FREE AS THE WIND, AND AMERICAN TO THE CORE

BY H. BUCHER SWOOPE.

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I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

BY WILLIS C. CLARKE. When with a calm observant eye We gaze on all this earth can give, And mark its sweetest blossoms die And feel its raptures fugitive;-Where all is change from joy to grief—
Where love, and wealth, and power decay
Like Autumn's melancholy leaf?

Who, when the gorgeous spell is gone, When Hope's beguiling wing hath flown, And darkness blots the atmosphere— Who then would journey dimly on Amidst a dull and plodding throng,

Which like a stream from tempest grown.

Rolls thick and turbidly along? What recks it upon vanish'd years That sweeps like eagle's pinions by, With changeful round of smiles and tears, To cast pale memory's mournful eye? Oh, can it bring again the bloom To youth's resplendant coronal, Or can it rend the clouded tomb.

And wake the slumberer 'neath its pall ? It is in vain !- it is in vain. For earth's ephemeral joys to live; Its transports darken into pain-And flowers, once dead, can ne'er revive!

And from the sad and varied past One lesson only may we glean— That joy is far to dear to last— That sorrow clouds its brigtest scene ! Life! 'tis a waste, where storm and gloom

Are gathering up from memory's cell-Where gapes the wide insatiate tomb, And fierce diseases darkly dwell .-Oh. then. why should the spirit cling Unto the dull and cold domain; Since life hath but one golden spring-One morn-that ne er returns again!

Why should we love to linger here. Where baseless dreams are only known-When Faith, with visions calm and clear. Can glance to God's eternal throne? Far rather, let the fetters break Which keep us from that brighter shore Where saints their endless anthems wake And cankering cares are felt no more!

THE FATHER. AN INSTRUCTIVE SKETCH.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the rethey have been to our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment, by which they might obtain a livelihood in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When the families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitiful and contemptible it is to see the mother desponding or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist | ship.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home. "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man. To-day there is nothing I can call my own."

er and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a liv-

"What can you do, poor things;" said he. "You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor. We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old, "I will not have any new things bought and I shall sell my great doll.

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him and his prayer was like a song of

He left his stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpet and furniture were sold, and she who had so long been the mistress of the mansion shed no tear. "Pay every debt," said she, "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be hap-

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and asas she had been in wealth and efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her train-

The eldest one assisted her in the work of terday. the household and also assisted the younger children. Besides, they execute various works some of the ornamental parts of female apparel which were readily sold to merchants in the

They cultivated flowers and sent boquets to market, in the cart that conveyed the vegeta- place, after all, only it is a little hard to find bles they platted straw, they painted maps, it sometimes, and it seems to me my heart they executed needle-work. Every one was at her post busy and cheerful. The cottage 'God bless him.' was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said

ust such hency as the heart leves to feed on. | ble appearance in society.

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed-nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished

place as instructress to the family.

The little dwelling which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify .-Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were replanted around it. The merchant was happier under the woodbine covered poarch, in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy drawing-room. "We are now thriving and prosperous," said

he, "shall we now return to the city?" "Oh, no, no, no," was the unanimous reply. "Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please not be a rich man any more.

My Husband.

My husband is a very strange man. To think how he should have grown so provoked about such a little matter as that scarlet scarf. Well, there's no use trying to drive him. I'v settled that on my mind. But he can be coaxed -can't he though? and from this time henceforth shan't I know how to manage him ?-Still there's no denying Mr. Adams is a very

You see it was this morning at breakfast, I said to him, "Henry I must have one of those ten dollar scarfs at Stuart's. They are perfectly charming and will correspond so nicely with my maroon velvet cloak. I want to go out this morning and get one before they

"Ten dollars don't grow on every bush, Adeline, and just now times are pretty hard, you know," he answered, in a dry careless kind of tone, which irritated me greatly. Besides that I knew he could afford to get me the scarf just as well as not. Only, perhaps, my manner of requesting it did not quite suit his lord-

"Gentlemen who can afford to buy satin vests at ten dollars a piece, can have no motive but penuriousness for objecting to give their wives as much for a scarf," I retorted. as I glanced at the money which a few moments before he had laid by the side of my plate, requesting me to procure one for him; he always trusts to my taste in these matters. "Dear husband, we are still rich in each oth- I spoke angrily. I should have been sorrry for it the next moment, if he had not answer-

> "You will then attribute it to my penuriousness, I suppose, when I tell you I cannot let you have another ten dollars to day!"

> "Well, then, I will take this and get me the searf. You can do without your vest this fall" -and I took up the bills and left the room for he did not answer me.

> "I need it, and I must have it," I soliloquized, as I washed my tear swollen eyes, and adjusted my hair for a walk down Broadway, but all the while there was a still small voice in my heart whispering, "Don't do it, go and buy the vest for your husband," and at last would you believe it?-that inner voice triumphed. I went down to the tailor's, selected the vest, and brought it home.

"Here it is, Henry; I selected the color which I thought would suit you the best. Isn't it rich?" I said, as I unfolded the vest after dinner, for somehow my pride was all gone. I had felt so much happier ever since I had resolved to forego the scarf.

He did not answer me, but there was such a look of tenderness filling his dark and handsome eyes, as his lips dropped to my forehead, that it was as much as I could do to keep from crying outright.

But I havn't told the cream of the story yet. To-night when he came home to supper he tonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured | threw a little bundle into my lap. Wondering greatly what it could be, I opened it, and there, would you believe it, was the scarlet scarf, the very one I had set my heart on at Stuart's yes-

"O! Henry," I said, looking up and trying to thank him, but my lips trembled, and then which they had learned as accomplishments the tears dashed over my eyelashes, and he but which they found could be disposed of to drew my head to his heart, and smoothed advantage. They embroidered with taste down my curls, and murmured the old loving words in my ear, while I cryed a long time, but O, my tears were such sweet ones.

He is a strange man, my husband, but he is a noble one too, and his heart is in the right never said so deeply as it does to-night,

An exchange says, the man that would systematically and wilfully set about cheating the printer, would commit highway robbery on a crying baby and rob it of its gingerbread-"We never knew how many things we could rob a church of its counterfeit pennies-lick when we lived, in the great house," said the butter off a blind nigger's last 'flitter'the children, "and we love each other a great | pawn his grandmother's specks for a drink of deal better here. You call us your little bees." whiskey-steal acorns from a blind sow, and arm around a young lady, it is morally certain

An Angel in every House.

There is an angel in every house! No matter how fallen the inmates, how depressing the circumstances, there is an angel to pity or to female seminary, and the second took her cheer. It may be in the person of a little child : or it may be enclosed in a stooping or wrinkled body, treading the downward path to the grave. Or, perhaps in a cheerful spirit, looking upon the ills of life as so many steps toward heaven, it only bravely overcome and mounted with sinless feet.

> We knew such an angel once, and it was a drunkard's child. On every side, wherever she moved she saw only misery and degredation, and she did not fall. Her father was brutal and her mother discouraged, and her home thoroughly comfortless. But she struggled along with angel endurence, bearing with an almost saintly patience, the infirmaties of him who gave her existence, and then hourly embittered it. Night after night, at the hours of ten, twelve, and even one, barefoot, ragged, shawless and bonnetless, has she been to the den of the drunkard, and gone staggering home with her arm around her father. Many a time has her flesh been blue with the mark of his hand, when she has stepped in between her helpless mother and violence. Many a time has she sat upon the cold curbstone with his head in her lap: many a time how bitter it was to cry for hunger when the money that should have bought bread was spent for rum. And the patience that angel wrought with, made her young face shine, so that though never acknowledged in the courts of this world, in the kingdom of heaven, she was awaited for by assembled hosts of spirits, and the crown of martyrdom ready, lay awaiting her fair young brow-

> And she was a martyr. Her gentle spirit went up from a couch of anguish; anguish brought on by ill-usage and neglect. And till then did the father recognize the angel in the child . never till then did his menhand arrec from the dust of dishonor. From her humble grave, he went away to steep his resolves for the better in bitter tears; and he will tell you to-day, how the memory of her much enduring life, keeps him from the bowl: how he goes somtimes and stands where her patient hands held him, while her cheek crimsoned at the sneers of those who scoff at the drunkards

Search for the angels in your household's and cherish them while they are among you. It may be that all unconsciously you frown upon-them, when a smile would lead you to a knowledge of their exceeding worth. They may be among the least cared for, most despised-but when they are gone with silent influence, then will you mourn for them as a jewel of great worth .- Mrs. Denison.

The Power of Truth.

Wealth, we are told, is power; talent is power, and knowledge is power. But there is a mightier force in the world than either of these -a power which is not rich enough to over reach, nor authority imposing enough to si- arrive behind time. lence. They all tremble in its presence. It is truth-the really most potent element of individual life. Though tossed upon the billows of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, of popular commotion, or cast into the sevenfold furnace of persecution, or trampled into the dust by the iron heel of power, truth is the one indestructible thing in this world that loses in no conflict, suffers from no misusage or abuse, and maintains its vitality and completeness after every assault. All kinds of conspiracies have been undertaken to destroy and drive it from the earth; all sources of power have been used to crush it, and all kinds of seduction employed to vitiate and poison it: but none has succededed, and none ever will .-We can be confident of nothing else in this It is but a little period, yet it has often saved world but the safety and imperishability of a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is truth-for it is a part of divine nature and invested with the eternity and omnipotence of its author and source. It may often seem to be in danger: it is as much set upon and assaulted now, after eighteen hundred years of successful resistance,-but history and experiance ought to reassure our faith. It never yet failed and it never will. We may rest securely on it and feel no alarm; we may anticipate its virtues, and enjoy its triumphs. In this struggling life, what encouragement and comfort is there in this thought—the man of truth and the cause of truth, are connected with the most potent element in the world, and have all the certainty of succeeding which God's

immutable nature and decree affords. Thus is Life .- If we die today, the sun will shine as brightly, and the birds sing as sweet will be the solemn inquiry of a few as they shall we all, now active in life, pass away .-Our children crowd close behind us, and they being can say." I remember him?" We liv-

IF If you observe a gentleman with his they ever will be.

"BEHIND TIME."- A railroad train was rushing along at all lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station at which the cars usually passed each other. The will. conductor was late, so late that the period during which the down train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been behind time.

A great battle was being fought. Column after column was being precipitated for eight mortal hours on an enemy posted along a ridge of a hill. The winter sun was sinking in the west; reinforcements for the obstinate defenders are already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position by one final charge or all would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would be right .-The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed a reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was behind

A leading firm in a commercial circle had ong struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous assets in California, it expected remittances by a certain day, and if the sums future prosperity would be preserved. But you." week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at day-break; but it was found on inquiry that she brought no funds; and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting,

A condemned man was being led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed the petition for a reprieve, a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come. even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, gal- the clouds with shining edges that move loping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waived to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too hand touches, or on which the eye rests, which late. A comparatively innocent man had diel an ignominious death because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer

It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes happiness, life itself are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because 'forever behind time.' -The Allies have lost a year at Sebastopol because they delayed a superfluous day after the battle of Alma, and came up too late for a coup de main just twenty four hours "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. one virtue that would succeed in life it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided it is being behind time .- Balt. Sun.

The habit of calling young men with the dubious title of "Mr." is in many lastances. a peice of formality which does harm. With those who have known the child and the boy, and have familiarly and affectionately called him by his first name, it is hard to change the pleasant John, or George, or William into Mr. Jones, Mr. Smith, Mr. Wise, and is only demanded at the instance of a false idea of propriety. For a young or middle-aged person to be called by his given name by his old and long-known friends is indicative of the kindly regard they feel for him, and shows that their hearts are as ever open to the olden and blessed influences of the time agone. The young to-morrow. Business will not be suspended a person male or female, who takes offense when moment, and all is forgotten. "Is he dead?" old friends address them by their best and long-known appellation, is one unworthy of pass to their work. But no one will miss us kindly and heart felt consideration, and will ple but as a matter of policy. except our immediate connections, and in a pass through the world as a peice of formality short time they will forget us, and laugh as and etiquette that knows little of the warm merily as when we sat beside them. Thus glow of kindly remembrances. But he or she who love to be called simply as their first names are, is true to that simplicity which is a will soon be gone. In a few years, not a living great beauty in any character. As in the household, so let us be to all who loves us .ed in another age, and did business with those anxious to be friends and brothers, and then who slumber in the tomb. Thus is life. How many hearts will be lighter, many a cold formality avoided. A little sermon, but one which will bear remembrance.

suit his temper to any circumstances.

I WILL.

Yes, I know you will. The energetic ex-

"I will try!" said the gallant Miller, as he marched his undisciplined but determined troops, up the hill whose summit was crowned with a battery that poured death in all directions, and that battery, guarded by British regulars, was silenced, and its brave defenders sent to the long sleep that knows no waking.

"I will be President of the United States," said John C. Calhoun, on the day he left college. Through a long life, with his eve steadily fixed on that as the end of his career, he obtained a wide renown, and died but one step short of the Presidency.

"I will discard the title of Emperor of all the Russians, and take that of Emperor of all the Slavones," said the young Emperor of Russia; and whoever lives to see Iten years more will see his threat accomplished. His energetic determination, is a sure guarentee of its fulfilment.

Set your mark high, young reader determine to reach it, never swerve from your purpose and you will accomplish your object. The eagle, with his eye on the sun, and a determination to reach it, may never get quite there, but he will soar higher than a three foot bush. One of the finest passages in the play of "Richelieu," is this.

Richelieu-"Young man, be blithe, ! for note me; from the hour you grasped that packpromised arrived, its credit, its honor, and its et think your guardian stars rain fortune on

Francois-"if I fail?"

Richlieu-"Fail! Fail! In that bright lexicon youth, which fate reserves for a glorious manhood, there is no such word as fail!

Why should a young man fail? If he be honorable, if he be ardent, if he be energetic, if he be gifted with mental powers, if he be passive recipient of the old man's bounty !right in soul and strength, he should never | Sooner than play the dandy at'dad's expense, fail; and if any alluring temptation whispers let him revert to that "bright lexicon," and

Mysteries on every side .- The world is full of mysteries. The chamber in which the infant opens its eye is a universe of mysteries. The father's voice, the mother's smile, reveal to it slowly the mysterious world of affections. The child solves many of these mysteries: but as the circle of knowledge is enlarged, its vision is always bounded by a veil of mystery .-The sun that wakens it at morning, and again looks in at its window to bid it farewell; the tree that shades, and in whose branches the birds come and sing before the dews are dry, across the sky, calm and stately like the chariot of an angel, all are mysteries. Nay, to grown up man there is not a thing which the is not enveloped in mystery. The flower which springs at your feet-who has revealed the wonderful secret of its organization? Its tance or advice from any one. The masonry, roots shoot down, and leaf and flower rise up carpenter's work, roofing, stairs, paddleand expand into the infinite abyss of mystery. wheel, cogs, in a word, all the machinery We are like emigrants traveling through an pertaining to the mill, has been made, put up, unknown wilderness; they stop at night by a and set in motion by him alone. He has alflowing stream, they feed their horses, set up so, the above journal asserts, made his own a tent and build a fire; and as the flames rise furniture. When the water is low and the up, all within the circle of a few rods around is distinct and clear in its light. But beyond a joiner, and also a turner, on a lathe of his and bounding this are rocks dimly seen, and trees with vague outline dimly stoop forward to a blaze; and beyond the branches creak and the waters murmur over their beds; and wild unknown animals howl in the dark ther, who has fifteen children to care for, lives realms of night and silence. Such is the light the infinite realms of mystery.

FRANKNESS .-- Be trank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do what is right. If a friend ask a favor you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if it is not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice, Deal kindly and firmly with all men; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing to a man's face, and another behind his back. We should live, speak and act out of doors, as the saying is, and say and do what we are willing should be known and read by men. It is not only best as a matter of princi-

LOOK UPWARD .- Hope on, frail mortal! What, though thy path be rugged, and strewed with thorns? thou hast only to persevere, and thy reward awaits thee. Many days and nights, perhaps years, hast thou struggled with adversity. What, though thou art poor, despised by those, it may be, who are thy inferiors in all save wealth? What matters it, that thy short life is exposed to the rude blasts of adverse fortune, if at last thou art crowned with immortality, which those who rudely He is happy, whose circumstances suit | push thee from them think not of. Hope on, ing traly good.

THE SOUTH OF OLDEN TIME .- In Mr. Benton's forth coming volume of his thirty years pression and determined tone show that you in the Senate, occurs the following passage, in allusion to the decline of the commerce of the Southern States :

> "It is a tradition of the Colonies that the South had been the seat of wealth and happiness, of power and oppulence; that a rich population covered the land, dispensing baronial hospitality, and diffusing the felicity which themselves enjoyed; that all was life, and joy, and affluence then. And this tradition was not without similitude to the reality, as this writer can testify; for he was old enough to have seen (after the Revolution) the still surviving state of southern colonial manners, when no traveler was allowed to go to a tavern, and was handed over from family to family through entire States-when holidays were days of festivity and expectation, long prepared for, and celebrated by master and slave with music and feasting, and great concourse of friends and relatives; when gold was kept in chests or desks, (after the downfall of paper) and weighed in scales, and lent to neighbors for short terms without note, interest, witness or security-and on bond or land security for long years and lawful usance; and when petty litigation was at so low an ebb that it required a fine of forty pounds of tobacco to make a man serve as constable."

RIGHT TALK .- A straight out writer gives the following excellent advice to those young men who depend on fathers for their support, and take no interest whatever in business, but are regular drones in the hive, subsisting on that which is carned by others : "Come, off with your coat, clinch the saw, the plough handles, the axe, pickaxe, spade-anything that will enable you to stir your blood! Fly around and tear your shirt, rather than be a hire yourself out to some potato patch-let in his ear, words that would turn him aside, yourself to stop hog-holes or watch the bars; and when you think yourself entitled to a resting spell, do it on your own hook. Get up in the morning-turn around at least twice before breakfast-help the old gentlemau-give him now and then a generous lift in business -learn how to take the lead, and not depend forever on being led, and you have no idea how the discipline will benefit you. Do this. and our word for it, you will seem to breath a new atmosphere, possess a new frame, tread a new earth, wake to a new destiny, and you may then begin to aspire to manhood. Take off, then, that ring from you lily finger, break your cane, shave your apper lip, wipe your nose, hold up your head, and, by all means, never again eat the bread of idleness, nor depend on father.

A WONDERFUL BLIND MAN .- The Journal de Chartres gives an account of a water-mill, in the hamlet of Oisiem, near Chartres, built entirely by a blind man, without either assismill does not work, our blind miller becomes own invention, and so he makes all manner of utensils, and pretty toy wind-mills for the juveniles. He lives quite alone, sweeps his own room, and cooks his own dinner; his moa mile off, and does not trouble her head about of man's knowledge, and so it is bounded by 'her blind boy,' for 'he earns his bread now.' she says, and does not want her.' In 1852 this blind miller was rewarded with a medal by the agricultural society of the arrondissement for a machine serving the double purpose of winnowing corn and separating the best grains from the common.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE .- A true-hearted woman always walks by faith and not by sight; no matter that the world deserts the object of her affections, that he stumbles and falls, and repeats his error, or that adversity overwhelms him in his career, she is always in the right place, her heart ever glowing with hope. and pointing to the future when all shall be bright and cheering.

She never assails the heart of her friend rudely, but charms it by those delicate touches of silent eloquence, that speak without a roice and find their way to the heart's best fountain, as heat penetrates and vivifies the world of beauty and life.

THE MIND .- What an emanation from God. is the human mind! Though it dwells in a frail cottage, yet it can look out of the windows of its clayey tenement and soar among the stars, and fly with them around the mighty orbit in which they move with inconceivable velocity.

Truly, we may say, how sublime is the human mind standing forth in its God given regalia. With what mingled awe and joy are we possessed, when we see it unfolding its lofty faculties with such gigantic yet calm power, and pressing upward on its track into the heavens!

The good heart, the tender feelings "Yes," replied the father, "and you make clothes from a scare-crow to make a respectathet they are not married, neither is it certain his temper; but he is more excellent, who can then, in thy poverty; aspire to be great by be- and the pleasant disposition, makes smiles, love and sunshine everywhere.