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BY G. B. GOODLANDER & CO.

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Select Poetry.

DISSOLVE THE UNION.

Dissolve the Union! Who would part
The chain that binds us heart to heart?
Each link was formed by sainted sires,
Amid the Revolution's fires:
And could'st thou, where so rich a food?
In Warren's and in Sumpter's blood.

Dissolve the Union! Be like France,
When "Terror" rear'd his bloody lance,
And man became destruction's child,
And woman in her passions wild,
Danced in the life-blood of her Queen,
Before the dreadful guillotine.

Dissolve the Union! Roll away
The spangled flag of Glory's day;
Blot out the history of the brave,
And desecrate each Patriot's grave,
And then above the wreck of years,
Quaff an eternity of tears.

Dissolve the Union! Can it be,
That they who speak such words are free?
Great God! did any die to save
Such sordid wretches from the grave—
When breast to breast, and hand to hand,
Our patriot fathers freed the land?

Dissolve the Union! Ho! forbear!
The sword of Damocles is there;
Cut but a hair, and earth shall know
A darker, deadlier tale of woe
Than history's crimson tale has told,
Since Nero's car in blood o'er roll'd.

Dissolve the Union! Speak, ye hills,
Ye everlasting mountains cry;
Shriek out, ye streams and mingling Nile,
And ocean roar in agony;
Dead heroes! leap from Glory's sod!
And shield the honor of your blood!

Miscellaneous.

A DISCONSOLATE WIDOWER.

"What can I say to comfort you, dear Augustus?" and Anabel took her brother's hand in hers and pressed it warmly.
"Nothing my precious sister; such woe as mine is too deep for any plummet of consolation to reach." And "dear Augustus" took out his black-bordered handkerchief, and applied it to his eyes.

Anabel clasped her hands despairingly, and looked tearfully at him, murmuring sympathizingly—"poor, dear Augustus, how he loved her!"

Augustus sighed deeply, and moaned in a low tone—"We are so happy together, my poor Rachel," and again the black-bordered handkerchief went to his eyes.

"My afflicted brother," murmured Anabel, "how deep the waters you are called upon to go through."

Augustus shuddered, as if he felt the wild dashings of the waves, and said in a plaintive voice—"Dear Rachel, how amiable she was!"

"Very, dear Augustus."
"How considerate, how devoted to me!"

"O, exceedingly."
"And how fine an appearance she presented!" and he raised his eyes to the portrait festooned with black crepe, which delicate attention he had himself paid it that morning.

Anabel, too, raised her eyes, but was silent as she gazed upon the pictured form of the departed Rachel, so angular, so dark, and so frowning.

"I don't think you ever did Rachel's charms justice, Anabel. She was a lovely woman."

"O, brother, I fully appreciated her, I assure you I did."

"And you do not do justice to my depth of grief. Are you aware that I am a mourner forever? Poor, dear, dear Rachel, I have lost all in losing thee!" And again the tearful eyes were raised to the grim Rachel, who looked down with an expression on her face which said "Indeed!"

There was a silence of several moments, during which he looked thoughtfully into the fire. At length he said—

"Hand me my desk beside you, Anabel; it will be a relief to my feelings to write an obituary."

"Don't think of it at present, dear Augustus; your nerves are not strong enough for it now. Only think of the trying scenes through which you have just passed."

"Hand me my desk, will you? It is a sacred duty I owe my dead."

While Augustus was engaged in this touching work, Anabel was pondering on the propriety of dispensing with the black crepe folds on her new silk dress; "so that I may wear it in colors," was her inward ejaculation; "for who knows Augustus may marry again before I have done mourning for dear Rachel!" She checked the thought—"How dreadful!"

Augustus, the deeply sorrowing, marry before she had time to get out of black! It was a satanic whisper surely, and grossly unjust to the disconsolate widower. She was roused from her sombre meditations by the voice of Augustus:

"This is what I have written, dear sister, and if you can offer any suggestions of a tender nature, pray do so."

"Departed this gloomy vale of tears for a blessed home of joy, Rachel, the beloved and honored consort of Augustus Childs, Esq., and daughter and heiress of Peter Smith, Esq. Beautiful and accomplished, amiable and intellectual, charming and charitable, generous, devoted, and angelic in every respect, thus has fled to angelic courts, amid the joyful shouts of the cherubic army, crying, welcome! welcome! one who walked the earth in seraph's guise!"

Here Anabel gave a slight cough to cover something like a laugh, and Augustus paused a moment and asked, plaintively, "Do you object to anything?"

"O no by no means. It is so very touching, pray proceed."

"How deep the woe into which her numerous friends have been plunged by her

lamented absence in realms of bliss! But their loss has been the angels' gain. But her husband, so fondly attached to this fair object—what words can depict his overwhelming grief—grief that will prove as lasting as it is deep! But here we drop the curtain; too sacred this woe for the common eye: Suffice it to say, he utters the sentiment of the submissive Job—"The Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

"How pious! how touching! what pathos!" and Anabel raised her eyes, sparkling with ill-concealed mirth.

"You must admit Rachel was no ordinary woman, Anabel."

"I never knew another like her," said Anabel.

"She was too good for me," sighed Augustus.

"O, my dear brother, why say so?" ejaculated Anabel.

"I can never cease to mourn, poor Rachel; but I feel I must soon follow her. I cannot live without her," moaned Augustus.

"You must make an effort to do so, Augustus—you positively must. It is your duty to live. You must rouse yourself from this heartrending state. You are not very old, only forty. Why, there may yet be a world of happiness in store for you."

"None, none," moaned Augustus, "my heart is buried in my Rachel's grave."

"You must make an effort to get it out from there, dear brother; indeed you must."

"O no! Would I were there too!"

"This is positively wicked; indeed it is. You must not talk so; Rachel would not approve of it."

"Ah, dear Rachel," moaned Augustus, piteously.

"Come, now, take something to soothe you, and then go to bed. Good night; don't despair, you will be happy yet."

Augustus answered "Never, never," and he continued repeating, like Poe's dismal raven, "Never, never!" until the door closed upon Anabel, and he was left alone with his everlasting grief, and the dismally draped portrait of the lost Rachel looking down grimly from the wall.

On reaching her room, Anabel threw herself into a chair, and laughed more heartily than was becoming, considering that dear Rachel had only been placed in her grave that morning.

"I really do believe that, after all, Augustus will die of grief. You have no idea, Myra, how devotedly he was attached to dear Rachel."

"Indeed!" and Myra raised her proud, calm eyes, and looked at her.

"He enjoyed such bliss with his poor Rachel that his married life was a perpetual feast of 'nectared sweets.'"

"When did he make that discovery?"

"A few hours ago, dear sister. He is perfectly inconsolable. I assure you, I tried my very best at soothing him, but it is of no use. He will not be comforted, but is hopelessly wretched."

"Time is a powerful soother," responded Myra. "Leave the work to him; he will do it most effectually, no doubt. As the poet expressed it,—"Time, that aged nurse, rocked me to patience."

"O, never, never. Why, my dear sister, you don't know how dearly he loved her. He never will get over it, I assure you he will not. How we must have wronged him in supposing he married Rachel for money! O no, it was genuine love that induced him to take for his father-in-law that vulgar, fat old plebeian, Peter Smith, Esq. And he's grown so pious, too; I know he will end it by becoming a minister; this terrible grief has turned all his thoughts heavenward."

"I am happy to hear it," responded Myra quietly, "for they were very far from that direction before."

Weeks progressed but Augustus remained shrouded in woe; not one ray of peace had warmed up his deadened heart. He would write on nothing but black-edged paper; covered every article that had belonged to dear Rachel with black crepe; shut up her chamber, and every time he passed the closed door shuddered as if he saw her pale ghost stalking about; read her printed obituary at night, before retiring, and paid his devotions to her pictured form almost hourly. He kept the last pocket handkerchief carefully folded up in tissue paper among his shaving articles. His sisters began to think that he would never get over it, and as to his marrying again—never, never!

"Don't even hint at such a thing, Anabel," he said with horror, when she ventured to suggest that, perhaps, one day he might replace the lost Rachel.

"I meant years and years off, dear Augustus," she said, almost timidly. "Of course, not for twenty years, or perhaps fifteen."

"Hush! Hush! I venerate Rachel's memory too deeply. I loved her most devotedly. Pray, never speak in this heartless strain again—it is very repulsive to my feelings."

"I only meant to console you, Augustus."

"You take a most remarkable way of administering consolation, when you know my sorrow is as deep as the day when I buried Rachel."

"But you must feel so lonely," persisted Anabel.

"Lonely! Have I not my sisters and Rachel's treasured memory? No, Anabel, I can never marry again. All I ask is a quiet rest beside Rachel's coffin form."

"How shocking. Don't, I pray, indulge in such gloomy thoughts."

"You ask me to be gay," said the disconsolate widower; "but you ask an impossibility, something utterly impracticable, a state of feeling I can never again reach."

"Oh, no, Augustus, not gay—that you can never be again—only a little less

gloomy. Don't think about dying, and the grave, and tombstones, and all that sort of thing."

"When I die," continued the bereft one, "you will see that I am placed beside Rachel. On our tomb you will have engraved, 'They were lovely in their lives and in their deaths they were not divided.'"

"Yes, brother," said Anabel, with a little hysterical sob.

"You will have the last pocket-handkerchief Rachel used to place over my face."

"Yes," replied Anabel.

"My will you find in the tin case. I have left everything to Myra and yourself."

"O, thank you, dear brother, how considerate in you!"

"My death will be your gain, Anabel," and she heaved a sigh submissively.

"My precious brother don't suggest such a thing; but you know I have long wished to go to Europe, and your lamented death will give me an opportunity of doing so."

"Go, go, enjoy what I leave you, Anabel. The day will come when like me, you must be down in the dust. I have heaped up riches."

"For me to enjoy! How kind in you, brother. Good bye!" And Anabel extended her hand.

"What do you mean?" said Augustus drawing back angrily.

"O, I crave your pardon; I really forgot, I dreamed I had read your will, and was just leaving for Europe."

"I may live many years yet," said Augustus moodily.

"Certainly, only I thought you had resolved to die. I began to fear you contemplated suicide."

"I am miserable enough for anything. I believe I will go to the club."

"Pray do; no doubt it will help you to forget Rachel."

"I do not wish to forget her; the heart that has truly loved never forgets."

"O, no, Augustus, not exactly forget her; only soften your giant grief that is wearing away your very life."

Augustus stood a moment and contemplated the fair face of the deceased Rachel; then as if overcome by the remembrance of the past, he snatched up the deeply-creased hat that stood on the table and wended his way to the club, too much afflicted to stay quietly at home.

The next morning, at breakfast, he looked up from his plate and said in a dismal tone—"Anabel, you will please never allude to my marrying again. You wounded my heart beyond expression last night."

"O, dear brother, I am very sorry; but I have known of several gentlemen who, when they were unfortunate enough to lose their wife, found another, and I thought—"

"Hush! hush! not another word on this sad subject!"

Three months passed slowly, but sadly. Rachel was in her grave, and its long shadow fell gloomily on Augustus' heart and health. A weeping willow had been planted over the dreary mound, and waved its long limbs solemnly in the breeze. A few fragrant violets grew out of poor Rachel's head—that is, the head of her grave; and at her feet a white rose-bud flourished in charming luxuriance. It was a dainty little spot, poor Rachel's grave, and here Augustus paid a visit every time he spied the churchyard gates. Here he stood on Sunday to think of Rachel, perhaps, or to gaze more conveniently at the girlish beauty of Miss Villers, as she tripped through the churchyard into the side door of the church.

This last idea was promulgated by those proverbially spiteful creatures—the old maids of the church, who, having lost all their youth, envy the young, and who are as crazy to get married at forty years as they were at twenty, and who tear to shreds the characters of their more fortunate sisters, who win in the world's lottery that prize—a husband. So said Augustus when Anabel told him of sundry remarks that had been made concerning him.

"But it was not an old maid that slandered you, Augustus; it was a married lady. Mrs. Montjoy says she has watched you in church, and you look out of the window with one tearful eye on Rachel's grave, while the other is exploring the pretty face of Miss Villers. She even says she saw you last Sunday gather a bouquet from Rachel's grave, and presented it to Miss Villers as she was going into church, who, placing it to her Grecian nose, thanked you with her sweetest smile, little dreaming it smelt of mortality."

"Poor dear Rachel, I don't know how she would relish furnishing bouquets for her rival. I don't say this, Augustus, Mrs. Montjoy said it. Don't frown so angrily, of course I don't believe a word of it. I know how devotedly attached you were to dear Rachel, and how you planted her grave, and even took the watering pot in your hands and watered the plants to make them grow, and how you treasured up in tissue paper the last handkerchief she used, and how you put her bonnet on a table, and had a little rilling built around it to keep profane hands away, and how touchingly you draped her picture in crepe! O, now, I know you will never, never marry again."

Augustus was silent. Was it ominous? Four months and two weeks—then a tall timberman reared its lofty head amid its sister tombs in the church-yard. It was a charming device—a stone figure bending over a stone urn, which urn was supposed to contain the ashes of the departed Rachel.

"What is this, my dear?" asked Mr. Montjoy, as he stood before the gleaming marble. "Is this figure the bereaved husband?"

"What is this, my dear?" asked Mr. Montjoy, as he stood before the gleaming marble. "Is this figure the bereaved husband?"

"Well, sir! they may be coming, but they haven't yet arrived."

An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked him how he felt. "Well," said he, pathetically, "I think I feel better for that little walk."

The New York correspondent of the Boston Post says that the author of Rutledge is Miss Harriet Long, the niece of President Buchanan.

to know that this is the deceased Rachel herself, weeping over her own ashes? It is most touchingly appropriate; we ever feel it to be so, I assure you; for if ever creatures had cause to weep for their own deaths, we are the ones. Scarcely is the turf heaped above our cold clay when the first mourner at our funeral straightway goes and forgets what manner of women we were. Mary slips very quietly into Jane's place, and Ruth sits as comfortably in the corner of the pew, as if six months before Ann had not sat there before her."

"My dear, your remarks astonish me. If you died, I assure you, most solemnly, I would weep for you forever."

"Yes, so you would," said Mrs. Montjoy, calmly; "but how long, think you, is a widower's forever? Only until he gets another wife."

"O, Sarah, how little faith you have in man's love!"

"I have a great faith in it so long as it lasts; but when a woman is under ground her chances are small."

"My dear, I protest I would not marry were I so unfortunate as to bury you."

"No protestations, my love; I do not require them of you. Do as you please when I am gone; I'll promise you not to haunt your new wife. There comes Miss Villers to see the tomb. How do you like it my dear?"

"O it's a love," cried the young lady, enthusiastically. "I hope when I die my husband will treat me to just such a tombstone as this."

"No doubt," responded Mrs. Montjoy, "he will treat you to this very one. Two of you can easily get under it." The young lady frowned and walked away.

Six months and two weeks, and Augustus and his sisters sat in solemn convalescence. The great grief was over, the stormy billows had subsided, the clouds had passed away. "The funeral meats" were about to "furnish a wedding feast." Augustus was going to be married. "Married!"—Anabel clasped her hands in inarticulate horror, while Myra looked calmly upon the comforted widower.

"Did I say I would never marry again?" asked Augustus, angry at these mute demonstrations of surprise.

"Did you not say so, dear brother?"

"Never, never! You utterly misconceived my meaning. I wish to compliment Rachel's memory, which I deeply revere, and I cannot better do so than by marrying again."

"Six months and two weeks!" murmured Anabel.

"Can a man mourn forever?" asked Augustus, indignantly.

"Can a man mourn at all?" asked Myra, speaking for the first time.

"O, my dear sister," sighed Anabel, as the wedding cortege drove from the church door on the following Thursday, and the face of Miss Villers peeped out of the window of the bridal coach, "it is the will in the tin case that afflicts me. He has made another, and has cut us off without a shilling. He has gone off, too, without giving me new burial directions. Of course he wishes to cover his face with dear Rachel's handkerchief; I shall send it after him."

"Certainly," responded Myra quietly; "he might like to see it now."

SLIPPERY PEOPLE.—There is a class of people who resemble eels in their manner of going through life. They are your smooth people who slip through your hand when you attempt to catch them, and leave you wondering how they could have escaped. The hand of morals, law or right fails to hold them, and yet they seem to recognize them all. A bargain with such men always results in their gain; there is some loop left for them to hang an advantage upon; something that will redound to their particular glorification or profit. They are splendid managers of benevolent institutions; occupy high places in the moral world—for such are not those men who get caught; and if they get caught, they manage to slip through—are great mortgagers, lend money on the right sort of security, and never lose, and whichever way they fall they light all right. They are politicians, and always manage to be on the winning side.

They are excellent, with characters excellent. But they are slippery nevertheless, and even while praising them as men may, in their short-sightedness, and they wriggle through to the end, the veil will be lifted and the time that tries all do justice to them.

RURAL LIFE.—Cultivate a love for the country; the serene joys which a rural life can afford are far preferable to the noisy, and alas! too often vicious gratifications which we seek amid the whirl of a city life. The city as it were ties the soul's affections to the earth—the works and ways of the world in it too often hide from our view the fair face of nature, and lead us to forget the glorious God who made us, and to whom we are indebted for life and health and all things. Vapid empty and artificial, are the joys of a city life when compared with the sacred delights which a rural residence can give to a mind rightly constituted. Solitary communion with Nature is one of the happiest delights which the world can bestow.

It is reported that a somewhat juvenile dandy said to a fair partner at a ball—"Miss, don't you think my mustaches are becoming?" To which Miss replied: "Well, sir! they may be coming, but they haven't yet arrived."

An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked him how he felt. "Well," said he, pathetically, "I think I feel better for that little walk."

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STEAMBOAT DIALOGUE.—Hoosier (stepping up to a down Easter).—How are ye stranger? Bound to Noo Leans, 'spect; What about be your business? Want to buy some corn or oats?

Yankee—Tolerable, thank ye; how be ye yourself? Bound to no place in particular. In for any kind of trade.

Hoosier—What kind of trade hev ye? Yankee—Wall, it's a patent right.

Hoosier—Patent right for what? Yankee—Patent right for a Machine for making all kinds of seed out of wood, from shellbark down to grass seed. Hev also a patent right for the mirage life-preserver.

Hoosier—Meerage—what's that? Yankee—It's a Machine to be fixed on the front of a locomotive or steamboat, with reflectors of great power, to show the image of anything ahead, no matter how far it be off—anything under a hundred miles.

Hoosier—Don't say! And are yer the inventor? Yankee—I be.

Hoosier—Your'e a horse. What mount your name be? Yankee—Coffin.

Hoosier—Heerd tell of yer family. You are a relation of the man that invented wooden hams and plaster paris shoe nails. Had a brother once, hadn't you, that got accidentally choked with a rope round his neck?

Yankee—Knew the man—wasn't a brother—only a cousin to my wife's sister's brother's cousin. But what might your name be.

Hoosier—It might be Smith, but it taint. Calculate it's Caster.

Yankee—Knewed yer family well from yer great grandfather down. You air one of two twins. One was a handsome, cute, bright-eyed little chap, and the other a tarnation ugly born fool; and I heerd the cute chap died.

Here the dinner-bell rang.

FREEZING TO DEATH.—To be frozen to death, many would consider a frightful torture, from their own experience of the effect of cold. But here we fall into the usual error of supposing the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent, which could only be the case if sensibility remained the same. Intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which fascinates the senses, and fairly beguiles men out of their lives.

A most curious example of the seductive power of cold is found in the adventures of the Botanical party, who in Cook's first voyage, were caught in a snow storm on Terra del Fuego. Dr. Solander, by birth a Swede and well acquainted with the destructive deceptions of a rigorous climate, admonished the company, in defiance of lassitude to keep moving on. Whoever said he, sits down, will sleep; and whoever sleeps will perish.—The Doctor spoke as a sage, but he felt as a man. In spite of the remonstrances of those whom he had instructed and alarmed, he was the first one to lie down and die. The same warning was repeated a thousand times in the retreat from Moscow. Allice, the historian, to try the experiment, sat down in his garden at night when the thermometer had fallen four degrees below zero; and so quickly did the drowsiness come stealing on, that he wondered how a soul of Napoleon's unhappy band, had been able to resist the treacherous influence.—[London Quarterly.]

HAPPY WOMEN.—A happy woman! Is not she the sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smile even the coldest sprinkles of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talent, or for style; the sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log cabin? The fire light that leaps up in his humble hearth stones becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers in an Aladdin palace. Was ever the stream of life so dark and unpropitious that the sunshine of a happy face falling across its turbid tide, would not awaken an answering gleam? Why, these joyous tempered people don't know half the good they do.

WHAT I WOULD DO.—If I possessed the most valuable things in the world, and was about to will them away, the following would be my plan of distribution:

I would give the world truth and friendship, which are very scarce.

I would give an additional portion of truth to lawyers, tenders and merchants.

I would give to the physicians skill and learning.

I would give to the printers their pay. To possessing women, short tongues.

To young women, good sense, large waists and natural complexions.

The following beautiful stanza is copied from a young lady's album:

"Fare made, when I behold eye face,
& gaze in two ure ahar ize,
my love is warmed in 2 a blaze,
& thauts within my bozum rise
2 big for my week tung to utter,
which leves my hart awl in a flutter."

To tell your secrets, is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which you are entrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part, combined with folly.

Henry, you ought to be ashamed, to throw away bread like that. You may want it some day." "Well, mother, would I stand any better chance of getting it then, should I eat it up now?"

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