, and the severer anguish of a father—all these and more for an hour of artificial insanity! How does the account look now?

Suppose we try another. Credit sensual pleasure for the effete indulgence of a powerful passion. Then place the cost upon the debit side of the ledger—shame and fear—conscious loss of purity—the possession of a foul secret that is to be carried into all society, and into all relationships—disease and remorse, or what is worse than all this, hardness, brutality, and the formation of habits whose only end is ruin. I may not through fear of giving offence, enter into all the details of the debit side of the account. They may be found and read of all men in graveyards, in hospitals, brothels, in garrets, in cellars, in ruined families and ruined hearts and ruined hopes. Now does the thing pay?

I have presented only the private side of this account, and that but imperfectly.

There is a public side. The innumerable paupers whose life is supported by the State owe their pauperism directly or indirectly in three cases out of four to sensuality—to strong drink—licentiousness or some form of extravagance that proceeded from a devotion to sensual pleasure.

Idiots begotten in drunkenness, lunatics through various forms of sensual vice, criminals who are caged in every jail and prison like wild beasts, diseased creatures alike loathsome to themselves and others, crowded into numberless pestilential hospitals—all these are public burdens imposed by the sin of sensuality.

If we run through the whole catalogue of crimes we shall find them all growing directly or indirectly out of this comprehensive vice. In fact it may be said that all crime with its consequences is but a manifestation of the dominance of sense over reason and conscience.

In this view—and no one knows better

than its victims that it is the correct view—

sensuality rises into the position of the great scourge of mankind. It is the mother of disease, the nurse of crime, the burden of taxation, and the destroyer of souls. Oh, if this world would rise out of the swamp of sensuality, rank with weeds and damp with deadly vapors—full of vipers thick with pitfalls and lurid with deceptives lights, and stand upon the secure heights of virtue where God's sun shines, and the winds of heaven breathe blandly and healthfully, how would human life become blessed and beautiful. If the great burden of the world rolled off her would

Brief and Thrilling Romance.

CHAPTER I.

In a beautiful log cabin in the mountains of Old Virginia our tale opens. Around Nature's loneliness was sublime. The lofty trees hung out their green leaves in perfection, and the high rocks caught the gray mists of the morning and pressed them in their rough bosoms, until they melted in tears against their sides. A lovely maiden was sitting by a table, combing her hair with a fine tooth comb—a manly form enters the door, and stealthily creeps up behind her, and—

CHAPTER II.

"Ah, John!" exclaimed the lovely heiress of that beautiful cabin and the extensive potato patch behind it, "you oughtn't to do that way."

CHAPTER III.

"Lay it all on my love, gal."

"Love! There is no such thing among folks!"

CHAPTER IV.

The turtle dove only knows love."

As the poet sings?"

"Then, you don't love me?"

CHAPTER V.

"No!" Jane, call back that word?"

"No! oh, no! Come back here! Twon't come, John—he's gone!"

"Then I'm gone too!" And the impulsive youth rushed from the lovely cabin in a maniac.

CHAPTER VI.

Sadly did the young man run along the road, while the young girl, firm and submissive in the discharge of her duty, proceeded to fry some onions for dinner.

Meanwhile the youth rushed madly on the burning fever in his heart maddened in his brain, and he thought of self-destruction. Jerking his pocket comb from his vest pocket, vainly did he attempt to cut his throat.

Nature, however, who had blessed him with a tough hide, proved too strong for him—he rushed to a wagon rut, where there was water at least two inches deep, and flung himself into it rather upon it. There he lay for full five seconds, when Henry Cleft, the father of the gal, passed by.

CHAPTER VII.

He soon unfolded his sad tale to his friend, and finally consented to live if Henry would give him a chew tobacco.

He returned to the house, and in his haggard countenance Jane saw his unhappy condition.

About twenty years after he fell from a wagon, and his neck was broken, for a sheriff had thoughtlessly slipped a rope around it.

THE END.

What Divers meet with Under Water.

When the vessel has settled down in a sandy bottom, it is preserved for many months from breaking up; and its position may be much the same as it would be when floating in calm water, if it be not tilted over by any under current drifts.

The light, of course, depends a good deal upon the depth, and upon the nature of the bottom; but where there is no chalk

to give a milky thickness to the water, the diver pursues his work in a kind of gloomy twilight.

By the aid of this he can see and feel his way round the ship, but when he ascends the deck and winds down into the principal cabins, he finds everything pitch dark, and has nothing to guide him but his hands. This is the most difficult, and yet the most frequent labor he has to encounter; the danger being that in a large vessel where the cabin stairs are deep and the cabins long and broad, he may

make a sudden move among the branches which so startled Mike that he unfortunately let go his hold and fell to the ground.

Fat supposing him to be the coon rush furiously upon him with his shillalah, and commanded that delightful operation of putting an end to him.

"Murder! murder!" cried Mike, attempting to raise to his feet, "in the name of St. Patrick don't be after bating me till death!"

"Ye needn't be given me any uv thirty excuses; shure my brither tould me ye'd be after makin' a great noise to git away, but not a fut y'all move out o' this alive."

Mike now supposing his brother to be crazy, thought it time to make a desperate struggle for life so seizing Pat by the legs he succeeded in throwing him to the ground, whereupon a rough and tumble fight commenced which lasted for some time without either of the brothers uttering a word.

After a violent contest, however, Mike came off victorious, Pat being completely subdued as to render him helpless.

But fearing it was not all over with him, he began to call wildly for Mike to hurry down the tree and assist him, or the ugly baste would have his life.

He may have got the precious casket to which he has been directed to, in his arms but what of that, if he die before he can find the stairs? The cold, helpless mass that bump against his helmet, as they float along the low roof over his head, are the decomposed corse of those who were huddled together in the cabin when the vessel went down. A few of these may be on the floor under his feet, but only when pinned down by an overturned table or a fallen chest. Their tendency is ever upward, and the remorseless sea washes away the dead infant from its mother's arms, the dead wife from her dead husband's embrace.

If the wreck be in the Channel the small crabs are already beginning to fatten on their prey. The diver disengages himself from this silent crowd and ascends the welcome stairs to the deck.

The treasure he has rescued is hauled up into the diving-boat, and he turns again to renew his work. He seldom meets with an accident under the water, never perhaps with death, and the chief risk he runs is from getting some heavy piece of ship lumber overturned on his long train of air-pipe. Even in this case he feels the sudden check and the want of air, gropes his way back to the obstruction, removes it, signals to his companions to be raised, and reaches the boat exhausted and alarmed, but not so much as to give up his place in the trade.

His earnings mostly take the form of shares in what he recovers. If fortunate, his gains may be large; if unfortunate, they may be small; but no man can grudge him the highest prizes it is possible for him to win. May Whitstable always have the honor of producing such bold and dexterous men as plentifully as she has hitherto done, and may they have the wisdom in what he recovers.

COINERSING FOREIGN COIN.—The Allegheny police have discovered that there is in the Fourth ward of that city, a manufactory of bogus coin, conducted by a former inmate of the Penitentiary, where Mexican coins having the appearance of copper, about the size of a franc piece, and worth four cents, are extensively made. They are made with dies, by machinery run by steam power, and are very perfect.

The establishment turns out some ten thousand of these coins daily, and they are transported to Mexico in a novel and ingenious manner, the coin being packed in hollow cast iron cylinders, closed up at both ends, which have the weight and appearance of solid iron columns, thus eluding the vigilance of the Mexican authorities.</