

Now that Congress, the politicians and the people are talking of Nebraska, it may be interesting for our readers to accompany us to the territory itself, and see where and what it is, who inhabit it, or live in Nebraska.

In visiting this unorganized territory, upon which there is now so much dispute, we must first go by any route we chose to St. Louis. Here we will take a steamboat and float for hundreds of miles to the mouth of the Kansas river. We land here, and are in the region called Nebraska. If we were pleased to take another steamboat, we could go up the Kansas river, or nearly westwards to the interior.

But let us prefer rather to continue our voyage up the Missouri, still by steamboat, for some hundreds of miles. We are now at the mouth of the Platte river, or the Nebraska, which means "Shallow Bottom." It is rightly named, for though it is from one to three miles wide, it is generally very shallow, and steamboats pass up its waters only forty miles. By this river Col. Fremont passed much of the way, on his route to California and Oregon in 1842. In his journals of his two expeditions, there is, probably, more information on Nebraska than can be obtained from all other books.

We find Nebraska to be a vast region. By the late census it is estimated at 130,700 square miles, or a region as large as New England, New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, and even larger. If organized as proposed by the bill of Mr. Douglas, now pending in Congress, it will be larger still, as it will embrace much of what has been known as the Indian Territory.

We find the Northern part of Nebraska as cold as New England; the interior as the climate of the Middle States, and the southern portion with something of the mildness of Virginia. There is, however, this difference; Nebraska is more Asiatic in its climate and general feature. There are vast prairies, high table lands, thousands of miles above the level of the sea, rivers of almost interminable length. On the west it is bounded by the Rocky Mountains, whose highest peaks are covered with perpetual snow. A large portion of the great American Desert is in this territory; here may an emigrant, bound for California, lay his head down to die, worn out with fatigue and hunger. The soil of Nebraska is mostly fertile, the geological formation being that of lime-stone and sandstone, which always indicate a good soil. It must, in the future, become a fine farming region. Already many young farmers of our country have their eyes upon it, and will be bending thither their steps as soon as Senator Douglas's bill, or any other passes, organizing the territories.

But who inhabit Nebraska? Indians, and hardly any but Indians. It is their grandest hunting-ground, and it is supposed that from 75,000 to 80,000, or about one-sixth part of all the Indians that yet remain in the United States, roam over its prairies and table lands, pass their canoes over its waters pursue game by rivers, and over mountains, and wage war one upon another. Here are Christian Indians so called, such as the Delaware, Stock-bridges, etc.; here are the wild and warlike Sioux, and Cheyenne Indians that delight in scenes of blood; here roam the Mandans, the Gros and Blackfeet, the Assinibones, the Aricaras, the Gros Ventres, and the Mandans. Our civilization has driven them beyond the Mississippi, and soon another wave of civilization will push them westward, where it is expected that they will be fitted to become a part of the body-politic, and to be duly represented in Congress.

Hunting the Buffalo is the great pursuit of the wild Indians of Nebraska, and their greatest source of profit. Their skins they sell to the fur-traders; but, alas! the buffaloes are becoming scarce under the influence of the many rifles that are aimed at them. What will they do when they are gone; they must become civilized and till the soil, as the Christian Indians now do, and with considerable success, as will be seen from the following statistics: These Indians, less than 3000 in number, that live under the Fort Leavenworth agency, north and south of the Kansas river, cultivate more than 4000 acres. From these acres they raised, in a single year, 80 bushels of corn, 2690 of wheat, 12,000 of oats, and 200,000 melons of all kinds. They have large numbers of horses and oxen, and live like happy and independent farmers.

Of whites, permanently living in Nebraska, there are but few, and these are either military men stationed at some of the forts, or else Indian agents, or religious missionaries sent out by the various religious denominations of the States. It is true, there are always more or less white travellers passing to California, to Oregon, to Utah, or New Mexico, or returning thence, which gives no inconsiderable variety to the lives of those who are confined there. Indeed, it is now stated that a newspaper is immediately to be printed at old Fort Kearny, and that a post-office to be established only forty miles from it, for the benefit of the emigrants, who may write home from that point, "that they have gone so far, safe and sound, or otherwise, and that they hope to realize their golden dreams soon." A newspaper and a post-office—two of the most powerful agents of our modern civilization—are now to put forth their strength in what is to be the great heart of America.

Other wild animals, besides buffaloes, abound in Nebraska. There are the swift antelope, elk, deer, prairie dogs, wild horses, and occasionally a grizzly bear crosses the path of the traveller. The prairie dog is allied to the marmot. They abound west of the Mississippi; living by the hundreds together, under ground. Col. Fremont and party dug for one in their journey, but did not succeed in finding him. These dogs are about the size of a

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rabbit or woodchuck. Their bark is sharp like that of a small dog.

If the emigrant is hungry, he mounts his horse, gives chase to a herd of buffaloes, if so be he can shoot one, for the dinner of him and his. He chooses to kill a cow, rather than a bull, if he can, as her meat is more tender. If there is not enough of the Kit Carson about him to follow and lay prostrate a buffalo, he tries his hand at a deer, an antelope, or a good Turkey. There is no want of wild meat to the emigrant, the mere traveller, or the resident, if he has the skill to take it.

All accounts agree that the prairies of this region are covered with the most beautiful flowers: on a clear day the prospect is truly enchanting—paradisaical. The rose is abundant there, as is the sun-flower. A botanist accompanied Fremont in both his expeditions, and in his book on the scientific, as well as the popular names of multitudes of Nebraska plants.

This region is not heavily timbered;—still, there is a large variety of trees, among which are the most that abound with ourselves. The cotton-wood tree is abundant upon the rivers.

The climate is very dry, and yet we read of no complaints of drought. Fremont, in giving an account of the weather has recorded sixteen clear days in the summer in succession, which is a record that could hardly be made of any New England weather.

But what is to be the future of Nebraska? If it teems with life now, it is the life of wild animals, wild Indians, wild flowers and wild vegetation of all kinds. There are reptiles in abundance, and mosquitoes, that the traveller has a powerful knowledge of. There are now magnificent rivers, oceans of unoccupied land, great deserts, a whole territory, a wide waste.

But all this soon is to be changed.—Steamers are to fly over her waters, and the red men, shall be the white men, instead of wild, domestic animals. The hum of the spindle shall be heard upon her waterfalls. From Nebraska, shall spring Nebraska, and Kansas, and from these, other States as good, we trust, as Massachusetts, as New York, and Ohio, and, we hope, as intelligent and as prosperous.

No wonder that the organizing and peopling of such a vast region makes such stir, both in and out of Congress, for the future inhabitants of this region may control the destinies of this country at the latest time. The people, far separated from both oceans, and having but few rivers that are at all navigable, will be mainly devoted to agriculture, and if they start right, may be as happy and independent as the farmers of New England and New York.—Olive Branch.

FORTUNATE MEN.—Homilies are numerous upon the text that every man is the architect of his own fortune. Yet it appears to us that a great many more homilies will have to be written to disprove the existence of what are commonly called lucky men. Fortune is acknowledged to be supreme in war, and we opine, that upon close observation, we shall find the fickle goddess nearly as potential in the ordinary affairs of life. There are men among us whose hands seem to be endowed with a magical faculty of turning everything they touch into gold. Nothing stagnates or depreciates while secured as their property; but a manifold increase seems to be as natural as the rapid growth of a plant in a fertile soil. It is impossible to attribute their undeviating success to skill, foresight, energy and circumspection. They frequently undertake carrying out plans, which depend upon so many contingencies as to be as incalculable as the result of the throw of dice. They risk fearlessly, having as much confidence in the smile of fortune, as Caesar himself. The winds and waves are always favorable to them; and where others less generally successful shrink back overwhelmed with doubts, they advance assured of the prize.

The fortunate men are set in bold contrast with those who may be termed the architects of ruin. They are so uniformly unlucky in everything they undertake which has the least dependence upon contingencies, that they may be said to enter upon the execution of their scheme with the shadow of a cloud resting upon them. There is a mortality in their touch which soon becomes noted, and a partnership with them is generally avoided. Their ships seldom return to port in a good condition. Their buildings are continually threatened with fire. Occasionally they are permitted to rise to a height on which they fancy themselves secure; but in the midst of their seeming prosperity, they are hurled below again to renew the struggle. But there is nothing in this contrast of fortune's favorites and outcasts to discourage the efforts of enterprise, for it is generally true that energy and skill achieve success.

"I really can't sing, believe me, sir," was the reply of a young lady to the repeated requests of an empty foe. "I'm rather inclined to think, madam," rejoined he with a smirk, "that you are fishing for compliments." "No, sir, said the lady, "I never fish in so shallow a stream."

"Will you pray now?" "I doesn't know a word how," gasped Fink.

THE FIGHTING PREACHER.

WESTERN ITINERANTS FORTY YEARS AGO. The Western itinerants, (who were the *legis fulminea* of the American ministry of their day,) were usually brawny, athletic men, physically, if not mentally, educated almost to perfection. They had occasion sometimes to preach to their rude hearers with the stout fists, as well as their stentorian lungs. "At a camp meeting," says Mr. Finley, "a row was raised, on Saturday, by about twenty lewd fellows of the baser sort, who came upon the ground to break up the meeting. One of the preachers went to the leader for the purpose of getting him to leave; but this only enraged him, and he struck the preacher a violent blow on the face, and knocked him down. Here the conflict began. The members saw that they must either defend themselves or allow the ruffians to beat them, and insult their wives and daughters. It did not take them long to decide. They very soon placed themselves in an attitude of defence. Brother Birkhammer, an exceedingly stout man, seized their bully leader, who had struck the preacher, and with one thrust of his brawny arm crushed him down between two benches. The aid-de-camp of the bully ran to his relief, but it was to meet the same fate, for no sooner did he come in reach of the Methodist than with crushing force, he felt himself ground on the back of his comrade in distress. Here they were held in durance till, the sheriff and his posse came, and took possession, and binding them to ten others, they were carried before a justice, who fined them heavily for the misdemeanor. As soon as quiet was restored, Bishop Asbury occupied the pulpit. After singing and prayer, he rose and said he would give the rowdies some advice.—You must remember that all our brothers in the church are not yet sanctified, and I advise you to let them alone; for if you get them angry, and the devil should get in them, they are the strongest and hardest men to fight and conquer in the world. I advise you, if you do not like them, to go home and let them alone."

In speaking of one of his brother itinerants—one to whom it is owing that Methodism is now the prevailing religion in Illinois, he says: At the camp-meeting held at Alton, in the autumn of 1833, the worshippers were annoyed by a set of desperadoes from St. Louis, under the command of Mike Fink, a notorious bully, the triumphant hero of countless fights, in none of which he had ever met an equal, or even second. The coarse drunken ruffians carried it with a high hand, outraged the men and insulted the women, so as to threaten the dissolution of all pious exercises; and yet such was the terror the name of the leader, Fink inspired, that no one individual could find brave enough to face his prowess. At last, one day, when Mr. — ascended the pulpit to hold forth, the desperadoes on the outskirts of the encampment, raised a yell so deafening as to drown utterly every other sound. M. —'s dark eyes shot lightning. He deposited his Bible, drew off his coat, and remarked aloud: "Wait for a few minutes, my brethren, while I go and make the devil pray."

He then proceeded, with a smile on his lip, to the focus of the tumult, and addressed the chief bully: "Mr. Fink, I have come to make you pray."

The desperado rolled back the tangled festoons of his blood-red hair, arched his huge brows with a comical expression, and replied: "By golly! I'd like to see you do it, old snorter."

"Very well," said Mr. —, "will these gentlemen, your courteous friends, agree not to show foul play?" "In course they will. They're rale grit, and won't do nothin' but the clear thing, so they won't," rejoined Fink, indignantly. "Are you ready?" asked Mr. —. "Ready as a race horse with a light rider," squaring his ponderous person for the combat.

But the bully spoke too soon; for scarcely had the words left his lips, when Mr. — made a prodigious bound towards his antagonist, and accompanied it with a quick, shooting punch of his herculean fist, which fell crashing on the other's chin, and huried him to the earth like lead. Then even his intoxicated comrades, filled with involuntary admiration at the feat, gave a cheer. But Fink was up in a moment, and rushed upon his enemy, exclaiming: "That wasn't done fair, so it warn't. He aimed a forcible stroke, which Mr. — parried with his left hand, and grasping his throat with the right, crushed him down as if he had been an infant. Fink struggled; squirmed and writhed in the dust, but all to no purpose, for the strong muscular fingers held his windpipe as in the jaws of an iron vice. When he began to turn purple in the face, and ceased to resist, Mr. — slacked his hold, and inquired: "Will you pray now?"

"I doesn't know a word how," gasped Fink.

"Repeat after me," commanded Mr. —.

"Well, if I must, I must," answered Fink, "because you're the devil himself." The preacher then said over the Lord's prayer, line by line, and the conquered bully responded in the same way, when the victor permitted him to rise. At the consummation the rowdies roared three boisterous cheers. Fink shook Mr. —'s hand, declaring: "By golly, you're some beans in a bar fight, I'd rather set to with an old he in dog days. You can pass this 'ere cord of nose smashers, with your pictur."

Afterwards Fink's party behaved with the utmost decorum, and Mr. — resumed his seat in the pulpit.

EXTREMELY SHARP MEN.

Strange to say, there are some men among us who are too sharp. They get an idea into their heads that they are so marvellously keen in all matters of business, that any one who ventures to meddle with them will anon find himself in the condition of the child who plays with a broad-axe. Old Governor Wolcott was accustomed to remark that as soon as a man gets an idea into his head that he is cunning, it is fatal; and the observation is just. Scrutinize the career of these sharp men, and we are much mistaken if you do not find them continually cutting their own fingers—their mental part having such an excessive edge. This was compelled to regard as one of those mysterious dispensations for which we have to thank a beneficent providence; inasmuch as, were it not the case, the chosen victims of the sharp men might be left to make the most of Longfellow's advice:—

"To the end and ever strong," which, however sublime to the poet's eye, we are certain is not agreeable. The man who is afflicted with the disease of being too sharp, may be easily recognised, and soon become known to the community.—He is continually originating schemes, the profit of which is more obvious to his mind than the principle. He rules his hands and knuckles over the prospect, with an occasional sneer at the stupid gullibility of those whom he expects to circumvent in the execution of his project. His conceit of his own superior sagacity is perfectly invincible. Suddenly he awakens to the fact that his scheme has failed; in striving to use others sharply, he has cut his own fingers. Still he is not cured. Indeed, men of his afflicted character are generally incurable. One unprincipled project having failed, he tries another. Who so sharp? Let these characters chuckle over their edge, but beware of being a partner in their schemes!

SCHENCK IN THE MINISTRY.—Every one who has heard Robert C. Schenck speak for the first time in a case in which his feelings are deeply interested, know what a vivid impression his withering sarcasm and impassioned manner is calculated to produce upon one unaccustomed to animated debates.

An unsophisticated Methodist farmer who lived in a distant portion of the country; and whose business seldom calls him to court, accidentally heard that Schenck was appointed Minister to Brazil, a country in South America. The terms *preacher* and *minister of the gospel* were inseparably associated in the mind, and he took it for granted that Schenck had turned preacher, and had been sent on a divine mission. With this impression he went home.

"Wife," said he, "what do you think I heard at Dayton to-day? That little wicked, white headed lawyer you have heard me speak of so often, has been converted and turned preacher. He is now away as a missionary to a heathen nation, away down in South America! If the devil ever met his match, I guess he is got him now, for if grace don't change him too much, he will give the old reprobate no rest for the sole of his foot until he leaves the country."

WHAT IS A POP?—The pop is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-fourth walking stick, and the rest kid gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry, there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose. He becomes ecstatic at the smell of new cloth. He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of tailors' bills gives him the nightmare. By his hair one would judge he had been dipped like Achilles, but it is evident that the goddess must have held him by the head instead of the heels. Nevertheless, such men are useful. If there were no tadpoles, there would be no frogs. They are not so entirely to blame for their devotion to externals. Pseudo diamonds must have a splendid setting to make them sell. Only it seems to be a waste of material to put five dollars' worth of beaver on five cents' worth of brains.

Lesing says: "That the most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness—one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we'd gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker."

ELECTION RETURNS.

In a county hard by, an election was had for the office of High Sheriff. Three popular candidates were in the field, and their chances of success were about equal. Never it is said, did the yeomanry of that county enter more hotly into a political contest than on this occasion. Thousands upon thousands of dollars, had been staked on the result; and this circumstance, perhaps, lent much to the enthusiasm manifested by the people.

On the morning of the election, runners, provided with fleet horses, were despatched to all the different polls in the county, who were to bring in the returns to the county-seat—a hotel in which being the head-quarters of the three parties.

We will pass by the many exciting and amusing occurrences of the day, and recur to the closing scene of the night.

The returns were all in with the exception of one township; and the contest thus, was so close that the disparity between the highest and lowest candidates was less than ten votes. The fate of the three candidates hung upon the result of that one poll. Each candidate had claimed a handsome majority in the remaining township; but as each had been deceived by the votes of the balance, the result in this was a matter of extreme doubt. The three competitors became exceedingly alarmed. The friends of each were thrown into a state of painful anxiety; and the sporting gentlemen felt as though they had embarked in a hazardous enterprise.

In the stillness of the night, the clattering of a horse's feet was faintly heard in the distance. The shout of "his coming," gave a general notice of the fact. As the messenger neared them, his noble animal flying, as it were, under whip and spur, they fell back on either side, and opened a passage to receive him. In he dashed, regardless of human life, and hauled up suddenly under the dim light of a lamp, with watch in hand, he exclaimed: "Five hundred dollars that better time was never made! Ten miles in only twenty minutes; and by a three year old colt, at that!"

A death like stillness pervaded the crowd, as the runner continued to expatiate upon the speed and qualities of his colt—a matter in which none but himself seemed to feel any interest, the returns being the only thing which could interest the crowd at this juncture.

"The returns!" interrupted a voice in the crowd. "Thirty-eight of a majority!" answered the runner. "For who?" demanded the same voice in the crowd.

"Gentlemen, all I know about it is that some fellow got thirty-eight of a majority; but who the d—! it was, I can't tell you; but one thing I do know, and that is, that you can just bet your life on this boss."

We have since frequently heard of this man, who is now universally known and called, in this neighborhood, by the cognomen of "the fellow that brought in the returns."—O. Dem.

ANECDOTE OF FINN.

Finn was once a witness for the prosecution in a case before the Common Pleas in Boston, and his testimony was so direct and conclusive that the counsel for the defence thought it necessary to discredit him. The following dialogue ensued: "Mr. Finn, you live in — street, do you not?" "Yes, I do."

"You have lived there a great while?" "Several years."

"Does not a female live there under your protection?" "There does."

"Does she bear your name?" "She is certainly known in the neighborhood by the name of Mrs. Finn."

"Is she your wife?" "No; we were never legally married."

"That will do, Sir; I have no more to ask."

"But I have something more to answer, Sir," replied Mr. Finn, with spirit. "The Mrs. Finn, of whom you have been pleased to speak with so much levity, is my mother; and I have known but one man base enough to breathe or say ought against her. You, Sir, can guess who he is. True, she is under my protection.—She protected me through infancy and childhood, and it is but a small part of the debt that I owe to her to do as much for her in old age."

The baffled counsellor had no more to say.

THE MOURNING MOTHER.

Your child is gone—is dead. No more shall your ear be charmed by the music of that infant voice.—He was your youngest; and before he had become familiar with the dark ways of the world in which all is not as when turned from the Creator's hand—while yet his voice went forth in childish glee and love to all—while every tone was yet sweet to your ear—and before, by any sinful act, his presence brought a pang to your heart—his heavenly Father called him to come up higher. 'Tis well! that you should weep upon the grave of your youngest. Yet remember that your child is but a few steps beyond, led by the hand of the Most High, to lure you on to Heaven.

One Sunday morning we found a humming bird unable to escape through the open window by which it had entered our room. To aid its flight, we caught it, and as this was our first opportunity of examining closely one of these tiny creatures, we held it a few moments for that purpose.—After satisfying our curiosity, and pained by its cries of fear, we concluded to let it go. It was raised on the hand; but instead of securing its liberty the moment the fingers were unclasped, it lay as if not realizing it was indeed free to fly. There panting from exertion, glittering in all the brightness that could fix the gaze, it lay on the hand, resting for flight; then on wings of music, up, up, and away it sped towards heaven in the glad sunlight of that Sabbath morning.

One minute we stood looking, and listening, to the hum of wings gone, and its gay colors lost in the light of the sun towards which it fled. What wonder we felt a momentary sadness as it left us?—yet could we wish it back?

So it is with your boy. Though clad in the robes of light, yet you cannot see him for the brightness of that heaven to which he has been called. Although his voice has now a music it never had on earth, it reaches not your ear. You weep because he has gone; yet remembering he is another treasure in heaven, can you wish him back?

SAM SLICK ON LAWYERS.

Few things resemble each other more, in nature, than an old cunning lawyer and a spider. He weaves his web to a corner, and with no light behind, to show the thread of his net; but—in a shade, like—there he waits in his dark office, to receive his visitor. A buzzin', burrin', thoughtless fly, thinkin' of nothin' but his beautiful wings and well-made legs, and rather near-sighted wital comes stumblin', head-over-heels, into the net.

"I beg your pardon," says the fly, "I really didn't see this net-work of yours, the weather is foggy, and the streets so confoundedly dark, I'm afraid I've done mischief."

"Not at all," says the spider, bowin', "I guess it's all my fault. I reckon I had ought to have hung a lamp out; but pray, don't move or you may do damage. Allow me to assist you." And then, he ties up one leg, and then the other, and furls up both wings, and has him as fast as Gibraltar.

"Now," says the spider, "my good friend," (a phrase a feller uses, when he's agoin' to be tricky), "I'm afraid you've hurt yourself a considerable sum. I must bleed you."

"Bleed me!" says the fly. "Excuse me; I'm obliged to you—I don't require it." "Oh! yes, you do, my dear friend," and he gets ready for the operation. "If you dare to do that," says the fly, "I'll knock you down; and I'm a man that what I lay down I stand on."

"You had better get up first," says the spider, a-laughin'. "You must be bled; you must pay all damages." And he bleeds him, and he bleeds him, till he gasps for breath, and feels faintin' comin' on.

"Let me go, my good feller," says the poor fly, "and I will pay you liberally." "Pay!" says the spider. "You miserable, uncircumcised wretch, you have nothing left to pay with. Take that!" and he gives him the last dig, and he is a gone coon—bled to death.

GOSE RIGHT OVER IT.

I have a friend, whose ready wit often enlivens the social circle, and sometimes, also faithfully serves the cause of truth. One Sabbath morning as he stepped from his house to go to church, he met a stranger driving a heavily loaded wagon through the town. He turned upon him, stopped, lifted both hands, and stood in a tragic attitude, gazing upon the ground beneath the vehicle, and exclaimed, "There! there! you are going right over it! You have gone right over it."

The traveler hastily gathered up his reins, drew in his horses, and came to a dead stand, and began looking under his wheels to see what little innocent child, or dog or pig, might have been ground to jelly by their heavy weight. But seeing nothing, he looked up to the man who had so singularly arrested his progress, and said: "Over what?"

"The fourth commandment," was the quick reply; "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

It was hard starting those wheels again, and hard hauling that load all the rest of the day.—Norwich Examiner.

A NEW VIEW OF NIAGARA.—The Ohio State Journal tells a story of an Irishman of the better class who thought he must conform to the fashionable mania in paying a visit to the Falls, and taking a look at the surrounding wonders, addressed himself to a gentleman: "And is this Niagara Falls?" "Yes," was the reply. "And what's there here to make such a bother about?" "Why," said the gentleman, "do you not see the mighty river, the deep abyss, the great sheet of water pouring down?" Pat looking at the water, replied hesitatingly, "And what's to hinder it?"