

Clearfield Republican.



BY G. B. GOODLANDER & CO.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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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, flannels 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 this,
And I sat shivering in the cold;
While other little girls put in
The box, their shining sums 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 naughty airs;
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.]
The gas 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 pal-
pitations of the heart round you, every-
where; 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 full-
ness through which you thrust out your
groping arms, then shrink back, oppress-
ed 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 candle-
stick.

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 ring-
ing blows on the heart. It was mid-
night.

The candle burned clearly. I resumed
the old volume of German legends I was
reading, and as I laid my finger on a pa-
graph, and paused to ponder on the pos-
sibility of spirits returning to earth to
seek 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 pic-
ture.

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-
ly than she did. She kept her hands in
the same position on her breast, that some-
body tied them twenty years ago.

She fixed her keen black eyes upon me
—beautiful eyes, which I had always ad-
mired in the portrait. None of her de-
scendants had such eyes.

'I could not come,' she said, in deep so-
lempstral tones, 'in gas light. Ghosts and
gas lights are at war always. As for ker-
osene oil, we groan in spirit at its use.
How mortal noses can, eight after night
inhale the odor it emits, is a wonder.
It is worse than brimstone. We
have put our cold lips under your chim-
neys and blown our ghostly breaths into
the flame. We have seen the chimneys
blacken 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 yield. Kerosene is a modern discovery.
Ghosts are old fashioned. To be out of

date, is to be out of mind. Your tallow
candle pleases me. We ghosts like the
light of other days around us. We al-
ways, in the body, burned tallow can-
dles.'

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 in-
debted to your dip for my presence. How
hollow I would have looked under a chan-
delier, how bloodless, how white! As it
is, I think I am looking very natural, am
I not?'

She glanced up at her portrait and wait-
ed 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 ap-
pear in this sphere but seldom. My in-
fluence 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 com-
motion. Infants were crawling into cor-
ners; three year old toddlers were totter-
ing out of the way. Older ones were ha-
stily 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. Na-
ture 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 packed in warm straw
and thoroughly protected from every blast.
I was brought down to be viewed by com-
pany, and exposed to different tempera-
tures, as I went from room to room. My
mother wrapped in soft velvet and com-
fortable 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 con-
sumption. My mother cried over my
little coffin. I knew, but I could not
hear then, that her own vanity had placed
me here.'

'I was trotted to death,' cried a more
piping voice, as the first speaker sat down.
A woman was hired expressly to take
care that I should not want for exercise.
Her days and nights were spent in keep-
ing me going 'up, up, uppy,' and 'down,
down, downy.' That unknown wonder,
perpetual motion, was to be found in my
nurse's knees. Every bone in my poor
little body was racked, every ounce of
flesh was sore. My food went down milk
and came up cheese. If I cried I was
trotted; if I screamed, I was trotted; if
I was still, I was trotted—I became
little better than a human churn, from
which the butter had been taken, and the
sour milk left standing.—My brains
turned to bruises, my blood to whey,
my bones grew so sharp they almost
pierced the knees which trotted them.
As I began to cut teeth, my tongue
was constantly jolted between my jaws,
and in danger of being bit off. I dared
not whine, for I knew the penalty. I
began at last to calculate how long the
torture could possibly continue. Warm
weather was coming on, and I thought
one or the other of us must soon give up
the ghost; and as my nurse's exertions
were almost superhuman, I imagined per-
haps that I might outlast her. One un-
lucky day, however, my mother entering
the room unexpectedly, I smiled at her,
I had never done so before.'

'The darling!' cried my parent, 'see,
it knows me!'

'Poor thing, rather,' said the nurse, 'it
has wind on its stomach!'

'Forthwith she proceeded to trot it out.
Every thump of her foot was, I know, a
nail in my coffin. I felt I should never
smile again. My faithful nurse continued
her efforts, and I was trotted out of ex-
istence on the poor old woman's knee.'

As the speaker ceased, one of the el-
der occupants of the room described me,
said my grandmother. 'He at once made
room for me to enter, and begged me to
remain awhile and hear the remarks, I
consented and took a seat near the en-
trance.'

'I,' said a little fellow, rising from his
seat, with his blue eyes all bloodshot, and
his curls matted together, 'died of deliri-

um tremens. At the age of six months I
was a confirmed drunkard. I had not
been a very quiet baby, and every time I
was uneasy, a little liquor was adminis-
tered to do me good. I did not want wine
but water. I was naturally a very thirsty
child, and everything that was put be-
tween my speechless lips increased my
thirst. My mother's milk was sweet, the
panacea given me was sweet, and if now
and then blessed with a drop of goat or
cow's milk, it was warmed and sweetened
first, to make it as much like my moth-
er's as possible. I used to cry. No other
way do we poor babies have of express-
ing our feelings, and the chances are ten
to one that we will be misunderstood.—
To stop my crying I was put to the breast;
at such times, I would indignantly re-
fuse. Then there would be a commo-
tion. 'Nurse,' my mother would say,
'what shall we do with him?' The
nurse was a stout, hearty, old woman,
who always made a practice of tasting
whatever was provided for her charge.—
Her sovereign remedy was liquor. It was
taken, and a spoonful administered at a
time. At first I rebelled—I strangled,
kicked and coughed. The firm hand
held the spoon to my little tongue, and
down went its contents in spite of me.
Little by little the dose was increased.
I soon liked it. It was given me readily,
for after a few moments of wild glee, I
fell into a drunken stupor, which gave my
attendants many opportunities of enjoy-
ing themselves, as my sleep was long and
sound.

'At length mania-a-potu assailed me.
During my whole life, no one had ever
thought of giving me a spoonful of the
water I had craved—the cooling, cheering
and refreshing drop of water! Now, I
no longer cared for it. In my wildest
frenzies I was accused of having the chol-
ic; down, as usual, went the fiery drink
until finally I was literally burnt out. I
was nothing but a cinder within, and a
shell without. My stomach was cooked
to a crisp, my intestines were shrivelled;
my lungs no longer filled with pure air,
belched forth only the fiery fumes that
had consumed me. I died: I was good
for nothing. I hope whatever form my
dust is destined to take on earth, it will
not be watered, as when I inhaled it,
with alcohol.'

'As this speaker ceased there arose a
wall of sympathy, such as had at first at-
tacted me to the pandemoniac chamber;
as it subsided another little figure had
taken the stand—

'My legs,' he said, 'brought me out of
the world. My mother labored under
the strange delusion that her child was
born a Highland laddie of American pa-
rents in America. I was dressed, or left
undressed rather, in short plaid stockings,
reaching to the calf of my leg, and ele-
gant kill reaching just to the knee. My
limbs were moulded in cherubic forms,
and when exposed in the nursery, were
pretty. But the nursery was too narrow
a field in which to display my beauty.—
On bitter cold days I was walked out over
the icy streets, the keen wind clapping
my flesh and chilling my blood till my
knees looked like twin nutmeg graters
painted purple. I used to look at my
mother's long comfortable skirts and
thick leggings drawn up over warm
hose, and wondered if she could survive
a fashion such as I wore if adopted by
herself. I became afflicted with inflama-
tory Rheumatism, and unable to bear the
pain, gave up the ghost.'

The next that spoke was a dreamy
faced little girl, who trembled as she rose
and said:—'I am an opium eater. My
death warrant was written on the first
bottle of Godfrey's cordial brought into
my mother's house. A few drops at first
sufficed to hush my feeble cries. Then
Godfrey's cordial would not do. A few
drops of mere laudanum were adminis-
tered. Soon I would not go to sleep with
out it. Then my nurse would give me a
small opium pill in my hands. Of course
I was but little trouble. I was a deep
sleeper, but my digestion became impair-
ed; too much sleep weakened me, and I
knew no natural slumber. My eyes be-
came like those of a sleeping walker, full
of dreams when wide awake—I lost my
appetite; my head grew full of pain; my
baby heart was always aching. I closed
my eyes one day forever on the home
where I felt I could be little loved when
my low wails were never permitted to ap-
peal to those around me, but were hush-
ed at once, where my blue eyes were
scarcely ever permitted to look around in
the world in which they had been open-
ed, and where, instead of proper care and
food and exercise, the baleful pill and en-
ervating sleep were all that were offered
me. There are many parents who seem
to think children must pass their child-

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 orna-
mental 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 lis-
ten 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 loud-
ly. The voice at my elbow was still. I look-
ed around—the rocking chair was empty,
the ghost had vanished.

Spiking Cannon.

The Pittsburgh Dispatch contains the fol-
lowing 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 harden-
ed 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 gunpow-
der can remove it; the vent remains per-
manently closed. The remedy, in such
cases, is to drill a new vent, which may
be done without impairing the serviceabil-
ity 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 be-
comes to 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 ar-
ticle relative to spiking cannon was pub-
lished in the London Times, in which it
was asserted that the use of a new pa-
tent spike would destroy the serviceabil-
ity 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 pos-
sibility 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 im-
portant matter.

'Thirty-six Thirty.'

The reader who is curious to know ex-
actly where runs this of-mentioned line,
will get a clear idea of it by taking the
map and tracing it as follows: It com-
mences 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 Ken-
tucky; along the line between the States
of Missouri and Arkansas; thence through
the Territory of the Cherokee Nation,
through New Mexico, striking the east-
ern boundary of the State of California a
short distance south of the middle, strik-
ing 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 reservation,
while on the north there 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 adap-
ted 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 hand-
ed to him, he complained that it was mus-
ty; 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 cele-
brated stock at the Fourth National
Horse Show will give interest to what fol-
lows relating to their history:—The trot-
ting horse, George M. Patchen, now own-
ed by Wm. Waltermire, 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 Bulkeley 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. Bulkeley
rarely drove him hard, and it was report-
ed that Patchen had no bottom. During
all this time Patchen was standing at the
stable of Bulkeley, at \$15 services, and do-
ing but little business. The first proof of
his endurance and speed was thus acci-
dentally discovered: His owner, who al-
ways 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 sug-
gested that he become excited and pressed
to the top of his speed. Mr. Bulkeley
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. Bulkeley'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 prophe-
cy is well known. Of the stock of
Patchen, 23 five-year old 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 un-
usually good, and their color pretty uni-
formly blood bay. They are sought for
at 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. M'Donald, 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
protector of the "Century team," is as-
sociated with Mr. Bathgate in breeding
this family of horses; and though his
winter quarters are Florida, he is evi-
dently expecting to renew his horse show
acquaintance here with a younger team—
Springfield Republican.

It is said that the use of a new pa-
tent spike would destroy the serviceabil-
ity 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 pos-
sibility 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 im-
portant matter.

During the recent Crimean war, an ar-
ticle relative to spiking cannon was pub-
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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 back-
wards, 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 be-
come 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 clerk-
ship of some meat cart to be filled—any-
thing that is reputable and healthy, rather
than going for an editor, which is hard
business at best.

"We are not a horse, and have conse-
quently 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 yeas and neigs could be
obtained, we believe the intelligent
horse would decide that the threshing
machine is preferable to the sanctum edi-
torial.

"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 ten-
aciously to the quill. The press, like a
sick baby, mustn't be left alone for a mo-
ment. 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
ravage turning, described his life as a
'dem'd horrible grind.'" The life of an
editor is all of that.

"But there is a good time coming, we
feel confident, for the editor—a time when
he will be appreciated; when he will have
a front seat; when he will have a pia
every day, and wear store clothes contin-
ually; when the harsh cry of 'Stop my
paper!' will no more grate upon his ears.
Courage, Messieurs the Editors.

"Still, sanguine as we are of the coming
of this jolly time, we advise this aspirant
for editorial honors to pause ere he takes
up the quill as a means of obtaining his
bread and butter. Do not, at least, do so
until you have been jilted several times by
a like number of girls; until you have
been knocked down stairs and soused in
a horse-pond; until all the 'gushing' feel-
ings within you have been thoroughly
subdued; until, in short, your hide is of
rhinoceros thickness. Then, O aspirants
for the bubble reputation at the press'
mouth, throw yourselves among the ink-
pots, dust and cobwebs of the printing
office, if you will.

How to PREVENT TOOLS FROM RUSTING.—
Thousands of dollars are lost each year by
the rusting of tools, plows, hoes, shovels,
etc. Some of this might be prevented by
the application of lard and resin to all
steel or iron implements. Take three
times as much weight of lard as resin, and
melt together. This can be applied with
a brush, or cloth, to all surfaces in danger
of rusting, and they can be easily kept
bright. If tools are to be laid away for
the winter, give them a coating of this,
and you will be well repaid. It can be
kept for a long time, and should be always
at hand ready for use.

The following is a literal copy of
the last questions proposed for discussion
in colored debating club where phonetic
were practiced:

Is dennis morrellia rong?
Is the redin of fetichius works coms
mendible?
Is it necessary that females should re-
ceive a thurry edicashun?
Ort females take part in polytix?
Duz dress constitute the morrel part of
wimmin?

FOUNDER OF CHICAGO, ILL.—In a small
village in Illinois, may be seen daily
taking his morning walk, a jolly French-
man, who prides himself upon having
built the first house upon the spot where
Chicago now stands, with her 111,000 in-
habitants.

Every year France imports between
11,000 and 12,000 horses, at an expense
of somewhere about 18,000,000 francs,
and still the supply falls short of the de-
mand.

Oil wells in the western part of
Pennsylvania, were known to the Seneca
Indians more than a hundred years ago,
and by settlers in the region seventy years
ago.

The quantity of carbonic acid gas
locked up in every cubic yard of lime-
stone has been estimated at 10,000 cubic
feet.