THE REPUBLICAN

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Clearfield Republican.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

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Our paper circulates in every neighborhood, and is read by nearly every family in the county—and therefore affords a convenient and cheap means for the business men of our county—the merchant, mechanic, and all others—to extend the knowledge of their location and business. We should like to insert "A Card" for every Mechanic, Merchant, and Professional man in the county. We have plenty of room without encroaching upon our reading columns, and no man in a legitimate business will lose by advertising extensively—for, as a general rule, the more extensively a man advertises, the greater will be his profit.

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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, PRINTED IN THE VERY BEST STYLE, AND ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE, AT THE OFFICE OF THE "CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN."

POETRY.

The Popular Creed.

Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes:
If a man is down give him a thrust,
Trample the beggar into the dust;
Presumptuous poverty's quite appalling,
Knock him down, kick him for falling!
If a man is up, oh, lift him higher,
Your soul's for sale, and he's the buyer.
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes,
An empty pocket 's the worst of crimes.

I know a poor but worthy youth,
Whose hopes are built on a maidens truth.
But the maiden will break her vow with ease,
For a lover cometh whose claims are these—
A hollow heart, and an empty head,
A face well tinged with brandy red,
A soul well trained in villany's school,
And cash, sweet cash he knoweth the rule.
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes,
An empty pocket 's the worst of crimes.

I know a bold and an honest man,
Who strives to live on the Christian plan;
But poor he is, and poor he'll be,
A scorned and hated wretch is he;
At home he meeteth a starving wife,
Abroad he leadeth a leper's life—
They struggle against a fearful odd
Who will not bow to the people's god!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket 's the worst of crimes.

So, get ye wealth, no matter how;
No question asked of the rich I trow,
Steal by night, and steal by day,
Doing it all in a legal way.
Join the church, and never forsake her;
Learn to cant and insult your Maker—
Be hypocrite, liar, knave and fool,
But don't be poor, remember the rule,
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket 's the worst of crimes!

THE PRAIRIE—NARROW ESCAPE.

BY AUDUBON.

On my return from the upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies, which in that part of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine, all around me was as fresh and as blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my dog, and my gun, were all I had for baggage and company. But, although well moccasined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns, around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger, as I felt myself.

My march was of long duration; I saw the sun sinking beneath the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of man had I met that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian path, and as darkness overshadowed the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night hawks were screaming around me, attracted by the buzzing of the beetles, which form their food, and the distant howling of wolves, gave me some hope that I should soon reach the skirts of some woodland.

I did so, and almost at the same instant a fire light attracted my eye. I moved towards it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken;—I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

I reached the spot, and presented myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night.

Her voice was gruff and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and a few raccoons' skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, (a circumstance which in some countries, is considered as evincing the apathy of their character,) I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people of that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes, with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was, that an hour before this, he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever.

Feeling hungry, I enquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine time-peace from my breast, and told the woman it was late and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by another sight of it. I took off the gold chain which secured it around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstacy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain around her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and as I fancied myself, in so retired a spot, secure, I paid no attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

The Indian rose from his seat, as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently, that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eye met mine; but his look was so forbidding, that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher knife from his greasy scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced and taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back towards us.

Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that, what ever enemies I might have, he was not one of their number.

I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might be on the morrow, took up my gun and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and returning to the hut a favorable account of my observations, I took a few bear skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was, to all appearance, fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whiskky, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why the devil that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house. The mother—for so she proved to be—bade them talk less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently. He moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure, I saw his fine eye alternately fixed on me, and raised towards the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me. The lads had eaten and drank themselves into such a condition that I already looked up at them as *hors de combat;* and the frequent visits of the whiskey bottle to the ugly mouth of their dame, I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend, take a large carving knife, and go to a grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous weapon, until the cold sweat coursed over every part of my body, in spite of my determination to defend myself to the very last. Her task finished, she walked to the reeling sons, and said, "There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill yon ——, and then for the watch." I turned, cocked my gun locks silently, touched my faithful dog, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life.

The moment was fast approaching that might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of despatching me, whilst her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot;—but she was not to be punished thus. The door suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bound upon my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me, that they should have arrived at that moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defence and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that, as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. The two strangers gave an account of their once having been in a somewhat similar situation. Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives.—They were not quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as Regulators are wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, towards the settlements.

During upwards of twenty-five years, when my wanderings extended to all parts of our country, this was the only time at which my life was in danger from my fellow creatures. Indeed, so little risk do travellers run in the United States, that no one born there ever dreams of any to be encountered on the road; and I suppose the inhabitants of the cabin were not Americans.

Reader, will you believe that not many miles from the place where this adventure happened, 28 years ago, no habitation of civilized men was expected, and very few ever came, large roads are now made, cultivation has converted the woods into fertile fields, taverns have been erected, and much of what we Americans call comfort is to be met with. So fast does improvement proceed in our abundant and free country.

Death by Suffocation of a whole Family.—In New York, on Friday afternoon, a family, consisting of four persons, named Philip Brady, his wife Cotharine Brady, James Brady, a brother of Philip, and a lad also named James Brady, Philip's son, moved to the rear house 172 24th street, where on Friday night they made a large charcoal fire in their sleeping room, which was very much confined. In this room the whole family retired to rest, and they all were found dead the next morning, they all having been suffocated by the poisonous gas arising from the coal. Capt. Whigam, of the Eighteenth Ward Police, on being informed of the melancholy occurrence, repaired to the house, broke open the door of the room where the deceased parties lay, and removed their dead bodies to the air, hoping by so doing to resuscitate them, but to no effect, life being extinct. Alderman Concklin was notified to hold an inquest on their bodies, which he did on Saturday afternoon.

Send him to Salt Lake.—In the Georgia Legislature, a few days ago, a petition was presented from John T. Flournoy, asking for the passage of a bill to authorize the right of polygamy! If the Legislaturns a deaf ear to the prayer of Mr. Flournoy, we may expect to hear of his departure to the land of Brigham young; that is the place for him.

NIAGARA ECLIPSED.—The river Shirhawati, between Bombay Cape and Comoria, falls into the Gulf of Arabia. The river is about one fourth of a mile in width, and in the rainy season some thirty feet in depth. This immense body of water rushes down a rocky slope three hundred feet at an angle of forty-five degrees, at the bottom of which it makes a perpendicular plunge of eight hundred and fifty feet into a black and dismal abyss, with a noise like the loudest thunder.—The whole descent is therefore, eleven hundred and fifty feet, or several times that of Niagra. The volume of water in the latter is somewhat larger than that of the former, but in depth of descent it will be seen there is no comparison between them. In the dry season, the Shirhawati is a small stream, and the fall is divided into three cascades of surpassing beauty and grandeur. They are almost dissipated and dissolved into mist before reaching the bed of the river below.

Dark Hours.

There are hours, dark hours, that mark the history of the brightest year. For not a whole month in any of the thousands of the past, perhaps, has the sun shone brilliantly all the time. And there have been cold and stormy days in every year. And yet the mists and shadows of the darkest hours were dissipated, and flitted heedlessly away. The cruelest of the ice fetters have been broken and dissolved, and the most furious storm looses its power to alarm.

And what a parable is all this human fear of our inside world, where the heart works at its destined labors, here, too, we have the overshadowing of dark hours, and many a cold blast chills the heart to its core. But what matters it? Man is born a hero, and it is only by darkness and storms that heroism gains its greatest development and best illustration—then it kindles the black cloud into a blaze of glory, and the storm bears it rapidly to its destiny. Despair not, then,—Disappointment will be realized. Mortifying failure may attend this effort and that one—but *only be honest and struggle on,* and it will all work well.

☞ We have often heard of *grease* that would stick to the *ribs,* but a fellow at Louisville is one ahead. He was operating in a pork house and had the sale of spare ribs for his perquisites; so he managed to have a barrel half filled with lard, and then threw the bones in on the lard, and carried the whole off as spare ribs.

☞ "He who dares to injure a woman," (said Kossuth in his speech to the ladies at New York,) "is despised in the East like a dog."

Lynching of a Woman in California.

A California letter to the Journal of Commerce contains the following particulars of the execution of a young girl at Downieville:

She was a Mexican senorita, with all the passions and frailties which attach themselves to the race. One day she stabbed a man, so that he died in a short time. Public opinion varies as to the enormity of this crime. Some assert that it was a wanton and treacherous attack; others consider it to have been an ordinary murder, under circumstances of sufficient but considerable provocation; while many affirm that the blow was struck in defence of her person against a drunken assault.—The better opinion is, as far as I can learn, that the killing was unlawful, but under palliating circumstances. It is of little consequence to my present purpose, to examine into the degree of crime. I am merely to relate how a *woman* was punished by unlawful hands in this high noon of the nineteenth century.

It seems that an example was needed in Downieville. Little or no retribution had fallen upon former murderers in that vicinity, and it unfortunately happened that the dead man had many friends in the city, while the girl elicited no sympathy. Her nation was despised, and she was of a character which always draws more companions than friends in California.—The many-headed-monster cried "Blood for blood!"

The Mountain City is situated at the confluence of two branches of the North Yuba, and is connected with the opposite bank by a long bridge. The cord was thrown over a cross-beam in the middle of the bridge, and thither the infuriated multitude hurried their frail victim. Her bearing was haughty and conposed in the highest degree. She was a beautiful girl, but neither her beauty nor unusual roundness of form excited the slightest compassion in the majority.

At this point of the proceeding, a young lawyer mounted the bridge railing and denounced the whole affair in words of more bitter justice than discretion. He was not suffered to speak long. A dozen hands pulled him down, and as many feet were vigorously applied to him along the length of the bridge. When upon the opposite bank, he was forbidden to enter Downieville agan, under penalty of being tarred and feathered.

Even the perpetrators of this outrage should have been shamed into common humanity by the next appeal. A physician, well known in the place, stated upon his professional reputation and most sacred honor, that the girl was *enciente,* and demanded for her the reprieve which was always granted by the merciful common law of England, even in the darkest ages and most barbarous periods. But no! Mercy to a murderess! Time to give birth to another of the viper's blood! They hooted at the idea! The physician was ordered to leave town within three days, for having dared to assert justice.

Meanwhile the girl had been looking on with the utmost nonchalance. At the failure of this last appeal, a scornful smile distorted her lip, and she at once began to perform the last offices for herself. The *manta* was removed from her head, and given to her paramour, with watch, purse, and ornaments. Her black hair fell in masses over her shoulders, but she calmly grasped the noose, dangling near by, and passed it around her neck, concealed the hideous knot beneath the thick fall of her hair. She made but one request—that her hands might be left untied and free to give the signal. Strange to say they *did* grant her one privilege, but the one which, in cases where the nerves were not made of steel, would have been the most injudicious.

She then drew a bunch of cigaritas from her bosom and distributed them among the bystanders, reserving one for herself.—Thus she lighted and half smoked—then drew it from her lips with—"I would do it again, the *malidito*——!" She did not finish the sentence, but dropped the cigarita. This was the signal, and her light form shot rapidly up in the air, hardly struggling, so powerful was the will that kept her free arms stiffly pressed against her sides. There she hung over that foaming river—between sky and earth, the mark of deepest disgrace upon all our fair land. Ever since that moment of delirium, the citizens of Downieville have been called by press and people, the Downivillains."

Contrasted with scenes like these, how lofty have been the motives and actions of the Vigilance Cmmittee! How dastardly, too, those who have infested the Bench and Bar, till "Judge" became a title of doubtful honor in California, and honorable lawyers blushed for their profession!

☞ A Yankee who went over to the other country some time ago, and who was asked on coming back how he liked Great Britain. "Well," he said, "England was a very nice country, exceedingly fertile, well cultivated, very populous, and very healthy; but," said the Yankee, "I never liked to take a morning walk after breakfast, because the country is so small that I was always afraid of walking off the edge."

"The Old Man."

No expression that we are acquainted with grates so harshly on our ear as that of "The Old Man," when it comes from the lips of a son speaking of his father.—A person who habitually uses the expression, is either intimate with low characters or he does not feel that respect and deference due from a son to a parent. In excuse it is said, 'tis but a joke and means nothing. If so, it were better not to jest on such a subject, and use some expression that does mean something.

"Old man" is used as a term of reproach, a sort of by-word, and a bugaboo to scare bad children, and in the manner used expresses a sort of contempt, or don't care.

There are several stages to be gone thro', before the old man is brought on. Pa, papa, and father have had their day. As the young swell lazily rolls his cigar or quid of tobacco in the corner of his mouth, and rubs his goose-down chin, and replies with a curl of the lip, to the gentleman by whom he is interrogated—"that's nobody but the old man."

Young chaps that frequent oyster cellars, beer-saloons, and fashionable wine-shops, who can smoke a "regalia," or chew "ladies twist," without making them sick, or walk a crack with three glasses of champaigne; these are the sprigs who talk of "the old man" who don't know they're out.

We have also heard these same characters speak of their mothers as the "old woman!" True, it is no heinous offence, yet it shows as plainly as any other swagger, what company they have kept, and the estimate they place upon their parent's love and care for so many years.

Dessolation.

An immigrant just arrived across the plains, gives the following description of the memorable "jarnado del muerto," on which so many thousands of animals, and so many persons of the last year's emigration perished:

"If there is a section of country in God's wide extended creation that can surpass that large scope of land lying between Salt Lake Valley and Carsons river, for sterility of soil, scarcity of timber, and everything that has a tendency to cheer up the spirits of the wearied traveler, I am sure that I don't want to see it.—From the sink of Humbolt river across the desert to Carson river, my heart was sickeded at seeing the great destruction of property, viz: wagons, carriages, and buggies, dead horses, mules, and cattle, whose carcasses lie thick all over the ground, in a state of preservation, the skins, and a good deal of the flesh, being dried to the bones—the water, marshes, and air, being so strongly impregnated with alkali, that it has a tendency to keep off the devouring insects and birds of prey. But the worst is not half told yet: to see every two or three hundred yards a grave, where a father, mother, brother, or sister, has been buried; but, ere the train is out of sight, the corpse is disinterred by the prowling wolf, or savage Indian—the bones left to bleach upon the great American desert.—Although I am rather a hardened sinner, yet, when I saw the scene as just described, I could not refrain from shedding tears, and feel myself more submissive to that mighty and powerful God who rules the universe."

A Dream Realized.

Some day during the past summer, a stranger stopped at one of the watering places on the mountain south of this place. After his arrival there he was taken sick, and for several days he was apparently deranged. On his recovery he informed the proprietor of the house that during his illness he had dreamed for three nights in succession that he had discovered at a certain distance in the mountain, under a rock, an earthen crock, containing a large amount of silver. At this the worthy host expressed his surprise, and spoke of it as a mysterious dream. Afterwards, however, they were walking together in that direction, when the dream was again adverted to by the stranger; and the proprietor at once proposed an examination to satisfy curiosity. The rock was soon found, and after carefully brushing the leaves away, it was moved, and to their utter amazement, there set a crock full of silver. They took it out and conveyed it secretly to the house, and on examination it was found to contain $400, (all in half dollars,) which was divided equally between them. The day after the discovery, the stranger was about to take his leave of the mountain, and complained to his friend, the proprietor of the springs, of the inconvenience of carrying the silver, when an exchange was proposed and made, the stranger receiving bankable paper for his silver. It was not long after his departure, however, till the proprietor had made another discovery—his four hundred dollars in silver were *counterfeit,* and he had been thus ingeniously swindled out of two hundred dollars.

These facts we have gathered from a reliable source, and that they are correct there is not a shadow of doubt.

[*Waynesboro' Record.*

The Rights Of Women.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There is much clamor in these days of progress respecting a giant of new rights, or an extension of privilliges for our sex. A powerful moralist has said that "In contentions of power, both the philosphy and poetry of life are dropped and trodden down." Would not a still greater loss accrue to domestic happiness, and to the interests of well balanced society, should the innate delicacy and prerogative of woman, as woman, be forfeited or sarcificed?

"I have given her as a helpmate," said the voice that cannot err, when it spake unto Adam in the cool of the day, amid the trees of Paradise. Not as a toy, a clog, a wrestler, a prize fighter. No, a helpmate, such as was fitting for man to desire, and for woman to become.

Since the Creator assigned different spheres of action for the different sexes, it is to be presumed, form this unerring wisdom, that there is work enough in each department to employ them, and that the faithful performance of that work will be for the benefit of both. If he has made her one of the priestesses of the inner temple, committing to her charge its unrevealed sanctities, why should she seek to mingle in the warfare that may thunder at its gates or rock its torrents. Need she be again tempted by pride or curiosity, or glowing words, to barter her own Eden?

The true nobility of woman is to keep her own sphere, and to adorn it; not like the comet, daunting and perplexing other systems, but as the pure star, which is first to light the day, and the last to leave it. If she shares not the fame of the ruler and the bloodshedder, her good works, such as "become those who profess godliness, though they leave no footprints on the sands of time," may find record in the "Lamb's Book of Life."

Great Wheat and Corn States.

A correspondent of the Pittsburg Gazette, writing from Washington, says—"From the abstracts of statistical returns already prepared at the Census office, it appears that Pennsylvania in 1850, was the largest wheat producing state of the Union, I have had the curiosity to compare the six most prominent states in respect to this crop, and give them below with the crop of each as shown by the return;

Pennsylvania,	15,482,191	bu.
Ohio,	14,967,087	"
Virginia,	14,516,900	"
New York,	13,073,000	"
Michigan,	4,918,000	"
Maryland,	4,494,680	"

In the yield of Indian corn Ohio bears off the palm, for five states stand almost in a line in regard to this important staple.

These states and their respective crops are as follows:

Ohio, bu. of Indian corn,		59,788,750
Kentucky,	"	58,000,000
Illinois,	"	57,000,000
Indiana,	"	53,000,000
Tennessee,	"	52,000,000

The corn crop of 1850 for the whole United States, is returned as over 500,000,000 of bushels, a gain of about forty per cent on that of 1840.

THE PRESENT CAPITOL.—It was built at a total cost of nearly two millions of dollars, ($1,746,000.) The north wing was commenced in 1792, and was finished in 1800. It cost nearly a half a million.—The south wing was commenced in 1803 and finished 1808, and cost over $300,000. The centre was commenced in 1818 and was finished in 1827—it cost nearly one million. The entire building covers an acre and a half and 1,820 feet of ground. The length of front is 353½ feet; depth of wing 121½; east projection and steps, depth, 65; west projection and steps, depth, 83; height of wings to top of balustrade, 70; height to top of centre dome, 145; senate chamber, length 74 feet, height 42; representative chamber, length 95 feet, height 60; height of central rotundo, 96. The grounds of the capitol embrace 22½ acres, surrounded by a substantial iron railing, the length of which is four fifths of a mile.

A pretty good anecdote is told of Chief Justice Taney and the Supreme Court on the day of the fire. The Library was in flames, and clouds of smoke were rolling out and enveloping the Capitol. The Chief Justice, nevertheless appeared in his seat at the usual hour. "May it please your honor," said some one, "will the Court sit to-day?" The Chief looked up cooly and significantly to ask, "Is the Court room really on fire?" "Oh no not yet," was the answer. "Then we'll sit till it is," added the Chief. And the Court did sit, and transacted business as usual, amid all the confusion about it.

CURE FOR FOUNDER IN HORSES.—Mr. Benj. Hickman of Thornbury, informs us that a horse may be cured of founder in half an hour, by rubbing his leg from the fetlock joint to the hoof, with water heated as hot as the hand will bear, and a little melted lard. He has tried it with success.

[*Vt. Record.*