

# Clearfield Republican.

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

Published in Clearfield, every Wednesday Morning by Daniel W. Moore & Clark Wilson.  
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**THE "KNOW-NOTHINGS."**  
The Delta (New-Orleans) gives the following account of the new secret society, which appears to have originated in this city, and to have first shown its teeth at our last State election, but which has since extended itself through most of the cities and some of the principal villages of the Union.

The Delta says its adherents in that city are variously estimated at from five hundred to five thousand, but are probably not far from six hundred. It proceeds:

The objects of the "Know-Nothings," are two-fold—part religious, part political; and the ends aimed at, the disfranchisement of adopted citizens, and their exclusion from office, and perpetual war upon the Catholic religion. With these cardinal principles the qualifications for membership and brotherhood are readily determined.

1st. The applicant for admission to a "wigwam," must be a native born citizen, of native born parents, and not of the Catholic religion.

2d. To renounce all previously extant political loyalties, and co-operate exclusively with the new order.

3d. To hold neither political, civil, nor religious intercourse with any person who is a Catholic; but, on the contrary, to use all available means to abolish the political and religious privileges he may at present enjoy.

4th. That he will not vote for any man for office who is not a native citizen of the United States, or who may be disposed, if elected, to place any foreigner or Catholic in any office of emolument or trust—the latter not being, in the opinion of "Know-Nothings," a "credible witness," in any case save where the oath is administered by his priest.

The "pass-words" and "signs" for admission into the "wigwam" of the "Know-Nothings" are as follows: The applicant raps at the outer door an indefinite number of times, asking at the close, in a low whispering voice, "What needs here to-day?" (or night as the case may be.) The interrogated immediately replies, "I don't know."

To which the applicant for admission responds, "I am one," and forthwith is admitted to a second door, at which he gives four distinct raps, when the door being opened, he whispers to his attendant "Thirteen," and then advances into the body of the lodge.

If disposed to leave before the adjournment of the lodge, the member leaving salutes the President, then the Vice-President, by first placing his right hand on his heart, then letting it fall to his side, whispering to the Guardian as he retires "thirteen."

If a member requires the assistance of a brother when mixing promiscuously with the public, he places the right forefinger upon the left eye-brow, as if in the act of scratching, looking directly at the person whose attention he desires to attract, when, if the person be a member, he is bound to respond immediately by a similar sign.

The "signs" and "pass-words" for admission into a lodge are simple enough. We will give them for the benefit of members having short memories. Rap at the lowest joint of his finger next the wrist, with a gentle pressure; when, if he be a member, he will ask, "Where did you get that?" to which he will reply, "I don't know," and the querist will end by replying, "I don't know either."

Nothing concerning the association is to be committed to writing or published, and the most profound silence and secrecy are to be observed by every "Know-Nothing" outside; but everything inside the wigwam is imparted indiscriminately to members.

Every member, on admission, swears by holding up his right hand, and pledges himself to do all in his power to put down foreign influence, and particularly the Catholic religion, and in no case to vote for any person for any office who is not a "native American citizen," and no one, with some exceptions, is eligible to membership, unless he and both of his parents, are native born.

There are several Lodges, or Wigwams, at this time open—one, presided over by a Mr. H—y, assembles in a room in the Mechanics' Institute; and another holds its meetings at No. 9, New Basin. There are three degrees to be taken by members; between each interval of three weeks must occur.

The New York Missionary who came here to organize the "Know-Nothings," is styled "Judge Advocate," and he is charged with like duties in every other city in this section.

As no records are kept, or publications made by the Association, the plan of notifying members of any emergency requiring their speedy assembling is by scattering small square pieces of white paper over the banquettes and public thoroughfares, and by mailing them to posts, doors, or other places accessible to the public.

These preliminaries enter into conversation with him, and you will find that he really knows very little about the society into which he has been inveigled, and little suspects that he is under the orders of that notorious scape-grace, Ned Buntline, Commander-in-Chief at New York Headquarters.

If the members of the new order do not know what it is, other people are more fortunate. It is only the meal with which the starved old cat of Native Americanism has scavenged itself for the better entrapping of young and unsuspecting rats. The Natives cannot content themselves with their "American Order," but must "come down" upon the community in this new form, making society quiver with their oracular, giving out and ominous shakings of the head. The only historical parallels of the present panic are to be found in the terrors of the ancient Romans when patrician sons of noble sires went through the forum, telling, with white lips, that the Goths or Vandals were advancing through the fertile fields of Etruria towards the gates of the Eternal City.

There is no serious cause of alarm, however. The new order has established several "wigwams" in this city, without enlisting more than one in ten of the Native Americans themselves. If the fun of organizing repays the members for the expense, they certainly can go *ad libitum*. But really "the game is not worth the candle."

The "Know-Nothings" are the only order that asks an applicant for admission who his grandfather was or is. If a man cannot show that his grandfather was born in this country he can't come in. Out West, where a man is not supposed to be these anti-wisecrackers to have a grandfather or know much about him, the parents must be of American birth. At any rate, the applicant must be such a zealous Anti-Catholic and Native as to be willing to swear an active and constant social, political, religious and civil hostility to all Catholics and foreigners. He must bind himself by a sort of Haman oath to do his utmost to exclude the proscribed classes from all political privileges and office.

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The Register (Philadelphia) descants on the same general subject as follows: There are certain persons who go about town whispering strange things. They surprise everybody by announcing that a "surprise party" is to elect the officials in June. This will be effected, say they, with- out noise of preparation. Our municipal fabric is to go up like the temple of Solomon, upon which was heard neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron while it was building. These mysterious gentlemen, who are spreading a panic fear among the young and timid, constitute the occult political-religious sect of the "Know-Nothings."

If gentle reader, you would find out who they are and what they are driving at, we can put you in the way. When an acquaintance scratches his left eyebrow with his right fore finger and looks straight into your eyes, you may be sure he has not known enough to keep out of bad company. Or if, when he shakes hands with you, he presses with his middle finger, he is certainly an ignoramus after the new fashion. In the latter case, say, "Where did you get that?" He will answer, "I don't know." This is untrue. But to be even with him you must tell the same fib by reply, "I don't know either." After

**THE TEXAS RANGERS' BEST SHOT.**  
Wilson and Cameron stood apart from their companions. With folded arms and thoughtful faces, they watched the shadows of night stealing over lake and chaparral.

"An hour like this casts a spell upon my spirit," said Cameron. "I love to see the glare of day fade, and give place to the dim twilight."

"I have similar feeling," replied Wilson, "but I like night best when more advanced towards the small hours, and the moon and stars are brightly beaming."

Cameron made no reply, and the parties remained silent. Wilson was the first to speak.

"That's a heavy rifle of yours," he said, glancing at the weapon upon which Cameron was leaning. "I dare say it has been of service to you in its time?"

"No money could induce me to part with it, because I have proved its metal on many occasions. Did I ever tell you of an adventure that I once had near the Red River?"

"You never did; I should like to hear it," said Wilson.

"Several years ago," resumed Cameron, "I was hunting near Cross Timbers, not far from Red River. The Indians then troublesome, had frequently committed depredations on the frontier settlements; but I was fond of hunting, and cared not for them, willing to trust to my own courage and ingenuity in any emergency that might occur. I carried this same rifle, and was called one of the best shots in the country."

"Many people said the piece was too heavy for common use; but I was accustomed to it, and it didn't feel burdensome to me; and when I fired, it was sure to do the right thing, for what animal could carry off an ounce and a half of lead skillfully sped on its errand?"

"Having discovered Indian signs one day, I thought it best to change my hunting ground, and put a considerable distance between me and the spot, and encamped on a wide prairie bounded on the east by the Cross Timbers. Not long after this event, I was sitting on the bank of a small stream resting my weak limbs after a long fatiguing hunt, when I was fired upon and slightly wounded."

"I was fortunate enough to discover the marksman, who proved to be an Indian, of that tribe I do not remember. I instantly shot him dead, and then perceived that he was not alone, for one of his brethren was with him, who made good his escape. Time passed on and I was undisturbed in my amusement for a long time."

"One day, not feeling very well, I returned to my camp sooner than usual. I felt uneasy and nervous, and so arose and went out on the prairie. The grass was not very tall, and the hot sun of the season had dried it until it was crispy and rattled as I walked through it. I ascended a gentle swell and looked around me. One land scene was a grand one. On one hand were the Cross Timbers dimly seen in the distance, resembling dense walls of wood built by human hands, while in every direction the prairie stretched away until lost in the distance. The sun was getting low, and looked like a sunset on the sea. As my eyes wandered from point to point, they were suddenly fixed upon a solitary figure several hundred yards distant, at the foot of the long swell or roll upon which I was standing."

"He stood in an open space, and I at last wondered how that could be, as the grass was so high in every other place; but the affair soon explained itself. More careful examinations showed me that it was an Indian, and his object in plucking up the dry grass was evident—he was going to fry the prairie! It was, doubtless, the same fellow that had escaped at the time I had been fired on. He had discovered my retreat and was about to revenge himself in a singular manner."

"The wind was blowing fresh towards me, and if the grass had been set on fire, no power on earth could have saved me. I stood like one fascinated, and gazed at the preparation of the open space he had made, with a blazing torch in his hand. Innumerable thoughts rushed through my mind in an instant of time. I was never mind completely paralyzed and stupefied before in my life. The power of thought seemed to be the only power left me, and that was stimulated to an unnatural degree. The past, present and future were reviewed and speculated upon in that brief and broken fragment of time in which the savage stood waiting for the brand to burn more brightly before he thrust it into the grass."

"Yes, my destiny was to be burned! Some hunter or traveller would find my body charred or blackened; and others, after a time, would pass my bones bleaching in the sun."

"I shuddered, my eyes felt hot, my throat dry, and I imagined that I felt the flames sweeping over me. If I had been danger that I could have built with, or if I could have seen any chance of escape depending upon my own exertions it would have been different; but now all I could do was

to stand and stare the most dreadful of all deaths in the face.

"You must remember that all these ideas and reflections ran through my mind in the shortest appreciable space of time; for you must know that the sudden prospects of great danger, from which there is no apparent mode of escape, impart to the brain a horrible faculty of thought, of which the mind at ease can form no possible conception."

"I closed my eyes in prayer, and commended my soul to God; but it was impossible for me to close my eyes against the one great and absorbing idea in my mind—that of being burnt up like a vile reptile that crawls in the weeds."

"My lips unclosed, and as they did so, my eyes rested upon my trusty rifle; it was the first time I had thought of it, for the distance was great between me and the enemy; but now it looked like an old friend, the only one that had the power to save me."

"I embraced the thought that the sight of my rifle called up—a species of joy which was nearly overpowered by an agonizing feeling."

"One chance still remained; a small chance it was true, but still a chance; and despair cannot paralyze and subdue the heart while one faint hope remains. I lifted the instrument upon which hung my destiny. As my glance ran over the intervening distance, I felt how desperate indeed was my prospect of life, for a hundred good marksmen might try their skill in vain in aiming at an object so far off. Then I remembered that my weapon was of uncommon calibre and weight, and would throw a ball further than any I had ever seen. I recollected also that I had loaded it that very day with uncommon care, and for a long shot."

"The Indian moved the torch, and was about to apply it to the combustible material; there was no time to lose. The rifle came to my shoulder quick and firm; and I braced up my nerves for a steady aim, with a strong effort of the will. I looked through the double sights, and the muzzle covered the Indian's head. My heart seemed to stop beating, held in the grasp of that terrible suspense. It was but an instant—then the rifle sent an ounce and a half of lead on its mission, with a crack that was unusually loud and sharp, and a recoil which threw me back a few paces."

"The smoke curled away, but I dared not look, my brain was throbbing painfully. Every moment I expected to be greeted by a dense smoke from the burning prairie, and to hear the hissing of the burning flames; but nothing of the kind occurred; and I ventured to look towards the spot where the savage had stood with his torch; I looked courage, and behold! the Indian lay upon his back, the brand, half extinguished, beside him; an ounce and a half of lead had passed through his head. I sank down overcome with gratitude, and the various emotions which such an incident was calculated to inspire."

"This was the greatest shot I ever made, and probably shall never equal it again. Can you wonder that I am attached to my rifle?"

"Not at all!" said the Captain earnestly. "I should never part with it if it was mine."

**DOW, JR.'S FAITH.**—I believe that kicking against custom, and spitting in the face of fashion, is a futile and foolish endeavor. Both may need correction; but they must, and will have their own way.

I believe that if the devil be the father of liars, he has a plenary large family to look after, and that it is rapidly increasing.

I believe that girls are like kittens—gentle smooth when the right way, and they rub and purr most affectionately; but give them the contrary brush, and their back is up in the most disdainful manner. They like to be kissed, but shun a delicacy about the operation.

I believe the human flesh is hard to digest. Jonah didn't sit easy upon the stomach of the whale.

I believe that simple honesty, the naked truth, pure virtue, and a straight up and down way of dealing with the world, have as much advantage over the vices, tricks, and stratagems, in the long run, as a good square trotting horse has over a prancing poney, or a racer that goes his mile or two like mischief, and is done for the rest of the journey.

**NIGHT MARE.**—The way to raise this animal is very simple. Fifteen minutes before bed-time eat up one dozen of cold boiled potatoes, and one slice of cold boiled cabbage, with five or six pickled cucumbers. Eat heartily, and wash down with a pint of brown stout. Undress and jump into bed. Lie flat on your back, in about half an hour or thereabouts you will dream that the devil is sitting on your chest, with Bunker Hill Monument in his lap!

**Hon. O. S. Seymour**, of Connecticut, was burnt in effigy, on the 22d ult., by the land reformers of Winsted, in that State, for his vote against the homestead bill.

**A VALUABLE SQUAW.**  
We clip the following from the Pittsburgh Union:

An excellent opportunity for a philanthropic young man of an educational and agricultural turn of mind, is now open out West. The Chief of the Hayne Indians, in Oregon, offers one thousand head of horses to any respectable white young man, well recommended, who will marry his daughter, a girl of about 18; settle down among them, and teach them agriculture.

A correspondent of the Sturgis Prairie Journal, in making the matter known, says:

"These horses are worth from fifty to eighty thousand dollars. I have seen this valuable squaw. She is about the medium size, with tolerable regular features, high cheek bones, sloping forehead, black eyes, and dark hair. Her form is square and stout. Her long hair hung over her shoulders, profusely ornamented with shells and beads. She wore a robe made of fawn skins most beautifully ornamented with fancy. Her step was light and graceful—her gait easy and graceful."

A fine chance for all the objects men dream dreams about. Fame, power, fortune, love, and romance, all in a bunch, hanging from the hand of an Indian Princess, only eighteen years old, which hand and its accompaniments await the acceptance of any respectable, well recommended white young man. Who wants a recommendation?

**MAN'S IMMORTALITY.**—Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and pass away and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around their midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with bright human forms are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thous-

and streams of affliction to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will set before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the being that now passes before us like the meteor, will stay in our presence forever.—*Prentice.*

**AN ELOQUENT PRAYER.**—The Chaplain of the Indiana Legislature, recently opened the session with a general prayer, which closed with the following eloquent and sensible invocation:

"And, O Lord, have mercy on our Legislators. Be with them and bless them even if they know Thee not. Spare their lives and teach them to glorify thy name. Hasten them to their homes where they may direct their attention to good works and general usefulness among their families and neighbors. May the people resolve to keep them there, and in future elect men of sound moral and temperate habits, so that good may hereafter result from legislation. Save the good people of the State from the disgrace which must follow if the same crowd should again come here to make laws. Hear us, Lord, and grant our prayer. Amen."

**REMARKABLE MAN.**—A New York letter to the Mobile Tribune says: "There is a remarkable man connected with the when 'the people' elevate him a little. Some of our local pet bank cashiers put more on him than the Governor of our State; while we have seen the boss of the State; and while the Judge of a Supreme Court. President Pierce is far more accessible than the Secretaries, while the Secretaries are much more accessible than the clerks. The most insolent man we ever found at the White House was a footman. The fact is, the more backward a man's head contains where brains ought to be, the more he runs away with the idea that being 'saucy' and keeping his hair slicked up is being dignified. Did you ever notice this matter?"

**THE CLASS OF PERSONS REFERRED TO IN THE FOLLOWING, IS TO BE FOUND IN EVERY COMMUNITY:**

**MAKING-BELIEVE "WORKING-MEN."**—A class has risen up amongst you (the working classes) who get their living by agitation and organization. They toil, not with their hands but with their tongues. Their hands and their factory and home. They always affect to speak in the name of their working classes. Their harangues glitter with pikes and smell of gunpowder although they generally contrive to keep their own persons out of harm's way. They will drill you to clamor, and would drill you to blood and plunder could they do so safely. They fawn on your first faults, and yelp and snarl at all other classes, or at those of your own class who assist their dictation.—They are led by your own enemies, or pretended friends, to make tools or fools of you for selfish purposes. Through them the demagogue cajoles, the aristocrat bribes, the adventurer plunders, and the spy betrays you, and they are a ready agency for any scheme, however preposterous, criminal, or disastrous.

## PREMATURE MARRIAGES.

The Electric Magazine has the following remarks upon Premature Marriages: Premature Marriages are among the greatest evils of the times; and it would not be a bad idea in these days of reforms, if an anti-marrying in a hurry society were instituted. Now-a-days people leap into the magic life-circle, with no more consideration than they would partake of a dinner—little thinking that, when once in, they are there until their end comes.—There is but little, sometimes no mutual analysis of disposition and comparison of tastes and affection. They seem to fancy that if there are any discrepancies the fatal Gordian knot which can be seldom cut and never untied will harmonize all.

The numbers who have felt this truth: the numbers still feeling it to their heart's core—are incalculable. They recognise it as the great mistake of their lives. The chain is not to them a silken one but a cable of iron, that tightens around them, more and more, crushing out all hope and energy, substituting hate for love and eating out with its rust the very inner life of the soul.

Boys and girls now marry to a greater extent than ever before, instead of waiting until they become full grown and matured men and women. The young daily as soon as he gets out of his short jackets and finds a little fluff gathered on his upper lip—and the young Miss, as soon as she emerges from the nursery and abbreviated frocks thinks she is well qualified to assume the most solemn responsibilities of life. And so if 'Ma' and 'Pa' won't consent they post off to some Gretna Green and there take obligations that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they will never cease bitterly to repent.

Marriage should never be the result of fancy. The ball-room and the evening party rarely develop real character. Under the exhilarating influence of the dance the glare of lights and the merry quip and joke the dissolute young man may appear amiable, and the slatternly scold lovable. Matches made at such places, or under similar circumstances, are not of the class that originates in Heaven. They more generally are conceived in the opposite place and bring forth only iniquity. The true way to learn each other is to do it at home in the parlor in the kitchen and on occasions that test the temper. We see the result of these unions in the almost daily divorces that take place—in the running away of husbands, leaving their wives and children to starve—and in the elopement of wives. Not only this, but we witness in broken spirited men, made old in the prime of life, struggling on for more food and clothing and shelter, and in women, cross, dirty, sluggish and wrinkled.

It would be quite impossible for us to depict faithfully the multitude of physical and moral evils that result from these sin-stained alliances—for sinful they are. They ruin the body, corrupt the morals, and stultify the mind. And the result does not stop with husband and wife. There are the children. They partake of the feebleness and vices of the parents both physical and moral and go out into the busy world stunted and gnarled. God pity them!

We would not be understood as speaking against the institution of marriage. It is holy beautiful and beneficent. But let every one take his mate or none. Let not the brave eagle pair with the stupid owl, nor the gentle dove with the carrion crow. Like should have like. It is a glorious sight to see two old people who have weathered the storm and basked in the sunshine of life together, go hand and hand, lovingly and truthfully, down the gentle declivity of time, with no angers, nor jealousies, nor hatreds garnered up against each other, and looking with hope and joy to the everlasting youth of heaven where they two shall be one forever. That where they two shall be one forever. That is true marriage—or it is the marriage of spirit with spirit. Their love is woven into a woof of gold that neither time, nor death, nor eternity can sever.

**A REMARKABLE MAN.**—A New York letter to the Mobile Tribune says: "There is a remarkable man connected with the when 'the people' elevate him a little. Some of our local pet bank cashiers put more on him than the Governor of our State; while we have seen the boss of the State; and while the Judge of a Supreme Court. President Pierce is far more accessible than the Secretaries, while the Secretaries are much more accessible than the clerks. The most insolent man we ever found at the White House was a footman. The fact is, the more backward a man's head contains where brains ought to be, the more he runs away with the idea that being 'saucy' and keeping his hair slicked up is being dignified. Did you ever notice this matter?"

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**A SINGULAR CUSTOM.**—Since the announcement of the death of the Emperor of Japan, it is suggested that the American Squadron there, is in an awkward fix. A law of that empire commands that no official intercourse should be held with any foreign country, for the space of two years after the death of an Emperor. No foreign ambassador is allowed a reception within that time.

**FIRE.**—A very destructive fire occurred in the town of Birmingham, near Pittsburgh, on Sunday of last week. One hundred dwellings were destroyed, and over two hundred families rendered homeless.

**A STATE CONVENTION** will be held at Harrisburg on Wednesday, the 7th of June next, for the purpose of nominating a State Ticket to be supported by the friends of Prohibition at the next election.

**PLATO**, speaking of passionate persons, or says, they are like men who stand on their heads; they see all things the wrong way.

**GOOD BUTTER** sells in Cincinnati for 10 cents a lb. An ancient article commands "try peeps" in our market.

**NOT LESS THAN 262 PERSONS** were killed, and 624 wounded, by railroad accidents, in the United States, during the year of 1853.