

# Clearfield Republican.

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## THERE'S WORK ENOUGH TO DO.

The black-bird early leaves its nest,  
To meet the smiling morn;  
And gather dewdrops for its nest,  
From inland, wood, and lawn;  
From the busy bee, that wings its way,  
Mid sweets of varied hue,  
And every flower, would seem to say,  
"There's work enough to do."  
The cowslip and the spreading vine,  
The daisy in the grass,  
The snow-drop and the ragwort,  
Preach sermons as we pass;  
The ant, within his cavern deep,  
Would bid us labor too,  
And wrings upon his tiny legs,  
"There's work enough to do."  
The planets, at their Maker's will,  
Move onward in their care;  
For Nature's wheel is never still—  
Progressive as the stars;  
The leaves that flutter in the air,  
And summer breezes woo,  
One solemn truth to men declare,  
"There's work enough to do."  
Who then, can sleep, when all around  
Is active, fresh, and free;  
Shall man—creation's lord—be found  
Less busy than the bee?  
Our courts and alleys are the field,  
If men would work them through,  
That best the secrets of labor yield,  
And "work enough to do."  
To have a heart for those who weep,  
The south-drifted wind;  
To rescue all the children deep  
In ignorance and sin;  
To help the poor, the hungry, cold,  
To give him rest and food;  
To see that all can write and read,  
Is "work enough to do."  
The time is short, the world is wide,  
And much has to be done;  
This wondrous earth and all its wide,  
Will vanish with the sun!  
The moments fly on lightning's wings,  
And life's uncertain too,  
We've none to waste on foolish things—  
"There's work enough to do."

## AN ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY.

Or my Prospecting Tour.  
In the summer of 1850, I was working with two partners, a claim on the North Fork of the American River in California. Our lead, which had been a pretty good one was running out, and we had for some time been discussing the propriety of leaving it and going prospecting. This movement I had opposed for some time, thinking that, as long as we could do reasonably well where we were, it would be bad policy to leave our claim and roam over the country in search of better diggings. One evening, however, when the results of our united day's labor were declared to be five dollars, I came to the conclusion that perhaps we could not do better than make a little trip up in the neighborhood for the purpose of prospecting. So, after a little discussion, (as, of course, it would not do for me to come round too suddenly,) it was decided that we should try the experiment the next morning.  
The morning dawned, and after stowing away our surplus possessions in the tent, we took our picks and pans, with our blankets and several days' provisions, and, separating, sallied in different directions. It was understood that we should return in three or four days to the tent and report progress. After travelling several hours, I sat down to rest during the heat of the day, intending to resume my journey in the afternoon. Stretched on my back under an oak, its cool shade and stillness of the scene around me soon induced me to sleep. When I awoke it was late in the afternoon, and I jumped up, somewhat alarmed, as I had intended making a camp some twenty miles off, my stopping place for that night. Re-adjusting my blankets on my back, I was about resuming my journey, when my attention was arrested by some singular foot-prints on the trail. Bending over, I examined them closely, and came to the conclusion that they were those of a grizzly bear. As my imagination, this discovery was any thing but a pleasant one. I had never seen a grizzly, and was not particularly desirous of making the acquaintance of one, even armed; but now, with nothing but a pick, the thought was anything but alluring. I had frequently ridiculed such of my friends as were in the habit of "jugging round" rifles, Colt's revolvers, etc., and laughed at the idea of encumbering ourselves with such useless baggage. But, at the discovery of these tracks, my sentiments underwent an entire change. A whole army would not have been an unwelcome companion to me then. On examining the tracks, I found that they lead in the same direction in which I was going, and that consequently, I stood a good chance of overtaking my four-footed friend, if I hurried; and if I loitered I would be obliged to spend the night alone in the mountains.  
Moving slowly along, calculating the chances offered by either of these two plans, I did not observe that I was descending into a little ravine, through which a small stream ran until I stood on the edge of the creek. I had worked long enough in the diggings to know some of the indications of the existence of the precious metal, and as soon as my attention was directed to the stream, I made up my mind that the dirt was worth "panning out," by way of trial, at once. All thought of the bear was gone. Gold was more potent than grizzly for the nonce, and hastily unslinging my blankets, I got out my pick and pan from my luggage and went to work. My success astonished me. Two ounces from the first pan, and one from

the second! Visions of immediate opulence swam before my eyes. Shall I own to it? For a moment—only one—I hesitated whether I should go back to my partners, or retain the secret for my own benefit.  
By the time I had recovered my senses sufficiently to leave the bright visions of the future, and calmly consider my present condition, the sun was sinking behind the hills. Of course I had no intention of going any further that night, as, by leaving the location in the dark, I might fall to find it again; and I was in no humor to run any such risk. I should have mentioned before that I was not travelling on any trail, but over the mountains, with no guide but my compass and the sun. On feeling in my pocket for my matches to light a fire, I found that I had neglected to bring them. Muttering a slight anathema on my folly in not carrying fire-arms, I munched a piece of hard bread for my supper, and laid down in my blankets for the night. I lay awake some time looking up into the heavens as the blue vault grew darker and darker, and the stars came out one by one. I remember thinking, just as I went to sleep, that it was the darkest night I had ever seen, and dreamt that I made several millions in the claim I had been prospecting, the whole of which I devoted to lighting the mines with gas.  
It must have been midnight when I awoke. My throat was dry and parched, and I got up to quench my thirst at the stream. Bending over, I drank freely, and bathed my head in cold water. I heard a rustling in the bushes behind me, and turned to see what it was. *Maria Santissima!* a huge black animal was standing on my blankets, devouring my provisions! I once had doubts in regard to the possibility of human hair assuming under the influence of terror, the erect position asserted by the worthy ghost of Mr. Hamlet's father—but they exist no longer. It seemed to me as if a whole forest stood upon my head! Now what was I to do? The slightest movement would attract the bear's notice, and the idea of furnishing him with a *petit souper* at my expense was not at all to my liking. I stood in the bushes, looking at the animal, half an hour, when, feeling somewhat fatigued, I thought I would try to sit down without attracting his attention. In the performance of this manœuvre a few briars and sharp sticks quite plainly notified me that my shirt was my only garment; a fact which the chilly night air would have made apparent but for my fright, which engrossed my attention. By this time Mr. Bruin had composed himself to slumber in my blankets, and I could hear his deep and regular breathing distinctly. The night was so dark that I could hardly see him, but I came to the conclusion that he was not so large as some of whom I had heard stories related. He was quite large enough, however, in my estimation, to eat off your humble servant in the flower of his youth. Gold is powerful, but I would have given all that I had dreamed of making to have been quietly sleeping in some house or tent within the borders of civilization at that time.  
In about an hour—it seemed a long week to me—my visitor got up and walked down to the water, where I heard him drinking, while I indulged in some pious wishes for his stragulation. I was then rejoiced to hear him plunge into the water and force his way through the bushes on the other side. Shivering, I crawled into my blankets again and tried to compose myself to sleep. No sooner had the drowsy god vouchsafed me the slightest wisp of slumber, when splash went something into the water again, and the next moment the black form of my tormentor emerged from the bushes. I thought my hour had come. Home, wife and children, all fitted before my eyes. No kind friend to break to my relatives the tidings of my untimely fate. No comforting assurances of Christian burial! But here, in the wilderness my form must lie, the prey of the wild beast; and as my bones grew white with exposure and crumbled into dust, my friends, in the heat of sickness of hope deferred, would vainly conjecture what had been my fate! Nearer the monster approached, till at last he stood at my feet, when to my surprise he coolly laid his shaggy wet form across them on the top of my blanket. I hardly dared to breathe, every muscle was rigid, and I lay momentarily expecting his attack. My feet grew numb with his weight, and the water from his hair soaked through the blankets and completely chilled me.  
A thousand thoughts passed through my mind while the beast lay on my feet.— Sometimes I thought that I could remain quiet until morning, when he might get up and move off, leaving me unmolested. Then it would come into my mind that I had heard that a bear would not attack a man unless molested or very hungry.— That he could not be in the latter condition, my hopes conjectured from his recent performances on my provisions; and as to my molesting him, no member of the Peace Society of half a century's standing could be less inclined for belligerent operations than I. Then again, the thought would strike me that, as soon as the dawn of day

revealed our positions, I should be certain to make a breakfast for my unwelcome guest.  
The night wore on. My limbs grew colder and colder, and my hopes fewer and less encouraging; still the brute slept. My bones ached with being kept so long in one position, and it seemed as if every moment was the last that I could hope to hold out without moving. The animal at last turned over, and gave me an opportunity of assuming a new position. But the relief was only temporary. I still remained in an agony of suspense. How I longed for the daylight. Even the knowledge that my fate was inevitable seemed preferable to this uncertainty. Once or twice I was tempted to move and put an end to the affair, but my fears prevented me. How slowly the night passed away! How I envied the beast at my feet! How false and hollow all the advantages of civilization and superiority in the scale of animal existence seemed in that hour of peril!  
At last, morning came. Just as the gray light tinged the eastern sky, a whistle ran through the ravine. Bounding from my feet, the animal burst through the bushes. I rose slowly, with difficulty, on account of my benumbed limbs, and after thanking heaven for my deliverance, began to pick up my "traps," preparatory to moving on to the camp for provisions. I looked around to note the place, and "blazed" several trees. Just as I turned to leave, I heard a man shouting, and the next moment a tall black whiskered individual appeared.  
"Stranger," said he, "have you seen a big, black St. Bernard dog come along this way?"  
I assured the gentleman that no such animal had passed me, and was turning away, being fearful of his discovering that I had been prospecting in the ravine.  
"Well, that's rather curious. He had my blankets wrapped on him, and I had to sleep without 'em. Why—see here they are."  
And so they were, in the bushes thro' which the dog must have passed.  
A light broke in upon me. The next moment my surmise was confirmed by the sight of an immense black dog, that came bounding towards us. He was the largest dog I ever saw; and might well have been mistaken for a bear at night.  
"Rather a useful animal that!" said I.  
"Yes," said he, "he's good to pack;—and at night he's equal to half dozen blankets. I have taught him to lie right across my feet. I missed him a good deal last night."  
Bidding the owner of the dog good morning, I resumed my journey, and reached the camp in the afternoon. The dinner I then ate would have astonished a Comanche.  
The next day I returned to the ravine. The claim proved quite as rich as I had hoped, and a week afterwards myself and partners were working there. How successful we were may be inferred from the fact, that I have never since gone "prospecting."  
**BENEDICT ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.**  
Everybody knows, we presume, that Benedict Arnold was the object of scorn and contempt in England, after his treachery, and that he was grossly insulted in that country. The following anecdote, however, may be new to some of our readers.  
Shortly after the peace of '53, Arnold was present at court. While the King was conversing with him, Lord Balcarras, a stately old nobleman, who had fought under General Burgoyne in the campaigns of America, was presented. The King introduced them with:  
"Lord Balcarras—Gen. Arnold."  
"What, sir," said the haughty old earl, drawing up his lofty form, "the traitor Arnold?" and refused to give him his hand. The consequence was as may be anticipated was a challenge from Arnold. They met, and it was arranged that the parties should fight together. At the signal Arnold fired, but Lord Balcarras, throwing down his pistol, turned on his heel, and was walking away, when Arnold exclaimed:  
"Why don't you fire, my Lord?"  
"Sir," said Lord B., looking over his shoulder, "I leave you to the executioner."  
**MANUFACTURE OF NEGROES.**—Dr. Vanhuse, of Mississippi, says the *Evening Whig*, writes to the *West Alabamian* that a Dr. Liebergs has discovered a tincture or ointment which, if applied by certain rules, will in a few days change the fairest skin on earth to the real African hue, and that the children of those thus blackened will be black or half black, as was the case with their parents, and that all the soap and water in the world cannot wash it off. The doctor also composed another wash which makes the hair as kinky as that of the real African. The end of it all is, he can make a negro.—We think the Southern States should purchase the patent right of it, kidnap all the abolitionists, black them, and make them as black of skin as they are of heart.—Greely would certainly require a double coat of tar, however might answer well enough for the first.—N. O. Crescent.

**GIRLS' SWIMMING PARTY.**  
"Bob, did you ever see a lot of girls in a swimming?"  
"No, never—did you?"  
"Yes, and such a look I never expect to see again. They beat mermaids out of sight."  
"I expect so—but where did you obtain your knowledge?"  
"Listen and I'll propel. You know Miss Dusenbury of Strawberry Hill.— Yes, of course, you do. Well, Miss, the other day had company, fourteen samples of divinity, that would have infused wicked ideas into the head of an anchorite. Among the number was Sally Jones and Becky Jocelyn. Well after tea Sally, beautiful creature—proposed to go bathing. You may want to know how I heard that. I listened through the key-hole. The girls jumped at the idea, and as soon as the towels and ribbons were wiped, on went bonnets and ribbons and away went the whole fourteen in pursuit of Cloverdale Lake, where the immersion was to take place. The right was taken by Sally Jones, I think I have mentioned her name before. Beautiful creature, lips like cherries, and a breast that would do honor to an October partridge."  
"Well, what has all that got to do with the story. That fourteen good looking girls went a swimming, I can understand—nothing is more reasonable. But how came you to see them. That's the question."  
"Bob having said this sucked his cigar and looked as if he had got a certain gentleman in a quandary.  
"Don't be impatient my friend, and I will divulge all. The moment the girls left the house, I got an old frock and a cast off bonnet. I dressed myself in these—disguised my looks with a little false hair—stole a market basket half full of apples, and started down the road, looking for all the world like Biddy Mc Shane the fruit pedlar, who resides in the neighborhood of the Hill."  
"Well, go on."  
"Keep cool and I will; having equipped myself to my liking, I left the road, and struck out for the Lake, through a short cut that brought me to the margin just as the girls had taken their first plunge. Great Venus, what a sight.— Don't ask me to apostrophize. No language can adequately express my feelings, in the centre of the maids was Lilly Jones, a glowing ruby in a basin of liquid moonlight."  
"Were they all in?"  
"All in but two, and they were about to undress, but they were fearful 'some men' would come along and frighten them. I assured them that there was no danger, that all the men were busy in 'hay and harvesting' while all the boys were off at school at the neighboring village."  
"Did this induce them to take the plunge?"  
"On one condition."  
"And what was that?"  
"That I would hold their 'things' and help to 'pin up' when they came out of the Lake."  
"And you of course consented."  
"No, sir—I thought of my modesty and took the nearest road home."  
The scene closed with a prolonged whistle from Bob. Whether this indicated doubt or satisfaction we have never been able to ascertain. When we do we shall lay the same before our readers.—  
*New York Dutchman.*

**The Franchising Monkey.**  
There is a curious animal, a native of South America, which is called the franchising monkey. The appearance of this animal is at once grotesque and forbidding.— It has a dark thick beard, three inches long hanging down from the chin. This gives it the look of a Capuchin friar, from which it has acquired the name of the franchising monkey. They are generally found in groups of twenty or thirty, except in their morning and evening meetings, when they assembled in vast multitudes. At these times, one of them, who appears by common consent, to be leader, or president, mounts to the highest place in the group, and the rest take their places below. Having by a sign commanded silence the orator commences his harangue, consisting of various modulated howls, sometimes sharp and quick, then again slow and deep, but always so loud as to be heard several miles.  
The mingled sounds at a distance are said to resemble the rolling of drums and rumbling and creaking of cart wheels ungreased. Now and then the chief gives a signal with his hand, when the whole company begins the most frightful chorus imaginable, and with another sign, silence is restored. The whole scene is described as the most ludicrous, and yet the most hideous, that the imagination can conceive.  
**HONEST.**—A toper after staggering over the bridge at Cambridge Mass., offered the gatekeeper double toll, for he said he must have walked over every plank twice. A little of the same honesty would make the whiskey seller return him the money he paid for the liquor he got drunk on.

Address of the State Central Committee, No. 3.  
**FELLOW-CITIZENS:** The manner of organizing the territories of Nebraska and Kansas, you will agree with us is not necessarily an issue in this contest—it is not a subject connected with the duties of a State Executive. It is scarcely possible that the election of a Governor, whoever may succeed, is to have any practical bearing upon the future policy of these territories—and surely no man will be so unreasonable as to hold the Governor of Pennsylvania accountable in an official sense for what Congress has already done on this subject.—It is a subject with which that officer has had, and can have officially, nothing whatever to do. As a member of the Democratic party it must be presumed that he takes an interest in public affairs, and has not been an inattentive observer that there has existed a diversity of opinion in relation to certain features of this measure.  
Since the origin of our government, with occasional intervals, the question of slavery in some of its phases, has been a subject of violent and at times dangerous controversy in Congress, menacing the peace of the people and the existence of the national confederacy. Its adjustment within the territories has led to the most threatening struggles. These were invariably renewed by every new acquisition of territory. In 1820, the act of Congress fixing the Missouri line was adopted interdicting the extension of slavery north of 36 deg. 30 min., as a means of settling the controversy growing out of the acquisition of Louisiana from France in 1803. In 1845, this line was extended over Texas, which has just been annexed to the United States and seemed to answer the purpose of an adjustment. In 1848, however, when it was proposed to extend this parallel of 36 deg. 30 min. from the Rio Del Norte to the Pacific, it was defeated in the House of Representatives, after having passed the Senate by a majority of ten votes.— The agitation in the country soon became general, and by 1850, it had assumed an alarming aspect. The good and great men of all parties, forgetting former differences and constrained by a nobler spirit of patriotism, united in a common effort to allay the mighty surging of an excited public sentiment. Foremost in this great work was the eloquent and patriotic CLAY sustained by CASS, WEBSTER, KING, and others. A series of acts were passed, familiarly known as the Compromise measures, which were acceptable to the people and were ardently maintained.  
One of these acts organized the territories of New Mexico and Utah, and on the principles of non-intervention, on the plan of allowing the people to decide for themselves whether they would have the institution of slavery or not. The whole country seemed satisfied with the doctrine of non-intervention by Congress, in the regulation of the domestic institutions of the territories, including that of slavery. Without stopping to inquire into the constitutional power of Congress to legislate on the subject, or to what extent that power might be exercised, the people regarded it as wise and politic to remove this topic of angry and dangerous controversy out of Congress, and confide it to those who may occupy the territories. We may however remark that the question of authority in the passage of the ordinance of 1787 under the old confederation, is a very different one from the passage of the Missouri Compromise or any slavery restrictions whatever, under our present constitution. Under the confederation the institution of slavery was not recognized—under the constitution it is, in three several particulars:  
1st. In fixing the basis of representation and direct taxation.  
2d. In tolerating the foreign slave trade until 1808.  
3d. In providing for the rendition of fugitives from labor.  
If it even be clear that Congress is possessed of ample power to legislate on the subject (and this is stoutly denied by Gen. Cass and other eminent men of the country) it was proper to forego its exercise. The resort to this mode of adjustment in 1850, seemed most auspicious for the honor, the dignity and peace of the States—for the happiness and prosperity of the people, and above all, for the stability of our national union.  
And is not this policy right and just in itself according to all our theories of government? Indeed we should allow ourselves to fear the consequences of trusting any question of politics or morals with the people, whether they be resident of a State or territory. This mode of adjustment rests on great principles, which in their mode of application will be co-extensive with all the territory we now have or ever can have, and which are as enduring as the race of man. It is a principle in beautiful harmony with our republican institutions—the principle of self-government—the basis of our entire system. It was for this doctrine that our forefathers perilled their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor in the Declaration of Independence—that they struggled and bled, and left their bones to bleach on the battle fields of the revolution. It was for this