

Royston's Journal

BY S. B. ROW.

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LET'S BE CONTENT.

Why murmur at your lot in life?
Look upward—be a man!
Away with discontent and strife,
And do the best you can.
What tho' you have no broad green lands,
No coffer filled with gold?
Health and strength, and honest hands,
Will yield you wealth untold.
Far better share the joys that fill
The honest workman's breast,
The sleep that o'er his senses steal,
When nature claims her rest.
Tho' cares are on life's pathway set,
And sorrow spread around,
Remember that where rank weeds grow,
A flower oft is found.
Who, then, would live in idleness,
When labor's health and pleasure?
Let's be content, and heaven will bless
Our works with loving measure.

CLEARFIELD COUNTY: OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

And who was G. Philip Guelich, and why should his name be kept in remembrance by our people? Had the record named him "Father Guelich," such a question would hardly have been asked. Are you not familiar with the face of that grey-haired veteran who regularly every Monday night of Court sits as President of the total abstinence society, and has done so for long a series of years that, had his right been disputed, he could, even years ago, have pleaded the statute of limitations? You have seen him oft, during a period exceeding the average duration of life, wending his way, whenever the Sabbath dawned on us, to assume his duties as Superintendent of the Sabbath school, and impart to children, less innocent and artless than himself, the genial and humanizing lessons of the Bible. Some style him a Lutheran—his walk and conversation stamp him a Christian.

George Philip Guelich was born in the city of Hamburg in 1788. His parents were in good circumstances, which enabled them to confer on him a fair education. He engaged in the business of refining sugar in his native city. Hamburg contained over three hundred sugar refineries, but during the time of the Napoleonic wars this, as well as many other branches of business, was rendered precarious or almost totally destroyed. So much was Mr. Guelich's business interfered with, that in 1808, he resolved to go to London and follow his trade there. The whole of the German coast was under blockade by the French and much of the territory overrun by soldiers of that nation. To reach England under such circumstances was difficult and perilous. There was no regular communication between Great Britain and the German States, but a contraband trade was kept up, facilities being enjoyed from the fact that England was possessed of Heligoland, a small island in the North Sea, about 45 miles from the coast, which she had acquired from Denmark. The island contains but a small quantity of tillable land on a plateau near its centre, which is reached by a flight of one hundred and ninety steps. Its position alone gave it importance. It once contained several parishes and a large population, but was at this time inhabited by a few fishers and pilots. Having provided himself with some money and a letter to one of the pilots at Cuxhaven, on the coast, Guelich packed his trunk and started for that place. Finding that it would be difficult to embark here, and not wishing to leave the country with only such clothes as he had on his back, as advised by the pilot, he listened to the suggestions of a Jew, and accompanied him to Bremerley, a small village on the Weser, near the coast. Here he remained five days awaiting a chance to depart for Heligoland, during which time several vessels from that port were captured by the French. Having sent back his trunk and retaining only such clothing as he could conveniently carry, favored by the darkness of the night, he waded out to a shallow which awaited the favorable moment for setting sail. When out of the Weser, a shot from a British frigate made the shallow lay by until it was boarded and a signal afterwards given by the frigate for it to proceed. At Heligoland he took passage in a packet which was detained in port, by contrary winds, for eighteen days. The excess of population on the island had raised boarding to almost fabulous prices, fully twenty times the cost in Germany, and the delay exhausted most of his means. A difficulty about his passport delayed him several days in Hartwick. This overcome, he left for London, and reached it oppressed with the thought that in that vast concourse of human beings he knew not one. He obtained work and remained in a sugar house 9 months. Accidentally meeting with a brother, who had been in America, but was then seeking employment in a neighboring refinery, his spirits were raised, and a step resolved on which changed the current of his life. They determined to depart for the United States. His brother went first to visit his friends, and experienced much difficulty in entering and leaving the fatherland. In January 1811, he and his brother set sail for New York. The weather was boisterous, the winds contrary, and the vessel in which they embarked proved unseaworthy. After being out four weeks, when off the banks of Newfoundland, the captain gave up all hopes of the safety of the vessel and crew. It was feared that the vessel could not be turned. However it was determined to put back to Ireland, if pos-

sible. They turned on a day made memoranda by 26 vessels perishing on the Irish coast. The storm which they had experienced had carried off their boats, and torn their sails to shreds. By dint of constant labor at the pumps day and night, by passengers and crew, the vessel was kept afloat, scudding under bare poles, until they reached Cork. In order to repair the vessel, it was necessary to unload, in doing which a hogshead purporting to contain Spanish whiting was broken, and a cask containing saltpetre was found concealed in the whiting. Further examination disclosed a cask in each of the hogsheads on board, and the vessel was condemned. Another vessel was then chartered and Guelich and his brother reached New York in May. They repaired to the house of Frederick W. Geisenhauer, a native of Germany, an eminent and talented Lutheran divine, and father of the celebrated clergyman of the same name now living in New York, who, in order to divert his mind from the afflictions caused by the death of some of his children, had turned his attention to other pursuits and was then principal agent of the Allegheny Coal Company and one of its members. Geisenhauer owned a farm on the Juniata, to which place G. Philip, his brother, and Chas. Loss, another manager of the company, went. Coal was in great demand at that time, and hearing that it abounded in this region, Loss and Guelich's brother came out to Clearfield and discovered coal, of which they advised the company on their return to New York. The company sent out Boker and Ludlow, who gave such flattering accounts that they purchased what is now known as the Ringold tract on Clearfield creek, and some three or four thousand acres near the Mushannon, embracing the site of Karthaus. Guelich and Loss started for Clearfield creek, and reached there in October, 1811. They remained that winter with Alexander Reed on the Ringold. The next spring, Loss went on the Ringold property, where he remained a year and then returned to New York. Mr. Guelich worked a few months for Mr. Reed and then went to Huntingdon county. In the fall of 1818, he was at Muncy and his inclination was to return home, but Geisenhauer would not hear of it and persuaded him to go up to the company's lands near the Mushannon. Just before Christmas he and Joseph Ritchie attempted to ascend the river. They reached Birch island, but the ice and snow compelled them to return. Having built two boats and procured provisions, Guelich, accompanied by John Frazer and James Bowman, after spending three days in ascending the river, reached the present site of Karthaus and slept, the night of April 8th, 1814, on the bank of the Mushannon. They at once commenced the erection of a cabin which was completed on Good Friday. Some six weeks were passed in clearing off land for the erection of houses for those who were to be engaged in the future operations of the company at Karthaus. A difference in opinion between Guelich and O. F. J. Junge, who had been sent out by the company as manager, determined Guelich to leave the day before Geisenhauer, in company with John Keiter, came up with about seven German families. Geisenhauer prevailed on Guelich to go to that part of their lands, known as Ringold, on Clearfield creek. He farmed the Ringold place until 1818, and acted as agent for the company until lately when the balance of the lands in the county was sold. Whilst at Ringold, he became acquainted with and married, in 1815, Sarah, a daughter of Frederick Haney, by whom he had ten children, nine of whom live.

But it so happened that business of a very pressing nature called Fannie over to her sister's that evening, much to her lovers' disappointment and her father's chagrin, who was quite mystified at his daughter's conduct. "Only to think, Mary," said Fannie, as she drew a chair up to the table where her sister was sewing, "that Charles Ray has asked papa's permission to visit me."
"Well it's just what I expected," replied Mary, quietly.
"What I without a word to me about it?"
"I suppose he was pretty well informed of your sentiments in regard to him," said her sister smiling.
"Well, he will find himself mistaken if he thinks he is going to marry me," said the little lady with dignity. "I have no idea of being bargained for like a piece of merchandise."
"Why, Fannie! I really thought that you liked Charles. I am sure it was very proper and honorable in him to ask papa's permission before speaking to you."
"Very proper, I dare say," said Fannie scornfully. "But can't you see these proper people that always do everything by rule. I suppose if papa had refused, he would have walked away as a whipped spaniel, and never come near me."
"How ridiculous, Fannie. Papa thinks a great deal of Mr. Ray. I heard him say only the other day, that he would rather have him for a son-in-law than any one he knew."
"He thinks a great deal more of him than I do, then," was Fannie's scornful rejoinder. "I have no idea of having a husband picked out for me. I can make my own selection. And I would rather never marry, than to have for my husband such a tame, spiritless man as Charles Ray!"
Fannie was as good as her word. She took every opportunity of avoiding her suitor for whom she had hitherto exhibited a preference, which would no doubt, in time, have ripened into a warmer feeling; never giving him a chance of seeing or speaking with her alone. This obvious change in her deportment quite disheartened poor Charles, who was sincerely attached to her, and was a source of much annoyance to Judge Clifton, who had set his heart on the match.

FANNY CLIFTON'S ELOPEMENT.

"Fannie," said Judge Clifton to his daughter, one morning, laying down the paper, over the top of which he had been for some time regarding her, "come hither, my child."
Fanny very dutifully did as she was bidden. And as she stood by his side, the Judge took both of her small hands in one of his, and smooching caressingly with the other her soft shining hair, looked tenderly into her face.
"You are a woman, now, Fannie," he said.
"Eighteen last Christmas, papa," returned Fannie, demurely, trying to assume the dignity and gravity which belong to that mature age, though to tell the truth, they looked strangely out of keeping with her slight form and girlish face, and in spite of all her efforts, her very mouth would not smile with sadness, and her eyes wear the arch, saucy expression natural to them.
"Can it be possible?" exclaimed the old gentleman, leaving a deep sigh. "How time does go, to be sure. You are a year older than your mother was when I married her. Well, well," he resumed, after a pause, taking off his spectacles, and wiping them carefully, he resumed to do anything so highly improper."
"But what put that idea into your head this morning?" persisted Fannie, whose curiosity was aroused.
"The visit of a certain young gentleman, who has requested permission to pay his addresses to you."
"That homely and disagreeable Major Sinclair, I suppose," said Fannie, scornfully.
"No, my dear, it is not. It was that handsome and very agreeable Mr. Charles Ray. What do you think of that?"
To her father's surprise, Fannie's countenance fell; her rose-bud lips showed a very perceptible pout, and a frown actually gathered on her smooth, open brow.
"Think?" she repeated, with a disdainful toss of the head, "I think he came on a fool's errand; that is what I think."
"Hoity, toity!" exclaimed the old gentleman, with a puzzled air. "What has come over you now? It seems that you have changed your opinion very suddenly."
"As Mr. Ray never took the trouble to ask my opinion, it can matter very little to him if he is," retorted Fannie.
"O ho! there is where the shoe pinches, is it?" said Judge Clifton, laughing. "Well, never mind, my dear, he is coming here to-day to talk with you about it. I have given him my full permission."
"Without which he would have stayed away, I suppose," said Fannie, in an undertone.
"What is that my dear?" inquired the old Judge who was a little deaf.
"I said that it will not be convenient for me to see Mr. Ray," said Fannie, in a louder voice. "He may come if he chooses, but I cannot be at home."
"Fannie," said Judge Clifton, sternly, "what is the meaning of this folly? Of course you will receive him. Mr. Ray is a worthy and honorable man, and I shall insist that he shall be treated civilly."
"I suppose the next thing you will be insisting on my having him for a husband," she returned, her eyes filling with this unavowed harshness in her indulgent father.
"My dear child," said the Judge, kindly, touched by the evident grief of his daughter, though unable to understand the cause, "I shall insist on no such thing. I really supposed you had a partiality for the young man, and I was glad of it, for I entertain a very high opinion of him. Only remember that I desire you to see him this evening, and tell him yourself."
But it so happened that business of a very pressing nature called Fannie over to her sister's that evening, much to her lovers' disappointment and her father's chagrin, who was quite mystified at his daughter's conduct.

"My child," said the Judge to Fannie, one morning, a few days after, "quite agree with you in your opinion of Mr. Ray; he is an insufferable puppy?"
"Who, Charles Ray?" said Fannie, in astonishment.
"Yes, Charles Ray. I repeat it, is an insufferable puppy!" said the old gentleman, in a still more excited tone and manner, bringing his cane down on the floor with emphasis. "To keep hanging round here, when he knows he is not wanted. I shall take the very first opportunity I have of requesting him to discontinue his visits."
"Why, how you talk, papa," exclaimed Fannie, her color rising. "I see nothing at all out of the way in the young man; he has always behaved remarkably well, I am sure."
"Perhaps you may not," replied the Judge, sternly, "but I do; which is of some consequence, whatever you may think to the contrary. And I shall make it a point with you that you abstain from all intercourse with him."
And so the old gentleman went out of the room, banging the door after him in a manner that quite frightened Fannie, who had never known her father so excited before.
It so happened that Charles called that very afternoon.
"I can't imagine what papa can see out of the way with him," thought Fannie, as she looked upon his handsome, animated countenance. "He has a beautiful smile, and is so very gentlemanly in his manner, besides."
Perhaps something of this was visible in Fannie's countenance. At any rate, there was something in its expression which emboldened him to take a seat by her side, which he had not ventured to do for some time.
He had hardly done so, however, when the door opened, and Judge Clifton walked in. His brow grew dark, as his eye fell on Mr. Ray.
"How is this, Fannie?" he said, sternly; "I thought that I had previously instructed you in my intercourse with this gentleman. And as for you," he added, turning to Charles, "I beg leave to inform you, that you are coming here for what you won't get with my consent. I have other views for my daughter, and desire that you will, for the future, keep away from the house."
This tirade so shocked and astonished Fannie, that she burst into tears. Upon which, her father, desiring her to leave the room, which she lost no time in obeying.
After indulging in a long, hearty cry, Fannie wiped her eyes, and went over to her sister's to pour all her grievances into her sympathizing bosom.
Mary consoled her as well as she could, but ended in advising her to soften her father's feelings by avoiding Mr. Ray as much as possible. To which Fannie very indignantly responded, that she would die first. That she would show papa that she was not a child to be controlled in that way. Not she. Fannie stayed to tea; and in the evening she should come in but Charles Ray. The meeting was rather embarrassing to both, but Fannie's resolution to stone for her father's rudeness to him, was more than usually generous and conciliating, and this soon wore away. Charles remained all the evening, and at its close, accompanied Fannie to her father's door, though he did not consider it advisable to go farther.
"How well Mr. Ray looked to-night," said Fannie to herself, as she entered her room. "I never saw him so agreeable."
After this, Fannie met him frequently at her sister's, and every succeeding interview deepened the favorable impression she received that evening. At last the lady's heart was fairly caught, was brought to terms, and obliged to surrender, and to that "tame, spiritless man, Charles Ray."

When Fannie began to realize the state of her feelings, the strange aversion that her father had so suddenly conceived for her lover began to trouble her. But in spite of all she could say, she was unable to persuade him to renew his former proposition to the Judge, or to make the least attempt to conciliate him.
Weeks passed, and as there appeared to be no hope of obtaining Judge Clifton's consent, Charles at last proposed a clandestine marriage, and after a severe struggle in Fannie's heart, she was obliged to consent, and her love for him, the latter triumphed.
It was nearly eleven o'clock at night, and Fannie Clifton sat at the open window of her room, anxiously awaiting the approach of her lover. An elopement does not appear to be such a funny affair, after all; her cheeks were pale and tears filled her eyes as she thought of the indulgent father that she was about to leave forever. Suddenly a low whistle fell upon her ear. Fannie seized her bonnet and shawl and glided noiselessly down the stairs, and was soon in her lover's arms.
"Dear Charles," she sobbed, "I am afraid I'm doing wrong. It seems ungrateful to leave poor papa, who has been so kind to me."
"Do you love him more than you do me, Fannie?" inquired Charles, a little reproachfully.
"O, no! Charles, I do not mean that. But do you really think that he will forgive me?"
"I have not the least doubt of it, darling," he replied, a quiet smile playing around his lips.
"Soothed by this assurance, she allowed him to lift her into the carriage.
"I hope you are not going to stop here, Charles," said Fannie, in alarm, shrinking back into the carriage, as after riding nearly a mile, they drew up in front of a large white house. "Why, this is Elder Kingsley's! I know him very well."
"O! that will make no difference," replied Charles, gaily, jumping out, and then holding out his hand to her to alight. "I've told him all about it. He is expecting us."
"It seems so," for the venerable man had not yet retired, and manifested no surprise at their appearance, or the errand on which they came. They stood up, and Elder Kingsley, in a few solemn words, united them for life. The ceremony was so brief that Fannie could hardly recall that she was a wife and looked upon her with a look of severe displeasure; though so attentive an observer would have noticed a light twitching around the mouth, evidently prompted by an inclination to laugh.

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Mary consoled her as well as she could, but ended in advising her to soften her father's feelings by avoiding Mr. Ray as much as possible. To which Fannie very indignantly responded, that she would die first. That she would show papa that she was not a child to be controlled in that way. Not she. Fannie stayed to tea; and in the evening she should come in but Charles Ray. The meeting was rather embarrassing to both, but Fannie's resolution to stone for her father's rudeness to him, was more than usually generous and conciliating, and this soon wore away. Charles remained all the evening, and at its close, accompanied Fannie to her father's door, though he did not consider it advisable to go farther.
"How well Mr. Ray looked to-night," said Fannie to herself, as she entered her room. "I never saw him so agreeable."
After this, Fannie met him frequently at her sister's, and every succeeding interview deepened the favorable impression she received that evening. At last the lady's heart was fairly caught, was brought to terms, and obliged to surrender, and to that "tame, spiritless man, Charles Ray."

"My child," said the Judge to Fannie, one morning, a few days after, "quite agree with you in your opinion of Mr. Ray; he is an insufferable puppy?"
"Who, Charles Ray?" said Fannie, in astonishment.
"Yes, Charles Ray. I repeat it, is an insufferable puppy!" said the old gentleman, in a still more excited tone and manner, bringing his cane down on the floor with emphasis. "To keep hanging round here, when he knows he is not wanted. I shall take the very first opportunity I have of requesting him to discontinue his visits."
"Why, how you talk, papa," exclaimed Fannie, her color rising. "I see nothing at all out of the way in the young man; he has always behaved remarkably well, I am sure."
"Perhaps you may not," replied the Judge, sternly, "but I do; which is of some consequence, whatever you may think to the contrary. And I shall make it a point with you that you abstain from all intercourse with him."
And so the old gentleman went out of the room, banging the door after him in a manner that quite frightened Fannie, who had never known her father so excited before.
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