

Clearfield Republican.

D. W. MOORE
G. B. GOODLANDER, Editors.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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CLEARFIELD, PA WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1863

NEW SERIES—VOL. III.—NO 40.

PROSPECTUS

"The Age,"
A National Democratic Newspaper.
To be published Daily and Weekly in the City of Philadelphia, by
A. J. GLOSSBRENNER & CO.
A. J. GLOSSBRENNER—G. J. GUYER—W. H. WELSH.

"THE AGE" will advocate the principles and policy of the Democratic party, and will, therefore necessarily favor the restoration of the Union as it was, and defend the Constitution of the United States, and that of this Commonwealth. It will freely and fairly discuss all legitimate subjects of newspaper comment, including, of course, and pre-eminently at this time, all questions connected with the existing unhappy condition of our country.

It will fearlessly criticize the public acts of public servants, and defend the legal and constitutional rights of individual citizens and of sovereign States against assaults from any quarter. It will seek to awaken the minds of the people to a proper sense of the actual condition of the Republic—its present, its past, its future, its fearful perils in which we stand as a nation—to exhibit the magnitude of the task that is before them, if they would check our downward progress, and to inspire them with patriotic determination to apply the remedy for our national ills.

In brief, it will, in all things, seek to be the faithful exponent of Democratic principles, and to reader itself worthy to be an organ of the Democratic party, under whose auspices our country prospered so long and so well. The restoration of that party—the party of the Constitution and executive government branches of the States and of the Union, we believe to be necessary to avert anarchy, and the utter ruin of the Republic. To contribute to that restoration will be our highest aim.

The News, Literary, Commercial, and other departments, will receive due attention, and will be so conducted as to make "The Age" worthy of the support of the general reader.

The many difficulties now surrounding an enterprise of the magnitude of that in which the undersigned are engaged, require them to appeal to the public for a generous support, and to ask for "The Age" a liberal patronage and extended circulation.

The present state of the preparatory arrangements warrants the expectation that the first number of the Daily will appear before the close of the present month, (February, 1863.) The Weekly will be issued soon thereafter.

TERMS.
DAILY. WEEKLY.
Per annum, \$5 00 Per annum, \$2 00
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Three Months, 1 50 Three Months, 50
Copies delivered at 10 copies a week 15 00
The number and to 20 " " 30 00
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Payment required in advance.
Address, A. J. GLOSSBRENNER & CO.,
Feb. 2, 1863, 450 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

CABINET EMPORIUM.

CABINET-MAKER—Wants respectfully to announce to the public that he has fitted up a SHOP on Cherry street, near the Episcopal Church, and near to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Egan, where he intends to carry on the Cabinet-making business in the different branches. Having served a regular apprenticeship to the business, and worked as a journeyman over six years, he carries on a shop for three years, he offers himself that he can render satisfaction to those who may favor him with their orders. Having located in Clearfield borough, he is in a more favorable position, and it shall ever be his object to make to order neat and substantial furniture—such as
French Bedsteads—He will always be prepared to furnish
French Beds—to order
Chairs—of different kinds
Tables—of different kinds
Other Chairs—of different kinds
Other Chairs—of different kinds

WALLACE & HALL,
Attorneys at Law.
CLEARFIELD, PA.

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SOLD SILVERWARE, equal to any—and the best make of Silver Plated Ware. Each article is warranted to be as represented.

Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired and satisfaction guaranteed.

JACOB HARLEY,
(Successor to Sturtevant & Harley.)
No. 622 Market Street, Philadelphia.
March 4, 1863.—Jan. 1st.

Dissolution of Partnership.
The Co-Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the cracker-making business in the borough of Curwensville, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The books and accounts are closed with as little delay as possible—of which all persons having unsettled accounts will take notice. Curwensville, Feb. 22d, 1863.
L. M. KERN,
1863, St. paid. L. M. LAPORTE.

Fires—Fire.
THE subscribers have a medium sized FIRE PROOF SAFE, nearly new, which they will dispose of very cheap.
REED, WEAVER & CO.
Clearfield, June 25, 1862.

DEATH IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

A FACT.
Ting-a-ling-ling-ling!—went the little bell on the teacher's desk of a village school one morning, when the studies of the earlier part of the day were about half completed. It was well understood that this was a command for silence and attention; and when these had been obtained, the master spoke. He was a low thick-set man, and his name was Logare.

"Boys," said he, "I have had a complaint entered, that last night some of you were stealing fruit from Mr. Nichol's garden.—I rather think I know the thief. Tim Barker, step up here, sir."

The one to whom he spoke came forward. He was a slight, fair looking boy of about fourteen; and his face had a laughing, good humored expression, which even the charge now preferred against him, and the stern tone and threatening look of the teacher, had not entirely dispelled. The countenance of the boy, however, was too unhealthily fair for health; it had, notwithstanding its fleshy, cheerful look a singular cast as if some inward disease, and that a fearful one, were seated within. As the stripping stood before that place of judgment, that place, so often made the scene of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid innocence confused, helpless childhood outraged, and gentle feelings crushed—Logare looked on him with a frown which plainly told that he felt in no very pleasant mood. Happily a wretched and more philosophical system is proving to men that schools can be better governed, than by lashes and tears and sighs. We are waxing toward that consummation when one of the old-fashioned schoolmasters, with his cowhide, his heavy birch rod, and his many ingenious methods of child-torture, will be gazed upon as a scorned memento of an ignorant, cruel, and exploded doctrine.—May propitious gales speed that day!

"Were you by Mr. Nichol's garden fence last night?" said Logare.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy; "I was."

"Well, sir, I'm glad to find you so ready with your confession. And so you thought you could do a little robbing, and enjoy yourself in a manner you ought to be ashamed to own, without being punished, did you?"

"I have not been robbing," replied the boy quickly. His face was suffused, whether with resentment or fright, it was difficult to tell. "And I didn't do anything last night, that I'm ashamed to own."

"No impudence!" exclaimed the teacher, passionately, as he grasped a long and heavy rattan; "give me none of your sharp speeches, or I'll thrash you till you beg like a dog."

The youngster's face paled a little; his lip quivered, but he did not speak.

"And pray, sir," continued Logare, as the outward signs of wrath disappeared from his features; "what were you about the garden for? Perhaps you only received the plunder, and had an accomplice to do the more dangerous part of the job?"

"I want that way because it is on my road home. I was there again afterward to meet an acquaintance; and—and—I did not go into the garden, nor take anything away from it. I would not steal,—hardly to save myself from starving."

"You had better have stuck to that last evening. You were seen, Tim Barker, to come from under Mr. Nichol's garden-fence, a little after nine o'clock, with a bag full of something or other, over your shoulders. The bag had every appearance of being filled with fruit, and this morning the melon-beds are found to have been completely cleared. Now, sir, what was there in the bag?"

Like fire itself glowed the face of the detected lad. He spoke not a word. All the school had their eyes directed at him. The perspiration ran down his white forehead like rain-drops.

"Speak, sir!" exclaimed Logare, with a loud strike of his rattan on the desk.

The boy looked as though he would faint. But the unmerciful teacher, on finding that having brought to light a criminal, and exulting in the idea of the severe chastisement he should now be justified in inflicting, kept working himself up to a still higher degree of passion. In the meantime, the child seemed hardly to know what to do with himself. His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Either he was very much frightened, or he was actually unwell.

"Speak, I say!" again thundered Logare; and his hand, grasping his rattan, towered above his head in a very significant manner.

"I hardly can, sir," said the poor fellow faintly. His voice was husky and thick. "I will tell you some—some other time—"

Please to let me go to my seat—I ain't well."

"Oh yes, that's very likely," and Mr. Logare bulged out his nose and cheeks with contempt. "Do you think to make me believe your lies? I've found you out, sir, plainly enough; and I am satisfied that you are as precious a little villain as there is in the State. But I will postpone settling with you for an hour yet. I shall then call you up again; and if you don't tell the whole truth then, I will give you something that will make you remember Mr. Nichol's melons for many a month to come.—go to your seat."

Glad enough of the ungracious permission, and answering not a sound, the child crept tremblingly to his bench. He felt very strangely, dizzily—more as if he was in a dream than in real life; and laying his arms on his desk, bowed down his face between them. The pupils turned to their accustomed studies, for during the reign of Logare in the village school, they had been so used to scenes of violence and severe chastisement, that such things made but little interruption in the tenor of their way.

Now, while the intervening hour is passing, we will clear up the mystery of the tag, and of young Barker being under the garden-fence on the preceding night. The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had to live in the narrowest limits. His father had died when he was six years old, and little Tim was left a sickly, emaciated infant whom no one expected to live many months. To the surprise of all, however, the poor little child kept alive, and seemed to recover his health, as he certainly did his size and good looks.—This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician who had a country-seat in the neighborhood, and who had been interested in the widows little family.—Tim, the physician said, might possibly outgrow his disease; but everything was uncertain. It was a mysterious and baffling malady; and it would not be wonderful if he should in some moment of apparent health be suddenly taken away. The poor widow was at first in a continual state of uneasiness; but several years had now passed, and none of the impending evils had fallen upon the boy's head. His mother seemed to feel confident that he would live, and be a help, and an honor to her old age, and the two struggled together, mutually happy in each other, and enduring much of poverty and discomfort without repining, each for the other's sake.

Tim's pleasant disposition had made him many friends in the village, and amongst the rest a young farmer named Jones, who with his elder brother, worked a large farm in the neighborhood on shares. Jones very frequently made Tim a present of a bag of potatoes or corn, or some garden vegetables, which he took from his own stock, but as his partner was a parsimonious, high-tempered man, and had often said that Tim was an idle fellow, and ought not to be helped because he did not work, Jones generally made his gifts in such a manner that no one knew anything about them, except himself and the grateful objects of his kindness. It might be, too, that the widow was loath to have it understood by the neighbors that she received food from any one; for there is often an exorable pride in people of her condition which makes them shrink from being considered as objects of "charity" as they would from the severest pains. On the night in question, Tim had been told that Jones would send them a bag of potatoes, and the place at which they were to be waiting for him was fixed at Mr. Nichol's garden-fence. It was this bag that Tim had been seen staggering under, and which caused the unlucky boy to be accused and convicted by his teacher as a thief. That teacher was one little fitted for his important and responsible office.—Hasty to decide, and inflexibly severe, he was the terror of the little world he ruled so despotically. Punishment he seemed to delight in. Knowing little of those sweet fountains which in children's breasts ever open quickly at the call of gentleness and kind words, he was feared by all for his sternness, and loved by none. I would that he were an isolated instance in his profession.

The hour of grace had drawn to its close, and the time approached at which it was usual for Logare to give his school a joyfully-received dismissal. Now and then one of the scholars would direct a furtive glance at Tim, sometimes in pity, sometimes in indifference or inquiry.—They knew that he would have no mercy shown him, and though most of them loved him, whipping was too common there to exact much sympathy. Every inquiring glance, however, remained unsatisfied, for at the end of the hour, Tim remained with his face completely hidden,

and his head bowed in his arms, precisely as he had leaned himself when he first went to his seat. Logare looked at the boy occasionally with a scowl which seemed to bode vengeance for his sullenness. At length the last class had been heard, and the last lesson recited, and Logare seated himself behind his desk on the platform, with his longest and stoutest rattan before him.

"Now, Barker," he said, "we'll settle that little business of yours. Just step up here."

Tim did not move. The school-room was still as the grave. Not a sound was to be heard, except occasionally a long-drawn breath.

"Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse for you. Step up here, and take off your jacket!"

The boy did not stir any more than if he had been made of wood. Logare shook with passion. He sat still a minute, as if considering the best way to wreak his vengeance. That minute, passed in death-like silence, was a fearful one to some of the children, for their faces whitened with fright. It seemed, as it slowly dropped away, like the minute which precedes the climax of an exquisitely performed tragedy, when some mighty master of the histrionic art is treading the stage, and you and the multitude around you are waiting, with stretched nerves and suspended breath, in expectation of the terrible catastrophe.

"Tim is asleep, sir," at length said one of the boys who sat near him.

Logare, at this intelligence, allowed his features to relax from their expression of savage anger into a smile, but that smile looked more malignant, if possible, than his former scowls. It might be that he felt amused at the horror depicted on the faces of those about him; or it might be that he was glowing in pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake the poor little slumberer.

"Asleep! are you, my young gentleman! let us see if we can't find something to tickle your eyes open. There's nothing like making the best of a bad case, boys. Tim, here, is determined not to be worried in his mind about a little flogging, for the thought of it can't even keep the little coundrel awake!"

Logare smiled again as he made the last observation. He grasped his rattan firmly, and descended from his seat. With light and stealthy steps he crossed the room, and stood by the unlucky sleeper. The boy was still as unconscious of his impending punishment as ever. He might be dreaming some golden dream of youth and pleasure; perhaps he was far away in the world of fancy, seeing scenes, and feeling delights, which cold reality never can bestow. Logare lifted his rattan high over his head, and with the true and expert aim which he had acquired by long practice, brought it down on Tim's back with a force and whacking sound which seemed sufficient to awake a freezing man in his last lethargy. Quick and fast, blow followed blow. Without waiting to see the effect of the first cut, the brutal wretch plied his instrument of torture first on one side of the boy's back, and then on the other, and only stopped at the end of two or three minutes from very weariness. But still Tim showed no signs of motion; and as Logare, provoked at his torpidity, jerked away one of the child's arms, on which he had been leaning over on the desk, his head dropped on the board with a dull sound, and his face lay turned up and exposed to view. When Logare saw it, he stood like one transfixed by a basilisk. His countenance turned to a leaden whiteness; the rattan dropped from his grasp; and his eyes, stretched wide open, gazed as at some monstrous spectacle of horror and death. The sweat started in great globules seemingly from every pore in his face; his skinny lips contracted, and showed his teeth; and when he at length stretched forth his arm, and with the end of one of his fingers touched the child's cheek, each limb quivered like the tongue of a snake, and his strength seemed as though it would momentarily fail him. The boy was dead. He had probably been so for some time, for his eyes were turned up, and his body was quite cold. The widow was now childless too. Death was in the school-room, and Logare had been flogging a corpse. W. W.

Fortifications of Charleston.
[As there seems to be but little doubt that the attack upon and siege of Charleston commenced about the 2d instant, by the land and naval forces of the United States combined, we transfer to our columns the following description of the fortifications prepared for its defence:—]

The cannon foundries at Richmond have cast over two hundred guns for Charleston alone, in addition to those that were already there; and among these were eighteen of those monster guns of which we have heard from time to time such wonderful reports.

There are five large forts defending Charleston on the land side, which we should judge, from the description, to be similar in size and construction to the fort on Federal Hill, Baltimore. They cannot have, however, the advantage in position which the latter possesses, as they are not built on so elevated a position. The armament of these five forts consists altogether of a hundred guns, including mortars and eleven inch shell guns. Besides the one hundred and four guns of Fort Sumter, the fifty guns at Fort Moultrie and the twenty-five guns of Castle Pinckney, there are twenty-seven large and strong batteries commanding the channels and approaches from the sea, mounted with guns as follows:

Battery No. 1, on the east end of Sullivan's Island, 40 guns.

No. 2, on Sullivan's Island, 18 guns.

No. 3, " " " " 14 " "

No. 4, " " " " 10 " "

No. 5, " " " " 8 " "

No. 6, " " " " 6 " "

No. 7, " " " " 4 " "

No. 8, " " " " 4 guns, two of them 64 pounders, and 2 eight-inch mortars.

No. 9, on Sullivan's Island, 4 rifled cannon of the largest calibre.

No. 10, a sand battery on Sullivan's Island, 4 guns, of which two are eight-inch columbiads and 2 are rifled cannon.

The above guns together with those in Fort Moultrie, command the main ship channel leading to Charleston, Maffit's channel and the Swash channel. The guns of Fort Moultrie and those of Battery No. 3 also command the formidable obstructions that are placed in the main ship channel, between Fort Sumter and Fort Moultrie.

Battery No. 11, at the mouth of Wapoo creek, 4 rifled guns, which carry a ball with accuracy as far as Castle Pinckney.

Battery No. 12, on the Battery, at the south end of Charleston, 4 eleven-inch shell guns.

Batteries No. 13 and No. 14, near the mouth of James Island creek, 2 guns each.

An iron-clad battery, three-quarters of a mile south of Castle Pinckney, 8 guns, of which 2 are large Columbiads, 2 are eleven-inch shell guns, 2 are the largest monster guns, and 2 are rifled cannon of the longest range.

An iron-clad floating battery, usually anchored between Fort Johnson and the last named work, mounting 4 guns, of which 2 carry long steel projectiles, and 2 are 100-pounder "smashers."

Fort Johnson, 4 very heavy guns.

Battery No. 15, 4 seacoast mortars.

The above guns, together with those in Castle Pinckney, command the entrance to the Ashley river and the South channel.

Battery No. 16, at the mouth of them creek, 4 guns.

Batteries Nos. 17 and 18, southeast of Mandrell's Point, 4 guns each.

The above guns command the Hog Island channel, leading to Cooper river.

An iron-clad battery on Cumming's Point—3 of the monster guns—which command the obstructions in the main ship channel.

Batteries Nos. 19, 20, 21, 22, and 23, on Morris Island—3 guns each—commanding the entrance to the main ship channel.

There are also at Charleston two iron rams, mounted in all 9 guns. At five different places, too, torpedoes are submerged, so arranged as to explode when a vessel passes over them.

The above enumeration shows that Charleston is defended by no less than 376 guns.

BREACH INLET BATTERY.
At breach inlet there is a very heavy work, containing, with its outworks and auxiliaries, about forty guns, many of them being the eighty-pounder rifle of the Tredegar Works pattern, a very effective gun, but liable to burst. These batteries command Maffit's channel north, and range over to the Swash channel, while now carries deeper water than the old main ship channel, which, owing to the sinking of the old wharves and structural causes, has ceased to be a channel of preference. This fortified the lower end

of Sullivan's Island presents a row of heavy ordnance seldom ever seen placed for the defence of any port.

FOULIA'S BATTERY.
This battery is situated near the ruins of the old lighthouse, and mounts five heavy guns. It is manned by a heavy garrison, kept there with a view to prevent our blockaders from entering the harbor and watching them at work up the harbor.

THE OBSTRUCTIONS.
The obstructions consist of wooden cribs filled with stones, placed at convenient distances from each other, while between each crib are floating rafts, made of heavy timber, securely lashed together by cable chains, and then bolted to an upper layer of timber, which not only covers the chain, but adds a bracing strength to the structure. At a given point this bar or boom is provided with a movable gate, which is opened to allow their own vessels to pass in and out. This place of ingress is directly under the guns of Fort Sumter, and so close that it seems almost impossible that any vessel can pass them. Fata would seem to decree her certain destruction.—On either side, and at a safe distance from the boom, are placed infernal machines and torpedoes, which are to be fired either by concussion or by means of a galvanic battery located in either fort—rangoon prepared so that, when the vessel is directly over them, they are fired. But the tide has washed a number of these obstructions away, and rotted nearly all the remainder, and they are now not very formidable obstacles to encounter and overcome. A chain and a connecting series of obstructions exist between forts Sumter and Moultrie.—Herald.

How the Elections are Regarded by the Union Men of the South.
That old staunch Union organ of Kentucky, the Louisville Journal, thus comments upon the election of New Hampshire:—

"THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—The result of the New Hampshire election is another cheering evidence of the overwhelming change in public sentiment, and a satisfactory assurance that the conservative feelings of the Eastern States will soon crush out the radicalism which has brought our country to the verge of ruin. If the news of this important victory could be scattered through the armies of the rebels, and they would calmly reflect upon its significance, it would do more to prompt them to return to law and order and the sway of a Government which so peacefully and effectually corrects the violence of party or the ultram of faction, by the operation of its elective system, than any words of kindly exhortation or any constrained appliances of governmental power. In contemplating this splendid triumph, which shows the real majority of conservatism in New Hampshire to be over seven thousand, which but for the unfortunate limitation of the constituent party elements in the Granite State would have elected a conservative Governor, the true friends of the Union have abundant reasons for congratulation. Mr. Lincoln received nearly 10,000 majority there in 1860; the Republicans polled 37,519 votes, the Douglas Democrats 25,881, and the Breckinridge men 2,112; but now Eastman, Democrat, has received over 32,000 votes, and Gilmore, Republican, less than 20,000, but, for the showing of some 4,400 votes for a third candidate, Harriman, as a "Union" man, a majority of all the votes cast was not secured, and the final election goes to the Legislature, in which the Republicans predominate, though sixty members of the House were chosen by very close votes, varying from five to twenty."

Democratic victories as what the Union men of the South desire. Shall they not be accommodated?

If You mean No, say No!
When a man has made up his mind to do or not to do a thing, he should have the pluck to say so plainly and decisively. It is a mistaken kindness—if meant as kindness—to meet a request which you have determined not to grant, with "I'll see about it," or, "I'll think the matter over," or, "I cannot give you a positive answer now; call in a few days and I'll let you know." It may be said, perhaps, that the object of these ambiguous expressions is to "let the applicant down easy;" but their tendency is to give him useless trouble and anxiety, and possibly to prevent his seeking what he requires in a more propitious quarter until after the golden opportunity has passed. Moreover, it is questionable whether the motives for such equivocation are as philanthropic as some people suppose. Generally speaking, the individual who avoids a direct refusal, does so to avert himself pain. Men without decision of character have and indelible aversion to say "No." They can think "No"—sometimes when it would be more creditable to their courtesy and benevolence to say "Yes"—but they dislike to utter the bold word that represents their thoughts. They prefer to mislead and deceive. It is true that these bland and considerate people are often spoken of as "very gentlemanly." But is it gentlemanly to keep a man in suspense for days, and perhaps weeks, merely because you do not choose to put him out of it by a straightforward declaration? He only is a gentleman who treats his fellow-men in a manly, straightforward way. Never seem by ambiguous words to sanction hopes you do not intend to gratify. If you mean "No," say "No."—Herald.

UNION VICTORY IN KENTUCKY.—An official dispatch from Somerset, Kentucky, says General Gilmore's forces attacked the Rebels under General Pegram in a strong position, near Somerset, yesterday, and fought them for five or six hours.—The rebels were badly whipped and driven towards the river. The enemy outnumbered our strength two to one. Our loss did not exceed thirty. The Rebel loss is not stated.

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