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BY G. B. GOODLANDER & CO.

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Select Poetry.

TOM HOOD TO HIS WIFE.

Those eyes that were so bright, love,
Have now a dimmer shine—
But all they've lost in light, love,
Was what they gave to mine:
Was what they gave to mine:
But still those eyes reflect, love,
The beams of former hours—
That ripen'd all my joys, my love,
And gladd' all my flowers!

Those locks were brown to see, love,
That now are turned to gray—
But the years were spent with me, love,
That stole thy hair away.
Thy locks no longer share, love,
The golden glow of noon—
But I've seen the world look fair, my love,
When silver'd by the moon.

That brow was smooth and fair, love,
That looks so shad'd now,
But for me it bore the care, love,
That spell'd a bonny brow.
And though no longer there, love,
The glass it had of yore,
Still memory looks and dotes, my love,
Where Hope admir'd before!

Miscellaneous.

THE CAPTIVE'S RETURN.

So many years ago that time seems a great sunset shadow, whose thin attenuated shapes makes us involuntarily turn our eyes westward, hoping to rid us of the gainst spectre. I was a happy husband and father. The prettiest dwelling, covered all over with vines, with a garden which was the chief dependence, was our abode. The blue rhine flowered past it, and I had constructed a little boat in which I rowed my Blanche and her boy by moonlight, or on soft summer afternoons, when the labors of the vineyard had ceased. My boy? I recall his looks now, although there have been times when I scarce remembered that such a treasure had ever been mine.

Blanche was beautiful, not only to my eyes, but to all others. Taller than most females in our region, with a figure so full, yet so lithe and pliant that every movement was perfect grace, a fair clear complexion, with large deep eyes of the hue of our own beloved Rhine, and lips like the red wine of our own rich grapes, how could she be otherwise than beautiful? To all these accessories of happiness was added a friend—one who was very dear both to Blanche and myself—Carl Reimer's brother who lived farther up the river. He spent all his leisure hours with us for months, working with me at vine dressing. He called Blanche his sister, and little Carl who was named for him, seemed as dear to him as if he had been his own.

I cannot dwell on those days of happiness, though God knows they were all that were ever can be mine, the trumpet's sound broke all the illusions, and both Carl and myself joined the Legion, and ere long were fighting bravely in Algeria. I need not dwell upon the battle scene. It is painted on too many hearts to need to be reproduced. Whether Carl escaped or not, I did not know—but I was taken prisoner, and in the gloomy castle dungeon at Algiers my life wore on without any note of time. I kept no reckoning of day or night. All was alike to me, and I vegetated, not lived, until at last, when the desire of life and liberty had almost faded from my heart, my prison doors were set open, and I staggered forth into the blinding sunshine and was told that I was free? I scarcely knew what the word meant. A friendly hand was laid on my shoulder, and I fell back against the prison wall.

"Come, come my poor fellow!" said he in my own native language, and in tones that brought the blue ridge and Blanche's dear voice, and my boy's sweet prattle all at once to my ears—he told me to follow him to the sea side, where a vessel was waiting to take me home.

He had been a prisoner too, and occupied a cell near my own, as we found by comparing numbers, but his light, cheerful and almost careless spirit had not been crushed like mine in the lank, unwholesome atmosphere of a dungeon. We had been riding on the dark blue sea for many hours ere I came fully to myself. Then I remembered all—the fierce struggle of that day, and the cruel wound upon my head, which for a period had shattered all my senses. My companion was a husband and a father also—there was, therefore, no need of withholding my enthusiastic praises of my Blanche and her little Carl. He sympathized with them all, and gave me rhapsody for rhapsody.

O, the longing to be home by my own bedside once more. Feeble, worn and

wasted, I thought if I could but experience a few days of care and tenderness from Blanche, I should expand into new life. I was like a plant which is kept from the light of day in a cellar, and which can only be restored by warmth and sunshine, and loving hands to tend it. As we neared home, this longing grew so intense that the least mention of home set me quivering with emotion. I could not sleep nor eat, notwithstanding my desire to grow well and strong, so as not to shock my wife with the change in me. My friend tried to calm me and talk of our old comrades. I asked if he knew Carl Reimer, and had learned his fate. He knew him well, and had been a neighbor at home and had seen him several times in the engagement, fighting bravely. He was so reckless that it was not unlikely that he had not escaped the fate of many who lay stretched upon the field that day. Or, it might be that he was one of the gay and gallant troops that marched home after the battle, to gladden the hearts that had been weeping tears of blood in their absence.

I still wore my wasted look when we landed. I had no money, and a long march for one so enfeebled as I was, lay before me. I cut a staff from the first oak that I saw and threw myself on the grass in the shadow of some trees that protected me from the sun and slept heavily. In that sleep I dreamed of a happy meeting with Blanche. My pillow of dried grass gave place to her bosom, the dew that was falling on my face, were connected by the magic of sleep into the tears and kisses of my wife and child. That was a happy dream! I would fain sleep to wake no more, if I could but dream again. When I rose up again, it was almost night. I felt sore and lame from sleeping in the dew so long, and I gladly accepted the offer of a cottager, who seeing my state, asked me to stay all night under his roof. Our brave soldiers deserve to be welcomed, said the old man, and when he pointed to the sword that hung over the fire-place, with a black ribbon and a soldier's cap hanging from its hilt, I knew that he must have lost a friend. "It was my only son!" he said weeping.

The dame showed me to a poor but clean chamber, where I stretched my weary limbs on a bed for the first time for a long, long while. I slept but little, but when I did, my afternoon dream came flitting back to me, and like an angel visitant, it brought hope and joy to a bosom so long weighed down with sorrow. The next morning I resumed my slow march homeward—so slow that although not far from our own village I was unable to walk thither until night was fairly setting in. How I trembled as I went up the little slope that led to our door. I had purposely come by a back road, so as not to meet any one whom I knew. I could not bear tidings of my family from any passing stranger. Through the opening in the vine leaves I saw a cheerful firelight shining brightly and making great shadows on the clean white wall. What if Blanche were dead, and those were strangers who sat by my hearthstone? I shuddered and turned sick. The window was too high for me to see within the room, and I staggered up to the door, and with a wild and desperate wish to know the worst, I opened the door, and stood a poor, weary and foreshore stranger within my own walls.

Blanche was there with a baby in her arms, sitting by the fire, and beside her stood Carl Reimer! So earnestly were they talking, that they had not heard my quiet entrance. The baby was cooing out its soft notes, and Blanche was singing the same old melody that I had heard so often over little Carl's cradle. She looked up to Reimer's face with a sudden smile of fond regard. Lingeringly, slowly came back the bitter truth. Had it come faster, it had been well, for then I must have died under the shock. I saw it all now. They saw me too, and under the changes which I had undergone, Blanche knew me. She sprang up with a wild shriek and a face that was blanched to marble whiteness. Why do we ever seek to describe such moments? Let down, for I could not stand, and there by the fatal freight they told me how it all came about. Carl had returned home with the troops and the comrade who marched next to him, told him of my death. He had seen me, as supposed by some, lying dead upon the field in the hottest of the combat. Carl mourned like a true friend, and was absolutely unable for many days after his arrival to bear the tidings to Blanche. She heard of his return, and went leading her little Carl to his house. There she became sick, and was nursed kindly by his mother and she recovered the boy was taken sick and died. Afterwards she returned to her desolate home and lived a lonely and dreary life for a long time. Then her rare beauty brought her many suitors. She turned to her house, and would receive no one to her house. Even Carl, whom she called her brother, was only admitted at long intervals, accompanied by his mother or sister—for already had town gossip joined their names together. But, after a long time Carl spoke to her of marriage. He did not ask her to forget the dead. Even then, he told her could her husband be brought to life, he would rejoice to give her up; but as all was over why should not they that mourned him live together? And Blanche listened, and weepingly consented, but not until the second little Carl was born, did she ever smile as of old.

This Carl told me with tears in his manly eyes, and with his brotherly arm around my neck. And then, altho' he offered to take his boy and go far, far away from the sight of our happiness, and never intrude on us again.

Blanche sat with quivering lips and tearful eyes looking from one to the other,

and then on her sleeping baby. At the sound of his last words, she looked up in his face with an expression full of tender reverence—as indeed he deserved, that my resolution was taken at once.

"No," I said calmly and decidedly, that God knows the anguish that was gnawing at my heart strings, let me be the victim of this unhappy mistake, Carl—Blanche! Had mine lived, I should have said otherwise. May God bless you both! You have not erred knowingly, and I have nothing to pardon—I will try to forget!"

So, amidst sobs and tears, and passionate entreaties from both, I turned away from my own hearthstone, and left them forever.

I am a gray old man now—a weary worn out mariner. The sea has been my home for long years. Never easy, never quiet, save when I am on the broad bosom of the Atlantic, never wishing to look upon the blue Rhine. I am nearly at my journey's end. In that far land beyond the setting sun, I shall meet Blanche again, with our own little Carl, but in this world I shall never again trouble the current of her life. She will be my wife again in that land, and I shall then have nothing to pardon—nothing to forget.

ADDRESS

OF THE
DEMOCRATIC STATE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

To the Democracy of Pennsylvania:

In a few weeks you will be called upon to perform the most important duty that ever devolved upon you as American citizens. At no time in the history of our country was your action invested with deeper interest, nor fraught with greater consequences. Pennsylvania is again the battle ground of the Union, and upon her decision in October next, will depend, in a great measure, the triumph or defeat of the Republican party in the November contest. Deeply impressed with this truth, the Democratic State Executive Committee desires briefly to address you. It needs no lengthy argument at this time to call you to a sense of duty. In the crisis now impending, every true patriot can see at a single glance the pathway he should tread with unflinching footsteps.

Ever since the separation of the National Democracy at Baltimore, the State Committee earnestly labored to promote the union of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania. It has sought no other object, it has struggled to produce no other result. When the chasm yawned that threatened to engulf the powerful organization which in times past, has been able to contend successfully with the foes of the Constitution and the contemners of equality of the States, the great heart of the American people was filled with dread, and the Democratic masses were overwhelmed with consternation. The Republican party viewed our internecine warfare with ill-disguised delight. Its leaders, confident of success, boldly enunciated their dangerous and treasonable sentiments. The advocates of the odious doctrines of Seward, Sumner, Lincoln and John Brown, became reckless and defiant. They believed that the prestige of success which had crowned the Reading Convention was irrevocably broken, and they promptly made the Keystone State the field of their active and energetic exertions. On our soil the battle is to be fought, and with our people the victory or defeat must be accomplished.

In this emergency, the State Committee actuated by feelings of patriotism, and prompted only by a wish to secure the triumph of the "good old cause," endeavored to agree upon a course of action that would enable the Democratic masses to unite upon one electoral ticket, and thus permit them to make a common effort against the candidates of the Republican party. After much deliberation, a plan of union was agreed upon, which if faithfully executed, will unquestionably produce this patriotic result. In such a crisis it requires no words to prove the wisdom of any effort that will firmly consolidate the opposition to our common political enemy. It is simply a question between Democracy and Republicanism;—and, as such, it is committed with confidence to the calm good sense of the people of Pennsylvania.

It cannot be denied that the union of the Democratic party will result in a brilliant triumph in October. On that initial battle all our energies must now be concentrated. We have a leader worthy of our cause. With an enthusiasm never before equalled in any political assemblage Henry D. Foster, of Westmoreland, was selected as our standard bearer in that important contest. He did not seek the nomination. He repeatedly declined before a candidate for office. When struggling partisans met at Reading to advance the interests of their peculiar favorite, he remained in the retirement of his own home, with no thought of personal advancement, and anxious only for the success of Democratic principles. The presentation of his name to the Convention was met by a prompt withdrawal at his urgent solicitation. But when the voice of the people unanimously proclaimed him the leader of the party in his native Commonwealth, he did not refuse to obey the call to duty, yet seeking no preference by any word or act of his own.—The record of his life is the record of a Pennsylvania patriot. In every position he has occupied, he has obeyed the instincts of his nature in laboring for the good of those who gave him place and power. The purity of his private character, the ability which marks every act of his public life; the devotion he has shown to the industrial interests of Pennsylvania in the halls of our national Congress and State Legislature; the zeal he has ever brought to bear upon all questions involving the true policy of our State Govern-

ment; and the conservatism which has always characterized his views upon national issues, make him eminently worthy of the support and confidence of all who have at heart the abiding welfare of Pennsylvania freemen. In asking you to do battle for such a champion, the State Committee feels that it is only calling upon you to guard and protect your vital interests. You will not be thus appealed to in vain. The people are with the Democratic party, and will follow its flag, because it is the party of the Union and the Constitution. It has made this country great and powerful. It has never ceased to struggle for the elevation of the masses, and for the establishment of the true policy of government. Its power is exhibited in the rapid growth of our extended boundaries, in the general prosperity and happiness of our people, and in the free and liberal character that has been given to our political institutions. In invoking thorough and complete organization throughout the State in behalf of this party, a simple duty is required of the Democratic masses. The State Committee is now actively engaged in endeavoring to secure this sure and certain precursor of victory. We must be united in the contest, or our cause is utterly hopeless. Parties, as well as nations, perish before the civil genius of dissension. Although clouds and darkness may surround us, the union of the Democracy will avert every calamity by which we may be threatened, and will carry our banner of triumph through the storm of battle.

WILLIAM H. WELCH,
Chairman.

Philadelphia, Sept. 3, 1860.

Carl Shurz teaching Americans American Politics.

One CARL SHURZ, a German "Red Republican," who has taken up his residence in Missouri, has become the traveling orator of the Abolition party. So he is allowed to espouse "Republican," "Socialist," whether it be "Red" or "Black." He varies the color to suit the latitude in which he chances to be.

Both of these schools of politics aim at disorganization and disintegration, social and political. They assail all that is established and venerable. They assail all that is united and visionary. They would demolish Capitals and raise all in their ruins a flimsy superstructure of painted glass and gossamer. They would pull down citadels and erect over their sites the tents of the showman. They would destroy constitutions and governments, and substitute for them their wild vagaries and their crude, undigested and untried theories.

As if there were not enough Americans in America, skilled in the arts of the orator, and practiced in the weapons of the legion, this incendiary emissary, of foreign birth and foreign sympathies, is started by the Abolitionists on a stumping tour through the northern States, to poddle the small wares of his intellect, to scatter the hot coals of Red Republicanism, and the pestilential heresies of Abolitionism. His mission is to teach Americans American politics. The Hessians who warred against us in the Revolution, appear again in the persons of their sons. The fathers fought us with gunpowder and ball, the sons fight us with logic. The first took the field, the last take the stump. The old Hessians endeavored to prevent us from consolidating our colonies into a great Nationality. The young Hessians are endeavoring to destroy that Nationality after it is formed.

It would be deemed a rank offense, and an insolent outrage, if an American were to go into the German States to teach German politics to the people. We have never heard of any American who has taken the stump in England, France, or Germany, or any of the countries of Europe. It would not only be an indelicate, but a dangerous thing. A shower of rotten eggs would be speedily followed by confinement in prison.

We have never known but one American who meddled with European politics. That was the detestable George Sanders. When George was consul to Liverpool, he opened a correspondence with Ledru Rollin and all the Red Republican and revolutionary storm birds of that period. For this he was promptly removed from the office which he had thus abused.

Such conduct in George Sanders is not very surprising, for he is a very restless and turbulent disorganizer. He is a violent Douglas man.

"But to return to our sheep," as shepherds of Provence were wont to say.—This Mr. Carl Shurz, we learn, is about taking the stump in old Pennsylvania.—He has been engaged to teach us Socialism, Red Republicanism and Abolitionism. A fluent speaker and a good scholar, he will, no doubt, be welcomed by our Black Republican orators as an efficient auxiliary.

We would not interfere with the freedom of opinion or the freedom of speech. We would not deny to naturalized foreigners any right that we ourselves enjoy. But we think it bad enough in those "to the manor born," to abuse one large and respectable section of our country—to preach the odious doctrine of a higher law—to get up a crusade against the Constitution and the Union.

But language is not adequate to the expression of our disgust and indignation, when we see an alien, yet "reeking with the perspiration of revolutionary efforts in Europe, coming here to good and staid old Pennsylvania to lead a crusade against the South, to preach abolitionism, to sow the seeds of disorganization and to raise the black flag of disunion and dismemberment.

It was this sort of insolence and this sort of disloyalty to our Government and our institutions, that gave rise to the

The Texas Fright.

(From the N. O. Picayune.)

The late acts of incendiarism in Texas, and the evidence which gains credit there of more diabolical designs, have created an excitement in that State which it is not possible for those at a distance fully to estimate. With the full conviction prevailing in many counties that the confederations which have destroyed so many flourishing towns are but the first part of a deep conspiracy, whose malignant object is the desolation of the country, no wonder need be expressed at the suspicion that exists toward strangers that are found among them, and the readiness of the people to rid themselves of all who cannot establish their honesty of purpose.—But this state of public feeling may lead to an exaggeration of facts to the exaltation of suspicions to the dignity of proof; and hurrying inquisition, if not absolute danger, to honest strangers, and to the perpetration of acts of cruel injustice.

The *Houston Times*, of the 15th inst. says: "We have seen a note, written from near Danville, by Col. Dunn's overseer, to his son, Charles Dunn, which said that a negro boy, Allen, formerly belonging to Mr. Dunn, had confessed his connection with this insurrectionary movement, and was to have been hung yesterday."

The citizens of Wood county were to hold a public meeting on the 20th, to consider the condition of the country, and devise means for protecting life and property.

The citizens of Millville, Rusk county, held a public meeting on the 6th, to examine the character of certain suspicious persons, and to organize patrols. Sundry individuals were ordered to leave the county.

The *Galveston Herald*, of the 15th inst. says: "A gentleman from Little Elm in Denton county, on Saturday last, informed us that the citizens of Denton, are as much excited as elsewhere in the State. A negro had been arrested in that county, in whose possession twenty-five bottles of strychnine were found."

The *Bellville Courier* of the 15th comes to us with reports of the proceedings of large and enthusiastic public meetings at Bellville on the 7th and at Travis and Fortston, Beets on the 8th, to appoint Vigilance Committees and patrols, and adopt such other measures of safety as the recent Abolition movements in the State call for.

Eichelbaum and Rotenburg, two German Jew peddlers, have been arrested and examined by the Rusk Vigilance Committee. The former was released, nothing being proved against him. Rotenburg was accused by several negroes of inciting them to insurrection. His case was finally submitted to a jury of fifty men, from various parts of the county, and the accused was allowed counsel. After a patient examination of the evidence, a vote was taken on the question of hanging him, and it stood eighteen for and thirty-two against—the latter believing him guilty of very improper conduct toward the negroes, but that the evidence did not warrant the death punishment. The jury were unanimous in ordering the accused to leave the county within forty-eight hours and the State in four days. Rotenburg's family reside in New York.

The *Red Banker* learns that a Yankee Abolition school-master was hung on the 16th in Anderson county. He was convicted of inciting the negroes to insurrection.

The *Houston Telegraph*, of the 23d ult., says: "From Mr. Townsend, who arrived in this city from Robertson county yesterday evening, we learn that two men named Boardwright, were hung in that county, on Sunday evening last, near the Falls county line. Richard Boardwright has been for some years notorious as a horse thief, and has been tampering with slaves. The other was a nephew of Richard Boardwright. The two men were tried before the Vigilance Committee, and, on the most satisfactory evidence, condemned. Mr. Townsend reports the negroes in that county, though having full knowledge of the contemplated revolt, do not appear to have participated, to any considerable extent, in the preparations; though small quantities of arms and ammunition had been found in their possession."

A Wise Rebuke.

The following anecdote is related of the late excellent Joseph John Gurney of Earlham by one of his family circle: "One night, I remember it well, I received a severe lesson on the sin of evil speaking.—Severe I thought it then, and my heart rose in childish anger against him who gave it; but I did not live long enough in this world to know how much mischief a child's thoughtless talk may do, and how often it happens that talkers run off the straight line of truth. I—did not stand very high in my esteem, and I was about to speak further of her failings of temper. In a few moments my eye caught a look of such calm and steady displeasure that I stopped short. There was no mistaking the meaning of that dark, speaking eye. It brought the color to my face, and confusion and shame to my heart. I was silent for a few moments, when Joseph John Gurney asked gravely: "Dost thou know any good thing to tell us of her?" "I did not answer, and the question was more seriously asked: "Think, is there nothing good thou canst say?" "Oh, yes, I know some good things, but—" "Would it not have been better, then, to relate those good things, than to have told us that which would lower her in our esteem. Since there is—would to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the evil? for charity rejoiceth not in iniquity?"