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Clearfield Republican.

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

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For the Republican.

THE PAST.

BY OLIVER OLNEY.

Where'er we roam, thro' every clime,
We mark alike the touch of time;
Each fairest flower his impress bears—
Each lovely scene his burden shares.
The old and young, all know how well
The tongue of Time, his tale do tell.
But o'er the mind his fates cast
Thoughts of sorrow—'tis then the past
With all its cares before us rise,
Like clouds across the sunset skies.
The past! Ah what a solemn thought
With this short word is often fraught;
It tells of time forever fled—
Of moments buried with the dead—
Of joys unheeded, as they sped
So swiftly by, whose impress bright,
Is shrouded in the gloom of night.
It also tells how sorrow's hand,
Was felt within each happy land;
And brings to view the tears we shed
O'er those we mourn—the honor'd dead.
And o'er the firm resolves we made
In moments when we almost stray'd,
Come swiftly glancing o'er the mind
Like clouds before a summer's wind,
Whose shadows lengthen out the scene
While rays of sunshine intervene,
And for the moment drive away
The gloom that retrospection may,
When o'er us, draw.

From the Saturday Gazette.

A WELCOME TO WINTER.

BY OLIVER OLNEY.

Friend of the tempest and the storm,
Once more I greet thy fur-lured form,
And bid thee welcome to our land,
Though thou comest with icy hand,
Yet still I love thee none the less,
Though summer's green shall disappear,
And autumn's hues, so brown and rare,
Once more their mother earth caress;
And though the pines are bubbling rill,
Beneath thy frown grows cold and still,
And busy bee and songful bird,
No more on every side are heard,
And though thou fling'st on all around,
Thy robe so white of spotless snow,
Thy robe so white of spotless snow,
Hiding from view the once fur ground,
And bid'st thy freezing winds to blow,
Yet still I love thee—love thee well,
For love of sleigh and tinkling bell,
I love thy snows—I love thy sleet,
Once more thy coming thus I greet.

PRETTY THOUGHTS

What is crime? A wretched vagabond traveling from place to place in fruitless endeavor to escape from justice, who is constantly engaged in hot pursuit, a foe to virtue and happiness, though at times the companion of poor innocents, which is too often made to suffer for the guilty.
What is thought? A fountain from which flow all good and evil intentions—a mental fluid electrical in the force and rapidity of movements, silently flowing unseen within its secret avenues. Yet it is the controlling power of all animated nature, and the mainspring of all actions.
What is happiness? A butterfly that roves from flower to flower in the vast garden of existence, and which is eagerly pursued by the vain multitude in hope of gaining the prize; yet it constantly eludes the grasp.
What is fashion? A beautiful envelop for morality, presenting a glittering and polished exterior, the appearance of which gives no certain indication of the real value of what is contained therein.
What is wit? A sparkling beverage that is highly exhilarating and agreeable when partaken at the expense of others; but when used at our own cost, it becomes bitter and unpleasant.
What is knowledge? A key that unlocks all mysteries, which unlocks the treasure and discovers new, unseen and untraveled paths in the hitherto unexplored regions of science and literature.
What is fear? A frightful substance that is highly guilty, but a vain and harmless shadow to the conscientious, honest and brave.
What is joy? The honey of existence; a beneficial and agreeable when partaken in moderation, but highly injurious when used to excess.
PAINT YOUR TOOLS.—Every farmer should be provided with a small quantity of the coarsest kind of paint—a few pots of blue, red, and white, and a brush, and his cart, wagons, sleds, plows, harrows, &c., well coated with paint.

Snake Stories and Snake Plants.

The Ichneumon is known in India as a rapacious little creature, doing an infinity of mischief among poultry; but which deserves to be exterminated from its devouring so many of the eggs of crocodiles, and for killing so many rats and snakes. It was embalmed and placed in the tombs in Egypt, and it is declared by the natives of India to know of a remedy against the bites of serpents, which it digs out of the ground. Whether it be thus or not, it generally overcomes the snakes with which it has a contest. Mr. Campbell gives the following account of an adventure of an Indian officer, which fully establishes the power of the Ichneumon. From some accidental circumstance, he was alone on foot and wandering about a desolate part of the country at night; when overcome by fatigue he threw himself down and went fast asleep. He slept soundly, but he awoke full of horror; he felt that his lower limbs were enveloped in a living chamois, preventing all movements, and when fully conscious, he perceived that a large serpent had bound him in its coils, and he was unable to move. He gave himself up for lost, but remained motionless, one hand under his head, whence he dared not remove it, for fear of awakening the snake. Unexpectedly he heard a purring sound behind him which created no terror, it was followed by one or two smart taps upon the ground, which put the snake on the alert, and it crawled towards his breast. There was a shrill cry from the new assailant, a loud appalling hiss from the serpent. For an instant he could feel them wrestling on his body—in the next they were beside him on the turf—in another a few paces off, struggling, twisting round each other fighting furiously. He started up and watched the singular combat, the deep venomous fascination of the snake's glance, powerless against the keen, quick, restless orbs of his opponent. He saw this duel of the eye exchange once more for closer conflict—he saw that the Mon-goos was bitten, that it darted away doubtless in search of the snake plant, whose juices are a sure antidote against snake bite—that it returned with fresh vigor to the attack. And then—glad sight—he beheld the snake, maimed from head to tail, fall lifeless from his hitherto demerit position, with a baffled hiss, while the wonderful victor—indulging itself upon the body of its antagonist, danced and bounded about, purring and spitting like an enraged cat.

Snake Stories and Snake Plants.

The Guano is a species of the willow, the leaves are dark green, mixed with violet, smooth underneath, but rough and downy above. The flowers are yellow, and grow in clusters of four. It flourishes best in the shade of other trees, by the side of streams, and is a native of the hottest parts. A decoction of its leaves forms the antidote, and is taken either as a preventive or cure; in the former case enabling him who has drunk of it to handle the most dangerous serpents with impunity. For a long time it remained unknown, except to a few of the inhabitants of South America. Its effects, are now made public where it grows, and have created much astonishment.

Snake Stories and Snake Plants.

Being at Margarita, says a gentleman, some time ago, I heard of this plant, and its great virtues, and was desirous of witnessing them. This was easily effected as there was a very skillful snake doctor there, and I enjoyed the acquaintance of his master. The negro entered my room carrying in his hand a pair of coral snakes, and he turned and twisted them over his naked wrists and arms with the greatest confidence. I at first suspected that their fangs had been withdrawn but I was mistaken, and saw them in their mouths. They did not attempt to use them, or exhibit any anger, though the negro handled them roughly. On the contrary, they appeared to be afraid of him.

Snake Stories and Snake Plants.

Determined to assure myself beyond a shadow of doubt, I ordered a large mass of to be placed within their reach. He was frightened, but being tied up could not retreat, and after a short time one of the serpents struck and bit him on the back of the neck. He was then let loose but did not at first seem to notice the wound he had received. In two or three minutes, however, he began to limp, and howl most fearfully. In five minutes he fell, and struggled in violent convulsions. Blood and viscous matter gushed from his mouth, and in a quarter of an hour he was dead.

Snake Stories and Snake Plants.

I offered a good sum of money to possess the secret; and the negro, promising to meet my wishes, took his departure. On the next day he returned, bringing with him a handful of heart-shaped leaves, which I recognized as those of the *bejuco de guano*, or snake plant. These he placed in a bowl, having first been crushed between two stones. He next poured a little water into the vessel. In a few minutes maceration took place and the tea was ready. I swallowed two small portions of it; the negro then made three incisions on each of my hands at the forkings of my fingers, and three similar ones on each foot between the toes. Through these he inoculated me with the extract. He next punctured my breast, both on the

Snake Stories and Snake Plants.

right and left side, and performed a similar inoculation. I was now ready for the snakes, several of which, both coral and casabel species, the negro had brought with him.

Snake Stories and Snake Plants.

With all my wish to become a snake-charmer, I must confess that at the sight of the hideous reptiles I felt my courage oozing out at my nails. The negro, however, continued to assure me, and as I took great pains to convince him that my death would cost his life, and I saw he still entreated me to go ahead, I determined to run the risk. With a somewhat shaky hand I took one of the corals, and passed it delicately through my fingers. All right. The animal showed no disposition to bite, but twisted itself through my fingers, apparently covering and frightened. I soon grew bolder, and took up another and another, until I had three of the reptiles in my grasp at one time. I then took up one of the other species which was more lively, but did not show any symptoms of irritation. After I had handled the reptiles for sometime, I was holding it near the middle, when to my horror I saw it suddenly elevate its head, and strike my left arm. I felt that I was bitten, and, flinging the snake from me, I turned to my companion with a shudder of despair. The negro, who, with his arms folded, had stood all the while calmly looking on, now answered, my quick and terrified inquiries, with repeated assurances that there was no danger whatever, and nothing serious would result from the bite. I was more comforted by the manner of my companion than by his words, but to make assurance doubly sure I took a fresh sip of the tea, and then tremblingly awaited the result. A slight inflammatory swelling very soon made its appearance about the orifice of the wound but at the end of a few hours I was all right again.

Snake Stories and Snake Plants.

On many occasions afterwards I repeated the experiment of handling serpents. I had myself taken in the woods, and some of them of the most poisonous species. On these occasions I adopted no further precaution than to swallow a dose of the guano sap, and even chewing the leaves of the plant is sufficient. This precaution is also taken by those (such as hunters and wood-choppers) whose calling carries them into the thick jungles of the south-east forest, where dangerous reptiles abound.

Snake Stories and Snake Plants.

The tradition of the Indians concerning its discovery is interesting. They say that in *tierra caliente* (hot land) there is a bird of the kite species, which they call *gavilan*, whose food consists principally of serpents. When in search of its victims, this bird utters a loud, but monotonous note which sounds like the word *guano*, slowly pronounced. The Indians allege that this note is for the purpose of calling to it the snakes, over which it possesses a mysterious power, that summons them forth from their hiding places. This is, of course, pure superstition, what follows may nevertheless be true. They relate that before making its attack upon the serpent the bird always eats the leaves of the bejuco de guano. This having been observed the antidotal powers of the plant were inferred, and confirmed the experiment.

Snake Stories and Snake Plants.

Why this plant is not more known—why it has not been transplanted in other snake countries—why no preparations have been made of it, and their efficacy tried (and I do believe none of these things have been done,) it would be difficult to say.

Snake Stories and Snake Plants.

TERRITORIAL EXTENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—The final report of the seventh census of the United States is now passing through the press. It will consist of a single quarto volume of twelve hundred pages, and will be ready for distribution at the opening of the next session of Congress. This volume is filled with valuable statistics, not the least interesting of which are those in reference to the extent of the territories of the United States. Even young America may pause in its annexation enthusiasm to admire the extensiveness of the Republic, the total area of which, including the territories, is set down at 2,981,123 square miles. "The territorial extent of the Republic is nearly ten times as large as that of Great Britain and France combined; three times as large as France, Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland and Denmark together; one and a half times as large as the Russian Empire in Europe; one-sixth less only than the area covered by the fifty-nine or sixty Empires, States and Republics of Europe; of equal extent with the Roman Empire; or that of Alexander, neither of which is said to have exceeded 3,000,000 square miles." The total area of North America is 3,273,048 square miles.

Snake Stories and Snake Plants.

AN EPICUREAN OF TOM MARSHALL.—When Ritcher was haranguing about "his father having been a poor man," his father was a cooper, and more of that sort of thing, Marshall said he would admit that the gentleman's father was a poor man; perhaps he had been a cooper, but if he was (pointing to Ritcher) he had put a mighty point back to one of his whiskey barrels.

Snake Stories and Snake Plants.

Knickerbocker.

IS IT ANY BODY'S BUSINESS?

Is it any body's business
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know;
Is it any body's business
If a lady has a beau?
Is it any body's business
When that gentleman does call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtain should be drawn,
To save from further trouble
The outside lookers on?
Is it any body's business
But the lady's, if her beau
Rides out with other ladies,
And doesn't let her know?
Is it any body's business
But the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort
Where he doesn't chance to be?
If a person on the side-walk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it any body's business
Where that person means to call?
Or, if you see a person,
As he's calling any where,
Is it any of your business
What his business may be there?
The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this—
Is it any body's business
What another's business is?
If it is, or if it isn't,
We would really like to know,
For we're certain if it isn't,
There are some who make it so.
If it is, we'll join the rabble,
And act the noble part,
Of the tattlers and defamers,
Who throng the public mart;
But if not, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns
It were better in the future,
To mind his own concerns.

IS IT ANY BODY'S BUSINESS?

Can't You Buy for Less.

The following good joke told of Charles C., a notorious wit, and a clerk in an extensive hardware house in B—

One day C. was standing in his store, which is a double one, having a door cut in the wall between the two houses, when he was accosted by a very grave personage, wearing a long drab coat, and whom he knew to be a deacon, with the query—

"What's the price of nails?"

"Six cents," replied C.

"Too high," said the deacon. "Can you buy them for five and a half?"

"Can't you buy them for less?" asked C.

"No," replied the deacon; "but can get all I want for that."

Turning on his heel the deacon went out and entered the door of the next house, while C. slipped through the middle door, and having pulled off his coat, and picked up a hammer, met the deacon, who not recognizing him, inquired the price of nails.

"Five and a half cents," responded C.

"Where?" whistled the deacon. "Too high—can buy the best at five and a quarter."

"Can't you buy for less?" asked C.

"No," said our friend, "but can buy at that."

Away he went again, and walked up stairs through another door—the up stairs being occupied by another firm; and C., sliding into the lower house again, and going up stairs, again met the deacon, who, for the third time, inquired the price of nails.

"Five and a quarter cents," replied C.

"Five and a quarter?" ejaculated the deacon. "Can buy the best at five cents."

"No less!" asked C.

"No," said the deacon, as he was about to leave, when C. took hold of him, and said—

"Friend, I've quoted nails to you at six, at five and a half, and five and a quarter cents; each time you said you could buy them for less. Now, when you preach again, just let me know and I will corroborate your statements."

It is needless to say the interprising deacon made his exit in double quick time, without having the grace to reply to the accommodating clerk.

APRICES FOR MILK COWS.

Five minutes ago a gentleman, who deals in fairs and figures, as well as in fine cattle, informed us that he had fed out last winter more than two hundred barrels of sweet apples to his milk cows, and that the increased quantity and richness in quality of the milk paid him better than any other use which he could have applied them. He says that he is raising trees annually, for the purpose of raising apples for stock. Another important statement of his is, that since he has fed apples to his cows, there has not been a case of milk fever among them. —N. E. Farmer.

AN ANNUAL DRESSING OF SALT IN MODERATE QUANTITIES.

Known broadcast over the garden early in Spring, destroy the germs of insects, and protect the crops.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

An extract from a letter written by Dr. Franklin, on the Death of his Brother, John Franklin, to Miss Hubbard.

"I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and nature, that these mortal bodies be laid aside, when the soul is to enter into real life. This is rather an embryo state—a preparation for living. A man is not completely born until he be dead. Why then should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals, a new number added to their happy society? We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us, while they can afford us pleasure, assists us in acquiring knowledge, or doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure,—instead of an aid become an incubrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent, that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them.—Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth, parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he who quits the whole body, parts at once with all pains, and possibilities of pain and diseases it was liable to, or capable of making him suffer.

"Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure, which is to last for ever. His chair was ready first; and he is gone before us. We could not conveniently start together, and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are to follow, and know where to find him? Adieu. "B. FRANKLIN."

A NOVEL WAY OF HOLDING A HORSE.

A gentleman traveling through Germany, thus describes a novel method of fastening a horse, which he saw a German blacksmith put into practice:

"As soon as breakfast was over, I generally enjoyed the luxury of riding about town, and in passing the shop of a blacksmith, the manner in which he tackled the outside of the wall of the house, two rings were firmly fixed, to one of which the head of the patient was lashed close to the ground; the hind foot to be shod, stretched out to the utmost extent of the leg, was then secured by the other ring (about five feet high,) by a cord which passed through a cloven hitch, fixed to the roots of the poor creature's tail. The hind foot was consequently very much higher than the head; indeed it was quite exalted, and pulled so heavily at the tail, that the animal seemed to be quite anxious to keep his other foot on terra firma. With one foot in the heavens, it did not suit him to kick; with his nose pointing to the infernal regions, he could not conveniently rear, and as a heavy hand was continually pulling at his tail, the horse at last gave up the point, and quietly submitted to be shod." —N. Y. Agriculturist.

THE OLD MAN.

Bow low the head, boy; do reverence to the old man. Once young like you, the vicissitudes of life have silvered the hair and changed the round merry face to the care worn visage before you. Once that heart that beat with aspiration co-equal to any that you have felt; aspirations crushed by disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked proudly through the gay scenes of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of Time that withers, the flower of yesterday, has warped that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age, he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain; now wishing to accomplish deeds worthy of a book of fame, anon imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream very near through. The time to awake is very near at hand; yet his eye ever kindles at old deeds of daring and the hand takes a firmer grasp of the staff. Bow low the head, boy, as you would, in your old age, be revered.

FALL CARE AND FEEDING OF SHEEP.

Sheep should never be permitted to grow poor in the fall. Give them the best feed you can, and if consistent with your concerns, put them in the yard at night, if at all cold and stormy, and in the morning give them a little of the best hay you have, or a few oats, and after they have eaten turn them out again. Just remember at this season they need care and attention, and your own good judgment will probably suggest the way in which it can be most properly bestowed.

German Telegraph.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Smith lives, mister?"

"Smith—Smith—what Smith? There are a great many of that name in these parts; my name is Smith."

"Why, I don't know his name—but he's a sour, crabbed sort of a fellow, and they call him Crab Smith."

"Oh, the d—! I suppose I'm the man."

STATE ELECTIONS.

Elections were held last week in New York, New Jersey, Louisiana, Wisconsin, and Mississippi, on Monday of this week in Massachusetts. These complete the elections for this year, all the States in the Union having held elections since the inauguration of General Pierce. And never since the organization of the government has an administration been so significantly endorsed and sustained at the polls in the first year of its rule as has that of Gen. Pierce in these elections. The roll of the thirty-one States has been called, and twenty-nine of them have responded by popular majorities in favor of the administration! Barely two of the thirty-one States of the Union have given majorities against it, viz: Vermont and Mass.

The results of the elections in the States above named, so far as they are known, are as follows:

New York.—The election in New York was for State officers and members of the legislature, and resulted as everybody expected, in the triumph of the whigs. All officers there being elected by a plurality of votes, and the democrats having two separate organizations and tickets, the success of the whigs was a matter of course. With a large popular majority of democrats in the State, by a respectable quarrel among themselves they have allowed the whigs to elect all their candidates for State officers, except judges of the court of appeals, and to carry two-thirds of both branches of the legislature. This result is attributable to the factious course of the leaders of the "hard" section of the party, who bolted from the regular State convention because they found themselves in a majority in it, and nominated and supported candidates in opposition to the regular nominations of the party. The whigs freely admit that their success is entirely due to the division of the democracy.

The Tribune says:

"The whigs have the canal board, the State department, and both branches of the legislature; yet nobody imagines that the whig party, as such, deserves any credit for this result. Its attitude is that of a clown into whose cap a traveler has chucked a dollar, just for the sake of once seeing him dance."

Full returns of the votes of the State officers have not been received, but it is known that the combined vote of the two sections of democratic party largely exceeds that of the whigs. The vote of the regular Democrats greatly exceeds that of the "hards." It will be borne in mind that both sections professed to be the true friends of the administration.

ACCOUNTS FROM INDIA.

The third edition of the London Times of October 28th contains a variety of interesting and important details of news just received from Burmah. From these it appears that the British troops in Burmah are engaged in a most annoying guerrilla warfare. Large bands of Burmese, well organized and equipped, range the country and attack even the English garrisons with great boldness and bravery. If repulsed, they retire in good order to stockaded quarters, which the British troops hesitate to attack from fear of a repulse. These guerrillas recently attacked and destroyed the large town of Kaingain, though defended by a strong British garrison. There was a general apprehension that Promé itself would be attacked before long. The guerrillas are said to fight more bravely than the regular armies did; and it is thought that the Burmese troops have for some time been under training from a French officer who has found his way to Ava. Another campaign is considered inevitable in order to secure the conquest of Burmah.

TWO MEXICAN OFFICIALS SHOT BY ORDER OF SANTA ANNA.

It is stated in the Philadelphia American that a letter has been received at Washington, from an army officer on the Rio Grande, announcing that, by order of Santa Anna, Luis de la Rosa, formerly Mexican Minister to the United States, and Gen. Tornel, one of President Arista's Ministers of War, have both been shot recently, somewhere near the northern boundary of Mexico. De la Rosa was Minister of Foreign Affairs immediately after the capitulation of the city of Mexico, and was the immediate instigator of Santa Anna's expulsion from the country, and wrote a letter informing him of his disgrace. The other victim was also implicated in the same transaction. Both were shot summarily, without process of trial. This is considered as an evidence of Santa Anna's determination to sustain himself as a dictator by the same means he has heretofore used.

When Pat Hogan first arrived in this country, he was told by some Yankee that many things in this country were larger than in Ireland—the rivers, lakes, &c. Soon after, Pat came to a field where a jackass was feeding, and seeing where a animal cock up a pair of long ears, Pat exclaimed to his companion, "Och, Teddy, my boy, look, look!—Och, indeed, what a rabbit!"