

Clearfield Republican.

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PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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NEW SERIES—VOL. II.—NO. 14.

Select Poetry.

The following lines were handed us by the editor of a volunteer officer, now in service in front of the enemy on the Potomac, who selected them from a number of papers found in a house deserted by its rebel owner. It has a sentiment of peculiar sweetness.

SIGN NOT.

BY MISS E. DRAPER.

For woman's love and her enchanting smile,
Sigh not—
They come to cheer life's gloomy scene awhile;
Yet are they fleeting as those heavenly dyes,
That look so beautiful in Evening skies.

For the bold glory of the banner's host
Sigh not—
Its gorgeous glitter is forever lost
In death's dim shades that steal so darkly on,
Like black selfe upon the mid-day sun.

For might, and conquest, and the tyrant's pride,
Sigh not—
It comes omnipotent as doth the tide,
Swift, fierce, and dire, but soon 'tis seen
Ebbing away, as though it had not been.

For the loved dead, and one the memory,
Sigh not—
They never cast a lingering thought on thee,
Away, away, through shadowy realms they go,
Forgetting all things that were dear below.

For years gone by, and all the sweets they bro't,
Sigh not—
The merry hours of childhood's sunny sport,
Say, could they not one passing joy impart
To age, and sickness, and the withered heart?

For years to come and bliss they may bestow,
Sigh not—
To-day thy piddly heart beats high, yet oh,
Perchance, it would appal thine eye to see,
What in to-morrow is reserved for me?

When the sun is shining brightly,
When the moon, o'er land and sea,
Lies bright in silver glory,
Is there one that prays for me?

When the earth is resting calmly,
Beneath the veil of night,
Is there one that prays for me
Beneath her star's pure light?

When joy in every feature glews,
Does one heart then beat glad?
Or when sorrow makes the tear-drop come,
Is there one that then is sad?

Is there one among the many
That every day I see,
Who bows before my fathers throne,
And truly prays for me?

Is there one that loves me well enough
To pray I may be given,
When dark temptation gathers round,
Strength, to resist from Heaven?

My Father, bless all that I love;
Bless, too, those that love me;
But oh! thy richest blessing send
On all that truly pray for me.

TRAVEL WITH THE LINES.

We have been requested to state that in consequence of the abuses which have crept into the system of issuing passes, the commanding general of this department has determined to be more rigid in the issuing of permits, and has issued instructions to the sentinels to be more particular in the examination of permits presented by travelers. The general has also been compelled to refuse any passes to those who wish to cross the river on errands of curiosity or friendship. Idlers and curious lookers on have no business among these camps and they are not wanted. Every visitor to Washington, especially if a small politician, considers himself entitled to a special permit from Gen. McClellan, giving him the largest possible liberty, and expects an aid to be detailed to accompany him in his travels. These applications are a source of annoyance to the general, and under no condition will they be complied with.

The general is also compelled to deny passes to those who come from home for the purpose of visiting friends or relatives in camp. This may be disagreeable, but still it is a very necessary duty. The number of men in Virginia is so great that any attempt to gratify the wishes of those who would wish to see them on an errand of love or friendship, would lead to an utter demoralization of the camps, and give continual opportunities for the visits of spies and traitors. As the rule now stands, no one will be permitted to cross the river but the regular correspondents of loyal newspapers, civilians having urgent business with the army, and messengers from the military or executive departments. Suttlers, quartermasters, wagon masters, mail messengers, and other persons connected with a regiment or brigade, will be allowed to travel on a permit from a general commanding a brigade or division.

While the Democracy rally around to flag but that of the Union, they will never cease to fight for freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom of the person under the protection of the habeas corpus, and trial by jury impartially selected.—*Times*.

LETTER FROM CAMP CROSSMAN.

CAMP CROSSMAN, Oct. 14, 1861.

Mercur, Md.—Perhaps some of our Clearfield friends would like to hear something about Camp Crossman, near Huntingdon, and how the Clearfield boys are enjoying themselves by this time. Camp Crossman is situated about three miles from the town of Huntingdon, and is a very beautiful location, and in the midst of a rich and well-cultivated part of the country. It is about two miles from the Warm Springs, which is a great place of summer resort and amusement, as well as Camp Crossman, which is visited by a great number of ladies and gentlemen not only from this place but elsewhere—and their presence always cheers the soldier and makes his countenance much brighter, especially when the ladies make their appearance. We arrived here about 12 o'clock, being exposed from about five in morning to a drenching rain, but after we arrived we were escorted to the courthouse by Col. Murray, where we found the same well heated by his order. After changing our wet garments for more comfortable ones, we were taken to the hotel and there partook of the refreshments which we were all in such need of. We quartered in the court house until Wednesday, when we got orders to march to Camp, and as the stars and stripes waited in the breeze you could hear the loud exclamation, "long may it wave—success to the brave Clearfield boys." When we arrived at Camp Crossman we found some nine hundred of our neighbors of Blair, Huntingdon, Clearfield and other adjoining counties, and from three to four hundred Philadelphians.

Our boys went at once into the country camp, being part of Col. Murray's regiment and a little suspicious of the Philadelphians, who had acquired the name of the Irish Brigade, but after all a pretty decent set of fellows if they did come from the city. When we got to camp our first work, of course, was to prepare our quarters for sleeping. We were at once furnished by Col. Murray's orders, through the Quartermaster of the Brigade, J. C. Mitchell, with tents and all necessary clothing, blankets, pans, plates, camp equipage, in short, of all sorts, and slept the first night in the tented field as comfortable as circumstances would permit. On the day after, we began to look around and make some acquaintances with the others of the Brigade encamped about us, with whom we expect to spend our next three years as companions and friends.—We found the regiment, or rather companies—for there was not one full regiment—though men enough to make the greater part of two, composed in the main of intelligent fine young fellows, sons of farmers of the vicinity; and the Philadelphia boys, in spite of having been called the Irish Brigade, as jovial, free hearted set of fellows as we could expect to find. From the date of our arrival there seemed a new element at work. Discipline was tightened up on all sides, and the companies and parts of regiments, found that soldiering was not all play. Col. Murray had taken command of the post and at once commenced reforms, no less for the benefit of the service and the people about the town than the soldiers themselves.

Order was at once restored—the past system was put in strict force—and a patrol detailed to town to see that order was observed, and everybody in town camp and country has cause to rejoice at the selection made by Gen. James of Col. Murray for commander of the post.

Yours truly,
UNION.

Hope.—What a bright organ is Hope! As the gloom of disappointment appears to crowd around us, Hope emits its rays upon the mind, and enables it to avoid the rocks of despair; it gathers over the heart a casing of steel to guard it against the corroding influence of time, and the soul, being guarded with its protective power, goes forward in the path that lights up before it. What beautiful landscapes does it paint in the distance! It's a jewel placed in the soul, set into prism that its light may be reflected on all objects that surround it, circling the brow with smiles, bright and beautiful, wreath the form with beauty.

What would we be without Hope? A dreary waste, like a ship without an anchor, drifting before the wind.

Cold Feet.—If you have cold feet, immerse them morning and evening in cold water, rub them with a rough towel, and run about your room till they warm. In one month you will be entirely relieved. All these red pepper and mustard applications are like rum to the stomach—relieve you to-day, but leave you colder to-morrow.

A Frightful Scene.

The London papers contain accounts of an exhibition at Cremorne, on Monday evening the 12th ultimo. A female Blondin had been engaged to cross the Thames on a tight rope from the garden. It is said that the actual span of the river at this point is two thousand feet wide, while the height of the rope from the water varied from fifty to one hundred feet. Immense crowds had collected to witness the feat, and the artist when she made her appearance was greeted with loud bursts of applause. Two-thirds of the distance had been accomplished with apparent ease and certainty, when the performer stopped to rest on one of the main supports of the rope. She remained so long that apprehensions of a catastrophe began to spread. Nor were they groundless, for attempts were made by attendants on shore and in boats to tighten the remaining six or seven hundred feet of rope. For a very great part of this formidable way, no guy-rozes were to be seen. There were reports of the ropes having been cut in the course of the preceding night for the sake of the weight by which the main cord was or should have been made steady. On the other hand, it was alleged that these weights or guys had never been put up.

After sitting a wearisome length of time on the narrow ledge on the summit of the stouter support, the performer essayed to advance. She very soon found the task too dangerous, and backed to her awkward resting place. The time from her first arrival at this point to her finally quitting it was full three quarters of an hour. Again the female Blondin set forth, and at this time made so much progress, that when she hesitated for the second time it had become nearly impossible for her to recede. This she nevertheless attempted to do under the greatest difficulties. The rope swayed like a garden swing. Cries were raised for a line, and when one was brought efforts were made to throw it over the cord on which the poor creature endeavored to maintain her balance.

The excitement became general and soon grew into alarm. For a while many pacified their fears with a half suspicion that the danger was only acted, but its reality soon became apparent. Twilight was deepening, and in a little time she would be unable to see the rope. Having stood for ten minutes or longer, undecided whether to attempt a retreat or an advance, the female Blondin sat down on the rope, and balanced her pole across her knees. Renewed efforts were made to throw cords over the main ropes, but without success. At length an outcry was made that she was going to fall. At that time she relinquished her pole, which came splashing down among the boats below. In another she was clinging by her hands, now to the "tight" rope, now to a couple of weights, and now to the cords by which a part of the rope was held in perfect steadiness. The courage displayed by her at this time was truly admirable. Descending by the grasp of a three quarter inch cord, or mere whale line, in fact, this daring imitator of the "Hero of Niagara" reached in safety a boat that had been rowed to her rescue. On reaching the boat she was loudly cheered, and received quite an ovation on her return to the gardens, where she lamented with tears her not having completed a task which she felt perfectly competent to perform. Her hands, it is stated, were severely cut by the line which had afforded her the means of escape.

THE GREATEST WELL YET.—The editor of the *Mercur Dispatch* gives a description of an extraordinary vein of oil tapped the other day on the McElhenny farm, at a depth of four hundred and sixty feet. He says: "A well was held while it ran into a tank, holding, by measure, one hundred and eighty barrels, and it filled the same in fifty five minutes." At a fair estimate, taking this as a data, those who were working and watching about it are confident that in the first twenty-four hours, it flowed two thousand four hundred barrels of oil! And when we left on Friday morning there appeared to be but little diminution. What is also remarkable, is the fact that this well is located not more than twenty rods from the Funk well, which has been flowing some four months, and has yielded an almost incredible quantity of the greasy fluid. It would have been supposed that the latter had drained all the oil for a considerable distance around, but here is one still more prolific within twenty rods. These oil wells are certainly among the wonders of the world.

The heart is a book which we ought not to tear in our hurry to get at its contents.

Rich and Rare.

The following is too good to be lost in these grave times. The editor of the *Observer* came to the conclusion that the editor of the *Fayette County Democrat* ought to be hung, and thereupon he recommended that the treatment be adopted in the *Democrat's* case; upon which the culprit remarks as follows:

"To be on nor to be HUNG.—The *Observer* recommends forming a Vigilance Committee to hang traitors, and stigmatizes us as being traitors. We enter our solemn protest against being treated in this unchristian manner. When we 'shuffle off this mortal coil,' we don't want a coil of hemp around our neck. Its very intention, to say the least of it, 'but to return to our subject.'"

"We would not die in summer time." "No, no! Not when the flowers are blooming and bursting their tender petals to the sun, and the sweet forest warblers greet the dawning day with rustle song and cheering cry, and when the fishes bite so beautiful, and all nature looks so gay, and when we have cast a new roller, (by the way, don't the inside of our paper look better this week than usual?) and just ordered a lot of new type—six size 'em! and leave all these—and never get to wear any more new clothes!—be hung upon a tree.

"For little boys and girls to jeer at And the noisy rabble in the street to sneer at!"

"Nary time! Egypt is a great place for Democrats, but they can't be raised on trees!"

The editor of the *Observer* never liked us; we have been in his way to some extent, and now he wants to get revenge. That's what's the matter! He wants to have us killed so he can get to publish the tax list! Oh! you scamp! you coward! you murderous plotter! you carnivorous cuss! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

THE GREAT EASTERN.—The *N. Y. Times* has an interesting letter from one of the passengers of the Great Eastern from which we gather the following facts:

First, the Great Eastern was sent to sea, literally "prepared for nothing." Second, the storm was not a furious one, and it is in record that the *Persia* and another ocean steamer which were exposed to it reached this country without damage or delay. Third, the articles in the vessel, from anchors and obstanks to tables and foot-stools, were wholly unfastened. Fourth, the Great Eastern rolled fearfully, even in a moderate sea having no ballast, and only two or three hundred tons of cargo. Fifth, the cables were so weak that they were soon beaten to pieces. Sixth, the baggage was "smashed to bits," because it was laid down in one of the compartments, without being secured and stored, and was dashed from side to side in a foot of water, until it was all ground up into fragments. Seventh, every thing in the saloons and dining-rooms were so reduced to a *brisol* of the character. Eighth, the safety of the vessel was owing, under God, to Mr. Towle, an American engineer, and one of the passengers. He contrived and fitted up a steering apparatus; but the captain and his head engineer endeavored to deprive Mr. Towle of the credit of his skill and readiness, and the English portion of the passengers sided with the captain! Lastly, "fifty-two cases of fracture occurred, besides several broken legs, arms, a collar-bone, wrist, &c."

It is scarcely probable, whoever else may venture to sea in that gigantic failure, the Great Eastern, that any rational American will run the risk. To do so would look like tempting Providence.

The New York papers publish appeals to the charitable, soliciting clothing and other necessities for the Confederate prisoners taken at Hatteras Inlet, and now confined on Governor's Island.

Life is a fading tint and fleeting form. It is the blue on a grape, the blush on the rose, the foam on the wave, the beam on the cloud, the smoke on the wind, the arrow in the air.

Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to fear, 'tis a sage oracle. Fools live for the present, wise men for the future. The epicure lives to eat, the temperate man eats to live.

PATRIOTIC CONEXURUM.—Why are the American ladies like our Forts? Because their breast-works support the American Infantry!—*Exchange*.

Gen. James Shields has declined the appointment of Brigadier General, he having removed from California to Sinaloa, in Mexico, to recruit his failing health.

South Carolina has been awfully abused for not being loyal; has she not furnished more *scabs* for the soldier's than any other State.

Religious Miscellany.

VANITY OF LIFE.—When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet the grief of parents on a tomb stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by the side of those who deposed them, when I see a rival wife placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world by their contests, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind; when I read the dates of tombs of some that died but yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

A life without the divine influence upon the soul, is a life of ignorance and imbecility. No man can come to himself except by coming to God. There is many and many a flower that never will blossom in our climate because it needs more of tropical heat than our climate affords. It is heat that brings it to itself. There is many a man that never knows what is in him because he has not the heat of the eternal tropic which is required to make him grow in stem, blossom, and fruit;—because he is withholding himself from God; because he is sitting in darkness, being an unbeliever; and because in shutting himself out from God he shuts him out from himself.

A man that does not know how to be bad does not know how to be good.—Men say that when a bad man becomes good, he is apt to be a very good man. It is so, but being bad has nothing to do with it. An energetic man is as energetic in goodness as in evil. The man that has bottom force, a power that penetrates every part of his nature, when he becomes good, takes the royalty of that force into his higher nature though before it may only have been in his baser nature.

By sorrow and by joy; by joys which are bright colors; by prayer; by influences of the sanctuary; by your pleasures; by your business; by reverses; by successes and by failures; by what strengthened your confidence, and by what broke it down; by the things that you mourn over—by all these God is working in you. And you are to be perfect, not according to the thing that you plan, but according to the divine pattern.

Think about yourself and what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you; what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch, you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you, you will be wretched as you choose on earth, in heaven either.

If growing on the highway of life men are found blossoming into excellence and purity and love and fidelity, how much more would they abound in these things if they were planted in the garden of the Lord, where their roots would run into divine truth, and where their head would be lifted up in the conscious rains and sunlight of God's influence?

The world is full of wise maxims drawn from experience to teach men to be strong bodily and in secular affairs.—But when a man attempts to get above the average of human culture, and develop himself a spiritual and moral creature, living not by sense, but by faith, then he finds the world penurious in its provision.

Do good for thine own satisfaction and care not what follows. Cause no gray hairs to any one; nevertheless, for the truth, even gray hairs are to be disregarded.

Duty is the little blue sky over every heart and soul—over every life—large enough for a star to look between the clouds, and for sky-lark happiness to rise heavenward through and sing in.

Man is by far the most complex thing in creation. He has been called the microcosm, as if in him, in little, was something of everything in creation.

God hears no more than the heart speaks; and if the heart be dumb, Heaven will certainly be deaf.

God never gives faith, but He brings His child into a situation where it will be tried.

Life's contradictions are many.—Salt water gives fresh fish, and hot words produce coolness.

Vanity Fair thinks the most crowded summer retreat of the season was that from Manassas to Washington.

Fear is the shadow of hope.

Varieties.

Moving for a new trial—courting a second wife.

Wanted—a life-long that will float on a sea of troubles.

We pity the family that sits down to a broil three times a day.

Poverty humbles pride. A man when he is short, can hardly carry a high head.

It is quite natural that when woman reigns she should storm—and she always does.

Why should the male sex avoid letter A? Because it makes men men.

The government has contracted with an establishment in Trenton, N. J., for the manufacture of seventy thousand musket barrels.

The New York Commercial states that the income of the Sheriff of that city will be \$200,000 per year for some time to come.

It appears from the returns made by the officers appointed to take the late census, that the population of Paris amounts to 1,700,000 souls.

A musket can, by turning screws and loosening springs, be separated into forty-seven parts.

A man occupies in the ranks a front of 20 inches; a continuous line of 50,000 men therefore is nearly sixteen miles long.

The following bill was lately presented to a farmer in Sussex: "To hanging two barn-doors and myself seven hours, four shillings and sixpence."

An editor, recording the career of a mad dog, says: "We are grieved to say that the rabid animal, before it could be killed, severely bit Dr. Hart, and several other dogs."

A recent visitor at Fort Lafayette was invited to see the legislature of Maryland at dinner. They were seated in an apartment at a plain pine table. The food was bread without butter, and coffee without milk. Each man had a tin cup, but no other table service. The lack of these elegancies greatly annoys the gentlemen at the Fort.

The owner of the ticket which has won the prize of 100,000 at the *Amies* lottery in France is a resident at Havre; but, though he took the precaution to write down the number, he has mislaid the tickets, and without the production of which he cannot, of course, receive the prize.

African slavers have discovered a new way of reaching Cuba with their cargoes. A few weeks since six hundred negroes were landed on Anguilla Island, one of the Bahamas, the slave ship burned to escape detection, and the cargo forwarded to Cuba, in two trips by a schooner.

Prior to the siege of Lexington, Col. Mulligan burned \$78,600 of the available funds of the Farmers' Bank of that city, and Gen. Price exhumed the deposit and returned it to the bank. On counting the money, it was found \$15,000 short, and as there was no accounting for the leakage, it was set down to profit and loss. But the history of a part of the missing sum has been discovered in Chicago, where one of Mulligan's brigade has returned flush with the spoils of war. In one day he had spent in frolicking, \$1,500.

Brigadier Gen. Pierce, late commanding at Big Bethel, Va., is now serving as a private soldier in Col. Fletcher Webster's regiment; thus giving the strongest evidence of his devotion to his country.

CAN'T PASS OVER THE RIVER.—Civilians are not permitted to pass into Virginia, except in the most urgent cases. No parent or relative of soldiers in the army should come to Washington with the expectation of crossing over to visit their friends, as no passes to visit relatives or to gratify curiosity are now granted. This arrangement, though stringent, is absolutely necessary, and is approved by every intelligent man in the community.

WAR FEELS.—Men cannot think or write, or attend to their ordinary business. They stroll up and down the streets they saunter out upon the public places. We confessed to an illustrious author that we laid down the volume of his work which we were reading when the war broke out. It was as interesting as a romance, but the romance of the past grew pale before the red light of the terrible present. Meeting the same author not long afterward, he confessed that he had laid down his pen at the same time that we had closed his book. He could not write about the sixteenth century any more than we could read about it, while the nineteenth was in the very agony and bloody sweat of its great sacrifice.