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From the Literary Companion,
By JOHN PUTNAM, THE SPY.
By THE AUTHOR OF "TOO GOOD TO FAX."
Two horsemen of King George rode furiously into a village of half a dozen rude dwellings, in the northern part of New York, and halting the decrepit-looking inn-keeper, cried out, simultaneously, with many barbaric oaths, "Halloa! old wine-bibber! hast noted any cheating, lying and sneaking pedlar at thy door to-day?"

"By my spurs!" pompously added Captain Dick, the elder of the two, "we have ridden these last thirty miles in vain, if the scoundrel be not caught lurking in this hamlet. Hast seen him, Boniface? Speak, man, he will be in haste. I bid thee answer, by the king's command!"

"The hesitating landlord held on to the horsepost, and replied, 'Sirs, I have half a mind to guess your meaning. Be ye gallant troopers of his majesty after a stray pedlar, eh? What would ye wish him?'"

"Sdeath! the rascally gray-beard questioneth us!" interrupted the younger horseman, a braggadocio private, and wheeling his steed around, he touched the tavern keeper rather roughly with his gloved hand, and continued—"We desire no questioning, old dotard. Hast seen the pedlar? We would know this, and right quickly, too!"

"O be not rough, I pray thee. A pedlar, sayest thou? Had he a pack?"

"Pack or no pack, hast seen him?"

Patience, masters, but my memory is treacherous, and I must reflect. A pedlar? With a staff, did you say?"

"I'll break thy skull with a staff, if thou beest us!" said the bully, striking at the old man, who rather nimbly for his looks, leaped out the trooper's reach.

The captain then seriously threatened violence, and sternly demanded a reply. As if frightened into submission, he then hesitatingly said, "O—yea—yea—now I bethink myself. I did observe a sneaking pedlar pass here this morning on foot, and in extreme haste."

"Which way?—which road took he?"

"That," deliberately answered the man, pointing to a traveled lane, that led from the one in which they stood.

"Art sure? If thou lie to us, by St. George, thou shalt be hung, at thine own door, like a sign!"

"Thou shalt be stabled a fortnight, if thou dost thy duty."

However, the path was much longer than they imagined. Darkness came on, and long after nightfall, they were compelled to rest themselves and their beasts, at a log house and barn that opportunely lay in their way. After a couple hours, they pursued their object, and at length emerged on the high road, upon which, as they conjectured, the fugitive was a league in advance of them, hastening toward the American rendezvous.

John Putnam, who had so easily duped his pursuers, at the deserted hotel, deserted because of a late foray and murderous attack upon it by the British, was indeed hurrying along the turnpike, with a pack upon his shoulders and a staff in his hand. Under the lining of his clothes were secreted description of the English forces in the vicinity, which it was necessary to place in General Washington's possession, before he could make any decisive movement. Putnam's mission had thus far been successful, and upon his safe return reposed the equal success of his commander. Therefore, knowing himself pursued, he had already assumed and doffed several disguises, in the course of a hundred miles' travel, and at length, in his original costume, hailed with joy the familiar spots that indicated his approach to the American outposts.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed, "that these weary limbs are near home. But twice the distance would I walk, and ay! even let myself be changed to the door of an inn," to further Washington's glory, and save the lives of my countrymen.—God!" he cried, looking upward, "Thou who watchest this struggle for Liberty, smile on our last effort! Save from tyranny thy true believers!"

"But the sun will be up, anon; I must quicken my gait; already those troopers may have discovered my decoit, and are following me. Fearful is the apprehension. But, never flinch. Jack Putnam, this stick shall not let thee die without an effort!"

"Ay! did I here a foot fall? Hist! Nay, it was the flutter of some bird, or the dawn-awakening of some beast. Stay, an' I'm captured or killed, who will—ho! the torture!—my wife and child! But I have it! General Washington promised to act a father's part towards my children, if I should fail doing my duty. It's all right—it's all right, old fellow—halloa! this is Hickory hill, and I am not far off the lines. Now, feet of mine walk!"

"Thunder! can they be so close! And yet I cannot hide in the brush-wood.—Washington must have these papers by twelve o'clock this day; I haven't time to hide. But hang me if I do hide, like a cowardly red-coat. I'm no coward, though a dozen Hessians be on my trail, like a blood hound. I'll go on, an' if my tongue save me not, by the mighty Hercules! this club shall!"

"Thy steel, Wolf he's broken mine.—Traitor! by Heaven thou shalt die!"

"Nay, nay, it taketh too much a bargain," coolly said Putnam, and while the Captain was grasping his pistols, another blow from the staff discharged one of them in the air, and so discomfited him, that for a moment he remained inactive.

Wolf struck the spy's shoulders with his weapon, but made no dangerous wound and boldly seizing him, the latter by main strength, dragged the burly fellow from his saddle. "A thousand curses!" shrieked he, "I believe thou art Satan!"

"Let this convince thee!" cried the facetious pedlar, grasping the rascal's long sword, and by a powerful eversion, wrenching it from him, and dropping his stick. But by this time, Dick had recovered, and firing his remaining pistol, his ball entered the pedlar's leg, causing him for an instant to tremble with pain.

"Help!" screamed the conquered bully as he fell under a severe blow from his own sword; and then, as the Captain leaped from his horse to assist them, the scene became thrilling to excess.

The sword proving useless in this close conflict, Putnam dexterously broke it in pieces with his foot, and kicking the prostrate soldier at the same time, grappled with Dick, who was equal to him in strength and courage.

"St. George for me!" cried the latter.

"God and liberty for me!" shouted the Continental.

"Dog! I have thee, now!" muttered Dick, clutching the other's throat. "Up, Wolf,—up and aid me—I am choking him!"

"Boast not yet," gasped the other, recovering his hold.

"Take that!" said Wolf picking up the spy's stick and striking him with it.

"And take thou this, and may God pardon me for it!" thundered the pedlar, as he lifted his right arm, and drove his heavy fist against the soldier's head, reddening it with blood and brains. The unfortunate man fell down dead, like an ox before the butcher's axe.

At this awful sight, the lieutenant was appalled, but by strong efforts maintained his position. The pair fought like athletes struggling, striking and groaning in the fierceness of their combat. At length the spy fell on the grass, paralyzed by the might of his powerful antagonist. "O, Washington! Washington!" he moaned, "must I fall at length! Nay—nay—"

"Curse thy doomed Washington!" exclaimed the other.

"Ah! this for thy foul malediction," retorted the patriot, once more regaining strength sufficient to return a fearful blow, which sensibly affected the Captain, who yet held tightly to the spy's throat, excommunicating Washington and his rebels to the uttermost.

Taking the starch out of 'em.
A lot of idlers stood upon the end of a pier which ran out into the Hudson river in one of the small towns near Albany, some time ago, amusing themselves with hurling stones into the broad stream, each vying with the other in the endeavor to pitch a missile at the farthest distance from the shore, when a tall and rugged built Vermontor, direct from the Green Hills, suddenly made his appearance in their midst, and for a while remained a quiet observer of their movements.

He was a brawny, strong looking Yankee, and was very well clad. The efforts of the little party had been exhibited over and over again, when the stranger quietly picked up half a brick which lay near him, and giving it a jerk it fell into the water a long way beyond the line which had as yet been reached by the foremost of the crowd. At the conclusion of this feat a loud bravo went up from half a dozen veterans around him.

It was a clear day in October, and the men determined not to be outdone, renewed their attempts; but the Vermontor, without saying a syllable to any one, continued to pitch the pebbles far into the stream, which seemed to annoy one of them, in a green jacket, the apparent leader of the gang, who declared that he wouldn't be beaten by a "feller right straight out to the woods, no how;" and sliding up to the stranger he determined to make his acquaintance.

"Where do you come from, neighbor?" inquired the other.

"Me! Wall I hail from Vermont, jes neow, friend!"

"Hast been in these parts long, I reckon?"

"Wal—no. Not edactly yere, but up and down sorta."

"Yis—so I s'posed."

"Yaas," continued the green 'un carelessly, and seizing a billet of wood twirled it over his head, and it landed several rods from the shore in the water.

"You've a little strength in your arms, neighbor."

"Some punkins in them flippers, stranger. Up in aour town more'n a month ago, I drove them air knuckles rite thru a board more than a inch thaff thick!"

"Haw—haw!" shouted the hearers; the man in the green jacket laughed the loudest.

"Mayby you don't believe it?"

"Not much," answered the crowd.

"We aint very green down here in York—we aint," said the fellow in the green jacket; "we've been about you see."

"Wal, jes you look here, friend," continued the Vermontor, in the most plausible manner; "up in our country we've a purty big river, consider—injun river, it is called, and may be you've heard that river the other day, an he come down fair and square on 'r other side."

the ten spot, and as he turned away remarked:

"We aint much acquainted with your smart folks daown here'n York, but we sometimes take the starch out of 'em our way—praps yer want try it on to strangers agin. I reck'n yer want," he continued, and putting on a broad grin of good humor, he left the company to their reflections.

HORRIBLE PHENOMENA.—It is not generally known, says the Charleston Courier, that at Barbadoes there is a mysterious vault, in which no one now dares to deposit the dead. It is in a churchyard, near the sea shore. In 1808 a Miss A. M. Chase was placed in it, and in 1812 Miss D. Chase. In the end of the year 1812 the vault was opened for the body of Hon. T. Chase, but the three first coffins were found in a confused state; having been apparently tossed from their places. Again the vault was opened, to receive the body of an infant, and the four coffins, all of lead, and very heavy, were found much disturbed. In 1816, a Mr. Brewster's body was placed in the vault, and again great disorder was apparent among the coffins. In 1819 a Mr. Clarke was placed in the vault, and, as before, the coffins were in confusion.

Each time that the vault was opened, the coffins were replaced in their proper situations—that is three on the ground, side by side, and the others laid on them. The vault was then regularly closed, the door, (a massive stone, which required six or seven men to move,) was cemented by masons and though the floor was of sand, there were no marks of footsteps or water.—Again the vault was opened in 1849.—Lord Chamberlaine was then present, and the coffins were then found thrown confusedly about the vault—some with the heads down, and others up. "What could have occasioned this phenomenon? In no other vault in the island had this ever occurred. Was it an earthquake that occasioned it, or the effects of an inundation in the vault? These were the questions asked by the Barbadoes Journal at the time, and no one could afford a solution.

The matter gradually died away, until the present year when, on the 16th of February, the vault was again opened, and all the coffins were again thrown about as before. A strict investigation took place and no cause could be discovered. Was it, after all, the sudden bursting forth of noxious gas from one of the coffins which have produced this phenomena. If so, it is again an old story.

In England there was a parallel occurrence to this, some years ago, at Houghton in Suffolk. It is stated that on opening a vault there, several leaden coffins, fixed on wooden cases, which had been fixed on biers, were found displaced, to the consternation of the villagers. The coffins were again placed as before, and the vault was properly closed when again another of the family dying, they were again found displaced; and two years after that, they were not only found all off their biers, but one coffin (so heavy as to require eight men to raise it,) was found on the fourth step which led to the vault and it seemed certain that no human hand had done this.

EMPLOYMENT—LABOR.
God pity the man or woman who has nothing to do! Idleness is mother of more misery and crime than all other causes ever thought of, or dreamed of by the profoundest thinker or the wildest theorist.

The idea that labor—manual labor—is degrading is not only foolish, but wicked! Too proud to work! Strange pride that! Better do anything than nothing. Labor is the basis of all wealth, of science, of art, of everything which gives comfort to the physical and dignity to the spiritual life of man. Too proud to work!

The devil is always most busy with those who are the most idle. If they don't work he will.

A mind uncultivated will run to waste, as sure as a neglected garden will be full of weeds and cro-poles. The physical organization requires action, work, or it will be effeminate and powerless. He who can lift but twenty pounds to-day, by practice and a temperate use of the physical organs, may be by and by astonish the world with his herculean performances.

Look at the young man who has no steady employment, of some kind or other. See the bad habits that are by degrees drawing upon him. Watch his progress in dissipation and his end in crime. And should he have courage and strength enough left, after years of indolence to break away from the degrading habit how much will he long to live over the wasted hours and years so that he might better improve them.

OUR TIMES.
Nations rise, flourish and decay—little men grow suddenly and accidentally great—puff themselves up to an enormous size and burst—babies are born, suck, grow and become men—and lovers talk nonsense, sigh, vow eternal fidelity, swear that moonlight nights were made alone for them and apostrophize them by declaring them to be emphatically "dem foine." But on the foundations of smouldered ruins other fabrics, fairer, firmer, and more systematic are reared. Little great men grow mellow in the shade, babies are hurried on to give place for others coming; and romantic enthusiasts become surfeited with moonlight, music, love and flowers. On we rush to glory or to shame, individually and nationally, sometimes smiling in the gladdening beams of sunshine, again bewailing the shadows that darken our path. Still the world moves on—the law of gravitation keeps the planets in their orbits and despite the alarming predictions of father Millor, we look at the Comets and calculate the length of their tails without serious alarm. Furnaces blow and whistle, and we begin to admire the concord of harsh sounds. Rail road cars plunge into each other like maddened bulls—lives are lost, limbs are broken, and yet we take passage in the next train, and politely ask the conductor if he can't go a little swifter. Steamboats explode and hurl mangled carcasses high in the air—undismayed we wait an hour for the fastest boat.—Men, honorable men, attack unprotected innocence, achieve a hellish conquest and we honor them for their success. Women stumble and we kick them down.—The poor man to stifle the groans of hunger, takes a crust; an intelligent jury with true instinct of humanity consigns him to the damp vapors of a dungeon;—the rich and influential nabob steals thousands, and is safe. The triumphant villain is the lord—honesty is a vulgar weakness, and virtue the theme of ribald jest. Prudery has taken the place of modesty—braggadocio of common sense, and money of respectability. Mushroom aristocracy flourish like a green bay tree, and men bow delightedly to the golden calf.

EFFECTS OF FEEDING CUT AND UNCUT HAY TO MILCH COWS.—From a communication made to the Agricultural Society of Worcester county, Massachusetts, by Mr. William S. Lincoln, we make the following extract. We copy from the New England Farmer:

"My milking stock consisted of one cow which came on in the 28th of October, the two trial cows, and the other, which calved last April, and is expected to calve again the first of next April.—Some time before commencing this experiment, I was feeding my stock—with hay, with an allowance of roots. I commenced cutting this hay for all my stock, young and old, (sixteen head) occupying my 14 hours daily. Almost simultaneous with feeding the cut hay was an increase of milk very perceptible as it was milked in the pail. An inquiry was made by my wife, who in person takes sole charge of the dairy, as to the cause of this increase. An evasive reply was made. From day to day the milk increased enough for the substitution of six quart for four quart pails, which had been previously used. I think I am within bounds in saying that the increase was over a pint daily per cow, occasioned, to the best of my knowledge, solely by the use of cut hay."

IT PAYS TO MANURE.—That it pays to use manure, the success of a farmer in Centerville, Md., abundantly proves. He purchased a farm in 1844, which had previously produced scarcely enough to support a family, and in the nine years which have since elapsed, he has used 10,998 bushels of ash, 17,865 bushels of stone lime, and 9,700 of shell lime, besides street manure, in all costing \$3,504.47. The sales for the nine years amount to \$18,215.20, or \$12,390.52 over and above the cost of the manure. At the rate of the yield of 1844, the aggregate sales of the nine years would have amounted to only \$4,424.22, so that he has a clear gain from increased produce of \$8,568.30, by the application of manure for nine years. The increase of labor employed should also be taken into account, but even then a handsome profit is shown from the use of these fertilizing materials.

These figures speak for themselves, and render comment scarcely necessary.

An increase of over \$8,000 in the produce of a single farm from the addition of manure, is certainly a convincing argument.—Country Gentleman.

Compliments cost us nothing, and yet there is nothing more provocative of esteem. Tell a pug-nosed woman that she is beautiful, and you can have the run, not only of her affections, but of the patri-y in which the cold turkie are kept.

A gentleman passing through a potato patch observed an Irishman planting some potatoes. He inquired of him what kind he had there?—"Raw ones to be sure," replied the son of Erin; if they were boiled ones, they wouldn't grow."