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Clearfield Republican.

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THE ARKANSAS COWARD.
The beautiful little town of Van Buren, on the Arkansas river, near the Cherokee line, during its early history, was famous for the number and ferocity of its desperadoes, being the principal meridian and focus of rendezvous for gamblers, Indian traders and all sorts of adventurers, who had found it necessary to change their domicile from lands governed by the administration of a rigid criminal code. The half-breed "brave" from the Cherokee nation also, flocked to the same site, to drink, carouse, take a hand at cards, and exhibit their powers in sanguinary "set-to's" with pistols and long knives. Such a state of society had to be imagined—it cannot be described. Not a sun performed its circuit that did not witness some dreadful single combat with or without murderous weapons, while now and then dozens at a time, and by mutual agreement, marched from the rum shop out in the public square, and engaged in mortal strife.

At this period Thomas A. Myers emigrated to Arkansas, and opened a large grocery store at Van Buren, acting himself as keeper and retailer. Such an occupation at that time required a man of the most determined courage, as the store had always a back room or shed attached, specially appropriated to gambling, both by day and by night, and where the players were supplied with the choicest liquors at the bar, and would be sure to bully the grocer out of his reasonable charges, unless restrained by fear.

For a while, however, Myers succeeded admirably. The half-breeds, loafers and "chartered fighters," as they called themselves, held a caucus, and unanimously voted that the new arrival was a dangerous subject, and had better be left alone. This verdict was altogether owing to the stranger's personal appearance, as military as might well be conceived. Tall, manly, and symmetrical in shape, with great endowments both in strength and agility, he would have had few equals in the arms of naked nature. By the cunning inventions of art, iron, steel, and lead, and the thunder and lightning of gunpowder, were made to fight for the feeblest bosom; and thus dwarfs and giants, provided both are alike the heirs of true courage, now stand on the same dead level. It was believed also that Myers possessed the resolute will to handle those awful engines of destruction where life and death hung on the touch of a trigger. His countenance betokened the perfection of bravery. His face wore generally a stern expression, and when that melted into a smile, the smile seemed fiercer still. His eyes were exceedingly black, wild, penetrating and restless, and his cold gleaming metallic look, which may be regarded as the surest sign of desperation. Besides he carried an appalling supply of pistols, and a bowie knife fourteen inches in the blade. Hence, everybody was respectful and obliging to the notable hero for a period of several weeks, during which an unusual calm reigned in the village.

A length a terrible affray occurred at Myers' grocery. Half-a-dozen fire-arms exhibited in quick succession, and the deafening roar so frightened the keeper that he fled to his heels and fled from his own establishment. The fact settled public opinion as to his character.

"What a chicken-hearted coward, to run from his own castle," exclaimed Gen. Cole, the Napoleon of frontier duellists and gamblers.

"You've been the spunk of a dead pistol," hissed Bill Green, the dandy loafer, jabbing his "soap locks" with his long nails.

conduct of Jack Warhawk. Brandishing his big knife with his right hand, he seized the flowing locks of Myers in his left, roared at the top of his lungs—
"Down, coward, down on your marrow-bones, or by the blue blazes I'll cut your throat!"
Incredibly as it may seem, Myers still holding his deadly revolver, loaded with six rounds, covered to the floor like a beaten hound, and begged most piteously for his life—a prayer which the mocking half-breed granted, on condition that he would treat the crowd for a whole week.

From that time the unfortunate Myers was subject to every species of insult and outrage. The loafers would pull his nose for more amusement; the half-breeds would spit in his face to make him treat, and Gen. Cole, when intoxicated, would strike him with his cane to cure him of his cowardice, as he said. The poor grocery keeper booked all these gross indignities with the patience of a martyr; and would sometimes meekly remonstrate.

"Gentlemen, it is ungenerous to abuse me thus, for I confess I have no courage—I cannot fight."
This continued for a whole year, when a change occurred that caused the insults to cease. Myers' wife, whom he loved with the tenderest passion. One day when the husband was absent, the heinous half-breed, Jack Warhawk, instigated to the damning deed by the persuasions of Gen. Cole, went to the grocery keeper's private residence, and maltreated his lady in the most shameful manner.

Myers returned home to find his beloved one drowned, as it were, in tears. He heard the harrowing tale without external manifestations of anger or emotion. His face, it is true, became somewhat pale—his lip quivered an instant, and then settled to an expression rigid as a mouth of iron, and his wild black eye, it may be, shot a few more beams of penetrating fire; but he did not mutter curses. He muttered not a word of menace; he did not condole or even sympathize with his afflicted wife. He only armed himself with a bowie-knife, fourteen inches in the blade, from hilt to point, and started for the village.

He came within sight of his enemy, then promanaging the public square, and boasting of his villainous achievement. At this vision Myers' lip curled into a horrid smile, and his dark eye melted into a stream of tears. He approached till he stood nearly touching the half-breed, and then said in a hoarse whisper—
"Wretch! be quick, draw! for by St. Paul one of us must die!"
And he waited till the other should be ready for the strife on equal terms. He did not have to wait long, for Jack understanding that cold, glittering, snaky smile, and those hot gushing tears, as the certain tokens of murderous madness, immediately unsheathed at the same moment with his adversary, and they began the dreadful combat, which was soon decided.

Myers parried three furious blows of the hateful half-breed, and then grasping his foe's clothing with his left hand, with his other plunged the knife up to the hilt in his heart. The Cherokee expired without a groan.

contrast exhibited by their appearance.—Gen. Cole, was an old, experienced duellist, who had shot his man before he was eighteen, and had often been engaged in affairs of the kind.

On the contrary, Myers was unacquainted with fire-arms, and had always hitherto been deemed an unmitigated paltroof. And yet, singular to record, the duellist stood up nerveless and agitated, almost trembling, while the reputed coward was calm, firm, and steady as a rock, with that appalling smile on his curling lip, and a few scattered hair-drops gleaming in the sun, on his cheek.

Gen. Cole's second gave the word.—"Fire—once—two—three! He need not, however, to count so many, for with the echo of the sound "fire," Myers elevated his piece as quick as thought, and touched the trigger. There was a tremendous roar, and Gen. Cole, the duellist fell dead. His head was severed with twenty buckshot.

No one ever again called Myers a coward in Arkansas—No one even thought of him as his shadow gleamed by the light. He had taken his degrees in the college of desperation, and his diploma was written in blood!

He became a politician of great notoriety—a leader in that section of the State; repeatedly elected to the Legislature, and he acquired distinction by his tall, and still more by his fearless daring. He is said to be yet in the progress of tension, having recently obtained the nomination of Major General of the militia. We may expect before long to see his name in the roll of members of Congress. Nature made him a coward; love his insulted wife rendered him brave, bravery has conferred honor.

A DISTRESSING CASE.—On Friday last Steel and his family, consisting of his wife and four children, took passage on James Millinger for the Ohio river. S. and family lived in Scott county, Ia., but three years ago removed to this place. He was unfortunate in his new location, and having become nearly bankrupt decided upon going back to his old home. When the boat was approaching Nashville, his wife picked up a child that seven years old and jumped into the water; the example was followed by himself, and the three perished before efficient assistance could be rendered. The terrible act was committed at midnight, and just at the time when officers of the boat were "changing their watches." The other children were taken to the cabin by the kind-hearted commander, Captain Gormly, and were well cared for. Captain D. F. Radd of this place happened to be on board and succeeded in raising a subscription of about \$150 for orphans.

From the Washington Union.
THE AMAZON AND THE ATLANTIC SLOPES OF SOUTH AMERICA.—No. 4.
Bolivia has but one scapout on the Pacific. That is Cobija, an open roadstead, and a miserable village, at the head of the great desert of Atacama. The land transportation between this port and the agricultural districts of the republic is too rough, too tedious, and too expensive ever to admit of its becoming a commercial emporium. The direction in which Bolivia looks for an outlet to market for her produce is along her navigable water-courses that empty into the Amazon, and then down that stream into the sea, where the winds and the currents are such as to require that produce to pass by our doors.

Bolivia understands this, and her President has expressed the most earnest desire to draw closely the bonds of friendship, commerce and navigation which are destined to bind his country to this.

Bolivia, we have seen, opens navigable streams that are tributary both to the Amazon and La Plata. The free air of heaven and the glad waters of the earth were put here by the Almighty for the well-being of mankind. Use without exhaustion is the only condition annexed by the laws of man to the air and water being considered as the common property of the world.

Have not, therefore, Bolivia and the seven other independent nations that own navigable streams emptying into the Amazon or the La Plata, but which do not own their mouth, the right to follow and to "use without exhaustion" each its own navigable waters to the sea? And does not the "policy of commerce" require the enforcement of that right, so far as it concerns any or all of the eight upland nations which may wish to trade with us and the rest of the world through those natural channels and commercial highways?

This is one of the questions that I propose to consider. But before showing why it is that by a Japanese policy here at our doors in shutting out commerce from the finest portion of the world. I wish to show that the free navigation of the Amazon is an abstraction, but that there are now there, in actual existence, all the elements of profitable, large, and growing commerce, and that therefore the question is one of practical importance. I will therefore speak of the productions of this interesting—I had almost said classic—land.

In the Puna country of Bolivia we find the llama, the vicuña, and the alpaca.—Immense flocks of sheep feed in its pastures and lie down upon its hills.

well as in that of Chiquitos, yields fruit in two years after being planted, requiring but the slightest care. The cacao, recently introduced into these two provinces, bears in three or four years at most. The tamarind, which succeeds in the same localities, but especially in the country of Chiquitos, requires five years.

"Cotton yields annual crops: there are two species—the white and the yellow."
"Tobacco grows, so it is said, without cultivation in the province of Valle-Grande, in which it is the principle article of trade. Indigo, of which there are three cultivated species and one wild, is equally abundant. Maza, ripens in three months, without regard to season. It is cultivated more particularly in the province of Cercado.

"The Cassada produces in eight months after planting. There are two species of it—the one sweet, the other bitter; the former is a substitute for the potato, and even for bread itself—the latter serves only to make starch. There are many varieties or species of bananas, which produce a year after planting. They are cultivated especially in the province of Cercado.—Two species of rice—white and red—are cultivated, both in the province of Cercado and Chiquitos, yielding crops every five or six months. It is said to grow wild in the country of Chiquitos.

"The vine, which flourishes particularly in the province of Cordillera, where it was cultivated in the missions until the epoch of independence, is not now made use of. It will, perhaps, hereafter be one of the principal products of that country.

"Wheat, barley, and the potato, could be cultivated with advantage in the provinces of Chiquitos and Cordillera, but at this time they are neglected, except in the province of Valle-Grande. The culture of coca has commenced in the province of Cercado, where it is found wild; so also the quinquina on the mountains of the Samaipata. As already mentioned, fruit abounds in this region—oranges, lemons, citrons, figs, papayas, pomgranates, muskmelons, water-melons, chirimayas, (which the Brazilians call *fruta do conde*), pineapples, &c. The last mentioned of these fruits grows wild and in great abundance in the woods of Chiquitos. We met with it particularly the day before our arrival at Santa Anna. It is fine flavored, but left such a burning sensation in the mouth that I bitterly repented having tasted of it.

"In the province are gathered in great abundance jalap, quinquina bark, sarsaparilla, vanilla, roacon, copahu, ipecahuana, caoutchouc, copal, &c.

In the province of Chichos are many mines of silver and vast herds of cattle. In the province of Lipiz, where the climate is cold and the agricultural staple barley, llamas, vicuñas, alpacas, with deer and the beautiful chinchillas, abound.—Here a kind of copperas called "piedra de azufre" is found; also, amethysts and other precious stones; and here, too, is a great plain, 18 by 120 miles covered with salt, already fit for tribulation.

The Paray, a tributary of the Amazon through the Madeira, is navigable to Claret-Ojos, which is thirty leagues only from Santa Cruz, the capital of the republic.

But Lipiz is far to the south. "It is of the Amazonian water-shed that I now wish to speak; though the tributaries of the great branches of the Amazon and the La Plata, of the Madeira, the Tapajos, and the Paraguay, so interlap among themselves that it is as difficult to find the "divide" between the Madeira and the Paraguay as it is to find it between the Madeira and the Tapajos.

In 1772 Louis Pinto de Souza caused a vessel of considerable size to be made for the head-waters of the Madeira by those of the La Plata, that he might thus set the example of an inland navigation.—The portage between the navigable waters of the two was only two miles and a half.

It is among the upper tributaries of the Madeira that tradition of the country places the lost mines of Uruçumaguani, with riches equal in value to the fabulous wealth of the gilded city of Manoa.

On the banks of this stream are now found *placers*, which, using only gold and calibashes for washers, will give the miner his \$2 or \$3 per day.

Lakes, too, are found up its tributaries, which yield the most abundant supplies of salt. The rivers abound with fish, and the woods with game.

Lieutenant Gibbon went to Bolivia to explore the valley of the Madeira, and he is now on his way down that river. The Bolivians hailed him as a benefactor, and offered him every facility in their power.

While he was in Cochabamba the attention of that government was called to the subject of establishing on the navigable waters of the Madeira ports of entry to foreign commerce, and of contracting with a company to put steamers on her water-courses. The President of the republic received the propositions in the most gracious manner. Hence the valley of the Madeira becomes an object of special interest at this time, and I may therefore be pardoned for lingering in it so long.

Much of that country is unknown, and the stories that are told of its riches and its productions are so dazzling that we are of a severe climate, accustomed as we are to a stony soil, from which its fruits have to be wrung by long and patient labor, are disposed to receive eye-witness accounts of them with some degree of allowance at least.

So far, I have made my statements with regard to this subject, partly upon the authority of intelligent citizens of that and the neighboring country with whom I have conversed in Peru, and partly upon the authority of M. Castelnaud—a man of standing and of erudition, who was sent out by the French government especially to examine that country, and with whom, therefore, over-coloring would be a crime; and finally, upon the authority of officers who have also the government of the United States has sent there for the same purpose.

As being all of a piece with the reports which these give, I quote from the *Journal of a friend*, written from Lima last summer, and which was before the publication of Castelnaud's travels. Speaking of Bolivia and her enlightened President, that friend says: