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Clearfield Republican.

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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."

JAMES BOWIE, THE NAPOLEON OF DUELLISTS.

On the evening of the 4th of June, 1835, the steamboat "Rob Roy," started from St. Louis to New Orleans with a full crowd of passengers. Immediately after "getting good headway," to adopt a favorite backwood's phrase, one person attracted universal attention, by the annoying eagerness with which he endeavored to make up a party at cards. Indeed, his oft repeated and persevering efforts to that end soon became insulting and unendurable; and yet his appearance was such as to deter the bravest on board from administering the chastisement which he so justly deserved. He was a huge mass of mighty bone and muscles, with swarthy features, bearing the impress of many scars; piercing black eyes, that seemed to possess the power of blasting the beholder—cold, gleaming eyes, such as taunt the memory painfully; a rank luxuriance of coal black hair, immense whiskers and moustache. This savage looking figure was habited in the costliest clothing, and adorned with a profusion of jewelry, while the outlines of the several murderous weapons were plainly distinguishable beneath his gaudy vest and superfine coat. Nor did he need these to render him an object of terror. A connoisseur in the science of belligerent gymnastics would have confidently pronounced him a match for any five men on deck, without any aid from lead or cold steel.

At length after many failures, he prevailed on a wealthy young merchant of Natchez, to join him at a game of 'poker.' They sat down beside a small table near the bar, and were soon absorbed in the most perilous of all excitements of which the two alluring ingredients are the vanity and pride of individual skill, and the uncertainty of general hazard. At first the stakes were small, and the run of cards seemed wholly in favor of the merchant; but presently they bet more freely, and gold eagles and hundred dollar notes were showered down on the board with extravagant ardor; and the current of fortune changed; ebbed away from the young merchant, and flowed to the professional gambler, in a stream like the ocean's tide. As usually happens in such cases, his want of success only piqued and maddened the loser, and he sought to recover himself by venturing such desperate ventures as could not but deepen and confirm his ruin. And thus they continued during that long summer night. The intensity of their excitement became equivalent to insanity. Every nerve was strung—every energy of the brain was taxed to the utmost—their teeth were set as those of antagonists in mortal strife—the sweat rolled from their brows like great drops of rain.

The passengers formed a circle around the players, and looked on with that interest which extraordinary concentration of intellect and passion never fails to inspire in bosoms that shudder at the excess. The merchant and the gambler attracted all eyes, and kept awake by gazing till morning. Among the latter was one presenting a countenance so piteous that it might have melted hearts of marble to tears. A pale and exquisitely beautiful face peeped incessantly from the ladies' cabin weeping all the while as if oppressed by some dreadful sensation of immediate sorrow.—It was the merchant's lovely wife weeping her farewell departing hope!

There was one spectator, also, whose appearance and actions excited almost as much curiosity as the players did themselves. He was a tall, spare man, of about thirty, with handsome features, golden hair, keen blue eyes of perpetual brightness, and his firm, thin lips wore a perpetual smile—a mysterious smile, of the most inscrutable meaning. With the exception of his red calico shirt, his person was dressed wholly in buckskin, ornamented with long flowing tassels, and with figures wrought out of variegated heads, after the fashion of some western Indians. He stood close beside the card table, and held in his left hand a sheet of paper, in his right a large pencil, with which, ever and anon, he dashed off a few words as engaged in tracing the progress of the game.

Still the merchant and gambler persevered in their physical and mental toil.—The dial of the stars, with its thousand eyes of golden fire, pointed to the world's brows of midnight; but still they did pause. It still was "shuffle and cut, deal, pass, ante up, and I call you, and down the pile." Towards morning, a tremendous storm arose. The red lightning flashed awfully—the hail poured down like a frozen cataract; the great thunder roared till it rivalled the loud thunders of heaven; and the very pilot at the helm was alarmed. But the mad players heard it not! What was the tumult of raging elements to them, whose destinies hung on the turning of a card? And the smiling blue-eyed stranger in buckskin still stood by them, with his pencil and paper, calmly noting the development of the game. Finally the storm passed, and the beautiful day-beam came out like a smile of glory in the gray east. Then the infuriated merchant, distracted with his heavy losses, capped the climax of folly.—He staked five thousand dollars, his last cent of money in the world on two pair of kings."

The whiskered gambler "called" him: they showed hands, the blackleg had "two pairs of aces," and "raked the board."—The merchant dropped to the floor as if he had been shot through the brain—his beautiful young wife flew to his side and fell shrieking upon his bosom. They were both borne away insensible to the ladies' cabin.

As he deposited the winnings in his pocket, the gambler emitted a hoarse laugh that sounded frightful like the chuckle of a fiend, but he instantly lost color, as a low, calm voice remarked in his ear—

"Villain you play a strong hand at many different games, but here stands one that can beat you at all of them."

He turned, met the glance of those keen blue eyes, so preternaturally bright, and shuddered, but he immediately gained his presence of mind, for he was no coward, and then he frowned till his shaggy brows met like the coil of a serpent, and demanded sternly—

"Beggar who are *you* to banter a gentleman thus rudely?"

"I am James Bowie, of Texas," the other answered with a ringing laugh, "and *you* are John Lafitte, a bastard of the old pirate!"

The gambler reeled in his chair as if he had been struck with a thunderbolt, but recovered again from the shock in a moment, and asked in a firm tone—

"What game do you wish with me?"

"*Poker* first, and *pistols* afterwards, if you play foul!" replied Bowie.

"Very well," rejoined the other, and they took their seats at the table.

For a time the success seemed about equally balanced, the gain and loss being alternate. At last the gambler ventured one of his skillful manœuvres in dealing. Bowie smiled strangely as his quick eye detected the trick. He said nothing, however, but looked at his hand, and bet five thousand dollars, staking the money in ten large bills. The gambler went five thousand dollars higher, which resulted in a "call."

Bowie held "four jacks," but with a habitual fiendish chuckle, his antagonist showed "four queens," exclaiming as he did so—

"By heaven, the pile is mine!"

"Not yet," shouted Bowie, as with both hands he reaped the heap of notes to the tune of twenty thousand dollars, into his pocket.

Choking, and purple with rage and shame, the gambler roared—

"To the hurricane deck, and let the pistols be trump this turn!"

"Good as gold!" replied Bowie, and the two hastily ascended the stairs and assumed their separate positions—the gambler over the stern and Bowie over the prow.

At that instant the sun was rising in a cloudless sky. Nature looked sublime—a bride worthy her Almighty Husband and God. The woods and waters appeared as parts of the divine picture, with the boundless blue of heaven for its back ground. The broad bosomed river rolled away like an immense sheet of burnished silver, speckled here and there with a flash of golden bubbles; shining fishes gambolled in the sparkling wave; and all the bright birds—those sweet singers, whose life is a dream, and that dream only music—chanted their wild anthem to the new day; while the two great duellists, the most deadly ever known in the south-west, stood with cocked pistols, eye to eye, and their fingers fixed on the hair triggers, prepared and waiting to slay and be slain.

"I am ready. You give the word," cried Bowie, in his clear, ringing voice, and with that inseparable smile of strange meaning on his lips.

"I am ready. Fire!" shouted the gambler, in tones murderous as death.

The two pistols roared simultaneously. Bowie did not move, though he had barely escaped with his life, for the bullet of his foe had cut away one of the golden locks of his yellow hair. The gambler was shot through the heart, and dropping on the brink of the deck, had almost tumbled into the river. He was buried by the squatters at the next wood yard. And thus perished, justly, a bastard son of the great pirate Lafitte.

There never was a jury empannelled in the west who would have brought in a verdict against any man for killing him, and more especially under the circumstances, because public opinion pronounced that "he ought to be killed." And such were the desperadoes Bowie commonly exterminated.

The generous victor immediately proceeded to the ladies' cabin and restored the winnings of the gambler to the young merchant and his beautiful wife, who both received the boon as a gift from heaven, with as much gratitude as joy.

☞ Some patriotic manufacturer has lately produced cards having Washington, Adams, Franklin, and Lafayette for the four Kings; Venus, Fortune, Ceres, and Minerva for the four queens; and four Indian chiefs for the four knaves—a curious family party as one may meet in a long summers' day.

A SAD PICTURE.

Those of our country readers, says the People's Paper, who look upon city life as one continued round of pleasure, will find in the following sketch, from the Esculapian, of the every day experience of a young Doctor, a true picture of the condition of the poor and the unfortunate. It is undoubtedly true that we have also among us the fortunate, who grow rich and revel in the luxuries of the world. But for every one of these we have at least one case fully as sad in its details as that described below by the Doctor.

I had just finished tea, and was quietly seated in my office before a grateful fire, that glowed as if to promise me an evening of uninterrupted comfort, when the bell rang with a peculiar jerk, which seems to belong in a special degree to doctor's bells, and sent a thrill throughout my frame, as though it was the summons into some dread abode of misery, as had been too frequently the case of late.

The door was opened, and in stepped a thin pale faced girl, about sixteen years old, wearing a straw bonnet, and with no other outer garment than a common blanket shawl drawn close about her shoulders. She was dripping wet, notwithstanding the protection of an old umbrella which she held in her hand, for it was raining most piteously.

I invited her to come near the fire, and at the same time to tell me the object of her visit.

Her first accent revealed, though slightly, her Irish descent, as she timidly, though deliberately, told me that she had come to see if I would go with her to prescribe for her mother, who was very bad with the dropsy, and there was danger that she would not live through the night.

I enquired why she had not called earlier, if her mother was so dangerously ill, upon which she told me that she had been to see the doctor who had attended her mother for some time; and as he lived some ways up town, it had taken all her time after work, without waiting even to eat her supper.

"But why does not your attending physician go to see your mother to-night?" I asked.

"He tells me that he can do no more good without an operation, for which he should charge ten dollars; and that is more money than I have been able to save from my earnings."

"How long has he attended your mother?"

"About six weeks."

"Do you owe him anything for services now?"

"No, sir, he has been paid a dollar at each visit."

"How often has he called?"

"Twice a week."

"Have you no means but what you earn?"

"No, sir; my father has been long dead; and since my mother's sickness, I have to support the family."

"How many are there of you?"

"Four, sir; my mother that is sick, a younger sister, and a little brother."

"What do you do to support so many?"

"I bind hats, sir, at a place in Pearl street."

"How much can you earn a week?"

"When I can work all the time, I can earn four dollars and a half."

"Can you make two dollars and a half defray your weekly expenses, after paying the doctor?"

"By pinching, I can, as we have but one room, for which we pay fifty cents a week, and that gives us two dollars to buy food with."

I had made the above enquiries rapidly, and they were answered without hesitation, evidently with a sense of obligation that I should know the truth. When I had ceased to interrogate her, she looked up full in my face, and said:

"Now, doctor, I have just five dollars, which I can pay you for your services, and I will pay as much more as you will charge, as fast as I can earn it, if you will go to-night and do what you can for my poor mother; for I am afraid if she is not helped she may die before morning."

"Where do you live?" I enquired.

"At No.— Stone street, in an old building, near the middle of the block out of Whitehall."

"I will come down directly."

"Do you think you can find the place? It is very dark to-night, and the street is not well lighted."

I assured her that I could find my way, upon which she got up to leave, evidently with a much lighter heart than when she entered.

"Do you ride?" I asked.

"No, sir; I always walk."

Thinking it might be to save expense, I offered a sixpence, which she was about to decline taking, when I told her that I would her to get home to her mother as soon as possible, so that she might be prepared for my arrival, and therefore she would oblige me by receiving it, and get into stage. This seemed to satisfy her, and she took it without a word of comment and passed out.

Putting into my pocket from a medicine chest such remedies as I thought most likely to be required, I put on my heavy coat and India rubbers, and with my umbrella in my hand started out.

It had been snowing through the day, but at sundown the wind shifted southerly, and growing milder rain commenced falling, which with the half melted snow rendered the street as uncomfortable for pedestrians as could possibly be imagined. Hailing an omnibus, I soon found myself the twelfth inside, closely shut up, without a breath of air, but what had probably been inhaled half a dozen times, and flavored very strongly with the fumes of wet garments, rum and tobacco.

Whoever has business in Stone street, will, no doubt, recollect an old brick building, tottering upon its foundation, between lofty stores, and readily recognized as the abode of numerous poor Irish families. By the faint light of a distant lamp, I concluded this must be the place of my destination.

While looking for the number over an open door leading into a hall, I was addressed by a voice in little more than an audible whisper, which I at once recognized, saying:

"This is the place, doctor—come quickly, for I am afraid my poor mother is dying."

I followed my guide as closely as possible, for it was impenetrably dark; and having ascended two pair of rickety stairs, she pushed open a door that stood leaning so as to fall to by its own gravity, and I entered a small attic room in the rear part of the building; and there upon a bed, bolstered up with the utmost care, so as to favor the feeble powers of respiration, lay the mother, calmly and unconsciously breathing out the last short breath of life; and there, leaning upon that bed, were the two younger children, weeping most piteously the bitter tears which none but the orphan can ever shed; and there, standing calm and statue like, was the faithful daughter, with her eyes fixed upon the mother who would never speak to her again.

Consumption Curable.—A book entitled "Information respecting the practice of F. H. Ramadge, M. D., by J. M. Howe, M. D., has just been published in New York. In reviewing it, the *Evening Post* says:

"Dr. Howe has himself been a sufferer from this relentless disease. On his way to the south of Europe in search of relief he became so ill in Paris that he determined to return home while he had the strength to do so. In London he was induced to consult Dr. Ramadge, senior physician to the infirmary for asthma, consumption, &., who effected his cure in the course of two or three months. The principal remedy was the use of a tube, through which the patient breathed, for the purpose of expanding, airing and exercising the lungs. The construction of the tube is adapted to this purpose. The air is drawn in gradually through a large aperature, and then, when in the lungs, a small valve closes, and leaves a smaller opening, through which the air passes out; thus leaving the air in the lungs for a longer period of time than it would remain without the tube, causing ultimately a permanent enlargement of the lungs and chest, and a great invigoration of the system. Whenever a person is tending to consumption, there is a growing contraction of the chest, and the lungs being only partially inflated, the blood loses a great portion of the benefit which nature intended should be derived from full and perfect inspiration. Now, whether the tube be the best means of counteracting this contraction, we do not pretend to say, never having seen one—but the principal on which it is based is entirely correct.—Large-chested men seldom die of consumption and the size of this cavity can be increased by use like any other part of the body. The consulting physicians of life insurance companies, who, in the examination of applicants for policies, are obliged to inflate their lungs to their utmost tension, twenty times a day, in order to show the person under examination how the thing is to be done, having noticed a remarkable increase in the size of their own chests, and a corresponding improvement in general health. The same expansion results from violent exercise—hence its advantage. But as violent exercise is impossible to the consumptive patient, the tube is offered as producing much the same effect. Medicines are now only used in this disease to sooth the sufferer; a journey to warm climates is considered, by the best medical men, a forlorn hope. Fresh air, generous diet, gentle exercise are the only remedies. We can see no possible harm in using the tube, and many reasons why it should prove advantageous.

☞ Potter County, Pennsylvania, where no intoxicating liquor is sold, is attracting the attention of persons settling in Pennsylvania, as a place where life and property will be more secure, and county taxes lighter, than elsewhere in our State. The coroner's fees last year only amounted to fifty cents! The expenses of Philadelphia county, caused by intoxicating liquors, would go far to purchase Potter co. out and out.

SOMEBODY IN MY BED.

BY W. J. JONES, ESQ., OF HARRISBURG, PA.

"I believe, Captain," said the doctor, "I never told you my adventure with a woman at my boarding house, when I was attending the lectures."

"No, let's have it." replied a short, flabby, fat man about fifty, with nervous temperament, and a very red face.

"I boarded at a house in which there were no females except the lanlady and an old colored cook—"

The captain by way of requesting him to go on said, "well!"

"I often felt the want of female society to soften the severe labors of deep study, and dispel the *ennui* to which I was subject—"

"Well!"

"But as I feared that forming acquaintance with the ladies might interfere with my studies, I avoided them all—"

"Well!"

"One evening, after listening to a long lecture on physical anatomy, and after dissecting a large negro, fatigued in body and mind, I went to my lodgings—"

"Well!"

"I went into the hall, took a large lamp and went directly into the room, it being then after 1 o'clock—"

"Well!"

"I placed the light upon the table, and commenced undressing. I hardly got my coat off when my attention was attracted to a frock and a quantity of petticoats lying on a chair near the bed—"

"Well!"

"And a pair of beautiful small shoes and stockings on the floor. Of course I thought it strange and was about to retire—but then I thought as it was my room I had at least a right to know who was in my bed—"

"Exactly so," said the captain, and "well!"

"So I took the light, went softly to the bed, and with a trembling hand drew aside the curtain. Heavens, what a sight! A young girl—I should say and angel—of about eighteen, was in there asleep—"

"Well!!!"

"As I gazed upon her, I thought I had never witnessed anything more beautiful. From underneath a little night-cap, revealing the snow in whiteness, fell a stray ringlet over a neck and shoulders of alabaster—"

"Well!!!" said the excited captain.

"Never did I look upon a bust more perfectly formed. I took hold of the coverlid and softly pulled it down—"

"*Well!*" said the captain, "make haste."

"She had on a night dress, buttoned up before, but softly I opened the two first buttons—"

"Well!!!" said the captain, "how now?"

"And then, ye gods! what a sight to gaze upon—a Hebe—pshaw, words fail! Just then—"

"WELL!!!" said the captain, "I am in suspense!"

"I thought I was taking a mean advantage of her, so I covered her up, seized my coat and boots, and went and slept in another room!"

"IT'S A LIE;" shouted the excited captain, jumping up and kicking over his chair—IT'S A LIE, certainly!"

Preservation of the Mental Powers.—Fatuity from old age cannot be cured; but it may be prevented by employing the mind constantly in reading and conversation in the evening of life. Dr. Johnson ascribes the fatuity of Dean Swift to two causes: first, to a resolution made in his youth that he would never wear spectacles, from the want of which he was unable to read in the decline of life; and second, to his avarice, which led him to abscond from visitors, or deny himself to company, by which means he deprived himself of the only two methods by which new ideas are acquired, or old ones renovated. His mind languished from want of exercise, and gradually collapsed into idiotism, in which state he spent the close of his life, in a hospital founded by himself for persons afflicted with the same disorder, of which he finally died.

Country people, when they have no relish for books, when they lose the ability to work, to go abroad, from age or weakness, are very apt to become fatuitous; especially as they are too often deserted in their old age by the younger branches of the families; in consequence of which their minds become torpid from the want of society and conversation. Fatuity is more rare in cities, than in country places, only because society and conversation can be had in them on more easy terms, and it is less common among women than men, only because their employments are of such a nature as to admit of their being carried on by their firesides, and in a sedentary posture.

The illustrious Dr. Franklin exhibited a striking instance of the influence of reading, writing and conversation, in prolonging a sound and active state of all the faculties of the mind. In his eighty-fourth year he discovered no one mark in any of them of the weakness of decay usually observed in the minds of persons at that advanced period of life.—*Dr. Rush.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A STORY OF LEAP YEAR.

Sam Smith sat at home on New Year's day, in dishabille. His beard was unshaven, his hair uncombed, his long boots were unblackened, and he was leaning back in a picturesque attitude, with his heels against the mantel-piece, smoking a cigar. Sam thought to himself that it was leap year; how glorious it would be if the ladies would pop the question, in accordance with their ancient privileges.

As he was watching the smoke which so gracefully curled, his fancy glowed with the idea, how delightful it would be to have the dear creatures fondling on him, and with tender glances endeavoring to do the agreeable.

As he mused, his heart softened, and he began to feel a squeamish, womanish sensibility, diffuse over his feelings, and he thought he would faint with propriety the first time a lady should squeeze his hand.

Rap, rap, rap, sounded at the door.—Sam peeped through the Venetian blinds.

"Mercy!" exclaimed he, "if there isn't Miss Jones, and I all dishabille, and looking like a fright; good gracious, I must go right away and fix myself."

As he left the room, Miss Jones entered, and with a composed air intimated that she would wait. Miss Jones was a firm believer in woman's rights, and now that the season was propitious, she determined to take advantage thereof, and do a little courting on her own hook. It was one of woman's privileges, which had been usurped by the tyrant man, and she determined to assert her rights in spite of the hollow formalities of the false system of society.

"Dearest how beautiful you look;" accompanying the words with a look of undisguised admiration.

"Spare the blushes of a modest young man, said Sam, applying the cambric to his face to hide his confusion.

"Nay, my love, why so coy?" said Susan. "Turn not away those lovely eyes, dark as jet, but sparkling as the diamond. Let us rest," said she, drawing him to the sofa; "there with my arm around thee, I will protest my true affection."

"Leave, O, leave me!" murmured Sam. "Think of my youth and inexperience—spare my palpitating heart."

"Leave thee." said Susan pressing him closer to her; "never! until the story of restless nights, unquiet days of aspiration, fond emotions and undying love, are laid before thee. Know, that for years I have nursed for thee a secret passion. Need I tell thee how each manly beauty moved me—how I worshipped like a sun in the lurid light of those raven tresses—how my fond heart was entrapped in the meshes of those magnificent whiskers—how I would yield to the government of that imperial;—thy manners so modest, so delicate, enchanted me—joy to me—for thy joy was my joy. My heart is forever thine—take it—but first let me snatch one kiss from those ruby lips.

The overwhelming features of the delicate youth were too strong—he fainted from excess of joy. Meanwhile the enamored maiden hung fondly over him, and—

Slowly the eyes of Samuel Smith opened;—he gazed wildly about him—then meeting the ardent gaze of his lover, he blushed deeply, and from behind his handkerchief faintly faltered out, "*Ask my ma!*"

Dow, jr., on Delinquents.—The printer's is a very disagreeable situation: his money is scattered everywhere, and he hardly knows where to look for it. His paper, his type, journeyman's labor and living must be paid for. You Mr. —— and Mr. ——, and a hundred others I could name, have taken his paper, and you and your children and your neighbors, have been instructed and amused by it.

If you miss one paper, you think very hard of the printer—you would rather go without your best meal than be deprived of your newspaper. Have you complied with the terms of your subscription? Have you taken the pains to furnish the printer with his money, as he has furnished you with his paper? Have you paid for his hand work and his head work? If you have not go and pay him off.

☞ What the United States would do in case of war with England and France, was the theme of a speech recently made at a Peace meeting in Manchester, England, by Mr. Cobden. It would seem from the tenor of his remarks, that an impression prevailed in England that should that government declare war against France, the U. States would "pitch in" in aid of England. This Mr. Cobden asserted was all moonshine, and that the only effect on the United States of such a war would be to give them the carrying trade of the world. He said the Americans would not ally themselves to any European war, but that when they wanted to fight they would do it on their own hook.

☞ Locomotive engine builders, in different sections of the Union, are all said to be laboring under a great pressure of business, caused by the increase of railroads all over the country, and the consequent demand for locomotives.