THE REPUBLICAN

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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 room without encroaching upon our reading columns, and no man in a legitimate business will fine by advertising extensively—for, as a general rule, the more extensively a man advertises the greater will be his profits.

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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."

For the Republican.

TO CARRIE M.

E'er since first I met thee,
Carrie M.,
I have loved thee dearly,
Priceless gem.
'Neath an old oak tree,
Aged then,
We met—I to love thee,
Carrie M.
Proud in lofty grandeur,
With waving bough,
The tree stood in verdent splendor,
Then as now,
As we sat neath its shade,
In happy vane,
While the merry moon-beams play'd,
Carrie M.,
Thy face was lit with gladness,
Merry one,
Thy heart was free of sadness,
But not alone:
For I, too, the spirit caught,
In joyful strain—
Gazing on thee, it came unsought,
Carrie M.
O, moments pass'd right merrily,
Free from care,
Sitting 'neath the old oak tree,
Happy pair,
Sitting 'neath its rural shade,
Gladsome two—
Gleeful boy—winsome maid,
I and you.
Near Wyoming's noble stream,
Gentle river,
I see it all, as in a dream,
Bright as ever:
How thy smile and every word,
As we chat,
In my heart new emotions stir'd,
As we sat
'Neath the old oak tree,
Where and when,
I first learned to love thee,
Carrie M.

TYPO.

Clearfield, Nov. 23, 1853.

GOING DOWN HILL.

BY MRS. S. T. DOUGHTY.

"That looks bad," exclaimed farmer White, with an expressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected garden and broken down fences, in one of his daily walks.

"Bad enough," was the reply of the companion to whom the remark was addressed. "Neighbor Thompson appears to be running down hill pretty fast. I can remember the time when everything around his little place was trim and tidy."

"It is quite the contrary now," returned the farmer. "House, out-buildings, and grounds all show the want of the master's care. I am afraid Thompson is in the downward path."

"He always appeared to be a steady, industrious man," rejoined the second speaker. "I have a pair of boots on my feet at this moment, of his make, and they have done me good service."

"I have generally employed him for myself and family," was the reply, "and I must confess that he is a good workman; but nevertheless, I believe I shall step into Jack Smith's shop this morning and order a pair of boots of which I stand in need.—I always make it a rule never to patronize those who appear to be running behind hand. There is generally some risk in helping those who do not try to help themselves."

"Very true, and as my wife desired me to see about a pair of shoes for her, this morning, I will follow your example and call upon Smith. He is no great favorite of mine, however,—an idle, quarrelsome fellow."

"And yet he seems to be getting ahead in the world," answered the farmer, "and I am willing to give him a lift. But I've an errand at the butcher's. Step in with me a moment. I will not detain you."

At the butcher's they met the neighbor who had been the subject of their previous conversation. He certainly presented rather a shabby appearance, and in his choice of meat there was a regard to economy which did not escape the observation of farmer White.

After a few passing remarks, the poor shoemaker took his departure, and the butcher opened his account book with a somewhat anxious air, saying, as he charged the bit of meat:

"I believe it is time neighbor Thompson and I came to an settlement. Short accounts make long friends."

"No time to lose, I should say," said the farmer. "Have you heard of any trouble, neighbor White?"

"Now I thought I heard nothing; but a man has his own eyes, you know; and I never want a man with my money who is evidently going down hill."

"Quite right; and I will send in my bill this evening. I have only delayed on account of the sickness which has been in his family all winter. I suppose he must have run behind a little, but still I must take care of number one."

Shoemaker Thompson, who appeared to take no interest in the conversation, "Going down hill, is he? I must look out for myself, then. He owes me quite a snug sum for leather. I did intend to give him another month's credit; but, on the whole, I guess the money would be safer in my own pocket."

Here the four worthies separated, each with his mind filled with the affairs of neighbor Thompson, the probability that he was going down hill, and the best way of giving him a push.

In another part of the village, similar scenes were passing.

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Bennett, the dress-maker, to a favorite assistant, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window whence she had been gazing on the passers by. "If there is not Mrs. Thompson, the shoemaker's wife, coming up the steps with a parcel in her hand.—She wants to engage me to do her spring work, I suppose, but I think it would be a venture. Every one says they are running down hill, and it is a chance if I ever get my pay."

"She has always paid us promptly," was the reply.

"True, but that was in the days of her prosperity. I cannot afford to run any risks."

The entrance of Mrs. Thompson prevented any further conversation.

She was evidently surprised at the refusal of Mrs. Bennett to do any work for her; but as a great pressure of business was pleaded as an excuse, there was nothing to be said, and she soon took leave.—Another application proved equally unsuccessful. It was strange how busy the village dressmakers had suddenly become.—On her way home, the poor shoemaker's wife met the teacher of a small school in the neighborhood, where two of her children attended.

"Ah! Mrs. Thompson, I am glad to see you," was the salutation. "I was about calling at your house. Would it be convenient to settle our little account this afternoon?"

"Our account!" was the surprised reply. "Surely, the term has not yet expired!"

"Only half of it, but my present rule is, to collect my money at that time. It is a plan which many teachers have adopted of late."

"I was not aware that there had been any change in your rules, and I have made arrangements to meet the bill at the usual time. I fear it will not be in my power to do so sooner."

The countenance of the teacher showed great disappointment, and as she passed on in a different direction, she muttered to herself:

"Just as I expected. I shall never get a cent. Everybody says that they are going down hill. Perhaps I may get a pair of shoes or two for payment for the half quarter, if I manage right, but it will never do to go on in this way."

A little discomposed by her interview with the teacher, Mrs. Thompson stepped into a neighboring grocery to purchase some trifling articles of family stores.

"I have a little account against you.—Will it be convenient for Mr. Thompson to settle it this evening?" asked the civil shopkeeper, as he produced the desired article.

"Is it his usual time for settling?" was again the surprised inquiry.

"Well, not exactly, but money is very tight just now, and I am anxious to get in all that is due me. In future, I intend keeping short accounts. There is your little bill, if you would like to look at it. I will call round this evening. It is but a small affair."

"Thirty dollars is no small sum to us just now," thought Mrs. Thompson as she painfully pursued her way towards home. "It seems strange that all these payments must be met just now, while we are struggling to recover from the heavy expenses of the winter. I cannot understand it."

Her perplexity was increased upon finding her husband with two bills in his hand, and a countenance expressive of anxiety and concern.

"Look, Mary," he said, as she entered. "Here are two unexpected calls for money—one from the doctor, and the other from the dealer in leather from whom I purchased my last stock. They are both very urgent for immediate payment, although they have always been willing to wait a few months until I could make arrangements to meet their claims. But misfortunes never come single, and if a man once gets a little behindhand, trouble seems to pour in upon him."

"Just so," replied the wife. "The neighbors think that we are going down hill, and every one is ready to give us a push. Here are two more bills for you—one from the grocer and the other from the teacher."

Reply was prevented by a knock at the door, and the appearance of a lady who presented a neatly folded paper and disappeared. The butcher's account, as I live!" exclaimed the astonished shoemaker. "What can it mean, Mary? So much money to be paid out, and very little coming in; for some of my best customers have left me, although my work has always given satisfaction. If I could only have as much employment as usual and the usual credit allowed me, I could soon satisfy all these claims; but to meet them now is impossible, and the acknowledgment of my inability will send us still farther on the downward path."

"We must do our best, and trust in Providence," was the consolatory remark of his wife, as a second knock at the door aroused the fear that another claimant was about to appear.

But the benevolent countenance of uncle Joshua, a rare, but ever welcome visitor, presented itself.

Seating himself in a comfortable chair which Mary hastened to hand him, he said, in his somewhat eccentric but friendly manner:

"Well, good folks, I understand that the world does not quite as well with you as formerly. What is the trouble?"

"There need be no trouble sir," was the reply, "if men would not try to add to the affliction which the Almighty sees to be necessary for us. The winter was a trying one. We met with sickness and misfortunes, which we endeavored to bear with patience. All would now go well, if those around me were not determined to push me in the downward path."

"But there lies the difficulty, friend Thompson. This is a selfish world. Everybody, or at least a great majority, care only for number one. If they see a poor neighbor going down hill, their first tho't is whether it will affect their interest, and provided they can secure themselves, they care not how soon he goes to the bottom. The only way is, to keep up appearences. Show no signs of going behind hand, and all will go right with you."

"Very true, Uncle Joshua, but how is this to be done! Bills which I did not expect to be called upon to meet for the next three months are pouring in upon me.—My best customers are leaving me for a more fortunate rival. In short, I am on the brink of ruin, and naught save a miracle can save me."

"A miracle which is very easily wrought then, I imagine, my good friend. What is the amount of these debts which press so heavily upon you, and how soon, in the common course of events, could you discharge them?"

"They do not exceed one hundred dollars," replied the shoemaker; "and with my usual run of work, I could make all right in three or four months."

"We will say six," was the answer.—"I will advance you one hundred and fifty dollars for six months. Pay every cent you owe, and with the remainder of the money, make some slight addition or improvements in your house or shop, and put everything about the grounds in its usual neat order. Try this plan for a few weeks, and we will see what effect it will have on our worthy neighbors. No, no never mind thanking me. I am only trying a little experiment on human nature. I know you of old, and have no doubt that my money will be safe in your hands."

Weeks passed by. The advice of uncle Joshua had been strictly followed, and the change in the shoemaker's prospects was indeed wonderful. He was now spoken of as one of the most thriving men in the village, and many marvellous stories were told to account for the sudden alteration in his affairs. It was generally agreed that some distant relative had bequeathed him a legacy, which had entirely relieved him of his pecuniary difficulties. Old customers and new ones crowded in upon him. They had never before realized the beauty and durability of his work. The polite butcher selected the best pieces of meat for his inspection, as he entered, and was totally indifferent as to the time of payment. The dealer in leather called to inform him that his best hides awaited his orders. The teacher accompanied the children home to tea, and spoke in high terms of their improvement, pronouncing them among her best scholars. The dress-maker suddenly found herself free from the great press of work, and in a friendly note expressed her desire to oblige Mrs. Thompson in any way in her power.

"Just as I expected," exclaimed uncle Joshua, rubbing his hands exultingly, as the grateful shoemaker called upon him at the expiration of the six months, with the money which had been loaned in the hour of need. "Just as I expected. A strange world! They are ready to push a man up hill if he seems to be ascending, and just as ready to push him down, if they fancy their face is turned that way. In future neighbor Thompson, let everything around you wear an air of prosperity, and you will be sure to prosper." And with a satisfied air, uncle Joseph placed his money in his pocket-book, ready to meet some other claim upon his benevolence, whilst he who he had thus befriended with light steps and cheerful countenance, returned to his happy home.

☞ Editors have been lucky in New York. Mr. Erastus Brooks, of the Express, has been chosen senator in the uptown district, and Mr. Williamson, of the Dispatch, alderman for the second ward. Herrick, of the Atlas, has been elected alderman for one of the up town wards.

Mr. Perkins of the Yazoo Miss. Democrat is dead.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.

I witnessed this same night a most singular custom among the native South Americans, which made a deep impression on me. On returning home rather late, after accompanying some captains of my acquaintance to the landing where their boat was waiting for them, I passed a low roofed house, in whose well-lighted room music and dancing were going on. I tried to get a look through the curtained window, but did not succeed, and was just passing on when the door opened, and two men came out. A third was just going to shut the door again when he saw me, and addressing me, asked me in the most friendly way to come in and be welcome. Always ready to see what I could wherever I got a chance, I followed his kind invitation, and found myself the next minute in a perfect flood of light, but in a very small room, crowded with people. Taking in the whole at the first glance, the room seemed rather poorly furnished, with whitewashed walls, only here and there ornamented with small and colored pictures of saints and martyrs. The tables and chairs were made of pine wood—the latter with cane bottoms; and in one corner of the room, and a great part of the whole space, in fact, was taken up by a large bed covered with flowered curtains, instead of a musquito net; but the curtains thrown back at present to offer room for those who would not dance themselves.—*Agua ardiente and dulces* were handed round; while all, men and women, the dancers excepted, smoked their cigarillos. But the most remarkable thing in the room seemed to me a large kind of a scaffold, which occupied the other corner opposite the bed, and consisting of a light frame-work, ornamented all over with artificial flowers, little pictures of saints, and a quantity of small lighted wax candles. On the top of its most extraordinary well-made figure of a little child, was seated on a low wooden chair, dressed in a snow-white lady frock—the eyes were closed—the pale cheeks tinged by a soft rosy hue, and the whole figure perfectly strewn with flowers. It might have been about seven feet high, and the figure was so deceptive, that when I drew near at first I thought it a real child, while a young woman below it, pale and with tears in her eyes, might very well have been the mother. But that was most certainly a mistake for at this moment one of the men stepped up to her, invited her to the dance, and a few minutes afterwards she was one of the merriest in the crowd. But it must really be a child—no sculpture could have formed that little face so exquisitely; and now one light went out close to the little head, and the cheek lost its rosy hue. My neighbors at last remarked the attention with which I looked upon the figure or child, whichever it was; and the nearest one now informed me, as far as I could understand him, that the little thing up there was the child of the woman with the pale face, who was dancing then so merrily; the whole festivity taking place, in fact only on account of that little angel. I shook my head doubtfully, and my neighbor, to convince me, took my arm and led me to the frame, where I had to step upon the chair and nearest table, and touch the cheek and hand of the child.—It was a corpse; and the mother, seeing I had doubted it, but was now convinced, came up to me and smilingly told me that it had been her child, and was now a little angel in Heaven. The guitars and castes commenced wildly again, and she had to return to the dance. I left the house as if in a dream, but afterwards heard the explanation of this ceremony. If a little child, I believe up to four years of age, dies in Chili, it is thought to go straight to Heaven and become a little angel; the mother being prouder of that—before the eyes of the world at least—than if she had reared her child to happy man or womenhood. The little corpse is exhibited, then, as I had seen it; and they often continue dancing and singing around it till it displays signs of putrifaction. But the mother, whatever the feelings of her heart may be, must laugh, and sing and dance; she dare not give way to any selfish wishes, for is it not the happiness of her child secured! Poor mother!—*Gerstaecker's Voyage Around the World.*

A KENTUCKY HORSE.—Grey Eagle the great Kentucky blood horse, and the most magnificent animal ever seen, won the admiration of everybody at the Kentucky State Fair, held at Louisville last week. When he ran his famous career on the turf fourteen years ago, he was a dark dapple grey, now he is almost milk white. The appearance of Grey Eagle in the ring created much excitement and furor among the thousands of spectators. And when the premium was awarded to him over all competitors, the act was greeted by a universal shout of acclamation. At the noon recess in accordance with the desire of the ten thousand ladies present, the officers had re-conducted him into the exhibition ring. As he appeared at the entrance the band struck up, "See the conquering Hero Comes," while a myriad of voices made the welkin resound with their acclamations. He was triumphantly led over the space, and exhibited all the mettle of a yearling in his gamesome antics.

AN INDIAN HERMITESS.

A letter From San Barbara says:

We have now in San Barbara a great curiosity; there is an Indian woman who has lived for eighteen years alone upon the small island of San Nicholas—a small island about forty-five miles from this place—during which time she has not seen the face of a human being. The island was once peopled by a tribe of Indians, to whom the North-west tribes were hostile. To preserve the remnant of this tribe from destruction, as well as with a view to Christianise them, the Padres induced them to come to the mainland eighteen years ago. After they were all on board the vessel sent for them, this woman swam ashore to look for her child, which had been left, and a storm springing up in the night, the vessel compelled to put to sea; on returning she could not be found. She was known to be alive by those who at times visited the island for the purpose of hunting otters, from the marks of the fires and from the footprints in the sand.

On being approached the other day she manifested much joy, which she betrayed by signs of the most significant character, and at once commenced packing up her few articles of furniture. Whether the sounds which she utters are words or not has not yet been ascertained. The man who found her is familiar with five or six Indian languages, but he was unable to understand a single expression; it is more than probable that she has forgotten her native tongue entirely. Her clothing consisted of skins of birds, sewed together with the fibres of some tree, or plant. Her food has been shell fish, seals and a small bulbous root, similar in appearance to an onion, but wholly tasteless. She needles which she stitches her garments with are made of sharp bones of a fish. The has two hooks made of a bent nail and sharpened by friction upon a stone. Her lines were beautifully twisted from the sinews of some animal, probably a species of fox which abounds on the islands.

Her age, as near as can be estimated, is about 55 or 60. Her features are quite masculine, and her hair is of the color of dark brown, and very fine. This is quite remarkable for an Indian; their hair you know is always jet black and coarse. In some future letter I will give you a more extended account of this marvel of the 19th century. She is truely an object for reflection of the philosopher and the inspection of the curious.

Sleep Walking.

A case is related of an English Clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, retire to bed again, being all the time asleep. Arch-bishop of Bordeaux mentions a similar case of a student, who got up to compose a sermon while asleep, wrote it correctly, read it over from one end to the other, or at least appeared to read it, scratched out lines and substituted others, put in its place a word which had been omitted, composed music, wrote accurately down, and performed other things equally surprising. Dr. Gall takes notice of a miller who was in the habit of getting up every night and attending to his usual avocation at the mill, then returning to his bed; on awakening in the morning he recollected nothing of what had taken place in the night. Marinot speaks of a saddler who was accustomed to rise in his sleep and work at his trade; and Dr. Prichard of a farmer who got out of bed, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to market, being all the while asleep. Dr. Blacklock on one occasion rose from bed, came into the room where the family were assembled, conversed with them, and afterwards entertained them with a pleasant song without his ascertaining, after he awoke, the least recollection of what he had done. It is a singular, yet well authenticated fact that in the disastrous retreat of Sir Jno. Moore, many of the soldiers fell asleep, yet continued to march along with their comrades.

EFFECTS OF A TIGHT MONEY MARKET ON BORTAILS.—The New York Day Book thus notices a peculiar feature of the present tight money market: "The pressure in the money market has brought a large number of fancy horses into the market for sale. Young merchants and brokers, whose purses have been depleted by the fall of stocks and other causes, have suddenly discovered that they have enough to do to take care of their business, their notes, and themselves, without attending to trotting horses. Their nags, therefore, are for sale. Then, again, feed has riz, the stable keepers have put up the price of keeping, from $15 to $20 a month: this takes the starch out of the wild ones, and they backed down. Who'll buy horses?"

Terrible Accident and Loss of Life.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14. About half past ten this morning, the walls of McLean's rag warehouse, Vandewater street, burned some days since, and fell to the ground causing a melancholy loss of life. Five men and women were killed instantly, and two other women so badly injured that they will hardly recover. In addition to this, it is supposed that several boys and girls, from six to twelve years of age are under the ruins.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

We have heard of numerous instances of mental abstraction—frequently connected with men of great devotion to some particular literary, scientific or theological investigation which monopolizes the mental powers. We could point out many individuals who fill the pulpit with ability, and display in their discourses vast powers of intellect, who in the social party carry on some mental exercises which disconnects them from passing events.

In Massachusetts is a clergyman of this class, who in his absent intervals is very likely to appropriate to himself not only whatever handkerchiefs may come in his way, but table napkins are also frequently found in his pockets, when returning from social tea parties at his parishioners. This was so much a habit, that his wife would search his pockets on his return, for the purpose of returning the articles speedily to the rightful owners. One day his wife found in his pocket a whole silk apron, strings and all. He could give no account how it came there—it was a mysterious affair. A lady of the parish, however, settled the matter satisfactorily. In conversation with her guest after tea, on some subject on which he felt much interested, he mistook her apron, as she supposed, for his handkerchief, and began to tuck it into his pocket. Knowing his abstractedness, rather than break the string of his discourse, she untied the apron string and let it go, not a little amused at seeing the whole, after two or three efforts, snugly stowed away in his capacious pocket.

Paddle Your Own Canoe.

Young man you must paddle your own canoe! It is on the whole better that you should. See that young man who gets into a canoe, bought with the money of his parents or his friends. When the vessel is launched, he must have it paddled by hired hands, while he lolls back, and sees nothing but an unsubstantial shadow of himself in the smooth waters. By and by the canoe, through carelessness and presumptuous stearing, is dashed among the rapids, and goes down. Should he come up again, he finds that he is abandoned by all, and that he has made a wreck where he might have made a fortune.

Young man or woman! paddle your own canoe! Even if you are favored with parents or friends who can give you one, be sure you earn it by the worthiness of your lives. In higher purposes, in noble resolves, in generous deeds, in purity and virtuous endurance, and blameless conversation, let your endeavors to paddle your own canoe be seen by all. Pull away!—If the paddle breaks by striving against the rapids, have another ready. If you have but one, pull with the stump of the old. Don't relax one effort. One stroke lost and it may be the fatal one. Pull away! Your canoe, if you have built it, like your friend, of the right material in your character, will hold as long as yourself will. Pull away, and before long you may find yourselves in as fair a haven as the man that "paddles his own canoe."

DANCING.—It appears from the following letter which, it is said, was copied from the original paper, that the "father of his country," George Washington,—was not opposed to Dancing—conducted, of course under proper regulations. The letter annexed was written by him but a few weeks before his death.

MOUNT VERNON Nov. 12, 1799.

"Gentlemen:—Mrs. Washington and myself have been honored with your polite invitation to the assemblies in Alexandria this winter, and thank you for this mark of your attention. But alas! our dancing days are no more! We wish however, all those who wish so agreable and innocent an amusement as the pleasure the season will afford them; and am, gentlemen, your obedient and obliged humble servant.

GEO. WASHINGTON."

A MEAN MAN.—There was a man who came into a country store with an egg, which he wished to exchange for a darning needle, to oblige him the storekeeper agreed to trade. The bargain over, the egg dealer asked:

"Don't you treat when you've driven a trade?"

"Not for so small a trade," answered the merchant.

"A trade's a trade, whether its for one egg or a thousand!"

Aghast at the man's meanness, the storekeeper complied, and asked, "what will you take?"

"I like a glass of wine with an egg beat up in it," answered the mean man.

The storekeeper said nothing, but took the egg which he had just received from the mean man and broken. It happened to be a double yolked egg, and he handed the egg to the mean man, exclaimed the mean man, "there!" exclaimed the mean man, "now you must give me two needles, cause that's a double egg I am you."

☞ A comic juvenile conjurer, a bishop, points to benevolent artillery; and a convention (Fairies I suppose) has suggested the propriety of their being placed in the police and letters department.