

Clearfield Republican.

BY G. B. GOODLANDER & CO.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

TERMS—\$1 25 per Annum, if paid in advance.

VOL. XXXI.—WHOLE NO. 1621.

CLEARFIELD, PA. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 12, 1860.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.—NO. 9.

The Republican.

Terms of Subscription. If paid in advance, or within three months, \$1 25. If paid any time within the year, 1 50. If paid after the expiration of the year, 2 00.

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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: But still those orbs reflect, love, The beams of former hours,— That ripen'd all my joys, my love, And tinted all my flowers!

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 gaunt spectre. I was a happy husband and father. The prettiest dwelling, covered all over with vines, with a garden which was my chief dependence, was our abode. The blue Rhine flowed 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 dewy 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 was my own cousin, the son of my father's brother who lived farther up the river. He spent all his leisure hours with me for months, working with me at vine dressing. He called Blanche his sister, and little Carl who was named for him, seemed so dear to him as if he had been his own. I cannot dwell upon those days of happiness, though God knows they were all that were or 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 dank, 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 troop that marched home after the battle, to gladden the hearts that had been weeping tears of blood in their absence. I still wore my wan 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 drops that were 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 fitting 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 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 hear 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 these 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 footsore 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? I sat down, for I could not stand, and there by the fitful firelight 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 but ere he 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 from all, 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 most deeply, unite their two desolate lives 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' I could see the words wrung his soul—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! your child is the tie that must bind you. 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.

erment; 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 evil 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 travelling orator of the Abolition party. So he is allowed to espouse "Republicanism," it matters but little with this rampant 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 untried and visionary. They would demolish Capitals and raise on 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 logician, this incendiary emissary, of foreign birth and foreign sympathies, is started by the Abolitionists on an astounding tour through the northern States, to peddle the small wares of his intellect, to scatter the hot coils of Red Republicanism, and the pestilent 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 offence, 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 froeking 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

Know Nothing party and aroused throughout the county a feeling of dislike and distrust towards all foreigners, which should have been confined to the insolent political refugees and adventurers, who failing to set Europe to rights, came here to instruct us American savages in the art of Government. None, more than our worthy and naturalized citizens, despise these insolent adventurers and incendiaries. They look upon them as their worst enemies, for they have been made to suffer the penalty of their transgressions. Most of these restless adventurers and roving Refugees, "have left their country for their country's good," and have brought to our peaceful shores the discontent and treason with which they disturbed Europe. Of CARL SHURZ's private character we know nothing, and therefore have nothing to say. We deal with him only as a public man, which he has made himself. He is a politician after the school of the New York Tribune, and has become conspicuous in that treasurable band of destructives and disorganizers, whose war-cry is "JEAN BROWN, LINCOLN, and freedom." From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. "The Ebony Race." The advocates of immediate emancipation would be puzzled to provide for the colored race, such as original barbarism and the peculiar kind of civilization they have known has left them. If these liberated children should seek to exchange their stern nursery system for the holiday ease and plenty they hope for at the North, who among our dainty philanthropists would give them the patient training, the persistent culture requisite to develop their dormant self-reliance? The face of "What will he do with it?" would be re-acted upon a painfully familiar stage. The following extracts are from a forthcoming work by a Massachusetts writer, entitled "The Ebony Idol." It is from the press of the Appletons, and narrates the history of an escaped fugitive, a representative of at least as large a class of our colored brethren as that typified by Uncle Tom. The inexorable law of civilization, work or starve, is one Sambo, from the very tropical sensuousness of his being, is exceedingly slow to learn. In this story, a worthy clergyman of moderate endowments gives a temporary asylum to Caesar, and labors to explain what he expects of him in return:—"I wish to do for you all that I can do wisely, and as a Christian, but I cannot distress my family to serve you, or squander the small means at my command. I would like you to work in the garden, cut my wood and do such errands and chores as will assist my wife. It seems to me you cannot but be willing to do this." Caesar sat dog-eyed and sullen, without even pretending to listen. Mr. Cary spoke more warmly: "I shall make inquiry for you that you may obtain employment in some reliable family, where you can be paid for your labor; as soon as such an opening is found, I shall expect you will leave willingly."—"Dis nigger didn't come norf to work, no how; get work enuf at de souf," cried Caesar indignantly. "But you must work or starve; liberty is nothing, unless you can be clothed and fed."—"Dis chile got clothed and fed at de souf, and wan't twitted it nudder," growled Caesar. "Lor, wish you could eat one of Dinah's hoe-cakes, dem's fixins as is fixins!" "I beg you, Caesar, now that Providence has released you from slavery—"—"Providence had'n't nuthin to do about it; it was jus' dem cussed abolitioners, and dat is fact, Massa Cary." Mr. Cary groaned. It was evident he had indeed fallen upon fallow ground.—"Caesar, all gifts are from God! He has doubtless some motive in releasing you from a cruel task-master."—"Nebber heard any nigger, black or white, call my ole massa cruel task-mass afore. He was a gemman as is a gemman."—"Why did you leave him, then?" asked Mr. Cary a little testily. "Oh, Lor 'nny knows, coz I was seduced I spect; Sambo he heard as how dat pusses up norf didn't work only when dey had mind; now dis chile nebber had a mind, so I was seduced." THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Boston Traveler says:—"There is a unanimity of opinion expressed by the writers who have described the personal appearance of this young gentleman which must have struck the most casual reader. The reporters of the Associated Press, in the account of the Prince's reception at St. John's, Newfoundland, speaks of his handsome countenance, and mild and gentlemanly bearing, and says he is slender in form, having an intelligent face, large handsome eyes, small mouth, Roman nose, retreating chin, and complexion rather dark." The New York Herald's reporter at Halifax says, at his reception there:—"The Prince's appearance is very prepossessing; his face is small but well formed, and his eyes, which have a merry twinkle, are large and hazel colored; that his complexion is equal to that of a peach, and that he looks very healthy." The Boston Post's reporter at Halifax says:—"His appearance was the subject of universal praise, and handsome in feature, graceful in form, modest in bearing, pleasant in expression, and singularly unpresuming in conduct, were popular verdicts everywhere." Of the manner in which he has taken captive the hearts of the fair sex who have witnessed his movements in the ball room we have spoken more than once. The burden of most of the addresses of the Prince presented thus far on his tour is expressed in the title of Mr. Ordway's popular song—"Let me kiss him for his mother."

The Texas Fright.

[From the N. O. Pioner.]

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 conflagrations 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 harrassing inquisition, if not absolute danger, to honest strangers, and to the perpetration of acts of cruel injustice. The Henderson Times, of the 11th 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 Quitman Herald, of the 15th, 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-four bottles of strychnine were found. The Belleville Countryman of the 18th comes to us with reports of the proceedings of large and enthusiastic public meetings at Belleville on the 7th and at Travis and Forkston Beats on the 4th, to appoint Vigilance Committees and patrols, and adopt such other measures of safety as the recent Abolition movements in the State call for. Friederman and Rotenberg, two German Jew peddlers, have been arrested and examined by the Rusk Vigilance Committee. The former was released, nothing being proved against him. Rotenberg 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. Rotenberg's family reside in New-York. The Rusk Enquirer 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 Earlsbam 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. S—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 good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the evil? for charity rejoiceth not in iniquity."