

Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

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J. H. LARRIMER.

INHALATION IN CONSUMPTION.

BRONCHITIS, LARYNGITIS, and other diseases of the Chest and Throat, successfully treated by the Inhalation of Medicated Vapors and powders, by absorption and constitutional treatment, as practiced at the Stuyvesant Medical Institute, New York city.

The Inhalation process which has attended this method of creating diseases of the Lungs and Throat has induced us to depart from our usual course, and avail ourselves of the columns of the press, in order to bring it to the notice of such afflicted persons. The dawn of a brighter day has at length arrived for the Consumptive; the doctrine of the incurability of consumption having at length passed away. We have had indubitable proof in our profession that Consumption is not a fatal disease, as it was formerly considered, but a disease which may be cured, in the first by tubercular absorption; in the second, by the transformations of the tubercle into chalky and calcareous concretions; in the third, by cauterization or scars. Those wedded to the opinions of the past may assert, that even now consumption is incurable; such are behind the age. To all this great truth must be apparent, viz:—that the medicine inhaled in the form of Vapor or powder directly into the lungs, must be much more effective than that taken into the stomach, where the disease does not exist. The advantage of Inhalation in Consumption and Throat Diseases is, that medicine in the form of Vapor is applied directly to the lungs, where the disease exists; the stomach is thus left free to aid in restoring health, by administering to it healthy and living food. There is no case so hopeless as Inhalation will not cure. The means, too, are brought within the reach of all, the manner of administering the vapors being so simple that the invalid is never required to leave home, where the hand of affection tends so much to aid the physician's efforts.

The Inhalation method is *nothing, safe and ready*, and consists in the administration of medicine in such a manner, that they are conveyed into the Lungs in the form of Vapor, and produce their action at the seat of disease. Its practical use is destined to revolutionize the opinions of the medical world and establish the incurability of Consumption.

I earnestly appeal to the common sense of all afflicted with Lung diseases, to embrace at once the advantage of Inhalation, and no longer apply medicine to the unfeeling stomach. I claim for Inhalation a place among the precious gifts that nature and art hath given us, that "our day may be long in the land," and as the only safe and easy for the Consumptive; a method not only rational, but simple and efficacious.

Such of the profession that have adopted Inhalation have found it efficacious in the highest degree, arresting the progress of the disease and working wonders in many desperate cases, in verity, a signal triumph of our art over this fell destroyer of our species.

Note.—Physicians wishing to make themselves acquainted with the practice, are informed that, our time being valuable, we can only reply, as to ingredients used, to such letters that contain a fee.

The fee in all cases of Pulmonary Affections will be \$10 on receipt of which the necessary instruments and medicines will be forwarded. Applicants will state age, sex, married or single, how long affected, if any hereditary disease exists in the family, and symptoms generally. Let the name town and State be plainly written.—Postage for return answer must be enclosed. Letters when registered at our risk.
All letters must be addressed to
A. L. LAURENT, M. D.,
8. M. Institute, New York.
Nov. 11, 1857-6 m.

NATIONAL EXCHANGE HOTEL.

The subscriber having taken the above well known stand, formerly kept by Wm. A. Mason, in Curwensville, Pa., is ready to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. His table will always be supplied with the best the market affords, and his Bar with the choicest liquors. His stable will be under the care of a native hostler. DAVID SMITH,
Curwensville, April 21, 1858.

NOTICE.

All persons in any way indebted to the firm of Dowler & Ake, by judgment note or book account, will take notice that I, the subscriber, have been appointed receiver for said firm by the Court of Common Pleas of Clearfield county, and that I with Dowler & Ake, will be at the office of Samuel Sebring, in New Washington, Clearfield county, on Friday the 4th day of June next, at 9 A. M. for the purpose of receiving settlements, &c. on said day and no longer. All those interested will please attend and save cost, as I cannot go up there a second time. Those neglecting may calculate on coming to see me.
WM. PORTER,
Receiver in the Partnership Estate of Dowler & Ake.
Clearfield, May 21, 1858.

REMOVAL.

The undersigned announces to the "whole world and the rest of mankind," that he has removed to the shop recently occupied by Radebaugh & Shea, as a tailor shop, in Shaw Row, where he will at all times be found ready and willing to attend to the "soles" of the bootless part of creation. His work needs no recommendation—it recommends itself, and he can with pride point to his largely increased custom in proof. Ready-made work of all kinds, will be kept constantly on hand. The highest market price paid for hides.
JOS. GOON,
May 9th 1857.

D. O. CROUCH,

PHYSICIAN—Office in Curwensville.
May

LIQUOR.

BRANDIES, Wines, Whiskey, Gin, &c., of the very best quality for sale by
THOS. ROBINS.
June 30, 1858.
Blanks for sale at this Office.

Seventy-Six.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

What heroes from the woodland sprang,
When through the fresh awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung,
The yeoman's iron hand.

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound
Poaled far away the startling sound
In the forest's shady heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cool,
The very borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold.

As if the very earth again
This fair, fond bias of yester eve,
And aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warrior haste away,
And doomed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun—
Already blood on Concord's plain,
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flown at Lexington,
Like brooks of summer rain.

The death-stain on the April eard
Hallowed to freedom all the shore;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
The footsteps of the foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

THE LAST OF THE ARMY OF '76

Zachariah Greene, who in his 99th year died at Hemstead this week, was the last survivor of the army headed by Washington, in New York, 1876, to whom the Declaration of Independence was read, at the Park, and who responded to it by the shout of freedom and union. Mr. Green was then in his 17th year, and was one of the hollow-square within which that character of our liberties was proclaimed. He was, doubtless, the last of that heroic band. He informed the writer, some months since, that he had made diligent inquiries and could not ascertain that any one excepting himself of the army, who was present on that occasion, was living.

He served in the army, and was engaged on several occasions that put his courage and fortitude to test, until by a bullet wound in his shoulder at the battle of White Marsh, he was compelled to retire from the army. He was educated at Dartmouth, studied for the ministry, and for seventy-two years adorned his christian calling. In private life, he was the most estimable man I ever knew. I have known him intimately more than forty years, and I never knew him out of temper, excepting when political fanatics threatened the dissolution of the Union. "They divide this Union," said the old man, with an eye that was lighted by the fire of the revolution; they talk of destroying this Union! They cannot do it. It is cemented by the blood of the fathers. They cannot do it. It is sanctioned by God for his wise and holy purposes." There was not a truer patriot breathed than Mr. Greene. In his published reply to an invitation to a Fourth of July celebration at Tammany Hall a few years ago, his language was: "If I could stand on the summit of the highest mountain, and make my voice heard all over the land, I would say 'Hold fast to the Union; do nothing to injure the Union.'"

His funeral took place on Thursday.—His character of revolutionary patriot was honored by a portion of the military of Kings and Queen counties. His ministry was eulogized by the clergy, and his private character was tested by the profound homage of the assembled multitude, including the executive of the state, the aged inhabitants of the country, and the village of Hempstead. One of the most interesting features of the ceremony was the long line of children who were in the procession. They all knew and loved Parson Greene, for not one of them ever passed him without a kind look or expression. Goldsmith, in his prophetic fancy, could not have adopted a closer model for his aburn parson, or for his Vicar of Wakefield, than was exhibited in the life of Mr. Greene. The children, literally, "plucked his gown to gain the good man's smile." He was also "passing rich, with £40 a year."—For in the simplicity of his life, and with his rigid habits of temperance in all things, he lived to bring up a large family on \$300 salary, a parsonage of sixteen acres, a small pension from the government, and the incidental perquisites of an officiating minister in uniting in marriage more than 2,500 persons.—Evening Post.

A TEAM OF PIGS.—Gov. Cumming testifies to having observed a wagon, on the road from Salt Lake City to Provo, which was drawn by pigs harnessed to the tongue by an ingenious combination of straps and cords. In it was seated a fat man, who excited his team even into a trot, by the aid of a blacksnake whip.

JAMES OTIS.

The patriots of our colonial history have been cast into the shade by the renown of those of the Revolution American liberty however, is due quite as much to those men who fought for principles in legislative halls and courts of justice as to those who so nobly fought upon the tented field. It may be doubted whether many of our young and active politicians ever heard of James Otis; or, if they have heard his name, whether they knew anything of his history. Mr. Otis was the most prominent opponent of the mother country in her attempt to tax the colonies. They had existed for 150 years without any formal assessment of taxes. It is true, they bore most of the burdens of the numerous wars with the Indians, and those last four French wars, to wit: "King William's War," from 1690 to 1697; "Queen Anne's War," from 1702 to 1713; "King George's War," from 1744 to 1748, and "the old French War," which wrested from France nearly all the colonial possessions on this continent. This last contest lasted from 1756 to 1763.—The taxes for the support of all these wars were self-imposed. The colonies fought in defence of their homes and for the honor of the mother country. But they had ever resisted any attempt to tax them directly or indirectly by the English Parliament. As early as 1676, a century before Jefferson penned the Declaration of Independence, the General Court of Massachusetts resolved, "That the [English] acts of navigation are an invasion to the rights and privileges of the subjects of his Majesty in this colony, they not being represented in the Parliament." The colonists, therefore, were educated with the notion that taxation and representation are inseparable. The British Ministers knew this, hence they resorted to indirect taxation by duties, customs, and imports. These rules of trade were rigidly enforced by the royal officials at Boston. The burden fell first on the merchants, next on the customers. All were roused to assert their rights. Mr. Otis dared to defend the merchants, and thus heard the lion in his den. More important cases soon followed. It had been for some time the practice of officers of the custom to enter warehouses, and even dwelling-houses, without legal papers, to search for contraband goods.—The people became indignant, and the officials armed themselves with the authority of King's exchequer, in the form of "Writs of Assistance." These, too, were resisted, and the offending merchants were arraigned before the King's Court. James Otis was then "Advocate-General" for the people of the province, and was called upon to argue the case for the Government. He declined to do so, and took the part of the merchants. The cause was tried 1761. On that occasion, said President Adams, "Otis was a flame of fire; with a promittude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical dates and events, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eyes into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. American independence was then and there born. The seeds of patriots and heroes to defend the *Non sic dicitur animosus infans*, to defend the vigorous youth, was then and there sworn. Every man of an immense crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take up arms against "Writs of Assistance." This is strong language penned by one who surveyed the whole ground, and who has been styled by Jefferson the "Colossus of debate" on the floor of the Continental Congress. But he admits that the birth of our independence is due to James Otis. He gave up a lucrative office, and became the advocate of the oppressed from a love of justice and liberty. No one now can appreciate the sacrifices of such noble souls to gain for us the privileges which we so quietly enjoy. On a certain occasion Otis, half in earnest, and half in jest, enumerated the suffering he had borne for the common good. He belonged to a club that met occasionally for recreation and mutual improvement. A certain William Molineux was a member who for several evenings wearied the company with complaints of his own grievances and losses. Presently Otis exclaimed, "Come, come, Will, quit this subject, and let us enjoy ourselves; I also, have a list of grievances; will you hear it?"

The club expected some fun, and all cried out, "Ay, ay! let us hear your list." He then proceeded; "I resigned my office as Advocate-General, which I held from the Crown, which produced me two hundred sterling a year. In the next place, I have been obliged to relinquish the greater part of my business at the bar. In the next place, I have lost hundreds of friends, men of the first rank, fortune, and power

in the province, and have made a thousand enemies, among whom are the Government, the province, and the nation.—Though I love pleasure, I have renounced all amusements for ten years; I have ruined as fine health and as good a constitution of body as nature ever gave to man. Once more, said Otis, holding his head down before Molineux, to look upon his head! (where was a scar in which a man might bury his finger.) What do you think of this? And what is worse, my friends think I have a monstrous crack in my skull!"

Then setting up a merry laugh, all the company joined with him, and passed the rest of the evening in good humor. But at this very moment, the approaches of insanity were visible in his conduct.—Many thought that the terrible sword-cut which he received in his head from a Government official in a violent dispute about colonial matters, brought on this fatal eclipse of his powers. For twelve years he lived in retirement, bereft of reason, yet docile, still showing in his occasional gleams of sanity the same brilliant imagination and fervid eloquence which marked his active life. On the 23d day of May, 1783, he died instantaneously, by a flash of lightning, while standing in the door of Mr. Osgood's house, in Andover, in the act of telling a story to the assembled family.

SPIRIT RAPPING EXTRAORDINARY.

In the City of Churches, a short time since, a select few formed a cozy circle around a drawing-room table, and eagerly besought the usual communications of unknown friends, from the ether world.—The party consisted of the owner of the house, (a man of respectable standing in society,) his wife and two daughters, a clergyman who arrived in New-York some time since, on a missionary tour from the Island of Saints, half a dozen ladies and gentlemen, acquaintances, and a pretty blue-eyed girl, about 14 years old, who acted as the medium. The magic ring had been formed only a few minutes when the fair medium suddenly moved from a reclining posture, sat erect in her chair, and cast a startled look upon those composing the circle, as if she had received an electric shock. All present became attentive, and scarcely a breath was drawn; but no sounds came forth—no signs whereby the misty future is made so clear, that he who runs may read. A brief space elapsed, when a gentleman who sat opposite the medium said he felt something like a sharp current of wind touch the calf of his leg. The medium told him to put his hand under the table. He, being somewhat timid, hesitated to do so; but finally, upon drawing on a glove, slid it gently under, resting his elbow on one of his knees. Not having felt any thing, he once or twice dangled his hand, and shortly after drew it quickly up, with an "Oh!—ha!"—stating that he had been twice touched, first by a small, soft substance, and immediately after by what seemed a bunch of thorns. He exposed his hand to view, and the white kid glove on it evidently appeared as if it had been just punched by a bodkin. This created some excitement among the circle. Stillness was again resumed, and each individual patiently awaited the mystic blow. To the surprise of all, his reverence was this time tapped. With a grave visage he stated that when at home he read of such strange miracles in the newspapers, and always considered them sheer absurdities, but now he was positively convinced of their reality. He also said that something like a large hand-hall struck one of his shins, and afterwards a softer material rubbed against it, which he thought was round as a bottle, and tapered to the end like a comet. He was about to remark that there were "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy," when one of the ladies, who happened to sit next him turned around in her chair, with a hysterical "Oh! dear!" and almost fainted. The gentleman of the house becoming alarmed, took a lamp and examined under the table; but all was blank—no wire pullers being visible. The circle was then dissolved; and as the frightened lady arose, and drew the folds of her dress aside, she discovered, to the great astonishment of all present, a young cat playing with the string of her garter! Pass finding the opportunity of an open door, unceremoniously mingled in the crowd, and became an unconscious participator in the proceedings. It was the cat by laying its delicate paw upon the fair medium's foot that so electrified her. The sharp current of wind which touched the young gentleman's leg was caused by the cat, as she passed down under the table, brushing against him; and the mysterious bunch of thorns, the animal's claws. The large hand-hall which his Reverence

felt was the head of puss, which came in contact with his shin; and that which "tapered to the end like a comet," was the cat's tail. And lastly, by the playful sport of this "domestic friend," was the gentle lady almost overcome with fright. —Pittsburgh paper.

SALUTATIONS AMONG DIFFERENT NATIONS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

The expressions used as salutations among different nations have, under their common aspect, something characteristic and interesting, even for the most casual observer.

In the East, the expressions savor in a more or less degree, of the Scriptures, and of the serene and patriarchal sentiments of the inhabitants. One recognizes the immobility of these pastoral and war-like people, standing aloof from all human progress. Nearly all have a foundation in religious sentiment, and express peace to those to whom they are addressed. The salutation used by the Arab, 'Salem,' or 'Shalum,' means peace, and is found in the word Jerusalem. The Arab salutes his friend thus; 'May you have a happy morning.' 'May God grant you his favors.' 'If God wills it you are well.' This last expression betrays their fanaticism.

Turks have a formula which can only be used in a sunny clime—'May your shadow never be less.' An Englishman would never think of wishing a fine shadow.

The climate of Egypt is feverous, and perspiration is necessary to health; hence the Egyptian meeting you, asks 'How do you perspire?'

'Have you eaten?' 'Is your stomach in good order?' asks the Chinaman—a touching solicitude, which can only be appreciated by a nation of gourmands.

'Good cheer,' says the modern Greek, in nearly the same language that the ancients were wont to greet their friends. A charming salutation, which could only have originated among the happy careless Greeks.

The Romans, who were heretofore robust, indefatigable and laborious, had energetic salutations, expressing force and action: 'Salve,' 'Be strong,' 'Be healthy,' and 'Gaius'; 'What do you do?' or 'what make you?'

The Genoese of modern times says, 'Health and wealth,' which is very appropriate for an active and commercial people.

The Neapolitan devoutly says, 'Grow in sanctity'; and the Piedmontese, 'I am your servant.' The 'How stand you?' of almost all Italy, forcibly indicates the non-chalance of that sunny land.

The Spaniard, grave, haughty and indifferent, wishes you 'Good-morning,' to which we respond, 'At your service' sir.

Another salutation which the Spaniards use, 'God be with you, signor,' shows a melange of respect for himself and religious sentiment.

The ordinary salutation of the German is 'Wie Geht's?'—'how goes it?' and has a vagueness partaking somewhat of the dreamy character of the German. To bid one adieu, he says 'Leben sie wohl!' 'Live quiet and be happy.' This last plainly indicates his peaceful nature and love for the simple joys of life.

The traveling Hollander asks you, 'Hoe wart age?' 'How do you do?' The thoughtful active Swede, demands 'Of what do you think?' whilst he more placid Dane, uses the German expression, 'Liv vel!'—'Live well.' But the greeting of the Pole is best of all: 'Are you happy?'

The English have the 'Good bye,' a corruption of 'Good be with you,' and some others; but that which best exhibits the character of the English is 'How do you do?' as the activity of the people is shown in this demand where the *do* is spoken twice. Nothing is more characteristic, more lively, or more stirring than this.

The 'Comment vous portez vous?' of the Frenchman is equally characteristic. The Frenchman is more active than laborious—more ardent, more passionate, than thoughtful, and hence the principle with him is not to *do*, but to *go*—to be lively, to show himself. There is something in this expression 'Comment vous portez vous?' 'How do you carry yourself?' which bespeaks at once his frank manner and pleasant face.

THE UNCERTAINTIES OF HISTORY.

During the confinement of Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France, by the Jacobins of Paris, she was deprived of the use of cosmetics with which she was wont to give the raven hue to her naturally silvery locks; and history, in describing her execution, represents her hair as changing from a jet-black to gray color through the mental anguish she experienced. The assassin Orsini, lately executed in Paris for attempting the life of the French Empe-

ror, and ruthlessly murdering twelve innocent persons, presented the same apparently strange anomaly from the same cause. When Orsini was arrested his luxuriant locks were as black as night, but when guillotined they were of an iron gray color, simply because he either neglected his toilet or else was deprived of the usual hair dye he previously employed to give them their black color. His friends, and the papers generally, attributed the change to another cause, of course, and we have no doubt that history will represent the effect as being produced by the mental activity and agony he experienced during his incarceration.

WHAT IT TAKES TO FEED LONDON.

This vast metropolis takes an amount of food of which it is curious to realize the daily bringing in. The tableau is thus ingeniously drawn by a late writer: "Let us imagine ourselves on the top of a tower a mile high, in Hyde Park; we look off to the north, and we see a drove of cattle seventy-two miles long approaching the city; we look to the west, and we see a mass of bleating wool twelve miles in length; again, to the south, and we see a herd of swine coming towards us whose driver is ten miles off. After these have arrived at their journey's end, a cloud approaches, which we find to be composed of turkeys, geese, chickens, and game of all sorts—and this extends over fifty-one acres. When we estimate the amount of fish consumed yearly, we find their numbers to be millions, and equal in bulk to the river Thames. Besides these articles of food, if all the hams, bacon, smoked beef, &c., were placed in a pile, they would form a pyramid whose base would be two hundred feet square, and twelve hundred and ninety-three feet high."

A FATAL HOAX.

A Sheffield (England) paper contains the following: "A singular circumstance happened at our Union last week. For some misadventure, the master had put a boy, for punishment into the dead house. At that time there was a corpse in the 'dead ward,' in a coffin. The boy took the corpse out of the coffin, dressed it in his own clothes, propped it up against the wall, and then got into the coffin, laid down and covered himself over. In the course of a short time, the master came, looked in at the door, and saw as he thought, a stilly lad standing against the wall.—'Now, (said the master,) do you want any supper?' There was no answer. The boy looked out from the coffin and said, 'If he won't have any, I will.' The master fled in terror, and received such a shock, that it is said he has since died from the effects."

CANADA—HOW IT OBTAINED ITS NAME.

The origin of the word Canada is curious enough. The Spaniards visited that country before the French, and made partial searches for gold and silver. Finding none, they often said among themselves—'a Canada,' (there is nothing here.) The Indians, who watched closely, learned this sentence and its meaning. After the departure of the Spaniards the French arrived, and supposed they were Spaniards on the same errand, were anxious to inform them that their labor was lost by tarrying in that country, and incessantly repeated to them the Spanish sentence—'a Canada.' The French, who knew a little of Spanish as the Indians, supposed this incessantly recurring sound was the name of the country, and gave it the name of 'Canada,' which it has borne ever since.

WARM BATHING.

A medical journal says:—"The warm bath is a grand remedy, and will cure the most virulent of disease. A person who may be in fear of having received infections of any kind, as for instance, having visited a fever patient, should speedily plunge into a warm bath, suffer perspiration to ensue, and rub dry, dress securely to guard against cold, and finish off with a cup of strong tea by the fire. If the system has imbibed any infectious matter it will certainly be removed by this process, if it be resorted to before the infection has time to spread over the system. And even if some time has since elapsed, a hot bath will be pretty sure to remove it."

RATTLE SNAKE BITE.

The Medical Journal says the following prescription is an infallible cure for rattlesnake poison: "Mix together four grains of the iodide of potash, two grains of corrosive sublimate, five drachms of bromine, and keep the mixture in a glass-stoppered vial, well secured. Ten drops of this mixture, diluted with a table-spoonful or two of wine or brandy, constitute a dose, which is to be repeated if necessary according to the exigencies of the case."