

Clearfield Republican.

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PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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Select Poetry.

THE STOCKING.

By the fireside cozily seated,
With spectacles riding her nose,
The lively old lady is knitting
A wonderful pair of hose.
She pines the shivering soldier
Who is out in the pelting storm,
And busily plies her needles
To keep him hearty and warm.

Her eyes are beaming and warm,
But her heart is soft to the brave,
For she knows what those brave fellows
Are gallantly fighting for.
Her fingers as well as her fancy
Are cheering them on their way,
Who under the good old banner,
Are saving their country to-day.

She ponders how in her childhood
Her grandmother used to tell
The story of barefoot soldiers
Who fought so long and well;
And the men of the Revolution
Are nearer to her than us,
And that, perhaps, is the reason
Why she is toiling thus.

She cannot shoulder a musket,
Nor ride with the Cavalry crew,
But nevertheless she is ready
To work for the boys who do.
And yet in official dispatches
That come from the army or fleet,
Her fists may have never a notice
Though ever so mighty the feet!

So, rather, proud owner of musket,
Or purse-proud owner of stocks,
Don't sneer at the labors of women,
Or smile at her bundle of socks.
Her heart may be larger and braver
Than his who is tallest of all,
The work of her hands as important
As cash that buys powder and ball.

And thus while her quiet performance
Is being recorded in rhyme,
The tools in her tremulous fingers
Are running a race with Time.
Strange that four needles can form
A perfect triangular band,
And equally strange that their antics
Result in perfecting "the round."

And now while beginning "to narrow,"
She thinks of the Maryland mud,
And wonders if ever the stocking
Will wade to the ankle in blood.
And now she is "shaping the heel,"
And now she is ready "to bind,"
And hopes, if the soldier is wounded,
It never will be from behind.

And now she is "raising the instep,"
Now "narrowing off at the toe,"
And prays that this end of the worsted
May ever be turned to the foe.
She "gathers" the last of the stitches,
As if a new law was won,
And placing the ball in the basket
Announces the stocking as "done."

Ye men who are fighting our battles,
Away from the comforts of life,
Who thoughtfully nurse by your camp-fires,
On sweethearts, or sister, or wife,
Just think of their elders a little,
And pray for the grandmothers, too,
Who, patiently sitting in corners,
Are knitting the stocking for you.

PROBABILITY OF MARRYING.—A table inserted in a paper in the Assurance Magazine exhibits results of rather a startling character. In the first two quinquennial periods, 20-25 and 25-30, the probability of a widower marrying in a year is nearly three times as great as that of a bachelor. At 30 it is nearly four times as great; and it increases, until at 40 the chance of a widower marrying in a year is eleven times as great as that of a bachelor. It is little curious to remark from this table how confined either class becomes in its condition of life—how little likely, after a few years, is a bachelor likely to break through his habits and a solitary condition; and, on the other hand, how readily in preparation does a husband contract a second marriage who has been prematurely deprived of his first wife. After the age of 30 the probability of a bachelor marrying in a year diminishes, in a most rapid manner. The probability at 35 is not more than half that at 30, and nearly the same proportion exists between each quinquennial period afterwards. Our bachelor friends may learn a very melancholy lesson from the above startling facts.

POWER OF MUSIC.—A Minister was once called to officiate in a cold and dreary church. When he entered the wind whistled, and loose clapboards and windows clattered. The pulpit stood high as the first floor; there was no stove, but a few persons in the church and those who were leaning their hands and feet to keep warm from freezing. He asked himself: "Can I preach? Of what use can it be? Can these two or three singers in the gallery sing the words if I read a hymn? I concluded to make a trial, and I read, 'Savior, lover of my soul.'" They commenced, and the sound of a single female voice followed me with an indescribably pleasing sensation ever since, and probably will while I live. The voice, in articulation, articulation, and expression, seemed to me perfect. I was warmed inwardly, and out, and for the time was lost in rapture. I had heard of the individual and voice before; but hearing it in this rare situation made it doubly grateful. Never did I preach with more satisfaction.

REVERENCE OF THE DOMINE.—At St. Paul, Minnesota, recently, Rev. Mr. Fisk declared that John Brown was a second Jesus Christ. Some men assembled to consider certain political matters concerning the domestic interests of Minnesota, and in view of the above, adopted the following:

Resolved, That Mr. Fisk, of St. Paul, who declared from the pulpit "that John Brown was a second Jesus Christ," therefore, is a lineal descendant.

From the Philadelphia Evening Journal.
KENTUCKY!—Its Principal Editors and the Secretary of War.

Our worst fears are now confirmed. We have received unmistakable evidence from the noble State of Kentucky that the disposition on the part of subordinates to interfere with and embarrass the consistent and conservative policy of President Lincoln in producing had results Nay, in some instances, the insane bigotry, selfish and hypocritical darts of practical enemies of the Union are attributed to the connivance of the patriotic President.

This is eminently wicked and atrociously unjust. To be sure, the continuance of a gentleman in the Cabinet, after there is a public exposure of his strange desire and almost successful attempt to dictate a measure which would alienate the loyal of the Border States seems to give some color to the charge, but our friends in the Border States must recollect that, in the present exigency, it is easier for the press to demand the removal of a Cabinet minister, than for the President to make such removal.

We would however suggest to the Union men of the Border States, to exercise a little patience. All cannot be done in an hour, and they should not forget that it took some time to move in the direction of the Union—that they at first declined furnishing their respective quota of troops, and then they will appreciate the situation of President Lincoln, and be disposed the more firmly to stand by that true patriot, when they find that he is about to realize that a man's worst foes are those of his own household.

The following is from the Lexington Observer and Reporter:
"While, therefore, we are free to say that, so far as the action of the President is concerned, in reference to slavery as connected with our National difficulties, we have seen nothing to condemn, we yet feel that he will not have discharged his whole duty if he permits a member of his Cabinet to utter sentiments that are not only improper in the mouth of a Secretary of War, but in the mouth of a man who has defined and he himself has adopted. We are aware that Mr. Cameron, Secretary of War though he be, cannot dictate the policy of the Government in this regard; and we are as well assured, as we are that he is a crafty, intriguing politician, that his whole object in enunciating the sentiments he has upon this subject, is to propagate the favor of the South at the North who believe that this war should be prosecuted to the utter abolition of slavery in the land; but in a crisis like the present, when the heart of this great nation is deeply moved in reference to this present condition and future prospects of our National affairs, and when the conservative men of the land are bending all their energies to the restoration of the authority of the Constitution which makes us one people, the President should not suffer a member of his official household to so far transgress the bounds of propriety as to endanger the cause of the Union by the expression of fanatical opinions for denouement or other purposes, and that too, when such sentiments are in direct antagonism to the declared views and purpose of the constituted authorities of the nation. The prompt and fearless exercise of his power over Cameron, as it is exercised over Fremont, would be an act of justice which would be hailed with delight by every conservative man in the nation, who looks to the government, and the complete restoration of its unity and power, as the sheet anchor of our hopes."

Now, one thing we may safely assert, and that is, that even if the Secretary of War was the best man in the world, the time has come when he has lost the confidence of a very important element of the Union party, and he cannot, at this crisis, better serve his country than by getting out of his Cabinet Councils as soon as possible. A voluntary withdrawal would be the most graceful act of his life, and secure for him the thanks, if not the friendship of the whole country. Shall we be favored with his valedictory? If not, we feel confident that the President, as heretofore, will be equal to the great trust reposed in him by the American people.

JUDGMENT FOR A NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT.—Among the recent decisions at the general term of the Supreme Court of the Albany, (N. Y.) district, was one in favor of Mr. J. S. Searcy against Benjamin O. Watt, for seven years' subscription to the Catskill Recorder and Democrat. The decision was in favor of the publisher, and the judgment and costs, we understand, amount to between two and three hundred dollars.

Good enough for him. He had enquired along seven years' enjoyment of the fruits of labor of another, and now he has to pay that bill, with Court costs superadded. If publishers would make a few more such exhibitions, newspaper swindlers would find it a desperate game to play. We hope it will prove a warning to delinquents.

We take the above, with the comments, from a contemporary. It, or the law on which the decision is based, should be published once a year by all newspapers. It is surprising that so few subscribers fully understand their responsibility to publishers of newspapers. The law which governs in this decision is a law of Congress, and therefore applicable in every State in the Union.

Many subscribers seem to regard the bill for a newspaper the last to be settled, and especially the last the law will endorse responsible men even, under trifling circumstances, refuse to take their papers from the office, regardless of the payment of arrears, and when a half dozen or more years have been added to the arrears at the time of stoppage, think it hard to pay the increased bill with interest and costs of collection. We are happy to say that we have few such cases compelling prosecution. We have never failed in any suit of establishing a legal and just claim.

HANNAN MORE'S VIEW OF INGRATITUDE.—At a dinner party at Bath, Rev. Mr. Jay, by whom the anecdote was communicated, was lamenting the ingratitude which Hannah More had recently met with from a person whom he had recommended to her beneficence; upon which he received a look from her which silenced him. After dinner, drawing her into a corner of the room, she said:
"You know we must never speak of such things as these before people, for they are always too backward to do good, and they are sure to dwell on such facts to justify their illiberality." She finally added, "It is well for us sometimes to meet with such instances of ingratitude, to show us our motives; for if they have been right, we should not repent what we have done, though we lament the depravity of a fellow-creature. In these instances also, as in a glass, we may see little emblems of ourselves; for what, after all, is the ingratitude of any one towards us, compared with our ingratitude towards our Infinite Benefactor?"

ORIGIN OF QUARRELS.—The sweetest, the most clinging affection, is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as too delicate rings and tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred, or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of a rougher form may make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn in their journey through life, and make the traveling irksome and unpleasant.

The death-smile is the grandest thing in the world. It makes the dark past an arch of triumph into a radiant future.

Magnitude of the War.
Although as yet we have had no decisive actions, when compared with some of the bloody battles of the past, yet in magnitude of preparation, the present civil war in America has scarcely a parallel in history. Some of our "engagements" and "skirmishes," too, have not been so very insignificant, and when compared with many conflicts in our own two wars with England, will take rank far above them. The Albany Evening Journal has made the following interesting compilation from history, citing a few incidents from the year of 1812 to show what petty affairs, relatively, were some of the most brilliant victories achieved by our arms:—

The first "battle" of any importance was that of Brownstown, near Detroit, fought August 9th, 1812. Our force was only 600, that of the British and Indians combined, 750. Our loss was 18 killed and 63 wounded; that of the enemy 169.

"Gen. Hull's army," which disgracefully surrendered at Detroit six days later, only numbered 2500 men; while that of the enemy consisted of only 700 English and 600 Indians. No wonder Gen. Brock, who commanded the latter, wrote to Sir George Prevost: "When I detail my good fortune, your Excellency will be surprised."

At the battle of Queenstown, two columns of 300 men each, did about all the fighting on our side. Gen. Van Rensselaer, in his report, says: "Our third part of the men did not have saved all." As it was, some looked on, while many fled into the woods, leaving their brethren to their fate.

At the siege of Fort Erie, the English threw 2000 red-hot shot without hurting a man. Our loss was only 4 killed and 7 wounded.

Brigadier Gen. Smith abandoned his favorite project of invading Canada West, because, although he had been preparing the greater part of summer, and had energetically drummed up volunteers, he had succeeded in collecting only 1500, and he did not think the expedition would be successful unless he had 1500 more.

At the battle of York our force was 470; that of the enemy 700 English and 100 Indians. Our loss was 306 killed and wounded; that of the enemy 109 killed and 300 wounded, 2000 prisoners. This was one of the most brilliant of our victories, yet it is not to be compared with the battle of Blenheim or that of Waterloo either as regards the numbers engaged or the losses sustained.

At the battle of Sackett's Harbor, the enemy's force was 1000; ours, 500. His loss in killed and wounded was 150; ours, 131. Among the trophies taken by our troops were the British standards and flags.

Com. Perry's victory on Lake Erie was esteemed a "big thing" in its day; yet his whole fleet consisted of only 24 guns and two swivels; that of the enemy 63 guns and 2 swivels! Our loss in killed and wounded was 123; that of the enemy has never been definitely known.

At the battle of Chippewa our loss was 328; that of the enemy 544. At the battle of Fort Erie our loss was 81; that of the enemy 582.

At the battle of Baltimore the enemy's forces numbered from 7000 to 8000; ours were probably less than half that number. Our loss was about 170; that of the enemy some 400 in killed, wounded and missing.

Even the battle of New Orleans looks insignificant to eyes that have witnessed a reconnaissance on the Potomac, 10,000 strong, and a review of 70,000 troops.—The British force, including sailors and marines, was about 14,000; that of Gen. Jackson, 3200 on the left bank of the river, and about 800 distributed in positions hard by. Our loss was seven killed and six wounded; that of the enemy 700 killed and 1400 wounded.

It is safe to say that notwithstanding the torpor of a large share of our army, and the taunts that we have thus far been "playing at war," a greater number of lives have been lost within the last five months than during the "War of 1812."

The Tribune says:—A dispatch from Washington intimates that the Rev. Editors of the Independent are about to be sent to Fort Lafayette, the paragraph which we (Express) copied from that paper and commented upon two days ago being considered as treasonable. We trust that previous good character may be permitted to be urged in mitigation of so severe a penalty.

The Independent is, weekly, full of "treason,"—and if Catholic Weekly Editors, such as McMaster's, are to be sent to Fort Le Fayette, the Congressional action of the Independent should not save it. The "previous good character" will not bear a contrast as McMaster's previous patriotism and public character are head and shoulders above that of the Independent, while his private character was as good. Meanwhile Mr. Seward keeps the Independent as an official Law-Tabliser, and thus induces the "treason" of the said paper against the Government.—N. Y. Express.

The wedding of Dan Rice, the Union stump speaker and showman, took place at his farm, near Girard, Penn., on the 3rd inst. Miss Charlotte Rebecca McConnell, of Girard, being the bride. His residence has recently been rebuilt, and fitted up in a style of peculiar but most admirable taste. A wild and romantic tract of land, sufficiently ample, on one section of the farm, has been enclosed as a park, in which are a number of elk, deer, buffalo, etc. In the centre a fair pond is dug.

Mr. Charles F. Brown, the famous "Artemus Ward," is about twenty-five years of age. He is a native of Oxford county, Maine, and a distant relative of Hon. Stanball Hamlin, Vice President of the United States.

From the Albany Argus and Atlas.
The Emancipation Question in Congress.
Without waiting to receive the Message of the President or the reports of the Secretaries, without knowing what policy had already been adopted by the Government, and was now in operation, the Radicals of the two Houses of Congress, on the first day of the session, precipitated before both Chambers the question of Emancipation. The process was as logical as the attempt itself was reasonable: "Whereas," the resolutions generally ran, "Congress has no power to emancipate slaves, resolved that our Generals shall recruit them into the army and declare them free!"

The non sequitur is as apparent as it would be in fact if the proclamation for the negro allies were sounded. They would not follow to the call.

We are wearied with the pertinacity of folly with which the factious leaders of a minority attempt to force the delusive and fatal policy upon the country. We shall not argue the question of right, for they need not right; nor of expediency, for they are incapable of understanding it.

But if Congress distrusts the power of the 600,000 white soldiers in arms, in defence of the Constitution, and of the vast Navy of the Federal Government, and must needs recruit from the black population, why not commence at the North? If blacks are needed for soldiers, why not marshal the free blacks to the rescue, instead of attempting this tardy and circuitous method of rallying slaves to our standard. There are 20,000 free blacks in the loyal States, and an army of 25,000 might easily be supplied from their numbers.

To get the same force of able bodied men from the slave population, we would have to take within our lines, and support till the close of the war, eight times the number, counting women, children, the decreed and incapable. The burden of such a population would be immensely greater than that of any similar number of the most expensive troops we now have, even on the most extravagant estimate.

What will it cost to sustain a population of 200,000 slaves during the war, fed with daily rations as the "contrabands" of Fortress Monroe now are? The elements of the calculation are to be found in the experiment, and it is in the power of the Government to give the results also. We venture to say that there never was a body of men, outside of the established almshouses, so unproductive and wasteful and useless, as the laborers at Fortress Monroe, and their large dependent families.

We do not believe the people are rich enough to support such a body of paupers; or that the suffering citizens of the North will patiently shade the idea that whole Government leaves them to their bitter fate of hunger and cold, it is manifesting paternal indulgence and bestowing its liberal bounties upon the vagrant population of the South, whom it has invited into abjectness. And then, when the negro class has sucked the millions from the Treasury, the master class is to have its turn! How many millions will this take, and who but the Northern laborer will have to pay them?

Will the Northern soldier stand, side by side, in the ranks with the black freedmen? Try it! Let the experiment be made with the soldiers recruited from the black population of the North, before we rush into the experiment of a general levy of troops at the South. The Northern negro, if freedom is an advantage, is the better man of the two, and is certainly better educated, disciplined and self-reliant. What would be the fate of a brigade of blacks, offered by their own class, or even by whites, and marching to battle? What would be their discipline, their tone, their courage, and to what extent would they elevate or depress the warlike sentiment, and *esprit de corps* of the army?

We ask these questions, but we seek no answer. Every man can answer them. The country has already answered them. Not a State has sent a single black man to the defence of the country. The Government has asked for none, and will accept none. It is a mere trick of words, a delusion and falsehood, to talk about recruiting our armies from such a source. Reduced to its real meaning, the action of Congress comes to this—an invitation to the slaves to desert their masters, with the promise that the Government will support and free them if they do. Behind this invitation is the hidden incitement to servile insurrection; but the fanatics of Congress have not yet resolved that servile folly and crime into words. They hope that the quick ear of the negro will catch the thought ere it is expressed in words, and thus he will hasten to the lines of our army and seek his promised reward—with the blood of his master and mistress and their children dripping from his knife; and those who have not toned up their minds to this expectation, hope at least that the fear of such impending horror may drive the South into submission.

It is but a new delusion, another sequence in that long line of fallacies, which, uttering the energies and the power of our adversaries, has led us from one error to another, in a long career of disappointments and calamities.

Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown, the author of the hymn commencing "I love to steal awhile away," died on the 11th of October, at Henry, Ill., aged 78. She had left an enduring memorial in the single hymn.

A printer, whose talents were but indifferent, turned physician. He was asked the reason of it. He said "in printing all the faults are exposed to the eye, but in physic they are buried with the patient, and one gets off more easily."

The boy who undertook to ride a horse-radish is now practicing on a saddle of good mutton.

The good deeds that most sons prefer that their fathers should leave behind them, are real estate deeds.

Religious Miscellany.

The way of every man is declared of the end of that man.

God denies a Christian nothing, but with a design to give him something better.

Indulge not a gloomy contempt of anything which is in itself good, only let it keep its place.

Something must be left as a test of the loyalty of the heart—in Paradise, the tree; in Israel, a Canaanite; in us Temptation.

Pack your cares in as small a space as you can, so that you can carry them yourself, and not let them annoy others.

If a good man cannot prevent evil, he will hang heavy on its wings, and retard its progress.

To expect disease wherever it goes, and to lay himself out in the application of remedies is that habit of mind which is best suited to a Christian while he passes through the world, if he would be most effectually useful.

Never was there a man of more deep piety, who has not been brought into extremities—who has not been put into the fire—who has not been taught to say, "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

A person who objects to tell a friend of his faults, because he has faults of his own, acts as a surgeon who should refuse to dress another person's wound because he had a dangerous one himself.

Prejudice is often the result of such strong associations, that it acts involuntarily in spite of conviction and resolution. The first step toward its eradication is the persevering habit of presenting it to the mind in its true colors.

When the most insignificant person tells us we are wrong, we ought to listen. Let us believe it possible we may be wrong, when any one supposes we are; and enter into the true littleness which consists in receiving correction like a child.

Hypocrisy is folly. It is much easier, calmer and pleasanter, to be the thing which a man aims to appear, than to keep up the appearance of being what he is not. When a Christian is truly such he acts from a nature—a new nature—and all the actions of that nature have the ease and pleasantness of nature in them.

Religious joy is a holy a delicate deposit. It is a pledge of something better, and must not be thought lightly of; for let it be withdrawn only for a little, and notwithstanding the experience we may have had of it, we shall find no being creature can restore it to us, and we can only with David cry, "Restore unto me, O Lord, the infinite joy of thy great salvation."

I extend the circle of real religion everywhere. Many men fear God, and love God, and have a desire to serve him, whose views of religious truth are very imperfect, and in some points perhaps utterly false. But I doubt not that many such persons have a state of heart acceptable before God.

Abraham teaches us the right way of conversing with God:—"And Abraham fell on his face, and God talked with him!" When we plead with him our faces should be in the dust; we shall not then speak lightly of him, nor complain; nor will there be any more boasting. We shall abase ourselves and exalt our Supreme Ruler.

A hiding place implies secrecy. He who can say unto God, "Thou art my hiding place," may go abroad about his affairs, and may pass through a thousand dangers, and yet at the same time, have such a hiding place, in the favor and protection of God, that, when he seems to be exposed on every side, still he is secured and hidden from every evil.

Growth in grace manifests itself by its simplicity—that is, a greater naturalness of character. There will be more usefulness, and less noise; more tenderness of conscience, and less scrupulousity; there will be more peace, more humility; when the full corn is in the ear, it bends down because it is full.

To effect any purpose, in study the mind must be concentrated. If any other subject plays on the fancy, than that which ought to be exclusively before it, the mind is divided; and both are neutralized, so as to lose their effect. Just as when I learnt two systems of short hand, I was familiar with Gurney's method, and wrote it with ease; but when I took it into my head to learn Byron's they destroyed each other and I could write neither.

There are no greater objects of pity in the world, than men who are admired by all around for their nice discrimination and fine taste in everything of a worldly nature, but have no taste for the riches that endure for ever—no love for God or his word—no love for Christ or their souls. In such a state, however a limited or respected, they cannot see the kingdom of God.

When the multitudes followed our Lord on a particular occasion, although he wished for retirement, and had gone purposely to seek it, yet he gave up his design and attended to them. Mark the consideration and tenderness of such conduct, in opposition to a sour, morose, morose temper. We are too fond of our own will. We want to be doing what we fancy mighty things; but the great pain is, to do small things which called to them in a right spirit.