

Clearfield Republican.

BY G. B. GOODLANDER & CO.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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NEW SERIES—VOL. I.—NO. 28.

WHO WOULDN'T BE A HEATHEN?

We find the subjoined lines in one of our exchanges, and most respectfully beg leave to call to them the attention of those philanthropists who delight in sending gunpowder, New England rum, fannels and missionaries to the heathen—

Mamma, I wish I lived away,
Away across the great big sea,
Where little heathen children play,
And then how happy I should be!
I wish you'd be a heathen, too,
And then we all should have some bread,
And good warm clothes for sister Sue,
And brother Willie who is dead.

I'd go and find his little grave,
And tell him to come home again,
And bread and little shoes he'd have,
And he would thank his sister Jane.
And folks would come and see you then—
Mamma, you look so sick and pale;
And bring some bread and butter, when
They heard my sister's wail.

Mamma, can't Christian bounties shed
Except on heathens? Can't they give
To sister Sue and me some bread,
And let your little daughters live?
I want to church to day, and hear
The preacher for the heathen pray;
But not the first imploring word
For hungry little Christians say.

My little dress was worn and thin,
And I sat shivering in the cold;
While other little girls put in
The box, their shining suns of gold.
They told me that this was to buy
For little heathen girls some bread;
Oh! mother, how I wish that I
Could be a heathen and be fed.

They laughed at my old faded dress,
And put on many brighter ones;
I thought of God in my distress,
And hid my face and uttered prayers.
Mamma, shan't we be heathens, too,
So we can have some clothes and bread?
I and my little sister Sue,
And brother Willie, who is dead?

MY GRAND MOTHER'S GHOST.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

Things wouldn't burn, the kerosene strangled me with its noxious odor, the fluid spluttered, burnt blue, and went out. I am afraid of the dark; that ghost black which makes one's eyes ache with the want of light; that palpable gloom which seems to beat like a roomful of palpitations of the heart round you, everywhere; that visible nothing, which holds the tables, the chairs, the portraits you are familiar with, yet hides them in its black veil from your view; that empty fullness through which you thrust out your groping arms, then shrink back, oppressed with a presence you can neither hear, see nor feel.

"Milly," I said to my little maid, "run somewhere and get me a light."

She ran to the grocer's wife, and came back with a penny dip in a brass candlestick.

As she placed it on my table, went out and shut the door, the little boy in bronze on the mantle raised his hammer and struck the figure of Time twelve ringing blows on the heart. It was midnight.

The candle burned clearly. I resumed the old volume of German legends I was reading, and as I laid my finger on a paragraph, and paused to ponder on the possibility of spirits returning to earth to wreak vengeance on foes, or work well to friends, I heard a deep sigh by my elbow.

I turned and beheld the ghost of my grandmother.

I knew her from her resemblance to her portrait. She wore the same white cap with its wide border plaited round her face—the same prim dress with which I had grown familiar in the picture.

She died twenty years ago. I was named for her.

I drew up the rocking chair for the ghost. She sat down in it. A pillow could not have sunk there more noiseless than she did. She kept her hands in the same position on her breast, that somebody tied them twenty years ago.

She fixed her keen black eyes upon me—beautiful eyes, which I had always admired in the portrait. None of her descendants had such eyes.

"I could not come," she said, in deep sepulchral tones, "in gas light. Ghosts and gas lights are at war always. As for kerosene oil, we groan in spirit at its use. How mortal nooses can, night after night inhale the odor it emits, is a wonder. It is worse than brimstone. We have put our cold lips under your chimneys and blown our ghostly breaths into the flame. We have seen the chimneys gas lights with smoke, and apartments fill with disgusting fragrance. People only said the lamp is in a draught. They moved it and bore with it. We shall have to have old-fashioned. To be out of

date, is to be out of mind. Your tallow candle pleased me. We ghosts like the light of other days around us. We always, in the body, burned tallow candles."

The fine eyes of my grandmother gazed at my penny dip steadfastly for a moment. She seemed to see visions and dream dreams.

"My dear," she said, "you are the first of the family that have turned to candles since the innovation of gas. You are indebted to your dip for my presence. How hollow I would have looked under a chandelier, how bloodless, how white! As it is, I think I am looking very natural, am I not?"

She glanced up at her portrait and waited a reply.

"A little pale, grandmother," said I, "but tell me, dear madam, if your pursuits in the other world are of such a nature that they admit of your returning to this at any time?"

"By no means. I am permitted to appear in this sphere but seldom. My influence I can make felt oftener. I have not been seen before since my coffin lid was closed. I came to tell you there arose a yell in Pandemonium. I looked in to see whence it came. I found the great chamber assigned to little children, and which is always full of little ones of all sizes and ages, the scene of great commotion. Infants were crawling into corners; three year old toddlers were tottering out of the way. Older ones were hastily finding seats, and all faces wore a listening expression. A small voice was saying:

"It was no fault of mine that brought me here. I who am now but five years old, might have lived to be fifty. Nature unfortunately, gave me a very fine physical development. My chest was round and full, my skin clear, my limbs finely moulded. My birthplace was in a cold climate. My tender mother, proud of her offspring, bared my neck and arms in the chill winters, when her rose bushes and vines were pecked in warm straw and thoroughly protected from every blast. I was brought down to be viewed by company, and exposed to different temperatures, as I went from room to room. My mother wrapped in soft velvet and comfortable silks, did not suffer. I became a great trouble in the house. My beauty faded. I lingered from month to month, and died at last, at five years old, of consumption. My mother cried over my little coffin. I knew, but I could not hear then, that her own vanity had placed me here."

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hood out of the way, and only get in the way when they have become, in spite of all sorts of ill-treatment, useful and ornamental members of society.

"This child was still speaking," said my grandmother, "when I rushed out. I had been a mother once, and I could not listen to these innocents in that fearful waiting chamber, recapitulating the woes that had sent them there, any longer."

I felt impelled to revisit earth. I came. In no light could I make me visible to you until your tallow candle was brought in.

"My dear, remember what I have told you. Some of these days you may be a mother. Be more careful of the sacred charge of little children. Think for them—feel for them. Do not, to ease your care, sink them in unnatural slumbers or give them over to selfish nurses. Upon you hangs their lives—in a great measure their happiness, both here and hereafter—I beg you will give—"

Just at this moment the cock crew loudly. The voice of my elbow was still. I looked around—the rocking chair was empty, the ghost had vanished.

Spiking Cannon.

The *Pittsburg Dispatch* contains the following interesting information:—There is no method of spiking a cannon which will forever prevent its use. If the spike is made of iron or unhardened steel, it may be removed by the drill. If it is loosely inserted, or without much force, it may be blown out by firing a charge of gunpowder placed in the bottom of the bore. But if the spike is made of hardened steel, to fit the vent closely, and is driven in with great force, and if its lower end is made soft and riveted within the bore, then neither the drill nor gunpowder can remove it; the vent remains permanently closed. The remedy, in such cases, is to drill a new vent, which may be done without impairing the serviceableness of the gun. A new vent may be drilled in any cannon by a skillful machinist in two or three hours.

In experimental firing, when a vent becomes so much worn and enlarged, we drill a new one, and sometimes as many as three or four vents are made in the same gun, and many hundred fires are made afterwards.

During the recent Crimean war, an article relative to spiking cannon was published in the *London Times*, in which it was asserted that the use of a new patent spike would destroy the serviceableness of the gun. The spike was described as a piece of finely tempered steel, turned to fit the vent, but to move freely in it, and turning out in a forked spring in the bore. This spike it was alleged, could not be removed, as it would turn readily with the drill; but it seems that the possibility of cutting or breaking off the tongs or forks of the spring inside the barre was not considered. The communication given above, from high authority, may be looked upon as conclusive that the worst effect of spiking would be a few hours' delay in the use of the guns—often an important matter.

"Thirty-six Thirty."

The reader who is curious to know exactly where runs this of-mentioned line, will get a clear idea of it by taking the map and tracing it as follows: It commences at the point on the Atlantic coast where the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina commences; passes along the line dividing those States; along the line between Tennessee and Kentucky; along the line between the States of Missouri and Arkansas; thence through the Territory of the Cherokee Nation, through New Mexico, striking the eastern boundary of the State of California a short distance south of the middle, striking the Pacific a short distance south of Monterey bay. On the south of that line there are about 300,000 square miles of territory, including Indian reservations, while on the north there are about 1,300,000 square miles south of 36 30 there is not the slightest probability that there could be carved out more than one slave State. All New Mexico, comprising about 210,000 square miles, would never become slave territory, from the fact that it is not adapted to slave labor. It produces neither cotton nor cane. North of that line, though slavery were to be legalized, it could never exist.—*New York News.*

A fellow went into a store at Troy, on Saturday evening, and requested to have his cap filled with molasses, as it was for a wager; when the full cap was handed to him, he complained that it was musty; when the grocer went to smell it, the thief dashed it in his face rendering him blind, and then robbed the till of six dollars.

The Patchen Horses.

The exhibition of four colts of this celebrated stock at the Fourth National Horse Show will give interest to what follows relating to their history:—The trotting horse, George M. Patchen, now owned by Wm. Waltemire, of New York, and kept near that city, was sired by Cassius Clay, a horse of high fame at the First National Horse Show. John Bulkley of Bordentown, New Jersey, purchased the Patchen horse when three years old, of George M. Patchen, and named him after his first owner. Soon after the purchase, the colt was taken sick with a distemper, which left a thickness of the throat, from which it did not recover for several years. On account of this thickness, Mr. Bulkley rarely drove him hard, and it was reported that Patchen had no bottom. During all this time Patchen was standing at the stable of Bulkley, at \$15 services, and doing but little business. The first proof of his endurance and speed was thus accidentally discovered: His owner, who always insisted that he was a wonderful horse, had occasion to seek the services of a Mr. Humphries, a celebrated animal painter of Camden, for a likeness of his favorite. The artist decided that the horse would look best in motion, and suggested that he become excited and pressed to the top of his speed. Mr. Bulkley assented, and mounting him barebacked, rode off to wake him up. Greatly to the surprise of the artist, the horse on his return shot by like an arrow, rendering it almost impossible to get a sketch, and obliging his owner to ride him back and forth several times before Mr. Humphries could transfer him to paper. During all this exercise of many miles, the horse showed no indications of fatigue or signs of distress, and from that moment his reputation began. Well do we remember the first picture of this slashing stallion and his owner at the horse show rooms in this city, and Mr. Bulkley's letter to the secretary of 1858, that "his New Jersey nag would show Ethan Allen some time an awful gait." The result of this prophecy is well known. Of the stock of Patchen, 23 five-year olds and a few of four years, are all of the oldest that can be traced. A characteristic of these animals is slow maturity, heavy tails, and a strong, lengthy stride, indicating speed for a long distance. It is said that none of these horses interfere in trotting. Their size, constitution and disposition are unusually good, and their color pretty uniformly blood bay. They are sought for by high figures by men who appreciate speed, and two have recently changed hands in Philadelphia, one at \$2,000 and the other at \$1,200. Mr. McDonald, of Baltimore, the owner of Flora Temple, has purchased one named Burlington that is considered fast. C. W. Bathgate & Co., of Fordham, N. Y., own four of five year olds, among which are the well known horses, New Jersey and Major Low, exhibited at our late fair. Both seem destined to do credit to the old horse; and for New Jersey it is claimed that he is the best bred and handsomest of stock horses. L. B. Brown of New York, the well known owner and proprietor of the "Century team," is associated with Mr. Bathgate in breeding this family of horses; and though his winter quarters are Florida, he is evidently expecting to renew his horse show acquaintance here with a younger team.—*Springfield Republican.*

Sunday Shoes.—Strange that all kinds of leather are too poor to go to church in on a wet Sunday. What is the matter with all our tanners that shoes cannot be made which are proof against Sunday mud and Sunday wet? Multitudes of people run around all the week in ordinary leather, and no harm comes to them. But if the pavement be the least wet on Sunday morning, they are certain that they shall get their feet soaking wet, and they might as well order their coffins as they have, as to go out in such shoes as they have. What is the mystery that makes leather which is so impenetrable on all the other days of the week, not much better than brown paper on Sunday morning? Who will make his fortune by providing the vast army of stay-at-homes with a patent improved church-going shoe, warranted water proof on Sundays?

A practical joker drew away a stool from under a companion, as he was going to sit down, at Northfield, New York, about two months ago. The poor fellow fell backwards, broke his spine, and lingered till Wednesday, the 16th inst., when he died. The joker has the chance of supporting the destitute widow and baby of the victim of his fun.

An Editor on Editors.

Artemus Ward, late local editor of the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, gives the following advice to young men who aspire to become editors of newspapers:

"Before you go for an editor, young man, pause and take a big think. Do not run at it rashly. Look around and see if there is not an omnibus to drive—some soil somewhere to be tilled—a clerkship of some meat cart to be filled—anything that is reputable and healthy, rather than going for an editor, which is hard business at best."

"We are not a horse, and have consequently not been called upon to furnish the motive power for a threshing machine; but we fancy that the life of an editor who is forced to write, write, write, whether he feels right or not, is much like the steed in question. If the yea and neigh could be obtained, we believe the intelligent horse would decide that the threshing machine is preferable to the sanctum editorial."

"The editor's work is never done. He is drained incessantly, and no wonder that he dries up prematurely. Other people can attend banquets, weddings, &c., visit halls of dazzling light, get inebriated, break windows, lick a man occasionally, and enjoy themselves in a variety of ways; but the editor cannot. He must stick tenaciously to the quill. The press, like a sick baby, mustn't be left alone for a moment. If the press is left to run itself for a day, some absurd person indignantly orders the carrier boy to stop bringing that infernal paper. There's nothing in it. I won't have it in the house."

"The elegant Mantelina, reduced to mangle turning, described his life as a 'dem'd horn' le grind.' The life of an editor is all of that."