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J. H. LARRIMER.

THE BATTLE OF ORISKANY.

In the Spring of 1777, the celebrated Indian chief Brant invaded New York from Canada, with over five hundred warriors. Gen. Herkimer, who commanded a small army of American troops, held a conference with Brant in an open field near Unadilla, and endeavored to treat with the savages. His attempt was unsuccessful, and after a stormy council, during which the Indians were very insulting, the two forces separated, and Brant joined the British army, which, under the command of Sir John Johnson and Col. John Butler, was organizing at Oswego, preparatory to an expedition against the defenceless settlements of the Schoharie and Mohawk valleys.

It is a stain upon the British character (if such a thing is possible) that both in the Revolutionary war, and the contest of 1812, the royal government hired savage butchers to follow their armies into the field. During Indian outrages, many dreadful massacres, conflagrations and butcheries were instigated and allowed by British officers and British agents. On this occasion the Indians were invited to a grand war feast by the royal officers, and they then enlisted as enemies of the patriotic cause.

The fort at Oswego was crowded with the grim sons of the wilderness. They were furnished with the gay dresses, new arms and "fire water" in abundance, and before the council concluded this great tribes of the six nations numbering at that time several thousand warriors, entered into a firm alliance with the British, and they agreed to fight until King George had subdued his rebellious subjects. Each Indian was presented with a gun, tomahawk, scalping knife, ammunition, a brass kettle, a piece of gold, and a suit of seal clothes. In this manner England engaged her savage allies! It was a shameful bargain, but characteristic of the British Government, noted for its rapacity, cruelty and faithlessness.

Rumors of the British preparations reached the patriot settlements in Tyrone County, and Col. Gansevoort, who commanded a small, half-finished fortification known as Fort Schuyler, implored the aid of Congress and the State of New-York. But at that period the American army had enough to do with the forces of England in the field, and congress could not afford much assistance. On the first of August, 1777, over seventeen hundred British and Indians, commenced their invasion, and soon appeared before Fort Schuyler. Col. Gansevoort's force numbered seven hundred and fifty men, with a few small cannons. They had no flag! But this latter article was soon supplied; shirts were cut up for white stripes and sewed upon the lined lining of a cloak belonging to one of the officers, and it was thrown proudly out to the forest wind.

The siege instantly commenced. Bombs were thrown into the fort, while the savages with their rifles, watched every opportunity for a shot at the besieged. Every night they filled the air with horrid yells, and endeavored to set the works on fire. The Americans, however, were not intimidated. They refused to listen to St. Leger's summons to surrender, and maintained a vigorous defence.

In the meantime, Gen. Herkimer, a brave old soldier rallied the militia of the surrounding country, and was soon on his way to relieve the garrison with a force of eight hundred men. But younger men endeavored to supersede him in command. They reproached him with being too cautious, and finally charged the gallant officer with being a coward and a Tory. Col. Cox and Paris were loud in their taunts, but Gen. Herkimer calmly replied that he was placed in command as a guardian and father, and that troops should not be led into unnecessary danger. According to the advanced with great caution; at the same time telling those who were so anxious to face the enemy, that he feared they would be the first to retreat.

On the morning of August 6th, the patriots neared the fort. Herkimer found means to warn Gansevoort of his approach, and requested when he should hear the sound of guns to make a sortie upon the British camp. St. Leger sent forward a strong force to meet Herkimer, and formed an ambuscade for his troops in a narrow deep ravine. It was about 9 o'clock in the morning, dark and sultry, when the relieving army entered the valley. In spite of the General's instructions the vanguard were very careless, or the ambuscade would have been discovered. One regiment of the force had entered the ravine, when Brant gave the signal, and his warriors, sounding the warwhoop, poured in a galling volley from their rifles, and rushed forward; tomahawk in hand! A portion of the militia as Herkimer had predicted, instantly broke and fled to the rear, but the General's division boldly and firmly held their ground. Herkimer was instantly wounded, and Col. Cox and Captain Van Slyk killed at the first fire. Herkimer was carried beneath a beach tree, where, seated upon his saddle, he calmly directed his men, and cheered them on. The militia fought with desperation, receiving and giving no quarter. The balls flew like hail, and the war whoop rang shrilly through the forest; the patriots soon discovered that the Indians were watching until a man discharged his gun; then they would rush forward with the tomahawk and knife. To prevent this two militia men stood behind a tree together, and fired alternately.

While the fight was going on volleys of musketry were heard in the rear. It was a sortie from the fort. No sooner did Col. Gansevoort hear the roar of the battle in the forest, than he ordered Col. Willett with two hundred men to fall upon the British camp. Col. Willett executed his commission in a splendid manner. Like a thunderbolt his little force burst upon St. Leger's encampment, and the mongrel force of Tories and Indians, and the few regulars present, were scattered like chaff. The savages fled into the forest, while St. Leger and Johnson barely escaped—the latter without his coat. Twenty one wagon loads of spoils—arms, ammunition, clothing, provisions, blankets, camp equipage, money, valuable documents and papers—were hauled into the fort, together with five British Standards. Willett did not lose a man, and he was received into the fort with loud cheers. The British colors were all hoisted upon the staff, under the rough American flag.

Herkimer's men, greatly encouraged, attacked the enemy with renewed vigor, and the Indians, having lost nearly one hundred warriors and several chiefs raised the cry, "Oonah! Oonah!" (the signal to retreat), and fled deep into the forest. The British soon followed, and, after a terrible battle of six hours, the Americans were left masters of the field. The patriots lost one hundred and sixty men killed, and near the same number wounded, besides some prisoners. The enemy's loss was much greater, though never exactly ascertained. The Indians were disappointed. General Herkimer died of his wound a few days after the fight. His army having no head, and being unable to reach the fort, retreated.

Smarting under a severe loss, and mortified at the sacking of their camp, St. Leger's army attacked Fort Schuyler with renewed vigor, lying message to the effect that strong reinforcements were at hand, were sent by the royal commander to the fort, coupled with threats of massacre unless it surrendered. But Col. Gansevoort scorned every threat and overture, continuing his defence in the bravest manner. Day after day the siege continued. St. Leger began to approach by regular parallels, and employed the sap and mining system. With great danger Col. Willett and Lieut. Stockwell succeeded in passing the British lines, and hastening to General Schuyler, implored aid for the besieged garrison. In fact the fort was becoming straitened, when suddenly the enemy broke up their camp and fled towards Canada. This sudden flight was caused by the arrival of scouts, with the intelligence that a strong force was close at hand to relieve the fort. This rumor was false, but the Indians believed it, and having become wearied with the siege, they at once started off. The panic was communicated to the remainder of the army, and they also began such a hurried retreat as to leave all their artillery and spare arms. The savages fell upon and scalped many of the allies in the rout. Thus Fort Schuyler relieved.

An experienced farmer says he has found from experience that a heavy crop of buckwheat, followed by a crop of oats seeded with clover, will almost completely eradicate the Canada thistle.

THE END OF A DYNASTY.

BY ALEXANDER BONNEAU.

[Translated for the Courier from La Presse.]

The oldest dynasty in the world has just been subdued by the arms of the English. Her last crowned representative is judged, in the name of a company of merchants, by some of its officers, united in a council of war. At the very time we are writing he is on the painful road to exile. The heir of many Mogul Emperors, the Patishah of Delhi, an old man of nearly ninety, is condemned to go and await death, or rather find it in an unhealthy island, covered with forests, and inhabited by hordes of savages.

The kings of the earth—do they not intend to put on mourning for this old monarch, who is twice as old as their families? will they not shed a tear upon the ashes, yet warm, of that most illustrious race amongst them all? We, at least pay to this out-lawed Emperor, who descends alive into the tomb, a tribute of respect which his supreme misfortunes claim.

What man, what prince, has not merited, like Bahadour Shah Sani, the pity which attaches itself to misfortune? Born on the steps of a throne already tottering; condemned in childhood to fly before the enemies of his house, and to tremble before his protectors; reduced to the confines of the palace of his fathers; obliged to live from the parsimonious charity which the stranger condescends to allow him, he was vilified by so much grief, his spirits broken down by humiliation, and all manner of degradation that could be heaped upon him.

Only recently the blazing torch of insurrection spread its flames from Calcutta to Delhi; one hundred thousand subjects of the great Mogul, sustained by the will of twenty millions of Mussulmans and a hundred millions of Hindoos, invited him to remount the throne of his fathers; he consented, and this was his crime. Should we not say this was his fault. Fortune very often conspires against our designs by justice, where nothing more is wanting to render it lawful of a victory. Forty or fifty young princes, the hope of their families, were soon slaughtered, shot, or hung by the foreigners—having become masters again of Delhi—and even Bahadour only owed his escape from this butchering of kings to the imprudent generosity of an English lieutenant. Of this most gigantic massacre, history has preserved a record, but of which the pretext would be found in the atrocities committed at Delhi, under the influence, and even, it is said, at the instigation of these unfortunate princes, too much imbued to principles of revenge, admitted by Oriental civilization.

Behold, into what streams of blood, and in what an abyss of misfortunes the great Mongolian Dynasty is swallowed up, whose origin is buried in darkness of time, and which leaves for a mark in the annals of mankind the illustrious names of Gengiskhan, of Ootai, of Houlagou, of Koublai, of Tamerlan, of Baber, of Aeklar, of Djhanguer, and of Aureng Feb.

He had lived in better times, Bahadour Shah Sani, would have made, without doubt, the throne, which he possessed only in appearance, illustrious. He joined to extensive knowledge, high intellectual and moral qualities; was not satisfied with mere love of letters, which he honored, but he cultivated likewise the arts with great success. Under the assumed name Zafar, which he had adopted as a signature to his words, he occupied the first rank, under the modern poets of Hindostan, in a double point of view—originality of ideas and perfection of style. "Zafar," says Mr. Gariev de Tassy, "has produced all kinds of poetry, and numerous gazels, quats, the thumeris have become very popular, and are sung at public assemblies, and by women in the interior of their dwellings."

We have only indicated sketches the most striking in the life and character of the last successor of Gengiskhan. We have nothing more to add. His career has terminated; no English ship transports him to the island of Andaman; no her English ship will not fail to bring the news of his death.

J. S.

A YANKEE.

The Boston Olive Branch has called the editor of the New York Atlas a Yankee, the Atlas man gets off the following: But we own up to the Yankee, and feel no little pride in it; but we didn't hail from Berkshire exactly. We have dropped pumpkin seed and have eaten hasty pudding and milk in New Hampshire, and have plowed, mowed, reaped, and logged in the State of Maine. We have fished for minnows with a pin-hook, and carried our bread and butter to school; and we have been log-driving on the Kennebec

river; we have coaxed a club-footed girl to slide down hill made slippery by the fall of pine leaves, on her feet, for the fun of seeing her catch her toes and roll over and over, and have gone into the swamps with two yoke of oxen and a bob-tailed sled, when the snow was five feet deep, and felled trees, and "twitcheed" logs all day, and went home at night full to "bean porridge hot;" we have been to a few prayer-meetings, that's a fact, and we've been to huskings, to and "apple-bees," "raising's" and "militia musters."

We have helped to make cider, and afterwards set "a-straddle" of a barrel, and sucked it with a straw. We have set up at night in a saw-mill, and have set up all night with a "gall." We have high opinion of Johnny-cake and "saw-senger," and we have frequently had a gager in the market; we have eaten our share of codfish and potatoes, with pork scraps, and we guess we have licked a proper portion of lasses candy, and also boys;—we have pulled flax for ninepence a day, because we had a sick headache and could not go to school, and have had teeth pulled with a piece of strong thread; we have traveled over the field, in spring, with a mail, knocking about what you call ems, and have popped corn in the ashes; we have turned the grindstone all day to sharpen a new axe, stopp'd jack-knives, broken stoves and colls, set traps for skunks and woodchucks, tapped our own shoes, "licked" the schoolmaster, robbed the milk-pans of the cream, and laid it to eat, pitched into the apple "saw," hooked maple sugar, and numberless other things (too numerous to mention,) but for particulars of which see a nail file.

IRISH PEASANTRY.

A gentleman who has traveled much in Ireland, says the native urbanity of the Irish peasants to each other is very pleasing. I have frequently seen them take off their hats, and salute each other with great civility. The expressions of these poor fellows, upon meeting one another, is full of cordiality. One of them, in Dublin, met a boy after his own heart, who, in the sincerity of his soul, exclaimed:—"Patrick! myself's glad to see you, for in truth I wish you well." "By my soul, I know it," said the other, "but you have but the half of it"—that is the pleasure of meeting was divided. If you ask a common fellow in the streets of Dublin, which is the way to such a place, he will take off his hat, and, if he does not know it, he will take no time to tell you so; (for nothing is more painful than to be thought ignorant,) he will either direct you by an appeal to his imagination, which is ever ready, or he will say, "I shall find it out for your honor immediately," and away he flies into some shop for information, which he happily to be the bearer of, without any hope of reward.

Among the mortuary peculiarities of the Irish, their love for pious honors is worthy of remark. An elderly man, whom a much esteemed clergyman attended in the last stage of existence, met his death with fortitude, but expresses his grief that his dissolution should take place at a time when the emplacements of spring would prevent his funeral from being numerously attended. This is a general national trait; and a grievous imprecation, in the Irish language is, "May your burial be forsaken!" They have another very figurative malédiction—"May the grass grow green before your door!"

ORIGIN OF PAPER MONEY.—The Count de Tendilla, whilst besieged by the Moors in the fortress of Alhambra, was destitute of gold wherewith to pay his soldiers, who began to murmur, as they had not the means of purchasing the necessaries of life from the people of the town. "In this dilemma," says the historian, "what does this most sagacious commander? He takes a number of little morsels of paper, on which he inscribes various sums, large and small, and signs them with his own hands and name. These he gave to the soldiers in earnest of their pay. How! you will say, are the soldiers to be paid with little scraps of paper? Even so;—and well paid too, as I will presently make manifest; for the good Count issued a proclamation ordering the people of the town to take these morsels of paper for the full amount therein inscribed, promising to redeem them at a future day with gold and silver. Thus by subtle and most marvellous alchemy, did this cavalier turn worthless paper money into gold and silver, and his impoverished army abounded in money." The historian adds, "The Count de Tendilla redeemed his promise like a loyal knight; and this miracle, as it appeared in the eyes of the Agapids, is the first instance on record of paper money, which has since spread throughout the world the most unbounded opulence."

An Interesting Letter.

[From the Democratic Whig.]

We are under obligations to our friend, Col. J. IRVIN GREGG, for permission to make the following extracts from a letter addressed to him by his cousin, D. M. M. GREGG, a Lieut. of U. S. Dragoons, stationed on the Pacific coast, in Oregon and Washington Territories. The writer was, some few years ago, a resident of this town, where, as well as in the county at large he has many friends, who will be gratified to learn of his good fortune and gallant bearing, and that he has received honorable mention in the official Report of Col. Steptoe, his commanding officer.—The letter, though evidently not written with the least idea of publication, gives a very full and plain statement of the recent battle between the command of Col. Steptoe and the Indians, on the Spokane river.—[Ed. Whig.]

FORT WALLA WALLA, W. T.,
May 31st, 1858.

DEAR IRVING—I can only offer as an apology for my long silence, the fact that I have been so unsettled of late that to attempt to write to any one, could only result in a failure. On the 7th of April, I left Fort Vancouver with my Company, for Walla Walla, which I reached on the 28th of that month. I had only been here about ten days, and had not got fixed in quarters, when I was ordered with my Company on an expedition to Colville.—Since this has proved to be one of the most eventful which has been made on this coast, it is proper I should give you some account of it. The whole country, far and wide, is excited, and exaggerations are so multiplied that it would not be surprising if the most incorrect report of our expedition should reach the Atlantic States.

On the 7th inst. Col. Steptoe left Fort Walla Walla, for Colville and its vicinity, with the following troops: "C" Company, 1st Drag. (Capt. Taylor and Lt. Wheeler), "E" Company, 1st Drag. (Lt. Gaston), and "H" Company, 1st Drag. (myself), and in all, 150 men. After a march of nine days, we met a large party of Indians, eight hundred of whom were well armed with rifles. They met us to oppose our crossing the Spokane river. We told them we had come among them as friends, all to no purpose; and accordingly our command, on the morning of the 17th inst., at 8 o'clock, was attacked by this large force. The companies, for the first three hours, were incessantly employed in charging the Indians and resisting their attacks. The ground occupied during this part of the action was very favorable for the movements of Dragoons. The fight was almost hand to hand, and it is said by those who were not so particularly engaged, that it was really grand—such as we all have imagined might take place under the most favorable circumstances—but nothing similar to which is known to the history of the Dragon arm of our service. In this part of the action, Capt. Taylor and Lieut. Gaston were killed, whilst gallantly leading their Companies; and also, two privates were killed. One of the privates killed was my attendant—so gallant an old soldier as ever wore a uniform.—The poor old fellow was shot at my side. The fight was very close, without much advantage to either side. About 12 o'clock our forces were assembled on the summit of a hill, and the fight was continued until 8 o'clock P. M. When on this hill, we were surrounded by hundreds of Indian made demons by the loss of many of their warriors. They fought like white men, and proved themselves far superior skirmishers. So incessant and terrific was the fire they directed upon our position, that we were compelled to crawl about upon our hands and knees. Bad as was our situation, we were not without music for the sharp whistle of balls was ever in our ears. Whilst on this hill, we had one private killed and several wounded. Our total loss during the fight of twelve hours was—killed, two officers, three privates, and three of our Indian interpreters;—wounded, about eleven privates, one mortally. The loss of the Indians is not certainly known, although they acknowledged, forty wounded, and at one time, during the action, they carried off nine dead bodies, and during a charge made by Lieut. Gaston and myself, twelve more were killed. I think the Indians must have lost about thirty killed. Towards evening our ammunition began to fail, and seeing ourselves completely encompassed by the Indians, who only awaited the morrow to make a complete massacre of our party, it was concluded, after much consultation, to abandon our position, and to retreat to Snake river.

At about 8 o'clock, having stripped ourselves of everything that would, in the slightest, impede us, we left the hill, fully expecting to cut our way out, and mourn-

fully anticipating that a large portion, if not all of us, would fall; but to our happy surprise, our departure was not noticed.—We retreated ninety miles in twenty-four hours, carrying with us our wounded, save two. At the starting my 1st Serg't was lost from the command and did not return for a week. Alone he hid himself during the day, traveled by night. He was three days without food.

The battle is over, and we are again at Walla Walla, having left behind us nine brave spirits, whose death will yet be avenged. We recovered Capt. Taylor's body, and buried it where we fought. He leaves with us a sweet wife and two little children. Lieut. Gaston fell into the hands of the Indians, and was scalped.—Our case was so desperate, that for hours we were reconciled to the belief that none of us would escape. What a different scenario we make of life, in battle—the flow of blood, the groans of the wounded, the scattered dead bodies, the hellish yells of Indians, the whiz of balls seeming to pass within an inch of your head, makes one insensible to that feeling of fear of death or injury which characterizes us when at home in peace. The scenes during the twelve hours we fought, will never be forgotten, and the remembrance of them will ever be mournful.

TRADE IN HAIR.

Among the many curious occupations of the metropolis of London, is that of the human hair merchant. Of these there are several, and they import between them more than fifty tons of hair annually.

Both England and the United States draw a large portion of their supply of human hair, and of articles made of hair, from France and Prussia. A singular feature on the Continent is this 'hair harvest' as it has been termed.

Young women in England, who have beautiful tresses, are occasionally, we know, urged by poverty to part with them for money to the hairworkers; but in France and Germany it is a regular system. There are, we are told, hair merchants in Paris, who send agents in the spring of each year to the country districts to buy the hair of young women; who seek to obtain an annual crop with the same care as a farmer would a field crop. The agents frequent festivals, fairs, and markets; and have with them a stock of handkerchiefs, muslins, ribbons, &c., which they give in exchange for the far more gradual and natural adornment—the hair.

So sensitive a barometer is commerce to slight changes in the value of exchangeable goods, that the agents know the hair of a particular district to be worth a few more sous per pound than that of a district thirty or forty miles away—a fact which naturalists would have been long in finding out.—The price paid is about 56s. a pound. The agent sends the hair to their employers, dressed and sorted and sold to the hair-workers in the chief towns of the empire at about 10s. a pound. That which is to be made into perukes is purchased by a particular class of persons, by whom it is cleaned, curled, prepared to a certain stage, and sold the Peruke-maker at from 20s. to 80s. a lb.

The peruke maker gives it the desired form, when, as is well known, it commands a very high price, a peruke is often sold for double its weight in silver.

RETURNS AFTER FORTY-SIX YEARS' ABSENCE.—The Newburyport Herald says that the old residents of Ward One were not a little surprised lately by the advent in their midst of Mr. Peter Fudge, after an absence of forty-six years. It was supposed that he had long been an inhabitant of the spiritual spheres. In 1812 Fudge sailed from Newburyport in a ship belonging to the late Moses Brown, since which time no tidings were had of him until his return. His wife was married twice after his departure, and some years since she took her flight through death's vaulted chambers, Threescore and ten years have rolled over the head of the returned wanderer; and now, as the eye dims and the heart gets old and slow, and the little limbs stiffen and the sunburnt locks become thin, the recollection of his birthplace and his boyish sports all tend to inspire him with a desire to see once more the home of his childhood.—Boston Herald.

At the late State ball of the English Queen, the Marquis of Westminster, the richest man in England, wore four splendid jewels, amongst which was the famous diamond valued at \$150,000, in the hilt of his sword.

A LETTER from Gibson county, Indiana, says that not only are the hogs dying from Cholera, but it has made its appearance among horses and cattle, among which it is very fatal.